



Monday, Nov 9, 1931

Dearest Mother,
I think it a good
idea to start some sort of letter
to you or I may become too
lazy to write when we reach
the warmer climes. We are
in the Gulf Stream now but
a good sharp breeze keeps
it cool enough to wear a
coat with a thin dress or
no coat and a heavy dress.
The sea has been fairly

calm so far² though the tinnest
swell makes it roll. It's getting
rougher and rougher all the
time and we are at present
rolling in all directions.
It's a tiny boat but very
comfortable and there are
several people Fred Deans
who are going to Nassau.
@ Mr & Mrs Elly who have
spent every winter there
except two since 1912
and who have a house on
Harbour Island seven miles
from Nassau I think it is.
They are awfully nice.



Then the two. Serebecks (?)
 I have no idea how one
 spells it except that it is
 pronounced Serebeby and
 has at least twenty letters
 in it. Then a most delightful
 old gentleman aged 79. a
 Mr Roosevelt a cousin of
 Theodore Roosevelt. I believe
 who spends his winters in
 Nassau and paints, sails
 and fishes. A Mrs Poffhouse
 is also on the boat. she has

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a book shop in Nassau and
spent a weekend with the
Forrester Horses in Cayman three
weeks ago. Also a Major
Bell who is the Canadian
Trade Commissioner in Nassau,
so we really are having a
very pleasant and amusing
time for there are several
Americans who are very
drunk all the time and
take dips in the pool to
sober up now and then.

We had a fine time
at the Rodeo and enjoyed
it a lot. The midnight was
very cool and comfortable



We checked all our baggage
 in the Grand Central shed
 after breakfast started telephoning.
 We went over to the Georgetown
 hotel and saw the Moores
 from Bayport then Edmie went
 with us to the Kungies
 studio on West 67th where
 Pete put glass in his
 picture and filled out
 blanks and then Mr.
 Kungies let us choose
 a sketch as a wedding
 present, which we are told

to pieces with. We then
went to Macys near Times
Square, on the elevated and
saw Georgia Engelhard who
has just begun to work there in the
travel dept. She wanted a job
and went down to take the needed
examination which all the girls
have to take before being employed
there but failed to pass. She was
pronounced "too thin and not strong
enough to stand the work". So she
took the newspaper clipping telling
of her having climbed 38 peaks
this summer and they decided
if she could do that she would
be able to do the work. It was
rather amusing though. We only
stopped to see her for a minute
and then dashed through Saturday
noon traffic to the Empire State
Building and went up to the



86th story I think it was, up to
 the foot of the tower. It was a
 wonderful sight being a very
 clear day for New York and
 really it gives one a marvelous
 idea of the city. We even saw an
 boat at the dock because about
 where it was. They have a
 wonderful look out. The whole
 floor is given up to it and they
 even serve meals up there and
 have a soda fountain. It's a
 better arrangement than the
 Chrysler building for you can go
 outside and walk all the way
 around. We couldn't stay very
 long but had to hurry to
 the Grand Central to get our
 bags for it takes so long in a

to get any where. We thought
we could get lunch on board the
boat but found we couldn't so
Edmee went with us up the Street
and we got rather a light lunch
and came back to the boat in plenty
of time. Our trunk was there also
the painting materials we had
ordered. Fred & Olive Nishner (the
girl who is to color photographs) arrived
and we seemed all ready to sail at
two. Edmee left about five minutes
before to be seen and not be left on
board and then we noticed a tug
coming down to us a good sized
motor boat. about a 75 foot one
I should say. At the same time
a truck came up with a lot of
crated engines and things addressed
to Gar Wood. Miami and as
the boat was named "Gar ~~is~~
Detroit, we put two and two
together and decided both were



going with us. We began to watch
 the proceedings for it seemed an
 impossibility to get such a big
 yacht on board. True it was
 a rather low lying one and
 didn't have much super structure
 but even then. This is not a
 very large boat itself, the one we
 are on. Being really an old
 freighter with a super structure
 built on top. so that it rolls a
 lot. It was most interesting to
 watch them load it on. They had
 ships already made of steel
 cable wrapped in herlap. and
 these had to be adjusted ~~under~~
 under the motor boat and then

wooden things put in between
 the cable and the boat in order
 that the cable wouldn't cut into
 the side of the boat. This was
 all very difficult to do, and
 what with the boards coming
 out, the windies breaking and
 all, it took two hours to accomplish.
 However once everything was
 fixed the actual hoisting it up
 over the side was very easy and
 it all went perfectly. Then there
 were a dozen carpenters all speaking
 different languages who saw round
 in circles and built a cradle
 under the boat. We set sail before
 they had finished and they all
 had to climb down a ladder into
 a tug on the way out of the harbor.
 Their men had set before we
 left but the city was lovely with



all the lights coming aft. Jan Coal was on board to see his boat was on safely but then left. However two of his men are living in the boat. ~~to~~

Yesterday I began to be quite rough and as there were a lot of cruise passengers on board, a rather cheap lot, its quite noisy & amusing. These people were sea sick over the rail in front of us yesterday. I imagine they have seen so many pictures of people doing it over the rail that they thought it the correct thing. There is one crowd that are tight most of the time and are up all right

getting. but there are also a lot
of nice people too. a rather queer
combination.

I'll write again soon. we
dredged today something probably
tonight as we have a ~~cracked~~
cylinder and a lot of seaweed etc
on the ship's bottom. This is the last
trip before she goes into dry dock. So
we aren't making very good time.
We have seen flying fish all
morning and the loveliest sky
with big fleecy clouds, not as
strong as thunder heads but that
kind. Our address is 90 Fred
Armbrister, Nassau, Bahamas.
Gods of love to all.

Catharine

P.S. we forgot to tell anyone but George
to send the framing machine in the
cupboard in the office to Bobby Shaw.
We told him we would. It's the
thing Pete got last winter.

Saturday, November 17, 1931

Dearest Mother, I haven't had a moment to write you before this for we have been going pretty steadily ever since we arrived and now I am ever to tell you all about everything I don't know. Needless to say we are crazy about Nassau. The color of the water is unbelievable and the town itself is very picturesque so that there are unlimited things to paint. But the only way I can possibly tell you about it all is to begin at the very start.

The week before we arrived had been very rainy and a heavy sea was running Tuesday which made it necessary for us to land on the other side of the island. If it is at all rough it makes it rather unsafe for a large boat to stay in the harbor so we went to the south west harbor instead. We were nearly ten hours late anyway due to the cracked cylinders and the delay in leaving New York. It was sunset when we sighted the lights on the island and it was eight o'clock by the time we reached the further side of the island and had dropped anchor. Several of the lighthouses on all the various islands in the Bahamas are run by light generated by the sun. They have so much good weather - but they can depend on enough energy being stored up during the sunny days to carry them through any rainy weather and it's a great saving for no one has

to check up on the light house - more than once a year. They just run themselves. It was of course pretty dark when we dropped anchor and we could just tell there were things coming out. The first tug was towing a barge to load freight onto and we watched them for a while and critiqued the procedures on the dock. The tender loaded on hand baggage and for a while we thought we were to go on it too, but it seems to be too shallow near the dock for the tender so we waited for a small sail boat to arrive. It was about the size of the old yellow Francis and with a brazier in her for they weren't using the sails. We had to go down steps and hop aboard, and really it was pretty amusing for there were over fifty people in one and they all piled in with a few special bags and parcels and three small dogs. There were a few seats and the rest had to stand. I don't believe another person could have found even standing room. It was so crowded. We were soon landed at a very slippery float and managed to all scramble ashore somehow in the dark. Elaine Stroup and her husband were there to meet us. She used to live in Bauff and is an old friend that has married a doctor in charge of the hospital here who is a terrible nice person. Has an amateur Radio set and sends messages as John Edward used to do. He's going to try and send a message to Mr Shaw some time.

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We had to wait until our luggage came ashore and as you may know the riggers never bring so it was some time before it came. It was very tough sitting under a sort of shelter and meeting all of Fred's friends who were at the boat. The baggage finally came and we took the most necessary articles and then drove back a distance of about ten miles. I came with Daine & her husband and they pointed out all the sights to me though I couldn't see much but an occasional palm tree in the dark. When we reached the Armburster's house we found Mrs Armburster and Miss Koker his aunt waiting for us. They had saved supper for us and so after first having a cocktail we all sat down to a regular dinner though the clock was striking twelve. It seemed so funny. They have a lovely old house on a corner with verandahs both upstairs and down in the back ~~over~~ looking a lovely garden in garden. An Abreca tree at one end (we call it a ligator pear tree) and lots of roses all in bloom. also lots of tremendous maiden-hair fern. The house is very spacious with lots of windows with blinds so that there is always a breeze blowing through all the rooms. The rooms are large and very simply furnished. The walls are all

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a rough plaster with a light colored wash over
them. pale green blue or yellow. The houses
have to be painted at least once a year inside
and out. usually a pale pink or buff out
side with white trimmings and green shutters
and white or grey blinds as well, jalousies I
think they are called. The dining room is one
of the pleasantest rooms in the house. It is
a long rather narrow room with 8 or 9 windows.
The walls are green with white trimmings and
the curtains are of white muslin making
it seem very cool. The furniture is very
simple and antique as well as some
rather old fashioned pieces. There are only
the necessary pieces and one night
consider the room a bit bare in northern
climes but here it seems very cool
and pleasant. All the old houses
have loads of windows and verandas
all around whenever possible so that
there is always cool air blowing through.
We had a delicious dinner of soup,
chicken cooked in a southern and highly
seasoned manner potatoes and what
which were delicious and then a pudding.
It was all delicious and well served by

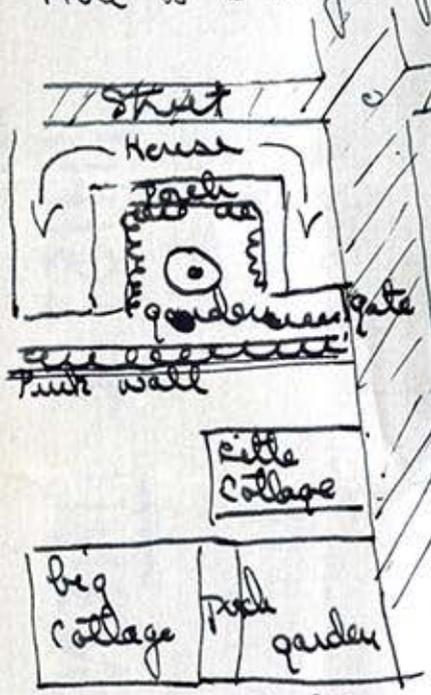
two nice quiet & well trained colored servants. Everything is cooked as a rule in what is known as a cook house and usually separated from the main house I imagine to help keep heat & smell away. Then it is brought in on great covered dishes. The china they use is white with a green edge like the old set you have of tea pot sugar & cream. and it does look so cool and nice.

We are staying in one of the Ambustier cottages. they have two in back of their house down the hill so they have a corner lot so we are on a side street. They let these to ~~summer~~ winter people but the season hasn't started as yet so we three are staying here and eating breakfast and an occasional meal at Fred's house.

This letter hasn't had time to be finished but there is a mail out today so I will send it on today and tell you about our two wonderful sails. one a whole day. our three dinner parties, our swims and tennis about the town and every thing else I can. We will move into the studio in a few days.

Monday morning

There seems to be a few more minutes to write you so I'll make a stab at telling you about our activities. Wednesday morning was clear and beautiful. Pearly clouds and a good breeze blowing so that it seemed fairly cool. We have a porch opening off our bedroom. Here is a rough plan of the Arubinsters.



It's hard to give you much of an idea of it but perhaps we can take some pictures. There are lots of pink and buff walls and heaps of hibiscus and other bright flowers. Very few large trees are left due to the hibiscus but still from our piazza you can see the green of the gardens around the many house. For they are all

over the hill we are in. We are within two blocks of the main street to the studio so its very convenient.

We went over to the Arubinsters for breakfast and really it was so pleasant and nice. They are such charming ladies and Fred's aunt Miss Rober is the most charming lady very much like Aunt Jane Probs. You may be interested in how the breakfast was served. It was a long oblong table and at either end a large plate of grapefruit already halved.

7.
you help yourself and as you are expected to eat
eat heaps of fruit we each had two grapefruit each.
Add is two halves, followed by one of those small
apple bananas. they are about the size of half a
regular banana and are supposed to taste like
apple. Some mornings we have had oranges, peeled
and a fork stuck in one end and you eat it as
you would an ear of corn. We have also had
pawpaw, a sort of melon with seeds that resemble
caviar and which one merely swallows whole.
The fruit tastes like spring flowers smell.
The fruit grows about the size of a small
squash and was newly cut into pieces. The next
thing after the fruit is usually fish & eggs
or both brought in in large covered platters
and then they always have horning served with it,
on which you put a dot of butter and it is
perfectly delicious. The fish is wonderful native
fish to these waters, grouper is one we have quite
often, highly seasoned with lime and tiny red
peppers. I have decided the smaller the pepper the
better the taste. The first morning it was so hot
I thought the coffee was burning my mouth. It's
delicious though & they say fish should always be
cooked with lime, not lemon. Then we always
end up by having another slice of toast and
either orange marmalade or guava jam made out of
fresh guavas.

Must stop.
Poods of love to you all
Catherine

Monday November 15, 1931

Dear Mother, I've just sent the other letter so that it will catch the mail and so I'll go on with the first day here.

After breakfast it being Armistice Day a holiday we started out to see the parade of the men going to church. The Boy Scouts & girl guides the fine looking police force, colored except for the commander and in wonderful white uniforms and white sea helmets. Then the ex-service men. Olive & I went to the service in the Cathedral which was mostly hymn singing but rather few as the church was packed. It's an old church and quite lovely for it is very simple with dark woodwork and newly painted columns and then a nice breeze blowing through the open windows. Pete in the meantime was wandering about the town and Fred was with the ex-service men. Fred had hired a car until we could get one for the winter which we have already done - an open cruiser. We drove out side the town about a mile (at least to ~~the~~ a residential part) to Mr. Edwin Marselys where we had cocktails. There were a great many people dropping in and it was very meeting all of Fred's friends. They are about the age of the Brooks at home, some are older and some younger. About Margaret & Jean Wethers age.

Mr Moreley is a perfect² cocher and one of the best
served men on the island. He was born here & is
a great sailor. Has a small patch in which
he explores all the outer islands. Then there
were Mr & Mrs Kenneth Solomon who a lady I
bumped with in Montreal had just been
entertaining and told me I might meet and then
I met her the very first day. Another Mr Solomon
who is the C.T.R. agent here. Then a Mr Sydney
Farquhar, also a native of Nassau. Dr Judah
Bruce someone who runs the Party Palace
place where one can go to have a drink.
and Sybil Brewster who was very nice.
quite English reminding me of some of Oliver's
friends in Wales. Her brother was there too. They
were all great fun and terribly nice simple
sort of people. What we call "our kind" because
we would like to be thought like them. It's fun
being here ahead of the season so we have a
chance to see and meet the real Nassau people.
Before they are too rushed and busy. We stayed
like sometimes chatting about all kinds of things
and then Sydney Farquhar took us in his car
to the Cass Golf Club for a review and luncheon.
It isn't really opened yet for the winter. But as
Sam who runs it is an old servant of the
ambassadors he managed to get us some sandwiches
rice and beans and he forgotten what else.
When the winter people come they ones staying

at hotels or friends of members can go to play
 golf or swim for so much a day. But I think
 Pete & I are going to take out a family
 membership for the nicest place to swim.
 Its about two or three miles from here but the
 other bathing beach people use is over on the
 Island, Paradise Beach. One used to be able to
 take a boat over there for 25 cents. Have a swim
 and eat all the fruit you wanted. for one had
 to walk through the orange orchards to get to
 the beach and there were servants who prepared
 the fruit for you. but now its rather an
 expensive proposition as you pay 50 cents for the
 boat, 50 to bath and have no fruit given you.
 Its a lovely horseshoe beach with beautiful
 fine sand. The water is the most brilliant color
 you ever saw. A greenish blue. you can
 hardly believe it. All kinds of shades and
 constantly changing. Then where there is rock
 underneath it is a purplish color. They call all
 water with a sandy bottom white water. Its
 very clear and you can see the bottom all the
 time. The Paradise Beach is the one all the
 tourists go to and naturally is terribly crowded
 in winter but the other one at the Golf Club
 will be the pleasantest I think.

After our swim & lunch we went back to
 Mr. Mosely's for a sail. As our bags hadn't

7.
come from the boat I had to go sailing in that
figured crepe dress and street shoes and I
did feel funny. Mr Massey's house is right
on the edge of the water and this boat is tied
up about 50 feet from the back door. It only
draws two feet of water and has a center
board but is very sea worthy and yet can
go in shoe on the beaches and you can jump
out in your bathing suit and walk ashore
if necessary. There was a wonderful breeze
blowing and a race going on in the harbor.
quite an exciting one too! There were two
mopier boys to help Mr Massey handle the
boat and then we fair. It was a wonderful
sail we had. with the scuppers under most
of the way out and the spray coming over
the bow. We had tea on the way back as
we were sailing before the wind. They say
that they hardly ever have a calm day
but nearly always a breeze blowing and it
doesn't fall at sunset either. It makes darn
good sailing alright. We had a wonderful sail
that afternoon and we did enjoy it.

That evening we went to Elaine's for supper. She
lives in a house on the Hospital grounds and it
was great fun have supper with them for the
last time was nearly two years ago in Bayff.

We were there until after midnight, and Merial (her husband, the doctor) is very much interested in Radio's as I believe I have already mentioned and may be able to get in touch with Mr Shaw in Concord and if so we can send messages back and forth perhaps.

X Thursday was rather a busy day. Pete & I came down with Fred to see the Studio building which is just off Bay Street in the center of the town. You waded in through a large iron gateway - into a little courtyard in back. The building is all around this small square. ~~On~~ facing the street is a store on the ground floor which is rented and above that are the living apartments, on the second floor the kitchen bedroom & living room, piazza overlooking the street, and ~~the~~ bath. Then above that are two bedrooms and a sort of large hall way. The Studio is in a separate building adjacent to the larger one, and the Studio is a big narrow room above the dark room etc. Then there is a wall on the third side of the courtyard and on the fourth side what used to be the cook house and which is used for a little of every thing. It's an old building but very simply furnished, and really very attractive. Seems to me we went for another swim that day. Each of the ~~last~~ three evenings we went out for dinner which was great fun though a trifle exhausting.

