000 MILES IN A 27-TONNER

ÆMILIUS JARVIS

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"Full and By"

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BY

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Narrative Log of the Schooner Yacht "Haswell", R.C.Y.C.
from Lake Ontario to the Caribbean Sea and
return, in the winter of 1920-21

McCLELLAND & STEWART, LIMITED
PUBLISHERS TORONTO

Haswell in Racing Trim.

DEDICATION

This short account of how the *Haswell* won the right to carry a shark's tail at the end of her bow-sprit is dedicated to the author's fellow-members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club.

INTRODUCTION

As I have frequently been asked to write an extended log of our cruise from Toronto to the West Indies and back in the autumn and winter of 1920-21, in the schooner yacht *Haswell,* I will commence by saying that the *Haswell* is of twenty-seven tons register, built by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, from the design of N. G. Herreshoff, in the winter of 1915-16. Her chief dimensions are:

Over all—60 feet.
Load water line—44 feet, 6 inches.
Breadth—14 feet, 2 inches.
Draught—8 feet, six inches.

She was built for Mr. Thomas Tiffany, of New Bedford, and bought by me from him in the summer of 1919, and transferred to the Canadian Register in Toronto.

She is schooner-rigged; her framing is of metal (a special steel alloy approximating bronze; she is planked with Southern pine and oak and decked with white pine. All deck fittings and rail are of teak, and all blocks and deck metal work, save chain plates, are of bronze.

It had long been my dream to cruise through the West Indian Islands in my own yacht, and as the *Haswell,* though small, seemed to fill all requirements so far as seaworthiness is concerned and, as

I had the leisure, I determined to try the experiment.

It was difficult to get companions, and, whilst "many were called but few were chosen". My final companion was my youngest son, Samuel Peters Jarvis, aged seventeen.

The only special preparations or alterations that I made to the *Haswell* were as follows:

Casing in under the seats of the cockpit so as to reduce the area of the cockpit in case of water being shipped. This also provided more locker accommodation for such articles as lamps, fenders, gaskets, and mooring ropes, deck mops, etc., etc.

Reducing the size of her mainsail by cutting three feet off the luff.

Altering her yard topsail to a working topsail on hoops.

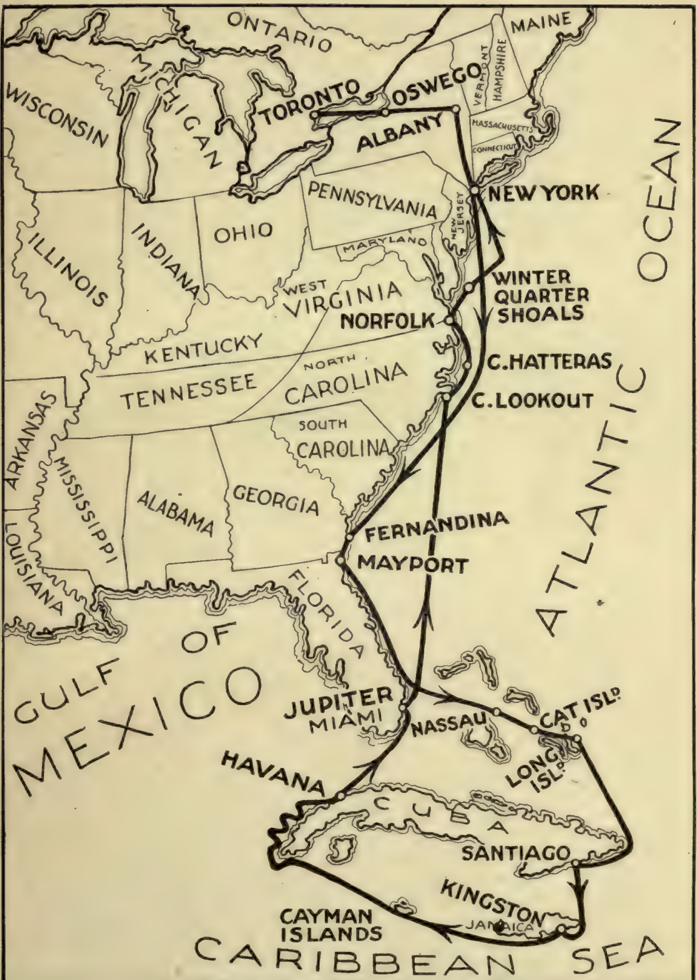
Placing a permanent gallows frame aft for the main boom.

Rigging down hauls on her main throat and peak and her fore throat and peak halyards.

A line from the foremasthead to the clew of the jib, so that the sail could be triced up and kept out of the water when the sail was lowered.

I also discarded the ordinary tenders and had two dories built that would nest on deck. Later I purchased two overboard Evinrude engines for these dories, which I found to be of great service.

It had been my intention to leave Toronto the first week in September, but owing to delays in obtaining a crew and getting the work done on the cockpit and the gallows frame, it was not until the 22nd of September that we took our departure.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JUPITER
MIAMI
NASSAU
CAT ISLD
HAVANA
LONG ISLD
CUBA
SANTIAGO
KINGSTON
JAMAICA
CAYMAN ISLANDS
CARIBBEAN SEA

OUR CHART

Our guest crew consisted of Mr. Grenville Noyes and Mr. Jessop Carley, two young men who have long been yachtsmen and who served in the R.N.C.V.R. Atlantic Coast Division, and the R.N.V.R. respectively, as sub-lieutenants and lieutenants. The former's service was on the Atlantic seaboard, whilst the latter was in the North Sea, at Scapa Flow, off the east coast of England, the Mediterranean, and finally the Baltic.

Unfortunately, neither of these two could accompany us for the whole voyage. Mr. Noyes could only go as far as New York. Mr. Carley, however, came with us as far as Fernandina, Florida.

As regular paid hands, we had A. H. Naylor as mate, Len Ellerby as cook, and Harry Forrest as messboy. I intended picking up two more men in New York.

ÆMILIUS JARVIS

CHAPTER I

From Toronto to New York

Our departure from Toronto—Down Lake Ontario to Oswego—Towing troubles in the Erie Canal—The Good Samaritan—Down the Hudson—We determine who is boss on board—Five hundred and seventy-five miles by lake, river and canal.

September 22nd.—Naylor, who came from Halifax, arrived on the evening of the 22nd, as soon as we could get his traps on board and had our dinner at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Toronto, we set sail and left our moorings at 10 p.m., the wind light from the north, which died out and at twelve midnight was calm.

September 23rd.—The whole of the 23rd of September the wind was very light to calm and from various directions. Our general course, however, was east by south. At 12 noon, Thirty-mile Point Light, New York State. Bore south eight miles.

September 24th.—4 a.m. Log read 67½ knots. Course east by south. Braddock Point Light bore southeast seven miles.

12 midday. Log 90. Course northeast half east. Weather very warm. Wind very light.

8 p.m. Sodus Point. Bore south. Distance ten miles. Evening breeze sprang up. Off Oswego Breakwater we took in the log—184 knots. We entered the harbour at 11.30 and tied up to the grain elevator wharf on the west bank of the Oswego River.

September 25th.—Very warm weather. We unbent our sails, slacked up our rigging preparatory to hoisting out our spars to get under the bridges of the Erie Barge Canal, which we entered at this port. Having made arrangements with a steamer lying in the Harbor to use her derrick, we hoisted out the spars and towed back again to our original berth at four in the afternoon. Meanwhile, we were making arrangements by telephone with the Central Office of that division of the Erie Canal for a tug which they promised to provide us at the earliest moment.

I took on a sailor called Albert Myward, a Swede, who had come up from New York.

September 26th.—Weather still very fine and hot. Lay all day waiting for the tug, so had a slight alteration made to our working topsail.

September 27th.—Weather very fine and very warm. At night heavy rain with thunderstorm. Waited all day for tug, which arrived at about nine o'clock p.m.

September 28th.—Weather fine and warm.

7 a.m. Taken in tow by the tug *Globe* in company with the iron barge *Idlewild*, which had been carrying molasses from one of the sugar refineries in New York to Belleville, Ontario.

At 6 p.m. we arrived at Brewerton and made fast for the night. The river from Oswego to Brewerton is very beautiful, and the trip was delightful. Brewerton is the port where the river enters Lake Oneida on the west shore.

September 29th.—The firemen on the tug *Globe* had struck and had left her, so we lay all day in Brewerton. We took this opportunity of doing a little painting of some boards I had had made to heighten the sides of our bunks. On telling Naylor and Myward to assist on the work they went below, remaining forty minutes. When being remonstrated with, they rendered assistance very reluctantly and soon knocked off again. As this was the first instance of insubordination, I did not let it pass and spoke some very direct and pointed words to make them realize from the commencement that I was the master and intended my orders to be carried out.

September 30th.—New firemen having been obtained the night before, we started in tow of the tug *Globe* at 7 a.m. with three salt barges and the *Idlewild,* entering Lake Oneida about an hour later. We had heavy rain and a fresh breeze. The weather was thick so we could not see the shores.

At 3 p.m. we arrived at Sylvan Beach, where we entered the Erie Canal. Here we made fast for the night. It was chilly and damp. We lighted our cabin stove for the first time, and found it very comfortable.

October 1st.—The tug *Globe,* having come to the end of her division, turned back, and we were taken in tow at 8 a.m. by the tug *Robert Prescott* with the barge *Idlewild.* The weather was cool, with occasional light rain.

At 6.10 we arrived at Herkimer Terminal and made fast for the night. The Terminal is a mile or so from the town. Noyes, Naylor, and myself walked in for some exercise and a movie.

October 2nd.—Weather warm. Fresh southwest breeze. We were under way at 7 a.m. An hour later we stopped at Little Falls for the tug to get provisions, which we also took advantage of. The Canal is carried through the town at a considerable elevation above the river, which is rocky and steep, and the whole place is exceedingly picturesque and quaint, as the streets are narrow and winding.

At 9.45 we were under weigh again.

At 1, we reached Lock 16. Here the Erie Canal ceases, and the Mohawk River is entered. As the river was in flood from the heavy rains in the Adirondack Mountains, we lay all day and night.

October 3rd.—Weather hot. Light breeze. Got under weigh at 7 a.m. The river was still high, but very much lower than the previous day. Shortly after leaving the lock, we struck quite heavily on rock bottom, but the tug easily towed us over. (The bruises to our keel were quite noticeable when we had the yacht hauled out some months later.)

6.30 p.m.—Arrived at Lock 8, a few miles from Schenectady. Here we tied up for the night.

October 4th.—Weather very warm. Heavy rain at 5 a.m., followed by a slight fog.

At 7 a.m. I walked to the end of the trolley track that runs into Schenectady and which connects with the suburban railway to Albany, as I wished to make arrangements in advance of our arrival for a derrick for hoisting in our spars.

The yacht got under weigh at 7.30, arriving at Waterford at 2 p.m. where I joined her again, having surveyed the situation in Albany and arranged with a lighter to use her crane for hoisting in our spars. As Waterford is the end of the division that our tug operated, we had to arrange to be towed from Waterford to Albany, a distance of about twelve miles. I telephoned to a towing company in Albany and they asked $100.00, which was $40.00 more than I had paid for towing from Oswego to Waterford, so I declined the proposition and cast about to arrange for a motor boat, which I did but was very doubtful of her ability to tow us and keep us straight in the heavy current of the Hudson, which we entered at Waterford, and the owner on seeing our yacht also realized this.

At that moment a large cat-boat with good power came through the Locks. We had observed her entering Oswego Harbour and going through under her own power while we were lying in Oswego waiting for a tug. It appeared she had stopped off a day or two at Syracuse and thus got behind us. I hailed her asking if she would give us a tow and promptly she rounded to and passed us a line.

At 8 p.m. we arrived in Albany, and in approaching the slip of the Delaware and Hudson Railway, where the lighter that I had arranged to hoist in our spars was lying, we grounded and remained fast until ten, when the tide had risen and we went alongside of the lighter.

Just below the railway bridge an unfortunate accident happened. The cat-boat that was towing us and was owned by a Mr. DeLuna, a Cuban, who had been cruising up through the Trent River and Trent Valley (Ontario), went to cast off the tow line which was made fast round his main sheet traveller. Not realizing the speed at which we were going with the current, he turned his boat too soon to go back above the bridge to lie in the slip, when suddenly it came to the end of the tow line. The jerk ripped off his traveller and the iron and hit him on the leg, almost breaking it. As his dinghy was also fast to the traveller, the dinghy went adrift. As only a few minutes afterwards we grounded, we lowered a boat to recover the dinghy and went after the cat-boat, Mrs. DeLuna having taken her into the Delaware and Hudson slip. Here we found Mr. DeLuna in great pain, with a frightful welt across his thigh. We got a motor-car and took him off to the Hotel Tenycke, where the doctor pronounced it a bruise, without permanent injury.

I regretted the incident exceedingly, as Mr. De Luna had been exceptionally kind in taking us in tow; in fact, playing the part of the Good Samaritan. He would not even let me suggest remuneration or compensation for the damage done to his boat.

Strange to say, next March this gentleman was in Havana, Cuba, and crossing the bay in a motor-launch recognized the *Haswell.* Unfortunately for us he was in haste and could not come aboard, but waved his recognition and sent me a message through the gentleman with him.

October 5th.—Fog and rain, turning fair at noon. Started at 9 a.m. stepping the spars, which were in by twelve noon. Naylor afforded a great deal of amusement to the dock workers by shouting directions to the deck from aloft in an unnecessarily loud voice, particularly amusing a young Irish stevedore who copied his voice and gestures, making the rigging incident quite a merry procedure, but at Naylor's expense. The rest of the day we were setting up rigging and bending sails.

