

Other high-lights of our five day visit were the Ball at Government House (optional hip flasks), the Boxing tournament (negative hip flasks) and the attempt of the "North Star" to do us "dirt." Lieutenant Meyrick was a great success—not at doing "dirt," naturally!

Weekends at sea were falling with monotonous regularity and after another of them we arrived at S. John's, the capital of Newfoundland, our oldest colony. We received a hearty welcome from everyone, though the Governor was away at the time, and we guessed at once from the scented breezes that their staple industry was in some way connected with fish.

It is puzzling to know what to say about Newfoundland. The people were charming, but their poverty was depressing. These are bad days for the islanders and it is difficult to attribute their distress to any one cause. Some talk easily about uneconomic prices of codfish and the rationalization of the industry, but is this the solution?

The entrance to the little land-locked harbour is very narrow and extremely difficult—indeed well nigh impossible to navigate in a fog, which is a very frequent visitor on this coast. The harbour itself is surrounded by wooden collecting sheds, where cod from the fishing boats is pitch-forked in for cleaning, salting and packing in a very primitive way. The city of S. John's, which is dominated by two cathedrals, is not very large and is rather dull and dirty; a hopeless air pervades it and trade is at a standstill. On all sides are the workless standing, doing nothing because there is nothing for them to do. But there is a wonderful park there—sixty-three acres of it—woods and fields and running water. The air, as one gets away from the city, is bracing and pleasant—until one meets a powerful smell from the fields indicating that they have been scattered with fish as manure—and the scenery is magnificent. Those who are fortunate enough to get taken for a drive in the country in one of the few cars there are, never regret it—and those who can't find cars can walk it and not regret that either.

We are bound to commend the courage and fortitude of the Newfoundlanders, and their hospitality. They couldn't do much for us, but what they could they did, and it was the more appreciated. Football matches against local teams were patronised as they had been nowhere else; a dance was given ashore; the band played, and we received many visitors. We also established contact with the U.S. Coastguard Ship "GENERAL GREER," which was in harbour at this time.

During our visit we recruited several new additions to H.M. Navy, who were to proceed to England in H.M.S. "SCARBOROUGH" when she called in a few weeks afterwards. Then, regretfully leaving A.B. Mullen in the Sanatorium, to return to England in the "SCARBOROUGH," we weighed anchors and left for Halifax. Few of us will ever forget the smell as the anchors came up. Many times had we gone to General Quarters in respirators, but, on the one occasion when they would have been of practical use, the Commander failed to order them, so we suffered, though not altogether in silence—taking the language and everything else into consideration the atmosphere was pretty thick for a while!!

After further meetings with our ever-present companion, fog, we drew into Halifax two days later at evening. It was now July 18th. Our three R.C.N.V.R. friends stood gloomily in the waist waiting to be discharged, having tried vainly to prolong their stay with us. Leading Stoker May stood there too, happily thinking of Montreal and a wife; and on the jetty Marine Carr smiled a sickly smile, waiting impatiently for the ship to come alongside so that he could join her once more!

We gazed out on to the eastern base of the Royal Canadian Navy and the red brick barracks which were H.M.C.S. "STADACONA." There was something comforting about being in a depot town again even though it was a small one and there were no ships in. True, it wasn't "Guz," but it was a homely change anyhow—and there was beer. We had all heard of the Great Explosion of Halifax which happened towards the end

of the Great War but there are few traces of it now except for the anchor of one of the ships involved which lies embedded in the woods skirting the northwest arm. We heard about it, but were not there long enough to see it; only one watch got ashore, and they were not interested in anchors at that time of the night—at least not the sort of anchors that we have been talking about.

Next morning, accompanied by Paymaster Sub. Lieutenant V. W. Howland, R.C.N.V.R., who had joined us the previous evening, we slipped away to Saint John, New Brunswick, and arrived there the day following. A familiar sight greeted us—the "ORANGELFAF" to boot, and those who had come with her. We talked and oiled (ship), platoons landed for drill to keep the balance true and took the howitzer with them. Many other interesting things happened as well, and a good time was had by all, but this is neither the time nor the place to go into detail—and in any case, I don't want to go for the rest of my life in fear of it. But what a pity there was that ferry journey before we got there! The Band enlivened the local city square one evening with a concert—they looked awfully nice in the bandstand; and, of course, Boy Connaughton had to go and put his foot in it (not the bandstand), so much so in fact that it necessitated his removal to Bermuda in the "ORANGELFAF" for repairs, and he missed the joys of the islands.

