

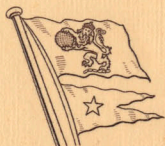
CUNARD
WHITE STAR

My Dear Dr. Penfield:

We were told this a.m. that it will be our last opportunity to write letters, so I must tell you how much we are enjoying our trip so far. When we get out to heavy sea it might not be so pleasant & we might not feel so well.

I can hardly believe that we are at least on our way. After all our waiting & wondering we are really started and I think everyone is very happy.

We have a lovely boat & good accommodations. The boat is packed, about 3000 troops on board beside the ship's crew.

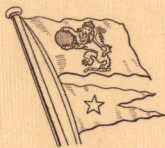


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I think the men are packed into every
nook, cranny on the boat. They pop out
from everywhere, at all times.

Everyone is as nice as can be to us
on the boat, do everything in their power
to make us happy. We had a party on
the boat on Sat. night which was very
gay. Mr. Mation Macdonald shuffled us
off to bed before it got too gay.

The church service was most impressive
yesterday. It was a glorious Sunday
morning, the troops were massed everywhere
on the deck. The different uniforms and
the flags-draped piano against the
green hills with the old fortress in the
background & the gray ships lying at
anchor all around made a most
colorful and health-taking picture. Just
as the minister gave the blessing, one



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shiny plane circled & dipped over
the boat. I think everyone caught their
breath and wondered how many tops would
come back as well & healthy & happy as they
were then.

Please remember me to Mrs. Penfield
and take good care of yourself as we
will all be so anxious to see you when
the boats head the other way & all this
business is over.

Sincerely
Freda B.