October 6th.— Strong breeze, cool weather, lightening up in the afternoon and followed by light rains and fog. Completed the rigging at 4 p.m. Pulled out into the stream with our Kedge Anchor, which we lost, owing to Naylor's thinking he could pull it up with his hands when the ship was under way. Subsequently we borrowed a grappling iron and recovered it.

Both Naylor and Albert were very insubordinate, and I made up my mind to let them both go when we reached New York.

A heavy fog all night necessitated keeping our bell ringing, as there was a good deal of traffic up and down the river, both passenger and tows.

October 7th.—Heavy fog, which cleared at 11 a.m., when we set sail and weighed anchor, having a light following wind and ebb tide. Weather turned very warm.

7.30 p.m. Anchored off Athens. Went ashore for some stores, and bought some very fine sausages. They linger in my memory yet as the best I had eaten for many years. They were home-made.

October 8th.—Weather fine and very warm. Flat calm all morning, with flood tide so remained at anchor until 2.30 when we weighed anchor, dropping down with the ebb, as there was still no wind.

At 6 p.m. Anchored off Germantown as the tide began to flow.

October 9th.—Weather fine and very warm. Under weigh at eight. The breeze died out, and we were losing ground against the flood tide, so we anchored and sent ashore and filled up our water-breakers from a well and spring. Also bought some very nice apples.

At 3 p.m. got under weigh on the flood tide. Weather calm.

6 p.m. Anchored off Malden, the tide having changed. Went ashore and bought milk and meat.

October 10th.—Weather still very warm. Calm.

8 a.m. Got under weigh with the ebb tide.

9.30 a.m. Anchored off Coxsackie, near an old wharf to which we hauled her in, putting the bowsprit over the wharf and slacking up our head rigging to take some turns out of the forestay as our foremasthead was too far forward.

At 2 p.m. got under weigh with a good following breeze.

Anchored at 7 off Newburgh, the wind having died out.

October 11th.—Weather very hot. Very light wind. Got under weigh at 8 a.m.

At 9.30 anchored off Bannerman's Arsenal, as the tide had changed.

At 2.00 under weigh.

At 4.00 anchored off Coldsprings, where the boy, Harry Forrest, and I went ashore to buy stores.

At 5.00 got under weigh with a light wind, but as the mountains are very high in this neighborhood they were very baffling, and our chief way was made with the ebb tide.

We passed West Point, which looked very beautiful and picturesque, in the evening.

Anchored at 8.30 off Conn Hook Light. Len, our cook, had an involuntary bath. He went out on the foot ropes, which had not yet been made fast, and they let him down in a hurry. He took it very good-naturedly when one considered that he had not been very well.

October 12th.—Rain and mist running fair about 2.30, with a light breeze. Weather cooler. Got under weigh at 8 a.m. with a light following breeze, passing the Naval Arsenal and Harriman Park at 1 p.m.

1.30. Got a good breeze and ebb tide opposite Peekskill.

On the way down from Albany we had been rattling the ship down for sea work, as there was little or no other work to be done. Naylor took the port main shrouds to rattle down, and I took the starboard fore shrouds, as we wished to have each mast rattled down on one side or the other before reaching New York. Albert worked spasmodically at the port fore shrouds. Both he and Naylor were very insubordinate and slow. Naylor had three more ratlins to do when he knocked off about two, and as we expected to arrive in New York that night, I asked him to go aloft to finish them, which he refused. I then told him that he would either go aloft or I would land him on the shore and he would walk. He thought better of the matter and went aloft.

We were making good time and arrived off the Colonial Yacht Club at 8.30. My destination was the Columbia Yacht Club, but as it was dark and I was not very familiar with the shore line and lights, I relied upon Albert, who said he knew that the lights being shown over the Yacht Club were those of the Columbia. I went ashore and found that we were wrong, so came on board again, got under weigh and finally anchored off the Columbia Yacht Club at 11.30 p.m.

The distance from Toronto to New York as measured by the log to Oswego and from the charts of the Erie Barge Canal and the Hudson River showed 575 nautical miles.

Owing to the lack of wind, the sail from Albany to New York was exceedingly slow, but the weather on the whole was simply delightful and the scenery superb, and every moment of it was enjoyable but for the sulkiness and insubordination of Naylor and Albert.

October 13th.—Paid Naylor off first thing and sent him home. Then went down to Durkee's, South Street, to lay in some ship chandlery, paint, etc., and to inquire of shipping offices about George Kristiensen, my old sailing master, whom I had cabled to Norway to meet me in New York.

October 14th.—Weather fine and warm. Spent most of the day visiting shipping offices and various steamers to find information of George.

October 15th.—Weather fine and warm. Spent most of the day about South Street, buying supplies and making further inquiries of steamship lines.

October 16th.—Weather fine and warm. Looked up my brother-in-law, Gugy Irving. Lunched with him at the Downtown Club. Dined that night at the New York Yacht Club.

October 17th.—Fine and warm. Lunched with Frank B. Jones, the yacht broker, who told me where I could get a chronometer, which I subsequently bought of the Waltham Watch Company.

October 18th.—Still no word of George, so I concluded to make arrangements for another man. Noyes returned home.

October 19th.—Weather fine and warm. Looked up a niece who was staying in New York and had lunch with her. Afterwards went down to Appel's to look over some men.

October 20th.—Weather fine and warm. The chronometer which I recently purchased I had under test and set by Negus to Greenwich time.

Dined that night with my niece and two gentlemen at the Columbia Yacht Club.

Heard that George had arrived and had been to the ship, but had gone to a sister's to get his luggage.

It may interest my readers if I tell a little about the special preparations and slight alterations that I made in the rig and arranging of the *Haswell,* and which were mentioned in the first chapter, and how they worked out.

The casing in under the seats of the cockpit was a great comfort in added deck storage as we used the port side for deck lamps and oil, deck mops, sand, etc., etc., and the starboard side for fenders, spars deck lines and a ready tow line, gaskets, etc., etc.

The reduction of the mainsail by three feet and the use of sail cloth of a lighter material than the foresail and staysail was a great advantage to easy handling, but of course it must be borne in mind it was a new sail and of Ratsey's best Brown Egyptian Cotton. It stood up to its work and never lost shape in strong breezes, and the only accident to it was when we ripped it at the clue (the outer reef points being hauled down a little too snug) in a heavy jibe whilst sailing round watching the regatta in Kingston Harbour in a thirty-mile breeze; but a light mainsail, easily and quickly stowed, even if wet, is a great comfort. In the open sea work we found it best to at once set the trisail when we could not carry the whole mainsail.

Now a word as to our trisail. It was rigged differently from most trisails insomuch as it hauled out on the boom as you would haul out the clue when reefing an ordinary fore and aft sail; we stowed our mainsail, hooked on a guntackle purchase to clue of trisail that was always stopped along the boom, and then passed a plait, one end of which was always spliced into the clue of the trisail, and then we used the mainsheet in the ordinary way. When running before it, however, we merely hooked on a tackle to the clue, rove the fall through mainsheet traveller and back on deck, keeping the boom on the gallows frame.

The working topsail with hoops for the luff worked well after we added a few more fair leads on the leech and the foot and led the standing end of the clue line right up to the head of the sail, so that when we clued up, the leech, foot and luff came up snug and tight so that no wind could get in.

In such a small ship, with so low a centre of gravity, and always in rough water, it was always difficult to go aloft even by the ratlins, and it took the hand all his time to hold on, so we often left the sail without stowing it or passing a gasket.

The main boom gallows frame—This was a real joy. Never interfered with the operation of our mainsheet and at all times and under any conditions we could lower away the mainsail and drop the boom into one of the three hollows for its receptacle, and all you had to do was to haul the mainsheet taut and never bother with the boom quarter tackles, and if a hand had to go out on the boom you had no anxiety about the lifts parting.

Downhauls on fore and main throat and peak are absolutely essential. Either end of our peak downhaul, which was rove through a block with a good big score at the end of the gaff, was spliced around the boom just abreast of where the gaff end when lowered came on the boom so that you got the maximum of leverage and snugness of stow. In taking in the sail if there was much wind and motion, we usually caught a turn of the weather part over the horn of a cleat on the weather side of the deck, as otherwise the slashing about is likely to jerk a man's arms out, or maybe overboard.

The line from the fore masthead to the clue of the jib was also a great comfort, as many times we merely lowered the jib, hauled the downhaul snug, and triced up the clue and left it there clear of everything, as the wire tack pendant was four feet clear of the bowsprit end.

The dories were undoubtedly the proper boats for such work as they took up very little room on deck, always handy to launch or throw odds and ends in, and, after all hands got familiar with their idiosyncracies, were very easy to manoeuvre.

The two "Evinrude" engines rendered splendid service, as at many of our anchorages the sea was rough and tide strong, and as we usually had a good offing they were a great saving to our arms. They had one noticeable eccentricity. Evidently they must have been made by Union labor for they would not work after sundown; that is, without a great deal of persuasion, but as soon as the sun shone they would start on the turn of the handle.

For life lines, we took a good stout three-quarter inch rope that was double the length of the deck. We took a clove hitch round the bowsprit just forward of the cranse-iron in the centre of the line, led one end to port and the other to starboard, making two rolling hitches on both legs of the fore-rigging stopped with marline thence to both legs of the main rigging; thence through the shackle of the backstay runner falls; then through the main boom traveller leading the end up again to the top of the gallows frame where we made the end fast. This made us a good, stout manrope, breast high, all about the ship.

We shackled the two ends of the davit falls together and hove taut so that the davits were fore and aft; then took our port and starboard boat booms, lashed them to the fore and main rigging and to the davits about half way between the life line and the deck. This afforded us good protection in the waist of the ship.

For compass lights, let me admonish those contemplating such a trip *never to depend on electricity.* While our compass was fitted with an electric bulb, battery and switchboard, we never could depend on them, so we always used our oil lamps.

CHAPTER II

From New York to Florida

A welcome recruit--A "heavy" calm compels lowered sails—St. Simon's Sound in five days, where we find four-masters that had waited three months to make the passage—Fernandina and an ancient sea-tragedy—Jacksonville, and preparations there for Caribbean cruising.

October 21st. 7 a.m.—George Christeinsen turned up with his bag. Engaged Ed. Anderson as another seaman. A. H. Hurlbutt turned up, I having wired to Toronto for him to come down to act as mate in place of Naylor. As this completed the crew and we had all the stores on board, I determined to sail for Fernandina, Florida that day. We stored our dinghy and the trestles on which we had carried our spars through the canal, together with our wooden fenders, with a man who runs the signal box on the New York Signal line west of the Columbia Yacht Club at a price of one dollar a month.

As the wind was calm all day and did not rise till the evening, we did not get under way till 6.40 when we hove up anchor. Wind south southwest. We beat down with an ebb tide to opposite the Battery when we fetched clear down the channel. On reaching the Narrows, we chose to go down the Swash Channel. This was familiar ground to me as I had spent all the early part of the summer on either the Shamrock 23, or the Shamrock IV, or the Victoria, as the guest of Sir Thomas Lipton during the preparation and final races for the America's Cup, so I did not hesitate to tackle the Channel at night, particularly as we had a good leading wind.

At 10.40 we streamed the log abreast of Scotland Light, at a distance of about 200 yards, reading 44½ knots, laid a course south by west half west, the wind being southwest by west.

12.00 midnight. Log reading 54½ knots. Course south by west half west. Wind southwest by west. Moderate breeze, clear weather, calm sea.

October 22nd.—Sea Girt light abeam at 1.20 a. m.

4.00 Log reading 80¾ knots. Course south by west half west. Wind west. Fresh and clear weather.

8.00 a.m. Log 110 knots. Course south southwest, wind west. Fresh breeze, clear weather.

10.50. Set fishermen's staysail.

12.00 noon. Log read 140. Course south southwest, wind west. Barometer 30.15. Fresh breeze, clear weather. Run 96 knots. Latitude 38.55 north; longitude 74.10 west.

4.00. Log 170. Course south southwest, wind west. Barometer 30.06. Wind lightening, weather fine.

8.00. Log 196¾. Same course and wind.

10.40 p.m. Log read 213½ knots, making 169 knots for the first twenty-four hours, from Scotland Light Ship.

12.00 midnight. Log 222¾ knots. Course south southwest, wind west southwest. Barometer 30.08. Fresh breeze, rather confused sea.

October 23rd. 3.40 a.m.—Wind shifted to the northeast and freshened. Took in maintopmast stay sail.

4.00 a.m. Log 250. Course south, wind northeast; barometer 30.11. Strong breeze, clear weather, confused sea.

8.00 a.m. Log 284½. Course south by west half west. Wind northeast. Barometer 30.12. Fresh breeze. Clear. Rough sea.

12.00 noon. Log 313. Course south southwest, wind southeast. Barometer 30.19; strong breeze, fine, clear weather.

4.00 p.m. Log 346¾. Course south by west, wind northeast. Barometer 30.18. Fresh breeze. Rough sea.

8.00 p.m. Log 319¼. Course south by west. Wind northeast. Barometer 30.19. Cloudy to the southeastward. Strong breeze. Sea rough.

10.55 p.m. Diamond Shoal Lightship bore north. Distance two and one half miles.

12.00 midnight. Log 404½. Course southwest half west. Wind northeast. Barometer 30.19. Fresh breeze. Clear weather. Rough sea.

Day's run, 164 knots. Latitude 36.12 north; longitude 74.21 west.

Ed, the new man, showed signs of insubordination, being slow to turn out and continually wishing to leave the deck to go below. As there were only two in a watch this left the deck without a look-out. Directed some strong and forceful language to him. I saw clearly he was playing the same game as Albert.

October 24th. 1.00 a.m.—Wind shifted to southeast.