"Everybody who sees anything of St. John," says a writer (who will get into trouble if he doesn't bow to local custom and write *Saint John*) "sees the famous reversing falls." We did. As we are only too well aware (and we were told about it at school anyhow) there is a big rise and fall of tide in the harbour; there is also a big ledge of rock across the Saint John river just above the harbour. At low tide the river water is higher than that in the harbour, so there is a rush of water in the direction of the sea over the rocky ledge, giving a miniature fall flowing seaward. At high water, on the other hand, the harbour water rises above that of the river above and the water flows back over the ledge in the opposite direction. So now you know how it is done—I hope.

Then, taking Marine Willis gently by the hand so that he did not overstay his leave on his native heath, and leaving Paymaster Sub. Lieutenant Howland, R.C.N.V.R., in exchange, we moved off under the strain of the band to seek pastures new. It was Saturday, July 23rd, at 0900.

As one would expect, the next day was Sunday, and after church in the port waist we were left to enjoy ourselves and in some measure catch up with our sleep, and in other ways recover from our recent orgies—I mean efforts. We availed ourselves of the opportunity so kindly provided. It has always seemed a mistake to some people that Sunday should come after Saturday night, but as there seems to be no immediate sign of this being changed, it is a good thing that occasionally it can be spent quietly and restfully at sea.

The new pastures we were seeking were to be a week in coming and so we filled the idle minutes with exercises, G.Qs, P.Vs, A.F.Os, C.Bs, D.Ts, W.Ts, P.Ts, tricks, evening quarters and a talk by the Doctor. Michael Sturdy continued daily in his efforts to work a way into the Ward Room through the upper deck, Jerry Manson and Cavage slept, and, of course, the platoons went to drill. "Why did I join?" sighed the fed up. "Because you were almost as big a B.F. as you are now" replied the equally fed up. "But you just wait till you've put in a commission in the 'Straits'—You don't know anything yet, you're only a Sprog!" The day before we reached our destination we were all weighed—with a view, probably, to seeing how much weight we had lost en route.

But time passed and the platoons continued to drill. And what, we may well ask, was the cause of this unusual activity on the part of the platoons? The answer is not far to seek.

To the north of the Caribbean Sea, a sea which we know so well, lies the largest of the British West Indian Islands, Jamaica. This island is rather more than twice the size of Lancashire, having a total area of 4,207 miles

and a population of something under a million and a half. By taking the former figure a mathematical genius might, by a process of wangling, deduce that the island was about 144 miles long and 50 miles wide. If he did he would be about right. Jamaica was discovered, like most of the West Indies, by Christopher Columbus—this one on May 3rd, 1494. In 1596 the English, under Sir Anthony Shirley, raided the island and attacked Spanish Town, the capital, and in 1643 Colonel Jackson with 520 men from the Windward Islands landed at Port Royal and extracted a ransom from the defenders. But in spite of all this it remained Spanish for 161 years and it was not until May 11th, 1655, that it changed hands. On that day it yielded to a force under Admiral Penn and General Venables, sent out by Cromwell against the neighbouring island of Haiti. Among other things, under British rule Jamaica became one of the headquarters of the buccaneers, and it was not long before one of them, Henry Morgan (who sacked Panama in 1671), having reformed and been accorded the honour of Knighthood, became Governor of the colony. The island also became the centre of the sugar trade, and as time went on employed more and more slave labour.

In England the movement for the abolition of slavery moved apace and eventually August 1st, 1834, was fixed as the date for the emancipation of slaves. The law provided that for a time slaves thus manumitted should still be bound to their previous owners by a system of apprenticeship, but so great was the outcry against this that eventually complete enfranchisement took place in 1838. It is not possible here to go into all the labour troubles and problems which followed, and the terrible blow that was struck at the sugar industry in Jamaica, and indeed to industry of all the West Indies, but there are those who maintain that the islands have never recovered from the abolition of slavery.

We were now within a few days of the one hundred and fourth anniversary of emancipation and the centenary of complete manumission and enfranchisement, and, in



[Copt. Manson, R.M.]

