

greater menace to the visitor, especially the sea-going one. "Plethora" is not nearly a strong enough word to use in speaking of the number of automobiles. Working on a percentage basis, there are more cars in this part of the States than anywhere else throughout the Union. It works out at about four cars to every five people—small wonder that traffic congestion is an acute problem and mortality from accidents is high. There was a marvellous variety of shops and business houses, which were often sky-scrapers, and we could not help wondering at the mushroom growth of such a city which within living memory had been but a village. Although they did, the theatres and cinemas should not have surprised us by their number, since they "ministered" to a population of about 500,000 "film-minded" patrons. We could not but have noticed, either, the cosmopolitan nature of the city, with Chinese and Mexican quarters within almost a stone's throw of the metropolis. And we must mention the City Hall. "L.A." is very proud of that.

Hollywood, Culver City and Los Angeles are practically contiguous and the transit from one to the other was almost imperceptible. A few years ago there were open fields where now stand stylish mansions set in picturesque gardens, intermingled with "stores," and, of course, the ubiquitous "gas" stations. Only Beverley Hills seems to be free from these last two, and they are dotted instead with what one writer describes as the "frantically expensive residences of the more famous film stars."

Hollywood in itself was at the outset rather a disappointment—we had visualised something rather different. From the outside, the studios looked rather like prisons, and it certainly would have been easier to get both in and out of the latter. Some of us managed to get in to "Paramount" and "20th Century Fox" as organised parties, but by no means many. The reason for this jealous exclusiveness was the fear that large parties of unaccustomed visitors might make a noise at the wrong time during the "shooting" of a "talkie." However, C. Aubrey Smith, the G.O.M. of the British Colony,

and indeed of Hollywood, and Nigel Bruce managed to prevail on the powers that "B" to let some of us in. Here the "Doc" met Margaret Lockwood and Madeleine Carroll, and the Padre had his lengthy tête à tête with Sonia Henje when she was supposed to be playing "Second Fiddle." (Some unkind person alleged afterwards that the presence of the Captain cramped his style). As his wife may read this, we will not dwell on the Chief Gunner's Mate's afternoon with Miss Anna Neagle!! And he wasn't the only one!!! But the artificiality and, strangely enough, reality of what we saw in these studios disillusioned us, and we came away with any ambition we may have had to become film stars absolutely killed, and with a tremendous respect for the patience and endurance of those who provide for our amusement in this way. "It must be an awful life" was a remark heard more than once. Some of us will never feel quite the same about the "flicks" again either, now we have seen how they are made, and this may be another reason why admission to the studios is so jealously guarded.

In the main street is the Chinese Theatre, looking like an enormous pagoda, and this was of special interest, possibly as providing a concrete instance of the words

"And departing leave behind us  
Footprints in the sands of time—"

except that in this case it was neither concrete nor sand, but cement—nevertheless very effective. Here also we encountered Aimee Semple MacPherson's Temple, to which she mightily attracted sympathetic crowds to the financial assistance of her creed.

Many flocked to Long Beach and mingled with the United States Navy there. Others preferred different society and found that too. Someone once asked the question "What is there in Long Beach?" and received the immediate reply "Everything,"—so that's about that.

We cannot leave San Pedro without paying tribute to the British Consul-General, Mr. Evans, who though about to depart himself, did so much for us. Mr. Aubrey

Smith we have already mentioned, and Nigel Bruce, too; the former even led a team against us at cricket, loth to forget his "palmy days" as a cricketer. Alan Mowbray brought joy to our hearts and very effectively made Edgar Burgen do his stuff at a dinner for the benefit of the Officers. The "Caledonian Society" and the Scottish element generally, were very kind to us all, and so was the Canadian Legion. The Lancashire Society, with Gracie Fields' sister in tow, even braved the unknown mysteries of a ship to give a concert on board, and it was much appreciated by all. And, of course, all the time the U.S.S. "NEW ORLEANS" was diligently playing her part as "host ship." It was a pity she beat us in the pulling race against our crew in U.S.N. whale boats.

On Friday, May 19th, the Officers gave a dance—again. This particular one looked like a scene from "Broadway 1939" or "Movie-land 1939"—or whatever the wretched picture is called—and as a matter of fact it was. Never have so many well-known people decorated our quarterdeck at one time.