4.00 a.m. Log reading 427. Course southwest, wind southeast. Barometer 30.18. Wind light; inky clouds; rough, confused sea.

8.00 a.m. Log 447. Course southwest half west; wind east. Barometer 30.20. Light breeze, clear weather, confused sea.

12.00 noon. Log reading 474¾; course southwest by west, wind east, barometer 30.27, light breeze, heavy clouds, sea confused and rising.

Day's run 166 knots. Latitude 34.13 north; longitude 76.25 west.

4.00 p.m. Log reading 501. Course west, southwest, wind north. Barometer 30.21. Freshening breeze, fine weather. Sea rising.

8.00 p.m. Log 531.—Course west by south, wind east northeast, barometer 30.20. Breeze lightening, confused sea, clear weather.

12.00 midnight. Log reading 554½. Course west by south half south, wind northeast, barometer 30.16, strong breeze, clear, sea rough.

October 25th. 3.30 a.m.—Frying Pan Lightship abeam. Log reading 567¾.

4.00 a.m. Log reading 568. Course varies. Winds light and varied. Barometer 30.14. Cloudy sky.

5.15 a.m. Had a heavy downpour of rain lasting for about thirty minutes. Calm. Took in log.

Lowered mainsail and foresail as without wind they slatted very much.

8.00 a.m. Calm. Clearing, light clouds, wind, heavy sea.

9.00 a.m. Set mainsail, foresail, topsail and Fisherman.

12.00 noon. Log reading 596. Course west by south, wind east northeast. Barometer 30.15. Good breeze, fine clear weather.

Day's run 116 knots. Latitude 53.16 north; longitude 78.23 west.

4.00 p.m. Log reading 616. Course southwest by west, wind east by north. Barometer 30.12. Light breeze, clear sky, sea going down.

8.00 p.m. Log reading 627½. Course southwest by west, wind southeast. Barometer 30.10. Light air, sky clear, sea smooth.

12.00 midnight. Log 649½. Course southwest by west, wind south. Barometer 30.11. Fresh breeze and fine weather.

October 26th. 12.30 a.m.— Wind rising with heavy clouds indicating squall. Took in main topsail which we had carried all the way from New York. Took in and stowed jib, lowered away and reefed mainsail.

4.00 a.m. Log reading 668. Course southwest, wind south southeast, barometer 30.10. Strong breeze rising. Expected squall did not increase the wind which continued fresh. Weather clear. Sea long and regular.

8.00 a.m. Log 679. Course southwest by west, wind south southeast, barometer 30.13, moderate breeze, fine weather. Shook out reefs and set jib and topsail.

12.00 noon. Log 710½. Course southwest, quarter south; wind southeast by south; barometer 30.18. Fresh breeze, sky blue, sea moderate.

Day's run 108 knots; latitude 32.16 north; longitude 80.03 west.

4.00 p.m. Log 732½. Course southwest half west, wind variable from northeast to south; barometer 30.10; fresh breeze, heavy rain, squalls.

6.45 p.m. As weather became threatening with heavy clouds to windward and a rising sea, we clued up topsail, lowered away and reefed mainsail, stowed jib.

8.00 p.m. Log 757. Course southwest by south, half south; wind east southeast; barometer 30.08. Strong breeze, cloudy weather, rising sea.

12.00 midnight. Log 773½. Course southwest by south, wind south southeast varying at times to more southerly, barometer 30.10, fresh strong breeze, cloudy weather, sea rough.

October 27th. 4.00 a.m.—Log reading 791¼. Course southwest half south, wind south by east, strong breeze increasing, rough sea, cloudy.

8.00 a.m. Log 812. Course southwest, wind south, barometer 30.04, very strong breeze, high sea though long and regular, cloudy and hazy. We were expecting to make a landfall off Brunswick, Georgia.

At 9.00, sighted lightship off St. Simon's Sound with steamer taking on pilot to go into St. Simon's Sound, the mouth of which was only a few miles under our lee bow.

(Five days, eleven hours, from Scotland Lightship to St. Simon's Sound Lightship.)

At 10.45 we bore up and overtook the pilot boat going in. We thought it prudent to take a pilot aboard as the weather was very thick over the land and we could not see the buoys from any distance.

12.55. We anchored in St. Simon's Sound opposite the Pilot Station close to three large four-masted schooners. Went ashore with the pilot who invited me to dinner. Found the captain of three of the schooners, two of whom had been lying there for three months and the other for one month, waiting for a fair wind, two to go north and one to go south. They were a little surprised when they heard time from Martin's Industry Lightship (which of our time from New York, and particularly our marks the entrance to Charleston) which we had been abreast of the previous evening, and in view of the strong head wind and heavy sea they could not understand so small a craft being able to get out to windward in rough weather.

We had a most delightful Southern dinner cooked by a colored woman. The table literally groaned with various dishes. There was soup, fish, meat of various kinds, hot and cold, several kinds of pie, rice pudding, hot currant bread, popovers, coffee. As the cooking on board since leaving New York had been of a light character with no fresh meat, I enjoyed the meal and afterwards went outside on the verandah and fell sound asleep.

Went aboard about 5 p.m. Found the crew all enjoying a well-earned nap. One keeping anchor watch on deck.

Day's run 107. Anchored in St. Simon's Sound.

October 28th.—As I was asleep on deck, I was awakened very early in the morning by hundreds of fishing boats (shrimpers) passing out to sea—a continuous stream from daylight until we weighed anchor at 9.30. Got under way with a splendid strong west wind off shore; clear weather. Our course to Fernandina was close in along the shore and through innumerable shrimpers. We arrived off the breakwater at one o'clock. The tide was ebbing very strong and it was a long tough beat between the breakwaters into the River, so it was not until three o'clock that we came to anchor off Centre Street, Fernandina, Twenty-nine knots from St. Simon's Sound.

The entrance to Fernandina is very picturesque. On the north side is a cayo covered with pines, and on the south the old Fort built on the site of the old Spanish Fort where a great massacre of the French took place by the Spaniards. Of this incident, Parkman says, that in 1565 the Huguenot French sea-captain Jean Ribot, who was establishing the French colony at Fort Caroline under the auspices of Admiral Coligny, was wrecked with two ships on the coast of Florida. The shipwrecked crews fell into the hands of the Spanish adelantado Menendez, and all the Protestants in them were massacred to a man The French colony at Fort Caroline was extirpated. Catholic influence at the French court prevented any effective protest being made from the French government to the Spanish government, although the two countries were at peace, and the outrage upon the French Protestant subjects cried to heaven for vengeance. In 1567 a private gentleman of France, Dominique de Gourgues, fitted out an expedition at his own cost, landed on the coast of Florida, captured Fort Caroline and another fort the Spaniards had built, and avenged the killing of his countrymen by hanging every Spaniard taken.

The actual sailing time from Scotland Lightship to the buoy off Fernandina Breakwater was five days, fourteen hours.

Day's run—Bell-buoy off St. Simon's Sound to buoy off Fernandina Breakwater—twenty-two knots.

My object in making Fernandina a point of objective was its proximity to the sea and convenience for supplies. I had also been told that there were several marine railways that could haul the *Haswell* out, which I wished to do as she had not been out since the Spring and I wanted her bottom well coated with anti-fouling paint for southern waters. On making enquiries, I found there was nothing in Fernandina that could handle her, so I determined to go on to Jacksonville. Fortunately I was able to make an arrangement with a fishing tug that was going to the St. John River through the inside passage to tow us to Jacksonville, but as she would not be going until the fifth the interval between was put in in unbending sails and cleaning the ship, filling up with fresh water, etc.

Having made all arrangements and left instructions to have the ship hauled out and painted on her arrival in Jacksonville, Mr. Carley and I left for Toronto.

November 5th. 2.00 p.m.—Hove up anchor and left Fernandina in tow for St. John's River, Jacksonville. At 4.30 and again at six o'clock she touched bottom.

At 7.00 p.m., anchored, waiting for turn of the tide.

November 6th.—Fine weather.

2.00 a.m. Hove up anchor and proceeded in tow of the tug.

6.00 a.m. Arrived at Jacksonville, anchoring above the railway bridge on the north side of the River, 877 knots from Scotland Lightship, New York

November 8th.—Ship was hauled in by the Marine Railway. Her bottom was cleaned, scraped and painted.

November 9th. 3.00 p.m.—Ship floated and filled with fresh water and moored to the dock.

November 10th.—Towed up the river to the railway bridge and anchored at the same place. Crew employed at lowering the seats of one dory and making new guys for the boat davits.

The Skipper in tropical garb, under the cockpit awning. Behind him shows one of the two dories which *Haswell* used as tenders in her southern cruise.

CHAPTER III

To Summer Seas on New Year's Eve.

Haswell has a holiday—Off for the Bahamas—Our Evinrude auxiliaries — Fresh gale in Gulf Stream—A seasick cook and his cure—Nassau, with its wonderful water, its sponge fleet, its cakes, and old friends, after 413 miles of voyaging from Jacksonville—The tragedy of the charcoal.

From the 11th of November to the 30th of December the ship remained in Jacksonville, during which time her top sides were painted, her spars scraped and varnished and her rigging generally overhauled. Len Ellerby, who was not well, desired to be sent back to Toronto, which was done.

I returned from Toronto on the 30th of November and left again the next day with some friends in a motor-launch for Miami, not returning until the 27th of December.

On the 30th of December Sam arrived. The ship being ready for sea, the stores all being aboard, on the 31st of December at 10:15 we hove up anchor and proceeded down the St. John River under sail. The wind was light and variable, but chiefly from the nor-nor'east. We experimented with our "Evinrude" engines in the dories towing from each side, just lowering them from the davits, which worked

Crew of *Haswell*, January 1, 1921., Mouth of St. John River, Fla. Left to right: Lt. Hurlbutt, R.N.R., (mate and Navigator), George Christeinsen (Bos'n) S. P. Jarvis, Hy Forrest, and Ed. Anderson (crew), Len Davis, (cook).

very well. I found we could make about four miles an hour with them.

At 5.30 we anchored for the night.

Weather calm and clear.

January 1st.—9.45. Connected up the "Evinrudes" and proceeded down the River with the ebb tide, there being no wind.

12.30. We took the ground so had to lower away our sails and stream Kedge anchor, and at 2.15, the tide having commenced to rise, she floated and we set sail and proceeded.

At 5.10 we anchored for the night.

JANUARY 2ND.—At nine o'clock, weighed anchor and proceeded down the river. The wind was very light and died out as we got opposite Mayport.

At 10.35 the tide took entire charge and swept us over on to the north bank of the river, where we again took the ground on a gravel pit. We had to lower away, stream the anchor again, and haul her off.

12.00 noon. Weather became rainy.

2.00 p.m. The tide having turned, we set foresail and jib and anchored off Mayport as there was no wind and the weather had turned rainy. Barometer 30.03.

JANUARY 3RD.—During the morning it was calm with dense fog.

12.00 noon. Weather began to clear.

12.45 p.m. Hove up anchor and proceeded to sea on passage to Nassau, New Providence, Bahama Islands.

2.00 p.m. Streamed the log 26 knots. Set the course south, the wind being west southwest. Barometer 30.09. St. John's Lighthouse bearing northwest by north two miles.

3.00. Heavy rain and squalls. Wind died out.

4.00. Log 33. Calm.

8.00. Log 39½. Course south southeast. Wind south. Barometer 30.20. Light winds and cloudy weather.

12.00. Midnight. Log 40¾. Course southeast

Haswell off Mayport, Mouth St. John's River, Fla., January 1st, 1921.

by south. Calm with slight southwest roll. St. Augustine Light bore southwest 3 miles.

JANUARY 4TH.—1 to 2 a.m. Calm weather. Took in log at 12.30. Sounded. No bottom.

3.00. Streamed log. 40¾. Course southeast by south half south. Wind north-northeast. Wind light with occasional fog.

4.00. Log 43½. Same course. Wind north northeast.

8.00. Log 54¾. Same course. Wind north northeast. Barometer 30.28. Light breeze. Cloudy sky. Smooth sea.

12.00 midday. Log 60. Same course. Wind northerly. Barometer 30.30. Light breeze, cloudy sky, smooth sea.

Course coasting. Distance 47 miles. Latitude 29.42 north, longitude 81.06.

4.00. Log 68. Course southeast by south half south. Wind south southeast. Barometer 30.30. Light breeze, clear weather.

8.00. Log 80. Calm. Barometer 30.30. Clear smooth sea. Mosquito Inlet Light bore south southwest half south. Distance fourteen miles.

12.00 midnight. Log 86. Course southeast by south half south. Wind south southwest. Barometer 30.28. Moderate breeze. Fine clear weather.

JANUARY 5TH.—7.00 a.m. Course southeast by south. Wind south southwest. Moderate, clear.

4.00 a.m. Log 103¼. Course southeast by south. Wind southwest. Barometer 30.22. Light breeze. Smooth sea. Fine weather.

7.00 a.m. Passed Cape Carnaveral. Distance twenty miles.

8.00 a.m. Log 124. Wind south. Course southwest. Barometer 30.23.

12.00 midday. Log 148. Course south. Wind southwest. Barometer 30.23. Strong breeze. Rising sea.

Distance day's run 75 knots. Latitude 28.14 north. Longitude 80.19 west.

2.00 p.m. Log 159. Tacked ship. Course west half south. Wind southwest.

4.00 p.m. Log 167. Course west southwest. Wind south. Barometer 30.20. Calm, smooth sea, clear weather.

12.00 midnight. Log 180. Course south by east half east. Wind west. Barometer 30.20. Light breeze and fine weather. Smooth sea.

