

1936

I'm back in the old grind again and my vacation seems very remote already. My work has piled up and I've spent a very busy three days. I'm beginning to see light now though and hope to be fairly well cleared up by Monday and things running as smoothly as they ever do in this place. My work would have been in much worse shape had it not been for Miss McComsey. Miss Lieberman left last night for a six weeks trip to Europe. She will attend the International Social Work Conference in London, then to France, Germany and Belgium. We surely will miss her, but glad for her that she could go. I think I'll need another vacation by the time she returns, don't you?

Now for a detailed account of my trip! But where shall I begin? I've forgotten what I told you and what I didn't so if I repeat, please forgive me.

We were given a huge send-off by loads of friends. We received four boxes of flowers, two books, handkies, salted nuts, cards and wires, etc. There were so many at the boat to see us off that they couldn't all get into the stateroom. It seemed to me that we would never leave and were actually two hours late. The protracted good-byes were 'most too much for me and I was dead tired that night. I went to bed early only to be kept awake by the constant blowing of the foghorn!

The next day was lovely and we loafed in the sun all day long. I was too keyed up for several days to really relax though. There was no fog that night so I slept like a log.

There was another girl in our stateroom. Ruth Thompson or "Tommie", about my age and as attractive as could be. We got along fine together. She is a nurse in one of the City hospitals so of course did not want to talk shop and neither did we, so we completely forgot any such thing as work. Tommie is from Virginia, ^{but} ~~and~~ has been ~~here~~ ^{in New York for} four years.

We were seated at the Purser's table - a Mr. Townsend from Boston, who ~~is~~ was such a nice person and was lovely to us. He has been on that same run for ten years

so knows it all inside and out. He speaks Spanish fluently of course. There were two other young men at our table - a Mr. Staunton and Mr. Rutter - friends since childhood and making the trip together. Mr. Staunton was in Tampa for about two years and knew all the folks I knew. He ran around with Susan Thornton some. Mr. Rutter reminded me so much of Jack Steele so you know he was nice. They were both fine boys. We loafed, sunned and slept the next few days - and ate. The food was fine and we had such a good waiter, who tried to get the best of everything for us. It is a wonder I didn't gain lots of weight, but didn't.

On the third day out we saw five whales, small ones, faraway, but all spouting water to beat the band! Last year the Carabobo ran into one that was basking on the surface and had to back off. Nearly cut it in two and it sank immediately. There were some porpoise though not as many as I expected. The flying fish were thick!

We arrived in San Juan about 10:00 o'clock on Monday the 15th. It is a beautiful harbor with El Morro fort standing guard at the entrance. The islands are quite mountainous. We made a mistake in our plans so instead of being with a party going ashore found ourselves alone. We three who could speak no Spanish ~~found ourselves~~ ^{were} besieged by native drivers and guides all talking at once and we were completely bewildered. A fellow passenger, Mr. Blanco, who lives in San Juan, came to our rescue. His father is Chief of Police there so he knew everyone and they all knew him. There was a driver ~~there~~ who used to be his father's chauffeur so he called him over and told him where to take us. The driver's name was "Henry" and he was very black and elderly. He was one of the few good drivers I saw in San Juan and he could slip through the closest spaces you ever saw! ^{we wouldn't decide he was good until} The streets ^{he slipped} in the tropics are all very narrow and the horn blowing is incessant. Henry could speak enough English to show us the points of interest. He took us first to El Morro, the fort which is about 300 years old, I believe. We were shown all through ^{thru the last} it by the Commanding Officer himself as we spoke to him upon first entering, and in the course of conversation Tommie mentioned that her brother was a recent graduate of West Point. The Colonel was a West Pointer also so that started a

conversation that lasted up into the old watch tower, into the dungeon, the secret tunnels, the commissary, etc., etc. He was surely nice to us and invited us to lunch but we had to be on our way to see things.

