

when for England
It was only joy that I felt ~~the morning~~ we embarked on the SS "Manhattan" ~~from New York~~ on the morning of June 21. I was traveling as the only "lady missionary" of a group of nine destined for various missions in Europe. ~~There were things to look forward to. It seemed as if there was every-~~
~~thing to look forward to. It seemed as if there was every-~~
thing to look forward to. ~~What a week that followed, while we plowed through the waves of the old Atlantic, was one of sheer joy. It was a week of pleasure--eating, sleeping, walking, talking, luxurious surroundings, good company, clear weather, and plenty of entertainment.~~
~~XX~~
~~XX~~ if one needed it.

On the morning of June 27, I woke suddenly from a sound sleep, to find that the vessel had stopped ^{at the Emerald Isle} and that there were men swarming all around outside my porthole. As I ~~was about to look out~~, a most delightful sight met my gaze. I think I have never seen anything more beautiful than the coast of Ireland as it looked that morning. The Emerald Isle had indeed been appropriately named. The hills rose directly from the water and were covered with the loveliest green ~~blanket~~ that I have ever seen. Here and there one could see a big farm building nestled ~~among the trees~~ in a little valley and on a great cliff rising straight out of the water there stood a tall, white, shining tower. As the sun came up over the hills and ~~shone~~ shone on the countryside it made an unforgettable picture.

unforgettable also was the trumpeter who played all the old Irish songs
~~XX~~
That last day on the boat was indeed an exciting one for me. My feelings were those of mixed joy and sorrow--joy at the thought of meeting once again the dear one ~~from whom~~ from whom I had been so long separated and with whom I was to have missionary experience, and sorrow at leaving behind all the comfort, luxury and good-fellowship which I had experienced on the voyage. At last, however, we were through all the red-tape of government officials and were bundled bag and baggage on the tender in Plymouth Harbor. ~~and in a short time I was safely and happily clasped tightly in loving arms. What a scramble then for baggage, customs inspection, & getting seats on the boat train to London.~~

It was a beautiful ride from Plymouth to London. ~~The sun refused to go down until about 10:30 and we had a lovely opportunity to view the countryside of England for the first time. It was lovely--green meadows, little brooks, hedges, cows grazing in the fields, rambler roses on the little quaint red and white houses, and the little back gardens abloom with summer splendor. When finally the sun had long set, we found ourselves at Paddington Station--with its cold and dirt and smell of fish--we disentangled hats, coats and bags and made our way out into the street to find a way "home," leaving Fiddlers Stanley and Hoggan to find their way to a hotel.~~

This story would not be complete without a little description of the "home" to which we went, which I was told was a nice place compared with many others which had been ~~looked~~ considered. It was a ~~basement~~ ^{second} "flat" in rather a nice old house near Brixton in the South of London, and consisted of three rooms--living room, kitchen (dining room) and scullery (kitchenette). The living room was really quite comfortable and cheerful and I liked it, but the kitchen was cold and dampish and smelled of mold. It was full of cupboards ~~which~~ and closets which were richly decorated with layers of black dirt and cobwebs. What a time I had trying to make the place clean enough to feel comfortable in it. There was an old coal range built back into the wall ~~which was~~ covered with a dingy red curtain which waved and billowed when the wind howled down the chimney. The kitchenette was really the prize room, however. It had a cement floor and white-washed walls. In one corner was a sink all of three feet long and two feet wide. In another corner was an old-fashioned copper for boiling clothes. The other furniture in the room ^{consisted of} was a gas stove and a few ^{cracked} board shelves, on the top-most of which were a number of old bottles, vases, plumbers tools, etc. It was not a lovely place, but we had many happy hours there, and were as thrilled as a baby with a new doll when we finally had an opportunity to move upstairs into

a bright, comfortable, homey flat.

~~XX~~
The next day we were invited down to the office to a "wedding breakfast" which the staff had prepared for us. They gave me a good look at the office in which I was to spend most of my time during the next few months and we had a delightful luncheon with home-made ice cream (a real treat for missionaries), sandwiches, salad and cookies (biscuits). The party ended by having the "bride" and "groom" break a circle around them by kissing each missionary of the opposite sex. At this little "welcome home" party were Elders Harris, Frehner, and Bennett, and Sisters Woodbury, Waspe and Eudora Widtsøe (the cooks). It was a lovely party.

During the next few days I attempted to get established in my new home and catch up on my sleep enough to be able to keep my eyes open. On June 30 I was introduced to my new ~~executive~~ executives, President and Sister Widtsøe, and was immediately launched head over heels into my missionary career by about three days dictation of letters and ~~business matters~~ other things which had accumulated during President Widtsøe's absence from the office on a trip to The Holy Land. I was extremely blessed during those weeks and months that followed and my knowledge and ability were greatly increased through the power of the Holy Spirit. It was a real testimony to me of the power and beauty of this latter-day work.

~~XX~~
During the months that followed I met the people of the London District and endeavored to make myself better acquainted with English customs and habits. During the week we ~~were~~ spent the bigger portion of the day doing work at the office and in the evening ~~visiting~~ visited saints, attended Mutual meetings or district meetings, socials, programs, etc. There were many happy wonderful days when I felt the ~~Spirit's~~ influence of the Spirit so close and there also many days when I was filled with doubts and wonderings. But the devotion and faithfulness of the saints in the London District strengthened my testimony immensely and as I kept myself busy I always felt a thrill in the great work we were attempting to push forward in this foreign land.

One of the things which stands out as a bright spot in the months that followed were the evenings we spent with President and Sister Widtsøe in their comfortable, attractive flat at 25 De Vere Gardens, Kensington. I remember the first impression I had of that lovely living room--high green paneled ceilings, long French windows, comfortable deep chairs, grand piano, flowers, books and china figurines. I learned to love the atmosphere of the room and many were the happy Saturday nights we spent listening to our two wise, dear counselors on our missionary nights with them.

We cannot easily forget either the dinners and parties which we enjoyed there, the birthday dinners which the staff used to have at the Y.W.C.A. or Lyon's Corner House on Oxford Street. It had grown to be a practice for all the staff to entertain a member who had a birthday or who had been called to some other district.

On September 20, President Joseph F. Merrill and his wife arrived to succeed President and Sister Widtsøe in the European Office and then began a new experience for us all. Many were the dinners and evenings we enjoyed in the Merrill flat at 5 Gordon Square. The rest of our missionary stay was spent under their direction and instruction.

I was thrilled on September 22 to have the experience of meeting a famous man. Sister Widtsøe had written to George Bernard Shaw to ask him if he would accept the life story of her grandfather, Brigham Young, as Mr. Shaw

was an admirer of our great pioneer president. We were happily surprised one afternoon when he called personally to receive the book. As I had been taking dictation from Sister Widtsøe, she introduced me to the genial Mr. Shaw. I shall never forget his twinkling blue eyes, white hair, red cheeks and plain brown tweed suit. He is a tall, thin man, not at all as I had pictured him. I was immediately taken up with his brightness and cheerful spirit.

~~During the first~~

Each Friday evening of the first few months of my stay in London were set aside for a young investigator whom we had met at the South London Branch the first Sunday I ~~had~~ attended meeting in London. ~~Brother~~ I shall always remember the pleasure of those evenings when we would discuss the Gospel. Mr. Mead and Mr. O'Neill who accompanied him for quite some time seemed to be very much interested in our Gospel and it was a pleasure to discuss its principles and doctrines with him. We were thoroughly pleased, therefore, when he expressed a ~~wish~~ desire to be baptized and that Howard should be the one to administer the ordinance. He was baptized on October 14, and we all rejoiced in his becoming a member of the Church.

It was with regret that we looked forward to the departure of the Widtsøes from Europe. We had learned to love them all so. On October 25, Sister Widtsøe gave a reception at their home for President and Sister Merrill and asked me to help with the ~~preparations, etc.~~ ^{arrangements, etc.} It was a lovely reception and I have always thought how perfectly Sister Widtsøe fitted into the surroundings ~~and life~~ as she did that day. I remember that Susan Ertz, the novelist who wrote "The Proselyte" was there, Lady Clancarty and several others of ~~the~~ prominence in London society. I was interested in watching the ~~xxxxxx~~ people between pourings and ^{the} serving of sandwiches. I shan't forget the lady in the big black hat who ate sandwiches so fast, nor the old, old lady with the ~~xxxx~~ painted eyebrows. It was fun.

We had a real thrill on November 21, when we learned that the King and Queen were to ride in state from Buckingham Palace to St. James' Palace to open ~~parliament~~ parliament. We hustled down through the Strand to get a good place near the Mall where we might watch them easily. All along the street soldiers were stationed about every six feet. They were very interesting with their tall black furry hats and grey overcoats. Patiently we waited for the coming of the King and finally with a flurry of bugles, a clatter of hoofs and a flash of color came the Prince of Wales in his carriage, followed by a number of stately Lords on horseback. They made a picture as they rode sedately ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ past with their black cloaks flowing behind and the white feathers in their tricorne hats blowing in the breeze.

Finally came the King. How thrilled we were. It was a real sight. There were eight lovely brown horses drawing the gold, ornamented carriage. From within the Queen, dressed in a blue gown and an ermine cloak with a crown on her fair hair, bowed and smiled as she passed, as likewise did the King on the other. Behind rode the many horse guards on their black horses, with black ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ cloaks flowing and red feathers in their hats. It was like a picture from a fairy tell of "Once upon a time there was a lovely Queen and a Good King," etc. Behind the King ~~carriage~~ ^{carriage} came several ~~with~~ the Peers and Peeresses, Lords and Ladies and others of the nobility. I shall never forget the Queen as she looked that day.

Nov. 26 Nor will I ever forget my first attempt (and only) at speaking in a street meeting in Hyde Park. Hyde Park! I had heard so much about it that ^{even} the name frightened me. However, Howard was asked to participate in the meeting one Sunday morning and I thought I would like to go with him and see what a real street meeting was like. I had no idea of being called on, when Brother Durham announced that I would be the next speaker. My hands, which were already frozen with cold, went clammy, my tongue ^{got} thick and my hearted pounded like a steam engine against my ribs. I don't know to this day what I said, but I was glad to get down off that perch. They said I gave a good talk. I will

never know what I said. It was an experience - a good one to have had.

Nov 30
Thanksgiving in England, the first - and probably the only one - I would spend in England. What shall we do? After much discussion we finally decided that we would try to fix up a real American dinner for the missionary boys in the London District and in the two offices. There were three of us lady missionaries and Sister Merrill and Sister Douglas. Thursday morning found us all busy, moving furniture, making cocktail, baking pies, setting tables, arranging chairs, etc. Sister Merrill took the responsibility of the ~~dinner~~ cooking of the dinner and we all helped as much as possible. Finally when time came for the dinner, we had placed 25 at the table and spread before us were all the delicacies we could ever wish for in the way of a Thanksgiving dinner. What a happy time. During the dinner we had a debate on the subject of Whether or Not Thanksgiving should be abolished. What a laugh. Finally when the last of the pumpkin pie had vanished and every dish was washed and tucked into its own little place, we all put on our coats and scampered down to Sadler's Wells to hear Lohengrin - at 6 pence a ticket. We went to bed that night with the thought that it had been a perfect day.

On Christmas Eve all the missionaries in the district - seventeen - had a little private family party all their own. That afternoon Howard and I had filled seventeen stockings with oranges, apples, & nuts and candy (from Woolworths). Each one of us had drawn a name and had bought a small present for the person whose name we had drawn. These were all tucked suspiciously into the tops of the stockings. When we had all gathered around the two-foot glowing Christmas tree, we sang Christmas carols and chatted, listening to dear President and Sister Douglas tell of their early Christmases. Later we ~~emptied~~ emptied our stockings and each displayed the gift he or she had received and read to all the others the ~~story~~ ^{story} verses which were pinned to the sock. The evening ended with home-made cookies and punch from Sister Merrill's kitchen.

Christmas day we spent with the Hislops in South London Branch and the friends whom they had invited in. What a turkey dinner, what a supper, and what a lot of games. ~~They~~ It was a great day and we had such a good time - eating and singing and playing games and washing dishes, just like one big family. The next day we slept in late and then went out to Bickerstaff's to a party on Boxers Day. I have never played so many games in my life as they played that night. I learned then how the saints enjoy themselves with the simple things which life affords and are happy on it. ~~Boxers~~ Boxing Day, it seems, came about because the day after Christmas it had been the custom for the employers to always give their employees a Christmas box. It is celebrated almost as much as Christmas in some parts of Britain.

1934
On New Year's Eve we had another wonderful turkey dinner at Merrill's. It was such a homey, happy evening with just our staff members present. There were pictures taken and much laughing and talking and then listening to the radio. And then the New Year.

Jan 22 1934
It is hard to believe that one could grow up to be 23 without ever having ^{seen} a circus, but that was just what happened to me. A year before I would have thought it degenerating to be seen at one. I had always hated carnivals and fairs and crowds, but I was absolutely thrilled with the prospects of seeing a real circus when Brother Mead (our convert) invited us to be his guests. This circus was extraordinary in that it was held inside a building - Olympia - a mammoth structure where great exhibitions and contests are held. I was as excited as a kid when we went inside the huge tent and saw all the ropes and ~~the~~ paraphernalia of the big ring. It was all gay and thrilling, I thought - the horses and their delightful riders, the clowns, the acrobats, etc. I was especially interested in this particular circus because a girl from my own home town was performing ~~with~~ in one of the acts. I had had several good chats with Melba Bryan during her stay in London and

was interested in seeing her performance.

26th 1934

On the ~~22nd~~ of January the first M.I.A. Gold and Green Ball was held in London. Everyone had looked forward to it with anticipation. I had invited Melba and a young man friend to go with us and we had a nice time, despite the fact that missionaries aren't allowed to dance. How sweet Brother and Sister Douglas were as they demonstrated the old-time Versouvienne. I think I have never seen a couple who have grown old so beautifully as this little pink and white ~~xxxxxx~~ woman and her big protecting, charming husband. I shall always adore them. It was a successful night. Here was music, lights, laughter, and pleasant, friendly faces on every side to greet. I was happy.

One of the things which contributed greatly to my happiness and pleasure during the winter I spent in London was the association I had with the Gleaner Class of the North London Branch. When Sister ~~xxxxxx~~ left ~~xxxxxx~~ they asked me to carry on in her place until the end of the M.I.A. season. I felt timid about doing it because I had never had any experience with young women and especially not as a teacher. However, I felt it was for my own good and I accepted. I learned to love those girls and I enjoyed the evenings we spent together. Hours and hours of my time were spent in the preparation of the lessons, but I think I have not profited by anything more during my whole mission than by the study I put into that Gleaner manual. I shall always be thankful for that group of girls who were so loyal and encouraging when I felt my weakness the most.

Mar 17 Oxford and Cambridge boat races! How much I had heard of them and how many times I had wished that I might really see a boat race. The opportunity came when the two great teams came down to London to race on the Thames in their annual contest. We had a long ride on the "tube" to the spot where we could see the races best and ~~then we~~ walked across the fields to the river bank. It was rather a raw day and ~~the rain came down~~ it rained fitfully, but such a little thing couldn't dampen our spirits at such an exciting time. Finally, we saw the two flags - one light and one dark blue - go up the mast and we could hear the cheering of the throngs as the ~~boat~~ race started. We waited anxiously for the first glimpse of the team. Then around the bend they came with even, rhythmic stroke, cutting the water like a smooth sharp blade. Behind the racing teams came small yachts with officials, spectators, newspaper men, ~~and~~ picture people. It was a real thrill as the teams swept past - ~~with~~ flags were flying and the crowd was cheering. On they swept - Cambridge to Victory and Oxford not far behind. A real boat race - between England's famous schools.

On April 16, we decided to spend a little of our meagre supply of cash and visit the Ideal Home Exhibition which is an annual exhibit sponsored by the Daily Mail at Olympia. It was wonderful - like a small city grown up over night. ~~As~~ As we entered the main hall there was a short street laid out with six or eight or more full-size houses, surrounding gardens, etc., We wandered down the lanes of exhibits and if there ever was anything invented to make home-life more comfortable and pleasant, it must have been in that exhibit. One after the other, we tramped down the lanes, eyeing kitchen utensils, bathroom facilities; canned foods, candy booths, furniture exhibits, garden tools and summer houses, jewelery making, glass blowing, cooking demonstrations, washing machines, shoe-~~repairing~~ repairing. Name everything you can think of - and it was there. We booked seats for the Fashion Revue and anxiously awaited the performance. How it thrilled me. The Revue took the form of a summer garden party. What costumes and what modeling. It was an inspiration to one who loves clothes ~~and lovely women~~ as much as I. ~~xxxxxx~~

Another interesting and profitable trip was that which we took down to Aldershot to see the Tattoo, a yearly military feat which is performed by the soldiers who are in the barracks there. Sister Mason, a member of the Church, had invited us to come down and spend the week-end with her and we arrived ~~xxx~~ Saturday afternoon to find them waiting anxiously for our arrival. Later her daughter, ~~Sister~~ ^{Sister} Poole and her husband, ~~her sister~~ ^{and her sister} and the boy friend arrived and we had a gay party. That evening we went to the tattoo. ~~There was~~

1934

April 4 - On Saturday we went for a little trip to St. James Park and Buckingham Palace. It was really quite interesting, although I was quite disappointed in the Palace. It really isn't much to look at. The yard surrounding it is very unattractive. There are no shrubs or flowers or anything to make it look pretty. It is just a bare old square looking pile of stones with a gravel yard and a high fence. There is a lovely statue and pool out in front, though, and of course the Palace faces St. James Park which is quite nice. We stopped on a little bridge to watch the ducks, seagulls, pigeons and the other birds along the banks of the river. It was quite interesting. There were two great pelicans which were very interesting. The crocuses are about gone, but they still looked pretty and the shrubs are just beginning to get green, so that things look very springy and clean.

A while ago, you asked what Whitehall is. I told you that it is one of the districts of London. Howard told me afterward that there is also a street named Whitehall, which runs from Westminster Abbey to Trafalgar Square. It is on this street that a lot of the big government offices are located and where the Court of St. James is located, or the old St. James Palace. ~~Now~~ It is surely interesting. It is just off this street where the Prime Minister lives, too, on Downing Street.

