

The Ocean,
March 10, 1925.

My dearest Peter,

The ocean is just wonderful. So far I have enjoyed two meals. Poor Harriet missed the second but I have not yet experienced "le mal de mere". Buddy and I walked around and around on the upper deck this afternoon and Buddy said that the sea then was as rough as it ever was when he was on it. The rougher the sea the better it suits me (so far). I always did have an idea that the rolling motion of a vessel would be lots of fun. I may get enough of it before I'm through.

We all went into the F.+F Room (meaning Hutch + Harriett) after lunch and read the many, many letters

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that we all got. We each shared our letters and had a grand time. Several of mine had instructions on the outside not to read until a certain date etc. so I'll have letters to read on the way over. It's a good idea if I keep to the instructions.

I have 'nt started your bead bag yet Mommy. I'm awfully anxious to but I'll have to wait until Harriet gets use to the billows raging high. In the mean time I'll content myself with patching the pockets in my hunter coats - both of them. Believe me its cold around these parts so I can't keep my hands warm if there are any holes in the pockets. (Don't misunderstand me - I'm far from suffering from cold - It's just great.)

Mother I got the sweetest letter from Mrs. Wood. I'm just in love with her. I think every titch of her is genuine and when she writes nice things in a letter you can just put it down that she means every single word. I'm just crazy about her. I got another nice letter from John B.

He told me that if I accidentally stepped on the toe of my camel I should drop some of my clothes where the camel could see them and I should get out of sight as quickly as possible. The camel in his revenge will pounce upon the clothes and trample them to death. Then I can come out from my hiding and get on my thoroughly satisfied camel and drive on. Is that some more of Jack's foolishness?

I'll have to learn to write smaller or Buddy will be running out of writing paper. How do you like this kind. We have five hundred sheets. I don't have the slightest idea how long that will last but it sounds like an awful lot to me. I'm going to write home every day "unless prevented by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my darling mommy" and that means I suppose that I will not dare write more than one side of a sheet each day if I am to get it all in an envelope at the end of the week. This letter is an exception I'll write twenty pages if I want to and not have a guilty conscience.

Tell my dearest Stelly I have

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put in enough of my naughty nose to prevent you from reading this in public. Not that I would object to having this one read but it is just to remind you that I am going to do what I said I would and if you seriously object "Stelly Peter Anous" why you just write to that effect and after I get to Jerusalem I'll desist.

I have not written any thank-you-grams to-night but I think I will before I turn in. - This ship is going four directions at once. It gives me the most delightful feeling. It's just like I always imagined it would be when I was a little kid.

at our table in the dining room is a man from Naples - He is the ships sergion and has a charming personality. He can barely speak English but somehow we can talk to him and what we can't make out in English we can patch up with a little French. He is going to Palermo and has told us of some places there that we must go to visit and of some (Walter is interrupting me all the time for a kiss - He is writing on the typewriter & at the end of each page he demands a kiss - not a bad idea) things we should get to eat.

I've been forgetting to write small but its not worth while on this letter - twenty pages. Well what I was saying was that these things to eat have such queer names that the you get no hint at all as to what they must be like but I gathered from our friend that one of them is a little like ice cream though to his mind infinitely better.

Well, Mamma, its the most glorious thing in all the world to be sailing to a field where you know there is a real need and where you are sure you can be of some, though small, service. I thought I would just die when this old boat started to pull out and it was such a long time along the pier before we came out to the end where you were but when I got in sight at last and you were all smiling I thought you and Daddy and Julia are the most wonderful people in this whole world. If I dont make something out of this most glorious opportunity of mine I hope I

receive my just reward.

Forney, I've written another of those long rambling letters that must bore ^{love} you to death & but never mind - after I get to the other side of the briny I'll have something real to write to you about. Mrs. Wysham was telling me this morning that her mother missed her letters so much when she ^{Mrs. Wysham} came back home. I hope that you will like my letters so well that you will miss them even when you have me back again.

Buddy thinks he's real smart with his new scarf and cuff links. I think he was very pleased with the thought that you had remembered it was his birthday.

Good night Mommy. Lots and houses of love to Daddy and Judy and you.
Your most affectionate
Paddy.