We then started for the Marine Gardens as some one had told Ruth we shouldn't miss that. I expected to see something like Silver Springs or the Marine Gardens in Bermuda, at least something built up a little. We drove along and the road became wilder and wilder. We passed through typical little native towns and saw the coconut plantations and Poncianna trees growing wild and beautiful in flaming bloom. All of a sudden it struck me as funny and I told the girls that maybe we were being kidnapped and we all got a big laugh. Finally we came to a little shack on the side of a lagoon. Two "black boys" came very leisurely out and Henry told them what we wanted. They attached an outboard motor to a boat that had glass boxes to look through or into and for shade they used huge umbrellas with Coco Cola advertised on them! The boys couldn't speak a word of English and we had left Henry behind. One of the boys was quite a character and would have made a good subject for an artist. He was embarrassed to death when we tried to take pictures of him, so I snapped one when he didn't know it from behind one of the "Boxes". The water was stirred up so it was not as clear as usual but even then the coral and sponge formation was lovely and the fish of vivid colors, the few we saw. On our way back to the dock we passed close to some net fishermen. One was walking toward us and you never saw such a picture pirate in your life, dropping mustache and all! Again we had to laugh at ourselves and I said, "If mother could only see me now!"

We were returned safely by Henry to Mr. Blanco's office and were not allowed to pay for our trip as Mr. Blanco had told Henry he was our host! Mr. Blanco has an office furniture store and also the agency for Underwood Typewriters. He and a young American, Mr. Seward, who works with him (reminded me so much of Gillie Tresevant, dad) took the three of us to dinner at the Escambron Club, the nicest place in San Juan. We had a nice dinner and the setting was lovely. The club house is in the shape of a crescent and the water comes right up to the tables. The trees

and flowers were beautiful and the water the clearest I've nearly ever seen. They have a wire net built across the cove to keep sharks out! After dinner we went to a few shops just to look, planning to buy something on our return trip. We got some cards and left some films to be developed - much to my sorrow as they ruined mine! Then we drove around some more and returned to the ship at 4:00 P.M. as that was the scheduled sailing hour. We were about one hour late in leaving as two of the seamen failed to show up. Just as we were beginning to move away from the dock the boys came running and jumped on the ship. I imagine they got quite a lecture!

In San Juan we took an a number of Venezuelan people who slept and ate on the deck and were so noisy and dirty. They were only bound for La Guiara though.

The Carribbean was very nice to us and our good weather continued. We could see the mountains of La Guiara for about twenty-five miles and as we got closer it looked like the town was just a mass of mountains going out of the sea, up into the clouds. It was a lovely sight and the Captain invited me up on the bridge until we picked up the pilot. The sea was so calm and lovely. We saw a huge shark playing around on the surface right near the ship. The Captain said it was about fourteen feet long - looked twenty to me, but I didn't go out to measure it!

Captain Nolan said he had never seen La Guiara so clear and free of douds and mist and that we were very ~~fo~~rtunate to see it so beautifully *clear*.

We had lunch on the ship then went ashore with Mr. Townsend who got one of his well known drivers whom he knew to be careful, to take us to Caracas. We paid less for our trip than anyone else on the ship because of Mr. Townsend and his good advice. The road was very good but a regular "Scenic Railway" - full of curves and such cliffs and heights! The Andes are perfect ly beautiful and that trip will long be a wonderful memory. Caracas, as you knew, is now the Capital of Venezuela and is such an interesting place. Beautiful tropical scenery and most of the buildings are ^{very} old ~~looking~~. There is a Catholic ^{Cathedral} ~~Church~~ there which is small but said to be the most beautiful church in the world and I can believe it! It is very old and some say it was built by the Indians, then remodeled some *It was one of the few buildings undamaged by the awful earthquake in 1812.* by the Spaniards. We walked around some with our guide who was very nice and

The Cathedral - palace - university and one or two other buildings all cluster around a central square which has a fine statue of Simon Bolivar in the center. Great oak trees are all around.

spoke English real well. We went to the Post Office to buy some stamps and if you only knew what a job it was to buy stamps in those countries you would surely forgive me for not writing more often! I was going to get some stamps for my collection but gave it up as a bad job! One of the girls at the stamp booth couldn't speak English they said, but with much giggling and embarrassment she said to me - "Your hat - I like her very much!" I had on a new white felt *which I had thought a little extreme.*

We left Caracas about sunset and as we climbed up a little away from the town, we looked back and the sun on the buildings was gorgeous. It looked like a golden city! It was real chilly and we were glad we had taken wraps. The trip back down to La Guaira was thrilling, but uneventful. They dim their lights when we would brighten ours here and the opposite, and half the time I couldn't understand how in the world the driver could see!