1934 June 16-17 (Aldershot trip). The next day being Sunday, we didn't do much but lay around and eat dinner. We did take a walk over to the garden plot across the street. Just behind it was a woody place which they call the copse and we went wandering around in there for a while. There were wild raspberries growing. After dinner we all went to sleep in the garden and then in the evening we had a cottage meeting. We surely enjoyed that. I couldn't talk much because of my throat, but Howard said I gave a good talk. Anyway, I've been to a cottage meeting and enjoyed it. We got home that evening about 10:30 and London was just like a roasting oven.

Oct. 25, 1933: Well, I had to go out to Widtsoes before I got this finished. The reception is over and thank goodness. When I got out there yesterday at 11:30 they hadn't even had breakfast, but they put me to work in the kitchen squeezing juice for lemonade. After that we fixed five cans of crab, a dozen eggs, and a pound of cheese for sandwiches. I ironed about two dozen handkerchiefs for Eudora, made sandwiches, cocoa, arranged trays, etc. (Of course, the housekeeper ~~and~~ cook helped with all of it, or rather I helped her.) After that I helped ~~serve~~ ^{serve} things as the people came in and we didn't get through with the dishes until about 8:00. Boy, was I tired. But they had a good time and there were a lot of society bugs there. There was a Countess, Lady Clancarty, and Susan Ertz, the novelist who has just written The Proselyte, a Mormon story. So they had quite a ritzy party. I ~~hate~~ ^{dislike} things like that, but the Widtsoes just glory in it all.

Oxford - Cambridge Boat Races: But, anyway, we had a good time and it was quite a thrill to see a real boat race. The Cambridge crew had on white suits trimmed with light blue and the Oxford had suits trimmed with dark blue. After the two crews came several river yachts with officials and others. That was almost as interesting as the race itself. We went to a movie that evening and saw the whole thing on the screen. It was even more interesting there than in reality.

July 12, 1933. We had a very enjoyable class last week. For five days President and Mrs. Widtsoe lectured to us on Egypt, Palestine, and Syria and we had a most profitable and useful hour each day. They make everything so interesting and alive and we could almost see things as they described them. I surely wish you could have heard them. President Widtsoe is getting quite old. One can tell it from the way he walks and acts, but he is still vigorous and works like lightning. I am especially fond of Mrs. Widtsoe, although I haven't as yet become very well acquainted with her. She sometimes is very frozen up, but when she smiles her whole face lights and everyone has to smile with her. They are lovely to work with and do everything to make things comfortable and pleasant for us.

August 16, 1933

August 16, 1933: Last Sunday we visited I guess the most famous watering place in all England. We were invited to go to Brighton with President and Sister Douglas and we surely had a nice time. It took us about an hour to do down on the train and they are fast trains. The country was grand, all rolling hills, hedges, little farm houses, green fields. We reached the branch just in time for Sunday School. There were three old ladies there and two missionaries, besides the one male member of the branch. The old gentleman who was there is from India and although his patriarchal blessing says he is not a negro he looks enough like one to be a brother to any of them. He is married to a white woman and they seem to think the world of each other.

Oct. 30/1933
We are in the midst of moving, so I am watching the office while Howard takes some of the furniture upstairs. It's a job and I'll be glad when we're through, but it's going to be much nicer and I'm surely glad we have this much done. We brought all our things down from the other place last Friday and Saturday mornings. We surely had a mob of stuff. We felt like the picture on an add over here when we got through. It shows a poor little porter looking up at a great truck load of baggage to haul and he says "I feel I need a Guinness". (Guinness is a brand of beer) I felt as if I needed a Guinness or something stronger when we were trying to get our things down here from the Subway. But, here we are and have spent two nights in our new home. It's fine. We have two rooms, one we use for a bedroom-sitting room, the other for a kitchen-dining room. We have Persian rugs on the floors, one twin bed (which is plenty big enough for the two of us) two or three arm chairs and two or three other kinds, a dresser, chest of drawers for the kitchen, a big round table, fancy cushions, etc., and although most of it is rather "worn", we will be quite comfortable when we get through messing around. The rooms we have are right at the top of the building, up four flights of stairs, but they aren't bad really and it's nice up there where we can look out all over the place. Our windows are criss-crossed with metal like you see so much in old English houses. We think it's nice and are going to enjoy being here close. I was so glad this morning when I woke up that I didn't have to make a long trip in the rain to get to work. So, we'll let you know more about it when we have been

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Telephone
MUSEUM-6910

15 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

Admitted
The next day being Sunday, we didn't do much but lay around and eat dinner. We did take a walk over to the garden plot across the street a ways. Just behind it was a woody place which they call the copse and we went wandering around in there for a while. There were wild raspberries growing all over there. We quite enjoyed it. After dinner we all went to sleep out in the garden and then in the evening we had a cottage meeting. We surely enjoyed that. I couldn't talk much because of my throat, but Howard said I gave a good talk. I don't know whether I did or not. But anyway, I've been to a cottage meeting and enjoyed it. That evening we left about 9:00 and got home at 10:30 and was it hot. London was just like a roasting oven.

would certainly help. You should see how my pansies are growing. I'm sure they will soon be in bloom.

ATTACHE YAG-MITZAL TO TEXAS - 1931 TO 1932

While we were down to Aldershatt we had some new potatoes right out of the garden. If you don't think they tasted good. We surely ate a lot. We had some the other day for supper. We got some little new potatoes and some fresh peas and cooked them together and did they taste good (creamed). We nearly burst with eating so much. We also had some strawberries. We couldn't afford any last fall, but we just couldn't resist having a few the other day. There was only a medium sized dish full for each of us, but we surely enjoyed them. When they get cheaper, perhaps we can afford to have them more often. I think we shall have some more new peas and potatoes tonight. It's so hard to think of things to get these days when it is so hot.

I received the money order for \$20.00 which you sent and surely appreciate your sending it. We have put it away and won't use it unless we have to, unless we do sail on the Continent. It's too bad you sent it before you got the word that we had received the money from Wendell. I believe Wendell had to borrow the money from the

have felt like ourselves for the last week or two. It may be the heat. This is a bad climate anyway and I won't be sorry to leave it for that. It's such a filthy old hole, too. One can't imagine it unless they've seen it.

So, goodnight, dear ones. Take care of yourselves. I do hope you enjoy the trip and that everything goes well. Write and tell us about the exercises at Moscow, etc. We both send love to you all.

Affectionately and lovingly,

Lucile.

cided when President Merrill gets back.

When Merrill gets back we are going to have the job of getting the offices all into shape and breaking in the new secretary, or secretaries, if we are going to be leaving in September. We don't know yet whether we are going to be allowed to stay in this building at present prices or not, but if we do the British Office will be moved here, too, and we will have to have painting and redecorating and shifting about. We will surely be busy for the next month or two and the time will fly by. We were so glad to learn that Ricks had gone through this year so well and come out with flying colors. I had a letter from Miss Kotter a few days ago and she surely praised it to the sky and said what a wonderful job Dad had done and how the students and faculty had rallied round all winter. It surely made me feel glad. I couldn't get Preston to talk at all about things at home, so didn't learn anything from him. But we were so glad to know that things are going alright. I hope you will succeed in getting the Falls

own future a little better about having talked it over with him, and I think now that we will be released on time. I surely hope. What you wrote about Jimmy's letter, gave us quite a lot of encouragement and if we can get a job in New York for a year or two until we sort of get ground under our feet, we 'll be quite happy. I think we'll be coming home before we settle down, but of course those things will have to be planned after we get through here. It does help some to have a little more definite idea in mind. President Merrill was surprised that we had even been thinking about it, but surely he must have known that we couldn't sit here contentedly without thinking ahead a little while. After all, we're different from these unmarried missionaries, who have no ties to hold them.

I guess you think we have been worrying a lot about this matter. We haven't really tried to think about it too much, but it surely has been a little trying lately with his taking it for granted that we'd stay and our trying to get over the impression that we couldn't. I feel that we have done our part for this time and we are prepared to go on now and do some real work in the Church at home and then perhaps later it will be possible to go on another mission together somewhere. I hope we are doing right in returning this year. We haven't felt that we have made any big sacrifices because we have been more than repaid for everything we've put into the work, but we do feel that we must look to the future now and settle down.

Lately I have begun to feel as if I must have been on a vacation or holiday or something over here. So many people have come up to me and said "Well, this has been a pleasant little vacation for you, hasn't it". Or, "It's been very fine for you to be

Oct. 20, 1933

Yesterday, we had a wonderful time. We went to West London Branch to Sunday School. I went in the children's class and helped the teacher with some little finger exercises. We had a good time. Then after Sunday School Brother Anastasiou (one of the good saints who has just finished a translation of the Book of Mormon into Russian) took us out to his home in the country in his car. It was grand and I enjoyed it so much. If all country homes were like the ones we saw yesterday, it would be grand to live in the country on a farm. I have never seen anything quite so beautiful as the English countryside. No wonder people like the country over here. It was about eighteen miles out there and on the way we passed through London's largest park where there were deer roaming about. It joins right on to part of Sherwood Forest, where Robin Hood used to hold forth. It certainly was wonderful. It was a lovely day too--cold, but bright--, so we had a lovely time. We had a good dinner, typically English--Roast lamb, baked potatoes (baked with the meat) brussel sprouts, peas, mashed potatoes, and apple pie with custard sauce and whip cream. After dinner the men took the children and went for a long walk and I sat in the living room and talked with Sister Anastasiou and had a little snooze by the fire. It was grand. Then in the evening we went back to Church and visited for an hour afterward at the Branch President's home. So, we had a very full day. One can't help but love these people when you get acquainted with them. I hope sometime you can come over and have the chance to be with them for a while.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

OFFICE OF THE EUROPEAN MISSION

5 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. 2

August 21, 1933

Dear folks,

Another week has rolled by and it seems as if nothing has been accomplished. The time will be gone before we know it. President and Sister Widtsoe and the two lady missionaries have been down in the south of England over the week-end and since I have all my work caught up and everyone else has most of theirs done, I thought I'd try to amuse myself by writing a letter to you this morning before we have our class. I wish I did have time to sit down and spend two or three hours telling you all about the things I see here in the way I'd like to, so you could get a real picture of it. London is London and there can't be any place else like it in the world. It makes me sick most of the time, but I know I shall miss it when I have to leave and go back to the United States where the sun shines brighter and the air is cleaner and everything is fresh and clean and bright. These people over here live in darkness in more than one way and as I sit on the tram I often wonder how much nicer their lives could be if they had the enlightenment which the Gospel would bring, not only in spiritual things but in their every day lives. It would literally lift some of them out of the gutter (and what a gutter it is).

Mother, you would be interested in the ~~xxxxxx~~ sights over here I know. You spoke of the embankment in one of your letters. The ~~xxxxxx~~ Victoria Embankment, as it is called, is about six miles long. There are wide sidewalks along the bank of the Thames and benches where one may sit and rest (or sleep all night if one is a bum) and all the way along there are statues of famous people or ~~xxxxxx~~ memorials to soldiers who have died in war, etc. Every day when we come to work we follow it about six or eight blocks after we cross Westminster Bridge across the Thames. Nearly every day along the sidewalk we can see old men painting pictures with chalk on the stones of the walk. They are huge stones sometimes two feet square and some of the pictures are really well done. They paint maybe eight or ten pictures along in a row and then sit there all day ~~xxxx~~ waiting for people to throw pennies in their hat. I suppose that is the only way they earn a living. You'd like watching them I know.

That's one sight. There's another coming up the street now. It's a beer wagon, with a great big horse attached to it and loaded with beer kegs. One can see them most any day going down the streets and are they loaded. They are so full that the wheels almost bend under the weight. Nearly every day there's a coach and four goes past our office with four footmen all dressed in livery sitting atop it advertising a certain brand of wines and beverages. England lives in the past I think and consequently the old coach and four attracts a lot of attention.

Another thing that would amuse you would be the little cars they have over here. A lot of the people ride in motorcycles with side cars. There are some two-seater bicycles too, but most common are the little cars. They are not even as big as the Austins we have at home. I have to laugh

every time I see one of them. One is required to pay a tax on their car according to its horse-power and so most of the people here can't afford to drive big powerful cars, although there are some beauties in this old town. These little cars I guess are fast and serve the purpose, but they are certainly funny looking. One has to put them on and button them around. Some of them only have three wheels, one in the back (the back is usually long and pointed like an airplane without a tail wing) and two in the front. I laugh and laugh when I see them.

And I must tell you about my trip to the police station down through Drury Lane and Bow Street. We went one morning about 9:00 when the trucks were just in and people were getting their supplies of fruit, vegetables, flowers, etc., for the day, peddlers I mean. You can't imagine the varied sights and smells that we encountered. There were carts, wagons, cars, trucks, of every description and people were swarming about like flies. We could hardly get down the street. The first thing we ran into were the flowers and you would have enjoyed them, if you could have stood the rotten smells about you. There were flowers of every kind and variety, great truck loads full of them and women were there getting their supplies for the day and were carrying them about on their heads and in their arms. They were surely beautiful--the flowers, not the women. Then we came to the fruit markets and then the vegetables. It was some sight, but I felt like I was down in the East Side of New York and expected to be bumped off any minute by some drunken sap. I had to hold my nose all the way down the street for fear of being asphyxiated.

A couple of weeks ago we went to the Museum for an hour. The British Museum is only about four blocks from our office, so we ought to be able to run in often. I surely enjoyed the first hour we spent there together. There is so much to see in every section that one needs to go and spend hours just over a few things. We spent most of our time the other day in the pottery and china section. There are some beautiful things there and I'd like to have one or two pieces of them, but of course I wouldn't have money enough to purchase the least thing, even if it were for sale. I hope we can go back sometime soon.

Did I tell you last week that I had my purse stolen? I didn't mean to, but I guess I'd just as well. I've been sick over it, but I can't seem to do anything about it. It was my black one that I used last winter. I had been carrying it because it is larger and I could get most of the things I needed in it. I usually had been keeping it on the file cabinet behind my desk. We haven't enough room here to have separate drawers for our personal things, so I had to keep it up there and I didn't dream that anything would happen to it. But one day there were a bunch of missionaries signing our visitors' book and Howard asked them to lock the door when they went out, but they didn't and someone took my purse while we were in class. I didn't notice it until that evening when I was ready to go home. I haven't been able to find a trace of it and I surely feel bad. It had my glasses in it, my police book, my address book, a compact, lipstick, nail file, handkerchief, etc. and about \$2.00. It surely is too bad. I still believe I'll find it somewhere, but I don't know. I'm trying to get along without my glasses, but I may have to get some new ones. It surely

burns me up. Last week I had lunch with the boys at the Y.M.C.A. It was quite fun. Brother Frehner took Howard and me, as he had been out to dinner at our place the week before. He surely is a good hearted kid. I like him a lot. He and Howard are just like brothers and there isn't anything he wouldn't do for us. We had a good lunch, but I couldn't eat my English way. There was only one other woman in the room and we had to get special permission for me to eat there. I wish you could have seen the spoons they gave us to eat soup with. They were larger than the ordinary table spoons we have at home. The desert spoons are as big as soup spoons at home. My they surely get things turned around over here.

I think this a good letter. Lucile is getting quite a scholar.

November 24, 1933

Dearest Mother, Dad, and Gladys,

We received a long letter from Mother today and I feel a lot better about everything. The last letter we received was a very tiny one and you hadn't heard from us for about three weeks and I guess you were feeling rather "let down". I was awfully sorry to hear that you hadn't received any mail. I know I wrote to you oftener than that, but I probably just missed the boats on both ends, so it made it all the longer. I'm sorry and I'll try not to let it happen again. The time just goes so fast that sometimes I can't remember whether I wrote during the present week or the week before. So, you'll have to excuse us if we are rather negligent sometimes. We had a letter from Howard's Mother this morning too, and she said they hadn't had one for three weeks, so I guess we must have slighted everybody about then.

We've just been to the Chemist (Drug Store) to get some tonic for my dandruff. Mother, I wish you could see my head. It's terrible. I'll tell you I have things weighing upon my shoulders these days. I've nearly gone nuts the last week or two. A couple of weeks ago Sister Waspe worked out on my head with massage and olive oil, but it seems to be just as bad, so I went to get something tonight and I surely hope it cures it up. I have it so badly right around the edges of my hair and I think it must be the water over here. It surely is a mess. It is so dry that it just falls in flakes every time I move. I hope I can get it cured up now though.

I asked Howard tonight if he told you about our going to see the King and he said he had, so I said there was no use of my trying to write a letter, since he had told you the most interesting thing that had happened in the last couple of weeks. However, maybe you'd like to hear my viewpoint of the story. It was fun. I said when we were waiting for the parade that I surely wished you could have been here to see it, because you would have gotten such a kick out of it. I remembered the time you went and stood in line to shake hands with the President and how you went up in the rain to see the body of President Taft and I thought that you would have enjoyed waiting in a London Park in the damp and mist to see the King and Queen.

President Merrill told us in the class in the morning that the King was to open Parliament and said of course we could all go to see it. We had a good place in a little park just off the famous Pall Mall, which leads straight down from Buckingham Palace. Anyway we had to wait for about a half hour, so we took in all the scenery and people. There were guards stationed about every six feet all along the gutters and ~~between~~ between each one was a policeman and a marine man or something. The guards had big grey overcoats on and these black helmets that look like bear heads. You've seen pictures of them I know. After we had waited for quite a while, the band came down the road playing the national anthem "God Save the King" (the tune is the same as our America). Then some horse guards came along all on black horses and dressed in long black capes that stretched out over the horses tails. They had red brushes in their helmets and red trimmings on the horses' bridals. They surely looked lovely and the most beautiful horses. Behind them came the carriage of the Prince of Wales. I couldn't see him, but they said it was he, so I'll have to take their words for it. After him came a few more guards (There were about 100 in all) and then there were a half dozen or so Lords. They had on pointed Napoleon hats with white plumes stuck ~~into~~ in the top. They looked rather nice and chummy and surely rode beautifully, as if they were used to it. During

all this time the guards all along the road had been doing maneouvers with their guns, etc., and then we heard some shouting and hurrahs and lo the King came by. In front were a lot of guards with fancy trimmings on their horses, etc., and then the Kings carriage. It was all made of gold or bronze or something and was very elaborate in design. The upholstering was dark red velvet. The Queen was on our side and we got a lovely view of her. She is a beautiful women--a real queen. She bowed gracefully (or nodded) and smiled and waved as she went by. Her hair is golden, her eyes blue and she has a very fair complexion. She was wearing a very beautiful ermine robe and a blue dress under it, I believe. She did look lovely. The King is a small, insignificant-looking man and looks just like his pictures, except that he looks smaller. He also bowed and smiled and so they passed on. We surely did get a good look at them though. After them came several carriages with Lords, Peers and Peeresses, etc. It was quite an affair. It was what they call riding in state and the only time they do it is when the King goes down to open Parliament. So, we were very glad that we got to see them this year. I do wish you could have been here. Where we were standing is just behind the Old ~~Palace~~ Palace court or yard, just off the Strand. (You have probably read or heard of the Strand and Pall Mall. I haven't even seen Buckingham Palace yet, but I surely ~~want~~ want to one of these days.