On Sunday morning our Scottish friends came to Church on board, and then piped us off as we left the jetty. We departed sadly, and for a time not even the thought of "Frisco," a day off, could cheer us up.

The one night at sea was most welcome, and not for a long time had the Wardroom cleared so early after dinner, or hammocks been occupied with such relish. Some had almost forgotten how to "sling" anyhow—but do we blame them for that? Much as we now looked forward to our next port of call, there are very few who would not have welcomed a day or two longer at sea between the visits.

The nearness of San Francisco was heralded round about lunch time, when the Golden Gate Bridge hove into view. It was a marvellous sight, as were all Frisco's bridges, but this particular one attracted more comment and attention not only by reason of its fame and newness, but because of what it was. As we drew nearer to it

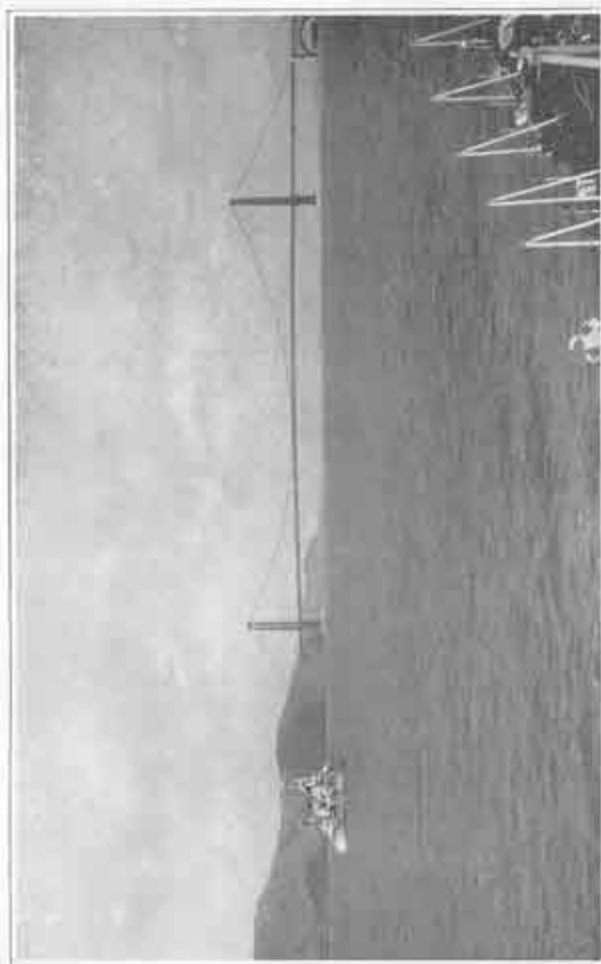


Photo. by]

SAN FRANCISCO—THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

[L. J. Linscombe

we were treated to another of those optical illusions which we met above Quebec and which we had not encountered since then. Quite definitely our foremast was going to strike the bridge—but it didn't, and we passed under it at 1350 with yards to spare. The spot in San Francisco Bay as far as we were concerned was an island—Alcatraz. We must have been feeling a bit morbid that afternoon or something like that, because nearly everyone started speaking with authority about "Scarface" Al Capone and crime in general. The "Rock" certainly didn't look very inviting. A little further on we had our first glimpse of the Golden Gate International "Exposition" (Exposition—American for "Exhibition"—at least I hope it does) which was one of the chief excuses for our visit. Very soon after this we passed under another marvellous engineering feat, the Oakland Bridge, its aluminium painted structure standing out in bold contrast to the dull red of the Golden Gate Bridge, and eventually found ourselves secured alongside Pier 42, braced for the attack.

The attack began that evening with great "gusto," and some of our erstwhile impressions\* of the city were put right. Those with colourful visions of the Barbary Coast, of really low "dives," dagoes, knives in the back, death by strangulation and the like, were speedily disillusioned. Most of that is gone now, and people are more civilized. True, there were still visible remains of a once tough waterfront, dirty and broken windows, boarded up doorways and remnants of blatant amusement posters still adhering to the walls, but otherwise we found all quiet. Doubtless something like these conditions prevail somewhere, but we didn't see them—I hope.