It was surely hot down in La Guaiara *after being 3000 feet up in the Andes.* We were just in time for supper on the ship. After dinner Ruth went ashore with a friend and Tommie and I were invited to go with Mr. Townsend, the Chief Engineer, and his first assistant. It was too hot to walk much, so the men hired a car and we drove along the ocean front for miles. Past the beautiful resort town of Macuto where all the wealthy people in Caracas and towns near have ~~resort~~ homes. There is a beautiful big hotel there and mineral springs. During the last revolution the homes and the hotel were ransacked from top to bottom by soldiers and so much damage done that some of the places have never been repaired.

Mr. Townsend was able to take some fine interior pictures of the havoc wrought by bullets and hands! He has to be careful who sees those pictures.

They took us on our way past Macuto to a typical Venezuelan Beer Garden, unspoiled by tourist trade. It was right on the water and in a very tropical setting. It was just an adobe hut with a grass roof. The center room had a bar in it. Candle flies were whirring about and "La Cucaracha" were muchly in evidence. However, it seemed typical of all such places for the bar itself and glasses to be spotlessly clean. To one side of the bar was a little room used by the proprietor and his family and to the other side was another little room with a pile

of dried fish strongly asserting itself! (I really don't believe they were dried soon enough/ or dry enough!) The tables and stone seats were outside under the trees which were much like our Florida water oaks with their arms spreading over the ocean. I could turn my back on the little building and really imagine I was in Florida. One could have anything one wished to drink but we all had Cerveza, which is the only good Beer I've ever tasted. It is served ice cold in pewter jugs which look like thermos bottles, and it is really the most cooling drink one can have down there. I might say here that all the time we were down there I didn't taste a reall good lime or lemonade. They just couldn't make them. They were too warm - too sweet - too weak or something every time. We returned to the town and to a club which was supposed to be the best dance club in the town. The natives were there in full evening dress, but we were allowed to go in as we were, as Mr. Townsend and the Chief knew the proprietor. Lots of army officers were there as the town boasts two forts. It was all very picturesque. They are such an excitable race and we saw only one fight which was considered a quiet evening. The girls enter into an argument and even cause it most of the time. It was fun~~d~~ and most interesting. The ~~building~~^{club} was mostly a large room with a dance floor in the center and tables all around the wall. An elaborately~~ly~~ bar was at one end of the room. Instead of windows the walls were all open and had ~~Venetian~~^{reed} blinds to use in case of rain. Lanterns were strung all around. *and were very gay.*

We went back to the ship and as we were hungry we raided the ~~kitchen~~^{galley} and were given a huge tray of sandwiches which we demolished.

It was still hot and most of the people slept on deck, but our stateroom was not so bad. At least I slept mighty well.

The next day we were in port until about 4:00 P.M. and I found the ship to be the coolest spot. However, many other people found the same, especially the townspeople who came to the ship to see friends and used our bar for eating and

drinking and were so noisy. *I don't believe they use trash baskets in Venezuela - because all trash was deposited on the floor.* All we could do was to hope they were not all going on the trip.

Ruth left with a party to drive to Caracas and on to Porto Cabello to meet

the ship the next day. I did n't go because I couldn't see spending all that money and I had gone for a sea voyage and not a ride on a "roller-coaster" which those Andes roads surely had proven themselves ~~they~~ day before! She enjoyed it very much though.

