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Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney diary

Extracted on Mar-28-2024 05:49:54

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May 12th 1890. Monday.

A bright sunny morning, just as I had thought we would have, and hoped for.

Fraulein did not seem very well when I called at her room for her, but came to breakfast notwithstanding.

I took an agreeable walk with Alonzo Potter, who is on board, and Fraulein, after breakfast. I find Alonzo much more agreeable, and interesting than I had ever thought. We had plenty to talk about, somewhat to my surprise.

It is a little rougher than yesterday, but
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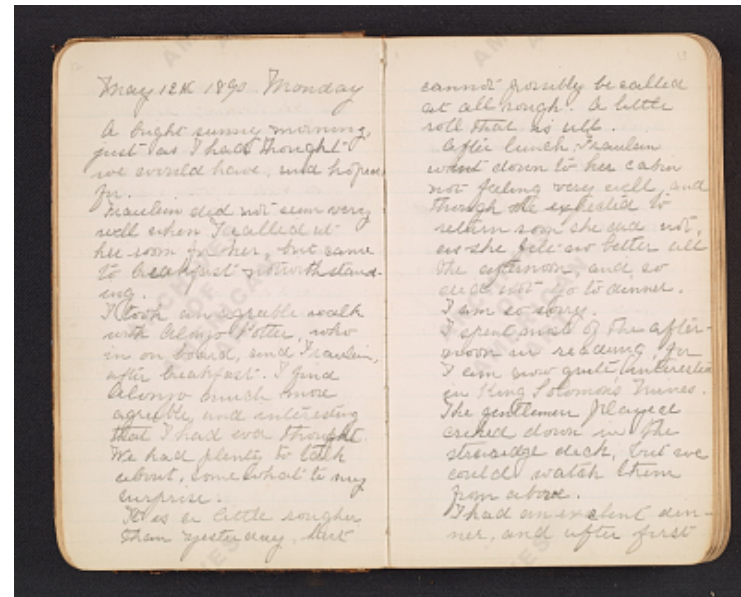
cannot possibly be called at all rough. A little roll that is all.

After lunch, Fraulein went down to her cabin not feeling very well, and though she expected to return soon she did not, as she felt no better all the afternoon, and so did not go to dinner.

I am so sorry.

I spent most of the afternoon in reading, for I am now quite interested in King Solomon's Mines. The gentlemen played cricket down in the steerage deck, but we could watch them from above.

I had an excellent dinner, and after first



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