Again there was something for everyone, even of the "quiet run" school of thought. On the part of some there was an immediate dive for Treasure Island to visit a Ranch run by a female named S. Rand, but they were fortunately, and on their own confession, disappointed. Others started out on foot to explore, and to tackle the exceedingly hilly streets of the city. Other some made straight for the nearest "pub," and others, like the officers,

were bound willy-nilly, to a programme arranged for them, which opened, of course, with the inevitable cocktail party, and an exceedingly pleasant Mavoral Banquet, during which "Cavage" and the Padre, by turns, nearly fell asleep—while eating, too! The "First Nighters" reported well, and accordingly the ship emptied nightly thereafter, except, of course, for the watch aboard.

Perhaps the most outstanding event of general interest which took place during our stay was British Empire Day at the Exhibition. Empire Day had fallen on the preceding Wednesday, and we had dressed ship on that day, but the Exposition authorities, regarding it as a moveable feast, wished it to be transferred to Saturday. It was.

The ball was set rolling by a lunch among lunches on the scene of operations to which the Captain and certain of the officers were invited. When this was over—it took about three hours from cocktails to cigars—if we were able, we crept away, still wearing our cigars, to view the Exposition. There were many events boosting the British Empire, and the Union Flag was an exceedingly popular decoration. But the two "set pieces" fell in the late afternoon and early evening. The first was the Beating of Retreat in English, and then in American style. The scene was set in what I believe was called the "Campus." At either end of this, and against an extravagantly coloured background, two flagstaves were set, at the head of which flew the English and American flags respectively.

Our first intimation that the "party" was on was when almost the whole of Treasure Island rang with the strident tones of our slim dapper Major, broadcasting. "Ladies—and—Gentlemen" he began tremulously, and then proceeded to tell us what it was all about, and why, and generally to regale the assembled multitude with a short history lesson. Then in marched a detachment of Sailors, headed by the Marine Band, and supported by "Guns" and the C.G.M. in sword and cutlass respectively. They then went through the routine we

know so well, only this time in rather shortened form—and they did it very well. A detachment from what we were given to believe was one of their smartest regiments replied for the U.S.A., and their performance was equally impressive. Of course, they had a larger band and a larger body of men, but that was understood and accepted. The contrast between their tempo of music and marching and ours was too pronounced to be ignored, and there were other small differences in matters of drill which were noticeable. The spectators were greatly pleased with the performance—if it may be called such.

The second "set-piece" came on as dusk was falling—the march past of all the British Societies in San Francisco. This was staggering in its magnitude and seemed interminable. There were young men and maidens, old men and children, Daughters of the British Empire, Daughters of St. George, Canadian Legions, Caledonian Societies, etc., etc., *ad lib.* It was headed by our own band, the detachment who had functioned at the Beating of Retreat, and the American contingent was there as well. Some Societies provided their own bands (male and female), others didn't bother. I have forgotten how long it took for the procession to pass the Saluting Base, but I felt sorry for the Captain who had to take the Salute, and was glad that it was not I.

A cocktail party filled in the time between these two events, and the latter was followed much later by a Grand "free-for-all," "all in" Ball. The time at which the day closed is uncertain.

Whatever else we may remember of San Francisco, certain places will always remain in our minds. Officers especially will remember the Mark Hopkins, the Fairmont, the Bohemian, and "226," and many others the Music Box (with which we couple the names of R. Oliphant and S. Rand), the Silver Dollar and the College Den. It is whispered, too, that Mr. Gatley will be long in forgetting a "quiet run" which culminated in a Chop Suey joint in Chinatown—but we mustn't be too personal! Bradley's Bar is reputed to be the longest in the world—

unfortunately those who visited it cannot remember or establish this claim, as their recollections of the place seem despairingly vague; but then whose wouldn't at 4 a.m.? But still, never mind, quite a number of people behaved and paid a visit to the Redwood Forests. I wish I had.

One of the most popular Church Parties on record took place in 'Frisco—to the Maltese Church. It has been said that the Roman Catholic personnel in the ship would have increased considerably had we remained in the place for another Sunday—but then is there any guarantee that the "Baron" would ride again?

And now the peaceful calm of our yachting holiday was to be shattered. Maybe the extra day we snatched at San Francisco angered the gods; but whatever it was, our journey to Esquimalt was far from calm. We did our full power trials on the way, too, which didn't help. Anyhow some of us got some very good photographs of the sea, and so it was not all to the bad. Two days and two nights we were in the deep and arrived at the West Coast Naval Base of the Royal Canadian Navy on June 1st.