THE JAMAICA RAIL SMASH

[By permission of]

view of recent happenings and riots, it was thought that this anniversary might be made the occasion of fresh trouble from the native quarter. There seemed to be an idea among the negroes that when they were freed a promise was given them that all Jamaica would ultimately be theirs, and that at the centenary of their enfranchisement, if not all, at least, some of the island would be handed over to them. This false impression was seized upon, and made capital out of, by the unscrupulous labour leaders, whose object was to inflame dissatisfaction and dwell on grievances, thereby causing dissent and unrest. As we have said, they had met with a certain degree of success, and now it was thought that August 1st might be made the occasion of an uprising on a larger scale than ever before. Hence our presence.

But the Bank Holiday passed off without any trouble at all. Some say that no trouble was really intended; others, that all the precautions taken in mobilizing the militia and police reserves, coupled with our presence and that of the army at Up-Park Camp and Newcastle, had overawed the natives; other some, that the terrible disaster to the train coming from Montego Bay to Kingston on the Saturday, and the number of casualties, was regarded by the superstitious as a Divine act and judgment, and an indication of God's anger and lack of sympathy with them in their plan to cause a disturbance. Whichever of these it was, all was peace and remained so.

We were then allowed to enjoy Jamaica and leave was given. Meanwhile, appropriately enough, the Duke of Somerset had rejoined us on the Saturday night after his long "rest" in Bermuda, to help us with the enjoyment—but he was "sold" to this extent, that he had to endure Monday's state of siege with us. But he got over that and proceeded to lead the revels.

From our berth alongside No. 1 Railway Wharf we couldn't see the "Turtle Tank" but we soon found it; we soon found the Constant Spring Hotel, the Blue Peter, and Shanghai Lil's as well—but we won't go into that now. There is no doubt that Jamaica was popular for

the quality of its rum and "planter's punches," for the opportunity it provided for getting "big eats" cheaply, for its entertainment and for many other things as well. Mr. Shaw, of the British Sailors' Society, was kept very busy arranging excursions. We loved Langley up in the hills, and the Boys and some of the Ordinary Seamen were fortunate enough to have an all day excursion right across the island to Columbus Cove, which really was a revelation. Jamaica certainly is a beautiful island. Many of those who did not join in any of these excursions doubtless had their private "barons" who showed them some of those beauties from the baronial car.

The army made us feel at home. We found there the "other half" of the Sherwood Foresters whom we had left in Bermuda. Among other things we boxed them and lost—but to show there was no ill-feeling when we sailed, we left one of our number for them to look after for a week.

Now there are many things which an author (especially an amateur one) has to be careful to avoid; one is "waffling," another talking big, a third is writing at boring length, and a fourth is getting things out of proportion. If I were to believe some of the things which are said from time to time about my sermons, I am one of the world's most proficient producers of the first three, so it's no good trying to alter that, but I want to avoid error No. 4 if I can. There is a lot one ought to say about Jamaica, but one does not want to dilate on it so as completely to overshadow all other places that have enjoyed our presence—however, we'll risk it.

We have now approached Jamaica twice, and have received the same impressions of the approach on both occasions. The scene is dominated by a range of mountains the length of the island, hazy in the distance and even when close up—the Blue Mountains, which rise to a height of 7,000 feet. The Harbour of Kingston is protected from the sea by a low sandy spit, seven miles long, called the Palisadoes, which terminates in Port Royal. Opposite the Palisadoes stretch out the sheds and wharves

of Kingston, swarming with a chattering and perspiring crowd of black men and mammas clad in all their bright glad rags, all patiently waiting the signal to come onboard and set up shop; or, if they are laundresses (dobeywallahs), armed with "references" from ships which visited Jamaica in the days beyond recall, each intent upon carrying off as much "dobeying" as she can manage. (It is always interesting to see ourselves as others see us, and from one of these laundresses has come the following summary of impressions left behind. "H.M.S. "YORK" she said, "Always 'Shave off.'" H.M.S. "AJAX" "Upyer." H.M.S. "ORION" "Gude evening"—"Englishmen mad.") If by chance the ship should sell them a pup and anchor instead of going alongside, then they come off in boats in bodes and regale us with the additional spectacle of the "penny high dive." Behind the waterfront lies the city, entirely rebuilt since the earthquake and disastrous fire of 1907. In place of old Kingston has sprung up a city of wide streets and concrete public buildings. Only the characteristic smell remains, and in time we find that this is the "perks" of all the islands.