Well, next week's Thanksgiving for the missionaries over here. I guess it will be for you too. We surely have a lot to be thankful for this year, even if things are so bad. They could be a lot worse, I guess. We have planned to have a dinner for the office staffs of the two offices here in London and also the district elders. There will be about 23 of us altogether with the Merrills and the Douglasses. So we will have quite a crowd. Now get a load off this for Thanksgiving dinner. I know you'll be envious. We're going to have two small turkeys and a veal roast, brown gravy and mashed potatoes, string beans with butter, dried corn (from Utah--left by the Widtsoes), celery, olives, pumpkin pie, and to begin with a fruit cocktail. Doesn't that sound good. Oh yes, and dressing with the turks too. Sister Merrill is going to help us cook it and we girls are going to do the fixing. We are going to set tables up in our auxiliary room, which is very nice and light and cheery, and we expect to have one grand time. I guess all of us will be worn out before the day is through, but it will make it nice for the boys anyway. At first they thought of going somewhere and buying a dinner, but it would have cost at least \$1.25 and we just felt as if it were too much for poor missionaries, so we can fix it this way for about \$65 and get a much better dinner too. Sister Merrill is a very good cook, so I know she'll help us fix it up nice. Sister Douglasses cook is going to do the pumpkin pies and they will probably be good, but they won't taste anything like those that Mother makes. But, we'll get along and will probably have a good time too.

President Merrill is leaving tomorrow for his first trip to the continent. He is going to Liege, Belgium, to attend a conference. That is in the French Mission. President Lang has not had a visit from any president since he came and he seems to need some counsel and advice, so President Merrill is going over. He won't be back until about next Wednesday, I guess, so Howard will be busy trying to keep the office running straight. Sometimes it is quite a job to keep everything going right. Some of the elders are so irresponsible--you know how boys are--and it makes a little more responsibility for Howard. He surely gets along all right though, and President Merrill surely puts a lot of trust in him, I believe.

December 1, 1933

Dear Mother, Dad, Gladys:

Another week or so has slipped past and here is the first of December. It hardly seems possible. The time is slipping by so fast that we'll be home before we've had time to get started even. Sometimes I get really anxious to be home and get started at something, but everybody here makes fun of those who "sit on their trunks all the time", so I suppose I must be satisfied for a while longer. I really am enjoying it though and if I could do something more I'd be a lot more glad.

The last week or two I have been helping Sister Waspe with a Gleaner Handbook for the European missions. It's been quite a lot of fun hunting through old books, etc., to find things adaptable to European conditions. Things are so different here. I also have to make some designs to go on the division sheets and I don't know when I'll get those done. I did about four that she took on the continent with her and the missions seemed to like them quite a lot. I have about three more to make now. I like to do it and wish I had more time to do things like that, but President Merrill keeps me quite busy most of the time. At least, I have to be on deck all of the time, so that if he calls I'll be right there. But I manage to get a few little things done now and then.

Well, I had one experience last Sunday that I'm glad I've had, but I don't know whether I'd have the courage to do it again. We were scheduled to go to Hyde Park to street meeting last Sunday (at least, Howard was scheduled and where he goes I go too.) We started about 11:00 or sooner and found out when we got there that the meeting wasn't until 11:30, so we stood around in the cold and watched the people mounting to go horse-back riding. It was terribly cold and we were nearly frozen by the time the other missionaries came. Anyway, we started out to sing a hymn--five of us. There were about four other crowds there--two on each side of us. One fellow was arguing for the abolition of the road peril--reckless drivers and another was trying to argue about religion and the others were radical groups. We couldn't even hear ourselves think for all the confusion around. Anyway, we went right ahead with our meeting. A few people stopped to look at us and read the sign and then moved on. Two or three fellows talked and then the elder who was taking charge called on me. I didn't think he would. I got up and talked about ten minutes and I can't remember now for the life of me what I said. Anyway there was quite a crowd gathered while I was talking, but they left when the next elder got up to speak. It was all crazy to me, but I guess it was all right. I can't see where they are doing any good, as people just come to heckle and argue and not for the benefit they can get out of it.

That same day we were invited out to Hislop's for dinner and we had an awfully good dinner--roast lamb, mashed potatoes and gravy (grease gravy, they don't know how to make thickened gravy over here), baked beans, cauliflower, Brussel sprouts, macaroni custard and applesauce. Then we went to Church to South London and after meeting we went back to Hislop's for supper. We had a nice supper too. Sister Merrill came out to South to Church, so she went to supper with us. We had beet roots (pickled beets), celery, bread and butter, hot cocoa, trifle (that dessert that's made of cake crumbs, jello, fruit and cocoanut), apple tart with cream (pie), two kinds of fruit. They surely have a lot of desserts over here--more than you can ever eat. We did have a nice time though and I enjoyed it.

Last Tuesday evening Sister Woodbury and I went shopping trying to find something to decorate our table with for Thanksgiving. We had a good time, but we didn't find anything that looked like Thanksgiving even. There is one big store here which claims to have everything under the sun, but they didn't have anything even. So our search was fruitless. Sister Woodbury succeeded on stepping on a little dog in Woolworth's and getting us very much stared at and we had a general good time laughing about things that happened. It seemed good to get away from the office a little while and go see the shops. All the Christmas things are out now and the shops look quite nice, especially up around Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus, Oxford Circus, Bond Street. (Have you ever read about those places?).

After our shopping expedition was over we went out to South London Relief Society. They hold it at the home of one of the sisters there, so she had asked me to come to visit before meeting and I told her I'd bring one of the other lady missionaries. We had a nice little visit and had tea of bread and butter, lettuce, tomatoes, hot postum, and little tarts. It was good. It seemed to cheer her up too. She lives all alone, her only sister living in Salt Lake at present, and she must get awfully lonesome. The meeting was very enjoyable too. There were about twelve of us present and we surely had a hot discussion on Universal Salvation. It surely is surprising to learn how much these women know about the Gospel. I did enjoy it so much and I think we all had a profitable evening. I surprised myself by being able to make quite a few intelligent remarks, which is rather helpful to me.

Well, yesterday was Thanksgiving. We've been preparing for it for nearly a week. President Merrill was on the continent until Wednesday night, so he got back just in time to be with us. We moved a long table from the book shop downstairs up to the auxiliary room and then besides we had another shorter table. We decorated the tables with green and orange paper and had a big basket of fruit in the center. It looked very nice when it was all set. There were twenty-five of us there, including four released elders who were here on their way home. All the women folks prepared the dinner (I made the gravy, helped with the table setting, bread and butter, etc.) and we had some chasing to do when you think that we did most of the cooking in Sister Merrill's kitchen and mine (fourth and fifth flights up) and part of it in the basement (two flights down from the auxiliary room. But we felt well repaid for the effort, as everything turned out grand and we surely had a good dinner. The fellows ate like starved rats and I believe they enjoyed it. Just before we went down to the dining room the elders sent each of the ladies a beautiful pink rose bud, so we wore them down to dinner. They were lovely. After the dinner was over we had a debate, all dividing up to two sides and debating on the subject Resolved: That Thanksgiving should be Abolished. It was funny. We had to just get up on the spur of the moment and say anything we could think of and it surely was a scream. After dinner we all went out to Sadler Wells theatre to hear Lohengrin. It was quite good, but I have to agree with Howard that operas surely move slowly. Some of the effects were rather wonderful and the music in parts was very pretty, but I couldn't understand much of it. But we enjoyed it all the same and at least we can say that we saw one opera in London, while we were here.

All in all, it was a great day for all of us. We had a lot to be thankful for and I believe we all felt a spirit of Thanksgiving. I hope you all had a wonderful time. I thought of you all several times during the day and wished that you might have been here or that we might have been there. Next year, I hope we can. But, we shall see.

Howard says our dinner is ready (He kindly excused me so that I could write this) so I must hurry. Be good and take care of yourselves.

Love, Lucile.

March 12, London 1934

Dear Ones,

I guess you will think this is quite a jump from my last letter, which I believe I dated February instead of March. But, anyway, you probably would know that I had dated it wrong. I have just finished my days work, which consisted of running off four stencils, four letters and one design. I don't feel as if I have accomplished much, but the time has passed somehow.

Howard has gone to play basketball - or rather, practice -, so I thought I'd write a line to you while he is gone. We are expecting Brother Head tonight, so I won't get a chance to do it then. Our office is so quiet these days that I hardly know what to do with myself. Both the girls are gone now and there are only four of us left besides President and Sister Merrill. They leave the middle of April for the continent and then we will be very quiet around here.

We didn't accomplish much last week--at least we don't feel as if we did much. We had our regular meetings as usual and the boys played another game on Wednesday. It surely was wonderful the way they got through it. They have lost one of their players as he has been sent out into the field again. Last time they had a new player and they hadn't even played together before, nor practiced together. We were all afraid that they were going to lose, but they tied with the other team and played it off in five minutes and we beat by two points - 44-42. We were surely thrilled. You could tell that the boys weren't playing up to standard, but they did well for having a new man who wasn't used to English rules.

Last Saturday we took another little sightseeing trip. It was rather a beautiful day although it tried to rain. But the sun was lovely when it did shine. We took a bus and went down to the Tower of London, a former home of the King. It is quite a wonderful old structure. Of course, we couldn't go all through it because it cost too much, but we went through the armoury and through the Jewel House. It was surely interesting. You can't imagine the great collection of arms and armour that they have there. There are hundreds of spears and suits of armor, guns by the thousands almost, and every other thing you can imagine--battle axes and tomahawks or clubs. It was a real glimpse into English history to see those old things from way back which were used in the wars and tournaments. There was also the cutest little chapel, St. James Chapel, I believe it is called. I suppose the King used to have services there. It was all carved out of stone, it looked like.

There is also the tower here where two little princes were smothered to death by designing men who didn't want them to come into power. They call it the bloody tower. We didn't go in, as they say there isn't anything there but the tower. Instead we spent sixpence and went to the Jewel House. It is a little round tower affair and inside ~~xxx~~ are a wonderful collection of crown jewels, medals, and gold table wear. It was a wonderful sight. We surely enjoyed it, too. Also in this tower is a large window before which one of the Kings is supposed to have died while kneeling in prayer. I wish I could describe the jewels for you. There were a half dozen or more crowns covered with all kinds of precious stones--diamonds, pearls, rubies, emeralds, etc. In fact two of them were covered with nothing but diamonds. They were wonderful. Then there were some sceptres which were marvelous. One of them had a diamond in the head as big as an egg and was covered with wonderful jewels. It almost made one's eyes dazzled to look at them. It surely gives one a feeling of being taken down through the pages of history to visit those old places. The only thing about it that I don't like is that they won't let us go in the places where they actually lived. Those are the things that interest me more than anything.

Sunday was a lovely day, too, although it rained part of the day. We

couldn't let the day pass without getting out a little, so we took another long walk down to Hyde Park. It was marvelous. It hardly seems possible that you can find such a stretch of unused ground right in the heart of London, but it surely is wonderful. Of course, now it is rather untidy looking because the grass hasn't been trimmed and some of it needs reseeding, but it is quite beautiful. There are so many lovely trees and flowers and shrubs and the walks are so nice. We walked a long way until we came to Kensington Gardens (the two join on to one another), which was the prettiest of the two. I thoroughly enjoyed that. There is a stream running down through it and there were all kinds of ducks, swans and other birds on it. Everywhere we could see the crocuses just beginning to bloom. They grow in little clumps all over the park right in the grass. It was most refreshing. One of the most interesting sights was the world famous statue of Peter Pan. It was darling. It is the figure of a charming little boy on a rather tallish old tree trunk and he is blowing a flute. Out of the trunk are coming little fairies--the most exquisite little faces and bodies you can ever imagine; they were so sweet--rabbits, squirrels, little field mice and snails. It is all worked out so beautifully and the figures are wonderful.

Then as we walked further on we came to the garden of Queen Victoria. Of course Kensington Gardens was all made for her, but this was a special little summer garden or something. There was a summer house of stone--quite a large one--and in front was a courtyard affair with ponds and fountains all through it and statues of different figures--all in white rock. It was most interesting and must be beautiful in the summer. The cattails hadn't started to come up yet but the pussy willow was beginning to come out. Then we wound around further and finally came to a great pond right in front of the home of Queen Victoria--where she lived before she became Queen--where they were sailing little boats like they used to do on the reflecting pool in Washington. I was more interested in the house than anything else though. It is a massive structure of red brick. It isn't so very beautiful and doesn't seem to be used in all parts now, although the grounds were beautifully kept and there were wonderful curtains at the windows. In front of the house is erected a statue of Victoria, sculptured by her daughter, Princess Louise, and placed there by the subjects of Victoria. When we were there there was a pigeon perched right on her crown, and from the streaks down her poor face, it looked as if many pigeons found that a convenient resting place.

From there we walked through the sunken gardens, which were beautiful. They have just been getting the shrubbery in shape and everything is beginning to take on a green tint. The crocuses were coming better there and surely were colorful. We found in that garden a President Hoover rosebush. It must have been a present from someone in America. As we walked we came to a wonderful memorial to Albert, Prince Consort, which was erected by Queen Victoria. We had seen it a great many times before but had never stopped to look at it much. On the four corners of it are statues representing the different continents of the world. They are quite wonderful. Then the memorial itself is shaped like the top of a great Hindu Temple or something like it. Inside there is a statue of Albert. All around the base are figures of different men who have been instrumental in furthering the arts and industries through the world. They were wonderful. We spent a long time there examining it all. It was very interesting. We were so tired by then that we dragged ourselves onto a bus and came home. But it was a wonderful trip and well worth the time and energy spent in making it.

Sister Catherine L. M. Horner (Sister Douglas' hired girl) has just come over and brought us some mince pies and a tart. She has been very nice to us and every now and then brings us something good to eat. She is a very good cook for an English cook and she is a nice girl. She is mission Bee-Keeper in the British Mission and is very active in all kinds of church work. I am going to do some drawings for her Bee-Hive scrapbook. I do wish I had more time to be out and around the girls so that I could help them. I like to draw and I don't get much time to do it--not as much as I'd like.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Telephone
MUSEUM-6910

OFFICE OF THE EUROPEAN MISSION

5 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

March 26, 1934

Dearest Folks at home,

We received Mother's crazy letter the last mail, the one which was so all/messed mixed up. Were you walking in your sleep (I mean writing in your sleep) or what when you wrote that? Howard just finished reading it today. He's been trying to figure it out ~~today~~ for three days, so today I had to sit down and number all the pages for him so that he could read it. He said to tell you that we'd better get a file index or something so that we could keep track of your pages. Anyway, we had a good laugh out of it, although we got our ideas somewhat mixed up before we finally got the letter read. We enjoyed it nevertheless and were glad to hear from you. We received one from Charlotta on the same day, so we felt as if we had almost too much good luck for one day.

We were shocked and sad to learn of so much trouble in the family and among our friends. It is so sad about Aunt Zell's mother. You told us sometime ago what was the matter with her but I have forgotten. Was it cancer? It surely was sad. They surely will miss her. I was sorry to hear that Grandma and the family there had been quarantined. They've had their share this winter, haven't they? It's also too bad about Uncle Gus. I surely hope he'll get along alright and be about again by now. All the other news was good and we were so glad to hear from you again.

We're having spring in London. It looks as if the weather is going to be good for Easter. There's to be a great spring fashion show on Easter day right after morning service on Rotten Row in Hyde Park. I believe they call it Rotten Row because that is where all the society people take their morning walks. Anyway, all the society buds and nobility are to be on parade in their new Easter outfits. It should be quite a sight. I am surely going to go if it is nice and we have time. Otherwise, we haven't planned anything for next Sunday. Of course, we shall probably be circuited somewhere to Church and will spend most of the day in meeting. Anyway, I hope it is a nice day. I can hardly believe that Easter is here again already. It will soon be a year since I left home. The time has gone by so fast. The next six months will go by in a hurry too and then we will be on the way home before we know it.

Yesterday I took a long walk out in the sunshine. It was surely wonderful. A lot of people are already beginning to wear their spring clothes. It looks good to see a little color about again. The trees and shrubs are beginning to come out green and even old dirty London looks brighter. They say that spring in England is wonderful and it is beginning to seem so. I ended up at the Museum yesterday afternoon and spent some time there looking over some Graeco-Roman sculpture work. It was very interesting, especially since we had studied something about the Graeco-Roman world in Brother Lyon's class. (By the way have you heard that the two Lyon boys had measles, then Sister Lyon got an infection and then the youngest twin contracted pleural pneumonia and was having a terribly hard time to pull through. Trouble, did you say?) I had a funny experience, too. I came down a stairway and turned to see what was down the next one and ran smack into a sign which said "Gentlemen". A little boy came along just then and said "Don't go down there, lady". Did I feel like a rabbit. I took another look at the Codex Sinaiticus. I really can't say that it looks like much. Of course, it is all under glass and only two pages are on display. The pages are divided into four columns and the figures look like any ordinary old manuscript writing. However, I guess it must be quite wonderful, since it is one of the three oldest now known.

