

home in Ireland. He will not be forgotten by the Marines and those who live in the neighbourhood of the key-board flat. *Requiescat in Pace.*

We left S. Petersburg on S. Valentine's Day (!) leaving behind yet another who craved the Florida air, and arrived in Cuba on the following day. Then "the tumult and the shouting" began again—but we are moving too quickly.

Havana was a place much looked forward to. It was steeped in tradition (naval); the "NORFOLK," "DRAGON," "YORK" and others had been there before us, and so had some "on board us," and one and all had reported favourably. It was not strange, then, that on the morning of our arrival most people seemed literally to be purring with anticipation. But it is some time since we were either historical, geographical or descriptive, so we will be serious for a while.

"The Paris of the West Indies" (the expression is not mine, I read it somewhere) is an enormous city, having spread inland since the beginning of the century with great effect. A comparison has already been drawn between Santiago and Havana to the disadvantage of the former, and now this title will further explain how great this difference is. The author has never been to Spain but he sees no reason for questioning the statement that Havana is still as Spanish as Madrid, Cadiz, Seville—or Santiago de Cuba for that matter, and in parts is just as dirty. But here were still massive limestone houses with ornamental balustrades and heavy doors, the best example of which was to be found in the many old Spanish Churches and convents. The best shopping streets were very narrow, especially Calles Obispo and O'Reilly, but the newer streets and open plazas compensated (if that is really the right word to use) for all that old world atmosphere. The Prado, the central park-way through the heart of the city, was the scene of the greatest animation, particularly at dusk, when the double promenades, lined with deep green laurels, were crowded with buzzing humanity. This animation was more pronounced during our visit, for

the populace were preparing to welcome General Batista and Lent (seemingly in that order) with a Carnival. At the seaward end this (the Prado, not the animation) terminated in the Malecón, with an ornate classical temple for a bandstand, and nearby was the memorial commemorating the massacre there of eight young Cuban students, the oldest of whom was 16, by the Spanish volunteers in 1871. The President's Palace, the Senate Buildings and the old Hall of Representatives, all face on to a neighbouring park of green lawns and royal palms. These parks seem quite numerous, Central Park being the largest of them, where is the statue of José Martí (1853-95) one of the prime movers in the revolution of 1895. Facing this same park are the handsome Capitol with its stately white dome, which seemed to dominate Havana, the florid Teatro Central which can accommodate an audience of 3,000, and the Centro Asturiano Club-House. One other building which some of us will remember is the Cathedral. It is not particularly old, just over two hundred years in fact, but the style in which it is built, which is so familiar in Spanish America, makes it appear older than it is. Its chief interest lies in the fact that it is reputed to be the temporary resting place of the bones of Christopher Columbus. As has already been mentioned this claim is not a sound one as it is generally believed that Columbus is buried in Santo Domingo. In all probability it was his son Diego, or some other member of his family, who rested in Havana.

Cuba's chief products are tobacco and sugar, but everybody knows that. Judging by the atmosphere in the ship for some weeks after our departure from Havana, however, many of our number were taking great pleasure in celebrating the fact that at least one thing they had learnt at school had been proved correct. Cuba—and Havana particularly—produced cigars. It is hoped that they were all honestly come by; two or three parties were shown over some of the local factories! Cuba also goes in for a little cattle breeding; the forests yield mahogany, cedar and dyewoods. Its exports include alcohol, rum and fruit. Iron, copper and manganese are mined.

But to return to what is, perhaps, more interesting. The anticipatory purring already referred to may have been due in part to the visions that Cuba conjures up in our imaginations. I know it did in the mind of one of my old landladies who warned me (in a letter) to be very careful when I got to Cuba. Her remarks were based not on a fear for me, but on a very highly coloured picture of Cuba. Anyway, if it is of any interest to anyone, I was careful—very. But this quotation from another work gives a pretty good idea of the average person's opinion of Cuba—"The home of the Rumba with its gay wild romantic rhythm. Sinuous Senoritas, daringly clad, performing wild gyrations to the spell of fascinating music"—What ho!! Wow!!!