Characteristically enough, the first thing we saw as we drew near was a "boom" of logs being towed mill-wards, and that, coupled with the remarkably fine scenery, made us feel already grateful for the change. We secured alongside the Graving Dock early in the afternoon, and straightway one Chief Yeoman of Signals saw fit to join the ship. He was promptly followed next day by Lieutenant R. G. Norfolk, who immediately began to raise steam. Continuing the procession, the day after, a draft consisting of 2 A.B.'s, 2 S.A.'s, 1 Marine and 1 Musician arrived from England, and the day after that, being Sunday, June 4th, Lieutenant Commander Cavaye departed in the rain to join (after F.S.L. of course) his beloved "tubes." There was now a gap of four days before the next change took place, and then Chief Yeoman of Signals Jones, accompanied by 1 L.S.A. and 3 Stokers, departed for England—across Canada! Some people have all the jam!!

We found H.M.C. Ships "OTTAWA," "St. LAURENT," "FRASER" and "RESTIGOUCHE" in harbour, and we lost no time in renewing our acquaintance. They proved excellent hosts and entertained us royally.

We got to like British Columbia very quickly. The people of Esquimalt and Victoria, which in many ways are more English than England, were extremely hospitable, and entertainment during our twelve days there was largely of a private nature, and cars were to be seen arriving to meet the liberty boats and to deposit the remains sometime before 7 a.m. next day. Many other cars came into the possession of people in the ship for the duration of our stay, and were driven with varying degrees of efficiency. Arriving as we did two days after Their Majesties' visit, we found the district still in festive garb and spirit, full of recent happenings and very glad to see us. We have expatiated on Canadian liquor laws before and we will not do so again, but we lost no time in making ourselves known at the "Tudor House" and the "Coach and Horses" in Esquimalt.

Navy Week fell during our visit and we were accordingly open to visitors. The Sea Cadets paid many visits, and their band officiated at "Sunset," while one evening the Canadian Scottish Band beat Retreat on the quayside for our benefit.

It was in these days that we heard with profound regret of the "THETIS" disaster, and the loss of many known to members of the Ship's company. On Wednesday, June 7th, we had a Memorial Service on board and followed it with a Church Parade at the Dockyard Church on the Sunday, at which the Lord Bishop of Columbia preached. This service was unusual in that owing to the limited accommodation it had to be held in the Churchyard.

Only the unwise missed the opportunity to see something of the beauty of the district. Uplands Park, the Marine Drive, Gold Stream Valley, the Malahat, and Butchart's Gardens, are but a few of the outstanding

places. The last named was once a quarry, a blot on the landscape, now transformed by Mr. Butchart into a most delightful collection of rockeries, ponds and flower gardens, the sight of which was amazing even in that island of floral richness. It was here more than elsewhere that the "Doc" made a reputation for himself as a photographer.

Quite a number were able, too, either from Esquimalt, Nanaimo, or Comox to get in a visit to a Logging Camp, which for many of us must have been the greatest thrill of all. Lumber Camps have always been surrounded for the youth in a somewhat romantic garb, and we had none of us lost that youthful interest in them. Consequently every opportunity of seeing a camp was leapt upon. To do the job anything like properly takes a whole day—some tried to do it in less and missed a lot. The procedure is something like this. You arrive in the precincts of the "operation," as it is called, in a car and make your presence felt. In due course a lumber train arrives, you get on board with your guides, and are taken into the depths of the "operation"—a distance of about twelve miles. En route you pass through forest already "worked," with isolated tree trunks here and there, and multitudes of tree stumps, all blackened by burning when what is called the "slash" is destroyed. Hearing so much about forest fires as we do, this may seem an extraordinary and highly dangerous thing to do, but in point of fact it is not dangerous, and is a very necessary precaution to prevent fires. You pass many piles of logs, over streams, through magnificent scenery, along lakesides with "booms" of logs already in the water, and eventually arrive at what is for you the rail-head, and out you have to get, and walk. The point at which you disembarked is probably the collecting point for the "logs," or felled trees, and these are dragged from the place where they were felled to this point by means of a system of overhead wires and grappling irons worked from an enormous steam plant. This is known as the "high lead" system and is much more general and picturesque than the new system which is