Tomorrow is my birthday. I can hardly believe that I'll be 24. The years fly by so fast nowadays, don't they? I don't feel any older, but perhaps a lot wiser than I did a

July 5, 1934

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

OFFICE OF THE EUROPEAN MISSION

295-EDGE-LANE-LIVERPOOL

men were dressed in regular afternoon wear--long tailed coats, top hats, stripe trousers, etc. It was really something. We walked all around the grounds and just looked at things and people. It was so darn interesting. I was hoping I'd see someone whom I knew, but I only saw one fellow who used to work in the Department of Labor and I didn't know him. But it was fun. Thelma Todd was there, too, and we ~~xxx~~ sat just a little way from her for a while. She looks just like she does in the pictures and seems to be very nice. Of course, nobody told us it was Thelma Todd, but we knew she ~~xxx~~ is over here and one couldn't mistake her if they've seen her a few times on the screen. She has a lovely figure and the nicest feet and ankles. She was dressed in a black dress with a silver fox scarf and a little black hat with silver buckles. It was quite interesting.

year ago. Life is so funny. I'm still trying to figure out what it's all about.

Mother, I'm sorry you were so worried about the money question. We have gotten along fine so far, but it is a little worrying not to know when the next is coming. However, as I told you before, Ansel paid what he still owed and we received this gift from the Branch President of Holloway Branch. So, we haven't lacked for anything, although Howard has had to walk to Church a few times and hasn't been able to go out on the long circuits. But we get along and if necessary we can borrow a little from the office to tide us over. But we hate to do that as it puts us so much in the hole. Don't worry about it, though. We can get along quite easily, I believe if you send ten or twelve dollars every two weeks. I'm surely sorry that you have to do it and I'm hoping that Wendell will help us out soon.

Please, don't worry either about the clothes situation, especially for me. I do have to admit that Howard looks like a little bum most of the time, but there are others who look just as bad. He often has to argue with the beggars who come to the office and he usually can compete quite well with them on the question of who has the worst looking suit. His one suit is almost gone and he has bought an extra pair of trousers for the coat (They are English pants and I call them "Dutch" because they look just like pantaloons on him), so he gets along alright. But his shoes are nearly gone (Both ingrown toe nails have come out the toes and one has a round patch on.) He's worn this one pair for about a year and a half, as he sold one pair of his as they weren't suitable for English weather. We're just waiting to see if Wendell won't send us something and then he'll have to buy him some new things. At least, he'll have to have something before he goes home. He's very patient and doesn't ever complain about it, but I know he feels rather bad about it at times. But we can stick it out through the summer, I think, as his best suit is in fairly good condition yet. Probably with another pair of pants he can make it last out.

All my clothes have lasted out fine. I have worn my two heavy skirts and that old red wool dress all winter until I'm sick of the sights of them. But they haven't worn out yet, so I'm continuing to wear them until the weather is warm enough to go without them. I'm trying to save my silks for summer if I can so that I'll have something presentable to wear. They are all in good condition yet, although some of them need cleaning rather badly. But I'll get along fine. I know. Please don't worry about it, will you? We're not concerned about whether we can come home looking brand new. If we look respectable, we'll be satisfied. I shall probably get me a little straw hat of some kind or other so that I'll feel a little more dressed up, but I am going to reline my brown coat and it will look as good as new. It looks a lot better right now than most of the coats the people wear here when they are new, so I'm not worrying. After all, in these times, we shouldn't think about having too much. Now, promise you won't worry about it, because we aren't?

As for my birthday, Mother, I don't want you to try to send me anything. I can't think of anything I need and if I did it would probably be easier to buy it here than to have you send it and pay the postage and then pay customs, etc. So, if you want to send anything, just send a little money and we'll be sure to make good use of it. I do appreciate your wanting to send something and your thinking of me, but I don't want you to go to the expense. You've done so much for us now that we'll never be able to repay you for it all.

There isn't much to tell you this time. We didn't get to go sightseeing this week. I didn't feel very well, so we stayed home and cleaned up the house and tried to get things in shape again. It rained on Saturday anyway and wasn't very pleasant to go out anywhere. I think we are going to the Law Courts probably this week or to the Victoria and Albert Museum. They say that is a wonderful museum and has special lines in the arts, pottery, costume, textiles, etc. I know I will be especially interested in those.

Howard says to give you all his love. We're both kept pretty busy most of the time. Write to us when you can. We surely love to get your letters.

Love,

Lucile.

London, April 23, 1934

Dear Kid,

It's just Monday again--and what a day. It looks as if it is going to rain and I feel like I'd been up all night. Last night after Church we stopped in a fish joint and had some fish and ~~xx~~ chips (french friend potatoes). Well those fish just played tag with those potatoes all night in my stomach. It serves us right for loading up on so much un-Word of Wisdom. But it did taste good nevertheless.

We received your letter, written while the folks were at conference, and the Purple Flash. I got quite a kick out of reading it. I sat here laughing my head off at some of the things in it and the fellows thought I was crazy. I read some of the jokes to them and they couldn't even laugh. That's how a missionary appreciates a good joke over here. Oh, for the stilted life of a missionary. Poor things. But I enjoyed it all anyway and especially your letter. What a time you were having. I couldn't tell half the time whether you were just making all that up or whether you were in earnest about it. But I do know this--you kids were darned extravagant to let a good piece of beef steak burn. You don't know what you missed.

Which reminds me, that we have just cremated the fourth pie which our char woman has brang us. My goodness its terrible. Howard says if you eat a piece be sure to get up quietly and easily so that it won't knock the bottom out of your stomach. Last week she brought two and we succeeded in getting those down the furnace and thought that would be the last. This morning she brought two more. What does she think we are! Heavy as lead, they were, and drooling with underdone apples or plum jam. Ach. We gave her our canaries a while ago, you know. We haven't been able to tell yet whether she's bringing us the pies because she's grateful to us or whether she's bribing us not to bawl her out for not attending to her duties while the Merrills are gone. Here's hoping that she doesn't bring any more.

I believe I told you in my last letter that we were going to the Ideal Home Exhibition. We went that night. I wish you would tell Mother that on our way we passed Hyde Park and that there were millions and trillions of golden daffodils in blossom there. Tell her also that we learned from a good sister the other day that out in the country in the early morning it seems as if the air is filled with sky larks. So, tell her that the story of the daffodils and English sky larks is alright. The daffodils were certainly gorgeous--every kind and color you could imagine.

Well, the exhibition was interesting--if not so tremendously fascinating. I wish you could have seen it. I told you that it was to be held in that great stadium called Olympia. It's a terribly large building. You can't imagine how large it is without seeing it. They had erected three separate floors inside it and on the bottom floor there were six full size model houses built. You can tell what the size is like. Well, it was just a great bazaar or carnival. Everywhere you looked there were rows and rows of booths selling somekind of household appliance or cleaner or washing machine or furniture or shoes, or rugs. There were whole kitchens fitted up and bathrooms, living rooms and bedrooms. Some of them were really lovely, but English furniture is awfully funny in some ways. There were all kinds of draperies, water heaters, car parts. There were little summer houses for the garden, bird cages (with birds), garden swings, watering equipment, kitchen utensils, jewelery, glass blowing. Then there were rows and rows of booths with food stuffs on display--every kind of food you could ever imagine--and you have to stretch to imagine all the stuff the English people can put out. There were booths where they taught you to paint fancy goods, etc., etc., etc. And so on into the night. It was really a stupendous thing.

Those model houses were right cute though. They were built on the new

style of architecture and were quite nice looking. Of course, they were put up of cheaper material, but they looked right cute. All of them were completely furnished and fitted with plumbing fixtures, etc. They even had little gardens around them. They were built alongside one another just like on streets and then in a little court between two of them they had a lovely garden and a swimming pool. They were cute. We only went through one of the houses, as it took too long to wait in line to go through. It was right nice though, with a little roof garden on top, about three bedrooms, two baths, kitchen, dining, living room, balcony upstairs. We enjoyed it.

But the thing I enjoyed most of all was the fashion parade. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I'm enclosing one of the programs. The porch pictured on the front was the entrance for the models and they paraded down a long strip of walk to a little garden affair. It was very nice. I wish you could have seen some of the gowns. They were absolutely perfect. Talk about your evening gowns. I've never seen anything quite so lovely as some of them were. And then again some of them were terrible. The models were all quite smart looking. They were all very tall--about 5'9" most of them--and slender as they could be. But what figures. And how they could wear clothes. Well, it was all a great treat. They had a lovely woman modeling for older ladies. She was a real aristocrat. I surely enjoyed it. You can see by some of the names what the costumes might be like. Really it was marvelous.

Well, have I been lazy the last day or two? I'm afraid I'll be entirely spoilt by the time the Merrills come back. I've been trying to catch up on a lot of little things around the office and around the house. It surely seems good to have the time to myself a little. I'm surely taking advantage of it, too. There's plenty to keep us both busy, but it's good to be able to do what we want when we want to do it. Of course, you know how that is since you've been home along while the folks were at conference. You liked your little taste of being alone, I take it.

We went to see Joan Crawford in Dancing Lady the other night. I quite enjoyed it. Along with it was Jack Holt in Master of Men. I should think he'd be getting so old that he'd just naturally dry up and blow away soon. He's been playing ever since I can remember and he was old then. However, I quite enjoyed the play in spite of Jack Holt. The other one was really good.

We're on daylight saving time now. It gets light about 4:30 in the morning and stays light now until about 8:30. I like the long evenings. Pretty soon it will stay light until 10:00 or 10:30. That's really something isn't it. We can sit outdoors and read until 9:30 and it only seems about like 6:00. I like that. The only thing one hates to go to bed when the evenings are so nice.

Dearie, I must get back to work now. Write again when you can. Be a good little girl and take care of yourself. Tell Jennie "Hello". Come up and see us sometime.

Love,

Cile

Sink back.

London, May 5, 1934

Dear Ones;

This whole week has gone and I haven't written to you. We've been so busy that we just haven't got around to it. (I got this far on Saturday and didn't finish, so it is now Monday afternoon and I'll try to get this done.) We've had a busy week end and there's another full week ahead of us, so I'll get this off while I can.

I believe the last time I wrote to you was just before we went to the Victoria and Albert Museum last Saturday. Well, we had a delightful afternoon. The Museum is down near Kensington Gardens and is quite a new building and very nice. Of course, as the name implies it is in memory of Queen Victoria and her husband, Albert. I was most interested in seeing the old costumes, so we spent most of our time there, although we did get some good looks at the old furniture, some rare paintings, pottery, china, musical instruments, etc. It is a wonderful place really.

I wish you could have seen the costumes. They were all arranged in one long hallway and dated from way back about 1000 or 1200 to the present time. It was wonderful. I was just thrilled with it all. There were also specimens of handwork on quilts, table covers, etc., that were marvelous. You just can't believe that they had such expert needlewomen. The embroidery work on the gowns was wonderful. There were old doublets and colonial period costumes, evening gowns, wedding gowns, evening wraps, slippers, etc. The gowns were lovely. I examined every one of them minutely to see just how they had been made. It surely was interesting. I could see where some of the sleeves had been put in wrong and then taken out and sewed again--all by hand-- and you could see where some of the gowns had been let out in places, or where the lace had been mended. It was just like trying to live right along with the women who had worn them. It was a real pleasure to me.

I wish you could have seen the funny old shoes, too. They had every kind and description, mens and womens. There were some old sandal types like Robin Hood used to wear with great long points about eight inches long on the toes. There were women's dancing slippers of the most beautiful materials and some of leather. It was a real sight. Howard said the other night that if his shoes continued to get much worse, he could put them in there, too. And I suggested that he might also put his suit along with it. We did get a laugh out of some of the things.

I spent all day Friday putting a lining in my brown summer coat. The lining was entirely gone and I didn't know just what I would do. But I finally bought some material for two shillings (50¢) and made the lining myself. I just got it finished this morning. It was quite a job to cut it to fit because the old lining was so terribly torn, but I have it done and I'm right proud of the job. I took the fur off the sleeves and trimmed and turned all the edges to take off the worn places and now it looks almost as good as new. I have just given the coat a good pressing and it really looks very good. I told Howard the other night that I'm as proud of that 50¢ lining as I would be over a whole new coat two years ago. That's what a mission does to you, you know. Anyway, I'm so very glad to have it done. Now I'll be pretty well fixed up for summer, if I can get one or two of my dresses cleaned up.

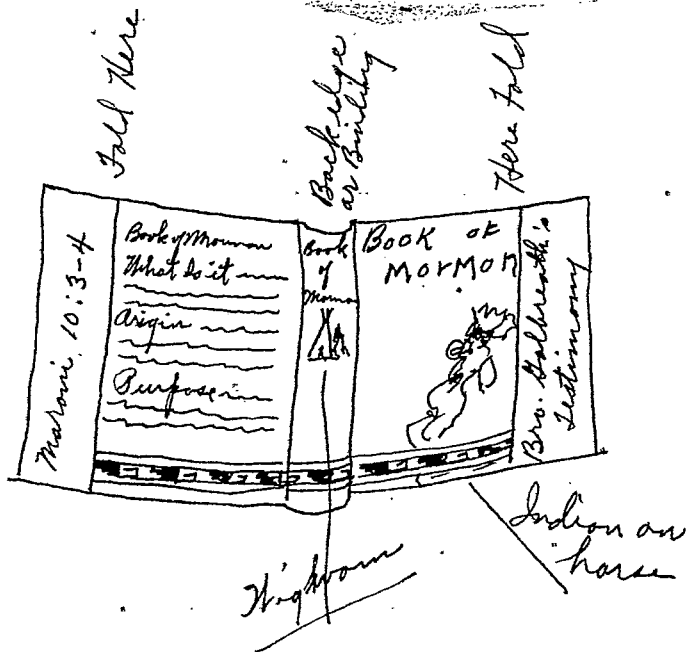
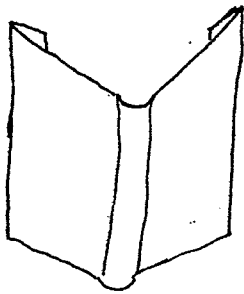
Last Saturday we spent all the afternoon getting our place cleaned up. You just can't imagine how dusty this place is. They don't sprinkle the streets like they do at home, although they do sometimes sweep out the gutters. That place of ours gets terribly dusty during the week and we hadn't given it a real good cleaning for two weeks. So we turned everything upside down and cleaned it good. We also changed the furniture around a little to make it a bit more homelike. In the kitchen we got some pieces of linoleum and tacked down where we were wearing the paint off between the carpets. We really had a good time getting it all fixed up and I guess we about drove the rest of the bunch crazy with all our pounding and noise. You can hear a pin drop through the whole building nearly.

I'll have to tell you about our good shower, too. You know we have to use Merrills' bath, because it's the only one in the building besides the one that's rented to a man who lives here. Well, instead of using the bathtub sensibly, Merrills have a funny idea that a shower is more healthful or something than a tub full of water. So, they got some kind of a contraption and made a shower. Well, it's a panic to try to take a bath that way. The rubber hose fits right over the taps and he tied them on with heavy string, so you can't get them off very easily. The sprinkler only comes about to your shoulders and when you turn the water on the water runs in every direction except where you want it too, on you. We have to put a cloth along the back of the tub to keep the water from running down behind the tub and when you get through you have to mop the floor because so much water has run off on it. Every time you raise your arm to wash your face the water runs down your arm and drips off your elbow onto the floor. It certainly is some thing. Howard always takes his baths over to the Y.M.C.A., so I have to suffer with the shower.

I did accomplish one thing last week that I'm rather proud of though. They have been harping and talking so much about new methods of proselyting over here the last few months that we're all about sick of trying to think of things to do. They've been talking about a "sales cover" (you know a flashy paper cover) for the Book of Mormon and trying to see if one would appear out of thin air somewhere. Well, the other morning I woke up rather early and climbed in with Howard a minute to get my back warm (these dang twin beds) and while I was waiting for time to get up my mind started to work. I had been thinking for quite a while about drawing some kind of a cover but I couldn't seem to think of anything appropriate. Well, everything was laid out as clear as glass in my mind that morning, so immediately after class I started to work. First I got a number of Eras with Indian pictures and articles in and then I started cutting them out. Finally when I got the cover done, I was so tickled I didn't know what to do, so I took it up to Brother Hinckley (He's the publicity bureau) and he thought it was good and Bro. Bennett thought it was good. Brother Hinckley asked me if I had shown it to President Merrill, but of course I hadn't. So, I left it with Brother Hinckley and told him he could have it if he could use it.

Well, a day or two later he came in and said President Merrill was very pleased and enthused about it. I could have fallen over with the shock, because I fully expected him to turn it down and object to the material I had used, etc. But he told Brother Hinckley to show it to Brother Douglas and get right busy on it. Whew, was I dumfounded. I never had any idea it would go over at all, but I just did it for the fun and because I thought it might give them an idea of what could be done with it. It took me three days to get in my head that it was really worthwhile, because I usually think my efforts are pretty feeble. President Merrill has never said a word to me about it, but he had me bring it down to show President Douglas today and I don't know what they said about it or what will become of it.

Anyway, this is what it is like: I cut off the picture of an Indian on a horse from the cover of one of the Eras. It is a bright blue picture on a yellow background. You may remember. There were two figures, but I only used one of them. I pasted this figure down in the right hand corner of the front part of the cover. Then I pasted the testimony of Brother Galbreath (The half-breed Indian from Canada) which appeared in the Era on the little flap that tucks inside the front cover of the book. On the back part of the cover I pasted an excerpt from one of the tracts that President Widtsoe wrote on the Book of Mormon which shows or tells what the book is, its origin, and its purpose. On the back flap that tucks inside I typed the 3rd and 4th verses of verse 10 of Moroni, which tells how we may get a testimony of the Book. On the back edge or binding part of the Book I put the title, of course and a little picture of an Indian wigwam. Across the back part, back edge, and front part of the whole cover I put an Indian design (which I copied from a picture of some Indian pottery) which goes right across the bottom part of the figure on the front part. I thought that the whole cover could be in bright yellow, the pictures in bright blue (just like the Era cover) and the printing part could be in dark blue or black. I believe it will really look quite nice if it is made up. Oh, and of course I printed Book of Mormon across the top of the front part of the cover. I'll try to make a little sketch and enclose, so you can tell more about it. I do hope something will come of it and that I can send you a completed printed one for you to see.



London, May 19, 1934

Dear Folks,

We received a good letter from Gladys this morning and I was reminded that we hadn't written to you this week. Howard was going to take his turn this week, but he hasn't got around to it. So, I'll do it today. It's Saturday again and I'm about caught up on my work so haven't had much to do this morning.