The first batch of libertymen brought off with them distinctly favourable reports—and there was not a revolution brewing either. Names like Moulin Rouge and Sloppy Joe's, which were later to become household words, were breathed with awe and unctious. Havana was certainly alive. And the Cinemas were very comprehensive in their out-look, too, for it was rumoured that they could offer the whole range from the glamorously epic to the unbelievably bawdy and blue. The night life of the city cannot be passed without mention, though the more intimate personal descriptions would be of much more interest, doubtless, than a general survey could possibly be. The author, having no first hand knowledge to draw upon, tried to get one or two different accounts from various sources, which would introduce this personal touch, but although there seemed to be no lack of information, there was a general reluctance to put it on paper. So all we can do is to mention Sans Souci, Chateau Madrid, Montmartre, and leave it at that. (It is not to be assumed that the author recommends these places. This is not intended to be a guide book).

We certainly enjoyed ourselves. There were the now inevitable "brewery" runs, and the British Consul General very kindly sponsored and led an expedition of Chief and Petty Officers to a sugar mill inland, which proved very interesting.



Photo by

HAVANA

E. Torpe

The last day of our stay was Sunday. In the morning there was a Church Parade to the Anglican Cathedral, with a march past en route, at which H.M. Minister took the salute.

And so on Monday, February 20th, we sailed away leaving behind us a lot of money, one P.O., and, as we afterwards discovered, the Duke of Somerset's heart.

Keeping our hands in by gently exercising "G.Q's" we steamed peacefully towards British Honduras, where we upset everybody by arriving on Ash Wednesday. That fact curbed the entertainment a bit, but it couldn't be helped. Having safely negotiated the tortuous approach, we moored some distance off the town because of the shallowness of the harbour. One could not help being struck by the contrast between this and our last port of call. Not only was the outlook totally different, but we could see at a glance that we were not to be troubled here by the effects of "high life," as we had already discovered we were not to be troubled by the "high" smells which were ever-present at our Cuban berth.

Belize touched our hearts by its poverty, which had not been helped by the effects of tempest. It was a quiet and compact little township of shingle and wooden houses built on swampy land. It carried out a small export trade in mahogany, logwoods, shell and grapefruit. It was peopled by coloured workers, white traders, executives and mosquitoes—all alike in their homely hospitality (except, of course, in the case of the last-named when we, all unwilling, were the hosts.) The visit of a warship is a great occasion for the inhabitants, but except football matches (which were arranged) and the cinema, there was little to entice us ashore. It is also the home of the Archbishop of the West Indies (who is Bishop of Honduras) and his assistant Bishop, who startled some by his youth.

A dance was given at the Country Club for Officers—there was a picnic too—and there was also a dance for the Ship's Company. Whether it is true to say, as was said of another Dance, that it developed into a shuffling mass of tightly packed and perspiring humanity, we don't know, but anyway it was very much enjoyed by all. Apart from this, and what has already been noted, there is little more to say of general interest about Belize, except that we believe A.B. Hamilton caught a shark. And so on Saturday, February 25th, we departed.

Now we were to put pleasure behind us and "get down to it" in real earnest. We very quickly met not only "YORK," "EXETER" and "AJAX," but the Canadian Navy—all of it. There were the "OTTAWA," "FRASER," "SAGUENAY," "SKEENA," "RESTIGOUCHE" (Rusty Guts) and "ST. LAURENT" (Sally Rand.) And so we "exercised" in harmony, unison, counterpoint, faubourdon and discord, all the way to Jamaica. We didn't all go in. A "dummy" attack to test the defences of Jamaica had to be staged, and the "YORK," exhausted by the past week, appointed herself umpire. We entered, too, cunningly disguised as a neutral ship. The Army was not supposed to realize that it was a disguise. Preparations were made speedily and with all secrecy, and on the night of March 3-4, when the wise, like the Saints, rejoiced in their beds, the landing parties landed—with muffled oars. It is impossible for the author to give an eye-witness account of this "exercise," but he understands that many useful lessons were learnt by all.