Tommie and several others went to see the large Leper colony ^{in LaGuira} ~~there~~. It is a lovely looking place, with beautiful stucco ~~and tile~~ buildings ^{with red tile roofs} and quite extensive grounds. They saw such horrible sights that they were all rather depressed by it. I, of course went swimming and believe I had the best time of all - at least the coolest.

I spent the afternoon chatting with four young engineers who were on their way to Porto Cabello for two years work. They were with the Raymond Concrete Pile Co. who have a big contract with Venezuelan Government on dock and quay work and a turning basin for big ships.

We left La Guira about 4:00 o'clock for Porto Cabello and it was nice and cool after leaving the dock. After dinner I was invited on the bridge to talk to Captain Nolan and Mr. Clarkson, the Chief Steward, an old man who has been on the Red D line for 45 years. He is very gruff but was nice to me and I called him "pop" all the time. They showed me the Southern Cross in all its glory. It was a lovely sight, but I expected to see a definite cross. It was of course, but not as noticeable as I had ^{hot} ~~expected~~. The stars seemed brighter and more of a reddish color than their neighbors. They seemed larger and closer to us too.

At about one o'clock we anchored outside Porto Cabello harbor as the Captain said he knew it would be as hot as could be at the dock, where as it was cool outside.

We went on into port real early the next morning and a big Spanish ship docked right behind us.

Porto Cabello is an interesting little town also. Very tropical and very dirty. Buzzards sit in the trees right in the "town square" to pick up any garbage which is thrown in the streets. That seems to be their only garbage disposal system. Someone once had an idea to build a real city there, so started a huge and very beautiful theatre which covers a block. It was left

incompleted several years ago and is used only by bats and lizzards and tropical vines.

The Concrete Pile Company has the only real nice clean place in town and that is their camp. I believe they are trying to build the place up again. Everyone seems to think South America is the real frontier for the United States now.

We met a man who has been down from Canada for ten years hunting orchids and shipping them up. He seemed so glad to talk to Americans as he doesn't get to meet many ships. That is a large orchid growing country it seems.

It was too hot in town to walk much so we soon wandered back to the ship. We finished our cargo but couldn't get out until the Spanish ship left at 4:00 or 5:00 o'clock.

We had dinner then went on deck to watch one of the most beautiful sunsets I've ever seen. Mr. Townsend took a fine picture of it which I'm sending for you to see. The clouds were a very deep red and purple with bright gold around them. The colors were intense!

We arrived at Aruba, D.W.I. about 10:00 o'clock in the morning. The water is lovely and green and so clear. Even where it was deep enough for the ship, we could see the bottom! In Aruba the wind blows constantly. There are only about six trees on the island and they are dwarf divi-divi trees. There was such a contrast in our last port's call and in this clean little Dutch town. It ~~was~~^{is} a small edition of Curacao with the canals left out. All the houses are of stucco and tile roofs. They are all pastel colored with heavy shutters on the windows which are ~~all~~ closed tight ~~at~~ at noon. There is very little grass and the glare makes colored glasses necessary. Back in the hills they grow some coffee I believe, but the Standard Oil Refinery, which until lately was the largest in the world, is the principal industry and source of income.

We looked around in the funny little shops some - they carry anything and everything. Japan has quite an inroad into the products sold both there and in Curacao.

We left Aruba about 2:00 P.M. and sailed along the islands to Curacao, arriving there about 6:00 o'clock that evening.

After dinner on the ship Mr. Townsend and the Chief invited Tommie and me to go ashore and "do" the town with them. Ruth had made other plans. A friend of the ~~man~~^{officers} who lived in Curacao sent his nice Packard auto and chauffeur down to meet the ship and to be at the disposal of them. It was still quite light so we could see everything. We drove about ten miles out to the Jonteel Beach Club - a lovely drive and such a pretty spot. They have ^a fine swimming ^{beach}. There is a big pen with deep sea turtles in it. We ~~then~~ had some pretty good beer though not as good as Cerveza, but cold. Then we went back to the City. It was Saturday night so we drove through the native quarter. It is a mixture of Spanish and Dutch mostly. They had Yber City in Tampa beat a mile. Pandangos were going on at every corner. The instruments were just about anything - tin cans with pebbles in them were the noisiest. Yet, strange to say they get some kind of wild harmony out of it all. The ~~dances~~ are fast and furious. In that section the streets are so narrow that one could touch the walls of the buildings on either side of the car. However they are very short streets and one way. There are no sidewalks there, only on the main streets.

