

on board S.S. Japanese Prince

Feb 22nd [1931]

Dearest Maw -

We are steaming thru the placid Pacific within sight of the mountainous coast of Mexico - we have passed Acapulco where I was swimming in those clear tepid waters only five months ago. The Pacific has been like glass since we descended into it from Miraflores Lock - the Atlantic too was calm enough - and I am almost forgetting that ships can roll; I fear tho. that we will be reminded of that when we start across after Los Angeles. - We had seen the volcano of Colima, and another snow capped peak near it, surrounded by a sea of sharp purple ridged and golden valleys translucent in the sun light. And the harbor of Manzanillo viewed from a distance, is as ineffably beautiful as a painting on a Chinese scroll.

Passing thru the Canal the heat was not uncomfortable as I had expected. At Colon, the sky was filled with ranks of well rounded opalescent clouds, among which darted Army planes in group formation, performing loops, loops, dives, etc seemingly for our benefit, between brief heavy showers, and moments of hot sun. As we passed thru Culebra Cut a plane swooped down between our bow and that of an oncoming ship, roaring between our port^{side} and the jagged cliff with only a few yards to spare. ~~from~~ ^{Gatun Lake} ~~which~~ spotted with bouquets of tropical greenery, and the skeletons of forests, was deserted of wild life, the reason for which we guessed, when coming out into the harbor on the Pacific side we saw the combined Atlantic and Pacific fleets in manoeuvres, hundreds of planes, and your old friend the dirigible Los Angeles. So much activity had no doubt frightened away the birds. Again there were

showers on the Balboa side, and so the crew, although they had shed their woolies and were wearing their Far East sarongs, felt that they were yet in a comparatively cool country.

At Los Angeles we are to take on two more passengers, with such an eventful life as we sailors lead. merely the surmising of the type of those future companions is a matter of great excitement. I dreamed last night that they were to be Mina and Brewster Morgan. and oddly enough, this morning the significance of my dream seemed to be strengthened when we caught up to and passed closely by none other than the SS. Annie Johnson, on which the Quelli family travelled to Europe. The ship appeared smaller than ours, and was much slower. I cannot imagine how it accomadates two classes.

My moments are not completely idle. I am now doing a job for our one and only other passenger, twenty five drawings to be run in some Trenton news paper in connection with Pillsbury's Bake Shop ads - my fee will barely cover cost of drinks, which by the way, are exceeding smooth, after New York quality. I have been reading numerous travel books among which "Hot Countries" by Alec Waugh (Uncle Will has a copy) is far above the average. The most finely written of all, tho it would be of little help to the traveller, is Waldemar Bonsels: "An Indian Journey".

Tuesday evening - Feb 24 - This has been another bright day. the surface of the sea still smooth, with now a long heavy head-on swell - the air cooler, and now almost sharp. We dock tomorrow about 8 AM at L.A. - Perhaps there will be time to hunt for James Cousins if he is in the region - also the Herr Doktor Hirschfeld - In any event, I expect to see Morri Ankrum.

Much love to you - and Aunt Louise.

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