I believe the last time I wrote was on last Saturday. I can't keep track of the days any more. We had a very interesting day last Sunday. We were scheduled to Gravesend, as I believe I told you. We went early in the afternoon and went to the home of the branch President. He and his wife were out in the country somewhere visiting relatives, so one of their daughters and her fellow took us down to the little church where Pocohontas is buried. We surely enjoyed it. It was a lovely day and the grass was so green in the churchyard. The old graves were very interesting. We went inside the little church and walked down the isles. They don't know the exact spot where Pocohontas lies, but they have a good idea. There is a bronze tablet on the wall telling about her. There are also two lovely stained glass windows on either side of the altar which were donated by the women of Virginia. The deacon of the church was there and told us a lot about the church and Pocohontas. We had a nice time.

I guess you knew that Pocohontas married John Rolfe and came to England to live with him. She had been here ten years and was just getting ready to make a visit back to America when she died. While she was living here, she evidently became a great lady, for she was presented at court. She was buried in 1619 and about 100 years later the church was burned down. At that time they tried awfully hard to find just where Pocohontas was buried, but they didn't find her, although the minister there now says he has papers to prove that she is now under an isle of the church which was built there about 1627. It is all very interesting.

We had Sacrament Meeting at the home of a little old lady who is deaf and nearly blind and 84. She is a dear little old thing. We had a good meeting, although there were only eight of us there. There wasn't much about Mother's Day, except what I said, but we were all thinking about it anyway. We were thinking of you all at home. After the meeting the branch president's wife gave me a wonderful bouquet of flowers which she had brought back with her. I'm sending you some bluebells, forget-me-nots, and a white flower. They don't look so pretty now, but they were lovely when they were fresh. There were also flags, lillies, tulips, single peonies in the bunch. They were surely pretty.

I have a great bunch of flowers up in my kitchen now that I wish I could send home to you. One of the saints gave them to me. There are half a dozen dark pink tulips, one deep yellow rose, and about a dozen double narcissus. They are the most beautiful things. They look just like gardenias. I surely wish I could send them to you. Flowers are so inexpensive over here now. You can buy lovely things on Saturday for about six or seven cents (thrupence or four pence). They are so cheap. "Tupence a bunch - vilets", our poor little old flower man says. He and his wife are so old they can hardly stagger about, but they're out on the corner every day. They're raggedy and old and dirty, but they surely do cling to one another. The old lady goes over on the steps of a house nearby and has a good nap every afternoon when the sun shines. They are surely the funniest old pair. Brother Frehner tried to get a picture of them one day, but they surely hopped on him. "No sir, you can't take our picture for nothing. We're special people, we are. They used to pay us to have our pictures taken. We're special". We nearly died laughing at him telling it. And now we always call them "special people".

It seems as if I haven't accomplished much this week. We had our usual

round of meetings, which keeps us going pretty much. I went with Howard one day to buy him some new shoes with the money you sent (part of it, I mean). Boy, were we glad to get them for him. It surely seems good. He still clings to the old ones, however, as they are more comfortable. What a boy.

I forgot to tell you, too, that we received \$94.00 from Wendell. We both nearly fell over dead of the shock and even now we can't realize it. It certainly is a relief. We have been figuring it up and it should keep us nearly the rest of the time, if we leave in early September. However, if we don't get any more from him, we may have to call on you again at the last for a few dollars. But this will surely help a lot. Howard is going to buy him a new suit - he has to have something as his old suit is in rags and he is having to wear the coat of his best one, which is none too good. I am surely glad he can get him something new. He certainly deserves it. We're very much relieved.

Next Monday is a holiday, so we're having a big outing out in the hills somewhere. I hope it will be a good day. It should be rather fun. The whole district is supposed to be there. The missionaries are all going to fix their lunch together. I am going to make a bunch of stuffed eggs and we're going to have sandwiches, and fruit, pickles, etc. It will be nice to get out a little for a change and see everyone at once.

This afternoon we are going to spend the time in the British Museum library looking up names. Yesterday I got me a ticket and Howard took me in to show me around a little. It is certainly a wonderful place. It's about like the Congressional library, except I don't believe it is quite so large. It is a little more shabby, too. But it is certainly wonderful. We should be able to spend some profitable and interesting hours there.

Well, it's time to go up and get our dinner, so I'll have to close this time and tell you anything else interesting next time I write.

Gladly, I'll answer your letter in a little while. Hope you have a good time in Salt Lake and Provo. Wish I could be there for a while. But it won't be long now, I guess.

Love to all of you and the folks there.

Affectionately,

Lucile.

Letter Cullimore says my letters read just like a book.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
Telephone MUSEUM-6910
OFFICE OF THE EUROPEAN MISSION
5 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
June 1, 1934

Had from Mum

Dear Ones,
The working day is just about over and since I haven't done anything all day, anyway, I'll write you a letter this afternoon. We received Mother's good letter of May 18 some days ago, but I just haven't felt like writing the last few days. I had to put off writing until I could get in the mood. We were surely glad to get the letter. I just look forward to every mail in the hopes that there will be something from home. We hadn't had anything from home for about three ~~weeks~~ mails, so were surely glad to hear.

(Lester)

Preston came on the same boat as this letter. You had said before that he was coming and we had got official word from Salt Lake, too, so we were expecting him. We went over to the British Mission Office to see him the morning after he got in. They got in London about 3:30 in the morning, so they were all pretty tired the next day. They had meeting with President Douglas all morning, and we got over there just as they were winding up. We only had a few minutes to visit with the new missionaries, as it was lunch time and their trains left in the early afternoon. We visited a little while with Preston. He surely seems changed a lot, but he didn't seem very interested in us and didn't seem to want to talk much, so we didn't bother him. He's surely a peculiar fellow. I do hope he makes good. President Douglas has sent him to the Newcastle District. He will be under Elder Gaskell Romney from Mexico up there and I believe it will be a good district. I hope so. Elder Romney, I believe, is a nephew of the Romneys we knew. Preston will have a lot of things to learn and if he goes into it right, it will make a man of him. I hope it will all sink in.
Mother, we haven't received your package yet. Preston had his trunks down to the station and didn't open them before he left for his district, so is sending the package down in the mail. I surely hope it reaches here alright. I haven't an idea what might be in it, but I know it will be something nice and we surely do appreciate it. You shouldn't have tried to send us anything. But you know how we like surprises. I'm awfully anxious to get it. Thank you ever and ever so much.

Oh, yes, we saw Brother Ossmen, too, who is going to Holland. He stopped about an hour in the office here and we talked to him quite a while. He's a nice fellow and should make a good missionary. He said he had seen you just before he left and gave us your message. It seemed good to see someone we knew, although we get to see so many of the going and returning elders that we get rather tired of having them around. They certainly are pests sometimes. They don't realize that we have work to do around here. But we do enjoy seeing them for a little while.

This morning we sluffed class and went for a walk. That sounds bad for missionaries doesn't it? But, tomorrow is the King's birthday and for about two months they have been practicing the "Trooping of the Colors" for an exhibition tomorrow. Today was to be the last rehearsal, so we decided it would be worth leaving class and going down to see it. There are only four of us anyway and we get awfully sick of one another. When we got down to St. James' Palace a man there told us that there wouldn't be any rehearsal this morning as the King was going to ride in state from Buckingham and they were having change of the guard and dispensing with the "Drooping of the Colors", as we nicknamed it. But they said if we hurried we could get to the Palace in time to see the change of the guards. We thought it was to be 10:00, so we sauntered along through St. James' Park watching the ducks and looking at the flowers. Well, we got to Buckingham just in time to see the tail end of the departing guard as they marched into the barracks. So, then another man came up and

informed us that the King would pass about 11:00. All this information was entirely unsolicited upon our part, but I guess they thought we were Americans just out to see the sights and needed to be told. Well, we had already seen the King and we didn't want to ~~waste~~ waste another hour waiting for him, so we took another walk through St. James' Park and came down to Piccadilly Circus and then on home. We did have such a good walk, though, and it was worth missing class just to be out today. It's a lovely day.

I wish you could have seen the park. It is wonderful right now. The trees are so lovely and green and the shrubs and flowers look beautiful. There is a stream running through St. James' Park and there are all kinds of ducks and other birds on it and they are so interesting. The drooping willows and other trees surely make a picture and this morning the flowers were so bright and colorful. The iris are out right now and the banks of the stream were lined with them in every color you could imagine from dark purple to light yellow and lavender. They were surely wonderful. It was just like fairyland. The park is right in the heart of London and one can hardly imagine there could be anything so lovely so near to the old grimy buildings of London. Well, anyway, it was a treat to get out in it.

And we have succeeded in getting a key to our park across the street. The fellows here wanted to get in, so they could play tennis, so we went and inquired about it and found out that we could get a key for five shillings (\$1.25), so we all threw in a little and got a key ourselves. We will surely enjoy it. It is such a lovely little park. We're going to take some pictures over there in the next day or two and then we'll send you some.

We've accomplished another big thing, too. This morning we went down to the shop and got Howard's new suit. Did we tell you that we had ordered one. They all have to be made to measure over here and it takes about two weeks to get one made. When we got our money from Wendell, we decided that we might as well order him a suit because he'll have to have one before he goes home, anyway, and he needs one dreadfully right now. It looks pretty good. You can tell it is an English-made suit, but they have made it American style and it looks alright. We are surely thrilled over it. He got a dark blue in a nice weave (and the English wool materials over here are grand) with two pair of trousers for \$24.00. It is a nice suit and will wear him for a long time. He surely is pleased about it. And that don't half express how I feel about it.

Next Sunday is our District Conference. I surely hope it will be a good one. We'll have an elders' meeting on Monday and it will probably last all-day long. They are wonderful meetings and we should have a good time. I'll write you more about it when it's over.

I don't know whether Howard told you about our going down to Guildhall last Saturday or not. We went to look for more names. It was surely interesting. We spent the whole afternoon searching and surely had a good time. The library is an interesting place. Guildhall is a great hall where all the trade guilds meet for their meetings and conventions, etc. It was built many, many years ago when the guilds were so popular and is of unique architecture. The library was lovely--old and solid looking. The old buildings over here are so cold looking--just like the English people. They are interesting and beautiful sometimes, but there's no warmth about them at all. The floors are bare old stones like the walls and very English-looking. The windows of the library are very tall and are stained glass with pictures on them. They are nice. The library is a long narrow room and the books are arranged along the walls in alcove style. It isn't so terribly large, but is a very nice little library. We quite enjoyed it. We got quite a lot of names, too, but we haven't succeeded in hooking them up anywhere, yet.

Last night we were out to North London branch to their M'Men-Gleaner banquet. We had a very good time. They had a lovely meal, too, and we surely enjoyed it. We had cold roast beef (they couldn't serve a hot meal, because there were no facilities at the hall) and jellied tongue, potato salad with peas, lettuce and beet salad, rolls with butter, jello with fruit and cream, lemon pie, lemonade and cake. What a feed. We

... ..

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

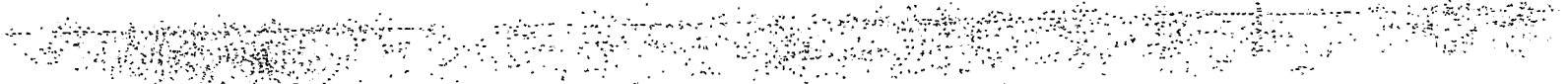


Telephone:
OFFICE OF THE EUROPEAN MISSION

MUSEUM-6910

5 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

... ..
surely ate a lot. They not only had a variety of dishes, but they had a lot of every-
thing. It was good. There were three tables and they were all decorated with green
and gold paper and the center pieces were yellow tulips and yellow iris. They were
surely lovely. The girls gave me a big bunch of flowers to bring home with me. They
had a great gold and green cake, which one of the girls had made and decorated with
gold and yellow. On top in silver bead candies she had printed "We will gather Treasures
of Truth". It was a lovely cake. She is a cook at a big girls school in London, so
she ought to know how to make cakes. Well, anyway, we had a good time.



Howard is working on genealogy tonight. I don't know whether we have found anything worthwhile or not, but he is getting it ready to send home. Last time I was at the Museum library I looked for Wilkins and Roxins and I haven't had time yet to find out if any of the information checks up. This genealogy is certainly the most interesting work, but it surely takes a lot of time and expense to do it right. I surely hope we can find something. I got the book out of the library that was a history of the Mainwaring family. It doesn't have anything in it other than what Grandfather has, I don't think. It was surely interesting though and I was so interested in reading about our ancestors and how they came here. The name of our great ancestor was Runulphus de Mesnil Warin (Runulphus of Manor Warren) who had a brother named William De Warren and they both came over with William the Conqueror. William married into royalty, but Runulphus carried on the commoner line, although the two lines are united by marriage in some of the families. It surely was very interesting and there have been some wonderful characters in the Mainwaring history. I also learned that the name has been spelled 133 different ways, so there's no telling who our relatives might be.

By the way, Mother, I forgot to tell you when I last wrote that we stopped in to see the Rosetta stone when we were there that afternoon. I had been right passed it, but hadn't seen it. It is surely the most interesting thing. I read all about it on a little book attached to the stand, but I have almost forgotten it now. It is a large black (basalt, I believe they call it) stone about three feet square (It would be if it were square) and the face of it has been beautifully smoothed and polished and then the characters made on it. I guess you know about as much about it as I do. It really is interesting, however. I wish you could see it.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Telephone
MUSEUM-6910

OFFICE OF THE EUROPEAN MISSION

15 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

June 19, 1934

Dear Ones,

I was so disappointed this morning when I didn't get a letter with the States mail, but I was made twice glad when one came a little later from Mother. It surely made me feel awfully glad and I read every word of it with so much interest. We haven't had any letters for about a week, so we were looking forward to mail day with anticipation. We also received a letter from Sister Cullimore, so think ourselves fortunate.

I am so glad to learn that you are going to have a little trip up to Moscow. It will be good for all of you and I know you will enjoy it. Gene sent me (I mean us) an invitation, too, and I was surely proud of it. He's the first in the family to graduate from a university and we should all be proud of him. (Of course, I mean he's the first of the children, because Dad's got his university training.) I'd certainly like to have been there to the exercises with you all and met Annie, etc., but we surely can't be in more than one place at a time, so I must be content here a while longer. But I have been thinking of you all and wondering if you had a pleasant time and enjoyed it.

Mother, I had to laugh at your letter. You must have been writing it all day. You said at the beginning that Gladys was still in bed and Dad had gone to school and then at the close you said that the car had come, so you'd have to get supper. It was a long letter--and a good one.

It was a good little article in the Era about the basketball boys, wasn't it? We were surprised to see it, because we didn't think they were going to print it. I am quite thrilled about it and we are going to put one in our scrapbook. The boys have done well. They played another game the other night and won 40-36. I went to the game and enjoyed it very much. They have had another picture taken, so I hope they will turn out alright.

Well, we have had a busy week the past week. The time has gone by so fast that we hardly know when one day stops and another begins. It surely is surprising how fast the time goes when one is busy. The funny part about this work is that one never gets tired of it. There hasn't been a day when I have wanted the clock to hurry around so we could quit, unless I was especially anxious to go somewhere or something. But we do enjoy it. Of course, we have little tiffs now and then and some things aren't so good at times, but we certainly can't complain. We all get along so well here.

President and Sister Merrill came home last Wednesday morning. They got in about noon. We were busy all that day getting things sort of settled, although they were on the job five minutes after they got home. They are the queerest people that way. That evening Sister Robison and Brother and Sister Peterson who are going to Sweden came in from Plymouth and we had the basketball that evening. The next day we were busy with letters and President Merrill had meetings about all day with the visitors. On Friday Howard was out sightseeing with them all day long. They surely appreciated his taking them around. He knows a lot about London and I guess they were quite well informed when they got through. Brother and Sister Peterson are just dear and Howard surely liked them. Sister Robison is wonderful, too, and we just love her. They have all been very nice to us.

On Saturday after we got our work through we left for Aldershot, about sixty miles from

here. I believe I told you that we were going down there to the military Tattoo. We couldn't get away earlier, but we had a nice little train ride and it only took us an hour to get there. This sister who lives there is a wonderful woman. She is so much like Aunt Jennie and I surely liked her a lot. Her two daughters, the husband of one and the boy friend of the other all came down, and her husband and son were there so we had quite a big family. They live in this nice town of Aldershot of about 30,000 people, but they have the nicest little place near the outskirts of town in a new section and they have a garden, etc. We did have such a nice time. They just treated us royally.

That evening we went to the Tattoo. I just wish I could describe it all for you. It was wonderful. There were 5,000 soldiers taking part in it. The arena, as they call it, is a great grass plot right among the trees and they have big grandstands built all around one end of it. Then they had a castle built out of wood and canvas, painted along one side facing the woods. The soldiers were all hidden by the trees before the performance. There were I guess more than 70,000 people there to see it and it was a spectacle to just see that great crowd. We got standing room and sat on the sand and grass. It was a little hard, but we had a good place and surely enjoyed. The performance didn't start until 9:40, but we had to be there about seven in order to get good places (cheap).

The program consisted of the marching of the bands (and they were wonderful), both on foot and on horseback, a wonderful physical training drill in which about 1,000 men took part, the staging of a battle, the Battle of Namur around 1600 A.D., somewhere in Belgium, visions from Tannhauser, the scene of James II reviewing a cavalry demonstration, and the last was what they called a summons to the Empire or something. Well, it was all marvelous. They had the field lighted by about a dozen great flood lights and the soldiers surely did look wonderful in the light. In the staging of the Battle, all the soldiers had lovely silk uniforms like those of the Colonial days. During the cavalry demonstrations before James II they had some jousts on horseback, which were interesting. They brought the King in in his sedan chair and their were ladies dressed in beautiful gowns. It was all very interesting. The last scene was perhaps the best of all. All the soldiers had flash lights with different colors and they marched to form different things. It was a great performance. Then at the last the whole group was arranged in the center, with costumes of the different soldiers from all over the dominions of the Empire--Indian, Egyptian, etc. The physical training drill was about as good as any, too. All the men were dressed in white shorts and jerseys with red socks. They surely made a wonderful sight with the strong lights playing on them. I enjoyed that, and they moved with perfect precision.