The canals are interesting. The bridges are on ~~boats~~^{for} pontoons and have to open frequently. When they open the little ferry boats start scooting across with the people and only autos have to wait.

We drove all through the residential section where most of the homes are Dutch Colonial and some are quite pretentious. We surely had a good time and could never have seen all we saw had it not been for our very competent guides.

Again we raided the ^{galley} ~~kitchen~~ and had sandwiches galore.

The next day was Sunday but the shops stay open until 2:00 o'clock every Sunday so we went shopping.

The American Vice Consul came for breakfast with Mr. Townsend and he became greatly interested in Tommie! He could hardly drag himself away from her long enough to go over the ship's papers with Mr. Townsend. They finally

took us to town and he and Mr. Townsend introduced us to some of the principal shop keepers who wouldn't "gyp" us and said they would return for us in about an hour and a half. We had a grand time shopping. I didn't buy a whole lot, just some perfume, pajamas for Paul and myself, a nice shirt for Paul, a beautiful Japanese robe for myself - white with a big dragon embroidered all over the back made of a heavy shantung or pongee.

We looked around and saw lots of things which I would have loved to have gotten. Things are about half the price that they are here.

The men returned for us and as Dick Staunton and Bill Rutter had joined us took us all for a nice long ride ~~again~~, getting back to the ship just in time for dinner. Mr. Townsend had bought a new kodac and was like a kid with a new toy. It was a very fine one and he said he had wanted it for a long time.

As the ship was supposed to sail at 3:00 o'clock we didn't go ashore again but entertained the Consul on board. As usual we were about two hours late in leaving as we had to wait for the laundry.

While we were sitting there eight Shell Oil ^{tankers} ~~tankers~~ came in, one after the other. They have a large refinery there and Standard Oil has also.

The island is covered with divi-divi trees - they are thorny and almost like cactus. There are lots of giant cactus there, too.

I would like to spend about a week or two there, but don't believe I would care to live there. Nearly all the island is Catholic which seems strange for a Dutch island. Shows how strong the Spanish influence is.

We left about 5:00 o'clock on our return trip. Porto Cabello was skipped this time and we went direct to La Guáira, arriving there about 10:00 o'clock in the morning. We didn't have very much cargo to pick up so were only there until about 2:00 o'clock. We were about on time leaving ~~there~~ as one never knows but what they will hold the ship up. The one just before us was held up eight days ~~there~~ for no reason at all, so we didn't want that same experience, especially in La Guáira, though that was better than Porto Cabello.

Ruth went ashore to take pictures of local color. Tommie and I went with Mr. Townsend and the doctor. After going to the American Consul to clear the papers, Mr. Townsend took us to a quaint little shop where we bought slippers and a few small things. Tommie got a lovely white pottery water jug for her mother's yard. I didn't get one as they are big and also very easily broken.

We had some more of that good Cervaza beer, then back to the ship for luncheon.

Quite a few passengers got on at La Guizara bound for San Juan and New York. We also had a lovely race horse which they put in his portable stall on the aft deck. *Poor fellow, he didn't know what he was in for!*

Another beautiful sunset thought with "storm-fingers" in the sky. The colors in those sunsets are indescribable. I thought the ones in Florida were the extreme of beauty and color but they are not up to those we saw.