On March 6th Kingston must have been shaken to the core. Apparently ten warships of the British Navy were not enough, and seventeen U.S.N. vessels of all shapes, sizes and qualities put in an appearance. We spent that day receiving and returning calls and entertaining our American guests, and then next morning, leaving them in possession, we sailed away—to Bermuda.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER IX

(by R.O.M.F.T.)

THE BARON'S REVENGE.

Listen to me and I'll tell you a tale,
 Of the way that the Baron hit back,
 Of the thing that he did that made somebody wail,
 And of how he made sure of his whack.

He boarded the ship disguised as a boy,
 He prowled round the ship like a cat,
 Looking for things he could use as a toy,
 If he saw them they vanished—like that!

He came on the bridge and had a look round,
 He peered in each nook and cranny,
 And as soon as he saw the thing that he'd found,
 It was gone, as sure as your granny.

He picked it up; it went under his coat,
 A telescope vanished in air,
 And he staggered away in secret to gloat,
 To him, the exchange was quite fair.

While up on the bridge there was panic galore,
 As we looked for the lost telescope
 The Baron kept prowling to look for some more,
 And said to himself "What a hope."

We searched here and there, everywhere we could reach,
 But of it we saw not a thing,
 While the Baron stood looking through it from the beach,
 And softly he started to sing:—

"In this cruel world of ours,
 You don't get owt for nowt,
 You've stung me plenty in this week,
 So I gave you a clout on the snout."

That's the tale of the Baron's hit back,
 And the reason why we're one glass less,
 Why up on the bridge there is one empty rack,
 And a much wiser man in the mess!

THE BARON AND THE TIN OPENERS.

T'was the Baron that did it, to get his own back,
 Took them and hid them, now we're on hard tack,
 Living like Lords on biscuits and cheese
 Because we can't open our "Machonocie's."

Pandemonium reigned when we found that one day
 Not an opener was left in the ship,
 Cookie went bunkers, his hair turned quite grey,
 And the Paybob bit right through his lip.

He searched all the ship, from the truck to the keel,
 Then reversed from the keel to the truck,
 He looked through the cannons, and took down the wheel
 Just to find one to serve out the muck.

He looked everywhere, but he couldn't find one,
 So he called on a volunteer party,
 To take a tin each and see what could be done,
 And the lads bowled along good and hearty.

The Butcher took one, laid it down on the block,
 And raised up his cleaver with feeling,
 He opened it up, but did he get a shock?
 He's still picking bits off the ceiling.

Blackie was sensible, he used a sledge
 On the tin as it lay on the anvil,
 Brought it down heavy, but hit on the edge,—
 That's the one that was picked up in Deauville.

No one succeeded, they all gave it up,
 There were hundreds of tins smashed and battered,
 No single tin had it's top opened up,
 But the paintwork was all splashed and smattered.

CHAPTER X. AGAIN BERMUDA.

"New every morning is the buzz
That we are going home to Guzz—"

THE bulkheads shook with the sound of Lieut. Boucher singing in his bath. He was singing "hymns" to the Chaplain. Beyond the bulkhead the Doctor fumed so loudly and so much more than characteristically that even the Ward Room dice rattled spontaneously and tremulously in their box. But Lieut. B. was only giving tongue in verse and song (?) to the many "buzzes" which now began again daily to disturb our peace. Even the lack of fulfilment of past rumours did nothing to discredit fresh ones as they arose. But not all our time was given over at this juncture to spreading and listening to buzzes.

We arrived "home" again on Saturday, March 11th, for what was to prove the shortest of our many visits. We found the "BERWICK" waiting for us, anxious to rid herself of the responsibility she had undertaken in providing a home for three Midshipmen and eight ratings who had arrived for us in our absence. Consequently on that day, and with almost indecent haste, Messrs. Grayson, Orpen, and Park, and the ratings mentioned, descended upon us.