The first real dinner was at Mrs Leedes across the way. She has the old house which used to be used as the Soldiers Mess hall I believe. It looks like an old colonial building in its plan and architecture. There are square rooms and some with fireplaces. There are large verandahs upstairs and down all around the main building. It is all surrounded by a lovely garden with palms and all kinds of fruit bearing trees. Mrs Leedes runs it as a very exclusive kind of boarding place and also serves meals in the garden in winter. We ate out on the piazza and it was really lovely. One is conscious of no real change in temperature during the day or night and yet it is only in the middle of the day that it is pretty hot. There were eight of us. Mr & Mrs Nourdin Curry, a Mr & Mrs I can't remember their name and then an extra man connected with Standard Oil here only a short time. We had a delicious dinner and the best Aligator Pear you ever tasted. You ate the whole thing and it was perfectly wonderful. We talked quite a while after dinner and then played games until after twelve. Going to dinner at eight means usually staying until after twelve. The next night we went to the Deans for dinner. There was another lady a Mrs Davis and so there were only the six of us. It was a most amusing evening for he is a very amusing man. He seems to have a dual personality. I will tell you about this another time.

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Nassau, Bahamas
Tuesday, November 19, 1931

Dearest Mother,
I have a letter all started to you at the studio but as I'm at the cottage now I thought I had better start another!

I got your first letter yesterday and don't forget its 5 cents postage here not 3. However I am in luck for I only put on a funny stamp which is worth less than 2 cents.

Great Excitement, a letter from Carl Reupers saying that both Peter's pictures were accepted by the jury. The Squaw with an A and the Medicine Man with a D. However they only hang one so the Squaw will be hung. He said that Kenneth Forbes' portrait got an A too. Also that Peter received very favorable comments so really we are pretty tickled. Give Mrs Harlow 50 cents but don't let her put anything about it in the paper. If you see anything about the show in the News papers please send it. Though by now I imagine it is too late.

2.
I think it would be nice if you could send the Evening Transcript to us here for we see no paper and even the paper here is not much good for news. Not the Herald. except for an occasional clipping you think we would be interested in.

Tell Russ we are sending him the money for the Rodeo seats which we were awfully glad to get and also tell Ebs and Miss Everett I forgot to telephone them good bye. Also please send the many bills I'm sure to have.

We have had perfect weather for the week we have been here and not too hot for a breeze has been blowing constantly. incidently a wonderful sailing breeze day and night. You have never seen such brilliant color as there is in all the water round the island especially in the morning. I never knew it could be so bright.

This morning we really got things ready in time to go sketching and were just starting out when Mr. Crinkshaw telephoned

and wanted Pete to go with him while he visited the Leger Colony which Pete was rather anxious to see. In the meantime, Elaine & I took a few sand widies and went out the West Road to the Caves and started sketching. The men met us there later and we had lunch together, sardine sandwiches, cheese & crackers and a bottle of beer apiece. Then we all sketched until nearly three and came home. There was a strong breeze blowing and it seemed too cold to remain but when we came back it seemed rather sultry and we wished we had gone in.

Yesterday we started out to sketch with Elaine for the Doctor was operating and she had the car. She drove us through the native village and you would have loved to see the filthy messy way in which they live. Poles of them in one little shack with all the animals as well. Their towns are inland and it was pretty hot driving. It was awfully interesting to see but I think it would be too hot to sully trying to sketch. We had an amusing

time with a donkey. He was tied by a rope to a fence on the right of the road and insisted on standing on the left of the road. As we started to cross the rope he would start forward, raising the rope a foot high which made it rather awkward. We were afraid even if we managed to get the two front wheels over that the donkey would move forward again and it would be stuck under our car. We finally maneuvered until the donkey retreated and we could get by.

In the afternoon we went for a swim. Borrowing a ~~boat~~ cottage some friends had out about four miles. They have two dressing rooms & shower under the porch which we used. But the sea was pretty low and it was quite chilly. We went up to Elanias in the evening and sat around and talked.

There is a mail out today so I will send this slip.

Loads of love and do write and tell me all that's going on.
Catherine.

Nassau, Bahamas
November 22, 1931

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Dearest Mother,
I shall never be able to catch up or tell you everything. Seems to me in my last letter I went backwards and forwards and you never heard about the middle part. I brought never told you about the Peau's dinner party. There were six of us. The four of us and a Mrs Davis, a most attractive young lady a friend of the Peaus who is here for two or three weeks. We started out with rather potent cocktails. Then we went downstairs to dinner. He seems to like things very dark in the dining room and lives as he would in England so that his house seems over-crowded with furniture and rather stuffy and hot. We ate by shaded candle light and could barely see the food or drink. We had various wines during dinner. Really too much for the amount of food we had. Baked crab was the most delicious thing but terribly rich. minced crab put back in a shell and awfully well seasoned

We had soup. the crap. Then an entrée followed by a cheese souffle and a few pieces of candy for desert! It was too rich altogether and Pete felt badly the next morning. We found later that nearly always some one feels ill after dining with the Reds and often by leaving Attmaine poisoning as he insists on using canned partridge etc from England. We played "drop dead" after dinner a sort of gambling game until pretty late. and then we danced to a waltz. It was all most amusing being at the Peans house. and yesterday which was Sunday he asked us over to say good bye to Mrs Taylor who was leaving in the afternoon and the choir of young girls were there having cock tails.

The fourth dinner we went to was at the Ellys. They were on the Nassau with us and are truly attractive people. Some things like the Rayses. They live in "New Western part" of the time and then have a house on an island 60 miles from here as well as in Nassau. We played cards and thumps and had a most pleasant evening!

Maybe Russ has heard of him. They call him Gus Ely and I think his the head (or was) of some New York Brokerage or something. Pete may paint her portrait soon. We had conque for supper which is the animal or whatever you call it out of the big conque shell that one finds around here. We have had all kinds of native dishes except a baked turtle since we have been here.

Last Sunday we had a wonderful day going out with Mr. Massey for a day on his sail boat. It was a wonderful day with a good stiff breeze as every day has been since we arrived. We went across the harbor and to a little inlet on the leeward side of an island and there anchored. Went for a swim and then had a delicious lunch which they brought in a fireless cooker with a hot brick or something in the bottom which kept everything piping hot. a very easy way of doing things. Something Russ might use on his boat. It could be fixed in Concord and would keep hot I don't know how many hours and a whole meal can be kept in the various compartments. Then we went ashore in

the tender and explored some old ruins left by the hurricane! We had a fine sail home and are looking forward this next weekend to perhaps three days on the boat.

X This last week we have driven all over the island and been swimming at the island spending the day here sketching too. We have done a good deal for not quite two weeks here. Saturday we went to a party out at one of the houses on the beach. It was an impersonation party, everyone goes as someone else. It was great fun but very mixing to us for its hard enough keeping the various names & faces straight without having men dressed as ladies and vice versa and no one looking at all. Natural. We had a sandwich supper, very informal and then all danced until midnight. It began at seven so we were there quite a while. All of Fred's friends are terribly nice to us and as far as having a good time is concerned there is no doubt about having that. The question is how much painting we will be able to do. Of course it takes a little while to settle in to things, if we don't

think that we will get much out of it we
 may pull up and leave for some where else.
 So don't be surprised what we may do.
 Most things are fine but its more certain
 situations which are apt to arise among us
 for that may make it awkward for us.
 I can't tell you now but will explain
 more clearly another time.

I think there is a mail out sometime soon
 so will send this along today. I have written
 Russ asking for a letter to his friend in Jamaica
 in case we go there soon. Its rather hard to
 explain the situation here. When we left Bayff
 we understood that we were.

Must go now sketching. will write again soon.
 Loads of love to you all
 Catherine.

Nassau, Bahamas,
Wednesday - Nov 25,

Dearest Mother,
After having gotten all excited and thinking we might leave in a week or two we now expect to stay longer. until after Christmas anyway. It would take a long time to tell you all the reasons why we wanted to leave. I think the principal trouble was that Fred was trying to manage too much and that we were always taken every where as three and not being over fond of Olive we didn't like it. You see we thought we were the two who were to paint and sketch and that Olive was here merely to color photographs. Fred wanted us to help her in her sketching and we said we would. Then we found that she had come really to sketch and to pay her way by coloring photographs, and when anyone asked about which of us painted she let them think she was here to sketch and it made us look a bit like fools in a way. She can draw pretty well but her pictures aren't anything wonderful. very weak really but because Fred thinks them wonderful she thinks

she's awfully good, and as she is only 19 and
very young and a bit silly we didn't like
being classed with her. However things seem
to be going quite a lot better and the Ellys
were awfully nice about Pete painting the
portrait and want one of their daughters if the
first one comes out alright. Elaine & Merrill
both say that when Fred starts getting his
work going he will be too busy to bother
about us and so it is turning out. We never
saw him all day yesterday and so now
we feel better about everything. There is no
doubt about it that there is a wonderful
chance to sketch here and with a few portraits
to pay expenses all will be fine. It's really
not expensive to live here as we are living.
The maid we have costs us 2 shillings a
day or 12 a week which in American money
is only 40 cents a day and for that she cooks
our meals, does the marketing and cleans
the building.

Friday - You must wonder what is the matter
with us. But really we can't make up our
minds about anything. First we want to stay
and then we think we'll take the next boat.

3.
Pete is going to try the Eliza portrait anyway
and then we will decide what to do after that.
So if you haven't already sent the Christmas box
you spoke of hold it until we write definitely
what we think will do. We might stay until
after Christmas but if we keep on getting worked
up over little things Olive & Fred are continually
doing, we are probably leave. If it really weren't
for this girl I'm sure we would be alright, but
she has to be considered so damn much that we
are sick & tired of it and it doesn't help the
painting.

We have moved down here to the apartment
connected with the studio and feel more settled
now. She is upstairs and we are in the room
below her. However she uses the sitting room
next our room so we of course have to be with
her most of the time. It's all a funny situation
so we are still thinking of going to Jamaica.

I must stop now and go out painting.
Loads of love to all.

Catherine

P.S. I hope you got our cable alright yesterday
we thought of you all and I must say missed
you eating the turkey.

More love

Catherine

Tuesday, December 1, 1931

Dearest Mother,

Your letter written the weekend before Thanksgiving arrived yesterday, and we were mighty glad to hear from you. Your letters are the only ones we have had and I do like hearing from home.

I hoped to have time to write you a real letter this morning but Elaine has just called to see if I would like to go shopping with her and the mail goes out today and not again until Saturday. As a matter of fact there isn't a great deal to write you about, we seem to be awfully undecided as to what to do. Pete has started Mrs. Eli's portrait this morning and there is a slight possibility of his doing another after that if the first one turns out well. We have been out sketching several times lately taking our meals and yesterday we had fairly good luck. The weather has been perfect ever since we came and only muggy at times. Every time I look at your thermometer it registers 75 but the humidity makes it hotter or colder.

I know one day the humidity was 100%
however it is always cool in a breeze and
I really don't mind it. However it doesn't
make me feel at all like Christmas so
I'm afraid we won't be sending much home
this year. It's rather awkward on account of
duty.

We can't decide what to do about
staying on. We now have breakfast here
and eat our other two meals out. As
we found we weren't feeling well with
the irregular meals and hours we were
having. We live on a pound a day
which is not bad really. I really think
we could be getting on pretty well if it
weren't for the girl but she's pretty
stupid about everything and yet acts
as if she were a little queen. She
wouldn't be so bad if we didn't have to
live with her and we really are getting
on better eating out and being more
independent. She's so damn inconsistent
one doesn't know what to make of her.
One time she'll say she doesn't like
movies and seldom goes to them and

the next minute when you may plan to
go to the movies and haven't asked her
she'll want to go. The same about food.
I think she affects everything. Elaine
wants us to stay until after Christmas
any way and if there are several patients
to do we might for then we could travel
further a field on the way home.
The water here is the most gorgeous color
you ever saw. It's a brilliant Emerald &
Turquoise green but we find that there
aren't so very many paintable things.
Most of the poles were blown down in
the hurricane three years ago and the
fishing boats aren't really very interesting
compared to other places. So we are just
letting things ride for a while.

Elaine is coming now so I'll have
to stop. Loads of love to you all and
an extra lot to you. I sent a birthday
present for you a day or two ago and
we will also drink your health on the
day. Tell Russ a whole lot of us drink
his health on the 13th.
More love and many happy returns
of the day. Catharine.

Nassau Bahamas
Tuesday, Dec. 8, 1931.

Dearest Mother,

I'm afraid I've been very neglectful the last week but when you know there isn't a mail out until the end of the week one always leaves it to the last minute to write. I did write to Russ the last mail and I hope he showed the letter to you. By the way when Pete handed the letter to Torcup Johnson, he looked at it and said "Why I know this fellow, he gave me a lift from Marblehead to Greenwood, I was on Mr Ferris' boat the Maude". Don't you think that's funny. He remembered as soon as he saw the Stor's Webster part of it. I'm quite sure he will look Russ up. He lectured for the Harvard Club in Concord last year I think. He plans to lecture all winter and really his movies of around the Horn and taking the Shamrock across the Atlantic are well worth seeing. He's an awfully nice chap. We've seen quite a bit of them all. They left yesterday for Boston.

We have at last made pretty definite plans. We are leaving this Thursday on the "Alasada" a sailship schooner with engines for a 10 day trip through the Bahamas

It is the ship which carries mail and
freight and a few passengers, mostly colored.
It is a most interesting trip we have heard
of as it makes over twelve stops on the way
to Guagua and then calls in at each place
on the way back. You might find a map
showing the islands in the Atlas or Encyclopedia
We go from Nassau New Providence to Cat
Island where we stop at Arthur's town. The
Bight and Tort Hove then over to Wallings
Island where Columbus was supposed to have
landed. From there to Rum Cay (pronounced Key)
and from there on 9m rather vague but
anyways we end up at Mathews Town on
Great Inagua which is very near Cuba. We
stay there 36 hours and may have a chance
to see the Wild Donkeys and 7 Lemmings there.
All the villages are very primitive and it
ought to be a most interesting trip. It takes 10
days and we will have two days here
before leaving for Jamaica on the Lafayette.
A Cruise Ship stopping here the 22nd of April
have to wire from Kingston as soon as we
know our address. If you want to you could
write Mr Nichols and tell him we are going
to look him up as soon as we get there
and as you don't know an address here

sending mail there in case of him until
you hear from us. Ask Russ what he
thinks.

We haven't been doing anything very
different the last week or two except for the
trip to Salt Bay.

I'm sorry but I have to finish this
now and won't have time to write
you any more before the mail goes -
but will write again soon - honest.

Loads of love
Catherine

Nassau, Bahamas,
Wednesday, Dec. 9, 1931

Dearest Mother,

yesterday's letter was terribly hurried and I'm not sure what I wrote. I think though I said we were going on the "Alasada" and then would leave here the 22nd on the "Lafayette" of the French Line for Kingston, Jamaica. We ought to reach there Christmas day. Of course we might not take that boat but as far as I know I've well leave here the 22nd. I planned to send you a wire today being your birthday but have spent some for a swim this morning and then to Elaines and after that to Mrs. Tompkins for lunch until three when the bank here closes. I couldn't get any money and so the cable I'm afraid can't be sent. I'm sorry though, but you'll know I was thinking of you.

I wonder if you could do some thing for me. The Elys here have been terribly nice to us and they love picture puzzles. Could you get a good big one that's very difficult and send it to!

Yours & Mrs. ~~Augusta~~ A. G. Ely

Victoria College
Prince's Street

Nassau
Bahamas.

and then send me how much it is. I'm
sorry to bother you but can't possibly get
one here. Don't get a Pastime puzzle of
Parker Brothers as they have those. get a
good send me to do if you can.

We have to pack this afternoon and
it certainly is difficult to settle down to
do. especially as we had cocktails before
lunch and I'm frightfully sleepy. However
we have to get busy as we leave tomorrow at
two and then have only a day or two here
when we get back.

I hope the weather stays like this for
except for a few showers we have had
perfect weather ever since we arrived.
You can't believe it and yet every night its
warm enough for just a sheet. At times one
gets pretty hot. but a swim cools one off
for the rest of the day.

It doesn't look as if I would have time
to write very much more in this letter
and you won't hear from me again
for 10 days as we are on the mail
boat and it won't go until we get
back.

I don't think I've been very clever
about Christmas this year and by

the time we get back it will be too late
to do anything. I am sending Russ
just a little something so remember if
a package comes for him its his Christmas
present. We haven't sent out any
cards this year as we weren't settled
enough to do anything about it and
mid summer doesn't feel very
Christmasy. I will bring something
to the girls the next time I go home.
So you explain to every one how it is.
I'm enclosing three checks for you to
give to Eds, Frances and Jan.
We have barely finished packing
and its time to do one or two things
and go to lunch.

Loads of love always.
Catherine.

P.S. I also will send a check for you
to buy some flowers or something
special for Aunt Mary. a book
maybe.