If our final judgment is that Kingston is somewhat unattractive in itself, at least we must admit that it possesses a beautiful birthright in its environment of hills and mountains and in its tropical vegetation, all of which make the magnificent setting for the handsome residences around Up-Park Camp, Half Way Tree and Constant Spring. Hope Gardens provide us with a sight of beautiful lawns and experimental gardens growing luxuriantly under expert supervision.

In the chancel of Kingston Parish Church is the tomb of Vice-Admiral John Benbow, who died and was buried there on November 4th, 1702, "of a wound in his leg received in an engagement with Mons. du Casse." The mention of his name will carry us back to the days of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries when the West Indies was the main theatre of naval warfare, and there is hardly one of the islands that is not mentioned somewhere in the naval history of the period. We have

seen many evidences of the Navy's presence as we have cruised around them and they will doubtless be mentioned in their turn. It was on the City of Port Royal, which we mentioned in passing just now, that the old Jamaica Fleet was based. This fleet was the ancestor of the Squadron in which we now serve and it was while serving in it that Nelson got his first command.

Those of us who visited Port Royal found but a shadow of its former glory. It was originally the headquarters of the buccaneers, and the church there still treasures silver presented to her by Henry Morgan after the sack of Panama. Before it was overwhelmed by an earthquake on June 7th, 1692, it was considered "the finest town in the West Indies and the richest spot in the Universe." The same city was destroyed by fire in 1702 and 1816, and in 1722 was devastated by a hurricane. It was abandoned as a dockyard and naval base in 1905, and the earthquake in 1907 put the finishing touches to a town which had rapidly languished. None the less, that part of it which is not under the sea is full of interest still, the chief places being S. Peter's Church and Fort Charles, which Nelson commanded in 1779. In the latter, the staircase or entrance to what is known as "Nelson's Quarterdeck"—a space on the ramparts adjoining the great sailor's quarters—still stands, and we can browse there if we will. The Church is still a Dockyard Church to all appearances and is full of naval relics and memories. Port Royal is now the home of a small garrison manned by the Royal Artillery, but inspired by memories, tradition and many other considerations, coupled with the fact that it would be our base in time of war, many are left wondering why Jamaica's naval associations are not revived, and a wholesale removal thither from Bermuda arranged.

But from our billet we could see none of these things. All we could see was a wharf, people and bananas—but it was interesting watching them. This is the sort of thing that happened. A train load of bananas was shunted on to the wharf, immediately to be surrounded by scores



of women. Having seized a bunch of bananas from the van, and placed them on her head, each woman passes a man who issues her with a check—for this is "piece work," and the number of checks represents the number of bunches loaded into the ship. Next the woman passes before a man on a sort of auctioneer's rostrum, who is armed with an ugly looking knife with which to trim off any unnecessary stalks. Escaping personal injury, it seems by a miracle, the woman passes on, gives up the check at the entrance to the boat, walks into the hold and the bunch is stowed. And all this goes on with the regularity of clockwork.

Before we left Jamaica we received one Commander and lost another. Commander T. C. T. Wynne joined us on the afternoon of Sunday, August 7th, to relieve Captain B. C. B. Brooke, who left us early next morning before we sailed. We departed taking with us two things, Captain H. G. Wainwright, R.A., for a holiday, and the thought that Jamaica was only lacking sadly in one thing—sea bathing. The "Turtle Tank" and Bournemouth Baths offer some substitute, but the sandy spots reported as being good, are to be viewed with extreme suspicion on account of sharks. One other alternative is the Constant Spring Hotel Swimming Pool which fifty of us well remember commandeering one afternoon, but that is not the same—it's fresh water.

We now made for an island known only to those who collect stamps—Grand Cayman. We could see as we drew closer that it was a small and very quiet place—no large cars, bars and night clubs there—but that it also possessed one of the most beautiful beaches we had ever seen. It is just as well that we came to that conclusion at once, because as soon as we met them the natives made no bones about letting us know that we were expected to think that.

The three Cayman islands are dependencies of Jamaica and their destinies are guided by a Commissioner. When we arrived he was away. Had we not had our trouble in New Orleans we should have been at Grand



Photo by] JAMAICA—LOADING BANANAS. ["Torps."

Cayman in February when he would have been there to meet us. As it was we were received by Mr. Panton, the Acting Commissioner and local Poo-bah, whose chief "howl" was that we had not arrived hours earlier than we did.

