

Crossing the Continent.

The Board had engaged our passage from San Francisco to Nagasaki on the Steamship Korea of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. They had given us one hundred dollars each to spend for household things we would be apt to need on the field and they were paying for our railroad tickets to San Francisco. But there was one thing we had to look out for. That was the matter of having more personal baggage than the 150 pounds which can be checked on each person's railway ticket. Fortunately I had a brother and two sisters in Ft. Worth, Texas and the brother was a lawyer. While we were visiting for a day or two in Ft. Worth my brother Frank undertook to work out the problem of our baggage. Finally he found that the Denver and Rio Grand Railroad would allow 350 pounds of baggage free on each ticket and soon we were off on that line that would take us across the Rocky Mountains where the mountains were high via Denver, Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah.

We were warned that we must give our baggage several days to get to San Francisco on time. But we didn't allow enough time, especially for Maggie Lee's steamer trunk which had all her warmer things and most of her bridal articles in it. We ourselves had about 4 days in San Francisco, including a Sunday, but the city had been destroyed on April 18 and even the best stores were doing business in one-story barracks and one bed we bought for use in Japan reached us along with the steamer trunk after we had been in Japan several weeks.

But I had my new raincoat and when our ship had finally cleared the harbor and was fighting the waves and the winds and the spray on that cloudy September 4, I thought it would be interesting to see the sea and the waves from the highest point passengers were allowed to go on the ship. So I put on my raincoat and went up on the Hurricane deck to take a look at things. I was pretty much alone up there and soon decided I would go down below and see how my wife and her neighbors were getting along. I visited the three cabins that were the temporary homes of our party and found that five out of six of us were in bed and having their first experience of what is sometimes called sea-sickness. To this day, I can't figure out why it struck me as funny and why I laughed. And they all assured me it was no laughing matter.

I spent more time in our cabin and Maggie Lee said she was cold, couldn't find enough blankets to keep herself warm. I made a characteristic social error by mentioning St. Paul who wanted his friend to arrive before winter and "bring the cloak I left at Troas". Those thin chilly lips made a gesture of their own and said "Paul was not a bride." I have never tried to dispute that statement. A few days later we had some hours in Honolulu and we had some tropical sunshine and were able to buy some warm clothes.