On board "Alisada"
Saturday, Dec. 12, 1931

Dearest Mother,
This is proving to be a great trip and any thing we don't wholly enjoy we term "an experience" and let it go at that. Mr. Jack Fairington who owns the good ship Alisada said he wouldn't try to encourage us to make the trip for he'd rather we blame ourselves for going on it than hold him responsible. However he said he considered the Captain one of the best men he knew and very capable, could look over the side of the boat anytime in the night and tell where he was by the water and that nothing serious had happened to the boat yet. We were willing to try it anyway and everyone enjoyed us going (though none of them had ever taken the ship themselves) so we sailed at two on Thursday and spent the morning packing our clothes to leave ashore and our own suitcase, straw basket and such sack and our suitcase boxes. Fred took us down to the boat which was tied up alongside the pier and for a while we didn't think we would be able to get within fifty feet of the boat in the car or get our things through the crowd. There were drays and trucks and colored people everywhere. Some going on the boat each with a half dozen children, a piece and all their families and relatives to see them off. There was great confusion everywhere and we were half an hour late leaving because of a touring car of the pre war vintage that had to be hoisted aboard. (It was a Chrysler I find about 5 or 6 years older but looked older)

* Our cabin is very nice, being airy and fairly clean. It is smaller than the cabin on the "Madoc" its exact measurement being six feet long, four feet wide and about seven high. There are two narrow benches on the outer side, one above the other with a mattress, one sheet, and pillows. There is a new straw mat on the floor making it seem cleaner. Two mirrors, two rusty hooks and a rack to hold the basin which in rough seas tips over onto the bed. However ^{one} ~~there~~ ^{is} two portholes one over the upper bench and the other at the end of the cabin looking forward and allowing all the colored passengers (who have nothing to do but sit) to watch all you do though the open & uncurtained porthole. The door opposite the porthole has a square of openwork which makes excellent ventilation and during the day the door is open. Besides all our baggage we have a case of white wine sent by the Eliza, four bottles of Poland water, a bushel box of fruit sent by Mr Farrington, a large bag with boxes of crackers from Elaine and another box of candy & crackers from Mr Farrington. We found that he had done everything he could to make us comfortable and had deck chairs placed on the top of the boxes for us. Which we certainly enjoy for hard seats get tiresome after several days. He also had two blankets for us but more of those later. We felt very good having so many presents and really felt more American than when we have been on larger steamers.

Elaine + Merial came down to see us off
 and bring us a box of pills or medicine we
 might need with the necessary instructions. Olive
 and Kelly King + her husband came to wave
 good bye and all was excitement and confusion
 as we left. At ten thirty the engine started we
 cast off and after nearly backing into all
 the little fishing boats in order to turn around
 (we managed to miss them all by inches) we
 were soon sailing out of the harbor. It was
 low tide so we went over the bar and around
 the island and Salt Cay cutting in by
 Rose Island. Salt Cay was the island we
 went to for a picnic lunch on Sunday. It's not
 a very large island. about a mile or two in length
 and very narrow. A wealthy architect lived
 there and built a tower and several buildings.
 John McCutcheon the illustrator bought it later
 and I believe comes there every winter. There is
 a lovely lagoon with a passage to the sea
 which is just wide enough for a small motor
 boat to go through at high tide. There are a
 good many palm trees though most of them
 were blowing away in the hurricane. There are
 lots of beaches all around the island and
 the bathing is fine. From a cliff about 20 feet
 high on which the main house is built you
 look out to sea and near the shore there are
 lovely patterns in the water. a vivid green
 where the sandy bottom is and then a deeper
 shade over the coral rock patches, which have
 deep blue + purple shadows when the sun
 is low and causes the shadows.

4.
It's rather a lovely spot to be quiet in. but you'd want very capital carpentry if you were to stay long on such islands.

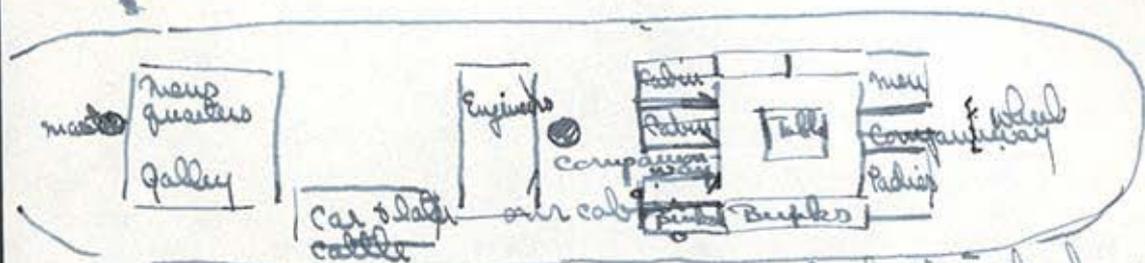
To go on with our trip. The sails were hoisted as soon as we got over the bar and it really was lovely. I began to be fairly hungry about four and suggested we open some of our presents. However we had dishes being put on the table in the main cabin and thought how wonderful to be served tea on board. There were two other white passengers - Mr. McBride a Canadian from Montreal who is interested in Tomatoes and ships them from the Bahamas to the States. He came down on the Nunargo with us and is a terribly interesting and attractive man. The other is not quite the same type of gentleman but is awfully nice too about things. He is installing wireless stations or something on the various islands. His apt to try to make too bright remarks but at least he doesn't talk too much. They were as interested as we were about the prospects of tea and we were all equally surprised when the Steward came and announced at 4.30 that our supper was ready. We decided we had better eat all we could in case we didn't have a chance later and managed to make a very good meal out of soup, corn beef, cheese and tea, also a fish dish. As a matter of fact we were wise to eat then for nothing more appeared that night.

The main cabin is not so very large but like the staterooms is nice and airy

The main cabin is approximately 10 x 12 feet with a companionway to the deck both fore and aft. Five steep steps lead plenty of air being right through. on either side are four berths with very thin curtains. the upper two having portholes. our cabin is in the forward part of the main cabin and on the other side of the companionway are two other cabins, one occupied by the captain the other by a light house keeper's family (all colored) a mother, a son about nine who looks after the other three children one a baby in arms. all of which have evidently come along in rapid succession and it is obvious another is on its way. I'm sure they have all their worldly belongings with them by the looks of their cabin which is no larger than ours. I suppose we should be thankful they all eat after us. The ~~gals~~ "Gentlemen" and "Ladies" are opposite the staterooms on either side of the companionway which is aft. They are delightful little places and I was glad to be well acquainted with the "Ladies" as there was no light in it last night. There is the dining table in the center of the main cabin with an open ventilator above and I will say that everything is kept as clean as possible.

I just discovered today that there is another child in the light house keeper's family. there being two children in arms. I guess there can't be another on the way. she must be just plain fat. They are to be on until Tuesday!

6.
Here is a plan of the ship.



- * We had just finished supper that first day and were sitting on deck enjoying life. The captain was up forward signalling to the man at the wheel to go first to port then to starboard. I came below for a sweater or something and didn't feel anything but when I went up again on deck I found we had run into a squid bar. For the next hour or so they tried all kinds of ways to get off but we seemed stuck fast. The sun set early here about six or sooner and after a lovely sunset the stars began coming out. The ^{men} put an anchor out and pulled on that but we still seemed stuck fast. The waves got larger and we kept luffing harder each time we came down. At last at high tide for some reason or other we floated free. It was pitch dark by then and we began moving slowly on. Mr McPride was much relieved as he was to finish his business in Arthur's Town and catch a small boat to Eluthera and catch another boat back to Nassau Saturday.
- * We knew Jack Farriester had said that the skipper was wonderful at night telling the depth of the water and decided all was well. He had taken a cut through a certain place

in order to save our boat and a fall and we
 had lost about three on the sand bank. However
 no one seemed very excited and we were
 all mightily glad to be on our way. We were
 thinking how lucky we were to have a skipper who
 knew the water so well at night even if something
 had gone wrong in daylight, when suddenly we
 were aground again, and aground even harder
 than the first time. They rushed about for awhile
 but it was hopeless to think of getting off that
 night as the tide was ebbing fast and wouldn't be
 high again until the next morning. It was so
 soon after high tide when we went on the second
 sandy reef that I wondered if we would really get
 off next morning. The wind was coming up
 and the waves grew higher and such a
 grinding. There was nothing to do but go to
 bed. The steward having forgotten about the
 possible late supper of crackers and cheese.
 It was really a horrid feeling having the
 boat lifted up and then draped with an
 awful thick fog which made everything creak
 and strain over every wave. The tides grew
 sharper as the tide grew lower and I wondered
 that we didn't pound to pieces. I really don't
 see how boats stand it on rocky reefs, this
 sandy one seemed hard enough! I started to
 undress and took my dress off but things
 seemed too unsettled to do more. As I may
 have mentioned there was but one sheet on
 each bunk and not wishing to sleep on the
 bare mattress I had to put my dress over
 myself. however I slept solid until nearly

seven the next morning, Pete the same. We were
 still pondering away when we awoke but
 we found they had sent the life boat or tender
 (which has a good engine) back to Nassau for a
 tug I guess. We had barley tea with crackers
 and then began to wonder if the tender would
 get back. It had left at 7 A.M. just before eight
 it came in sight. We had an anchor over the
 stern to keep us from blowing into the bar any
 more and they tried to get that in. I can't tell
 just what happened in the end but there was
 quite a bit of jelling and suddenly we were
 free there was nothing to do but cut the anchor
 rope which they did and off we went leaving
 the anchor behind. ^{also half the main sheet.} The wind keeps shifting
 all the time and we were drawing a foot more
 water than usual and so it really wasn't all
 the Captain's fault. Each time we were right on
 the edge of deep water and I do think it was
 more the fault of the man steering ~~not~~ than any-
 thing. But anyway we were off at last and
 once more heaved a sigh of relief. We had
 barley tea & milk when we saw the tug or
 pilot boat coming from Nassau and had to
 turn around and go back. We were all scared
 to death for we saw Jack Farrington on board
 and were afraid he was about to blow up the
 captain, who really had done his best. We
 all looked rather sheepish and were very
 much disgraced to see him jump aboard.
 However things do work out for the best in the
 end. He had left an important letter on the

table in the cabin, ^{when we left Thursday} and was much upset when he found he couldn't possibly get it until we returned, and so when he heard we were again he came tearing after it. He also brought us a basket box of fruit. Apples, pears, oranges, grapefruit and grapes and two rugs all of which I don't believe how we could have done without. So it did work out well after all.

Friday was a lovely day and a rather favorable wind, we were soon out of sight of land and didn't sight the ship ^{Charley's Beacon} until afternoon. Mr. McBride is an awfully interesting person to discuss things with as he has travelled a lot. is well read and a good spot about everything. We had ~~breakfast~~ breakfast about 8.30. eggs and porridge and then a late dinner, because we had had a late breakfast, at 11.30. We hoped at least to get the paper hour put off a bit. but five deemed the latest it could be. As it gets dark here at 5.30 it makes a very long evening and we turned in at 7.30 though each of us had slept during the day. It was too cool to sleep out on deck and as I said before the cabin is well ventilated. It needs to be for the mother of the large family of babies always picks the meal hour to change the babies (2) diapers and never thinks of closing the door. Poor Mr. Deigee the Radio man couldn't finish his supper, but he was sitting facing the door.

Saturday morning we dropped anchor at Arthur's town about 2 A.M. and they began unloading at sunrise. It was rather a pretty little settlement with its church and little white plaster houses, square and some with thatched roofs. Most of the buildings stretch along the shore and it was rather pretty as the sunrise sun shone on them. It didn't take long to unload there. Maybe an hour or so and Mr. McPride left the ship finding he would be able to take a boat from there at ten. All Saturday we sailed along Cat Island not very close to shore as it is rather shallow near the land. It was a beautiful day as every day has been since we came. We went quite close to shore at two places to land passengers. and we just laid to while the tender took the women, children and luggage ashore and then towed it behind until we reached the next place where more women were landed. These weren't official stops more the way country street cars will stop at peoples houses to let them off. About two we dropped anchor at The Right and as we were to be there a couple of hours we decided to land. We are favored passengers and are allowed to go on the first boat which carries the mail. some old flags are always laid on the seats for us to sit on and we have to scramble down some very steep steps into the boat. I got thoroughly soaked thru in my back from the blowup spray but otherwise ^{it was} all very nice.

Mr. Dinger the radio man left us here and we will pick him up on the way back. I wish you could have seen the crowds of people on the tiny pier, waiting for mail and to see their friends who were coming back from Nassau. We of course being white and tourists are stared at constantly and so we got through the crowd as quickly as possible and started along the little road not knowing quite which way to go or what to do. It was surprisingly hot on shore and the white coral road ~~of~~ was so glarey in the midday sun that we soon decided we would ^{not} go very far from the pier. As we stood there a very queerly clad colored boy came up and said he guessed we didn't remember him, he was Mr. Ambrose by - we never expected to see him there thinking he was in Nassau but we should have recognized the sea helmet he wears over a brown ^{stocking} cap. He really was wonderfully dressed having striped trousers, ~~and leather~~ riding leather ~~boots~~ leggings as well as ~~boots~~ I've begun this all wrong. To start with he had a pair of cloth topped patent leather low shoes that button down the side like spats. Over these were canvas spats and then the leather leggings and striped flannel golf knickerbockers. He really was well "gotten up". Elaine tells an

amusing story about this same ~~boy~~.
 He was painting the walls of the apartment
 two years ago and stuck up a sign:
 "Wet Paint. Remember before it is too late"
 He told Elaine that was what he always
 did ~~went by~~. "Remember before it's too late"
 a few weeks later he called up the studio
 on the telephone and said to Elaine "It's the
 boy man! I'm in ⁱⁿ jail" Elaine said she
 didn't know what she could do about it
 and asked what had happened. He'd had
 an argument with some man and
 then really killed him with a knife.
 He said, "I don't tell him to go out until I
 comes back, and then I get me knife,
 and he waits, that's all man." Elaine
 asked him why he hadn't remembered
 before it was too late and he said he
 "don't forget to remember that time" He
 spent a year in jail and was painting
 the studio again this year. That's how
 we saw him. He was awfully nice to
 us though and walked up and down the
 street with us and we even took his
 picture. We watched a man catching
 some chickens, which we had for Sunday
 dinner. They have a box of live ones on
 board and I'm not sure but what they
 may help out with eggs before we eat

X The bird. It was too hot to stay on shore ^{was}
 a long as there were only a few Tageruasi
 and they didn't give any shade to speak
 of. The crowd was fun to watch and there
 were some fine old characters. The tender
 made several trips back and forth and
 when we went back we stopped by a
 tiny sail boat and bought all the fish
 the man had. We ate some that night

for supper. After the night we stopped once more to
 let someone off and then it was dark
 by the time we reached the next "back
 door". It took 25 minutes for the tender
 to take the passenger in and return for
 you seldom can go very near land
 even at some of the seal towns. We
 turned in rather early for the evenings
 seem long as it is pitch dark by six.
 That night they unloaded stuff at
 Devil's Point and Pat have spent it was
 too dark to see anything but the shore

X line. The next morning when we woke
 we were on our way to Wallis Island
 or San Salvador where Columbus first
 landed.

When we started out on this trip we
 had an idea that we would be in sight
 of land continually and that there weren't
 many open stretches of sea but rather

protected water between islands. We find we were a bit mistaken. Even the first day after we left the sand bar we only saw a few tiny islands before dark and tried the second day we sailed in the lee of Cat Island, the next two days made up for it. All night seemed pretty rough and Sunday we went up and down all day. We tried breakfast but the odors increased daily and the changing of diapers frustrated me after the first swallow of downy. We both slept all morning and felt decidedly under the weather. About noon we brightened a bit and had our dinner on deck which was a fine idea and we could really enjoy the delicious fried chicken. The meals are really very good considering everything. It was not until one o'clock that we heard water and it certainly was a great relief when we began to feel how much smoother the water was under the lee of the land. The harbor was the most beautiful shade of blue you ever saw and such clear water. We dropped anchor fairly near the pier and the town looked very pretty with the Catholic church predominant.

We went ashore with the first boat and Mr. Bethel the Chief Engineer was awfully nice and undertook to show us around

San Salvador or Watling's Island proved to be the most picturesque and attractive of all the places we stopped. The harbor was really a little cove and in the center was the pier leading up to a path with trees on either side, sort of umbrella trees. Some were fairly large shade trees and there were groups of natives sitting under them to keep out of the sun for it was really in the afternoon. However there is almost always a cool breeze blowing over the island and it seemed very cool compared to the heat. The path through the trees was short and led into the main road which turned at right angles at that point, and off this same road on the ~~left~~ left hand side of the harbor (as we looked at it from the harbor) was the commissary's house and garden. Then the Catholic Church with stairs up the outside leading to Father Dennis' apartment. It was a three story building with the chapel on the lower floor and he used the two upper floors which were very cool and pleasant. In back was the farm yard and garden, with sheep and chickens, and some vegetables he was experimenting with. Beyond the church on the same road was a very small ~~type~~ striped pink plaster building. The jail underground. The outhouse on the first floor and the post office on the second which is reached by an outside stairway. Then beyond this was the wireless station, which each place has or maybe I should say each island. In the other direction is the native settlement, at one time the slaves built good roads and the land was kept cultivated and I believe they raised a great deal of fruit, but now they don't do much more than raise what they need for themselves. Watling's Island is full of labor

16

and ponds. I believe there is more water than land
X in the island. The monument to Columbus is around
the west side, it was put there by the Chicago Tribune
but the joke is that Columbus couldn't have
possibly landed on that side as it is nothing
but reefs and he really came around to the
X sea side where we landed. Off San Salvador not
very far is one of the deepest spots in the ocean, a
5 miles depth.

Mr. Bethel took us up to see the priest. Father
Dennis. He was just as nice as any man
could be. about 40 years old but very young
looking, had been brought up on a (his cousin
farm, he had just come from the farm to the
north on the island) which the church evidently owns
and when the boat was reported he jumped on
his horse and ~~and~~ grabbed steel and made fast time
until he could see the boat in the distance and knew
there was no hurry. He showed us his house with
a large bathroom which he was very proud of and
also the extra bedroom for anyone who would stop
over with him. which we wished we could have
done. He felt badly he had no wine to offer us
but instead took us in his Ford truck up the
main street past all the little one room square
houses. just large enough to have a door and with
a window on either side in front and usually all
one can see inside is a tremendous bed for the
whole family I guess and the walls papered
with old newspapers or magazines. The houses on
all the islands are very much the same, of
plaster or wood and some with thatched roofs.
There are some with several rooms and a
porch but most of them are tiny. They have

what are called gardeners ground them with fruit trees but you have to look carefully to tell which is garden and which just bush. The fruit trees are all planted on the coral rock and its a wonder they grow at all. At the end of about a mile of road we came to the small lake, about half a mile across I guess. There were lots of little row boats which the people had come over from the other side in and each had the mast and sail rolled together and lying in the boat. We wondered how the car went at all but struggle to say it even made the rocky rises in high.

X After we got back we watched the people getting their things from the tender which came up onto the beach and just piled up the goods on the sand. It was getting warm so we went back to the ship and soon after we left for Remy Cay. We looked forward to the return trip and the stop there at San Salvadore.