January 6th.—3.00 a.m. Took soundings. Found 3½ fathoms, so jibed ship and hauled out due east four miles into seven fathoms.

4.00 a.m. Log 200. Course southeast by half east. Wind north northwest. Sounded. Found eight and one half fathoms.

8.00 a.m. Log 230. Course south by east half east. Wind northwest. Barometer 30.20.

10.00 a.m. Fresh breeze. Clear weather. Jupiter Inlet. Light abeam. Log 243.

12.00 noon. 261 knots. Course southeast by south. Wind northwest. Barometer 30.31. Strong breeze, rough sea, and clear.

Day's run 113.

Took no observation as we had our bearings from soundings and from Jupiter Inlet Light.

3.00 p.m. Caught a number of kingfish which were very fine eating.

4.00 p.m. Log 295. Course southeast by south. Wind northwest, barometer 30.21. Wind rising.

6.00 p.m. Log 311. Course southeast by south, Wind rapidly rising, sea getting rough, clear weather.

8.00 p.m. Log 327. Course east by south half south. Wind northeast. Barometer 30.21. Took in maintopsail, jib, and reefed the mainsail. Fresh gale. Very rough sea backing up the Gulf stream.

9.00 p.m. Great Isaacs Light abeam.

Distance thirteen miles.

10.00 p.m. Passed steamer bound west making very bad weather.

11.00 p.m. Passed another steamer bound west.

12.00 midnight. Log 353.

JANUARY 7TH.—1.00 a.m. Moderate gale. High sea. Clear.

4.00 a.m. Log 372. Course east by south half south, wind northeast, barometer 30.29. Same weather conditions.

8.00 a.m. Log 396. Course east by south half south. Wind northeast. Barometer 30.28.

10.15 a.m. Great Stirrup Light abeam. Log read 307.

12.00 noon. Log 417. Course southeast, wind east, barometer 30.28. Fresh wind, clear weather, heavy confused sea.

Day's run 126 knots. Latitude 25.48 north. Longitude 77.50 west.

12.50. Tacked ship.

1.50. Tacked ship.

This stretch to the north was necessary to clear the shoals of Great Stirrup.

4.00 p.m. Log 439. Course south southeast. Barometer 30.28. Breeze lightening but still fresh. Fine weather. Rough confused sea.

8.00 p.m. Passed several steamers bound in and out of Nassau.

Coming on deck at nine o'clock after a short nap, found Nassau lights ahead. Examining them under the glasses found one of the red range lights was showing to the north of the main harbor light, a distance of about five miles, so bore up due east until the red lights were visible to the south of the main harbor light and were in range. We entered the harbor, anchoring at 10 p.m. in 12½ fathoms of water, the main light bearing north ¾ east, and a white harbor range light to the south of the Channel bearing southeast by east.

January 8th.—Fine, clear weather. The water of the harbor and the shore line impressed us very much with their wonderful blues and greens. A pilot came alongside and offered to take us up the harbor but as we had a harbor chart we thought we could manage ourselves. At any rate, we were not quite ready.

10.30 a.m. We hove up anchor and proceeded into the harbor but touched the bottom on the middle ground when she came round and worked herself off the port tack. Came to anchor, and at 12.25 boarded by the Harbor Master, who inspected papers. As where we had anchored was more or less in line with the traffic, he offered to tow us to a safer anchorage, which they did at 4.30 with the main harbor light bearing west northwest, and the dome of a hotel bearing south west.

Went ashore and found Charlie Porteous of Montreal, an old friend, who is living in Nassau and is building a house. Sam and I went up and had dinner which we very much appreciated after our ship's fare.

From the 8th to the 17th of January we remained in Nassau Harbour, enjoying ourselves ashore where we were most hospitably entertained. Met General Dupont, a friend who with his wife was paying Nassau a visit. Was also hospitably entertained by Dr. Hare and his family, Dr. Hare for many years being with Dr. Grenfell on the Labrador Mission. His health having broken down by the rigors of that climate, he had taken up his abode in Nassau.

A word about Nassau. The climate whilst we were there was uniformly perfect, always warm enough for bathing, but with a splendid breeze so that the heat was never noticed. The wonderful

Jolly party of Nassau friends in *Haswell's* cockpit.

coloring of the water of the harbor and the busy and interesting sea life in front of the sponge market where schooners were constantly coming and going, crewed by families of colored people, all apparently in the best of spirits, was an ever changing scene. Some of the vessels were very crude and one wondered at their being able to get about with their flimsy rigging and sails, and how they could provide food and accommodation for their numerous crews which frequently composed three generations, babes in arms being numerous. The cooking seemed to be all done with charcoal and sticks of wood on a tin plate laid on the deck under the fore boom.

We got some wonderful cakes in Nassau at 2/6, a contrast to the price we were afterwards asked to pay in Santiago, Cuba, but of this later.

During the first part of our stay in Nassau, I was very much under the weather. I think I had poisoned myself by an overdose of asperin which I took to ward off a cold from the wetting I had received in the passage from Jupiter Light to Nassau.

There was always a very strong breeze, sometimes rising to thirty-five miles an hour. Consequently, we often had to drop a second anchor.

Had a good deal of trouble with my crew. The cook (whom I had taken on at Jacksonville) owing to sea-sickness had not cooked us a meal during the whole voyage over, and on going ashore he and some of the others partook freely of the good things of Nassau, so I shipped him back by steamer to Miami, and took on a black cook called Tom Darrell.

Late on Saturday, the 15th, a strong gale with cloudy weather sprang up from the northwest, which on Sunday had still further risen and worked round to the north. I had intended starting on Monday, the 17th, but owing to the heavy weather and the non-arrival of charcoal for fuel, I postponed it until Tuesday.

On Tuesday, the weather seemed to be moderating, so I took a pilot to take me through the Narrows, as it was our intention to cross the Bahama Banks to the eastward of New Providence, taking the Ship Island Passage.

The charcoal did not arrive until noon. It came aboard while I was ashore seeking the reason for the delay. I had taken the precautions to order new jute bags in order that it could be stowed under our cabin floors and not cause dust and would be more easily handled, so to my horror, when I came aboard I found the mate had lifted up the cabin floors and had dumped all the coal into the bottom of the ship, causing a frightful amount of dust and dirt and a mess below the floor that we were unable to thoroughly clean up until we returned to Toronto in May.

Tom Darrell, the dusky chef who succeeded our Jacksonville cook in the galley.

CHAPTER IV

Over the Banks and on a Lee Shore.

Pilot misses his guess—A heart-disease course and a wet sail—"Breakers ahead!"—Lost, the Log!—Uneasy anchorage—Nassau to Clarencetown, Long Island, 282 miles of hard going.

January 18th.—At about 1 o'clock we hove up anchor and beat through the Channel, which is very narrow, under lower sails, and as the breeze was very strong it was all she could carry. The pilot boat had proceeded on ahead of us. The pilot was justly proud of his craft, and when I learned from him that she had gone ahead to take him off when we got into the open, he ventured the remark that she would there wait for us. As she was only a mile ahead and beating to windward, I remarked that I thought it would be the other way round, to which he shook his head in token of mistrust, but it only took a comparatively short time before we had passed her, and, as I had prognosticated, we were clear of the shoals and under the lee of Athol Island, where we anchored at 3 p.m., one half hour before the pilot boat turned up.

After the pilot had left us it was too late to cross the banks before daylight closed, and as the wind had again risen to the strength of a gale, we decided to stay under the lee of Athol Island for the night.

For the next few days we experienced a very uncomfortable and hazardous time, about which I wrote home at the time, so will quote in full from that letter, (See Chapter V), merely confining myself now to the log details.

JANUARY 19TH.—Came on deck at 6.00 a.m. Found a strong gale from the north northeast, clear weather. The course over the banks to Ship Island Passage which takes you in to Exuma Sound made it a fair wind, and I thought that as we had had four days of heavy weather it would moderate and give us a quick run over the banks.

If my readers have never seen a chart of the Bahama Banks in this neighborhood, all I can say is it would give you heart disease. There is not over five fathoms anywhere and this is dotted over with brown spots which are coral rocks overgrown with seaweed and which show brown against the white coral sand bottom, so that a hand has to be kept aloft all the time conning the ship between the brown spots.

We got under way at 8.30 under a close reefed mainsail, full foresail and small jib. We hadn't gone one hundred yards before everybody on deck was drenched as the wind picked up the top of the short steep sea and hurled it aboard in continuous showers of spray.

As we approached Ship Island Channel, the wind veered to the east and northeast, making the last twelve miles a beat to windward. We cleared the reef at Ship Island Rock at 8 p.m. and streamed the log at thirty-three knots, lowered the mainsail, took in the jib, and set the trisail. There was an extremely heavy sea in Exuma Sound and the wind continually rising.

At 11 p.m. we close reefed the foresail.

January 20th.—4.00 a.m. Course approximating southeast by east. Wind east to northeast. Barometer 30.22. Strong gale, high sea, ship pitching very heavily but making very fine weather of it and taking little or no water aboard.

8.00 a.m. Same course. Wind northeast. Barometer 30.22. Similar weather.

11 a.m. Sighted land to the north, a distance of about twenty miles, which we took to be the southeastern end of Cat Island, for which point we had been laying our course, but owing to the heavy weather and the set of the currents we calculated that we had dropped this distance to leeward, so we concluded to go on through Crooked Island Passage to Cuba and not make a stop at Cat Island as we had planned. This allowed us to give the ship a little more sheet and to run off.

As I had been on deck all night, I tried to catch a little sleep and laid down on the lockers in the cabin. It seemed I had only dropped asleep when the man at the wheel shouted, "Breakers ahead! Ease your jib, hard-a-lee!" I came on deck and found the ship in the wind with trisail sheet off and the jib not slacked as there was no one on deck to do it before the man put his helm down. The result was she fell off and I shouted to put the helm up and jibe her round. We then hove her to, to get our bearings.

This was 12.45.

After examining the chart carefully, we came to the conclusion that the reefs ahead of us were on the inside of Long Island and that the high land that we had seen and taken for Cat Island was really the north end of Long Island, so we had to beat her back against this gale of wind. To do so, we re-set the reefed mainsail and full foresail and drove her. No ship could have behaved better, and by 8.15 p.m. we weathered Cape Santa Maria, Long Island, and passed out into the open, where we found a tremendously high sea running. We then lowered mainsail and set trisail. Log 70 knots. It had taken us seven hours and thirty minutes to beat sixteen miles to windward but the wonder was she could make any headway against such a sea and gale.

12.00 midnight. Course southeast by east, wind east northeast; barometer 30.24. Heavy gale, tremendous sea. Found our log carried away. As we hadn't taken it in when we hove her to in a hurry, it evidently got on the bottom and fouled one of those coral rocks.

January 21st.—4.00 a.m. Course southeast by east. Wind east northeast. Barometer 30.27. Hard gale. High sea. Heavy squalls.

8.00 a.m.—Course southeast by east. Wind east northeast. Barometer 30.23. Similar weather.

12.00 noon. Course southeast by east. Wind east northeast. Barometer 30.22. Similar weather.

2.00 p.m. Tacked ship as we were getting close to the breakers off Clarencetown. Stood out to sea to get a better offing.

3.00 p.m. Tacked ship again.

4.00 p.m. Course coasting. Wind east northeast. Barometer 30.22. Rounded Cape Verde, the south end of Long Island, and stood to the northwest to an anchorage shown on the chart about twenty miles from the Cape. It was a great relief to get into smoother water. We anchored at 6.00 p.m. about a mile and a half off shore in five fathoms of water.

8.00 p.m. At anchor. Wind east northeast, moderating.

12.00 midnight. At anchor. East northeast wind going down.

January 22nd.—4.00 a.m. At anchor. Heavy squalls with rain from the northeast.

12.00 noon. Wind and weather moderating.

3.00 p.m. As we were still in a rather exposed position and rolling heavily from the sea that was sweeping round Cape Verdee, twenty miles away, decided to heave up anchor and sail farther to the northwest where we saw a small schooner lying close in under the land.

4.15 p.m. Came to anchor in two and one half fathoms. Stephenson's Rock bearing west. Day marks on land bearing north. We afterwards found that these day marks marked a landing place and road leading to Clarencetown. We had sailed 282 nautical miles from Nassau.

10.00 p.m. At anchor. Wind east southeast.

12.00 midnight. At anchor. Wind east southeast. Wind moderating and weather clearing.

January 23rd.—4.00 a.m. At anchor. Wind east northeast. Fresh breeze. Fine, clear weather.

8.00 a.m. Wind east northeast. Similar weather.

9.00 a.m. Sam, Hurlbutt and I went ashore and walked over a distance of about four miles to Clarencetown.

12.00 noon. Wind east northeast. Fresh breeze, fine weather.

4.00 p.m. Wind east northeast. Shore party returned to ship.

12.00. Wind east northeast.

CHAPTER V

Our Good Ship's Fight for Life

"Wet, mad and hungry," with a scared and helpless cook—A ten hour trick at the wheel on hard biscuit and water—"Oh, what a difference in the morning!"—Details of a scramble from the teeth of destruction—Cuba at the end of the road.

Extracts from letter written on the 23rd of January off Cape Verd, south end of Long Island, Bahamas:—

"Ever since leaving Nassau we have had a terrible time and a very narrow escape. We did not get away from Nassau as I expected on Monday, the 17th. At the last minute the laundry and the charcoal did not turn up, so when we got it aboard it was too late to go through the Narrows before dark.

"First let me say that after hunting up the charcoal and finding why they did not send it (15 bags, 60 pounds each) I went onto the wharf and carefully inspected each bag to see that they were sound and new as I wanted to store it below the cabin floor in the bags so as not to create dust or dirt. After sending it out in the boat, I took a cab and went after the laundry, which I got and then went aboard.