trying to replace it in some quarters, a system of caterpillar tractors, which is probably more economical. We saw this latter system at work in Nanaimo. These logs are then picked up bodily and loaded on to the train, to be taken to the waterside, or in some cases to the outside transport, or to the mill. But we have rather begun at the end. Leaving the train, you walk on some distance until your attention is suddenly called to a man climbing an enormous tree by means only of special boots and a steel-cored rope slung round his waist and the tree. As he climbs he trims off stray branches with his axe. Eventually he reaches the foliage at the top and you are told that his job is now to cut the top off. This he proceeds to do the while you hold you breath, and eventually the top topples off preceded by a cry of "timber." It gives quite a "kick" as it goes, and the trunk sways from side to side for quite a while. This man's job is a very hazardous one and requires an iron nerve. I remember meeting one of them on one of these trips (he was one of the guides) who had fallen over ninety feet and broken most of his limbs. His recovery was miraculous.

After this you are probably taken to see a tree felled and logs collected, and then to another train which takes you to a lumberman's camp. Here you wash, look round, look into a log-cabin or two, and meet one or two lumberjacks or their families, and then, if you are lucky, you are led into the Canteen, where an enormous logger's lunch awaits you. It is quite hopeless to attempt to cope with it, you just "dig out," and do your best. Then, feeling replete and a little sleepy, you light a cigarette (being careful to put the match out) and stagger forth. In due course you are taken to another train, and returned by a different route to your car. It is then quite late in the afternoon and you feel thirsty. If you know the "ropes" and have been a "wise virgin," you have a case of "refreshment" in your car—for obvious reasons it is not obtainable on the "operation"—upon which you now fall, thus bringing to a happy and fitting conclusion what should have been a perfect day. The "Senior" and Mr. Martin thought it was.



Photo by]

A "HIGH-RIGGER" AT WORK. [L. J. Luscombe

That is a picture (?) of a typical camp. At Ladysmith one saw the new system of caterpillar tractors and motor transport, but somehow it lacks the traditional atmosphere which, in our minds, we have always associated with lumber camps.

We left Esquimalt a little sadly on June 12th. We were filled with gratitude to our many friends, we were thankful for the kindness of the R.C.N. and the Army and Navy Veterans, and many, especially those who had lost their hearts there, looked wistfully back as the little Dockyard, in its beautiful setting with snow-capped Mt. Baker in the background, disappeared astern. Equally wistfully did others gaze at the retreating Victoria. Norman, what are you blushing for?

We arrived at Nanaimo the same day at even. This was a brief and pleasant rest on our way and we made many friends. From here quite a number visited logging camps, and the heart-broken found it within convenient distance of Victoria and Esquimalt. A party visited Fairbridge Farm School at Cowichan from here and made a multitude of youthful friends. This school is the younger brother of a similar institution in Australia and both of them were founded by the late Mr. Fairbridge, an Oxford Rhodes Scholar, and exist to bring up young children of both sexes from distressed areas in England as useful citizens of the country of their adoption. It is a very happy community indeed. When they reach a certain age, the boys are taught farming and the girls domestic science, and at the age of sixteen they are placed in carefully selected jobs and situations, the School remaining their guardian until they are twenty-one, and even after that if they wish.

On Friday, the 16th, we left Nanaimo and arrived at Vancouver the same forenoon, securing alongside La Pointe Pier. This was our first contact with the mainland except, of course, for the glamour boys of the Fleet Air Arm who, as usual, had fallen on their feet and had for some time been established at Jericho Beach, the base of the R.C.A.F. We found ourselves miles from

the town—not an uncommon occurrence for us—this time because the C.P.R. piers had still not recovered from their baptism by fire a year before. But we remained unflinching.