It started to be rough again on the way to Remy Cay. a side roll this time and we stayed on deck until we reached there about nine I think it was. There was a tiny light on shore and hardly any man light and how the Captain knew where he was going I'm sure I don't know. There seems to be nothing to go by but he does know where he is alright. We left there sometime during the night and when we woke in the morning it was quiet again and we were at Fox Island. Clarence Turner was the name of the place. It was the only real harbor we had struck. Being fairly well land locked, however it is still

rather difficult getting up at six o'clock no matter how early one goes to bed and after a rough night one never feels very lively in the morning. The steward always gives us tea and crackers first, followed by breakfast an hour later. So by the time we were up and through tea there wasn't much time to go ashore. They have an open touring car aboard which we should have landed there but they had to wait until the return trip to have a barge ready for removal so we may have another chance to see Clarence town. There is a large cove on top of a hill and the houses between it and the harbor. We were just finishing breakfast as we left the harbor which was lively as we soon were hitting the largest waves we had met yet. We spent the whole day on deck and it seemed pretty long for there was a head wind and in beating to windward we had to go nearly twice as far and they too you never seem to make much time beating heavy seas. We found we had to watch the waves or else it felt like continually going up and down very rapidly in a fast elevator with sudden stops where you're inside are still on the way down when you are coming up again. The family in the cabin grew dirtier and smellier every day. As a matter of fact we all wore the same clothes we had boarded the boat in and none of us changed until we drew near to Magua. However, children are much dirtier than we are I think and you can

imagine after five days in one cabin, the five children, two feedings out of bottles and a sick mother. What the cabin looked like and the door always opened. It would be too unpleasant if I told you any more. The father was not on board but in Nagua.

Monday as I have said we left Clarence Town Bay island after breakfast and after beating to windward all day sighted Bird Rock Light at sunset. It was dark when we reached it. Then we stopped again a little further on and in the moonlight it seemed a lovely little cove with a beautiful beach and lots of trees. There were lights on the shore and evidently some children had built bonfires and lit torches from them and ran about the beach. Some little sail boats came alongside and helped unload. We didn't stop long and we were in bed by the time we reached Castle Rock the last stop before Nagua.

× Tuesday was fairly rough but we sighted land about noon and were at Matthews' town Nagua by about two o'clock, and were to stay at least 24 hours to give the people a chance to answer their mail and also to give the crew a rest for they have to work all hours, day or night. Of course none of them do any more merrymaking than they can help but then of course they have to make some effort. I imagine its the climate makes them all so slow and lazy.

X Mr. Van Morley had given us a letter of introduction
 to Mr. Symonette who has a store and the
 Dutch Steamship Agency in Magera. So we
 decided to believe that the first thing and
 maybe he could tell us best how to see the
 island and the framingers who are native
 to Magera. We were anxious to see the family all
 getting off the boat with so many babies and so
 decided to clean up after they had left. As soon
 as we sighted land they began getting ready
 the boy threw up to wash off his legs with
 buckets of sea water and by the time we
 had reached the harbor they were all dressed
 up. The boy in his trousers and a felt hat
 the little girls in new dresses and shoes
 and the babies with gilly or granite bonnets
 and green velvet cuffs on their white coats.
 X However it was sometime before they left as the
 outboard motor in the light house keepers boat had
 misbehaved and we could see them struggling
 in the distance. They finally got it started and
 came along side. As far as I could see the husband
 said nothing much to the wife but seemed glad
 to see the children. There were lots of young
 fellows with him having a great time poking
 about. I couldn't understand them as they
 speak much as the negroes do. They were mostly
 white but with some colored blood. They made
 me think of the poor whites of Kentucky. Rather a
 shiftless looking lot. We decided we didn't like
 their looks but later we saw more of them.
 We soon went ashore and found that a young
 minister we had picked up at Jay's Bay

dad told Mr Seymour about the letter and he had sent his boy down to meet us. on the way to the house which was across the street and up a block from the way we met a boy on a bicycle who said he was Mr Seymour's son and would see us later. he is also the radio operator.

Mr & Mrs Seymour live above their store and have rather a roomy house. they were terribly nice and wanted to send right over for our things so we could spend the night there as they said that's what they liked to have visitors do and that we wouldn't get any meals on the boat anyway. So we accepted their hospitality without much urging.

Mr Seymour is a great character and a fine gentleman. He is interested in every thing and loves to tell stories and does it very well. I don't know where he came from originally but he seems pretty dark and I believe a good many of the out island people are mixed. He had two sons by his first wife and no children by the second. Mrs Seymour came out from Ireland and they were married in Nassau. She had a pretty difficult time at first with her health and I guess has been through a good deal, but she's an uncomplaining person and very kind and thoughtful.

It was hard to know who was who at first. for when we went in we met Mr Seymour

and then his wife and a very dark colored girl came in and were both introduced as Mrs Synchronettes. and then there was a cunning little boy 17 months old. We thought she was the wife of the radio operator for a long time, but found out later she is the gambler son's wife.

At one time before the war, Inagua was a very busy place and a good sized town too. The Dutch ships called in for Steve does and then the salt industry was in full swing too. but both have stopped and the people just live and that's all. There are a few white people like the Commissioner and doctor etc and then there are a lot of mixed ones. Mrs Synchronette (the older one) took us over to the wireless station after supper to see the older son who seems a very bright person with more initiative than most of them. He hasn't to operate the wireless station himself and also showed us a pamphlet he wrote to give visitors information about the island. We didn't meet his wife but he is only 23 and yet has four children. The younger son was married when he was only 14 and is 16 now. Mrs Synchronette said when we were going back that it seemed such a shame for the young boys to marry as they do but that they all do it and that Mrs Synchronette was really too easy with ~~them~~ his sons she thought.

X Magua is quite a large island being 45
 miles long and has a lake 20 miles long.
 There are lots of wild animals as they call
 them. Donkeys, cows, dogs, and cats. I
 imagine they were domestic once a long
 time ago but are wild from being on
 the further side of the island. We were
 quite excited about seeing some of the
 wild game, but later didn't mind so much
 when we heard more about them. The donkeys
 can be tamed in a day and the one wild
 cat we did see looked like a very ordinary
 X cat. Wild cow shooting is often very
 dangerous. A few years ago two men went
 hunting together and finally got a
 wild cow. Some how it got between them
 and one man shot, missing the cow but
 hitting the man opposite so that he hung
 between life and death for several days.
 The Flammingoes however are native to Magua
 and breed there. At times you can see
 millions of them. They are a beautiful
 coral pink color and they must be a
 wonderful sight in flight. We only saw
 one very close to us but he did fly for us
 X which was something.

In the spring you sometimes see flamingoes
 on Andros Island near Nassau. But from
 my Elms experience it is not always easy to
 get very near to them. He said when he

went they had to crawl three miles on their hands and knees and even then weren't near enough to get a picture. ^{He also} said it rained and Mr Edwin Moseley just took off his clothes, rolled them up and stuck them under his arm and when it had cleared off he had dry clothes to put on.

To go back to our stay in Mageia. After chatting with Mr & Mrs Symonette for a while they said that their youngest son Jeff could take us in the truck to the Salt Ponds where we might see flamingoes and then show us the village. It took some time to get the truck going. It needed a new tire and besides the engine, even worked was a mystery to us. The salt air and dampness makes every metal thing rust and corrode so badly that after a year or two the fenders of cars will just fall to pieces and you can imagine what an engine looks like on an old Ford truck. However being a Ford it keeps on going. Some how. About five the truck was ready. Jeff had had tea and cake and were already to get out. Jeff and his friend Samuel took us and we discovered that they were two of the boys who had come alongside the boat with the lighthouse keeper. Jeff was just as nice as he could be. Full of humor and very polite. The other boy was frightfully dumb and rather stupid looking. You feel sorry for them living in a place like Mageia with nothing to brace them up and no incentive to work at all.

The roads were not bad though rocky in places. We drove around the town and then about two miles out to the Salt Ponds. There are hundreds of little walled in 100 foot ^{squares} ponds.

built a long time ago. 2 Canals run to the sea
 and the water comes in at high tide I think
 and then just let out. I don't know how the
 salt is made but I suppose that the water evaporates
 leaving the salt in the bottom. There are the
 remains of a little railway, but the tracks
 are all eaten away with rust. There are a few
 roads running out into and across the pond
 and some are under nearly a foot of water
 but it didn't seem to make much difference
 to us. we just drove into the water without the
 least hesitation and would leave a wake
 behind like a steamboat. We saw two
 Flammingoes in the distance and could just
 catch the vivid color. The boys said they
 would take us to the lake in the morning and
 perhaps we would have better luck. It gets
 dark so early that the evenings seem very
 long. We had a delicious supper of chicken,
 and then after setting around talking some
 more Mrs Symonette took us to the Wireless
 Station. a little building along side the
 postoffice, right by the pier. They all go to
 bed early so we turned in about eight
 and it was so quiet we could hardly sleep.
 Nassau is fairly noisy at night with
 people always going by and especially
 at the Studios and then the engine on the
 boat is pretty noisy. but there wasn't a
 sound but the clock ticking in our bedroom.
 The coals began crawling early and we
 were up at 6.30. Had coffee and bread &

luther, and then started off in the truck with
 the boys. Mrs Squawville had packed some fruit
 cheese, crackers and sardines in a basket for
 us to eat on the way and Mr Squawville bowed
 us a rain coat as it looked rather stormy.
 They had a hard time getting the Ford started
 and every hundred yards or so we would
 stop and they would fiddle about with the
 engine with apparently no success. Pump
 in again and keep about a hundred yards
 further on and repeat their efforts. I began
 wondering how far it would be to walk back
 and decided we might get hot feet could do it.
 The car insisted on coughing and spitting and
 yet we plowed through mud and every thing
 else regardless. Evidently all it needed was
 to be warmed up. So after four miles or so she
 began to go more smoothly and all was well.
 We saw lots of donkey & cow tracks near the
 big lake and they wondered why we didn't see
 any wild animals but as even a tame donkey
 being driven by a man tried to run away
 when he heard us coming, I didn't wonder the
 wild ones had fled for the car made an awful
 noise. I think Flamingoes must be dead. We saw
 one standing in a little pond right beside the road
 and Pete took some pictures. It was terribly
 muddy and slippery and we had a great
 time sliding round. The car didn't seem
 to skid but it was awfully difficult to
 stand. You didn't go down in the mud at

all for the ground seemed hard underneath. It
 was just the slippery mud on top that was
 bad. The land was very flat around the
 lake with green shrubs and trees. Everything
 is a peculiar vivid green. There wasn't
 much evidence of a road, just some tracks
 to follow. There are only two cars I believe
 on the island and they barely go out to the
 lake except for skating decks. There are
 heaps of these and when we saw the first
 flock Sam (Jeff's friend) jumped out. We
 got the gun from under the front seat and
 he ran to the edge of the water and started
 shooting. He wounded one and couldn't hit
 it again at a distance of twenty feet or
 less and finally having taken off his
 shoes he waded in up to his middle and
 tried to catch it. The duck kept swimming
 away and finally went down and never
 did appear again. It was surprising to see.
 We was anxious to shoot a flamingo which is
 against the law. But as no one can prove
 that you didn't find it dead quite a few
 are shot. However there are millions of
 them so it isn't as bad as it might be.
 Luckily the people aren't better shots.
 The flamingo flew over us but Pete had
 given Sam who was wading the camera
 to get a close up picture so we couldn't
 get the bird in flight. However we thought

we were lucky to have seen it at all, and we are hoping what pictures we have will come out.

It was quite amusing to have them point out fields of corn etc to us for they grow in the white coral soil and they look more like scrub growth than what we call fields. They evidently dig holes in the rock and plant the things in the separate holes. On the way back we went out by the canal to the beach and the water was very colorful. almost more so than any we have seen. A storm was coming up and we went back to the truck. Let down the canvas curtains on the side luckily for it soon began to pour as hard as could be. We ate our breakfast or meal inside and both we and the ~~to~~ rain finished at the same time. From there we went to the lighthouse and a man took Pete & I up to the top. 130 steps. It was wonderful looking down on the patterns in the water. We imagined we could see the mountains of Cuba which on a clear day can be seen quite plainly from the deck of the "Alisada" in the harbor. We were back in time for lunch and then about three came back on board the boat. We really had had a most interesting time and the Sphenoceras did every thing they could for us and visited

that we were their guests. Before we left they showed us the library above the postoffice where they have all the English papers and magazines. It must mean a lot to them.

X The boat had all been cleaned up and our ~~beds~~^{seats} were removed and everything was nice and fresh. It was a relief to have no children around and we have been able to eat in the cabin all the time so far on the way back. The wind has been more favorable on the return trip and we made Castle Island last night. By Cay early Thursday morning and Bird Rock by noon. It was sunset last night when we reached Long Island and now

X Friday morning we are at Ruyi Cay... I have been writing this when it wasn't too awfully rough.

I may have mentioned the fact that we had a car on board for Long Island, which is an open Chrysler and has been frequently salt sprayed and rained on ever since we left. Also sat in after the owner left the ship on the way down. We couldn't land it without a barge so last night just at sunset when we pulled in the tender went ashore and came back towing a small fragile looking ~~raft~~^{raft} made of small boards and having three big

gasoline drums. It certainly didn't look
 any too safe being very flat on top and no
 way I could see of making the car stay on.
 The wind was coming up all the time and
 there were quite good waves. There is no real
 way of lashing things on the boat except
 on the dalyards and so its rather awkward.
 They slung some rope around or under the
 car and then hoisted it up by eye
 dalyard. It made it a bit difficult as
 the two logs we had brought from Nagua
 insisted on getting in the way having used
 the car as a shelter for the last two days.
 The car was dropped on them once and there
 were loud grunts but no one paid much
 attention. The difficult part was pushing
 the car out from the side of the boat so
 that it would sit on the center of the raft.
 Everyone helped and all of them gave advice.
 The men on the raft in great danger of slipping
 off backwards tried to pull the car over
 while all the crew tried to push it out.
 They tried to push with their hands but
 found it difficult with the logs getting
 under their feet. (It would have been
 better had they pushed with their feet) The
 man working the least was either too
 fast or too slow and the car would get
 caught and suck a time as they tried.
 Finally they got it on the raft but as

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soon as they lit up on the rope the weight of the car was too much and all the dummies forced the top boards up and there were loud shouts to hoist her up again. Up she came bumping against the boat and there she bump fair just above the water while everyone contemplated the raft. The boards had been nailed with ~~one~~ 1 1/2 inch nails and as the car only rested on two of them (as they were laid in the same direction as the car) the rest were forced up easily. ~~Had~~ Had they lashed these boards down over them in the other direction it would have been alright. However as it was it was hopeless. The dummies were bumping about and the loose boards floating away. The men on the raft grabbed them as best they could and after some bumping the Captain told them they would have to fix the raft up better than that. So back to shore they had to go and it was slow work tying a heavy raft. After dark they came back and as far as we could tell they had merely renailed the boards. However the crew began to try over again using the same system. The same thing happened again and the car broke through into the water. This time there was even more excitement and cursing and finally the car was hoisted back on deck and it looked as if the logs would once more have shelter. We went to bed the light not being good enough to read much by and about ten o'clock Pete woke me up and said they were having another try. We went out and watched the struggles. This time they had unlashd the ~~forward~~ fore sail from its gaff ^{boom} and were using that as a haist. They also

somehow lashed the boat onto half the raft which was about half the size of the first one. They got the cart twisted around and the back part which was bulkier was put in the tender and the front wheels on the float. Then fourteen men climbed on top of the car, tender and float and off they went successful at last. It took a long time to get ashore and had the wind and tide been the other way they never would have made it.

This morning we reached Remu Cay at breakfast time and the first load increased on live stock. A fairly large horse was brought aboard. He must have had a pleasant ride out for though his feet were all tied together his head was resting on one of the men's laps. The poor beast was hoisted up as the cog was set down and he had quite a struggle after his feet were untied to get his footing on the slippery and unsteady deck. He looked very funny with his front legs bowed and his hind legs much straightened. This afternoon he looked very sea-sick indeed. We now have besides the horse, two dogs, four sheep and two goats besides about a dozen boxes of bees and roasters. They are busy crawlers and wake us in the morning and whenever we near land. It's just like living in a farm yard as far as noise and smells go. We also have two large turtles which are on their backs with their feet bound. They say that they will live as long as the film on their eyes is washed off every morning. That is they will last for two weeks or a month.

X The stop at San Salvador on the return trip was just as nice as we expected but all too short. Pete went ashore to make a sketch and I stayed on board to paint but was very unsuccessful. After a bad attempt I wrote up this letter to you. There was a beautiful sunset and at dusk Pete came back and we had supper. We thought we would spend the evening with Father Dennis but found that the last boat went for the mail about seven and so we only had ten or fifteen minutes with him. We parted the best of friends and I'm not sure whether it wasn't all due to him that we liked the island of San Salvador best of all. We lay over there until midnight and it being warm we rolled up in our blankets and slept on deck until then when it began to be cool. We reached Port Howe Cat Island soon after sunrise this morning but didn't land as they stayed a very short time. Then to the Boat where we picked up Mr. Deizee the Radio man also an old preacher and his wife so the cabin is beginning to fill up again. The last stop will be Antlers Town about dusk and then Nassau we hope early tomorrow morning.

X I forgot to tell you are live stock increased at San Salvador by two more sheep and three cows. However the second class passengers don't seem to mind having to sit around them and luckily a following wind doesn't make them seem as near as they are. Ten feet from an X port hole.

Sunday. We won't reach Nassau until about noon as there is no wind to speak of and we were late starting last night due to moving a commisioner, family and belongings. It was X ten before we left Antlers Town. I wish you could

have seen the cabin when we looked out. There were several little girls and boys heads peeping out of lower bunks and the main cabin is full of hand luggage. On deck besides the turtles dove three cows two dogs, a dozen sheep and nearly as many goats. There are about fifty boxes of chickens and roasters (we counted most of them) a life boat full of water melon, a dozen empty oil cans from a light house, dried fish hanging over the life boat bars, and dried peapods on the Engineers house. Then all the barrelled belongings of the Colored Commission and family of 8, Melby's bedstead and tables and even a parrot in a cage.