The next morning I got up at 5:00 o'clock to swim with some of the officers. There was a lovely sunrise though the sun and sky were too red and the sea too oily. All morning there was a humid, sticky feeling. I asked what the barometer read but they wouldn't tell me. About two o'clock it started to rain a little and then to blow. I had a shower, dressed in my white "sharkskin" slacks and mess jacket and went on deck to watch the waves. Mr. Townsend saw me and asked ~~me~~ if I wouldn't like to go up on the bridge. Of course I was delighted so he called the officer on duty and asked if I ~~could go up~~ ^{might do so} and he said sure, so up I went. Oh, it was great up there! Had I been a boy I surely would have been in the Navy, because I love it - storm or calm. I stayed up an hour and the wind and waves got steadily worse. Spray was breaking all over the bridge. The Captain came up and I was standing with my hands behind my back, not holding on, but swaying like they did and he said to the mate - "I think we will have to keep her with the ship, she is a good sailor." Then the three of us tried to see who could stand the longest without holding on. The mate won, but I beat the Captain "because he had more weight" he said. You can't imagine the motions that ship went through. She danced, slipped, skidded and shimmied! We were very lightly loaded and that made it worse. The Captain said he thought she would qualify

for a circus dancer! It was fun and I hated to have to leave the bridge, but had to go to dinner. The sight on deck was a sorry one of people sitting in their lashed deck chairs and green around the face! Many didn't dare to go to the dining room but had sandwiches on deck - or at least asked for them. One couple whom we liked very much, Mr. and Mrs. Moran, had sandwiches sent up to the "verandah" and they told us afterwards that they had each taken a sandwich and were eating when an especially wild caper of the ship sent the sandwiches, tray and all, sailing out over the rail of the ship!

When we first went in to dinner there was only one member of our table missing, that was Bill Rutter, who didn't quite dare to go down. There were some brave souls at nearly every table but one by one they made hurried exits!

I don't know why they didn't put the rails up around the tables - guess they were afraid to scare people. I would have been very thankful had they done so though, as Tommie's roast beef and iced tea came into my lap! My things didn't slide so much as I wet the table cloth under my plates at Mr. Townsend's suggestion, but she hasn't gotten around to doing that. Then about the same time her chair came unchained from the floor and she skidded clear across the dining room and brought up at the Chief's table. As everyone had left his table she sat there and had another dinner.

Ruth lasted pretty well but couldn't stay for dessert and Dick left soon after. Then Mr. Townsend and I put up the rail and continued our meal in peace. Tommie, the officers and I were the only ones left so we all had our dessert at the Captain's table.

We started out of the dining room and Tommie went skooting across the floor but the Chief and Captain grabbed her. There was nothing to hold to as the chairs turned some and were not secure. I went out very carefully but stepped on a slick spot on the floor where some food had spilled and ~~just~~ skidded about ten feet, finally landing with my shin against a chair! Boy - did I see stars!

We got out and were met in the corridor by one of the stewards. He asked the Purser if he had seen his room, that it looked as if a cyclone had struck it! His papers were all over the floor and the electric fan had slipped off its perch in some way, hit the wall and landed on a table, breaking the guard off of it. We took some rope and tied everything down.

The doctor was sick so we, Tommie, the Purser and I, went around to see if we could do anything for anybody. The rooms were littered with things that had fallen and things which had broken, but there were no serious injuries.

Mr. and Mrs. Moran had gone to their room. Mr. Moran said he was talking to Thelma as she stood by the closet door. He spoke to her but she didn't answer him so he looked and no Thelma! He said he jumped up to go look for her and then saw her feet kicking from the floor of the closet. She had taken a header into the clothes!

Ruth was sitting ⁱⁿ on a ~~deck~~ chair on deck. It happened to not be lashed very securely so at one particularly wild gyration of the ship it collapsed forward with her and she hit the rail of the deck and cut her knee. She almost threw her pocket book overboard!

After our rounds we went up to the lounge and had beer with the officers. Mr. Townsend's glass was full and on the table. A wild lurch and it came sliding across ~~the table~~ toward him - off the table and he caught it in mid-air over his lap and didn't spill one drop! The bartender was going to pick up a glass and it slid right out from under his hand onto the floor. About four or five glasses were broken, *plus a case of beer!*

Tommie was standing near the door and started sliding across the floor. She couldn't see anything to catch hold of except the Chief's neck so grabbed that in a strangle hold - and they both sat violently down upon the floor.