To my horror, I found one of the men had taken up the cabin floor and emptied the charcoal loose in the bottom. Sam had protested vigorously saying that I would be very furious, but he persisted. I could have cried with mortification and rage as the whole place was covered with fine charcoal dust and my nice, clean keelson and bottom below the floors was filled to the top with loose charcoal, easily two feet six inches to three feet deep, and right over the pump rose. The offender himself was as black as a moulder coming from work. The damage was done, so there it had to rest, but we have had charcoal dust all over our nice, white, enamelled interior ever since. Luckily the ship does not leak, so none of it reaches our bright decks, but if she did leak our pumps, of course, would be choked, or if not would cover the decks with coal dust every time she was pumped. I guarded them the best I could by cutting up a box and fitting it in between the frames just forward of the pump rose and clearing the charcoal away from it. All Monday evening and night I was so angry and I certainly opened out on him properly. The whole thing was the result of a few glasses of rum. That was at the bottom of it. He doesn't seem to be able to stand anything and gets half nutty.

"On Tuesday I got a pilot to take us up through the Narrows for £1-4. We could only pass through at high tide, which was at 1.30. When we got out of the Narrows it was blowing very hard, so at 4.00 p.m. we anchored off Athol Light, Hanover Sound, at the northern end of New Providence, where we remained all night, and and until 8.00 a.m. on Wednesday.

"All Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, it had been blowing very, very hard. On Wednesday I thought it had blown itself out, and as it was a fair wind for crossing the banks to Ship Island entrance to Exuma Sound, I set a close-reefed mainsail, full foresail and smallest jib. From the very start we got drenched. The sea was so short and sharp and it blew harder and harder the farther we went. At dark we passed out of Ship Island Channel into the Sound, wet, mad, hungry, for our cook could do nothing and made no effort. He was scared to death.

"Ship Channel is a very fearsome-looking place, and, as luck would have it, just as we arrived the wind headed us so we had to tack thrice to work out and not one hundred yards from the breakers, which would have made mince meat of us is she had missed stays, which would not have been unnatural in the mountainous seas.

"You understand that Ship Channel is an opening in the barrier reef between Exuma Sound and that part of the Bahama Banks. The rock on which is the lighthouse is about sixty feet high and about a quarter of a mile to the west of the barrier reef which only shows above water here and there. One stretch on the port tack led us close to the rock. I do not think we were more than two hundred feet from it when we let fly the jib and put the helm down. She spun round and received the back wash from the rock which sent her scooting a good hundred yards. We then stood over close under the barrier reef, which, being on the weather side, ye could approach with less dread. Here she spun round quickly and we stood on the port tack parallelling the reef until we came to the opening or passage, which is about one-eighth to one-quarter of a mile wide. We stood well over to the opposite reef and then stayed the ship right in the full sweep of the sea coming in from Exuma Sound which is open to the eastern to the Atlantic. She did not fail us and we stood out on the starboard tack for about three or four miles and then lowered the mainsail and set the trisail and took in the jib so that we were under trisail, foresail and staysail.

"The seas outside were very high but there was lots of water under us. We set our course for Eleuthera Island, but as the weather was thick we did not pick up the Lighthouse, so stood on expecting to pick up Cat Island, where we were going to come to and go ashore.

"Late in the morning we saw high land on our port side which we took to be the high land at the southern end of Cat Island but it was so far to windward we concluded to hold our course straight on to Cuba.

"About two o'clock I was trying to get a rest on the lockers below. Hurlbutt was at the wheel, no one else on deck for the moment. I heard him shout, "All hands on deck! Breakers ahead!" and, before anyone could get on deck, followed by, "Ease the jib sheet! Hard-a-lee!" Of course, there was no one to ease the jib or gather in the trisail sheet, so she came up into the wind and fell off again. I shouted to him to put the helm up and jibe round, which he did, and we hove her to and had a good look at the breakers and the situation, and then had a careful study of the charts, as of course it could not have been Cat Island, as, if so, our position should have had lots of water and no reefs ahead, so I came to the conclusion we had fallen to leeward about twenty miles during the night and morning and were still in Exuma Sound and inside Long Island, so the only thing to do was to give her more sail and beat back to the northern end, run in close, and have a look at the lighthouse for its identification marks, and if it agreed with the marks on Santa Maria Lighthouse, we would take our new departure from there.

"We soon re-set the reefed mainsail, gave her the whole foresail and fore staysail, and drove her. She fairly jumped out of the water as in the shallow water the seas were very steep as well as high, and we had to drive her or otherwise go on the reefs, which would have soon made matchwood of the little *Haswell* and our boats would have had little chance in getting over or through the reefs.

"Just at dark we closed in on the light and identified it as Santa Maria, the north end of Long Island. We came round again once more and stood out about five miles to make sure of giving it a good berth. When we were safely outside, down came our mainsail and up went our trisail again and we were again comparatively comfortable. We continued this sail on her all night but it blew harder and harder and we ultimately took in our foresail, leaving only trisail and staysail set.

"In the morning we had Long Island on our lee bow, so determined to coast down and go round the bottom of Cape Verde and at five o'clock on Friday, the 21st, anchored under its lee.

"I had been at the wheel from 8.00 a.m. till 10.00 p.m. Wednesday, from 12.00 midnight till 4.00 a.m. and 8.00 a.m. till 12.00 noon, from 2.00 p.m. till 12.00 midnight Thursday, and 4.00 a.m. to 8 a.m., 12.00 noon to 5.00 p.m. Friday. I had had nothing to eat but some hard biscuit and some dry chocolate and a drink of water, so you can imagine when we got round Cape Verde and into smoother water we made the cook light up and give us the best he had, and he did well. Soup, meat balls from tinned roast beef mixed with potatoes, pineapple, and we had a splendid orange cake that we had brought from Nassau, and a cup of Lipton's "Best". Before I had finished dinner I went fast asleep on the transom. Sam woke me at nine o'clock. I felt like a drunken man. I was just saturated with sleep, every part of my body tingling, but I got my clothes off and turned in and never heard a sound until 8.00 a.m. next morning.

"Sam, during this period, (that is, the passage from Ship Island to Cape Verde) never got out of his bunk. I was afraid of his being on deck and did not urge him. George and Hurlbutt were very good in taking him oranges and biscuits. He crept into my bunk and for once didn't mind my snores, but he only had four hours of my company as I had to be on deck the rest of that night. He came on deck for a few minutes when we were rounding Cape Verde, but as he came up the companion and saw a mountainous sea chasing us, he shut his eyes and would not look at them.

"I have not the implicit faith in some members of my crew that I should have. Two of them at least have had little or no experience in sailing yachts and forget that slight changes of wind will head you off or bring you up and consequently alter our position, and one has the fault of constantly letting her luff and lose headway and consequently make greater leeway, and it is this fault that accounted for our dropping so far to leeward in crossing Exuma Sound.

"On Thursday evening when we went to read our log we found that the rotator had gone. Hauling in the line, we found it was a clean cut. Of course, the first supposition was that it had been bitten off by a shark, but I think it grounded when we hove her to, to windward of the reefs and may have taken a turn of a rock, as when we sounded there were only six fathoms of water. The loss of the log is a great inconvenience, as, of course, our position will be mere guesswork.

"In consequence of this, I am not going into Antilla but will go round to the lee side of Cuba into Santiago and hope that I may be able to pick up a log there. I can get up to Bartle from Santiago just as easily as from Antilla.

"Yesterday we lay about sunning ourselves and getting a good rest, but to-day (Sunday) we landed at a point on the shore where we noticed a beacon and walked over to Clarencetown. I thought I might be able to pick up a log there, but no.

"In Clarencetown there are no whites—but such hospitality. At the first house on entering the town, an old colored woman and her husband came out and shook hands across the wall and asked what they could do for us. When we told them our mission, they called their eldest son—a great, big, strapping fellow over six feet—and told him to take us in to the Commissioner.

"Another few hundred yards, and another chap came out of quite a nice house and asked us to come in for dinner, but as we did not know how far it was to the Commissioner's house we declined, though we were very hungry and would gladly have accepted. We finally reached the Commissioner's house which overlooks the sea and down on a beautiful harbor. The seas were thundering on the reefs and the whole thing was a most vivid coloring of blue and green shades. The Commissioner was also a dark man. He was most hospitable. He called his wife the first thing and said to get us a dinner, which soon appeared in the shape of soup, fried eggs, bacon, bread, and guava jelly. I had some Baker's Chocolate which they made for us and we had a good cup each.

"The Commissioner took us to an old Captain, who lived in a little hut down by the beach, to find if he had a log, but he had not. We went inside his house which was crowded with children, but very neat and clean, and were very much struck with the nice voices and nice way of speaking.

"We then started back on our three-mile walk to the landing. By this time we had quite a retinue following us. For the first mile there were at least twenty, then they stopped and we shook hands with them all, and six of them came with us to the beach as they said they wanted to launch our dory, which they did by running out into the water to their waists, till we were clear of the surf.

"On getting on board after a row of about a mile and a half against a strong tide, the first thing the cook told me that we were out of eggs and butter. The former we could easily have got in Clarence-town, but of course no butter. It was most exasperating for him to tell me on my return after a six-mile walk and a three-mile row. Consequently, I did not feel like repeating the exercise or losing the next day as I wanted to get away, the wind having moderated and the sea gone down a lot.

"True it is that 'God makes the food and the Devil makes the cooks'. I think they tell you these things on purpose to keep you at anchor. I find all the crew, with no exception, reluctant to go to sea. I do not think they have yet confidence in the ship, and certainly she is a small craft for such strenuous work.

"You will be glad to hear that Sam is ravenous all the time and constantly having snacks between meals. At this moment he is mixing himself an orange juice. He is quite absorbed in the books, particularly the sea stories, and is now reading 'Perils on the Sea'.

Monday, 24th.

" 'Oh, what a difference in the morning!' Wind moderated, sky clear, and a heavenly day. I did not bother about the eggs but got away as soon as possible. There was a small schooner anchored near us with whom we exchanged greetings when rowing out from the landing. We told them we were getting under way in the morning but they were ahead of us and sailed past us as we were having breakfast. They circled round us, so I shouted wouldn't they come on board, so they hove her to and six of them came over, and when they returned another batch. They had never seen a yacht and were astonished at all our little fittings, both above and below decks. This caused a considerable delay and it was some time before we got under way. The schooner accompanied us as far as Cape Verde, when she went north and we went south.

"We passed abreast of Cape Verde at a quarter to twelve with a spanking breeze abeam. We ran Castle Rock Lightship, 67 knots, by 6.15, and this morning were in sight of Cape Masi, the eastern end of Cuba, which we rounded at 10.00. We are now shaping our coarse for Santiago, which if the wind holds we should make early in the morning.

"These two days have been simply heavenly; temperature, breeze, sun and shade all perfect, and our cook has been outdoing himself. Breakfast, fish (flying, as four jumped aboard during the night), hot rolls, salmon balls (good Clover Leaf brand, put up by the B. C. Fishing and Packing Company, Vancouver), tea (Lipton's best), honey from sweet clover. Dinner: beef balls, fried potatoes, yams (which are tasteless), hot rolls, lime juice, a delicious light cocoanut cake which we brought from Nassau. Tea (or supper, as we call it); salmon fish balls, beans, cake, tea, lime juice.

Wednesday, 26th.

"Arrived off the entrance to Santiago Bay at one o'clock p.m. We had very calm weather for this region all night, and as we were dead before it (the worst point of sailing for a schooner), we made very little headway, only three miles an hour. We rather expected a pilot would come out for us, so we approached the entrance very cautiously, as it is very narrow and you really cannot see it until you are close in as one part of the land overlaps the other and it is not over a quarter of a mile wide.

"On the eastern, or starboard-hand side is Morro Castle. It looks like a true castle in Spain, just like a fairy creation, high up on the rocks and made of the most lovely, creamy, pink, yellowy hues, overgrown with green climbers.

"On running in we observed a buoy on our port-hand side, which was red, undeniably a brilliant red, but it was the shape of a black buoy, which gave us some concern as I thought that the Cubans may have been careless, so I headed directly for it, scruitinizing ilt with the glasses, and I came to the conclusion that it had been a black buoy but was covered with red rust. The cliff opening up more view, I saw the proper-shaped red buoy on the starboard-hand, so altered the course. Subsequently I learned that this buoy was over the point that Hobson ran in his blocking ships at the time of the Spanish-American War.

"As soon as we got into smooth water, a pilot came alongside and jumped aboard. He spoke only a few words of English but understood it fairly well. We started working up the Bay through a very narrow and torturous passage, very beautiful, with high hills on either side which made the wind very fluky. However, at 2.15 he rounded us up in a comfortable spot opposite the Marine Club.

"At 4.30 Quarantine Officers came aboard, caused us little trouble, and were very courteous.

"At 5.30, quite dark. I went ashore to telegraph home, then went up to the Hotel Casa Blanc, a very good hotel indeed, beautifully situated on the highest point of land looking down on the city and harbor and opening into a little park where a band plays every evening and the people walk round and round. I hadn't been in the hotel thirty seconds when I ran into Murray Fuller, whom I knew to be in Santiago in charge of some of the electric engineering works of the Tramway and Electric Light Company. He was really the only person I knew in the place. It was rather strange meeting him so quickly. He said that his mother and sister, Mrs. Walsh, were in Santiago, and he was just going home for dinner and insisted upon my joining him, which I did and enjoyed a very good dinner from a fixed and not a swinging table, which was appreciated.

"They were all going out that evening to a moonlight picnic or excursion to Morro Castle in a motor launch, so I had them put me aboard about nine o'clock. I was too sleepy to go with them.