It's been a great trip though and everyone has been just as nice to us as could be. The meals aren't elaborate but what there is is well cooked. The Steward brings everything out in a basin or dish pan instead of on a tray which is quite a good idea.

× We got into Nassau just before one and were met by Jack Farrington and Mr. Pot Solomon. Then Fred appeared and came to Merrill so we all ended up at the Studio to drink the health of the "Alisada".

Love to all
Catherine.

P.S. Please send this to Capt. Wla, and then keep it in case we might want to refer to it sometime for names etc.

[Typewritten copy of
handwritten original]

On board "Alisada"
Saturday, Dec. 12, 1931.

Dearest Mother:

This is proving to be a great trip and any thing we don't wholly enjoy we term "an experience" and let it go at that. Mr. Jack Farrington who owns the good ship Alisada said he wouldn't try to encourage us to make the trip for he'd rather we blame ourselves for going on it than hold him responsible. However, he said he considered the captain one of the best men he knew and very capable, could look over the side of the boat anytime in the night and tell where he was by the water and that nothing serious had happened to the boat yet. We were willing to try it anyway and every one envied us going (though none of them had ever taken the trip themselves). We were to sail at two on Thursday and spent the morning packing our clothes to leave ashore and our one suitcase, straw basket and rush sack and our sketch boxes. Fred took us down to the boat which was tied up longside the pier and for a while we didn't think we would be able to get within fifty feet of the boat in the car or get our luggage through the crowd. There were drays and trucks and colored people everywhere, some going on the boat each with a half dozen children apiece and all their families and relatives to see them off. There was great confusion everywhere and we were half an hour late leaving because of a touring car of the pre-war heritage that had to be hoisted aboard. (It was a Chrysler I find about 5 or 6 years old, but looked older.)

Our cabin is very nice being airy and fairly clean. It is smaller than the cabin on the "Madoc" its exact measurement being six feet long, four feet wide and about seven high. There are two narrow bunks on the outer side one above the other, with a mattress, one sheet and pillows. There is a new straw mat on the floor, making it seem cleaner, two mirrors, two rusty hooks and a rack to hold the basin which in rough seas tips over onto the bed. However there are two portholes one over the upper bunk and the other at the end of the cabin looking forward and allowing all the colored passengers (who have nothing to do but sit) to watch all you do through the open or uncurtained porthole. The door opposite the porthole has a square of openwork which makes excellent ventilation and during the day the door is open. Besides all our baggage we have a case of white wine sent by the Elys, four bottles of poland water, a bushel box of fruit sent by Mr. Farrington, a large bag with boxes of crackers from Elaine and another box of candy & crackers from Mr. Farrington. We found that he had done everything he could to make us comfortable and had deck chairs placed on the top of the house for us, which we certainly enjoy for hard seats get tiresome after several days. He also had two blankets for us but more of those later.

We felt very grand having so many presents and really felt more luxurious than when we have been on larger steamers.

Elaine and Merrill came down to see us off and bring us a box of pills or medicine we might need with the necessary instructions. Olive and Milly Heigs and her husband came to wave good bye and all was excitement and confusion as we left. At two thirty the engine started, we cast off and after nearly backing into all the little fishing boats in order to turn around (we managed to miss them all by inches) we were soon sailing out of the harbor. It was low tide so we went over the bar and around Hog Island and Salt Cay cutting in by Rose Island. Salt Cay was the island we went to for a picnic lunch on Sunday. It's not a very large island, about a mile or two in length and very narrow. A wealthy architect lived there and built a tower and several buildings. John Mc Cuchon the illustrator bought it later and I believe comes there every winter. There is a lovely lagoon with a passage to the sea which is just wide enough for a small motor boat to go through at high tide. There are a good many palm trees though most of them were blown away in the hurricane. There are lots of beaches all around the island and the bathing is fine. From a cliff about 20 feet high on which the main house is built you look out to sea and near the shore there are lovely patterns in the water, a vivid green where the sandy bottom is and then a deeper shade over the coral rock patches which have deep blue to purple shadows when the sun is low and causes the shadows. It's rather a lovely spot to be quiet in, but you'd want very congenial company if you were to stay long on such islands.

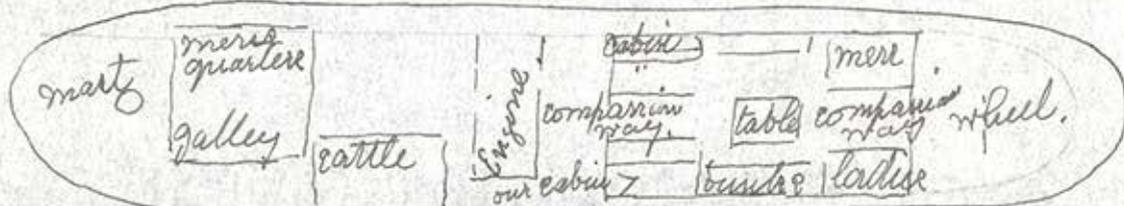
To go on with our trip. The sails were hoisted as soon as we got over the bar and it really was lovely. I began to be fairly hungry about four and suggested we open some of our presents. However we heard dishes being put on the table in the main cabin and thought how wonderful to be served tea on board. There were two other white passengers, Mr McBride a Canadian from Montreal who is interested in Tomatoes and ships them from the Bahamas to the states. He came down on the "Humargo" with us and is terribly interesting and an attractive man. The other is not quite the same type of gentleman but is awfully nice too about things. He is installing wireless stations or something on the various islands. He's apt to try to make too bright remarks but at least he doesn't talk too much. They were as interested as we were about the prospects of tea and we were all equally surprised when the steward came and announced at 4.30 that our supper was ready. We decided we had better eat all we could in case we didn't have a chance later and managed to make a very good meal out of soup, corn beef, cheese and tea, also a fish dish. As a matter of fact we were wise to eat then for nothing more appeared that night.

The main cabin is not so very large but like the staterooms is nice and airy. The main cabin is approximately 10 X 12 ft. with a companionway to the deck both fore and aft, five steep steps but plenty of air blowing right through. On either side are four bunks with very thin curtains, the upper two having portholds. Our cabin is in the forward part of the main cabin and on the other side of the companionway are two other cabins

one occupied by the captain the other by a lighthouse keeper's family (all colored) a mother, a son about nine who looks after the other children, one a baby in arms, all of which have evidently come along in rapid succession and it is obvious another is on its way. I'm sure they have all their worldly belongings with them by the looks of their cabin which is no larger than ours. I suppose we should be thankful they all eat after us. The "Gentleman" and "Ladies" are opposite the staterooms on either side of the companionway which is aft. They are delightful little places and I was glad to be well acquainted with the "Ladies" as there was no light in it last night. There is the dining table in the center of the main cabin with an open ventilator above and I will say that everything is kept as clean as possible.

I just discovered today that there is another child in the lighthouse keeper's family, there being two children in arms. I guess there can't be another on the way; she must be just plain fat. They are to be on until Tuesday!

Here is a plan of the ship.



We had just finished supper that first day and were sitting on deck enjoying life. The captain was up forward signalling to the man at the wheel to go first to port then to starboard. I came below for a sweater or something and didn't feel anything but when I went up again on deck I found we had run onto a sand bar. For the next hour or so they tried all kinds of ways to get off but we seemed stuck fast. The sun sets early here about six or sooner and after a lovely sunset the stars began coming out. The men put an anchor out and pulled on that but we still seemed stuck fast. The waves got larger and we kept listing harder each time we came down. At last at high tide for some reason or other we floated free. It was pitch dark by then and we began moving slowly on. Mr. McBride was much relieved as he was to finish his business in Arthers Town take a small boat to Eluthera and catch another boat back to Massau Saturday. We knew that Jack Farrington has said that the skipper was wonderful at night telling the depth of the water and decided all was well. He had taken a cut through a certain place in order to save an hour and a half and we had lost about three on the sand bank. However, no one seemed very excited and we were all mighty glad to be on our way. We were thinking how lucky we were to have a skipper who knew the water so well at night even if something had gone wrong in daylight, when suddenly we were aground again and aground even harder than the first time. They rushed about for awhile but it was hopeless to think of getting off that night as the tide was ebbing fast and wouldn't be high again until 8 the next morning. It was so soon after high tide when

we went on the second sandy reef that I wondered if we would really get off next morning. The wind was coming up and the waves grew higher and such a pounding. There was nothing to do but go to bed, the steward having forgotten about the possible late supper of crackers and cheese. It was really a horrid feeling having the boat lifted up and then dropped with an awful thud which made everything creak and strain over every wave. The thuds grew sharper as the tide grew lower and I wondered that we didn't pound to pieces. I really don't see how boats stand it on rocky reefs, this sandy one seemed hard enough. I started to undress and took my dress off but things seemed too unsettled to do more. As I may have mentioned there was but one sheet on each bunk and not wishing to sleep on the bare mattress I had to put my dress over myself. However, I slept solid until nearly seven the next morning. Pete, the same. We were still pounding away when we woke but we found they had sent the lifeboat or tender (which has a good engine) back to Nassau for a tug I guess. We had early tea with crackers and then began to wonder if the tender would get back. It had left at 4 A.M. Just before eight it came in sight. We had an anchor over the stern to keep us from blowing onto the bar any more and they tried to get that in. I can't tell just what happened in the end but there was quite a bit of yelling and suddenly we were free. There was nothing to do but cut the anchor rope, which they did, and off we went, leaving the one anchor behind also half the main sheet. The sand keeps shifting all the time and we were drawing a foot more water than usual and so it really wasn't all the Captain's fault. Each time we were right on the edge of deep water and I do think it was more the fault of the man steering than anything, but anyway we were off at last and once more heaved a sigh of relief. We had barely gone a mile when we saw the tug or pilot boat coming from Nassau and had to turn around and go back. We were all scared to death for we saw Jack Farrington on Board and were afraid he was about to blow up the captain, who really had done his best. We all looked rather sheepish and were very much dismayed to see him jump aboard. However things do work out for the best in the end. He had left an important letter on the table in the cabin when we left Thursday and was much upset when he found he couldn't possibly get it until we returned, and so when he heard we were aground he came tearing after it. He also brought us a bushel box of fruit, apples, pears, oranges, grapefruit and grapes and two rugs all of which I don't know how we would have done without. So it did work out well after all.

Friday was a lovely day and a rather favorable wind. We were soon out of sight of land and didn't sight the ship Channel's Beacon until afternoon. Mr. McBride is an awfully interesting person to discuss things with as he has travelled a lot, is well read, and a good sport about everything. We had breakfast about 8.30, eggs and porridge and then a late dinner because we had had a late breakfast at 11.30. We hoped at least to get the supper hour put off a bit, but five seemed the latest it could be. As it gets dark here at 5.30 it makes a very long evening and we turned in at 7.30 though each of us had slept during the day. It was too cool to sleep out on deck

and as I said before the cabin is well ventilated. It needs to be for the mother of the large family of babies always picks the meal hour to change the babies' diapers and never thinks of closing the door. Poor Mr. Dingee the Radio man couldn't finish his supper, but he was sitting facing the door.

Saturday morning we dropped anchor at Arthenstown about 2 A.M. and they began unloading at sunrise. It was rather a pretty little settlement with its church and little white plaster houses, square and some with thatched roofs. Most of the buildings stretch along the shore and it was rather pretty as the rising sun shone on them. It didn't take long to unload there maybe an hour or so and Mr. McBride left the ship finding he would be able to take a boat from there at ten. All Saturday we sailed along Cat Island not very close to shore as it is rather shallow near the land. It was a beautiful day as every day has been since we came. We went quite close to shore at two places to land passengers and we just laid to while the tender took the women, children and baggage ashore and then towed it behing until we reached the next place where more women were landed. These weren't official stops, more the way country street cars will stop at people's houses to let them off. About two we dropped anchor at the Bight and as we were to be there a couple of hours we decided to land. We are favored passengers and are allowed to go on the first boat which carries the mail, some old flags are always laid on the seats for us to sit on and we have to scramble down some very steep steps into the boat. I got thoroughly soaked thru in my back from the blowing spray but otherwise it was all very nice.

Mr. Dingee the radio man left us here and we will pick him up on the way back. I wish you could have seen the crowds of people on the tiny pier, waiting for mail and to see their friends who were coming back from Nassau. We of course being white and tourists are stared at constantly and so we got through the crowd as quickly as possible and started along the little road not knowing quite which way to go or what to do. It was surprisingly hot on shore and the white coral road was so glaring in the midday sun that we soon decided we would not go very far from the pier. As we stood there a very queerly clad colored boy came up and said he guessed we didn't remember him. He was Mr. Arenbiester's boy. We never expected to see him there thinking he was in Nassau but we should have recognized the sun helmet he wears over a brown stocking cap. He really was wonderfully dressed having striped trousers.

I've begun this all wrong. To start with he had a pair of cloth-topped patent leather low shoes that button down the sides like spats. Over these are canvas spats and then the leather leggings and striped flannel golf knickers. He really was well "gotten up". Elaine tells an amusing story about this same boy. He was painting the walls of the apartment two years ago and stuck up a sign "Wet Paint"--"Remember before it is too late" He told Elaine that was what he always went by--"Remember before it's too late" A few weeks later he called up the studio on the telephone and said to Elaine "It's your boy, mum, I'm in gool (jail)" Elaine said she didn't know

what she could do about it and asked what had happened. He'd had an argument with some man and then nearly killed him with a knife. He said, "I don't told him to wait until I comes back and den I's gets ma knife, and he waits, dot's all, mump." Elaine asked him why he didn't remember before it was too late and he said he "clean forgot to remember dat time" He spent a year in jail and was painting the studio again this year. That's how we saw him. He was awfully nice to us though and walked up and down the street with us and we even took his picture. We watched a man catching some chickens which we had for Sunday dinner. They have a box of live ones on board and I'm not sure but what they may help out with eggs before we eat the birds. It was too hot to stay on shore so long as there were only a few tangerine trees and they didn't give any shade to speak of. The crowd was fun to watch and there were some fine old characters. The tender made several trips back and forth and when we went back we stopped by a tiny sail boat and bought all the fish the man had. We ate some that night for supper.

After the Bight we stopped once more to let some one off and then it was dark by the time we reached the next "back door". It took 25 minutes for the tender to take the passenger in and return for you seldom can go very near land even at some of the real towns. We turned in rather early for the evening seem long as it is pitch dark by six. That night they unloaded stuff at Devil's Point and Port Howe but it was too dark to see any thing but the shoreline. The next morning when we woke we were on our way to Watling's Island or San Salvadore where Columbus first landed.

When we started out on this trip we had an idea that we would be in sight of land continually and that there weren't many open stretches of sea but rather protected water between islands. We find we were a bit mistaken. Even the first day after we left the sand bar we only saw a few tiny islands before dark and though the second day we sailed in the lee of Cat Island the next two days made up for it. All night seemed pretty rough and Sunday we went up and down all day. We tried breakfast but the odors increase daily and the changing of diapers finished me after the first swallow of hominy. We both slept all morning and felt decidedly under the weather. About noon we brightened a bit and had our dinner on deck which was a fine idea and we could really enjoy the delicious fried chicken. The meals are really very good considering everything. It was not until one o'clock that we neared Watling's and it certainly was a great relief when we began to feel how much smoother the water was under the lee of the land. The harbor was the most beautiful shade of blue you ever saw and such clear water. We dropped anchor fairly near the pier and the town looked very pretty with the Catholic church predominating.

We went ashore with the first boat and Mr. Bethel the Chief Engineer was awfully nice and undertook to show us around. San Salvadore or Watlings Island proved to be the most picturesque and attractive of all the places we stopped. The harbor was really a little cove and in the center was the pier

leading up to a path with trees on either side, sort of umbrella trees. Some were fairly large shade trees and there were groves of natives sitting under them to keep out of the sun for it was early in the afternoon. However, there is almost always a cool breeze blowing over the island and it seemed very cool compared to the Bight. The path through the trees was short and led into the main road which turned at right angles at that point and off this same road on the left hand side of the harbor (as we looked at it from the harbor) was the commissioner's house and garden. Then the Catholic Church with stairs up the outside leading to Father Dennis apartment. It was a three story building with the chapel on the lower floor and he used the two upper floors which were very cool and pleasant. In back was the farm yard and garden with sheep and chickens and some vegetables he was experimenting with. Beyond the church on the same road was a very small two storied pink plaster building. The jail under ground. The courthouse on the first floor and the Post Office on the second floor which is reached by an outside stairway. Then beyond this was the wireless station which each place has or maybe I should say each Island. In the other direction is the native settlement. At one time the slaves built good roads and the land was kept cultivated and I believe they raised a great deal of fruit, but now they don't do much more than raise what they need for themselves. Watlings Island is full of lakes and ponds. I believe there is more water than land in the island. The monument to Columbus is around the west side. It was put there by the Chicago Tribune but the joke is that Columbus couldn't have possibly landed on that side as it is nothing but reefs and he really came around to the lea side where we landed. Off San Salvadore not very far is one of the deepest spots in the ocean--a 5 miles depth.

Mr. Bethel took us up to see the priest, Father Dennis. He was just as nice as any man could be, about 40 years old, but very young looking, had been brought up on a Wisconsin farm. He had just come from the farm (to the north on the island) which the church evidently owns, and when the boat was reported he jumped on his horse, an Arab steed, and made fast time until he could see the boat in the distance and knew there was no hurry. He showed us his house with a large bathroom which he was very proud of and also the extra bedroom for anyone who would stop over with him, which we wished we could have done. He felt badly he had no wine to offer us but instead took us in his Ford truck up the Main Street past all the little one-room square houses, just large enough to have a door with a window on either side in front and usually all one can see inside is a tremendous bed for the whole family I guess and the walls papered with old newspapers or magazines. The houses on all the islands are very much the same, of plaster or wood and some with thatched roofs. There are some with several rooms and a piazza but most of them are tiny. They have what are called gardens around them with fruit trees but you have to look carefully to tell which is garden and which just bush. The fruit trees are all planted

in the coral rock and it's a wonder they grow at all. At the end of about a mile of road we came to the small lake, about half a mile across I guess. There were lots of little row boats which the people had come over in from the other side and each had the mast and sail rolled together and lying in the boat. We wondered how the car went at all but strange to say it even made the rocky rises in High. After we got back we watched the people getting their things from the tender which came up onto the beach and just piled up the goods on the sand. It was getting warm so we went back to the ship and soon after left for Rum Cay. We looking forward to the return trip and the stop there at San Salvadore.

