

were showing and they were. Apparently we keep them going all the time, also a small white light in the crow's nest. But that green horizon light wasn't just a starboard light, it was too long. And anyway, if it were, why a port light in the middle?

Yesterday another ship passed us and flashed some signals or messages to us by light. It's irritating to see these things and not know what they mean.

I am a good deal interested to find that my allotted life boat isn't a boat at all, it's a raft! Well -- I don't mind writing this because the very fact of your reading it -- getting it -- proves I'm safe so you won't worry, but I must say the idea of floating around the Atlantic on a raft does not appeal to me, picturesque at it may seem.

Sunday -- The general opinion is that that curiously lighted ship was the American hospital ship going over unconvoyed.

French is flourishing. You know I don't talk much (I mean "correctly", not a great deal!) but I do it a lot better than many of the people. So all round the deck little groups gather; one good-natured French person in the middle and all sorts of strange accents around. I wander from group to group, hearing a few words from a Marseillaise crowd, a phrase or two from an advanced group, listening to some reading somewhere else, and practising verbs with the beginners.

The decks are almost as full at night as during the day for lots of people sleep out. They say the cabins downstairs get horribly stuffy. We haven't much air in ours at night, so we don't sleep particularly well, but at least the window is open all day long -- that's something -- and we have an electric fan.

Monday night -- I broke off there to walk or talk with some one. The feeling on board is growing more and more like a fraternity. I talk to anyone I happen to be near at any time -- everyone does. I don't know half the names but it's almost impossible to walk the length of the deck without stopping a dozen times at a hail from some chair. I've never been in such a friendly atmosphere outside of Kappa Camp, and this is so much bigger that it's even more inspiring.

I had an interesting talk with Professor Coolidge -- Mr. Ripley's friend -- this morning, and Miss Maxwell this evening, with a Miss Le Mont and Miss Collamore thrown in during the