We had to walk out to the arena and back, which was about two miles or more. We didn't get home until about 1:30 and it was about 2:30 before we all got the sand washed off and got into bed. I was terribly tired and I had one of those funny spells in my throat so that I couldn't talk. (The cold is just breaking now and it surely is driving me crazy.) It was surely goofy out to the arena. When the show started the people instead of staying sat down started to stand up. Some were standing and some were sitting and those who were sitting wanted the others to sit and they wouldn't. They surely did make a fuss. All of a sudden you'd hear someone start singing "Sit down, sit down, sit down, sit down", to the tune of one of these funny trumpet automobile horns. Then the orange peels and banana peels did fly at them (Everyone over here takes something to eat when they go anywhere. Even in the movies they are all the time eating candy, oranges, apples, or sandwiches. It's the darndest.) Finally, when some of them wouldn't sit down they started wrapping great heaps of sand in newspapers and letting them fly. It really got quite disgusting after a while, because the sand went in everyone's hair and on their clothes and was a mess, but everyone thought it was swell. Fortunately, we were at the back, so we didn't get any of it. There was one lady who wouldn't sit down. She had a little kid sitting on an iron pipe rail and she got so angry because people kept shouting at her. And every time she said anything she emphasized it by banging the poor little kid down harder on the rail. It's a wonder she didn't bust him. We surely had to laugh at her.

1934

On June 27, we held a District Relief Society Convention, which was attended by ~~President~~ Louise Y. Robinson, General President of the Relief Society. It was our good fortune to become well acquainted with Sister Robinson and when she left she presented me with a pair of ^{Louise's} white gloves. I had sent a letter ahead of her to the SS Manhattan and she wrote aboard ship, "When I left the continent and again when leaving England, I wondered if I had ^{any} the least bit of good by coming to Europe. Your letter was an answer to my question and such a happy answer. I cannot think that I brought anything to you and Brother Cullimore, but I appreciated all that both of you did for me and shall ever cherish your friendship!"

United States

July 4 While Joseph P. Kennedy was Ambassador to the Court of St. James, ~~it~~ it was the custom to hold an open-house on July 4, for all Americans in England. ~~On July 4, 1934~~ That year, we debated whether we should go, but some of the other ~~other~~ missionaries were attending, so we decided to go with them. I took my pride in hand and dressed in the best that I had--a suit which ~~was well~~ was well worn with a matching hat with a ~~hole~~ hole in the veil. It was a memorable afternoon and we enjoyed wandering over the spacious grounds and being served strawberries and cream from the booths set up in tents for this purpose. I'm sure many illustrious people were there, but the only one we recognized was Thelma Todd, the movie actress. In going through the reception line, we were introduced to the young ~~men~~ Kennedys, who would later aspire to the Presidency of the United States.

Howard ~~was~~ was always being called upon to show people around London or do assignments of some kind for them and a Dr. Callison while there invited us to attend "Mary, Queen of Scots" with her. It was a most enjoyable evening. ~~I had always~~

London, July 16, 1934

Dear Ones at Home,

Here's the middle of July again. It hardly seems possible that the years and months fly around so fast. It will soon be four years since we were up at Palmyra and had such a good time. Hasn't the time gone in a hurry?

I can't remember now whether I answered Mother's last letter or not. I do get so mixed up with so many people to write to. No, I guess I haven't answered it, as I find it here in my desk. It was surely a newsy letter and I was so glad to get it. It was written on a Sunday, but which one I don't know. I'll try to comply with all the demands and look up the Rosetta stone, etc., as you say. I'm glad you received the snaps alright, etc., etc.

We've had quite a busy week, but still we don't seem to have accomplished much. It seems like the days do go so fast, that about all we get done is eating and sleeping and a little typing. One night last week Howard had to go to Primary, another night we spent in the park reading and gabbing to one another, another night we went for a long walk uptown, another night we went with Brother Mead (our convert friend) and his girl friend to a show at the largest movie (cinema in Britain) theatre in Europe. It was quite interesting, but they should see Roxey's or Radio City if they want to know something about size. Another night we took Forsbergs to a show and Saturday night I spent about three hours putting seven patches on a suit of Howard's underwear. I told him then that I didn't think I'd attempt making another suit for him.

Yesterday we went out to a place called Letchworth to attend meetings. It's the first time I had ever been out there and I quite enjoyed it. There is one old lady out there and she has four daughters who are all married and have families, except one, and they constitute the branch. They have just had a big quarrel, but I think it is all fixed up nice now. Anyway, we had two good meetings, although the Sunday School was rather a flop, as far as the adult class went. ~~At the evening meeting~~ ~~ing~~ We had "tea" at the home of one of the daughters and it was quite nice. After tea we went to evening meeting. There were four investigators there and they seemed to enjoy it quite a lot. I enjoyed the meeting too.

Perhaps the part I enjoyed most was the ride out and back, although I got pretty tired before we got home at 10:45 last night. The boys, Howard and Brother Durham, had to stand up nearly all the way home as the bus was so crowded. Howard gave his seat to a lady and by the time we got to her stop I was getting quite a conversation with her. However, I didn't have a ~~xxx~~ chance to tell her about Mormonism. When she left she gave me a great bunch of flowers--delphiniums, flox, marigolds, and snap-dragons (antyrinum, they call them here). It surely is lovely. She said they had been given to her and she already had so many at home she couldn't enjoy them all. I surely will.

The country out there is wonderful. There's nothing like the English country. It's all rolling hills with lovely trees and green fields (only now they are getting brown because of the lack of rain) with sheep and cows here and there. There are

work. Then we went out and did our shopping and had lunch and then got ready to go to a reception which the Ambassador to the Court of St. James was giving. He gives one every year for the Americans who are in London. I didn't have any idea what it would be like nor what was appropriate to wear, but we took a chance any way and I wore my beige suit (with orange and brown strips, you know) and the hat to match.

Of course, being only poor Mormon missionaries, we didn't go in any two-block limousines, but I doubt if we could have got ours crowded in if we had had one. Park Lane was packed with great, long, shiny motors. Prince's Gate where the house is located is a sort of court affair off the main road. There was an awning stretched out over the stairway, you know like they do. When we got there, people were coming from every which way and it was surely interesting to watch them. There were chauffeurs everywhere and people at the door to greet everyone as they came. We had to hand in our invitation and then we passed into a lovely little round hallway to another door where a man in livery announced "Mr and Mrs. Cullimore" and we passed through the door to greet the Ambassador, his wife, the Consul (I believe), a young man and the Ambassador's daughter. We shook hands with them and said a polite "how-do-you-do" and passed through that little round reception room out into a great sun-room, which was beautifully decorated with flowers, etc., and then out onto a big porch from which steps led down to the garden. Well, I never was so surprised to see such a big garden and so many people behind those plain old buildings. It was quite the loveliest thing. I just wish you could have seen it. It was just like the garden parties you see in the movies. There was a canvas alcove arranged for the big band which they had and which played lovely music all during the reception. There was another awning about a half block long which housed the refreshment tables (buffet style where you helped yourself to strawberries and whip cream, ice-cream, cake, lemonade, orangeade, sandwiches, and anything else you could think of) and a hat-check stand, etc. There were over a thousand people there I guess and it was quite the most exciting thing I have ever been to.

Babe, I wish you could have been there to see the people. I never thought I'd get to see such a sight in London. It was just like the movies. I surely would have liked knowing who everyone was. The women were all dressed in their lovely afternoon dresses--long flowing skirts and big floppy garden hats. They were wonderful. There were stout older ladies in lovely laces and chiffons and young women in taffetas and organdies and they did look beautiful. Some of the

everything about your mail from home for about three weeks and I'm beginning to think that all of you have forgotten about us. Please remember to tell us all about Annie and if you had a good time at the U and what you did, etc.

My gosh, the time is flying by so fast that I just don't seem to know where the days go. We'll be packing up to leave before we know it. The days are nothing but one long day, with hardly time to sleep. But the sooner the quicker for me. (Howard is gabbing to two fellows about transportation and I may get some Copenhagens, Le Havres, Hamburgs, etc., mixed up with this before I'm through.)

Well, the first thing of interest to report is a letter I received yesterday from Preston Hoopes. It seems like he is getting right into the work, for this is what he says: "This is the swellest and most wonderful work in the whole world. In fact there are not enough adjectives in our Webster's to describe it. I am thoroughly enjoying every minute and the only desire that I have is to be prayerful, humble, do my work well, and be a District President. However the latter is far beyond my expectations". I was awfully glad to read those lines because it seems as if he really has the spirit of his mission. I hope he'll make good. He also said right at the end, "When you write to Gladys again, tell her to at least drop me a Christmas card". So, you had better help him along a little with a line or two. You'd better address it to ~~5 Gordon Square, London, W. C.~~ ~~the British Mission Office, as there are the two offices in this building now, you know~~ ~~5 Gordon Square, London, W. C.~~ him c/o British Mission Office (be sure to put British Mission Office, as there are the two offices in this building now, you know) 5 Gordon Square, London, W. C. I know he'll appreciate hearing from you.

We've had the darndest lot of returning missionaries through here the last few days. They started to come in on Sunday and they have been pouring through ever since. Talk about a mess. Sometimes we have had as many as ten in the office at once. It surely makes a muddle. There are about thirty going home on the boat that leaves tonight. Besides missionaries we've had some visitors in who just came over from Utah--some of Howard's old friends and others. And then with Sister Robison being here, we certainly have had a busy house.

Night before last we had a real treat. One of Howard's relatives, who married a missionary and came over here to go home with him, and her husband came in Monday, so since they hadn't seen one another (He knew both of them, as they are from Pleasant Grove) for such a long time, we decided to go out to a show together and spend the evening. Well that afternoon another friend of Howard's from Pleasant Grove came in with his little French bride (He's been

Sept 14 - 1934

We had two pleasant afternoons this week, which broke the monotony a little. On Tuesday, Mr. Bryde, the special agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Liverpool, was in London and as Howard does quite a lot of correspondence with him, he asked us to take tea with him. It was rather fun. We took a bus up to Piccadilly Circus and then went over to the Piccadilly Hotel on Regent Street. The tea room wasn't very large, but it was surely lovely. We had little thin sandwiches, hot chocolate and cakes - a regular English tea. We had a chance to tell Mr. Bryde something about Mormonism and ~~just~~ had a very nice time. I quite enjoyed it. Regent Street is one of the most exclusive shopping streets in London - if not the most exclusive. It is a lovely street, too, with nice new-looking buildings. That's where I'm going to buy your linen.

After tea we went for a long walk. We were really in search of a good movie to go to. But if you would believe it, we couldn't find any that appealed to us out of about a dozen different ones. Finally, we ended up by taking a bus to the Marble Arch and then walking home down Oxford Street, Tottenham Court Road and Torrington Square. We had a lovely walk. It was warm and was a nice evening.

Yesterday we were invited by a representative of the Western Union Company to go out and inspect the plant here in London. This man comes to see us quite often and is very pleasant. Howard has had several good talks with him. He wanted us to see the way the cables are sent, etc., so asked us to go out yesterday. It was surely interesting. The Assistant Superintendent took us through and explained it all to us. It was a surprise to me to see how simply it is done. They have machines which work something like a typewriter and as soon as the message is clicked out it is received in New York. They have one cable through which they can send eight messages at a time and receive that many at the same time. That's quite wonderful when you stop to think of it. While we were there we sent a message to New York, asking how the weather was. We had just sent the message and moved to another ~~new~~ machine when the answer came clicking in. We learned that it was cool and cloudy and threatened to rain. It was surely interesting. I couldn't understand a lot of the mechanical part, but I was interested in the sending and receiving end of it, anyway.

Some hot milk and toast and then went for a little walk, went to a matinee and then walked all around Piccadilly, the Strand, Leicester Square, etc. There were so many people that one could hardly move along some of the streets. I never got quite so sick of seeing poverty and misery as I did that day. I know these people are down and out and poor, but why they should be dirty and vulgar as well I can't understand. They just don't seem to care what they are nor how they look. I was perfectly disgusted before we got home. But I felt better after we had some lettuce and tomato salad and bread and milk. We really enjoyed the day very much - just getting away from everything and having a good time by ourselves. I get so fed up with this office all the time. We're never by ourselves and we never can get away from it all unless we just go out somewhere and stay all day.

On Thursday this week Sister Woodbury and I and Sister Horner are going down to the Regent Park open air theatre to see Romeo and Juliet. I have been wanting to go for some time, but we didn't get around to it. I believe it will be quite

Aug. 25/34

Well, enough about that. I just have to blow off steam sometimes. Now for a little news. We really haven't been doing much interesting, although we had two or three interesting times last week. On Thursday Dr. Callison (a lady friend of Sister Merrill's who is visiting here) invited Howard and me (No, it was Wednesday) to go with her and Sister Merrill to see "Mary, Queen of Scots". We were tickled to get the invitation and I surely enjoyed the evening. I wish you could have been there with us. You surely would have enjoyed it. It was a drama, of course, and was the most wonderful thing. We had ~~xxx~~ seats about twelve rows back from the front (85¢ seats) and it was surely lovely. We were on the first row back of the dress circle and it was interesting to sit there and watch the people come in in front of us with their evening dresses and suits on. Oh, it was real fun. The play was grand. It was the story of Queen Mary of Scotland and how she lost all her power, etc., by trying to ~~vixx~~ vie with Queen Elizabeth of England.

1934 August 14: I spent a most enjoyable afternoon on Thursday at the Regent Park open-air theatre. ~~I do wish you could all have been there to see "Romeo and Juliet" with me.~~ It was delightful. The paper's comment on the performance was not favorable, but I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it. It's the first Shakespeare play I have ever seen and I was much enthused. The gardens and scenery around the stage was lovely and added a lot to it, although it was rather hard at times to get the right feeling for the scenes which were supposed to be indoors. The costumes were lovely and I have never seen anything more gripping than the scene in which Juliet was lying on a mauve draped slab, in a beautiful silver dress when Paris came and left a great bunch of lavender Amaryllis beside her. When Romeo came he was dressed in black and white with a great black flowing capel. The colors all just seemed to blend and harmonize so well that it was perfect. It was a stirring scene.

Yesterday we spent another interesting hour. We decided to go and find "The Old Curiosity Shop" which Dickens wrote about. Sister Woodbury went with us. We went around to the back of the Stahle Theatre (where we always go for seven pence -15 cents) and ran right into it. Well, it is a curiosity--the quaintest little place. The door is barely big enough to go through and one almost has to stoop to go inside. It's the tiniest little room with one little showcase and a chair and some book shelves, etc., behind the counter. They sell etchings, plaques, etc., and souvenirs there now. The roof is of slate and is old and warped and the boards outside are all scratched and rotting in spots.

Feb. 5, 1934: (Regarding a visit to St. Paul's Cathedral) *****and the singing was nice, but the service was very cold and formal. We enjoyed it, though and after the service we wandered around the building. It's quite marvelous and the paintings and work is quite pretty, but it doesn't begin to compare with the Library of Congress in Washington. However, for being so old, it is a marvelous building. At any rate, we have seen St. Pauls. After leaving the Cathedral (By the way, this cathedral is built on Ludgate Hill where Paul is supposed to have preached to the people on a visit to Britain) we walked down Ludgate Hill and down to the Embankment. We passed what is known as "The Temple". It is more or less of a series of apartment houses enclosed by iron fences with lovely parks and gardens. In these quarters professional men live and have their offices. There are supposed to be a lot of lawyers (barristers) living there.

London from memory
Aug. 9 - Romeo and Juliet at St. James Park open-air theater. See letters.
Aug. 11 - Old curiosity shop
Aug. 23 - visit to Stoke Poges, Stratford and Warwick Castle.

Sept. 11, Howard was to meet Mr. Bride of the Pennsylvania Railroad, through whom the trips home were booked, and he invited us to tea. It was a thrill to me to have tea at the Piccadilly. Afterward we visited the cable offices. See letters.

Sept. 28 - Change of guard at St. James Palace
Sept. 30, we took a stroll through Petticoat Lane

Oct. 3, the North London branch held a farewell party for us. It was the first time in years that a party had been held for departing missionaries. (See letters)

Oct. 4. Attended Androcles and the Lion with Dr. and Mrs. Russell, a couple who had been particularly good to all the missionaries.

Last week was busy, but this week has been even more so. Monday night was Priesthood meeting, Tuesday night was Primary. Wednesday night we were out to an M. I. A. social at West London. It was quite fun. They had a cockney play & it was surely funny. (Glad, this is an expression I got out of it, that nearly floored me. One of the fellows had made an insulting remark & a lady turned to her husband & said "Father, if you were any kind of a man, you'd dot him in the eye for that." Did I laugh. Especially when it was said in Cockney.) Thursday night we were out to Mutual at North London. Last night we went out to see the transseau of one of the sisters who is getting married. We had an awfully good time & I had one of my desires satisfied. Ever since I've been here, I've had a great desire to see inside a real English mansion. I got it yesterday. We went from the coal bin to the attic & I saw most everything. The young lady we went to see is a cook in the family of a wealthy shoe manufacturer. The family (consisting of three) was out, so she showed us through the house. They only have four servants on the staff now (besides the gardeners & chauffeur) where they used to have seven, so you can tell about what kind of a place it would be. I was very interested. The house is just being painted all over inside, so it was pretty well torn up, but it was interesting to see

it anyway. They had a lovely garden at the back,
too & we had a walk in it. We ate supper
in the kitchen & the house maid ate with us.
We had a good time. The future wife - ~~promised~~
(was also there & after supper we saw the three-
year which was quite nice. It was an in-
teresting evening.

She hasn't heard a word from Merrill
since they left. I don't suppose we will
until they come walking in some day when
we're least expecting them. I surely do hope
they get their eyes full & get sharp
up a bit. It will do them both good. She
it. It will be good to having to listen
+1. T.M. - about

be grand, but we can't tell right now just when we'll be released. Later on, when Merrills are back, we might get an inkling. It's a sure thing that Merrills will keep us until they get good & ready to let us go. It would surely be wonderful though if we could all be in New York & Washington for a while together & then have the trip home. As soon as we can find out the least thing about it, we'll surely write & let you know.

We haven't an idea yet of what we'll do when we get back to the U. S. I don't think we'll be settling in the East. Mother, so don't worry about it. We want to get closer home, too. If Howard could get another year of school, it would be fine but we don't know a thing about what we'll try to do. I'm sure we'll be coming home, first or way, as I couldn't stand not to be home for a little while before we go out to "seek our fortune". So be prepared to get the "refrig" full of ice-cream & plenty of beefsteak for our home-coming. It won't be long.

