

We'll be seeing you in about a month.

Love, Art.
I suppose you will be at Woodbourne, but I'll send it
to Belmont as you instructed.

Copenhagen

Pension Gotha

Sunday, Aug. 9.

Dearest Family,

Once more we are "settled" enough to really sit down and write a real letter. My last from Praha, if I remember right, was written from the Unitarian house soon after our arrival. Our stay in that beautiful old city ~~was~~ ^{was} quiet and uneventful. We were in great need of a rest after the arduous of the previous two weeks, and as nobody was in town to whom we had introductions we had that rest. It so happened that both Capek & Hraopl were vacationing, & as well all the English-speaking men of the Czech Church - Procuška & Hnik. We were not left entirely to ourselves, however, for one of Capek's daughters & his youngest son appeared and offered their services as guides. They took us out of the city to see some of the old castles & the palatial residence of Masaryk on last Sunday, and on Monday we did a heavy dose of sightseeing, taking in the cathedral & the ^{castle} palace, the Alchemists lane, the Jewish cemetery, - all the usual sights. And on Tuesday the ^{offer} Capeks returned, & we spent the day with them. In the evening they had their weekly summer service. About 150 persons were present in the attractive auditorium. I sat on the platform, spoke briefly, & then watched Capek wind the congregation round his little finger. Although not understanding what he said it was easy to see that this little old man was a masterful preacher. We were with the Capeks all day, but not one word was said about any financial troubles. On the reverse, they said that

everything was going better. "Did they have trouble renting the rooms?" "Oh, no. we only wish we had twice as many to rent." "Did the meetings pay for themselves?" "Oh yes. In the summer we have to get 130 kr. in the collection. Tonight we got 250." And so it went. I could not catch the slightest intimation that they even thought that they might lose the building. Of course, I don't know the results of Mr. Gardner's visit, but I understood (from Budapest sources) that Mr. G. thought the situation hopeless.

And now it is evening. I sit puffing on a cigar as I settle down to finish this epistle. Not that I particularly wanted to smoke a cigar, but we ran out of cigarettes, so I ran out to buy some more from the automatic "tobak" machine across the street. Unfortunately, after I had dropped my only 25 ore piece in the slot, I found that they were cigars & not cigarettes. Becca hasn't tried one. I don't know why, for all the women in Copenhagen smoke cigars.

We left Praha on Wednesday, and got as far as Dresden. In the morning we wandered around, and visited the art gallery which as you know contains a very good collection, among them Raphael's Sistine Madonna + Holbein's Madonna + a number of excellent Rembrandts. In the afternoon we pushed on to the north, deciding to miss Berlin because of the terrific crowds. All reports were that one couldn't get any accommodations. So we drove by way of Potsdam, an interesting little city, and finally landed up at a clean little hotel in the town of Pritzwalk. This left us in good striking distance of the Warnemunde-Jedser Ferry, which left at noon. It was most pleasant to have the

short sea-voyage of two and a half hours, and to smell that salt air once again. Our arrival in Copenhagen, about 7 o'clock Friday evening, caused us some dark moments. The town is jammed with tourists of every description, and we tried about 10 different hotels actually before we finally found room. For a while it looked as if we'd have to find a nice, hard park bench, but as good fortune was with us, as always, we landed a very nice room in this pension in a very convenient location. This is the first time this trip that we have had any trouble except once in a little Romanian town, Sibiu, where we ran amuck with some sort of a convention.

Our chief delight here has been "fish". Fish from the Baltic! Lobsters from the Baltic!! Crabs and oysters! And vegetables — green vegetables. You have no idea how we longed for a fillet of flounder and a nice helping of green peas, after all the heavily-seasoned, greasy meat dishes of southeastern Europe.

Rebecca and I have decided, after visiting two museums today, that what we are beginning to need is a vacation from this vacation. Which sounds very funny. The truth is that we've seen about enough museums and palaces, and we've pushed pretty hard almost all the time. We've driven more than 11,000 miles since landing in Cobh last April. So it is that we're about ready to settle down and get to work. For which

feeling I'm very grateful. The trip would be somewhat of a failure if we didn't land back in the U.S.A. ready to work our heads off. But we plan to vary the trip from now on. We leave here on Wednesday, and take three days to get to Stockholm, which means, weather permitting, plenty of time for swimming & sun-bathing. After four days in Stockholm we'll take another three days getting to Oslo, or more accurately Sarpsborg, where Kitta Davis lives. And we'll have a week there before we leave for England on the first of September.

Now Becca has gone to sleep, and the power of suggestion is getting me drowsier & drowsier. So, if only to make the latter end of this letter a little bit more interesting than what precedes, I'll say good night.

The warming rays of morning aroused us early this morning. The climate reminds me of S.W.H., for it has the same invigoration which makes me havenous at all hours during the day, and sleepy at night.

Here is breakfast! - so called by courtesy, for of course it consists of no more than a hunk of bread and a cup of rather second-rate coffee served in our room.

The Danish language is without doubt the ugliest we have heard all summer. Perhaps it is not so much the sound as the monotonous way they have of speaking. They talk very jerkily in a dull, even tone. And the traffic is terrific, for there are at least five bicycles to every car, and each cyclist is convinced that he owns the road. In a good many places special paths are provided for them, but most of

riders don't daire to use them - it's much more fun zipping in front of autos to make them jam on their brakes. - These are the only two things wrong with this country, as far as we have seen. The city is clean, modern. Unemployment is practically nonexistent. There are but 75,000 out of work in the whole country, I am told.

And now a little business. We get in to Boston on the eleventh or twelfth. If we are going to Cal., we must leave by the 21st. In that short time a good deal must be accomplished. It seems to me that I had better go to Maine with Becca immediately, for I should see Father & Mother Clark before we depart for parts unknown. Then I would return, leaving B., at S.W.

perhaps on the 14th or 15th. I don't remember the exact dates of the Tercentenary, nor, of course, ^{do I know} the number of meetings I would want to attend. I must see the dentist, very likely a good many times. I am still wandering around with a great crevice in my teeth. As I wrote from Interlaken I had trouble with one of the large fillings put in by your dentist, ^(the Interlaken Dentist) Had. He removed the filling, which stopped all pain, and said that I must leave the place open for a week or two. So I went to another man in Budapest, who filled it, saying that I must have it looked at again after a ^{few} weeks. By the time we got to Kolozsvár, however, it was aching again, so I had the filling taken out again. Since then it has not troubled me, so I have

set well enough alone, keeping the chamber filled with cotton every day. Unless I have further trouble, I shall wait until we can go in Boston. It will probably call for some sort of lengthy treatment - I don't know.

I tell you all this so that you can make some arrangement with the dentist.

Our next duty in Belmont will be to go over all our belongings, to rediscover what we have & to so arrange it that it can be shipped to Cali. as & when we want it.

Finally, since my last letter, I have received one from Baker of Lawrence - nearly a duplicate of the one you sent me. From which I judged that he wanted to hear directly from me, and also that he must be pretty much interested. So I wrote him frankly of our situation - that I didn't know how far negotiations with Stockton had progressed, that in any case I would not be willing to take any action which might be considered unfair by Stockton - in short, practically, that he had better look elsewhere. After planning & dreaming of Stockton for four months, we are set on going there if it is possible. Baker's letter rather annoyed me, anyway. His style is so clipped, & his way of phrasing things almost seemed rude. Nevertheless, Lawrence would be an opening worth considering, should Stockton fail us. As I see it, it's really up to the A. V. A. to stake us out there until Sacramento is recuscitated. - This letter is a hodge-podge. Sorry. At any rate it carries 30 ore worth of love & much more to you all.