WHITEHALL 3426.

HOTEL VICTORIA,
LONDON, W.C.2.

October 27, 1932.

Dear Margaret: To-morrow morning I shall be off for Cape Town, and my next letter will probably be written in Madeira.

I have had three nice letters from you during the past week, and I am proud of you!

On Friday, October 21, I left Paris for Amsterdam. On Saturday we had beautiful weather and I thought the rainy season was taking a vacation. I spent the morning with Dr. Schuffner and his colleagues at the yellow laboratory. In the

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afternoon two of his associates took me about the town. It is a very interesting city full of canals and fine old streets. I was moved to recommence taking photographs after a couple of years interval. We went to the National Museum to see the pictures. The pride of the collection was the Night Watch by Rembrandt.

On Sunday I crossed the channel from Flushing (Vlissingen, Holland) to Harwich and it took over 5½ hours. We had unusually stormy weather and the London papers carried accounts of the heavy rainfall and winds. The boat was small.

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I have had an interesting time in London. Dr. Beaumont ~~was~~ & Mrs. B. were still here, but they left Monday noon for Eastbourne in the South of England for golf and rest. I have seen Dr. Findlay and last night I had dinner at his home with Dr. & Mrs. F. We ate pheasant, hot-house grapes, etc., and he regaled us with his war experiences.

To-day I went out to see the ~~London~~ School of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene and then I went out to the National Research Institute

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at Hampstead, where Dr. Hindle took me in tow. Talked with Drs. Andrewes, Elford (ultrafiltration), Wilson-Smith (skin reactions), Douglas, and Mr. Barnard. The last-mentioned showed me the virus of ectromelia (a mouse-pig disease) under the microscope. Beautiful granules! Perhaps the real thing.

Dr. Hindle took me out to the farm of the Institute and we had tea there with Dr. & Mrs. Dimbin, who (Dr.) has worked with Landlow on dog distemper.

And now I am back in the hotel getting ready to depart. It is a great responsibility to get oneself and baggage from London to Southampton and onto the boat.

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London is as ever. I have eaten white-bait with brown bread and butter, cold toast, hot crumpets, boiled shoulder of ~~bak~~ bacon, cabbage, more cabbage, saltless potatoes, steak and kidney pie, chop toad, and porridge. It was so dark on Monday that the street lights were lit at 11 a.m. and a yellowish-black cloud hung over ~~over~~ the city. It was like eight o'clock at night and one could not resist the feeling that it was time to go to bed — just like chickens during an eclipse. The sidewalks were wet all day long.

Love

The hotel servants thank you in for everything and nothing, — or perhaps it is for tips to come. To-night at Lyon's Corner (you remember it) I heard Mr. Wateyn Wateyns sing while I ate. Do you suppose that was really his name?!

I greatly appreciate the attention you are giving Ruth's program and agree with all you say. I am sure you will work it out the best way.

Good night, Sweetheart,

Wilbur.

P.S. On Monday night I went to hear the Mikado. The house was packed.

W.A.S.