

**LETTERS WRITTEN WHILE
ON A COLLECTING TRIP
IN THE EAST INDIES**

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Letters written while on a collecting trip in the East Indies by Thomas Barbour & Mrs.
Rosamond Barbour

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THOMAS BARBOUR & MRS. ROSAMOND BARBOUR

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LETTERS

WRITTEN WHILE

ON A

Collecting Trip in the East Indies,

BY

THOMAS BARBOUR,

Of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Harvard University.

AND

Mrs. ROSAMOND BARBOUR.

[Faint circular stamp, possibly containing a date like "JUL 25 1911"]

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Paterson, N. J.
1913.

INTRODUCTORY.

When these letters were written it was without the slightest idea that they would ever be printed, nor is their printing at present done for eyes other than those of relatives and intimate friends of the writers. The work of the editor was one merely of collating, the original manuscripts being placed at his disposal; the omissions, indicated by asterisks, are concerning matters of trifling importance, the last vestige of interest in which has been lost by the lapse of time.

Chas. A. Shriver.

Paterson, N. J., June 15, 1913.

A COLLECTING TRIP IN THE EAST INDIES.

Cunard R. M. S. Ivernia, October 2, 1906.

Dear Mother :

Here we are really off and it is most exciting. Last night we passed a very uneventful night, or rather I should say a decidedly eventful night, sitting up until almost eleven o'clock picking out every kernel of rice. This morning the rooms were strewn with it and the waste paper basket full of it. However we did not care. We had a very good breakfast in our rooms this morning and left the hotel at 7.40, having bought every paper and periodical obtainable in the city. Michael met us and gave us the letters which we decided we would not open until later on; so I cannot answer any of your questions, if you have asked me any. Our trunks and bags were taken to room 25, very large and very nice. I at once began unpacking the necessary things and while these were strewn about the floor and hung up on hooks, Mr. Emerson, from the New York Cunard office, came rushing up and said he must speak to Mr. Barbour. Tom stepped out and he said, "Mr. Barbour, I have got you a better room; follow me." We went about two doors up and there we saw an enormous state room, with a sitting room attached (it belonged to the purser) and he asked if we would like it and when we said "yes," he said, "Well, then it is yours." Then we were introduced to the Chief Steward and he took us down to the dining room and gave us a fine place at one of the best tables. Really it was great. He said anything we wanted he would get for us, etc., and so on. So, so

far our trip has been a great success. Hilda Millet is on board, although I have not seen her; also Mr. and Mrs. Fiske Warren and kids. I suppose we will meet later on. We were much amused by the clippings. Will write you soon again. Tom joins me in sending a great deal of love to every one.

Most affectionately,

Rosamond Barbour.

The sun is out and it is fine and cool.

Let me add just these few words of love to you all. Everything has gone on as well as can be. We can only hope for a good voyage, which I think we will have.

Goodbye, from your son,

Your very affectionate son,

Tom.

Cunard R. M. S. Ivernia, October 2, 1906.

Dear Dad, Sal. and Bub :

Just think of it — me on the Ivernia. It is just too perfect. I wish you could be here with us, all of you, Pa and Ma included. The boat is enormous, huge library, every kind of book you could think of, maids and kids everywhere and altogether great. Mr. Emerson had orders from the New York Cunard office, and procured much better rooms for us; so we are finely fitted out with a bedroom and sitting room. So far no tags on any of the bags. Our rooms were a mass of rice, but every speck is out now; we unpacked everything and saw to it. Was it not funny, our going by in the auto. Think of me with a maid. I tell you I am very grand. No more; will write later.

Affectionately,

Ros.

R. M. S. Ivernia, Tuesday, October 2, 1906.

Dear Mother :

Here we really are out of sight of land on the Ivernia. Our staterooms are perfectly fine. Mr. Vernon Brown, of the Cunard office, has told every officer on board this boat to look after us, and so far they certainly have. After we had dropped the pilot we went down to breakfast and had a very good meal. Then we went on deck and got our steamer chairs and I saw Hilda Millet; she is crossing all alone and as her steamer chair is quite near mine we chat quite a little together. We read our steamer letters with the greatest interest. Tell Sal that I am delighted with her chocolate. Had a very good lunch, went to our cabin and played cards, read and napped until supper. Went to bed early; so far pleasant weather, calm and fine.

October 3.

Beautiful day, but getting rougher. Tom and I both had breakfast in bed. Tom could only eat tea and toast; I ate enormously. Dressed and went on deck at eleven and was soon joined by Hilda. Came down at one o'clock and had lunch with Tom in the state room. Tom can take only pepper tea. Sent you a marconigram. Went up on deck again and made the acquaintance of an English woman. Very pleasant. We walked around the deck several times and chatted together until dinner. Had dinner with Tom in the state room and just as we were beginning to eat the stewardess came in with your marconigram to me. Just think how really wonderful it is for us to communicate with each other when I am at sea. Was de-

lighted to hear from you. Turned in at nine. Run today, 364 miles.

October 4.

Beautiful day, although getting rougher. Did not get up to breakfast. Went on deck about eleven and tried my very best to knit those pesky shells. Neither my English friend (Miss Edwards) nor I could make them come out. Are you sure that you gave me the directions correctly? Do give them to me again and make out new ones while you yourself are knitting the shells. Make the directions very plain. Tom is still on the flat of his back. Had lunch with him in the state room. The head steward sent word in to us that he would cook anything we wanted; so in future I hope to live on game birds. Went on deck after lunch. Several of the English people asked me to join in their games with them, but I refused, being none too steady on my feet. Had dinner with Tom in the state room and turned in early. Run today, 367 miles.

October 6.

Nasty day, rough, blowy and disagreeable. Had breakfast in bed. Went on deck at eleven and took "Oliver Horne," a very good novel which Prof. R. T. Jackson sent Tom, which I started. Two little birds, called red polls, flew on board and caused great excitement. Had lunch with Tom in the state room and had plover on toast, a special dish served us by the head steward, also hothouse grapes. Poor Tom covers his food with pepper and manages to keep it down. Went up on deck directly after lunch, and met a Dr. Ewert, a very prominent English nerve specialist. He found that I was related to the Bowditches and so I