I went down to the deck below to see if Ruth was all right. The Purser was with me. On our way back to the lounge the grand-daddy of all those waves hit us and we were rolled over at ~~some~~ ^{about 30°} angle. I couldn't stop going until I

got to the wall and put my hand out to stop myself. My hand went right through a plate glass covering a chart of our course, but didn't cut it much at all. Just a scratch or two.

The Captain had given orders that all port holes be closed tight and not reopened so it was unbearably hot and stuffy in our cabin. Ruth slept in the deck chair and Tommie and I got our pillows and slept on the leather seats in the lounge. It was nice there as the windows were open and it was cool. We slept real well. The officers all said they felt like giving Tommie and me medals for ^{being} good seamen!

We arrived in San Juan about 10:00 A.M. the next day. Lots of people were surely glad to get off the ship and the poor horse - as soon as he smelled land he started whinnying!

Now then for the joke on me. Not only on me, but lots of us. I had shopped around in Curacao and decided I could do better by shopping in San Juan for a few little gifts for people. I had seen some such pretty houses and things of that sort when there first. So what was our amazement to find that it was San Juan Day and everything closed up tighter than a tick! We couldn't buy a thing. Fortunately the drug store where we had left our films was open and we got them. I was so sorry as there were a number of things I wanted to get. I saw some lovely white ^{linen} suits - beautiful material and they would cost about \$15.00 here but they were \$5.00! I wanted to get you, mother, and several others, blouses with beautiful handwork on them. At least I can tell you of my good intentions. I was limited in money of course, but had saved it to get things there! I was terribly disappointed!

Even the Purser was "caught short" as he had expected to get to the bank and to change large bills and cash travelers checks, but couldn't. It was hard to tip at the end of our voyage because very few had small bills to spare!

We were met at the ship by our friends of our former visit and they took us to lunch at the Casino and for a drive all around to places we had not previously seen.

When it was time to go back to the ship Mr. Blanco insisted upon giving me (now don't die) a monkey! He is a tiny one and the cutest you ever saw. I knew I couldn't keep him, but also knew Ruth was dying to have him so graciously accepted "Parkieto" and gave him to Ruth after we had left port!

San Juan is such an interesting place - very narrow streets and constant blowing of auto horns. The buses all have old bulb horns and go squawking around every corner. Due to the narrow and short streets and also to the population, San Juan is said (I don't know how official) to have more people per block than any other city in the world. For any one visiting for only a few hours or a day I would suggest to be sure to see as many of the following places as possible: The town itself, El Morro, Escambron Beach Club, Candado Hotel (for tea or a drink as meals are very poor), a drive around the suburbs, a drive out at least a short distance on the island to see the cocconut groves and villages. The capital is a lovely building and should be seen if possible. Also the casino. There is a great deal of work being done by P.W.A. and they have rows of wooden barracks for offices. It would be just too bad for them if they repeated the hurricane of a few years ago which did no much harm to such construction.

We left for the last stage of our journey fairly promptly in the afternoon. I think we all rather hated to see these last five days arrive, because for most of us it meant a return to jobs. The summer ahead began to take on alarming proportions.

We all knew one another pretty well by this time and of course there were cliques who played around together. But as a whole the "Round Trippers" were all friendly.

That night I got to bed real early as I was kinda' tired. I reread my letters from mother and Paul as it was a treat to receive them. I was so sorry to read of Tom Watrous^{death}, Surely seems strange, doesn't it, that he should commit suicide!

I got up at 5:00 o'clock next morning for a swim and it was fine. Only three of us were able to get up that early, but the others don't know what they missed! The "Chief" invited us up to his cabin and had coffee served there. It was still sometime before breakfast so it tasted mighty good.