It started to be rough again on the way to Rum Cay, a side roll this time and we stayed on deck until we reached there about nine I think it was. There was a tiny light on shore and hardly any moon light and how the Captain knew where he was going I'm sure I don't know. There seems to be nothing to go by but he does know where he is all right. We left there sometime during the night and when we woke in the morning it was quiet again and we were at Long Island. Clarence Town was the name of the place. It was the only real harbor we had struck, being fairly well land locked. However it is still rather difficult getting up at six o'clock no matter how early one goes to bed and after a rough night one never feels very lively in the morning. The steward always serves us tea and crackers first, followed by breakfast an hour later. So by the time we were up and through tea there wasn't much time to go ashore. They have an open touring car aboard which we should have landed there but they had to wait until the return trip to have a barge ready for removing it, so we may have another chance to see Clarence town. There is a large church on top of a hill and the houses between it and the harbor. We were just finishing breakfast as we left the harbor which was lucky as we soon were hitting the largest waves we had yet met. We spent the whole day on deck and it seemed pretty long for there was a head wind and in beating to windward we had to go nearly twice as far and then too you never seem to make much time beeching heavy seas. We found we had to watch the waves or else it felt like continuously going up and down very rapidly in a fast elevator with sudden stops where your insides are still on the way down when you are coming up again. The family in the cabin grew dirtier and smellier every day. As a matter of fact we all wore the same clothes we had boarded the boat in and none of us changed until we drew near to Magua. However children are much dirtier than we are I think and you imagine after five days in one cabin, the five children, two feeding out of bottles and a sick mother. What the cabin looked like and the door always opened, it would be too unpleasant if I told you any more. The father was not on Board but in Magera.

Monday as I have said we left Clarence Town Long Island after breakfast and after beating to windward all day sighted Bird Rack Light at sunset. It was dark when we reached it.

Then we stopped again a little further on and in the moonlight it seemed a lovely little cove with a beautiful beach and lots of trees. There were lights on the shore and evidently some children had built bonfires and lit torches from them and ran about the beach. Some little sail boats came alongside and helped unload. We didn't stop long and we were in bed by the time we reached Castle Rock the last stop before Magua.

Tuesday was fairly rough but we sighted land about noon and were at Mathews town Magua by about two o'clock and were to stay at least 24 hours to give the people a chance to answer their mail and also to give the crew a rest for they have to work all hours, day or night. Of course none of them do any more moving than they can help but then of course they have to make some effort. I imagine it's the climate that makes them all so slow and lazy.

Mr. Dan Mosely had given us a letter of introduction to Mr. Symonette who has a store and the Dutch Steamship Agency in Magua. So we decided to deliver that the first thing and maybe he could tell us best how to see the island and the flammings who are native to Magua. We were anxious to see the family all getting off the boat with so many babies and so decided to clean up after they had left. As soon as we sighted land they began getting ready, the boy trying to wash off his legs with buckets of sea water and by the time we had reached the harbor they were all dressed up. The boy in long trousers and a felt hat, the little girls in new dresses and shoes and the babies with yellow organdie bonnets and green velvet cuffs on their white coats. However it was some time before they left as the outboard motor in the light house keeper's boat had misbehaved and we could see them struggling in the distance. They finally got it started and came along side. As far as I could see the husband said nothing much to the wife but seemed glad to see the children. There were lots of young fellows with him having a great time poling about. I couldn't understand them as they speak much as the negroes do. They were mostly white but with some colored blood. They made me think of the poor white of Kentucky, rather a shiftless looking lot. We decided we didn't like their looks but later we saw more of them. We soon went ashore and found that a young minister we had picked up at Long Cay had told Mr. Symonette about the letter and he had sent his man down to meet us. On the way to the house which was across the street and up a block from the wharf we met a boy on a bicycle who said he was Mr. Symonette's son and would see us later. He is also the radio operator.

Mr. and Mrs. Symonette live above their store and have rather a roomy house. They are terribly nice and wanted to send right over for our things so we could spend the night there as they said that's what they liked to have visitors do and that we wouldn't get any meals on the boat anyway. So we accepted their hospitality without much urging. Mr. Symonette is a great character and a fine gentleman. He is interested in everything and loves to tell stories and does it very well. I don't know where he came from originally but he seems pretty dark and I believe a good many of the

Cat Island people are mixed. He had two sons by his first wife and no children by the second. Mrs. Symonette came out from Ireland and they were married in Nassau. She had a pretty difficult time at first with her health and I guess has been through a good deal, but she's an uncomplaining person and very kind and thoughtful.

It was hard to know who was who at first, for when we went in we met Mr. Symonette and then his wife and a very dark colored girl came in and were both introduced as Mrs. Symonettes, and then there was a cunning little boy 17 months old. We thought she was the wife of the radio operator for a long time but found out later she is the younger son's wife.

At one time before the war, Magua was a very busy place and a good sized town, too. The Dutch ships called in for stevedores and then the salt industry was in full swing, too, but both have stopped and the people just live and that's all. There are a few white people like the Commissioner and the doctor etc and then there are a lot of mixed ones. Mrs. Symonette (the older one) took us over to the Wireless Station after supper to see the older son who seems a very bright person with more initiative than most of them. He learn't to operate the wireless station himself and also showed us a pamphlet he wrote to give visitors information about the island. We didn't meet his wife but he is only 23 and yet has four children. The younger son was married when he was only 14 and is 16 now. Mrs. Symonette said when we were going back that it seemed such a shame for the young boys to marry as they do but that they all do it and that Mr. Symonette was really too easy with his sons she thought.

Magua is quite a large island being 45 miles long and has a lake 20 miles long. There are lots of wild animals as they call them, donkeys, cows, hogs and cats. I imagine they were domestic once a long time ago but they are wild from living on the further side of the island. We were quite excited about seeing some of the wild game, but later didn't mind so much when we heard more about them. The donkeys can be tamed in a day and the one wild cat we did see looked like a very ordinary cat. Wild cow shooting is often very dangerous. A few years ago two men went hunting together and finally saw the wild cow. Somehow it got between them and one man shot, missing the cow but hitting the man opposite so that he "hung between life and death" for several days. The Flamingoes, however, are native to Magua and breed there. At times you can see millions of them. They are beautiful coral pink color and they must be a wonderful sight in flight. We only saw one very close to, but he did fly for us which was something.

In the spring you sometimes see flamingoes on Andros Island near Nassau, but from Mr. Ely's experience it is not always easy to get very near to them. He said when he went they had to crawl three miles on their hands and knees and

even then weren't near enough to get a picture. He also said it rained and Mr. Edwin Mosely just took off his clothes rolled them up and stuck them under his arm and when it cleared off he had dry clothes to put on.

To go back to our stay in Magera. After chatting with Mr. & Mrs. Symonette for a while they said that their youngest son Jeff could take us in the truck to the Salt Ponds where we might see flamingoes and then show us the village. It took some time to get the truck going, it needed a new tire and how the engine ever worked was a mystery to us. The salt air and dampness makes every metal thing rust and corode so badly that after a year or two the fenders of cars will just fall to pieces and you can imagine what an engine looks like on an old Ford truck. However being a Ford it keeps on going somehow. About five the truck was ready. We had had tea and cake and were already to set out. Jeff and his friend Samuel took us and we discovered that they were two of the boys who had come alongside the boat with the lighthouse keeper. Jeff was just as nice as he could be, full of fun and very polite. The other boy was frightfully dumb and rather stupid looking. You feel sorry for them living in a place like Magua with nothing to brace them up and no incentive to work at all.

The roads were not bad though rocky in places. We drove around the town and then about two miles out to the Salt Ponds. There are hundreds of little walled in 100 foot square ponds built a long time ago. Canals run to the sea and the water comes in at high tide. I think and then isn't let out. I don't know how the salt is made but I suppose that the water evaporates leaving the salt in the bottom. There are the remains of a little railway but the tracks are all eaten away with rust. There are a few roads running out into and across the pond and some are under nearly a foot of water but it didn't seem to make much difference to us, we just drove into the water without the least hesitation and would leave a wake behind like a steamboat. We saw two flamingoes in the distance and could just catch the vivid color. The boys said they would take us to the lake in the morning and perhaps we would have better luck. It gets dark so early that the evenings seem very long. We had a delicious supper of Chicken, and then after sitting around talking some more Mrs. Symonette took us to the Wireless Station, a little building alongside the post office, right by the pier. They all go to bed early so we turned in about eight and it was so quiet we could hardly sleep. Nassau is fairly noisy at night with people always going by and especially at the Studio and then the engine on the boat is pretty noisy. But there wasn't a sound but the clock ticking in our bedroom. The cocks began crowing early and we were up at 6.30 had coffee and bread and butter and then started off in the truck with the boys. Mrs. Symonette had packed some fruit, cheese, crackers and sardines in a basket for us to eat on the way and Mr. Symonette loaned us a rain coat as it looked rather stormy. They had a hard time getting the Ford started, and every hundred yards or so we would stop and they would fiddle about with the engine with apparently no success, jump in again and stop about a hun-

dred yards further on and repeat their efforts. I began wondering how far it would be to walk back and decided we might get hot but could do it. The car insisted on coughing and spitting and yet we plowed through ponds and everything else regardless. Evidently all it needed was to be warmed up for after four miles or so she began to go more smoothly and all was well. We saw lots of donkey and cow tracks near the big lake and they wondered why we didn't see any wild animals-- but as even a tame donkey being driven by a man tried to run away when he heard us coming I didn't wonder the wild ones had fled for the car made an awful noise. I think the Flamingoes must be deaf. We saw one standing in a little pond right beside the road and Pete took some pictures. It was terribly muddy and slippery and we had a great time sliding round. The car didn't seem to skid but it was awfully difficult to stand. You didn't do down in the mud at all, for the ground seemed hard underneath. It was just the slipperiness on top that was bad. The land was very flat around the lake with green shrubs and trees. Everything is a peculiar vivid green. There wasn't much evidence of a road, just some tracks to follow. There are only two cars I believe on the island and they rarely go out to the lake except for shooting ducks. There are heaps of these and when we saw the first flock Sam (Jeff's friend) jumped out. We got the gun from under the front seat and he ran to the edge of the water and started shooting. He wounded one and couldn't hit it again at a distance of twenty feet or less and finally having taken his shoes off, he waded in up to his middle and tried to catch it. The duck kept swimming away and finally went down and never did appear again. It was sickening to see. He was anxious to shoot a flamingo which is against the law, but as no one can prove that you didn't find it dead quite a few are shot. However there are millions of them so it isn't as bad as it might be. Luckily the people aren't better shots. The flamingo flew over us but Pete had given Sam, who was wading, the camera to get a close-up picture so we couldn't get the bird in flight. However we thought we were lucky to have seen it at all and we are hoping what pictures we have will come out.

It was quite amusing to have them point out fields of corn etc to us for they grow in the white coral soil and they look more like scrub growth than what we call fields. They evidently dig holes in the rock and plant the things in the separate holes. On the way back we went out by the canal to the beach and the water was very colorful, almost more so than any we have seen. A storm was coming up and we went back to the truck, let down the canvas curtains on the side luckily for it soon began to pour as hard as could be. We ate our breakfast or meal inside and both we and the rain finished at the same time. From there we went to the lighthouse and the man took Pete and I up to the top, 130 steps. It was wonderful looking down on the patterns in the water. We imagined we could see the mountains of Cuba which on a clear day can

be seen quite plainly from the deck of the "Alisada" in the harbor. We were back in time for lunch and then about three came back on board the boat. We really had had a most interesting time and the Symonettes did everything they could for us and insisted that we were their guests. Before we left they showed us the library above the post office where they have all the English papers and the magazines. It must mean a lot to them.

The boat had all been cleaned up and our bunks were remade and everything was nice and fresh. It was a relief to have no children around and we have been able to eat in the cabin all the time so far on the way back. The wind has been more favorable on the return trip and we made Castle Island that night, Long Cay early Thursday morning and Bird Rock by noon. It was sunset last night when we reached Long Island and now Friday morning we are Rum Cay. I have been writing this when it wasn't too awfully rough.

I may have mentioned the fact that we had a car on board for Long Island, which is an open Chrysler and has been frequently salt sprayed and rained on since we left. Also sat in after the owner left the ship on the way down. We couldn't land it without a barge so last night just at sunset when we pulled in the tender went ashore and came back towing a small fragile looking raft made of small boards and having nine big gasoline drums. It certainly didn't look any too safe, being very flat on top and no way I could see of making the car stay on. The wind was coming up all the time and there were quite good waves. There is no real way of hoisting things on the boat except on the halyards and so it's rather awkward. They slung some rope around or under the car and then hoisted it up by one halyard. It made it a bit difficult as the two hogs we had brought from Magua insisted on getting in the way having used the car as a shelter for the past two days. The car was dropped on them once and there were loud grunts but no one paid much attention. The difficult part was pushing the car out from the side of the boat so that it would sit on the center of the raft. Everyone helped and all of them gave advice, the man on the raft in great danger of slipping off backwards tried to pull the car over while all the crew tried to push it out. They tried to push with their hands but found it difficult with the hogs getting under their feet (It would have been better had they pushed with their feet) The man working the hoist was either too fast or too slow and the car would get caught and such a time as they had. Finally they got it on the raft but as soon as they let up on the rope the weight of the car was too much and all the drums forced the top boards up and there were loud shouts to hoist her up again. Up she came bumping against the boat and there she hung four feet above the water while every one contemplated the raft. The boards had been nailed with 1 1/2 inch nails and as the car only rested on two of them (as they were laid in the same direction as the car) the rest were forced up easily. Had they lashed three boards down over them in the

other direction it would have been all right. However as it was it was hopeless. The drums were bumping about and the loose boards floating away. The men on the raft grabbed them as best they could and after some swearing the Captain told them they would have to fix the raft up better than that. So back to shore they had to go and it was slow work towing a heavy raft. After dark they came back and as far as we could tell they had merely renailed the boards. However the crew began to try over again using the same system, the same thing happened again and the car broke through into the water. This time there was even more excitement and cursing and finally the car was hoisted back on deck and it looked as if the hogs would once more have shelter. We went to bed the light not being good enough to read much by and about ten o'clock Pete woke me up and said they were having another try. We went out and watched the struggles. This time they had unlashed the foresail from its gaff boom and were using that as a hoist. They also somehow lashed the boat onto the raft which was about half the size of the first one. They got the car twisted around and the back part which was bulkier was out in the tender and the front wheels on the float. Then fourteen men climbed on top of the car, tender, and float and off they went successful at last. It took a long time to get ashore and had the wind and tide been the other way they never would have made it.

This morning we reached Rum Cay at breakfast time and the first load increased our live stock. A fairly large horse was brought aboard. He must have had a pleasant ride out for though his feet were all tied together his head was resting on one of the men's laps. The poor beast was hoisted up as the car was let down and he had quite a struggle after his feet were untied to get his footing on the slippery and unsteady deck. He looked too funny with his front legs bowed and his hind legs knock kneed. This afternoon we looked very seasick indeed. We now have besides the horse, two hogs, four sheep and two goats besides about a dozen boxes of hens and roosters. They are lusty crowsers and wake us in the morning and whenever we near land. It's just like living in a farm yard as far as noise and smells go. We also have two large turtles which are on their backs with their feet bound. They say that they will love as long as the film on their eyes is washed over every morning, that is they will last two weeks or a month.

The stop at San Salvadore on the return trip was just as nice as we expected but all too short. Pete went ashore to make a sketch and I stayed on board to paint but was very unsuccessful. After a bad attempt I wrote up this letter to you. There was a beautiful sunset and at dark Pete came back and we had supper. We thought we would spend the evening with Fether Dennis but found that the last boat went for the mail about seven and so we only had ten or fifteen minutes with him. We parted the best of friends and I'm not sure whether it wasn't all due to him that we liked the island of San Salvadore best of all. We lay over there until midnight and it being warm we rolled up on our blankets and slept on deck until then when it began to be cool. We reached Port Howe Cat Island soon after sunrise this morning but didn't land as they stayed a very short time. Then to the Bight where

we picked up Mr Dingee the Radio man also an old preacher and his wife so the cabin is beginning to fill up again. The last stop will be Arther's Town about dusk and then Nassau we hope early tomorrow morning.

I forgot to tell you our live stock increased at San Salvadore by two more sheep and three cows. However the second class passengers don't seem to mind having to sit amongst them and luckily a following wind doesn't make them seem as near as they are, ten feet from our port hole.

Sunday. We won't reach Nassau until about noon as there is no wind to speak of and we were late starting last night due to moving a commissioner and family and belongings. It was ten before we left Arther's Town. I wish you could have seen the cabin when we looked out. There were several little girls' and boys' heads peeping out of lower bunks and the main cabin is full of hand luggage. On deck besides the turtles, horse, three cows, two hogs a dozen sheep and nearly as many goats there were about fifty boxes of chickens and roosters (I've counted most of them) a life boat full of water mellon, a dozen empty oil cans from a lighthouse, dried fish hanging over the life boat oars and dried pigeons on the Engineer's house. Then all the household belongings of the colored Commissioner and the family of 8, including bed steads and tables and even a parrot in a cage.

It's been a great trip though and everyone has been just as nice to us as could be. The meals aren't elaborate but what there is is well cooked. The Steward brings everything aft in a basin or dish pan instead of on a tray--which is quite a good idea.

We got into Nassau just before one and were met by Jack Farrington and Mr. "Pot" Solomon then Fred appeared and Elaine and Merrill so we all ended up at the Studio to drink the health of old "Alisada".

Love to all
Catharine

P.S. Please send this to Aunt Nela .