The "YORK's" departure now being imminent, certain changes proved necessary, and on March 15th, Michael Sturdy, now Lieutenant, left us to join the "YORK" and Sub-Lieut. T. P. Baillie-Grohman came to us in his stead. We were, of course, to see quite a bit more of our lost "Subby" before "YORK" sailed for the U.K. Other changes in personnel at this point were the departure of Midshipmen R. Woolrych, G. F. Cleveland, J. C. Varley, R. A. S. Platt, and Paymaster Sub-Lieut. D. A. Marks on March 31st, to take passage in "YORK" to

Before proceeding it would not seem out of place to set down a few notes about the Canal and its history, and for this purpose I have drawn rather liberally on Aspinall's Guide Book. I hope nobody minds. History in connection with the Isthmus of Panama begins in 1499 when it was visited by a Spaniard named Alonso de Ojeda, who established a colony, called Nueva Andulucia, near Cartagena. After that other Spanish settlements were made on the isthmus, some well-known names in history like Nombre de Dios, founded by Columbus in 1502. In 1513 Vasco Nuñez de Balboa crossed the isthmus and discovered the Pacific Ocean. Later, when the wealth of the newly discovered colonies of the Pacific began to be developed, the route across the Isthmus became immensely important, and much treasure was transported over the Gold Road, as it was called, on mules.

The idea of piercing the Isthmus was by no means of recent birth. It was talked of even in these early days, and again and again during the days of Spain's colonial greatness, but it was not until the nineteenth century, when the United States began to feel the need for communication between their eastern and western seaboard that the question of a canal came within the region of practical politics. Some favoured a Nicaraguan Canal (there is still talk of one now). The Atlantic terminal of this would have been in a country over which Great Britain had long exercised control, and in 1850 the famous Bulwer-Clayton Treaty was signed by Great Britain and the United States, which provided that neither Government should ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control of any canal connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific, or erect fortifications protecting it.

The rush of gold-seekers to California in 1849 (who found this a safer if not quicker route than facing the dangers of a transcontinental journey) led to the construction of the railway across the Isthmus of Panama by W. H. Aspinwall (after whom Cristobal was originally named) H. Chamocey and J. L. Stevens. In 1855 the



Photo (v)

THE PANAMA CANAL—GATUN LOCKS.

Th. J. Lacombe.

first train crossed from ocean to ocean. Various canal schemes were again discussed but it was not until after the construction of the Suez Canal that they assumed definite shape. First, in 1881, the French scheme was launched under Ferdinand de Lesseps, fresh from his triumphs at Suez. But for many reasons, chiefly the magnitude of the task, coupled with disease, speculation and fraud, the scheme failed and the company became bankrupt after eight years. For a while another company, the New Panama Company, attempted to carry on. Eventually the U.S. Government after some difficulty bought out the company, and then had only to make a satisfactory arrangement with Columbia, in whose territory the embryo canal was. A treaty was then negotiated whereby the U.S.A. were to pay \$10,000,000 and an annual rent of \$10,000 after nine years, for a strip of land ten miles wide, extending from ocean to ocean. Columbia refused to ratify and a few days later the Province of Panama declared her independence, which was at once recognised by the U.S.A., and within a few months a treaty was negotiated with the new-born Republic and ratified by which the Canal Zone was leased to the U.S. for \$10,000,000 and an annual payment of \$250,000 at the end of nine years. Thereafter work steadily proceeded, and in August, 1914, the Canal was opened for traffic.

It stands a monument to hard work, tremendous hardship bravely borne, discouragement overcome, and to those many thousands who lost their lives through disease, especially malaria and yellow-fever, and as a tribute to the great work of Goethals, Gorgas and others. It has to be seen to be realised.

We approached the Gatun locks through seven miles of narrow cut bordered by thick tropical vegetation. We saw the old French Canal, the first abandoned effort of de Lesseps, with some of the dredger and construction gear still lying there, a mute and rusty tribute to a splendid failure; we passed, too, the boat-houses of the American 14th Regiment.