"To-morrow I will go ashore in the morning, buy supplies, and hunt up a new log."

CHAPTER VI

CUBA—HOW WE CAME AND WENT.

Curing the sulks—A fine day's run—Week under awnings in Santiago—Cuban railways—Cut-throat cake and water vendors foiled —Off for Jamaica.

Log resumed.

JANUARY 24TH. 4.00 a.m.—Wind east northeast. Moderate, fine weather.

9.30 a.m. Hove up anchor. Shaped our course under the lee of the land for Cape Verde.

12.00 noon. Set course southeast by south half south. Wind northeast. Barometer 30.15. The south point of Cape Verde abeam one and a half miles.

On the way from the anchorage to the Cape, I had ordered Ed aloft to bend on the working topsail. He was quite sullen about it and took an interminable time purposely, nearly three-quarters of an hour, and then it was not completed. I had several times to give her a shake-up into the wind to give him a chance. In doing so, I worked in to three fathoms of water, so I shouted out to him to hurry up and that I could not shake her up any more and bore away. His answer was anything but repeatable, so when he landed on deck we had another short heart-to-heart talk that I think had the salutary effect of making him realize again that I meant my orders to be obeyed and promptly.

4.00 p.m. Having no log, we were only able to estimate our speed. The wind was still northeast, the barometer 30.10. Beautiful clear weather, warm and fine.

6.15 p.m. Castle Island Light abeam. Distance two and one half miles. We had run sixty-seven miles from noon, or six and a quarter hours.

8.00 p.m. Course south half east. Barometer 30.10. Moderate breeze, fine weather. Laid our course for Cape Mayse, the eastern end of Cuba, south quarter east.

12.00 midnight. Course south half east. Wind east. Barometer 30.10. Fine weather.

January 25th. 4.00 a.m.—Course south half east. Wind east. Barometer 30.09. Fresh breeze; fine, clear weather.

8.00 a.m. Course south by east. Wind east. Barometer 30.09. Light breeze, fine weather.

10.25 a.m. Rounded Cape Mayse. Distance from Castle Island 120 knots.

12.00 noon. Light breeze, fine weather. Sighted a schooner coming from the direction of Hayti.

Day's run—219 knots, from shore observations.

Altered course to west by south.

4.00 p.m. Course west by south, wind northeast. Barometer 30.05. Light wind, fine weather.

8.00 p.m. Course west by north. Wind north northeast, light breeze, fine weather.

10.00 p.m. Course west by north, wind north.

10.30 p.m. Guantanamo Light abeam. Distance six miles.

12.00 midnight. Course west half north. Wind north, light.

January 26th. 4.00 a.m.—Course west by north. Barometer 30.10. Light breeze. Fine clear weather.

8.00 a.m. Course west by north. Wind east. Barometer 30.13. Light breeze and fine clear weather. No sight of the schooner that had joined us at Cape Mayse. Too far astern.

12.00 noon. Course west by north. Wind east. Barometer 30.13. Light breeze. Fine, clear weather

Day's run—112½ miles.

1.00 p.m. Entered Santiago Bay, Cuba. Took on pilot.

2.30 p.m. Anchored off the Marino Club. Stowed sails. Rigged awnings.

Morro Castle.—Entrance Santiago Bay.

From our anchorage off Clarencetown to Santiago, Cuba, had been a voyage of 358½ miles.

January 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, February 1st, we remained in Santiago de Cuba. While here

Shore opposite Morro Castle.—x marks buoy where Hobson sank his blockading ships.

we got five feet cut off the leech of our trisail, rounding it to the tack to raise the clue and make it set flatter when hauled out on the boom.

On the 28th, Sam and I went up to Bartle to look over the White Fruit Co's. grapefruit plantation that some Toronto gentlemen and myself are interested in. It was a very pretty but tedious journey as the train was very slow and the stops at every station were interminable. Though the distance was only 150 miles, it took us from nine in the morning till seven in the evening.

A rather curious incident took place, illustrative of the way Cuban railways are operated. Sam and I went into the uptown office under the hotel to buy a ticket. The man asked me $12.72, which I paid for each of us. On reading the ticket when leaving the office, I noticed it was marked $6.36, so I took it back and asked him how this was. I was informed that the railways had raised their rates but had not altered the printing of the ticket. The man's manner, however, led me to doubt his word and I asked him to give me my money back, which he did very reluctantly and in the end offered to take $9.00 for the ticket. This, of course, confirmed my suspicions and I demanded the whole money. I then went to the railway office and I was charged $9.00 and some odd cents by the man at the wicket, but as he could not speak English (or pretended not to), and as the time was limited, I had to take my medicine, but on returning from Bartle, the agent there, who knew Mr. White of the White Fruit Company, charged me the proper amount—$6.36 each. No wonder the Cuban railways do not pay!

On the train we got some most delicious tangerines. They were small but very red in color, and had a most delicious flavor of oranges and strawberries mixed. They were so small that when skinned you could put the whole thing in your mouth at once. I do not think I ever tasted a more delicious fruit.

It was pitch dark when we arrived at Bartle, and the engine (which is their custom) stopped at the station to get its orders, leaving the train trailing off into the country, the first two cars only reaching the platform. Sam and I got out with our traps and stumbled over the rough going until we reached the platform. I asked a man if he could direct me to anyone who could speak English, when he replied in broad Scotch, "I can manage it masel', a leetle." I found that this was the manager of a large sugar plantation that had been promoted by Mr. Perkins Bull of Toronto. Subsequently, Sam and I went to his house for a cup of tea.

Another gentleman, a Mr. Ross, also stepped up, and I found that he was from near Sarnia, Ontario, and was also running a sugar plantation nearby. With him we went to Mr. White's house and found that he had been hunting around with a lantern for us, but farther down the train and not on the platform.

After a good dinner we were both pretty sleepy after the long journey and turned in about ten.

Next morning Mr. White had some horses for us and we rode about six miles to the plantation, which is about 160 acres of grapefruit. They were just commencing the season's cultivation and a tractor was at work amongst the weeds and undergrowth which springs up in a few months. The cultivation that was finished showed beautiful, deep brown chocolate loam, an exceedingly rich soil which is reflected in the wonderful fruit, which was the only grapefruit I have ever known to be eaten without sugar. It was as sweet as an orange and you could eat it like an orange.

The next two days were spent in looking over the other parts of the plantation and the country in general.

On the 31st we left again for Santiago de Cuba.

The next day I spent in laying in provisions and getting water. The grocers have a funny way of just extending out in round figures the price of each article and I found I never got out of a store without the bill amounting to about $50.00, which could easily be bought in Toronto for $12.00.

As an illustration, I had asked Mrs. Fuller and some of her friends to have tea with me on board and I thought I would buy a cake. Then I thought I might as well have four cakes, which would last us over to Kingston, Jamaica, as we like a little sweet after dinner, and puddings and pies were not in our chef's menu. To my surprise, I found he had extended the four cakes at $25.00. On remonstrating with him, he offered to put them in at $4.50. I thanked them but said they could keep their cakes—we would eat soda biscuits.

The same "out of kilter" prices was my next experience in looking up for my fresh water supply. I went to wharf not far from where we were anchored and where there was a sign "Fresh Water", and asked them what they would charge me to fill up my tanks, which held three hundred gallons. To my surprise, they asked $78.00. I again said, "Thank you. I shall find the water elsewhere." All the man had to do was to turn the tap and run the water through a hose across the wharf and into the tanks, but he evidently thought I was green. My remark to him was that I could fill the tanks with beer at that price, but he shrugged his shoulders. I subsequently took the five-gallon tin cans that I had stowed under the floors (and which I kept filled with fresh water in case of emergencies, such as tanks leaking or our having to take to the boats if the ship were in distress), then hauled her in as close as we could to the Marino Club, and then rowed backwards and forwards, carrying twenty-five gallons at a time, and before long had our tanks filled for nothing.

Before going to Bartle I tried to get a log in Santiago but found none available, so the Manager of the Royal Bank of Canada very kindly wired to their office in Cuba to see if one could be purchased there and expressed. On returning from Bartle I found that they had sent down a Ship's Log Book, though I carefully stated in my telegram it was a Ship's Taffrail Log, a Cherub, Bliss, or Negus, so I concluded to sail to Jamaica without one, and on Wednesday, the 2nd of February, 1921, at 2.00 p.m., having got our pilot aboard and our clearance

Socolo.

papers, we hove up anchor, set sail, and worked down the bay.

As the head wind was very calm we did not arrive at the mouth and opposite Morro Castle until late in the afternoon, and as there was a most inviting cove behind an island we decided to come to and

Haswell off Socolo Cuba.

anchor for the night off a place called Socolo in ten fathoms of water. Here we lay all evening and the night and were visited by dozens of craft, filled chiefly with young girls and men. I had some chocolate which I dispensed and we had a jolly party. The most intelligent and best talker was a Bermudian negro who mixed with the Whites on equal footing and told us frankly that the "town was his."

On the opposite shore was a cemetery where were buried some eighty or ninety Jamaican negro laborers who were killed and drowned in a schooner that was run down by an American steamer and whose masts were still showing just out of the main channel not far from our position.

Next morning, the 3rd of February, we went ashore and rambled all over Morro Castle. A more romantic, picturesque spot one cannot imagine. A young Cuban girl showed us over the place. She spoke a few words of English, such as, "Dungeon", "Prison", "Americans", etc. Many places showed the effects of the knocking about it had received from American guns in 1898, but not very bad.

To the eastward of the fort was a modern barracks for soldiers occupied by a regiment of Cubans, but we did not go to it as it was very hot.

On returning to the ship the sea breeze was just springing up, so we had not lost any time by visiting Morro Castle.

A Bastion of Morro Castle.

While we were heaving short and setting sail, I went ashore and bought some baskets and a wonderful straw hat with a high crown and straw fringe round the rim.

The street of the town had bamboo poles stretched across from side to side and covered with palm leaves for shade. Being so sheltered from the wind, it was a very hot place.

At 1.00 p.m. we hove up anchor and worked out of the Narrows between Morro Castle and the Heights on the opposite side. The wind being ahead, we had to make short legs of it, but this time we did not bother with any pilot as there was lots of water and all you had to do was to keep off the shore.

4.00 p.m. Wind south southwest. Course southeast. Barometer 30.10. Moderate wind, fine weather.

8.00 p.m. Course south, wind southeast, barometer 30.10. Moderate wind, fine weather.

12.00 midnight. Course south. Wind southeast. Barometer 30.08. Light wind, fine weather.

February 4th. 4.00 a.m.—Course south, wind south southeast, barometer 30.06, fresh breeze; moderate sea; clear, fine weather.

8.00 a.m. Course south by west. Wind east southeast. Barometer 30.10. Strong breeze; rough sea; clear weather.

12.00 midday. Course south by west. Wind southeast. Barometer 30.10. Similar weather.

4.00 p.m. Course south by west. Wind southeast. Barometer 30.10. Rounded Morant Point, the east end of Jamaica, 130 miles from Santiago. Set topsail and fisherman staysail.

10.00 p.m. Met the pilot from Port Royal, the entrance of Kingston. He came aboard in a dug-out canoe rowed by eight men—a most cumbersome-looking craft to be at sea with, but she seemed to ride it out all right. He nimbly jumped aboard. He was dressed in a white suit with a white pit helmet, and, with his tanned skin, looked very picturesque.

From Morant Point to Kingston is 42 miles.

An hour afterwards we rounded to the quarantine off Port Royal and anchored in four fathoms. The pilot misjudged our speed and our head-reaching ability and took us in a little close to the stone quay, so we had to bring her up rather suddenly on her chain.

We then turned in for the night as it was too late to pass inspection.

CHAPTER VII

JAMAICA.

Among friends from home—Cold water a "burning" question—Exit Ed.—Harbor sailing—Planter's punch—Sad story of a sock—The gorgeous poinciana—We ship a good hand at last.

FEBRUARY 5TH. 7.00 a.m.—Quarantine Officers visited the ship, examined papers, and gave us our Pratique.

Hove up anchor at 8.00 a.m. Strong breeze, clear weather. Proceeded up the harbor, the latter five miles of which we had to beat to windward. As there was a lot of shipping lying in the roads, it was rather interesting work.

9.45 a.m. Our pilot rounded us to off the Royal Jamaica Yacht Club and we dropped anchor in seven and a half fathoms.

The wind kept rising steadily till 2.00 p.m., when it was blowing about thirty-five miles an hour with a choppy short sea, so we dropped our port anchor.

Distance sailed from New York—1925 knots.

We remained in Kingston from the 5th to the 19th of February. At the Kingston Yacht Club, Commodore Gray and the members were exceedingly kind. Sam and I were also put up at the

Jamaica Club, where we often enjoyed turtle steaks for lunch.

The first thing we did was to go to the Bank of Nova Scotia to get our letters. We found quite a

Haswell off Royal Jamaica Yacht Club, Kingston.

budget awaiting us. It took us practically all afternoon to read them.

On the 6th we went out to the Constant Springs Hotel where we lunched with Mr. A. R. Boswell, Dr. Baines and Mr. Greening, all of Toronto. Also met Mr. Calvin of Kingston, Ontario.

In the afternoon we called upon Mr. A. E. Osler of Toronto, who was living in a cottage nearby. Altogether we spent a very pleasant day and returned to the ship at 10.00 p.m.

We found Tom, the cook, in great excitement. It appears at dinner time Ed had threatened to lick him for not having had the water cold and on the ice, so Tom fled on deck and refused to get the men supper or to go below. He was genuinely frightened. I went below and had a serious talk with Ed. and let him know that if he threatened anybody aboard off he must go.