*Please return that I may send to others -
Edwite*

Last night on board
"Alisada"

Saturday, December 19, 1931

Dearest Mother,

This is just a private letter to you. Seems to me I've written you several letters lately but somehow with every thing so unsettled I couldn't seem to feel like writing. And then too in order not to be involved with Olive we used to stay away from the apartment as much as possible. Especially in the evenings when we would have our dinner at the resteraunt and then walk up to Elaine's. I don't know what we would have done without the Crighdaufs to let off steam too. I guess we would have gone home whispering. We've been talking in undertones ever since we left New York about the situation. It has its amusing side but it was hopeless deciding to leave one minute and wanting to stay the next. I'm sure we could have got on alright with Fred alone but the girl upset everything. Her group (about 18 or 19) and plain dumb. Her father being a Senator she feels she is somebody very important. She is pretty in a way. Maybe I don't think its a very attractive pretentious! but anyway it has turned Fred's head. She's the most incontinent person you can imagine. Gets up early one morning after sleeping late for two weeks. Hates grapefruit for a week and then suddenly says she likes it. You never know what she likes and what she doesn't like. Lets people pour out cocktails or drinks for her and then leaves the glass 3/4 full.

9.5 never on time except when you expect her to be late. Takes a lot of shucking material out with her and tries to put what she can in the basket we have our suits in and usually fits anyone who will carry things for her and wait on her. Leaves things behind regularly. Never even rinses out the tub after her bath and one of the cramping blows was to have her use Pete's razor and leave it dirty with her hair still in it. Pete was so mad at that he cut his chin in about 20 places afterwards we told Fred that time. He felt terrible but said she was young. The worst though is the way she acts as if she were able to really paint. The first day she told a lady that we all three were just "would be artists." The day before we left Mrs Loft house came over to ask us (Pete & I) if we would make her a poster advertising her shop next door. Olive walked in when we were talking and sat down though anyone could see we were talking business. Pete suggested if we couldn't do it during night. Anyway I said I would let her know in an hour. In the meantime we had to tell Fred we were leaving and after he had gone Olive came in with a pencil sketch of an idea she had for the poster. We were a little surprised Mrs Loft house leaving asked for us when she came. Something Olive mentioned about the size made me ask if Mrs Loft house had spoken to her about it before, and she said "no I've just been over there to show her this sketch" now can you beat that for nerve. She must be
X stupid.

at first we thought we were plain jealous but the Elys told Pete they didn't like her from the beginning and the Stubees couldn't stand her. Some of the people who were at Mrs Leaches the night we went there to dinner told Elaine that she gave herself such airs they wondered who she thought she was anyway. The funny part is she isn't a bit malicious that's why we think she's plain stupid.

X Fred on the other hand thinks of her looks and must be in love with her. Naturally he caresses her first always and wants her to do well with her sketches. He knows nothing about painting except from the composition stand point and therefore because she makes pretty little colored pencil sketches he thinks she's doing awfully well and what can we say. We really are in a predicament for we can't say anything against her without being rude. Fred has wonderful ideas but can't set down and reason. We might have left sooner but thought Pete better try the portrait of Mrs Ely. How he did anything under the circumstances I don't know. She talks all the time. The room is small. The things have to be moved every day as to their dining room. My Ely watches and criticises and there are constant interruptions. They wanted a smile and in the end didn't like it and so Pete rather lost the libereness he had at first. She's attractive as Mrs Little in Concord is but they want one of

those stylish portraits with pearls. You know the kind I mean, lovely women that never really have any character. They may not take it but people who don't know much about painting never seem to realize that you are spending heaps of time on a thing. All it means is that we shall have to go home sooner unless Pete sells a sketch or two. We think now we may go by the Panama Canal and Vancouver. But don't know until we get to Jamaica. Fred was awfully good about our leaving but I guess he still thinks we will be back. Maybe things work out for the best. I doubt if we would have liked it all winter here and might have gotten involved in too much entertaining. Could we have worked as we felt like it without being bossed etc it would have been fine. Anyway we made two excellent friends in Elaine & Merrill and have seen a lot of the Bahamas and know what to avoid another time.

From your letter I gather you are leaving quite a time of it with the house so full. It's a damn shame but there must be the consolation of having done a heap of good. I'm glad Frances is getting on so much better at school. If she likes music so much why not encourage her along those lines and perhaps she could work with that after she finishes school. This idea of everyone going to college may be alright for some but unless you want to go into a profession that requires it I think it almost a waste of time and money.

except for girls who haven't been away to school.

I do feel badly about Aunt Mary. It must be hard for her to feel that Aunt Nela is getting on better without her. Maybe if she had been more happily married herself she would have understood why they might like to be alone once and a while. You know it must be hard for Aunt Nela & Uncle Marshall to ever discuss things without other people hearing. His being so deaf. And its funny too if you are with someone who gets on your nerves as Aunt Mary and Uncle Marshall do on each other. even the tiniest things grow irritating. Its the same with Olive; if we liked her and she were always late or left the bathtub dirty we wouldn't mind but would tease her good naturedly but just because she lets hurt us in some way we hold everything against her.

I think I can understand what a trying time you must be having with so many to think of and not feeling free to go about as usual. But I think you'd be wiser to break away more if you can. If you don't feel like leaving Aunt Mary alone ask someone in to tea with her when you go out.

I'll add to this after I've read the mail or share from you. I'm sorry I haven't mentioned your letters. The trouble is that I answer them or write you after they have come and usually they are in the trunk or suitcase and I'm writing some where else and I'm careful on remembering questions and plan to reread the letters again and answer questions the next time.

Monday.

Dear Mother
 There was lots of mail here. Two fine letters from you including enough money to have exchanged and pay the duty out of what we made on present exchange. The packages have arrived though we haven't called for them yet at the Post Office. No duty on the books and less than a pound on the rest. Russell's Air Mail came too and of course we got our papers on Canadian exchange and I'm so glad he did the right thing padding my allowance in Boston. I shall draw on that (The National Bank) to pay clothes bills in Boston and also for any money we need here. Have decided to use some of the check for a hired car in Jamaica. We were having great discussions as Pete couldn't stay long there and hire a car too and he doesn't like me to do more than he does.

X The greatest excitement was a letter from the American Federation of Arts which I passed over as something to do with the magazine. It was asking if Pete would be willing to help keep up the high standard of this travelling exhibition by letting them have his "Stoney Squares" which was away the 30 or 40 canvases they had picked from current exhibitions. Unfortunately it went to

7
Bang. (the letter) and then an being away makes
it a month old. But we cabled our consent
and are writing. Pretty darn good isn't it.

The mail I find goes out today at noon
so I can write no more now. We leave tomorrow
on the Saganette for Kingston Jamaica. and
will let you know our address there, until you
hear send any mail in care of Mr. Nichols
for we will call to see him after Christmas.
Will keep you posted.

Thanks again for all the things. I can
hardly wait until Christmas.

Lots of love to you all and a
special lot to you
Catherine

P.S. I felt terribly about the tragic death
of young Stephen Pepper. It brings also
that makes one believe in fate.



MYRTLE BANK HOTEL

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.

OPEN ALL YEAR

T. G. S. HOOKE
Resident Manager

Christmas night,
December 25, 1931,

Dearest Mother,

This certainly seems a funny sort of Christmas and yet it has been a very happy one for us. The "Safayette" came in this morning and we waited until we reached here before opening all our presents. Your box was filled with the nicest surprises and not a thing that can't be used. It was such fun opening all the pretty packages and really we had a lovely time. Pete was awfully pleased with the pajamas which

he was badly in need of the laundry
 being very hard on clothes. I think
 they beat them on rocks or something.
 He also liked the briefs and the tie
 Jean sent but almost best of all
 highly mouse! I had forgotten all
 about the cosps and it was the
 nicest surprise and I have them
 on right now. They will be so
 useful in keeping straps in place.
 The undies are too lovely and will
 be put in use shortly and the
 bathing cap I do need. Jean's
 slippers are just the kind I love
 for evening, and the salted nuts
 are practically gone already. The
 books will be much appreciated.
 I had started "Saws on the Rock"
 and loved it but had to leave it
 unfinished in Nassau, and I can
 hardly wait to get back to it. The
 Redman book I'm tickled to pieces
 to have, and I have been so
 anxious to read the last Galsworthy
 so altogether it was a fine lot of!



MYRTLE BANK HOTEL
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.
OPEN ALL YEAR

T.G.S. HOOKE
Resident Manager

presents. The school bag is a beauty and is going to be so useful to carry things in. Sketching materials especially. I think I have mentioned most every thing and we want to thank you and Jean so much. Besides your presents we had a box of candy & open from Elaine, a book from Mr McBride and another book from a man on the boat on the West Indies. He spoke to us the other evening saying we were the only Americans he had seen on the cruise and because we cheered him up that evening he gave us the parting gift. He

Dr. had taught in the Imperial
 University in Tobris and his wife
 was a descendant of Peary (?). It was
 rather interesting. He had one of Grandpa's
 books. Tonight we drank every one's
 health with a bottle of sparkling
 beverage that the Cruikshanks gave
 us and which we have been so
 careful of as it has to be on its side.
 First was the first health and then
 Russ followed by Pete's father and
 mother. We soon had to group the
 people as it meant too many
 drinks. But I don't think we forgot
 anyone, even Patch was properly
 toasted. Pete gave me a large
 box full of tiny bottles of liquors,
 just wearie things which we
 are going to take home with us.

We spent most of the day around
 the hotel. It seemed warm and
 we were sleepy. About four we
 went for a beautiful drive up
 above the town a way and ended
 up at Constant Springs. We had



MYRTLE BANK HOTEL
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.

OPEN ALL YEAR

T.G.S. HOOKE
Resident Manager

heard of the Mand House a private hotel and thought we would "have a look at it". When we heard about it we thought it was too far outside the city to be very convenient, while we were seeing the Nichols etc and that it wasn't far enough to paint here. But yesterday we found it was just the sort of place we wanted. It is a beautiful spot and has lovely gardens and trees, with the mountains beyond. The man who runs it a charming Englishman said he wasn't sure what accommodations he had but would let us know this morning. Unfortunately after getting an hour's way up we find he won't have anything until

perhaps Monday. It is only a pound
a day there and nine dollars here
which is a great difference when one
is American money and the other
English. We are going to leave here
today for its too expensive for what
we want, and they made us rather
provoked at the office.

The trip down was fine. The "Lafayette"
is the most up to date ship and every-
thing is so well done. Of course the
Cruise crowd were an awfully un-
attractive lot of Jews from New York,
but they were terribly amusing to watch.

Sunday. I was writing this yesterday
when Pete was called to the telephone
and it was the Manor House staying
that they had no more rooms available
yet. We didn't know what to do for
yesterday was Boxing Day, a British
holiday which we hadn't thought of
and today Sunday. So we called up
Mr. Nichols who was on his way
down here for a service. He insisted
that we go back with him to his
house and then Mrs. Nichols wanted
us to stay to lunch. You will remember



MYRTLE BANK HOTEL
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.
OPEN ALL YEAR

T. G. S. HOOKE
Resident Manager

See for she was the lady who hit you in the head with a golf club when the Managers had a luncheon at the Essex Country Club. I think it was. She told us how terrible it was and the way she described it all was.

Tuesday -

I haven't gotten on well at all with this letter so will write you a real one when we reach Montego Bay where we go today. You probably will see us on our way north as the Panama isn't as good a way, too damned expensive!
The Nichols have been so nice to us.

Russells Air Mail came
yesterday, better than any
Christmas present he could have
sent. He will find that as soon
as Pete gave Irvins Johnson the
letter he remembered him but
we hadn't mentioned the name
before.

Must stop now. Don't send
any more mail to us, until
we let you know for it all
depends on the next few days
how long we stay here.

Loads of love
Catherine -

Forgot to thank you for Miss
Everetts book. We have used
most of the presents already -
Pajamas. Knives. Cassettes
etc. They were great and
made it seem very Christmasy.

ETHELHART HOTEL.
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA B.W.I.

Cable and Telegrams: Ethelhart Hotel.

Near 'THE DOCTORS CAVE'
The Famous Bathing Place.

Thursday, Dec 31, 1931

Dearest Mother,

Here it is the last day of the year and unless I start a letter to you today I shall be too discouraged to even think of making New Year's resolutions for there is no need to tell you of the days before we left Nassau. The trip down Kimpston and the perfect spot here, where to begin I don't know, but I guess the best way is to start at the very beginning.

When we returned from the trip on the "Alisada" we were met at the Piers by first Jack Farrington and Mr Cyril Solomon. Then Elaine and Merrill and then Ted, so we all went up to the Studio and had a cocktail by way of being welcomed back. Elaine insisted on our going there for dinner which we did first as we were and had a grand time talking everything over. Then being very sleepy we went home for a nap, and I think we wandered up to Elaine's again after dinner. The next day was Monday and a very busy one. Pete went to the Eliza to try to finish the portrait but in the end they didn't take it

x Mrs Ely liked it but ² Mr Ely didn't. They wanted
 us to go to Harbour Island with them for a week
 which was a wonderful invitation but we thought
 x we would wait a while and see for ~~it~~ ^{it} was really
 is difficult to do. I'm really glad that they didn't
 take it for after first painting her with a smile &
 then without Pete lost the blessing he had at first.
 and its far better not to have portraits that aren't
 x satisfactory floating round the country. They were
 awfully nice to us and asked us to lunch the
 next day before we took the boat. As I remember
 now what we did Sunday night we had dinner
 with Jack Farrington & Mr Solomon and they
 went to Elms. Monday we tried to finish
 up all we could. paying bills etc and it took
 lots of time. Tuesday was as hectic and
 then the luncheon was such fun that we
 almost missed the tender. As I write I keep
 remembering things. Monday we had lunch
 with Mr Mc Bride who started out on the
 "Alisada" with us and he told us he would
 give us a letter to a friend here in Kingston.
 To go on. Tuesday some movie people came
 in on the "Lafayette" who Fred had promised
 to show around all day and help find the
 best spots for picture taking so he was busy
 and we were free to do as we liked. We
 had to first meet the Purser of the Lafayette
 and the Cruise Director and a Mr Smith from
 Bermuda who was also going to Kingston as we

ETHELHART HOTEL.
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA B.W.I.

Cable and Telegrams: Ethelhart Hotel.

Near 'THE DOCTORS CAVE'
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were, and so Jack Farrington had us all meet at
sixty. Deeds for a drink when we talked business
deciding to get the ticket etc on the ship etc.
After that we went up to the Elpis and found
that the Strubers and Alexander were going to
be there too, also Polly Leach and a Major or Col.
Standard from Boston who they thought might
know my family. But as he had no Standard
relatives and I had no Todd ones we didn't get
on very far in that direction. The Strubers were
great friends of Uncle Pauls and had even
visited them in Nantuxet and were very
apologetic that they hadn't had us to their house
for a meal but it was purely on account of
having to ask Fred and Olive if they asked us.
It's really funny how people have taken a
dislike to her for I've never been with people
who frankly say they don't like a person.
and everyone told us that about her. The
Alexander's hoped we would dine with them
when we came back and really it was all
too funny. We felt so important all of a sudden
and I really think had people thought that we
were here independent of Olive they would have
been more anxious to see us. It sounds as if

we expected a lot of attention but you don't know how maddening it is to have to be associated with someone you don't care for. Naturally they all thought she was a friend of mine. We had a great send off. Besides our 17 pieces of baggage including suit cases, your Christmas box, unopened, a basket of unread newspapers. (By the way I hope I told you to stop them coming) ~~we~~ Ditching things etc. We had various Christmas presents. A bottle of Spaulding Brandy but had to be on its side, a box of candles from Elaine. A book of verse from Olive. A book from Mr McBride who came to see us off. A cork tail in a beer bottle from the Elms as well as a tiny bottle of perfume. A large box of tiny bottles of liquors that had gotten to me Christmas present, our coats as well. The Elms drove us down. It was an awful job getting everything on the tender as all the cruise passengers seemed to be taking the last boat too. But Elaine & Merrill helped, going out to the ship with us. It really was a most exciting send off and we were feeling awfully happy to think that we wouldn't have to worry about things so much. The Lafayette is one of the most beautiful and well planned ships I've ever seen. It's only 17 months old I think and is up to date in every way. We had the largest cabin I've ever been in with a private bath, large closets. Two beds, a big bureau, wash stand, day mirrors, arm chairs and everything one could think of

x

ETHELHART HOTEL.
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA B.W.I.

Cable and Telegrams: Ethelhart Hotel.

Near 'THE DOCTORS CAVE'

The Famous Bathing Place.

We were tempted to spend all our time there. Pete went to see about the tickets and Mr Smith was there too. The minimum on the Canadian National Lady Gosh from Nassau to Kingston is \$65. and we thought that we would have to pay \$60. on the French boat. That was the fare Jack Farrington had told us it would be. But when the Purser asked what we had been quoted Mr Smith said \$30. and for cause Pete said \$60. and the purser said "for two". So Pete pocketed the other \$60 and we really felt well away for we were having the best of everything. Wonderful French food and wine served with the meals. Ten bottles one white the other red always on the table. Then being a cruise ship there was lots of entertainment. There was more space than I have ever seen on any ship. There was the regular promenade deck. very wide so that one didn't have that feeling of walking over peoples feet who were in deck chairs. and in the stern was a large space with the swimming tank and room for lots of little tables where people could eat and drink in their bathing suits and from there you could look right over the stern. The boats were above the boat deck giving what might be called another promenade deck and

on this deck were the lounges, gym and the
 smoking room with a closed in verandah
 overlooking the tank and deck aft. They above
 the smoking room etc was the stey deck with
 room enough for three games of deck tennis,
 a space about the size of a tennis court so it
 seemed. They had a regular night club there
 every evening. Dances with little tables around
 the edge and with the full moon at Christmas
 time it was an ideal setting. The first night
 on board the entertainment was about to begin
 when there was an unexpected shower and
 every one ran. They had to continue below.
 There was a tringe of stey people who sang
 and danced about every other night. They had
 all kinds of things going on. ~~the~~ shooting
 clay pigeons, horse races, movies, a Christmas
 tree for the children etc. However the cruise
 passengers afforded us the greatest amusement.
 I'm sure you would love a cruise just to watch
 the people. Great fat fellows and funny group
 men and painted girls. All appearing in
 what they consider the right thing, but really
 the strangest costumes you can imagine. The
 Beach Papinas were the funniest and even
 fairly elderly people were they. The second
 night as we were setting in the smoking
 room a man came up and apologized for
 speaking to us but said that were were the
 only human people he had seen on the ship

ETHELHART HOTEL.
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA B.W.I.