The original idea of de Lesseps was to cut through from coast to coast on one level, but his idea was later discarded in favour of a lock system. Ships are lifted 85 feet in three jumps in the biggest locks in the world. It took us about an hour to rise this height above the level of the Atlantic, and all this with no noise and yelling of orders. The controller in his control house can see everything, and a scale model on his table opens its gates and fills its locks as the same thing is occurring below him. All he does is to press the smallest of switches. The ship is harnessed to electric "mules," (three each side in our case) which run on tracks along the lock walls, and these pull the ship through the locks. At a later date the author was permitted to explore this control house, and go beneath the locks, and he was truly amazed at what he saw.

No work at all was done to-day—except what was absolutely necessary to make the transit, and despite the heat and the lack of awnings, the upper deck was crowded all the time with interested spectators. Old-timers told yarns of how the "NELSON" only just got through, and, later on, of how the "RENOWN" found the way blocked in 1920. On leaving the third lock we entered the artificial Gatun Lake, 164 square miles of it—formed by damming up the Chagres River. The Dam itself is an enormous affair and now forms part of a golf course. In the centre of the dam is the Spillway, which carries off the surplus waters of the lake and regulates its depth. To the north of it is the electric generating station, to which it provides the driving power, which gives light and power to the Canal Zone. To stand on this spot and look towards the Canal makes one wonder if one is not seeing things. The locks not being visible from there, it looks for all the world as if two ships are crossing one another in the middle of a green field.

We passed through Gatun Lake at about 16 knots along a dredged channel, defined by a series of white boards and pylons. From the surface of the water project the gaunt stems and leafless branches of tall forest trees left

to decay, and small islands—the summits of submerged hills—densely clothed with tropical vegetation. Eventually we arrived at the most striking feature of the Canal, the great Gaillard or Culebra Cut. It is no less than nine miles long, and the total excavation which it involved was over 230,000,000 cubic yards, of which 20,419,720 were removed by the French.

On the rock face of Constructor's Hill, the highest point, we saw a bronze tablet, a memorial to the workmen engaged on the excavations here. This was, and is still to a certain extent, the scene of all the troublesome and costly landslides, and dredgers and excavation gangs are constantly at work there. As has already been mentioned, it was here that, prior to the passage of H.M.S. "RENOWN" with the then Prince of Wales on board, and her escort H.M.S. "CALCUTTA" through the canal on March 3rd, 1920, the channel was blocked for several hours by a huge boulder estimated to weight 50 tons. At the end of the cut is the Pedro Miguel (locally know as the "Peter McGill") Lock, a single drop of 30 feet which lowered us to the smaller artificial Miraflores Lake. Passing this we came to the Miraflores Locks, where we dropped a further 55 feet in two stages, going through exactly the same procedure as previously. With this last drop we found ourselves at Pacific level and by some strange freak at the *Eastern* end of the Canal! But that is the way with the Panama Canal and we cannot alter it—so there it is.

The Canal actually continues beyond this last lock for another eight miles, but we turned into the harbour of Balboa, which is just over a mile distant, and berthed alongside. It had taken us about 6 hours to cross from Atlantic to Pacific, because of the genius and engineering skill of the Canal builders. They had saved us a journey of 7,873 miles which would have taken us a little more than twenty-six days, instead of a good deal less than one. And that evening from No. 6 Dock we looked at the citizens of the U.S.A. in the tropics. It had been a pleasant and unusual day.

The next day the usual calls were paid and received, and we made the very happy acquaintance of His Majesty's Minister in Panama, Mr. Adams, and his sister, and that of the Rear-Admiral of U.S. Naval district No. 15. Those of us who had not done so the night before set out to explore Balboa and Panama, and to find this much talked of "Coconut Grove."

Balboa, formerly Port Ancon, owes its existence to the Panama Canal, and there is little there which is not directly associated with the Canal administration. We found here, however, a very fine U.S. Army and Navy Y.M.C.A., where we were made very welcome and established contact with the U.S. Army particularly. Mr. Stevens, the Secretary, was very hospitable and helpful, and with his assistance we arranged several excursions. The swimming bath at the "Y" was a god-send.