Yes, we're both feeling fine now. Spring has come for sure now. The last two days have been awfully warm. Yesterday I went to the Cun. Lines office with Howard & we walked back from Trafalgar Square & I was about dead by the time we finally got here. It surely was awfully hot. By the way your letter read, things are even more advanced there than here. The lilacs just came out here last week. It surely does seem to have everything fresh & green again.

10 1000 1000

Sept 8 1934

The thing which has been occupying my time lately were four copies of booklets which President Merrill asked me to make. This winter the Sunday Dispatch carried articles every Sunday on "What Shall Man Believe?" which were explanations of the different beliefs or prominent churches in England. We had a very fine article, and we thought it would be a good thing to have all of them together for a reference book for our library. Brother Hinckley was supposed to have made them, but by the time the articles had all been published, he hadn't done anything toward pasting them in a book. So, President Merrill asked me to do it. I was glad because I like that sort of thing and I thought I could do a better job of it than Brother Hinckley, anyway. It was quite a job, though. I had four booklets to make and I had to get the paper, etc., and then make the articles fit. It surely took a lot of cutting and fitting and pasting to make some of them fit the sheets ~~xxx~~ as they were all sizes - some broad and some long. But I finally got them done and all of them thought I had done a fine job. There were thirty pages in each and I bound them myself and put a nice brown cover on them. They made nice looking books when I had finished and President Merrill seemed quite pleased with the job I had done on them. I guess he didn't know how much experience I had had in pasting and fitting.

Another thing which I had to do was the typing of a Genealogy Handbook which Sister Merrill has just translated from German. It was quite a job, but it didn't take me very long. I have typed all the material we have here now. Sister Salzner in the Swiss-German Mission is to send back a few more pages when she has read them (she arranged the German book) and then I can finish it up. These were the two big jobs I had to do and I'm glad they're off. I guess there will be plenty more, however, before I leave, because they'll give me everything there is to get it done while I'm here. I don't mind, however, because it makes the time go so much faster if we have plenty to do. Yesterday I had a very busy day and sent out about 25 letters and the time just flew.

We had quite a good time on that shopping trip. Someone had told Sister Woodbury that if we went down on Rupert Street we could get things cheaper than we could up on Oxford Street - the main shopping district. We didn't know what we were getting into, but when we started up the street, it surely looked funny. All the shops had their goods right out on the street on stalls. There was hardly room for a vehicle to pass in the road and the sidewalks were only about two feet wide. It was a Jewish dump and the Jews were as thick as flies. Whenever we stopped to look in the windows, there were two or three people at our elbows wanting us to come in and buy or look. Talk about the high-powered salesmanship. We surely got a dose of it that day. But it taught us a good lesson. Don't ever try to get anything for nothing. It was quite funny.

staying there, ~~we are unable to find anything for even a short time.~~ We should be able to find something by Christmas or the first of the year and then we'll do what we can to help him with his mission. We have borrowed quite a tidy sum from you now, so that we ought to be able to help quite a lot by paying it back to you. I surely do hope that we can find something so that we can send it to you and let Gene get off on his mission soon. The sooner he goes, the better, to my way of thinking. It would be a wonderful experience and would add a lot to the experience he has already had. We'll surely do our best to help him.

It was good to hear about Larry signing checks. Even if he can't sign them for himself, perhaps it gives him some consolation to be able to sign some for someone else. Is the job permanent now, or is he still just temporary. I surely wish he could find something real good and be able to settle down and live like they should. It's been a tough grind for both of them, I think. I'd like to see them get straightened around soon now. I think they deserve it. It will be great if Larry can finish next spring.

Mother, your letter sounds as if you have been plenty busy with Whooppee Days and peaches and relatives and trips, etc. I remember last year when we were in the midst of the peach-bottling. Gosh, how we'd like some of them right now. Howard bought me a peach - one lone peach - the other day for about 7 cents and it surely tasted good. They are so darn expensive over. Some of them are as high as \$1.25 apiece. How can missionaries afford to eat peaches at that price when that would buy two bushel at home. It's fierce. Cantaloupes and melons are about \$1.00 apiece and then they aren't any good. We get good apples and tomatoes, bananas and oranges, plums, etc., rather inexpensively, however, and they taste pretty good to us. While you are making jelly, Mother, will you remember us with a bottle or two? It surely will come in handy and Howard likes it so much. The stuff we get here is terrible - adulterated and tasteless.

I shan't forget those in a hurry and I'm certainly grateful for the opportunity I've had of being here. I had hopes of doing big things when I came, but I've certainly failed in that--at least I can't see that I have accomplished anything. It's all such a muddle. If there were someone to talk to and get advice from once in a while, it would be a little better, but there isn't anyone who can help me -- at least there isn't anyone to whom I can take my doubts and questions. It only worries Howard, so I've quit trying to make him understand how I feel. It's a great life, isn't it?

Anyway, three weeks from today we leave for Rotterdam. We are both getting quite excited about the trip. It will be wonderful to have three whole days in Paris. We ought to be able to see quite a lot in that time, hadn't we. At least, we'll see some of the most important things and will be able to say we've been there. I've always had a great desire to go to Paris and now that the opportunity has come, I can hardly realize it.

Our successor comes in next Monday. There's only going to be one fellow to take both our jobs. Did I tell you all that before. I don't know how he'll get along with it, but I think it's a mistake to bring only one in. Don't think I'm bragging when I say it, but I don't think another person from the mission field could do the work I've done in the time I've done it. I may be wrong, but I haven't seen anyone over here yet who could do it. I've put out a lot of typing since I came.

It's nearly time for dinner and we must go up and get something going. It seems as if we just turn around when it's time to eat again. The days surely do go fast lately.

I hope we get something on the mail Saturday. I haven't had much to write about this time, but thought I'd better write something, so you'd know we are alright, etc.

Give our love to all the folks. Take care of yourselves and be good.

Love,

Lucile.

Yesterday we had a very interesting experience. We didn't go to Sunday School but instead visited Petticoat Lane down near Aldgate. It seems to be the busy day for that section of town. It is mostly a Jewish section and, of course, since the Jews have their Sabbath on Saturday, they are going full blast on Sunday. I wish you could have seen the jumble of little booths all up and down the street - just as close together as they could get. Everything you could imagine was sold there from toothbrushes to suits and dresses - right out on the street. It was quite interesting.

Last night we went to North London for the last meeting we will attend there. On Wednesday they are giving a little farewell

Last week was so very full. I don't know whether Howard told you about it or not. On Tuesday we worked all day and then went out to Brentwood, about 18 miles from here, to visit with some young people from Salt Lake City. The man is a native of England who married this girl in Salt Lake. She is a cousin of Fern Sharp at Thornton. We had a lovely evening with them. They paid our way out and gave us a lovely dinner besides. I surely enjoyed it.

Oct. 1-1934
On Wednesday we went out to visit the old lady to whom Howard administered, as you will read in the "Star". It was surely a pitiful sight to see them living under the conditions there, but we were greatly touched by our visit. No elders have visited them for about three years or more and the husband has been so very sick and she has, too. She was so tickled over our going to visit with her that she just talked all the time and couldn't even eat her "tea". She gave us cocoa and cakes and was so pleased to have us there. The old gentleman, too, was very pleased with the visit. He was in an accident a few years ago and has been very feeble ever since. But he talked a lot and seemed to enjoy our visit.

us. I don't know what they intend to do, but I guess they have some surprises for us. They are the darndest people. It just seems as if there isn't enough they can do for us. It will be hard to leave them. I have surely learned to like them a lot - rough and crude as some of them are.

We have so much to do in the next few days that I don't know when we will ever get it all done. I am going to try to take the next three days off to go up and finish packing and do some more mending and pressing. It just seems as if I can't get anything done. I have been working in the office right up to now, but I think I won't come down any more. I don't suppose President Merrill will like it, but I have to have some time to get ready.

Mrs. Heidinger, our housekeeper, is still bringing us things. Since I told you of the last she has brought us a plum pie (cobbler), a heavy cake and this morning a Christmas pudding which takes two hours' heating to make it right for eating. We had to throw most of the cake away as we couldn't eat it, but I don't know what we will do with the pudding. I'm

Grand Hotel de Versailles
60 Montparnasse
Paris, France
Oct. 7, 1934

Dear Ones,

We have just been in Paris a few hours & as we have had a good long walk, we're going to crawl in soon, but thought we'd write to our folks first.

The last week has been such a darn hectic one that we hardly know yet where we are. We were out somewhere every night last week & the week before. Last Tuesday the missionaries gave us a dinner at a lovely restaurant at the Marble Arch. We had a delightful time. On Wednesday the North London Branch gave a farewell social for us & it was surely fine. I was so pleased about it. They gave me a lovely pair of black & white gloves & Howard an expensive razor. It was surely lovely. I wish you could have heard all the wonderful things they said about us. Of course,

we don't deserve them - at least don't - but it surely made us feel awfully good.

The next evening while we were right in the middle of packing & Sister Russell called & wanted us to go out to dinner & to a play with them. She left everything & I went & I had a perfect time. They took us to a cute little Spanish Restaurant & we had the best dinner. Afterwards we saw Maliere's "Love Is The Best Doctor" (I think that was it) & Bernard Shaw's "Androcles & The Lion". It was really entertaining. He certainly enjoyed the evening immensely. We had to pack (finish) when we got home & didn't get through until 1:30.

We left London on Friday at 10:00 & crossed the Channel from Harwich to Flushing. He had a good crossing & weren't sick, although I got a little woozy when it was quite choppy. I slept most of the way over. We reached Rotterdam at 8:41 & Brother Lyon met us & we visited

with them a while. She stayed in the chapel building in a bedroom which the elders used to use. She ate our meals with Lyons, so it hardly cost us anything except for train fares.

Lyons's babies are darling. They are both beautiful babies & so healthy & strong. She surely enjoyed them. She manages quite well with them I think. She had a nice visit with her last night, but Brother Lyon had a conference on & wasn't home.

Yesterday we went to see the old church from which the Pilgrim Fathers left for Plymouth in the Speedwell. It was certainly an interesting old place. He also saw the spot where they embarked on the ship. Then we went on the train to the Hague & visited the Peace Palace. It was marvellous - so rich & luxurious. I can't explain it all now, but we quite enjoyed our trip there.

We left Rotterdam this morning at 11:30 & had a very good trip over. We had Customs inspection twice on the way at the borders of Belgium & France, but they found nothing dutiable in our luggage.

It was quite cold on the train, but we quite enjoyed it anyway. We were in the same compartment with an American gentleman who speaks about 5 languages, so we had quite a chat with him.

Tonight after we got settled we took a bus ride to the Arch of Triumph. It was all lit up tonight & is quite beautiful. It is a mammoth thing. Then we walked back to the hotel down the Avenue des Champs Elysees, Concorde, St Germain, etc., etc. It was all so interesting. There were crowds of people everywhere - walking or sitting at the sidewalk cafes. We got a real slant at Parisienne custom. It was all very interesting.

We have a nice room here. All the missionaries stay here when they are in Paris & the management is very good to us. They speak English which makes it easier. Tomorrow, we will see Sister Taspe & she has planned a regular tour for

so we should have a good time. They had invitations from two families here to dine with them and we don't even know them yet. They are young people from America who are here on business or something. One of them is in the American Consul office, I believe. They knew James and Grace or something. Anyway, we are bound to have a good time.

Tonight we had the experience of trying to get something to eat. By making motions and using what Spanish Howard could muster, we finally got a ham sandwich and a glass of hot milk. He had no trouble at all in Holland as most everyone seems to be able to understand and speak a little English.

Well, we're dead tired tonight so are going to pile in and get rested for tomorrow. I guess we'll be plenty tired before the week is out. We'll be seeing you before long. I hope.

Lone,
Lucile.

ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE
UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF REANDCO

*THE WIND AND
THE RAIN*

By MERTON HODGE

PROGRAMME

SIXPENCE

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME

OF

SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO

TO BE HELD AT

RUSHMOOR, ALDERSHOT

June 16th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, & 23rd

1934

Community Singing at 8.50 p.m.

Opening of Tattoo at 9.40 p.m.

*Proceeds devoted to the Military Charitable
Funds of the Aldershot Command*

The Publicity Arrangements and Programmes carried out by
GALE & POLDEN, LTD., WELLINGTON WORKS, ALDERSHOT
Also LONDON and PORTSMOUTH

(Copyright)

NEW THEATRE

ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.2

Licensed by the Lord Chamberlain to HOWARD WYNDHAM



GWEN FRANGCON-DAVIES
as MARY STUART

Lessees

THE WYNDHAM THEATRES, LTD.

Managing Directors

HOWARD WYNDHAM and BRONSON ALBERY

CHRONOLOGY OF MARY STUART

Born December 8th, 1542, daughter of James V. of Scotland and Mary of Guise.
Succeeded seven days later.

Betrothed to the Dauphin and sent to France at the age of seven.

Married the Dauphin, afterwards Francis II, April, 1558.

Returned to Scotland after the death of her husband, August, 1561.

Married Darnley, July, 1565. Darnley murdered, February 10th, 1567.

Married Bothwell, May 15th, 1567.

Queen's forces defeated at Carberry, June 15th, 1567.

Abdicated in Lochleven Castle, July 23rd, 1567.

Escaped to England after the Defeat of Langside, May, 1568.

Beheaded for plotting against Elizabeth, 1587.

LORD JAMES STUART was half-brother of Mary Stuart, being the illegitimate son of James V. of Scotland by Janet Erskine, sister of the Earl of Mar. He became Regent on Mary's abdication.

JAMES HEPBURN, EARL OF BOTHWELL, was, at the time of Mary's landing in Scotland, 26 years of age. He died in exile in Denmark during Mary's imprisonment in England.

BY ARRANGEMENT WITH H.M. OFFICE OF WORKS

THE OPEN AIR THEATRE

INNER CIRCLE GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK

LICENSED BY THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN TO SYDNEY W. CARROLL

TUESDAY, AUGUST 7th at 8.30

SYDNEY W. CARROLL and LEWIS SCHAUVERIEN

present

Shakespeare's

ROMEO AND JULIET



LIST OF

TOURIST CLASS PASSENGERS

S. S. MANHATTAN

The Largest Steamer Ever Built in America

FROM NEW YORK

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21ST, 1933

TO HAMBURG

VIA COB. PLYMOUTH AND HAVRE

UNITED STATES LINES

Roosevelt Steamship Co., Inc., General Agents

MISS MARRANE CROCKER

MISS EVELYN CROCKER

MISS RUTH CRONE

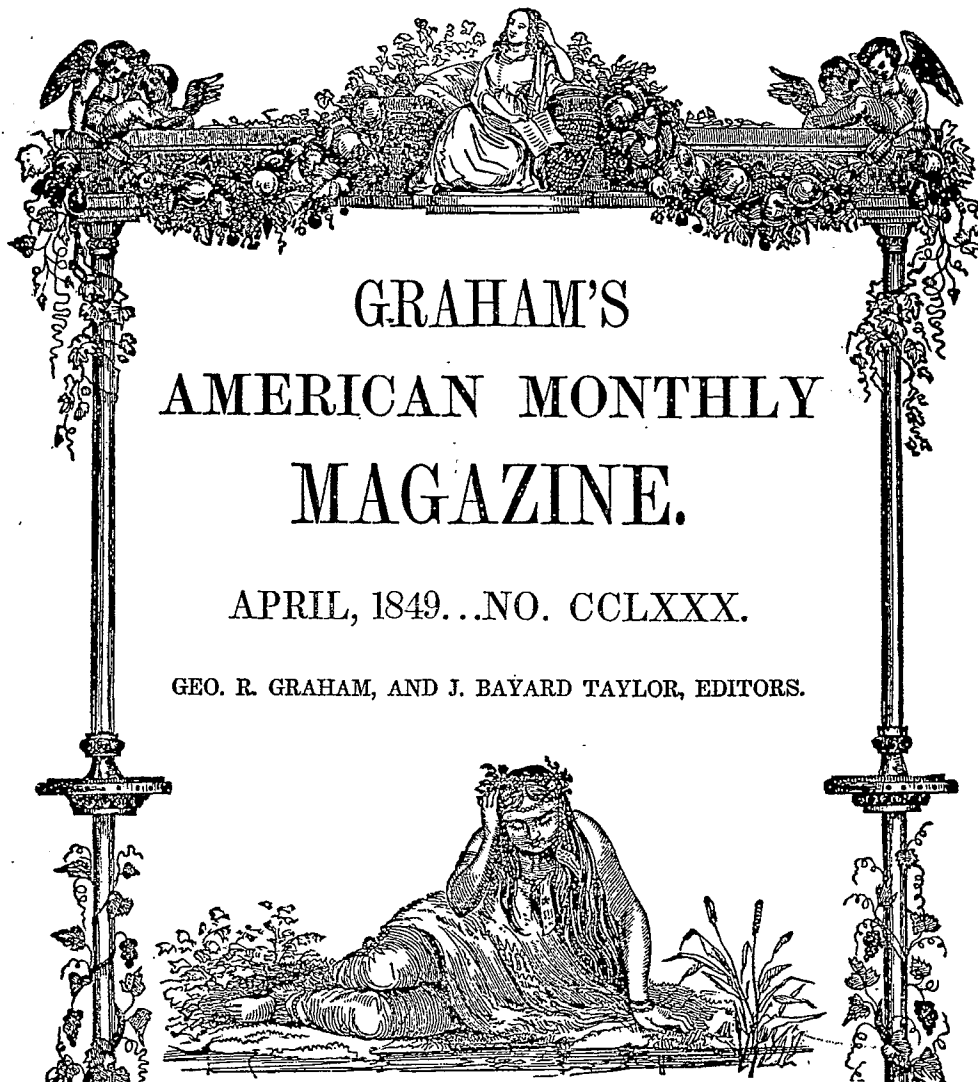
MR. SYLVESTER E. CRUMLEY

MRS. CRUMLEY

Mrs. LUCILLE M. CULLIMORE

PROFESSOR S. WATTS CUNNINGHAM

MRS. CUNNINGHAM



GRAHAM'S AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1849...NO. CCLXXX.