Before proceeding, we could do worse than acquaint ourselves ever so slightly with the history of these islands. They were discovered by Columbus on May 10th, 1503, on his return voyage from Porto Bello to Hispaniola, and were called by him "Las Tortugas" because of the abundance of turtle which he found there—and which are still found there and form the staple industry of the islands. Their present name was attributed by Dr. G. S. S. Hirst, Commissioner, 1907-12, to the fact that early settlers found alligators or "cayman" as they are still called in Jamaica, in the lesser islands. Another ingenious though less plausible suggestion is that it is derived from Cay Mano—the cay like a hand. The islands were never occupied by the Spaniards, but were mainly settled by English from Jamaica. Their formal colonization dates from 1734, between which year and 1741 a number of patents of land were issued. The present inhabitants are very largely descendants of the original settlers and their servants, as each patentee was compelled to carry with him to the island a certain number of white men besides slaves. In 1774, we are told, there were one hundred and six white persons on the island of Grand Cayman who had a "Chief or Governor" of their own choosing. For many years the islands were frequented by buccaneers and "hidden treasure" has been found in them from time to time. Although, then, the present inhabitants are largely descendants of the original settlers, there is a "buccaneer strain" in them, and they can also number many shipwrecked mariners among their forbears. There is a marked Scottish flavour in the blood, language, custom and religion of these people.

We found a very happy community, all great sailors, untouched by poverty, with each family in possession of its own homestead which was well cared for. They

were charming people, slow perhaps and, generally speaking, below the average standard of intelligence, and this may well be ascribed to "inbreeding." Cayman is quite isolated from the rest of the world, being in no more than fortnightly communication with Jamaica, and this, coupled with the other fact that very many of their young men folk go to seek their fortune in wider fields and do not return, will account for much of the inter-marriage and the consequences arising from it. Three of four names predominate in the community, "Panton" and "Bodden" being perhaps the most common.

Our advent was a great occasion for them, as we soon gathered from the beflagged Georgetown. For such a small place our welcome was stupendous, and four Oxford undergraduates who were spending their "long vac" studying the flora and fauna of the island were able to join in from both sides. But it was easy to see that the natives regarded them as their own, so quickly had they endeared themselves to everybody. Dances, swimming parties, football matches, were all provided for and expected of us but otherwise there was no local entertainment except beer. The local scouts had a great time onboard and with our contingent of Deep Sea Scouts onshore, and only one thing marred our three days there—mosquitoes—and thousands of them—which chose to make the nights almost unbearable. We left the island for Jamaica on the evening of August 11th, bearing most unpleasant memories of them, but exceedingly pleasant ones of the genuinely sincere hospitality of the people. Probably no place we have yet visited has appreciated so much our coming, and, although they had not much to give us in the way of the entertainment we generally look for, we should be glad to know that we brought such joy to them. And they have not forgotten us as their cabled greetings from time to time testify. We shall think of Cayman, too, especially if we see the old "Cimboco" in Jamaica at any time.

We arrived at Montego Bay the following morning intending to remain a day before proceeding to Santiago de Cuba. But six hours later we were on our way back

to Cayman again, as the result of a wireless message. During the previous night we had passed through a small disturbance which turned out later to have been the fringe of a hurricane. Grand Cayman had lain in the path of this hurricane and had suffered accordingly. What immediately concerned us was that during this storm a schooner at anchor in the harbour had broken its moorings and drifted out to sea with the night watchman onboard, and no one knew where it had gone. Cayman called us to the rescue and to the rescue we went.

At 0540 we anchored off Georgetown and after obtaining a little more information began the search. Our Seafox light reconnaissance floatplanes were now to prove of some practical value, but as was usual they had to begin the day by going wrong. It has always been a toss up between the Seafox, the Jollyboat, No. 1 Motor Boat and the pinnace for the honour in this direction, but on this particular morning because we needed them, the aeroplane in use "threw its hand in"—or at least its wireless set did. However, eventually it went and to Lieut. Cdr. Madden belongs the distinction of locating the "GOLDFIELD." By 1425 we had embarked the Acting-Commissioner, the crew of the schooner and officials of Georgetown, and just over two hours later we had closed the "GOLDFIELD" and effected the transfer of the nightwatchman to the ship and the crew to the schooner. The nightwatchman was an old man and was given a great reception by all. He seemed none the worse for his terrifying experience and was escorted to the Sick Bay for food and succour. This is what one of the staff there (our Ken) wrote about him afterwards—and those who met him will realize what a very true account this is.