Panama City was but a short distance away and almost contiguous with Balboa and that district of it which is still called Ancon. This city, which is the capital of the Republic of Panama, was built during the governorship of Fernandez de Cordova, after the destruction of the earlier city of the same name, which stood four miles to the west and was destroyed by the pirate, Henry Morgan, in 1671. (Morgan has already been mentioned in connection with Port Royal, Jamaica, but I don't think it was mentioned that he lived to become Governor of that Island and to receive the honour of knighthood!) It stands on a rocky peninsular at the foot of Ancon Hill, which is recognised by geologists as being the cone of an extinct volcano. Since Panama gained its freedom from Colombia the city, which has a population of about 45,000, has undergone many noticeable improvements, and the \$10,000,000, paid by the U.S.A. for the lease of the Canal Zone has enabled the Government to erect several buildings which give the city a very different appearance from that which it latterly presented under the old régime. The U.S.A., which has control in the sanitary matters, paved the streets

and provided the city with a modern system of sanitation and water supply which is now maintained by, and at the expense of, the local Government.

The main thoroughfare is the Avenida Central (in case you don't know, it means Central Avenue) which seemed to be the absolute Mecca of Oriental Bazaar merchants. A stroll down this street revealed the cosmopolitan nature of the city. The retail trade seems largely to be in the hands of Chinamen. Although, since 1904, Chinamen entering the country have had to pay a capitation tax of \$250, they have done this willingly, and here Spaniards, Italians, Frenchmen and indeed representatives of every European country and Negroes rub shoulders with Indians and Chinese.

It must be our acquisitive instinct or something, but it seemed that we had to purchase the gaudy articles of silk and curios of questionable ebony or ivory. "Silk" shirts at a "bob" and ditto pyjamas at two, to say nothing of the glorious and gorgeous kimonos. Panama is a "free port" and we knew it. When we left, the draught of the ship was considerably greater, and the dress of our personnel more colourful. I have never quite recovered from the shock I received subsequently, when my attention was drawn, at 0530 one morning, to the recumbent figure of my Marine Servant in his hammock clad in the nocturnal vesture he had purchased for his "party" at home. Ye Gods!! But, apart from all this, there was good shopping at reasonable prices if one looked for it and was not too gullible.

"Cerveza" again became a common word in our vocabulary, and we mention with reverence the beer gardens, and the "Balboa," the "Atlas" and the "Rancho," and with much less reverence the "Sour Apple Bar" and Su Chows; but apart from these and other places of entertainment there was much to be seen. The Roman Catholic Cathedral with its twin towers, whose domes are encased in mother-of-pearl; the Palacio Municipal; the Churches of San Felipe Neri, San Francisco and Santo Domingo; the Church of San José with its golden

altar, saved from the buccaneers by being whitewashed, remaining so until a few years ago; the Government Buildings; the Teatro Nacional, one of finest buildings of its kind in this part of the world; the Union Club where the Duke of Windsor was entertained in 1920; the Malecon; Las Bovedas; and the Instituto Nacional, Panama's University, opened in 1911—all these bring back interesting memories.

But perhaps we found our greatest historical interest in Old Panama, whither many of us went. This city was founded in 1519 by Pedro Arias de Avila. Being the entrepôt of the trade with Peru, it soon became very wealthy. Here the treasure was transferred to mule back to be carried across the Isthmus to Crucies whence it was conveyed to the fortified port of Chagres by boat or to Porto Bello (quite close to the site of Nombre de Dios) by road. It was on these mule trains, as all west-countrymen will remember, that Drake made his historic raid as they came from Panama.