Vancouver, which is the largest city in British Columbia, lies mainly on a peninsula on the south shore of Burrard Inlet, though newer North Vancouver, connected by ferries, spreads over the north shore. Emerging into New Westminster, it ran down to the mouth of the Fraser River, on which log booms were towed and up which salmon, in their season, ran in incredible numbers. To enter the harbour, we had to pass under the new and magnificent Lion's Gate Bridge, and we had the Lion and Grouse Mountains rising above North Vancouver, and on the south side Stanley Park, claiming to be the finest in the Dominion. The silhouette of the city ahead was of many sky-scrapers, the Marine Building, the C.P.R. Hotel and the National Hotel competing for supremacy. Of course the National Hotel won. Fifty years ago the whole area was covered with Douglas firs—now more than a quarter of a million people live there. From the harbour, went out a constant stream of liners to China and Australia. Ashore, we found splendidly laid out parks and public buildings, street cars galore and everything necessary to make a week's stay all too short to enjoy to the full its many and varied aspects. The Mayor of Vancouver was attempting to have a "clean up" of the city at the time and "vice" seemed to be the keyword in every newspaper every morning, but that didn't prevent "ORION" enjoying herself. No sir! Friendships with warmhearted people (euphemism for "Barons") were followed by private entertaining on a large scale, as the continuous arrival and departure of cars and the ringing of the telephone showed. The Missions to Seamen and the Sailors' Rest were open houses every day, and several evenings sounds of happy dancers filled the air. Picnics, too, were arranged by, and through both these institutions. (I think I "cribbed" some of this paragraph!)

Two things will stand out in our memories of this visit. One was the Actuality Broadcast, featuring "Torps," Peter Meyrick, Tubby Voyce and others, which took place at 1930 on June 17th—(incidentally "Guns" and the Band gave a subsequent broadcast on the day following)—and what was not far short of the record number of visitors, 11,500 in fact, who came on board on Sunday, June 18th, despite the torrential rain which persisted throughout the afternoon and evening.

Our "natives" now began to return from leave, and on Saturday, accompanied by Paymaster Lieutenant-Commander G. Browne, R.D., R.N.R., who had joined us the previous day, we moved off at 0610 for Comox. We left, some of us rather envying Messrs. Clarke and Eden their native heath.

Comox was a marvellous spot. We'd heard a good deal about it from "York" and "Apollo," but it far surpassed our expectations. We arrived there hoping to relax, and I think we did. We found Mr. Martin and the vanguard already in possession of the "Spit" when we arrived, and without more ado the first Camp Party set out for their period of beer and musketry. It is uncertain whether at the end of it we left behind more "Dead Marines" than the "APOLLO" and "YORK" severally or put together. But that is rather a doubtful honour anyway. The main point was that everybody enjoyed themselves, despite the sand and snakes, and looked much better for it all when we departed.

On the evening of our arrival, Commander (E) marked the occasion by swimming from shore and, having passed the Captain in the Jolly Boat en route, he arrived on the Quarter Deck dripping and in his "undies."

The surrounding district was explored pretty thoroughly even beyond the Lorne Hotel. Courtenay became quite well known—so did we! The lure of Victoria-Esquimalt was still felt, and some even flew down for weekends. The Officers enjoyed much kindness from "Dusty," and the "Elk" became almost a home from



IMPRESSIONS OF COMOX CAMP—By Percy Spicer.



home. They spent one glorious day visiting a logging camp, and those who had wives brought them with them. Dances were arranged and a concert given. We took part in the sports at the Dominion Day celebrations in Courtenay, and generally a good time was had by all. Of course somebody had to get lost on the Forbidden Plateau—the "Sub" obliged.

But eventually we had to leave, and on July 11th, we departed. Even the thought of Seattle a few days away was no consolation for the majority. But the Stokers' Cutter had been training hard and they were anxious to come to grips with the Battenburg Cup crews.

I hope I am not wrong when I say that we first heard at Seattle what was to be our theme song for the place and for some time afterwards, i.e.

"Wheel in the Baron,  
We'll cane the Baron to-day,  
Strangle the Baron,  
We'll make the Old B— pay  
Etc., etc., *ad lib.*

