

Hotel Eden  
Pallanza

October 25—Tuesday.

Dear Father:

That was a glorious trip yesterday, to the top of Mount Mattarone. (I'd worked Sunday and took off Monday instead.) The Washburns, Claude and his wife and Genivieve, came up from Lesa and met us on the car, a regular trolley car on the level but also with a detachable cogwheel appliance to use for help, and for safety-brake. On the numerous very steep slopes by which we went up the mountain.

We climbed from the narrow streets and bright little shops and courtyards and tiled roofs of Stresa, right across from here, up past handsome villas standing high alone, past rough stone cottages and barns, to a glorious moorland upland, all brown and soft with withered ferns. As we went up, on the first breath-taking steep climb, the lake seemed to tilt beneath us, blue, and polished like a shield. But we were soon used to the steepness, and it was relieved by occasional level spaces. First the lake spread out, with its house and church crowned islands, with Pallanza a map across the bay, with the Hotel Eden a small chunk of ice out on the point. Then beyond the nearer and lower green mountains, we saw the ice-caps and rugged purple rock slopes of the swiss and Italian Alps. Finally, when we came to the top, to the right was the mighty peak of the famous Monte Rosa, Highest of all in the vast welter of mountains that was like the folds of a many-colored shawl hundreds of miles long lying below us.

There is a small but good hotel just a few yards below the topmost top, and we had a good lunch, with some divine rice; then climbed on up to the top, and walked about over a brown moor till time to come down.

Sunday, Gracie and I had a good long walk – you can see it on the relief map enclosed, to the left to the heart of Pallanza, where we sat on the square hearing the excellent band play, then over to Intra, stopping at a beautiful little old eleventh century church just at the foot of the first low mountain behind this promontory, then over to Intra and back home.

The work is going well.

I send you a couple more things about the play—and exceedingly favorable review from the NY Evening Telegram; and a circular showing some scenes from the play. These scenes are; Erik meeting Carol (act I); the poker game in act II – the characters from left to right, Haryy Haydock, Dave Dyer, Sam Clark, Carol, Will Kennicott; Guy Pollock and Erik talking on the street; more of the evening party in Act II, showing the two tables of bridge to the right of the poker table; Dave Dyer and Maude- Maude trying to get a dollar out of him; and last, the setting for Act I – showing old Adolph Valborg cussing out Ezra Stowbody. Keep this (and the clipping) and show them to Fay and Harriet, Claude, and others who may be interested.

Been a little chilly here, the last two days; yet I still sit writing with all windows open; the roses and azaleas and dahlias are as beautiful as ever. As this is so far north in Italy, we may go on to Rome or Capri before the winter is over but meanwhile we are gorgeously content.

We took Wells and Miss Pohlmann along yesterday and you should have seen him racing in the quite cold air on top of the peak!

We are taking four Italian lessons a week, and we'll soon have enough at least for buying tickets and asking the way!

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