At the time of its destruction, the city had eight monasteries, two stately churches, and a hospital. The churches and monasteries were all richly adorned with Altar pieces and paintings, huge quantities of gold and silver, and other precious things. The houses, which were built of cedar, numbered 2,000. The fire lasted for five weeks, but before it was extinguished the pirates decamped. The tower of the old Cathedral is still standing, and scrambling among the ruins one can appreciate from the substantial nature of the fabric that old Panama was once a city of great wealth and importance. What a treat it would have been to have seen it as Drake saw it, instead of with trees actually growing on its ruined walls. Now, and conveniently enough, there is only one sign of habitation there—a Beer Parlour. We didn't visit that—much.

Of course there were the usual cocktail parties, and we visited the U.S. Army at Fort Amador, Fort Clayton and elsewhere—and then on Friday, May 5th, we departed, not too sadly, knowing we were to return again.

Then we began our long sea trip to San Pedro. Never could the Pacific have been more pacific than it was during these nine days. We regaled ourselves en route with large quantities of Deck Hockey (organised by that noisy man in the Captain's Office), Whist Drives on the Q.D., Ukkers, Draughts and Chess. The Padre gave a lecture on Sir Francis Drake, and showed his "movies" to the discomfiture of not a few. P.O. Ycomana and Co. produced a concert, and the Major ran a mouth-organ competition. The "Chief" completely unsettled some with his "Spelling Bee," "Guns" commandeered all the better spaces for his rifle shooting, and those who cared for none of these things were able to fall back on the inevitable Tombola. And so we came to San Pedro—but not without one incident. On Tuesday, May 9th, as the result of an S.O.S. received, which caused us to alter our course, we stopped to render Medical Aid to the American S.S. "MINNESOTAN," and the Doctor made an unexpected descent in the whaler.

We found quite a lot of the U.S. Navy at San Pedro (which is one of their bases) when we arrived, and things looked very lively indeed. It was with great joy and high hopes that, after the usual and necessary salutes, we secured alongside Berth 60. That was at 0930, and it seemed a long time to have to wait for the first liberty boat. But it wasn't long really, and the monotony was relieved by the appearance of "gorgeous things" on the jetty, the attempts of our over-enthusiastic hosts to start visiting before the appointed day, and the arrival of the C-in-C of the U.S. Navy, Admiral Claude C. Bloch. It was then that some of us realized for the first time that, although they have Admirals in the U.S.N., their highest permanent rank is Rear-Admiral, and that the higher ranks are purely temporary titles conferred while the holder is in the relevant post.

Anyhow, a well-known call was sounded at last, and there was a tremendous rush for shore. We had a large world at our feet. Not only was there San Pedro, but

Los Angeles, Culver, Pasadena, Wilmington, Long Beach and—Hollywood, and we wanted to visit them all, especially the last.

We did, we also met the U.S. Navy both officially and socially. But, not for the first time, we are moving too quickly. We arrived at San Pedro in blues—quite a change to be in them again, but a very necessary change.

Our first view of beautiful California close-up was not fearfully encouraging; we smelt, tasted and looked at oil, and the horizon seemed to be just one unending oilfield crowded with tall wooden skeletons. At the base of each of these was a small hut containing the engine which pumped the crude oil into pipes that ran sometimes for miles to huge collecting tanks. We did not spend much time at San Pedro, merely passing through it on the way to the "other places."

Many soon found that "Barons" were two a penny, and for those who pretended to have no interest in them there was also plenty of scope. In fact, there was something for everybody, and consequently everybody was satisfied. Most people found their own way about, and therefore to give a fair impression of our first visit to California it would be necessary to look at things from about five hundred different angles—and this should be impossible. Moreover, we have to remind ourselves again, even though so far our work may belie us, that this is not a guide book. However, there are certain things about our wanderings which must have struck us all. We may touch on those.

The Mexicans, when they founded it, named Los Angeles "Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Angeles," which means "the City of Our Lady Queen of the Angels." People are now more ambitious—they just call it "Los Angeles" and we will conform to convention—it's quicker. Here we found fruit and cars in profusion, cheap and good. We all noticed it. We may have felt the presence of the former more than the latter—but it is a moot point as to which could be the