Next day (Saturday) the men were at work cleaning the ship, reeving off some new gear, and making side fenders. During the day there were several heavy squalls with a deluge of rain.

On the 9th, coming on deck at seven bells for my plunge in the sea, found George and Hurlbutt cleaning decks, but no Ed. After breakfast, coming on deck, I found he was still below, so went down to find out the matter. He was in his bunk and refused to get up, so I discharged him there and then as he was at best a useless, sullen, insubordinate character.

In the afternoon we went for a sail to watch the Regatta that the Yacht Club was holding. Had as our guests Commodore and Mrs. Gray, Mr. Boswell, with two other ladies and four or five gentlemen. As the wind was very strong we turned in two reefs in the mainsail to slow her down so as not to throw too much spray.

While watching the race, one of the smaller boats filled and sank, so we hove to, lowered a boat, and took them off. In jibing over to get down to her quickly, we split the leech of our mainsail, and before we could lower it, the sail was split at several of the outer reef points, so we sailed for the balance of the afternoon with the foresail and staysail under which she works very well.

That evening we dined at the Myrtle Bank Hotel with some members of the Yacht Club.

Next morning, the 10th, we unbent the mainsail and sent it to the sail-makers for repairs. I thought it best to put a strain band clear across the reef points from luff to leech.

On Friday, the 11th, Sam and I rented a motor (McLaughlin) and started on a tour through the Island, as I was very anxious to see the interior, and particularly to Montego Bay, which has long been a point of interest to me as my mother's family (the Irvings) had owned estates near there for several hundred years and which were still in the family, belonging to my cousin, Mr. Gugy Æ. Irving, now of New York.

We left Kingston at nine in the morning and took the road down the south shore. The first place we passed through was Spanishtown, a very quaint, old place, and which was at one time the capital. Passing through some very large banana plantations. The Square has some very handsome buildings, the Queen's House being most imposing, the centre facade having a massive portico supported by Corinthian columns. Opposite was the old Government House, now used as a savings bank.

From Spanishtown we began to mount higher and higher until we reached Mandeville in the mountains, about three thousand feet above the sea. Here we had lunch at a most comfortable hotel. The food was excellent, and here I was introduced to the drink of the country—a Planter's Punch. I saw it on the menu, and as I was very thirsty, and when I asked what was in they told me chiefly grapefruit juice

and a little rum, I ordered one, which I quaffed off, and then ordered another, Sam having pure grape-fruit juice instead of lemonade. After I had satisfied my thirst with a second Planter's Punch, I began to feel there was something queer. It certainly is the most delicious and insidious drink it has ever been my experience to enjoy.

After lunch we started on through Vera Cruz, Black River, to Savan-la-Mar. Above Vera Cruz there is a wonderful view of the valley between the Santa Cruz Mountains and the road winds down a very steep but picturesque incline to the Black River, which we followed to its mouth, and then skirted the sea to Savan-la-Mar. The scenery is indescribably beautiful; the vegetation is marvellous. Near Vera Cruz is a bamboo avenue of several miles long which more resembles a tunnel than anything else as the canes meet over the road and the foliage makes it quite dark.

At Savan-la-Mar we had some difficulty in finding a place to put up. We at last got in at a new hotel, which though small was exceedingly clean and comfortable.

That evening we went to a Movie which was held in the open.

In the morning (12th February, 1921), we drove around Savan-la-Mar and out to look at the old Spanish Fort at the harbor mouth which is in a very good state of preservation. I took a photo of it.

We then started across the mountains for the north side of the Island. The scenery was very beautiful. We took photographs from time to time of anything that was especially interesting. We struck the sea on the north side at Lucia Bay. We did not go into the town but skirted the bay and followed the road which skirts the sea all the way to Montego Bay.

A word about these roads. They resemble English roads more than anything I have seen anywhere.

Savan-la-Mar, Jamaica.

They have a wonderful foundation — hard and smooth, though rather narrow and very winding, so that really a car with a short wheel base is the best. A large car would often have to make two tries on a turn or, to use a nautical expression, you would have to "back and fill" to get round.

The road to Montego Bay passed through innumerable cocoanut and banana plantations, and close to the sea all the way.

We arrived at Montego Bay about one o'clock. We first went to a hotel that our chauffeur had told

us about and walked boldly into a dining room, but as I was in advance I saw at once it was filled with boys with a man sitting at a raised desk. Sam, who was following me, sniffed "school" right away and quickly disappeared. Reminiscences soon brought me to my senses and I made a graceful retreat. The Master followed us out. I apologized for my mistake, which he accepted and was most polite and invited us to inspect the School, which I promised to consider after we had found our dinner.

We ultimately found the Montego Hotel situated on a hill overlooking the harbor and surrounding country. It was not really open but they found us a room and gave us very good food.

After dinner we motored out to "Ironshore", the Estate of my cousin that I have previously spoken of, to look up the overseer, Mr. Hewett.

Ironshore, St. James, Jamaica.

Unfortunately, he was ill in bed but his assistant showed us over the nearby portion of the plantation, the sugar mill, the ruins of a great house where my paternal ancestors lived, the acqueduct, and we departed, making arrangements to come back in the morning and ride over the whole property which comprises two other Estates—"Providence" and "Hartfield"—in all about six thousand acres.

We got back to our hotel in the evening and found some other guests had arrived—a Colonel and Mrs. Hammersley (a British M.P.), and an English lady, Mrs. Edwards, of Wrington, Somerset. They were most agreeable. Colonel Hammersley was a very fine-looking man and a very interesting conversationalist.

That evening the wife of the owner of the Hotel told us the distressing incident of a young English girl who had come out as a governess to a family living in Montego Bay. She had unwittingly purchased a lot of Jamaican curios to send home for Christmas, not realizing the price. After having mailed them she received a bill far beyond her purse. The shop-keeper threatened her with proceedings, which so frightened her that she ran away, but in passing through Falmouth she repented and wired back that she was going to return. The shop-keeper, however, had learned of her disappearance and informed the police and she was arrested and put into gaol, which of course only contained black people. Colonel Hammersley took a deep interest in the matter, and amongst us made up a subscription to pay the bail and get the girl back, as we all felt there was no criminality and the girl had received a severer lesson than her inexperience or extravagance deserved.

February 13th.—We were up good and early and motored out to "Ironshore" for our ride around the Estate. We got away from the overseer's house at about nine o'clock. It was very warm and quite calm. After going about a mile and a half, constant-

Ruins of the Great House and Fort, Ironshore.

ly getting higher and higher, (as we were heading for "Hartfield" which is in the foot-hills), I felt that it was going to be tedious for Sam, so suggested his going back, which he did. The path or road upwards wound round hills and through groves of all kinds of wood strange to me—a large sprinkling of mahogany and logwood with here and there a plantation round a native's house. The laborers for working sugar lands in "Providence" and "Ironshore" all live up in these hills.

When we got to the top, there was a very beautiful view both to the south and to the north—the north looking over the sea and the south looking back over the valley between this range of hills and the main ridge of mountains.

While there we could see a thunder and rain storm following the valley and passing out to the west at Montego Bay—a habit of nature that makes the Estates facing the sea rather dry as the precipitation caught in the upper hills is driven back by the trade winds which the smaller hills face. Consequently, the valley between gets lots of water whereas the area from the lower height of land to the sea gets little.

We got back to "Ironshore" about one o'clock. We had a lunch-basket in the car, so decided not to return to Montego Bay but to proceed at once to St. Anne's. We passed "Rose Hall", a very large sugar

Shore road between Falmouth and St. Anne's.

plantation, and followed a road winding along the sea shore passing through many cocoanut groves.

In passing through Falmouth, we stopped to have a drink as we were very thirsty, but didn't suc-

Typical view of North Shore road, Jamaica.

ceed in landing a "Planter's Punch", but we had an Orangeade, which was very good.

We then went on, passing through Rio Bueno, where I took a photograph of the stone key of a fortified stone warehouse, and Dry Harbor, where there is another very pretty bay with some sailing craft moored alongside.

We arrived at St. Anne's at about five o'clock in the evening, and went into the hotel where we had telegraphed for rooms. Here we encountered the first real incivility it had been our misfortune to meet. On entering the hotel and registering, the woman (I will not say lady) behind the counter at-tacked me offhand in the most objectionable manner, saying there was no use our registering as they didn't want us. On remonstrating and saying I had wired for rooms and received a reply from her intimating that we could have a double room, she as much as told me that I was lying. She was apparenty very excited and unused to having a full house. I asked her to let me see the telegram that she had received from me and a copy of her reply as I felt she had made some error. This she refused. For my own curiosity, I went down to the telegraph office and got them and it was quite clear that her telegram read that she had a double room but could not put up the chauffeur.

There being no other hotel in the place, we decided to go on to Moneague, a place, high in the hills, where we arrived at about seven o'clock, had a very good dinner al fresco, and turned in about ten o'clock. The air was very cool and bracing.

The country between St. Anne's and Moneague is indescribably beautiful. The lands are covered with guinea grass and huge herds of cattle—thousands and thousands. I had no idea Jamaica was such a beef-raising country.

Next morning, the 14th, we determined to go back to the north shore through Fern Gulley to visit Roaring and Dunn Rivers. Fern Gulley is a narrow valley about five miles long, cut deep into the soft soil and literally a mass of giant ferns, some I should judge to be thirty to forty feet high, so high that they meet above the road, so that the sun never gets to the road. The result is that the road is rather slippery and always damp. It was quite chilly in this damp shade, but indescribably beautiful as the road shares the Gulley with a noisy stream tumbling and roaring down to the sea.

In debouching from the valley, the sea opened before us very suddenly, giving an extraordinary effect of light after the deep shade. I tried to take a protograph in the Gulley but it was altogether too dark.

We first visited Dunn River, where we left the motor on the high road and went down to have a bathe. It is the most beautiful swimming beach it has ever been my experience to enjoy. The river falls in a cascade right into the sea, making a little pool not over one hundred feet with a beach on the sea side, except where the river breaks through. There is a bamboo bath-house erected—one for men and one for women. As before leaving the hotel at Moneague, we had intended to go in for a swim, I had left my pocket-book with the clerk, only taking a few dollars with me. As there was no lock or protection of any kind to this bamboo shelter, I took the few dollars I had and put them into the toe of my sock and stuffed them into my shoe. We then went and enjoyed the surf and then back into the cooler river water. The cascade has formed little pockets in the rock of about four feet deep, full of fresh water, the edges of which the river flows over so that they are like brimming baths. There are dozens of them, each a little higher than the other. Already there were several groups sitting in the fresh water natural baths.

Sam seemed to enjoy the fresh water more than the salt. It certainly was very pleasant lying down and letting it pour over you.

We remained for about two hours, alternately bathing and sunning ourselves on the beach, and picking up conch shells.

We then went back to dress, and when I went to put on my shoes and put my hand in my sock to get my money, I found it was gone. It was fortunate that I hadn't brought my whole financial resources.

We then drove to Roaring River. You leave the main road and drive in for about a quarter of a mile to a coffee plantation, when you come upon a cascade

Roaring River, Jamaica.

falling about one hundred to a hundred and fifty feet. The peculiarity of this cascade is that it breaks itself into innumerable smaller ones between which are patches of green verdure, and each little cascade forms a separate little river of its own

Royal Poinciana Tree.

until it joins the main river a few hundred yards lower. We photographed it.

We took out our lunch basket and ate our lunch on a little platform with a roof. After lunch we all had a little snooze as it was pretty warm.

Later in the afternoon we drove back to Moneague up another route, which was also very beautiful.

We had observed a splash of color for some distance, which the road ultimately came out above. I stopped the car, got out, and went down the valley about three or four hundred feet to photograph the most beautiful tree I had ever seen. In Florida it is called the "Royal Poinciana" but here another name. I paced the diameter of the spreading branches. There were 150 feet and the top was perfectly symmetrical.

We arrived back at the hotel about six o'clock, had another dinner in the open, afterwards sat chatting with some of the guests, and turned in about eleven o'clock.

February 15th.—Made a start about nine o'clock. Reached the summit of the centre range of mountains about ten o'clock. Then back, dropping down an exceedingly winding and narrow road which led us down the Bog Walk, another very, very beautiful piece of scenery, the road winding down on the banks of this river which is of considerable size as it is dammed lower down. This dam develops a considerable amount of electric current as well as forming an irrigation system for the banana plantations, chiefly owned by the United Fruit Company, through some of which we had passed on our way to Spanishtown. We again passed through this interesting spot and were pointed out Tom Cringle's Tree which is a huge silk cotton tree under which a party of Nelson's sailors had camped over a century ago. These silk cotton trees are very numerous all through the island. They are very grotesque in shape as their roots are regular bastions, growing up to support the trunk, and they have a very large spread. Some of the trunks I should think would be easily forty feet in circumference at the height of a man's shoulders from the ground, and much more of course lower down.

We arrived back at the Jamaica Club in time for lunch, and enjoyed a very good turtle steak, having spent as enjoyable and instructive a trip as it has ever been my lot. "See Rome and die." I say, "See Jamaica—but live."

We then went to the Bank of Nova Scotia and received another budget of letters.

Also went to look up a parrot that Sam had been making up his mind to buy, and which we subsequently bought, though he was a pretty miserable-looking specimen. The owner said the he was moulting. At any rate, he had very few feathers on. We christened him "Tom", after the cook.

FEBRUARY 16TH.—The mainsail, having been repaired, was re-bent.

Went into town to see if I could arrange to dock the *Haswell* as she was getting pretty foul. Made arrangements to have her hauled out the following day on the marine railway belonging to the United Fruit Company.

Heavy rain with thunder in the afternoon.

