

March 14, 1957
Darling Family,

It is now 4 p.m. on Thursday and I still find it difficult to believe that I am on my way to Africa. That is the thing - AFRICA. It is easy to image I am going for a long sea voyage, but not that names like Mombasa, Nairobi, South Kinangop, Nakuru, etc., are going to become reality.

We are just going into the Bay of Biscay - and out of 365 passengers over 200 are sea sick. And that is not counting the stewards etc, a good many of whom are invisible today. The rest of my cabin are languishing in misery on their bunks, fortified slightly by Eric's pills. They had all forgotten to buy any. I havent even thought of taking one.

Honestly, the food is wonderful, and what with that, sleep, and fresh sea air, I was taken for 19 last night. So you can cease worrying. Our waiter, Mick (and a real darling - big and handsome) says it is the best ship for fruit he as even been on. We live on it.

I miss you all a lot if I let my mind dwell on it too much, but in these circumstances it is best not to.

Thanks you again, 10,000 thousand times for everything.

Tons and tons of love,
Jane, age 22