Cable and Telegrams: Ethelhart Hotel.

Near "THE DOCTORS CAVE"
The Famous Bathing Place.

X since he left New York, he chatted for a while. I think I told you he had taught in Tokio and had one of Grandpa's books, he gave us a book when we left on the West Indies. The last night there was a Christmas Party at Midnight Christmas Eve but we decided we couldn't keep awake until then and feel like getting up at daylight to see us enter Kingston Harbor. So we didn't go and were glad afterwards for it wasn't very exciting we were told. It was well worth while getting up early for the mountains look very high as one enters the harbor and the early morning mist was rising from the city. We were sorry to leave the ship in a way for it was as nice a one as I've ever been on and well run. The cooking being fresh was excellent and the service too. We went ashore in the first tender thinking we would look at the hotel before bringing our baggage ashore. The Myrtle Bank seemed very nice. A rather simple place with verandahs and a large garden with palms etc. We thought we had better stay there until we had decided what to do. The first thing we did was to put all our packages together and we did have a grand time opening them and really you did send

such nice things and useful too. Then after that
excitement was over we thought we might swim
but there were too many cruise passengers so
we took a bath instead. We had a nap after
lunch it being fairly hot and then about four
went for a lovely drive out through the residential
part of Kingston. There was so much that was
new that it was most interesting. Lots of pineapples
and fruit trees, flowering trees and many
little places where the colored people live. We went
to Constant Springs and having heard of the Manor
House we thought we would look at it. We found
it to be just the place we were looking for: a
sort of family hotel, cool and with a lovely
view of the mountains. We couldn't find out
if there were vacant rooms to be had but
decided to go there the next morning. We never
thought when we landed on Christmas that in
England and the British Colonies that the day
after is Boxing Day, and then comes Sunday.
So it meant it would be Monday before anything
was opened. However we thought if we stayed
at the Manor House until we saw Mr. Nichols
on Monday then we could get a car and come
out here. It's always hard to know what to
do right off unless you have definite plans
beforehand. Our plans all collapsed Saturday
morning. The Manor House had no vacancies
until perhaps Monday or Tuesday and we
were discouraged at the thought of being at the

ETHELHART HOTEL.
MONTEGO BAY. JAMAICA B.W.I.

Cable and Telegrams: Ethelhart Hotel.

Near 'THE DOCTORS CAVE'
The Famous Bathing Place.

Myrtle bank until then. We didn't like to leave
then and this for Montego Bay as we rather
wanted Mr Nichols advise about a car and hotel
here. Also we had found that the prices were
awful when Cruise Ships come in and there
seemed to be different ships in every day.
One driver wanted \$6.00 for an hour drive
which another took us for \$2.50. We rather
thought of driving ourselves if we could. The Myrtle
Bank is pretty expensive for nothing, even the
sewing is \$50 a piece extra and we hated just
sitting in Kingston waiting until Monday. So
we called up Mr Nichols and found he was
coming for a swim bring up his little boy.
Mr Nichols was awfully nice, as you know,
and insisted on our going back with him after
his swim to see Mrs Nichols at the house. We
ended by staying to lunch and he said he
would see about the car etc in the morning.
Mrs Nichols wanted to take us to the Horse Races
that afternoon so we went back to the hotel for the
Siesta and she sent the car for us. It broke
down on the way back. The feed line getting
blocked so we only saw the end of the last race
however we had an awfully pleasant time

afterwards having tea and drinks at the Legation Club and meeting many delightful people. Malindi the Nigerian was to be there Monday night and Mr Nichols wanted us to be sure and see him and to go with them having dinner first.

The next day was Sunday and Mr Nichols came down for a swim. We had forgotten that it would be Sunday and could do nothing about a car until Monday. However we had an awfully pleasant morning in the pool. Mr Nichols has been through the Rockies and so is interested in Bauff and I think every one we met seemed to have been there at some time or other. There was a Col Winters who knew Calgary well back in 1907 and was anxious to hear all about it now. Then another man had been a Mounted Police near there and knew lots of men Pete knew. and so it went. In the afternoon we met a New Zealander who had spent several days there. We also met a very nice Captain Fryer who has just come out from England with the regiment of Field Artillery stationed here for two years. He and his wife had dined with us at the hotel and then asked us up to the Garrison or camp for cocktails. We had great fun up there and it was rather fun seeing a bit of British Army life. The Regiments serve 20 years in the various colonies but the officers are often changed round a bit so that the Fryers after 2 years in India had spent 4 in England. The camp is very attractive and all the married officers have separate houses and gardens. There are lots of trees and a lovely view

ETHELHART HOTEL.
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA B.W.I.

Cable and Telegrams: Ethelhart Hotel.

Near 'THE DOCTORS CAVE'
The Famous Bathing Place.

of the Blue Mountains. It's like an attractive
suburb rather than an army camp. There
are lots of trees in Jamaica which gives it
a lovely cool feeling. We had an amusing time
getting there for when Mr Nichols introduced us
at the pool we hadn't caught the name and
decided to ask it after lunch. They told us
No 9 house so we remembered that and then
we could find all the numbers but 9. However
we found it at last and luckily all the names
and numbers are plainly printed on a sign
at the gate. No 9. Captain Fryer. 1st
Northumberland Fusiliers.

Monday morning we went to the bank and then
rode on the street cars to the Jamaica Public Service
and saw Mr Nichols. He introduced us to Mr
McDuff. who took us to the garage to see about a
car. The man wasn't there and so we sat at the
hotel and talked. He went to M. J. T. and knew
John Wharf and quite a lot of people we
know. He was going out that afternoon to
inspect one of the Power Stations and took us
along and we had a most interesting and
lovely ride. You would love it here especially

the drivers. It is not only lovely but the life is fascinating. There is hardly a stretch of road that there isn't a group of people carrying tremendous loads on their heads. There are all kinds of animals everywhere, mules, donkeys, goats, chickens, etc., all of which wander aimlessly about the road regardless of traffic. Why we haven't hit hundreds of them I don't know. We drove through Spanish Town, the old capital of Jamaica and then through Bobo Bala and even saw the Natural Bridge. Mr. Mc Jeff was awfully nice to us and took a real interest in staying for dinner.

That evening we went up to the Nichols for dinner. They had also asked the Col of the Northumberland Fiddlers. Col Booth and Mrs Booth and Major & Mrs Carol Sealor who had passed through Barb last spring on their way home from India. They were both charming couples and so very interesting to talk to. They have asked us to tea on the 2nd and to watch the Tob so I hope we can go. After dinner (so many courses I can't possibly remember them all) we went to the Seaview Club to see Malini the magee who I think was a bit feck and didn't really do many remarkable tricks. But every one thought him wonderful and I guess he is sometimes. Any way we had a most delightful evening and amuseus too for Mrs Nichols can tell wonderful tales on herself and Mr Nichols is so nice.

Will finish this later.



MYRTLE BANK HOTEL
KINGSTON, JAMAICA. B.W.I.
OPEN ALL YEAR

T.G.S. HOOKE
Resident Manager

January 1, 1932

Dearest Mother
We have just returned from our trip to Montego Bay and I can well try to catch up on telling you about everything but first I'll answer your letters a bit. Russell's air mail arrived Monday. and 3 of yours mailed the 21st 24th & 28th (the air mail of the 28th mailed in Concord the at 5 P.M. arrived in Kingston 12 M Dec 31st. Pretty fast) Also one from Mrs Brown I think I must have mentioned the one she sent to Nassau but waited until I had seen the Pickering's before handing her. Mandeville is 60 miles from here so I doubt if we will have a dance unless we stay here longer.

The Hand-giving poems reached us when we returned from the Circus and in the confusion I may not have thanked you all. They were wonderful and afforded the children as well as us great amusement. (Maybe they did reach us sooner). I hope your Christmas present arrived. I mean the subscription. I'll have to forgive me for forgetting to mention things to you for you never mentioned that! What a busy time you have had with so much excitement. It must be fun having some one to go window shopping with and also to get clothes for. Fashion dress must be awfully pretty. I didn't realize Ellen was coming so soon and I do hope I shall see her soon. I'm becoming fonder all the time of the British though I always have liked them best in books. Any way I know I shall be fond of her for herself as well as John's sake. What a shame Aunt Jessie has had such a time and Zella too. Patch must be awfully by your description. Russ must be having a most



MYRTLE BANK HOTEL
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.
OPEN ALL YEAR
T. G. S. HOOKE
Resident Manager

interesting time with Davis Island
trying to work out the problem and
I do feel he can do a lot for it.
We shall want to hear all about it.
Thanks too for seeing about the
puzzle the boys were so nice to
us and in spite they will love it.

To go on with our trip to Montego
Bay. We left some of our baggage here
and took the rest with us, leaving
Kingston soon after ten Tuesday
morning.



CRUISES

R.M.S. "Empress of Australia"
Sunday, January 8, 1932

Dearest Mother,

X I guess you will
be surprised if I telephone
you tomorrow from Cuba (if it
isn't too expensive) for we
are on our way home, when
we got to Kingston we made
inquiries about boats through
the canal and found that
both the United Fruit and
Royal Mail boats were
pretty expensive and
took three weeks with very
few stops and if we
went to the Panama and
changed boats it meant a
lot of trouble etc with
X all the luggage we have

The next Canadian National
boat leaves Kingston the twelfth
and I suppose we could
have picked up some things
also. We might have gone
back to Montego Bay for
a week or more but it's
quite a trip and then
though we loved it there
we began to think it
was best to call this trip
a scouting trip. We talk
don't a heap about
traveling and I have decided
that the trip to do is to
stick to painting Indians
and mountains and save
up and then travel as
you like with perhaps a
little sketching material.
It's hopeless to try and do
much unless you know
the country fairly well
and have a car you
drive yourself to go about
in unless you sketch towns.



R.M.S. _____

CRUISES

To tell the truth Russell's
 letter about skiing and
 all your letters ^{too} began to
 turn our thoughts north and
 when we found we could get
 on this boat we decided to
 come along. We will have
 two and a half days in
 Havana and a day in
 Nassau on the way back
 and that was rather an
 inducement. Peggy Kerr
 who runs Castle Mountain
 Camp where the Seemings
 were lost summer is the
 hostess on these cruises
 and that makes it fun.
 We sit at her table and
 see her now and then
 and I guess she's glad
 to see someone from home.
 Also Mr. Pollard the
 photographer at the Bay
 Springs is on this boat.

He's been on 12 round the world cruises and he is rather sick of Cruise part and was terribly pleased to see us. There were three other people who came too, as far as Havana anyway. Mr Smith from Bermuda who left Nassau with us and a Mr Cramer and his daughter who came down on the Lafayette to Kingston. He comes from Denver and is head of the Museum there. Cousin Sergeant adores well, in fact he is working under Mr Cramer now having given up his employment job. He thinks he likes the Museum work very well, and everyone likes him. I didn't think about Cousin Sergeant changing his work.

I shall let you know when we arrive in New York.



CRUISES

R.M.S. _____

We thought we might stay there over a day and see some exhibitions. Would you like to come down and meet us there. we would stay longer if you did. You haven't been to New York for ages and we could do all kinds of things see exhibitions and a few good shows. I'll tell you what hotel we will go to at the end of the letter.

Our trip to Montego Bay was lovely and we did enjoy it. We expected to have a colored driver but at the last minute the owner of the car went and at first we thought it would be better but it didn't work so well. He couldn't forget that it was his car and it was difficult telling him to do this or that. We asked

to have the ⁶top down the
first day but he suggested
that we wait until we
got over a certain pass where
it always rained (which it
didn't) and then he said
it would be sunny the rest
of the way, (which it wasn't)
He just didn't want it
down I guess, and the
same about putting curtains
on when it rained. His one
idea seemed to be to get us
there and he had no idea
of where to go fast or slow
but tore us through turns
and everything. Not knowing
the road we didn't realize
it at first but we were
feeling coming back.
Anyway we missed being
killed five times so I
guess we were lucky.
The country was lovely
though and some time it
would be fun to go in
such a way that you could



CRUISES

R.M.S. _____

wisely enjoy it in
your own way. We
went through tremendous
banana and coconut
plantations and orange
groves. And always there
were people walking all over
the roads with tremendous
loads on their heads. Lots
of donkeys and interesting
characters every where.
You would love the drives
and especially with a
good driver if there are
any. The Ethel Hart Hotel
at Montego Bay was
just the kind we had
been looking for. and
you would love it there.
It is built above the town
on the hill and over looks
the bay with the hills in

8

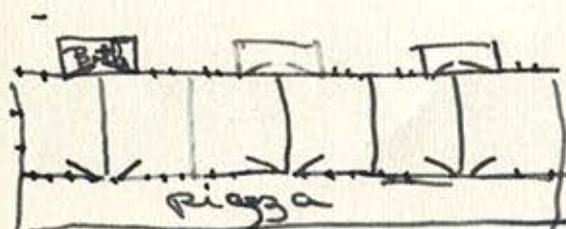
the distance. Miss Hart
seems it herself and I really
think it is done with more
thought for the comfort of the
guests than any place I
know. Something like the
Falmouth Inn. The hotel
is very simple. The main
building is a very old house
with verandahs all around.
You eat the most delicious
food in a lovely outdoor
or open dining room
which overlooks the town
and bay. Everything is
simple. First class. The
table cloths are changed
every meal and there are
always lovely flowers on
the table. Then they have
coconut cream for your
coffee and special Jamaican
dishes. There is always
a bunch of bananas
hanging on the verandah
which anyone helps themselves



R.M.S. _____

CRUISES

To at any time, the
rooms we had, were
in a more modern way -
a long narrow building with
a piazza running the length
of it and the rooms opening
off this with a bathroom
behind each two rooms like
this. It makes the rooms



very very
and nice.
There were
the nicest

people there, especially two
ladies from Scotland, one
an architect's wife who spent
her holidays and was there
for the sea bathing, a Dr
& Mrs Mc Kinn of Montreal
and various tennis people
players in a tournament.
The rates per day were
20 shillings or a pound a

day without a bath and
25 shillings with a bath.
a pound is worth about \$3.50
They serve tea in the early
morning if you wish and in
the afternoon too, and
having it on the porch outside
your room and overlooking
the bay is too lovely.

We went bathing each
morning and really the
sun there was the most
powerful I've ever felt and
yet it didn't seem too hot.
A lovely little sheltered
place to swim and all
for six pence. I couldn't
help but think how you
would love a place like
that with someone like
Aunt Jane Brooks to keep
you company. ~~The~~

The first afternoon we
went for a drive to see
along the shore which was
very pretty and the next



CRUISES

R.M.S.

afternoon it was warm
 and rainy so Dr wrote
 you after we had had a
 stop. Then we went to the
 New Year's dance and saw
 the year in properly. We went
 with Dr to Mrs McKim (both
 very plump and great lovers
 of dancing), a Mrs Jewes and
 a Lady Jewes (no relation one
 living in Kingston the other
 having just lost her only
 son, and husband) Lady
 Jewes was too old and
 large to care to dance.
 though I don't know that
 she was asked but she
 was a great sport and
 did everything she could
 do. Dr McKim asked me
 to dance so Pete politely
 asked Mrs McKim. She
 proved to be one of the
 hopping variety of dancers

and also tried to steer
 Pete around and with
 Jan hundred people in a
 hot room it was terrible.
 I was having a pretty warm
 time with Dr McKein but
 poor Pete wilted completely.
 shirt front and all. We
 sat out afterwards and when
 he got up the stone seat
 showed the moist ~~place~~
 print where he had been
 sitting.]

The next day we drove
 back to Kingston by way
 of Mauderick. We took
 Mrs Lewis with us and
 she knew the driver Mr
 Sebley, who informed Pete
 he didn't like her. So it
 wasn't too pleasant.
 Whenever we told him to
 do anything he was deaf
 enough to imagine she had
 asked us to ask him so
 by the time we got back



R.M.S. _____

CRUISES

we were carefully
 provoked and planned
 what we would say to Mr
 Myers. ^(who we got the car from) However in the end
 Rel didn't have a chance.
 It was Mr Sibbys first trip
 as a driver so I suppose he
 didn't know any better.

That night we went to the
 movies in one of the outdoor
 movies houses which in
 itself was rather fun.

Yesterday we were up
 early to see the Empress of
 Australia dock. Mr Pollard
 spied us from the porthole
 and I guess he was
 surprised to see us. We
 found we could get a room
 on board but it took some
 time to decide whether to
 leave or not. Lucy came
 to the Myrtle bank for

breakfast with us and then
 we went back to the ship.
 From 10 until 2 we had
 seeds a beetle time. We had
 to get money and found the
 letter from the Nat. An. Bank
 lady & come through with
 our signature which meant
 Mr Nichols had to endorse
^{and check} it. He was ~~severing~~ at
 the N.Y. Bank so we
 got him there. Then we had
 to go to the C.P.R. agents etc.
 When we got back to the
 hotel Mr Cramer asked us
 to have a drink with him
 and then Lee came back
 for lunch and Mr Nichols
 came from severing. Mrs
 Nichols to get him and we
 all sat down and met
 the Backus from Boston
 the photographer. Their son
 knows Moll Harlow,
 and Stanley Woodward
 has a studio in their factory.



R.M.S.

CRUISES

By the way Forreip -
Cassoway is having a
hard time or something and
Sidney Woodward has lost
his job there.

We were all talking at
once for a while and it
was then before we sat down
to dinner. The Nichols were
so nice they couldn't have
been nicer. Pete was
tickled because Mr Nichols
called him "Old Chap" and
Mrs Nichols kissed me
goodbye.

I will write more later.

Monday morning.

We reach New York Monday
morning early. January 11th
and you could find out from
the C.P.R. any way. We will
go from the dock to the
Algonquin Hotel where Aunt

Helen Anderson always goes
and the Moores from Bayport too.
If they haven't room we
will leave word there where
we intend to be. We think
now we will stay over
a day or two ^{in New York} so to try and
make a trip down and we
could ride out a beer go to shows
etc. If Reuss will be there
then tell him to look us up.
so we can be together.

We are near Havana now
so I shall not write any
more.

Loads of love and well
see you soon.
Catherine.