R.M.S. Empress of Britain

Wednesday afternoon.

Dear 334,

Here we are only a few hours now from land and everyone lacking baggage labels & trains as they always do on the last day. This is a wonderful way to come. It seems as if we had hardly got unpacked and settled down when we have to get ready to set off. No time to get bored. We think we will never come any other way.

Both enjoyed the voyage splendidly except...
That day H. woke up early with a heavy cold on leaving.
So thought it wise to stay in bed - the place she likes best. On board ship anyway. But we had a lovely stewardess who has longer us the best food the ship offers. She never failed to do justice to it.

Sea was a bit rocky most of the time. Last night there was a concert in the big first-class lounge by the Scott Guards. I thought I would dissipate the evening some. The night was quite a bit longer & in the middle stages began to slide. First a music started. Slide across the platform then the big Oriental rug in the Centre of...
The room in which a great many were sitting on small chairs, began to do a sidestep & the first thing we knew the whole thing went & everyone piled up in a heap at the other side. The pipes were in the middle of a stratagem but one of them did a sudden reel instead. There was great laughing when people realized what was the matter & as no one was hurt only a couple of chains broken. Kings
went on as before.

But it was funny to see the pair kelbies trying to do a dance. When they would put down one leg the floor was too near, like climbing up hill, and when they put down the other, it wasn't nine at all.

Dear mom,

just crossing now from Cherbourg to Southampton on the last round. Saw land at 2 this morning. I happened to wake and when I looked out of the porthole there was the lighthouse on the Bishop's, waving at us in a very friendly way.

we have dropped are on Pinley.
Vons passengers are now headed for the little islands. Trunks & luggage are labelled & gone, passports & landing cards stamped & all we have to do is to walk off the ship into the arms of the Customs Officers. We have no smoking contraband except some whiskey which is labelled "Lacto-pepsin" & which Mrs. H. will carry in her private bag. We'll make the mustards only came into play once.
I did try to work that we sat up and enjoyed lunch soon after. That only was excuse for a glass of beer—but with it.

Ernie's roses lasted all the way and were lovely.

I let a nice young woman who is on the Secretariat of the League of Nations, a Toronto graduate, who had a can of introduction, to us. Also a Dear pair of newlyweds from M. 3.

Very strong smell of fish—I think it must be the Channel dues.
Dear 334,

Here we are only a few hours now from land and everyone lacking baggage labels & trains as they always do on the last day. This is a wonderful way to come. It seems as if we had hardly got unpacked and settled down when we have to get ready to get off. No time to get bored. We think we will never come any other way. Both stood the voyage splendidly except

that Mrs. H. took a heavy cold on leaving so thought it wise to stay in bed - the place she likes best on board ship anyway. But we had a lovely stewardess who has brought us the best food the ship afforded & we’ve never failed to do justice to it. Sea was a bit roolly most of the time. Last night there was a concert in the big first class lounge by the Scots Guards & I thought I would dissipate & view the evening gowns. The night was quite a bit rough & in the middle things began to slide. First a music stand slid across the platform then the big Oriental rug in the centre of the room on which a great many were sitting on small chairs began to do a sidestep & the first thing we knew the whole thing went & every body piled up in a big heap at the other side. The pipers were in the middle of a Strathspey but one of them did a sudden reel instead. There was great laughing when people realized what was the matter & as no one was hurt & only a couple of chairs broken, things went on as before.

But it was funny to see the puir kilties trying to do a dance. When they would put down one leg the floor was too near, like climbing up hill, & when they put down the other it wasn’t there at all.

Thurs. noon

Just crossing now from Cherbourg to Southampton on the last round. Saw land at 2 this morning. I happened to wake & when I looked out of the porthole there was the 1st lighthouse on The Bishops, winking at me in a very friendly way. We have dropped all our parlez-vous passengers & are now headed for the little island. Trunks & bags are labelled & gone, passports & landing cards stamped & all we have to do is walk off the ship into the arms of the Customs Officers. We have nothing contraband except some whiskey which is labelled “lactopepsin” & which Mrs. H. will carry in her private bag. Tell mother the mustards only came into play once


& did the trick so well that we sat up & enjoyed lunch soon after. Had only one excuse for a glass of beer - but took it. Ernies roses lasted all the way & were lovely.

Met a nice young woman who is on the Secretariat of the League of Nations, a Toronto graduate who had a card of introduction to us. Also a dear pair of newlyweds from N.S.

Very strong smell of fish! Think it must be the Channel [smell ...... from London]

[Last line cut off by scanner.]

Love,

M.