The weather was fine and we saw many porpoise and flying fish. We all began to give more thought to suntan too, as it was ~~some~~ cooler. The sun deck was crowded. That night I helped the Purser some on the various papers he had to get in order. The job was much too much for one man and the next trip he was promised a helper. While we were working, the officer on the bridge called on the phone to tell Mr. Townsend that there was a rainbow over the starboard bow if we cared to have a look. We dashed up on deck and sure enough - at 10:00 O'clock at night there was a perfect rainbow arched from horizon to horizon! It was surely a weird but a beautiful sight. It stayed for about one-half hour, so we had time to tell lots of people and they were delighted to see such an unusual sight. The rest of the sky was dark except for brilliant stars in the west. No moon and no rain that we could see.

Next day was Saturday and fairly nice. As the last day out was Sunday we had the Captain's dinner Saturday night. I wore my white organza dress and every one said I looked quite nice. We had the usual paper hats, noise makers and balloons. The drinks were on the ship line so noise and happiness reigned supreme! There were movies but it was so jumbled up that we couldn't make heads or tails out of it. so decided to have a party of our own. A bunch of us went up to the Social Hall and Dick Staunton who plays beautifully, drummed music out of the awful piano and we tried to dance. The floor was small and the ship capering around a little so we soon gave it up and played games. Everyone seemed to have a good time and it was quite late before we got to bed.

Sunday dawned grey and bleak, but we went swimming about 6:00 A.M. anyhow. The water was so much colder and not as salty or as clear even in the pool. It was fun though.

After breakfast the wind started up and we rolled and pitched all over the ocean again. Not as bad as the previous storm, but enough to make it unpleasant for most of the passengers. There were only a few in the dining room and some of those left in a hurry. We passed Hatteras about 9:30 and it began getting smoother. There still were many missing at noon lunch though. I took my book up on the top deck, found a nice quiet nook away from people and the rain and enjoyed myself for a while. The Captain and Chief Steward came by on inspection and the former said: "What are you doing - trying to be good?" We had quite a chat and he told me to go on the bridge if I wanted to. Of course that is my favorite spot on a ship, but one which I have never had the discourtesy to invade without an invitation. The officer on duty and the Captain took me into the chart room and were showing me the chart - I told them I had charted our course on the Mohawk once or twice and they laughed at me, so I said "what are our bearings now?" They found out and told me, so I charted it exactly and they were two amazed men. However, I told them I used to draw maps so they understood and were quite interested.

It rained off and on the rest of the day, but we managed to enjoy ourselves. It was real calm by night. We had a "table" party that night - that is - all the ones who sat at our table. It was fun and before we went to bed half of the ship had joined our party.

We arrived in New York harbor at quarantine real early the next morning. It was a lovely bright day. Breakfast then up to the smoking lounge to tell who we were and why we were. Nothing to quarantine at all except to hold us up in the harbor for about three hours. There were a number of other ships anchored and they looked mighty pretty.

About 9:30 A.M. we finally docked. Paul was one of the first to be seen. We kidded him from the rail of the ship telling him the monkey was mine! He said he was going to throw him overboard. (He has since become quite fond of the monkey himself), especially when he heard it wasn't mine).

We were greeted at the dock with the news that a new law had just been passed making a duty on liquor brought in of \$4.50 per gallon. There were some people who had brought lots of it in and they were stuck terribly. The price of good liquor down in the Dutch West Indies is so much less than up here. Everyone felt that it was ~~terribly~~^{very} unfair and I believe they are still fighting for refunds. I only brought a few bottles in so wasn't taxed. Paid only ninety cents duty for everything.

They managed to hold us up in the Customs for about two and one-half hours about the new ruling - they weren't any too sure of it themselves, I guess.

It was fine to see Paul but I hated the thought of returning to work. Of course I would like to travel on and on!

They made Ruth leave the monkey on the ship until she could get a permit from Washington to bring him in. She wired Washington and got her permit so I drove her back to the ship about 4:00 P.M. He was so glad to see us and was so good driving in the car.

We picked Paul up, then on home. Our lovely trip was finished and only a memory.