"Gratison Parsons is a sunbronzed old man whose life has been spent in small ships, schooners, etc. He has that simple faith and free communion with his God that is vouchsafed to the very few of us who can be humble and come to Him like children.

"The man's account of his experience was given in a quiet and straightforward manner which left no possible doubt of his sincerity. The gale had been raging two hours before the cable parted at 0600 on Friday morning. The vessel drifted swiftly seawards and Parsons knew that even if he weathered the gale, he could not get back to Cayman without other hands to help him tack. For a while things seemed very black. He almost despaired, then he prayed and as though a voice within him spoke, something told him to put up a fight, and to do the best he knew how. At about eight o'clock he had a premonition that "ORION" would be the ship to pick him up. All day the little vessel ran before the gale. For two hours in the height of the storm Parsons saw nothing but sea. Tossed and blown, his little ship now thrown high, then plunged deep in a welter of foaming water, he kept his spirit up by praying constantly. In his own words 'I spoke to God.' He shipped three heavy seas and each time thought the end was near, but towards night the waters fell and at midnight he came out of the storm, exhausted and spent. He thanked God and slept fitfully, waking with a start from time to time in fear of being run down by some oil tanker or other stray vessel.

"Morning came and he fished, catching a small shark and a dolphin. Parsons decided his best course was to set the jibsail and drift as best he could to Honduras, nearly eight hundred miles away. Though he knew he was not more than thirty-five miles from Cayman, he would have needed help to tack against the wind in that direction. The hours dragged by and at about noon he saw a speck in the sky, which rapidly grew into the "Seafox" operating from "ORION." He knew then that he would soon be rescued but did not expect "ORION" till Sunday forenoon.

"His only worry when brought aboard was his wife aged sixty five, left fretting at home."

To that we can add nothing, and the rest of the story is simple. We returned to Grand Cayman, disembarked the party, and by 1930 we were away again, bound this time for Santiago de Cuba. It was Saturday, August 13th.



In the late afternoon of the next day we steamed into Santiago with eyes giving the Cuban maidens in the boats which gathered round us the "once over," and with nostrils trained to catch the first "whiff" of rum. Was not this the home of Bacardi?

Santiago harbour is a wonderful one and would be difficult to surpass. It is a shocking thing to admit, I suppose, to such a public, but I have never, repetition never, been to Dartmouth. However, I am told that the entrance to this harbour, commanded as it was by the historic Morro Castle, now in ruins, resembles it very much. Others are better qualified to judge. Once inside, an enormous bay of six miles by three, opened out (described officially as a splendid land-locked harbour) with Santiago as a sea of many coloured roofs in the distance. I.P.'s had warned us to expect "a hot dirty city, full of malaria mosquitoes, which emanate from the swamps opposite the town. The drains also run out into the swamps, the smell at times being nauseating." Fortified with this very unpromising information we anchored in the stream—out of the range of mosquitoes, so we hoped. But it wasn't really so bad. After all, we had been to Vera Cruz and had some idea of what to expect. Besides there had been an earthquake since that report was made and that had probably improved things a little. We had also got used to the devastating glances of the dark, flashing, olive-eyed beauties in the streets, and their ignorance of our language and our floundering attempts at theirs proved no barrier.

The city was a bit "grubby" we must admit, and so unlike what we imagined Havana at the other end of the island to be like. This was the old capital of Cuba, but the natives were certainly wise to make the change that they did, and the difference between the two places is almost fantastic. The central feature of the city was, of course, the Plaza, on one side of which was the Cathedral, and on the other, Clubs, and a Hotel in ruins. The streets leading away from this were narrow, but the Alameda Drive, the harbour front, and the new suburbs spreading

rapidly outwards, were, or had been, beautifully laid out with gardens and every modern convenience to nullify the generous warmth of the atmosphere. It certainly was hot—but the evenings were delightfully cool.

On the morning after our arrival the usual exchange of calls was made, and in the afternoon of the same day the Cuban man-o-war "CUBA" arrived to increase the activity of officialdom, and the band had to work again. Otherwise, activities continued and leave was piped at the usual time. The custom of laying a wreath on the memorial to Sir Lambton Lorraine,\* was observed, and to reciprocate hospitality received the Officers gave a cocktail party, which was exceedingly cosmopolitan in nature and language. One did not realize that there was so much latent linguistic talent among those who live "back aft!"

