

The next day our son informed the various agencies that we had something on our minds and the literature came rolling in. Pictures of wonderful boats and gorgeous scenes of foreign lands. Agents made personal calls at our ~~office~~ office and gave us an impression that they had looked over our bank account and thought that it would be ~~safer~~ ^{in safer hands} if transferred to them. Nothing in the minds of the ticket brokers was too good for us, providing we were willing and able to pay the bills.

All of us worked fast with the result that finally the government officials were satisfied, that our ancestors having been courageous enough to come to the western hemisphere in colonial days, and we, having been born and bred in ~~the land~~ the land, ~~we~~ were citizens and entitled to passports. Then we had to ~~undergo~~ ^{undergo} vaccination and shots to guard us against typhoid fever.

~~provided photos to be attached to the passports and~~

~~Passport photos are usually terrible things and cause~~ ^{the artist made ours so they} ~~the~~ immigration officials both here and abroad to shudder, but ~~ours~~ indicated a reasonable degree of intelligence and of human kindness, which undoubtedly was to our advantage, ^{in getting our later ones}

We finally booked for "The Luxury Cruise" on the Nieuw Amsterdam, which sailed from New York on February 11th. It was accident rather than inspiration which caused us to have a before and after picture of ourselves, by which to judge whether or not the trip was worth while. The first picture was taken in New York as we came aboard our boat, and the last was taken by the official photographer of the ~~Nieuw~~ Nieuw Amsterdam a few days before the end of our trip.