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William Cushing Loring Letters to Parents, 1899-1901

Extracted on Mar-28-2024 05:15:59

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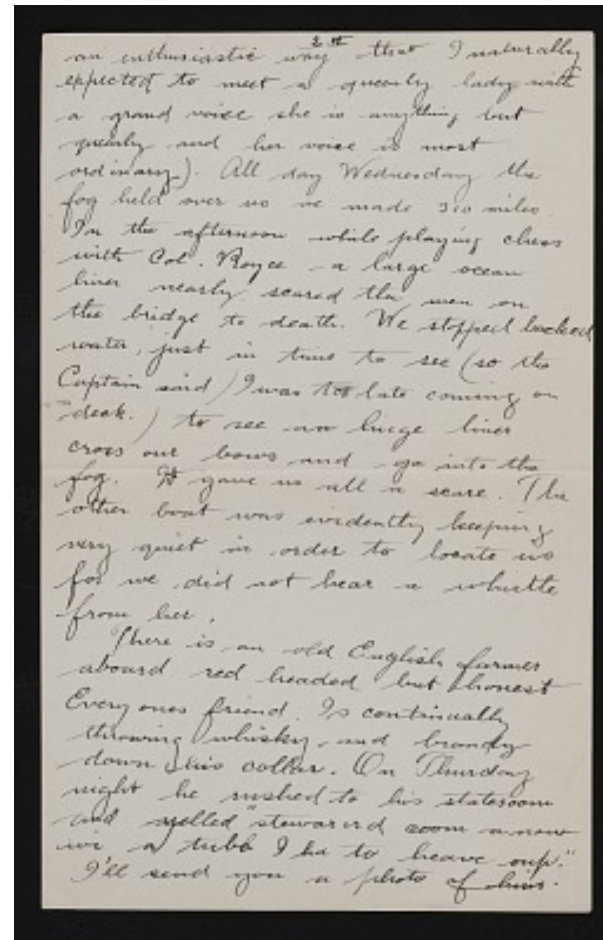
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an enthusiastic way that I naturally expected to meet a queenly lady with a grand voice she is anything but queenly and her voice is most ordinary.) All day Wednesday the fog held over us we made 310 miles. In the afternoon while playing chess with Col. Royce, a large ocean liner nearly scared the men on the bridge to death. We stopped backed water, just in time to see (so the Captain said) I was too late coming on deck.) to see a large liner cross our bows and go into the fog. It gave us all a scare. The other boat was evidently keeping very quiet in order to locate us for we did not hear a whistle from her.

There is an old English farmer aboard red headed but honest. Every ones friend. Is continually throwing whisky and brandy down his collar. On Thursday night he rushed to his stateroom and yelled "steward d coom anow wi a tubb I ha to heave oup." I'll send you a photo of him.



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