About forty miles east of Santiago is the U.S. Naval Station of Guantanamo, but our stay was too short to pay a visit here.

Would it be unfair or unjust to suggest that our visit to Santiago can be summed up in the word "Bacardi?" Cia. Bacardi, certainly, were intoxicatingly hospitable and we are not complaining.

Thus replete, and with some suffering from alcoholic remorse, we set out on the forenoon of August 17th, for La Guaira.

The trip south was climatically sticky but otherwise uneventful, and early on the morning of August 20th, our first view of the Venezuelan—and indeed of the South American (it had been too misty when in Trinidad to see

\*Commander (afterwards Rear-Admiral) Lambton Lorraine (born November 17th, 1828, died May 17th, 1917) while in command of H.M.S. "Niobe" in November, 1873, saved the lives of over 100 members of the crew of the U.S.S. "Virginius" who had been captured by the Spanish Ship "Tornado," and sentenced to death. The memorial bust was erected, as a tribute of gratitude and justice rendered, by the Cuban nation, February 24th, 1922.

across the waters)—coast was vouchsafed to us. We were literally confronted with a mountain, and it was not long before we realized that Venezuela itself was just one — mountain after another. At the foot of the mountains slept La Guaira.

The harbour which we entered after firing sundry salutes was artificial and V-shaped, the northerly arm being of concrete and forming a breakwater against the large swell which prevails there. We secured to buoys, fore and aft, in the centre of the harbour and the immediate vicinity of a Venezuelan warship of some antiquity, the noise of whose dynamos provided a loud and suitable accompaniment to the endless "dripping" of the fed up and sufferers from "prickly heat."

La Guaira is the port of Caracas, the capital of the country, and what was said of Santiago de Cuba in I.P.'s could have been truthfully said of this place—except the bit about mosquitoes. Its doom was sealed as a resort for sailors when the "scouts" sent out on the first evening returned with the report that it was "no good ashore here" and the added, and more shattering information, that "food" was one-and-eightpence for a small bottle. The exchange rate was against us and bolivars to the pound were not as plentiful as we thought they should have been.

Those who could, sought solace in Caracas—the Captain spent all the time here. This city is twenty miles inland up in the mountains, and is reached either by road or rail, both equally hair raising and nerve shattering experiences, which take a long time and are very thirst provoking. Added to this, the same clothes are likely to be unsuitable for wear at both places, for many reasons of which temperature is only one.

It was once said that Caracas, like Leicester Square, can be looked at from many angles. No two people in the ship carried away the same impressions. To some it was a fiesta, to others a fiasco.

For the Captain and a certain number of officers accommodation was provided at the Hotel Majestic and the Captain used this as his head-quarters for the paying and receiving of official calls, etc. Apparently this hotel cost half a million pounds to construct and was paid for on the nail by the present owner. It was very large and possessed every modern gadget—half of which had ceased to work and the hotel staff seemed doubtful of their purpose anyhow. But the bedrooms were comfortable.

The city itself possesses wide streets and many fine buildings, the Foreign Office and Elliptical Hall being particularly outstanding examples of the practical application of art.

On the morning of August 22nd, a ceremonial function of some magnitude was staged in Caracas when a seaman company and the Royal Marine Band marched up to the Pantheon—the large tomb where is deposited all that is mortal of Simon Bolivar the Liberator—and the Captain, accompanied by the British Minister, laid a wreath as an act of homage to the great man.

The British Colony, the interest of which is largely in oil, was exceedingly kind to us during our stay, and we entertained it onboard almost in its entirety—sprinkled of course with other guests "y familia," our very obliging liason officer, and the officers of our noisy neighbour, the "GENERAL URDANETA."

The next morning we departed for Trinidad.

Trinidad was looking about the same and we didn't stop much longer than was required to oil ship, arriving at St. Vincent on Saturday, August 27th. Having already made the acquaintance of the island in February—and some of us treasuring very happy memories thereof—we had a pied-de-terre already and were able to kick off straightaway. What it was hoped would be the belated beginnings of a concert party gave a performance in the Library on the Monday evening, which His Honour the Administrator attended. This second visit was very enjoyable indeed and the Sergeant was more careful of