It has a catchy tune, and I first heard it at a cocktail party. Here we re-tasted American hospitality in its abundance (Stap me! what a fillv!!) and, despite his injuries, Corporal Peel, R.A.F., could not be kept on board. It was a long time since the last British warship had paid a visit and so we reaped the benefit. But by far the most outstanding event of our stay effecting us as an entity was the Pulling Race for the Battenburg Cup. This Cup was presented to the U.S. Atlantic Fleet by H.R.H. Prince Louis of Battenburg, when, as its Admiral, he paid a visit with the 2nd Cruiser Squadron to the U.S.A. in 1905. Its counterpart in the R.N. is the Rodman Cup (presented by the U.S. 6th Battle Squadron after the War) and is sought after with equal keenness. There is a clause in the regulations which govern competition for it, to the effect that when a British ship is in company with the holders of the Cup and at least one other U.S. Ship, the holders may, if they choose, invite the British ship to compete

for it—a British ship cannot challenge them. We were honoured by the U.S.S. "MINNEAPOLIS" (the holders) by being invited to take part in a race against them for this cup. This invitation was received at San Pedro on May 19th, and the race was fixed tentatively for July 15th, at Seattle, so that we had not much time to train.

The Stokers' Cutter, which had been chosen to represent us, was at a distinct disadvantage in being unaccustomed to the American whale boats in which the race was to be rowed, and had to complete their training in one of our own cutters. For three days before the race they had a whale boat and performed on the course itself, but it would have made a great deal of difference if they could have pulled in a cutter.

On the day of the race we found ourselves up against not only U.S.S. "MINNEAPOLIS," but also U.S. Ships "SALT LAKE CITY" and "WEST VIRGINIA," who were also trying to unseat the holders. Lake Washington was well populated that afternoon, with boats, yachts, coast-guard cutters and what-have-you (as they say in the States) and "chucking up" parties were everywhere. It was a good race, but unfortunately we failed to score. Nonetheless Chief Stoker Easton and his merry men put up an exceedingly good show. It would not be out of place to preserve their names here, and this we accordingly do. They were:—Chief Stoker Easton, trainer and coxswain; J. Nettleton, E.R.A.; T. Graham, Stoker P.O.; E. Foy, Lg. Stoker; J. McCarthy, Sto.; J. Fox, Sto.; J. Bailey, Sto.; W. Mc. R. Smith, Sto.; J. Smith, Sto.; P. Coakley, Sto.; J. Walsh, Sto.; J. Nicholson, Sto. (spare); R. Tarbitt, Sto. (spare); W. Wood, Sto., was unfortunately unable to take part at the last moment on account of sickness.

Now mercifully followed four days to enable us to restore the tissues before tackling San Diego. They passed off pleasantly and restfully, and we were much refreshed when on July 21st, at 1320 we berthed alongside Broadway Pier—starboard side to, of course.

San Diego is a U.S. Naval Base and that very largely explains it. We won't call it the "Guzz" of the West Coast because we do not wish to commit ourselves, but doubtless we could find Devonport, Portsmouth and Chatham, all there if we looked hard enough. Our berth was probably the best of the whole commission—we were right at the foot of Broadway. We could not have been better placed for access to and from the town, but our privacy suffered as we were continuously under the gaze of sightseers on the upper level of the pier buildings all day and most of the night.

There was not a lot of official entertainment, which was rather a good thing for a change, and for the most part people were left to their own devices. The magnificent Army and Navy Y.M.C.A. with which we had first come into contact at Balboa, and had met subsequently in San Pedro and other places, played its part; several U.S. Ships threw open their cinemas to us; the Philharmonic Orchestra invited us to go to hear them play, but generally speaking the majority of us were swallowed up in the private life of San Diego, as the telephone bore evidence. Leave was not restricted, and some found their way as far afield as Mexico. Tijuana is very nice, the "Jaunty" tells me. Others returned to Los Angeles and Hollywood, and a certain amount of Hollywood returned to us. I thought I saw and heard Mr. Alan Mowbray flapping about the place here.

Of course there were a certain number of luncheon engagements for the officers to fulfil, but, wonder of wonders, the "lurk list" did not have to be produced. It was after one of these luncheons that the "Pay," seduced by the arguments of our charming chauffeur, Sergeant Hisey of the Police Force, led a tour of inspection of the New Police Head-quarters and spent the afternoon taking other peoples' finger prints—and cataloguing them. Good fun while it lasted. Many of us came away quite fledgling criminologists. (I hope that's English).

We saw a lot of the Navy and exchanged much hospitality, culminating in a dance on board just before we left, which was attended largely by Admirals and their wives. For further information apply Commander.



Photo: B.Y.

BALBOA—AMAMI—NIGHT

U. J. Luscumb