GEO. R. GRAHAM, AND J. BAYARD TAYLOR, EDITORS.

MORMON TEMPLE, NAUVOO.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

By permission of Mr. J. R. Smith, we have caused a view of the Mormon Temple at Nauvoo to be engraved from his splendid Panorama of the Mississippi, and we give the engraving in this number. As the building has been recently destroyed by fire, our engraving, the first ever published, acquires additional value. We copy from Mr. Smith's description of the Panorama, the following account of Nauvoo and the Temple:

"*Nauvoo*.—A Mormon city and settlement, now deserted. It is one of the finest locations for a town upon the river, it being situated at the second and last rapids below the Falls of St. Anthony, which extend from this place to Keokuk, a distance of 12 miles. The great Mormon Temple stands out conspicuous. It is the finest building in the west, and if paid for would have cost over half a million of dollars. It is built of a white stone, resembling marble, 80 feet

22*

front by 150 deep; 200 feet to the top of the spire. The caps of the pilasters represent the sun; the base of them, the half moon with Joe Smith's profile. The windows between the pilasters represent stars. A large female figure with a Bible in one hand is the vane. An inscription on the front, in large gilt letters, reads as follows:

"The House of the Lord, built by the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints. Commenced April 6, 1841. Holiness to the Lord."

There is in the basement of the temple a large stone-basin, supported by twelve oxen of colossal size, about fifteen feet high altogether, all of white stone and respectably carved. A staircase leads up to the top of the basin. It is the font where all the Mormons were baptized. It is seen in the Panorama standing aside the Temple, *but in the basement is its real situation.*

Boise - April 12, 1971

Dear Family,

On a freighter.

We are at home again after our fabulous trip to Peru. Just in case some of you might be interested in where we have been and what we have been doing, I am writing to all of you in order to save time. We hope we will hear how things have been with all of you in the 7 weeks we have been away.

It is really hard to express our feelings about this trip and the wonderful people we met and the experiences we had. It has been so relaxing and like a different world. The sea was beautiful and so interesting. We saw many groups of porpoises, flying fish which are just like little silver birds, turtles, snakes and all kinds of different birds. Sometimes we spent whole mornings just watching the ocean. Most of the women had knitting and embroidery and we exchanged books and played games in the evening. It was hard at first to learn to relax, but since we spent so many days just sailing, we did take advantage of it.

There were only ten passengers: a school superintendent (retired) and his wife and two widows (one 76 years old) traveling with them, all from California; another widow from California and one from Seattle traveling together; a Canadian couple and ourselves. We all dined in the dining room with the Captain and the officers, so it made a group of about 28 at mealtime and everyone was so congenial. The captain was a great story teller and mimic and kept us entertained a lot of the time. They all said we were a good group of passengers because we entertained ourselves which I guess some groups don't do. Anyway, mealtime was always enjoyed and the food was wonderful—a big choice for every meal.

Sailing from San Francisco (Oakland, really) we stopped at Wilmington near Los Angeles and four of us took the taxi to Knott's Berry Farm and spent most of a day; also some time in Long Beach. This was new to us and we enjoyed it very much. We had hoped to stop at Acapulco, Mexico, but had no cargo to discharge there, so missed going there, though we could see all of the big buildings from the ship.

Howard had looked forward so much to being able to practice his Spanish with the crew members, but it happened that our first steward was Chinese and we could not understand him well nor he us. However, he left the ship at L.A. and then we had a negro steward who was just wonderful. He had worked on some of the luxury liners and was really adept at all the fancy little touches in arranging our plates, etc. Others of the officers were Danish, Hungarian, Irish, some Spanish, the purser from Guam, and some just Americans. They were all so nice to us and we learned to appreciate all of them for their fine qualities—even though they were roughened men of the sea.

Howard became acquainted with everyone right off and was on congenial terms with all of them very soon and I had some very good chats. All of them wanted to talk and would hold you up for a long time when they were off duty and had an opportunity to visit. They would come into the dining room (which served as our lounge, too) at night and play games with us or watch us play. During working hours they were busy all the time repairing parts, painting and cleaning. It was not until about the fourth day out that any of us dared voice our thoughts when coming on board as the old Santa Victoria seemed so dirty and rusty and old—one of the oldest of the ships which now belongs to Skouras, the Greek ship magnate. But it was a wonderfully smooth sailing old vessel and we soon felt right at home with her.

Our first stop was at San Jose, Guatemala. Most of the ports were very small places and San Jose was just a stopping off place. We decided to take a car to Guatemala City, which turned out to be about 100 miles away, rather than 50 as they told us. Since the ship was anchored out in the harbor and was unloading into barges, we had

They even had a birthday party for Lucile in the Captains office with special goodies arranged by the steward and a big birthday cake dinner shared with the officers. It was such a big surprise.

PARADISE POSTINGS

BY KEDMAUTT

A cruise on a freighter which carries only a few passengers is much the nicest way to travel. That is the conclusion of Mrs. Emil Steinegger after taking such a trip this year down the west coast of Central and South America.

Mrs. Steinegger and a friend, Mrs. U. N. Orr, made the trip last February and March on a freighter, the Santa Victoria, which took them and eight other passengers as far south as Lima, Peru.

Mabel Steinegger had previously taken a Mediterranean tour on a ship which carried 600 passengers. She found that in such a large group there was little chance to make friends, especially since many of the passengers spoke different languages.

By comparison the journey on the smaller ship was much more fun. Not only did the passengers become friends, but they associated more with the ship's officers. Mrs. Steinegger found it fascinating to hear stories about the officers' experiences and to learn something about a way of life so different from her own.

Then too it was interesting when they were in port to watch the process of discharging cargo, and sometimes there was an opportunity to go ashore for some sightseeing.

At sea it was an informal and leisurely existence for the passengers. There was no hurrying to catch planes or worries about transferring baggage. Not to mention that on a ship you can bring along a great deal more baggage.

Among the passengers were two friends whom Mrs. Steinegger has known for many years, a retired Redwood City school superintendent and his wife. After hearing about the trip they decided they would like to go along and were fortunate enough to get passage due to a cancellation.

A couple from Boise, Idaho, a couple from Victoria, Canada, a woman from Seattle and one from San Leandro completed the passenger list. It turned out to be a very congenial group, the members of which have formed lasting friendships.

Asked how they filled in the time during the days at sea, Mrs. Steinegger said she never got bored for a minute. "I liked to be on deck most of the time," she said.

The days went fast. The women had brought along handwork. Passengers read a lot, played cards, did little chores or just talked. Sometimes there were flying fish or

dolphins to watch.

Breakfast was served from 7:30 to 8:30, lunch at 11:30, dinner at 5. After 5 p.m. they usually enjoyed a cocktail hour with the captain or in their staterooms. A little early for cocktails, Mrs. Steinegger admits, but what can you do when dinner is at 5 o'clock?

Evenings were delightful. They could watch the sunsets and the flying fish or take part in the activities aboard ship.

The weather was hot along the coast of Central America, but fairly cool along South America due to the currents sweeping up from the Antarctic.

Notices were put out every day giving the noon position by longitude and latitude, distance from the last port and next port, weather report, average speed and distance run.

The ship crossed the equator on March 10 at 5:23 p.m., but the passengers did not know they had crossed it until afterward. However, they got a rather gaudily illustrated certificate to mark the event.

When in port the ship became a busy place, and noisy, too. As soon as it arrived in port and stevedores were available to unload it, they started discharging cargo right then, day or night, and continued all night long. You could not get much sleep.

They never knew how long the unloading was going to take. Once they expected to leave at noon but actually did not get away until midnight.

At one port they were docked next to a freighter which was taking on a cargo of grain. For two days, 24 hours a day, the machinery noisily poured grain into the hold.

The Santa Victoria's passengers were happy to see this freighter steam out to sea, thinking now they would get some sleep. They were wrong. Immediately another freighter moved into its place to take on a load.

While in port in Buenaventura, Colombia, the passengers watched on television the Frasier-Clay fight broadcast by satellite. Glancing back through a porthole, they discovered a row of longshoremen lined up outside to watch the fight along with them.

The Central American countries are governed by the military. Armed guards and soldiers are to be seen in all the ports. Stealing is common. Whenever the ship came into a port, pantry, staterooms, everything had to be locked.

to be taken in a launch to the dock. Then we had one of the queerest experiences of the trip to be hoisted in a chair from the launch about thirty feet to the top of the dock. It was really a queer feeling, and Howard has never stopped laughing about it. Guatemala City was interesting, but one is so impressed with the abject poverty alongside the very beautiful and expensive buildings. Everywhere people jammed together on the streets. We visited a beautiful cathedral and drove past government square where national offices are, etc. It was such a long drive to get there that we had little time for sightseeing, but it was all interesting—a city of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ million people. Getting back to our ship was a real ordeal as it was dark when we got back and the sea was really choppy and lowering us in that old oak chair was something of an undertaking—also trying to get onto the gangplank when we arrived at the ship. We were all so thankful to get there safely and then we raided the pantry for sandwiches as we were all hungry. This country is under military rule and there were soldiers at all of the utility plants, and they also came aboard the ship just to keep track of things.

Most of these countries were under military rule except Costa Rica, and there were always soldiers aboard the ship. They say they are looking for handouts of liquor or cigarettes. They will bargain over anything they can get free and were often served in our dining room at meal times. Sometimes it was a little frightening to have them wandering through everywhere, and we had to keep our rooms locked and port-holes closed as people will steal anything they can.

We stopped next at Acajutla, El Salvador. Howard took a taxi trip with some of the others to a town a few miles away called Sonsonata. These were poor towns and not a great lot to see—except little shops opening right onto the sidewalks, oxen pulling carts, children going naked and food stands at frequent intervals. An American family came aboard here and we learned they were on a building mission from Ogden and were in San Salvador. Mrs. Parsons was so homesick and was tearful at finding someone from America and especially glad to learn that we were Mormons. Howard gave them some candy bars and they were so grateful to have them.

Much of the time while in port we watched the unloading process and it was a great education to us in the different kinds of equipment there is for unloading everything from automobiles to liquid soap base—powdered milk, rolls of paper, fertilizer, drums of oil. One could stand for hours and watch these processes going on. I think one of our biggest loads was 900 tons at one port. We couldn't imagine that the old ship could hold so much. There were other ships in port at times and they were so beautiful at night. The unloading went on all night and with it's becoming hotter all the time and the noise, we thought we could never sleep, but we slept right through it.

Approaching La Union, we could^{see} the coastline of three countries, El Salvador, Nicaragua, and Honduras. We did not spend much time at La Union and did not go ashore at Amapala, Honduras, as they unloaded by barge during the night. We went ashore at Corinto, Nicaragua, which was a small place, and decided to take a taxi to Chinendega which is about 15 miles away. It was a wild ride and we wandered through the streets looking in the shops which had mostly the same kind of goods we find in America. It was strange that there were so few advertising brochures, though these are not really tourist towns.

At Punterenas, Costa Rica, one had to reach the dock by climbing a metal stairway, which had us all a little frightened, but most of the group decided to go into town and take a train to San Jose. I stayed behind with one of the other women because neither of us was feeling very well. Howard said it was a very rewarding trip, but tiring. On most of these jaunts he had to sort of take charge because he spoke Spanish better than anyone and no one else seemed to know how to go about getting places. I guess they had a good day, but had lots to say about the over-crowded funny little train. It is not under military rule and Howard felt the people were more of a middle class than in most of the countries we visited. The scenery was beautiful and it was cool up in the mountains. Howard had a great time getting his ladies up and down the ladders on the pier and the oldest one got off on the wrong

PARADISE POSTINGS

BY KEDMA UTI

The freighter Santa Victoria sailed out of San Francisco Bay one day last February with a miscellaneous cargo for Central and South America. She also carried ten passengers, among whom were Sara Orr and Mable Steinegger of Paradise.

It had been expected a stop would be made at Acapulco, but since there was no cargo aboard destined for Mexico, the ship did not put in at that port, to the disappointment of the passengers.

The first stop was at San Jose de Guatemala, where they anchored a mile offshore. Mrs. Steinegger did not get off the ship there, but some of the passengers did. They were taken by lighter to the pier, where they were lifted by a crude chair lift to the dock above, a frightening experience, they reported.

They hired a car to take them to Guatemala City, not realizing what they were getting into. It was a long drive over bad roads, and they only had about an hour in the capital city.

When the ship stopped at Acajutla in El Salvador, the passengers went by taxi to the little town of Sonsonate, 20 miles away. It was tropical there, with beautiful trees, and very hot.

They would have liked to do some shopping in Sonsonate, where there were interesting things to buy, Mrs. Steinegger says, but they arrived during the long siesta, so all the stores were closed. The street markets were doing business, but their displays of fruit and vegetables did not look very palatable to the tourists.

At La Union, El Salvador, where the channel into the harbor is very tricky and shallow, they had to wait offshore for the authorities to give permission to dock, which was not received until after dark. The captain said he once had to wait at anchor for two days. No reason was given for the delay.

Since they left early the next afternoon, the passengers did not get ashore. A run of only an hour and a half brought them to Amapala, Honduras, where they did not leave the ship either. The interesting thing there was that you could see three countries, El Salvador, Honduras and Nicaragua, from the harbor. Another brief stop was made at Corinto, Nicaragua.

In Costa Rica the travelers were able to indulge in a greater amount of sightseeing. A tug transported them to the dock at Puntarenas, where they had to climb a ladder that went straight up. A three-hour ride on an

electric train took them to the capital city, San Jose.

After touring the city by auto, they started back in mid-afternoon. This time the train was crowded. Whenever it stopped vendors would come aboard with food, which was eagerly bought by the Costa Ricans.

Mrs. Steinegger noted the poverty and the very poor houses in which so many of the people live. There are only the privileged and the underprivileged, she said, no middle class.

From Puntarenas the ship proceeded to South America, with Buenaventura, Colombia, the first port. Here the passengers went ashore for a launch ride up the Dagua River through beautiful tropical jungle.

When they reached Guayaquil, Ecuador, it was raining, although it is a region of little rain. Some of the passengers got a taxi at the dock and took a tour of the town.

Unfortunately, they could not make the driver understand that they wanted to go to the duty-free shop. They saw Indians with lovely things to sell, but when they returned from their tour the Indians had packed up and were leaving because of the rain.

Callao, Peru, was the southern limit of the voyage. There a representative of the steamship line took them into Lima, with a visit to a large Indian market located between the two cities.

Sailing north again, the ship made one last stop at Salaverry, Peru, to take on a load of ore. Since this took three days, the passengers went into the nearby city of Trujillo several times.

They also visited the pre-Inca ruins of Chan-Chan, where the adobe walls are ornamented with bas-reliefs of pelicans and squirrels. Some restoration is now being done of the 1500-year-old ruins, which once were a city of 260,000, it is claimed.

They were told there had been no rain for 500 years, then in 1939 it rained for several days and the ceilings of the buildings crumbled. Although there had been no rain for several years, it was raining when they were there, Mrs. Steinegger said.

The driver of their car, a university student and son of the steamship line agent, took them to his father's home in Trujillo to see the latter's collection of pottery dating back as far as 4000 B.C.

From Salaverry it was a 14-day run to Tacoma, where the passengers disembarked. The two Paradise women flew home.

side of the train and got lost.

Buenaventura, Colombia was rather an interesting old town. We took a walk around the shopping area near the dock. There was a beautiful old hotel there with lovely carved work. As in so many tropical countries, the lobby was all open with beautiful curved stairways on either side. There are about 90,000 people here—many of negro descent. Howard stayed up to watch the Clay-Frazier fight on TV and I got up to investigate all the noise outside and a whole line of stevedores were watching through the dining room window.

The Grace Line sent their little launch to pick up the passengers and they took us on a beautiful drive up the harbor to the mouth of two rivers, or the converging point. The banks were lined with heavy vegetation and there were little fishermen's shacks along the way. It is so hard to believe that people could live in the poor places they have. But I guess they have never known anything else.

It was cool when we crossed the equator on March 10. We were all interested to learn that we had a stowaway on board. He was being returned from Buenaventura from another Grace Line ship to Lima. The trip for 47 miles up the ~~Guaya~~ Guaya River was very interesting to Guayacil, Ecuador. We saw many black fish, which are of the whale family. There are about a million people in Guayacil and it is quite a beautiful city. We took a taxi ride and saw the universities, stadiums, cemeteries, and a beautiful residential area. It was very interesting. We tried to do some shopping in all of these towns, but it is really hard to find native workmanship.

(port of Callao)

It was a Sunday when we arrived in Lima, Peru, but we had a sightseeing tour and visited a couple of the beautiful old palaces, saw the great old cathedrals and the Cardinals Palace. The architecture is beautiful. The residential area is very lovely and it is quite an unusual city. We visited the Indian market where we did find a lot of beautiful silver work, fur robes and garments and woven ponchos, etc. I might add that in the residential area all the homes have metal grillworks over their windows and doors—not just for the beauty of them, but for security purposes as there is so much stealing.

The slum and Indian section is unbelievable. On the dry old sandstone hills, they have literally dug hovels in the hills and fronted them with an adobe wall. There are stacks on stacks of them for miles and they have to carry water to them. One wonders how they live. At that, one of the engineers told us it is nothing to what they have in India.

The second day we drove into Lima and had a shopping trip. The shops were nice and we did find some lovely work. We were mainly interested in finding something for the children which was hard as we couldn't make our driver understand about toys or play things. We didn't buy much, but it was interesting. On the way back to the ship we stopped at the drivers home, which is not far from a Mormon chapel which he pointed out to us. It was very like those at home.

Our last stop was at Salaverry where we took on a great load of ore—zinc, lead and copper. It was black and the ship was a mess by the time we got through. We had drivers who took us to Trujillo some miles away and they took us to the ruins of Chan Chan which is about three civilizations before the Incans. It was very interesting but fast deteriorating. We also were taken to the company agent's home and saw his private collection of artifacts. This was our last stop and we were all rather loathe to leave for home.

It was smooth sailing until we reached the Oregon and Washington coasts and then was pitchy and cold. We were all glad to reach Tacoma and we were so happy to get a flight to Boise and to see our little family there again. It has been hard to get in the groove again and settle down to work and we are so glad to have had this wonderful trip together.

Hope all are well. We will be in touch.

Love,

John & Mary