Before leaving on our motoring trip, I had made many enquiries about a log unsuccessfully. It was suggested that I might get one from the United Fruit Company, but after calling at their office I found they had nothing of this kind as all such stocks were kept either in Havana or New York, but they suggested trying the *Canadian Fisher* which was lying in port. So I went on board and found a jolly party just going to have lunch with Captain Randall, who pressed me to join, which I did. Afterwards I broached the question of whether he had a spare log, which he said he had. He forthwith sent for it and

I walked ashore with the prize under my arm. It was a "Cherub".

FEBRUARY 17TH.—Got out our two "Evinrude" engines and fitted them to our dories, and as the sea breeze had not sprung up we started to tow down to the dry dock. We lower them down from the davits, keeping the tackles hand taut, a stern line through the quarter chalks, started them off, up anchor, and away we went. As the tide was beginning to ebb, we made good way and came alongside the wharf near the dry dock very handily. The two engines took us along at the rate of about four miles an hour.

We passed a cruiser belonging to the North Atlantic and West Indian Fleet that had just come in. We gave her a salute which she promptly returned.

FEBRUARY 18TH.—We had arranged to be hauled out at daylight (in the morning), so were up bright and early.

At 7.00 a.m. the dock foreman asked us for our permit to haul out as it appeared there was a regulation that any ship that came from a foreign port must be fumigated before being hauled out or dry-docked, and as of course we had not had this performed, and I did not propose to have it done, there was nothing to do but haul off and go back again to our anchorage off the Royal Jamaica Yacht Club. So again the "Evinrudes" were brought into service and as the sea breeze had not yet come in, we towed back very satisfactorily, arriving off the anchorage at 9.15.

We then went ashore and ordered our sea stock of provisions, water, and fuel, as we proposed to leave the next day.

We had another rain squall in the afternoon.

While lying at the dry-dock, two men were sitting dangling their legs over the edge of the wharf, looking at the yacht. I entered into conversation with one of them and found he was mate on a little schooner lying on the opposite side of the wharf and his name was Culrose McLaughlin, a native of the Island of Grand Cayman. He had heard that we wanted a man to take the place of Ed. Anderson, so he offered himself and we signed him on for next morning.

Went ashore and said good-bye to our various friends. Before leaving Jamaica, I want to say how hospitable had been the Managers of both the Bank of Nova Scotia and the Bank of Commerce, as well as the Commodore and members of the Royal Jamaica Yacht Club; also the reasonable prices and good service we received from the Army & Navy Stores.

Having our stock of provisions and fuel, and having filled up with water at the Yacht Club, we were all ready for sea the next day.

Culrose McLaughlin

CHAPTER VIII

To Grand Cayman and Again, Cuba.

Blue ensign suggests Jolly Roger — A septuagenarian's stroll—In the track of the buccaneers —Hunting for a white spot — Some hard going to windward brings us to Havana — From Cayman to Havana, 487 knots.

February 19th.—Very calm all morning.

At 1.00 p.m. we hove up anchor and set sail, saluting the Yacht Club on departure.

At 2.42 p.m. we passed Port Royal, set log and course southwest by south half south.

4.00 p.m. Course southwest by south half south.

5.30 p.m. Altered course to west southwest. Portland Point abeam. Distance four miles. Log 22.

6.00 p.m. Altered course to west. Wind southwest. Barometer 30.06.

8.00 p.m. Course west. Wind southeast. Barometer 30.06. Log 37. Wind dropping. Very light.

12.00 midnight. Log 42. Course west northwest. Wind east southeast. Barometer 30.06. Very light breeze.

February 20th.—4.00 a.m. Log 50. Course west northwest. Wind north off the land. Barometer 30.06. Light breeze, fine weather.

8.00 a.m. Log 52. Course west northwest. Wind north. Barometer 30.14. It was almost calm between 4.00 a.m. and 8 a.m. Set baloon jib and fisherman staysail.

9.40 a.m. Pedro Bluff bearing north. Log 57¾.

12.00 noon. Log 62. Course west northwest. Wind south southeast. Barometer 30.13. Light, variable winds; fine weather.

Distance 62 knots. Latitude 17.51 north. Longitude 77.49 west.

4.00 p.m. Log 74. Course northwest by west half west. Wind southeast. Barometer 30.10. Light variable winds; fine.

6.00 p.m. Took in balloon jib and fisherman staysail.

8.00 p.m. Log 76½. Course west by north. east. Barometer 30.06. Light breeze, almost calm, fine weather.

12.00 midnight. Log 81½. Course northwest. Breeze south southeast. Barometer 30.06. Light breeze, almost calm.

February 21st.—4.00 a.m. Log 86. Course west northwest. Wind northeast. Barometer 30.06. Point Negril abeam, distance four and one half miles. Light breeze, fine clear weather.

6.00 a.m. Set baloon jib and fisherman staysail.

8.00 a.m. Log 101. Course west northwest. Wind northeast. Barometer 30.16. Nice breeze; fine weather.

12.00 noon. Log 126. Course west northwest; wind northeast. Barometer 30.18. Fresh breeze; fine weather.

Distance 64 knots. Latitude, by observation, 18.41 north; longitude 79.10 west.

4.00 p.m. Log 146. Course west northwest. Wind northeast. Barometer 30.13. Similar weather.

8.00 p.m. Log 166. Course west northwest, Wind northeast. Barometer 30.13. Similar weather.

12.00 midnight. Log 190. Course west northwest. Wind northeast. Barometer 30.13. Similar weather.

February 22nd.—4.00 a.m. Log 220. Course west northwest. Wind northeast. Barometer 30.13. Fresh breeze, moderate sea, fine weather.

8.00 a.m. Log 249. Course west northwest. Wind northeast. Barometer 30.20. Light breeze; fine, clear weather.

11.00 a.m. Log 263. East Point, Grand Cayman, abeam. Ran in close to the breakers where a number of boats were fishing, as McLaughlin's (our new man) father lived within sight. He hailed some boys fishing. They promptly ran away as fast as they could in behind the breakers. They evidently thought we were pirates as our blue ensign looks pretty dark in the shade. We then came in hailing distance of another boat, the occupants of which McLaughlin recognized, so he shouted to them to tell his father that he was aboard this yacht and we were going to touch at Georgetown. I then asked him if he would like to go home while we were there, which he of course agreed to, and he then shouted back to them that he would be home to-morrow.

We coasted along the Island of Grand Cayman, and at 2.30 rounded Southwest Point (where was the wreck of a large four-masted iron barque), took in the fisherman staysail and balloon jib and hauled

Wreck of four-masted barque, Southwest Point, Grand Cayman.

by the wind for the anchorage at Georgetown. Came to at 3.00 p.m. in five fathoms of water.

As we sailed in there was a new schooner just leaving for Isle of Pines, Cuba, called the *Island Queen*. As she was loaded with passengers, there was quite a concourse in Georgetown seeing them off. She looked very clean and fresh—no smoke or grime in these regions to blacken sails and running gear.

Distance from Kingston to Grand Cayman 290 miles.

The ship being very foul, we had made poor time—290 miles in 72 hours—only four miles per hour.

Distance sailed from New York—2,220 miles.

We went ashore and landed Culrose McLaughlin, who got a horse and started for the east end of the Island—26 miles as the crow flies, but about thirty-odd miles by the road.

McLaughlin is about six fet one inch in his stocking feet—a fine, raw-boned, strapping fellow, and a good, willing sailor.

February 23rd.—At anchor off Georgetown. A United States Survey Ship came in to get a pilot. This is the first steamer that had visited the Cayman Islands since the same ship had visited it before the war. She was making a survey of the turtle banks off the Honduras Coast and obtained a pilot from the Cayman Islands, which used to be

Georgetown, Grand Cayman.

the centre of the turtle trade and are still very important, but with the advent of steam most of the turtles now go to Key West.

I went ashore and left a card with the Commissioner, Mr. Hugh H. Hutchings. He was a Bermudian.

On coming back to the ship we met a very tall man walking along the road with a bag and an old tin

Government House, Grand Cayman.

gasoline container with some holes in it. Mr. Borden, the man who was with me, told me that his name was McLaughlin of East Point, and as he looked as if he wanted to speak, I said "Good morning", and asked him if he was any relation to the McLaughlin with me, and he said he was his son, who had turned up the night before and had said that I wanted a parrot; so the father, who was seventy years old, had walked during the night from East

Point—thirty-odd miles—carrying his bag and the parrot. I invited him aboard and we had dinner together. I found him to be an exceedingly interesting character, well read in old-fashioned books. He told me that his grandfather had been what he supposed was a buccaneer and had married a native, a Carib Indian woman, and settled on the Island. He had blue, blue eyes, straight—almost Grecian—profile, and was tall and sinewy. He would have made a fine model for a painter.

After having his dinner, I asked him if he would remain for the night, but he said no, he would walk home, so in the evening he started walking back as he said he preferred walking at night to the day as it was cooler. He didn't seem to think anything of it as he said that was about the only way they could get about the Island as few people had horses and the automobile had not yet invaded it; in fact, the roads are mere trails through Mahogany and logwood groves. There is not much grown on these Islands—a little corn, sweet potatoes, and of course bread fruit trees, yams, and their native fruits. Very few oranges.

Mr. Hutchings, the Commissioner, told me that the Islands had some wonderful caves at the eastern end, that in early days had been the hiding places of stores of merchandise taken by the buccaneers who preyed upon the Spanish Main. The Island being in the centre of the Caribean Sea and on the direct path from Panama to the west end of Cuba, was well situated for these marauders. So Culrose McLaughlin was evidently a descendant of this old buccaneering stock.

The parrot that Mr. McLaughlin left was a beauty. We christened him "Polly Mack". He was a splendid talker and laugher.

Shortly after getting him, some boys who were constantly visiting us in little dug-out canoes, offering various articles for sale, brought a Cayman Island parrot which we bought for $2.00. We christened him "Polly Cayman". He was much smaller and very much darker in color than the other parrot, which was a native of Honduras.

February 23rd.—Had a tea on board, consisting of the Commissioner and his wife, several other ladies, and one or two gentlemen.

February 24th.—The weather became threatening, so with some other schooners that were lying in the open roadstead at Georgetown, we hove up anchor and sailed round to the south side of the Island, coming to anchor in ten fathoms at 6.30 p.m. at a place called Spot Point. "Spot Point" means a white spot on the bottom which affords anchorage. In all these ports you hunt for a white area and drop your anchor in the centre. The brown or dark water indicates rock. Spot Point was about sixteen miles from Georgetown.

The wind blew pretty heavily all night and we had some rain. In the morning, however, there being no indications of a steady norther, we hove up anchor at 9.30 and returned to Georgetown, arriving at 11.15. Anchored again in about six fathoms.

In the afternoon it again looked very threatening and the local experts ashore said that they would advise our getting back to the south side, so at 2.00 p.m. we hove up anchor and sailed again to Spot

Point, coming to at 3.40 in ten fathoms. It blew pretty fresh again all night from the north northeast, so we were rather glad we had come around into smoother water, as whilst we could have hung on all right we would have been in a tumble of a sea if we had remained at Georgetown.

FEBRUARY 26TH.—8.30 a.m. Hove up anchor and headed again for Georgetown.

We had been negotiating with another Caymanian to come as cook as Tom would have to leave us in Havana or Miami; otherwise, we would not have stopped in again at Georgetown. We sent Mack ashore to find out where he was as he should have joined us the previous day but we got out before seeing him. Mack reported his wife objected to his going to sea again.

Mack brought back a very nice basket of fruit with the compliments of Mrs. Hutchings, the wife of the Commissioner. It was much appreciated as we were rather short of fresh stuff.

11.20 a.m. We set our course for Cape San Antonio, Cuba, and streamed our log.

12.00 noon. Log 4½. Course northwest half west. Wind north by east. Barometer 30.20. Fresh breeze and cloudy weather.

1.00 p.m. Set main topsail.

4.00 p.m. Log 30. Course northwest half west. Wind north by east. Barometer 30.18. Similar weather.

8.00 p.m. Log 50. Course northwest half west. Wind north by east. Barometer 30.16. Breeze lightening. Moderate sea. Clear weather.

12.00 midnight. Log 60. Course northwest half west. Wind north by east. Barometer 30.16.

February 27th.—4.00 a.m. Log 68. Course northwest. Wind north by east. Barometer 30.11. Light breeze. Fine clear weather.

5.00 a.m. Set fisherman staysail.

8.00 a.m. Log 90. Course northwest. Wind north by east. Barometer 30.16. Moderate breeze and sea. Cloudy weather.

12.00 noon. Log 114. Course northwest. Wind north by east. Barometer 30.18. Similar weather.

Distance 114 knots. Latitude 20.34 north; longitude 83.02 west.

4.00 p.m. Log 139. Course northwest. Wind north by east. Barometer 30.11. Similar weather.

8.00 p.m. Log 162. Course northwest. Wind north by east. Barometer 30.12. Similar weather.

12.00 midnight. Log 179. Course northwest. Wind north by east. Barometer 30.12. Light breeze; fine weather.

February 28th.—4.00 a.m. Log 208½. Course northwest. Wind north northeast. Barometer 30.11. Fresh breeze; rough sea; clear weather. Took in fisherman staysail.

8.00 a.m. Log 236. Course northwest. Wind east northeast. Barometer 30.12. Moderate breeze, clear. Set fisherman staysail and jib topsail.

9.00 a.m. Took in jib topsail and fisherman.

12.00 noon. Log 259½. Course west northwest. Wind east northeast. Barometer 30.12. Light wind; fine weather.

Distance for the day 125 knots. Latitude 21.44

north; Longitude 84.28 west, four degrees easterly variation.

1.00 p.m. Cape Corrientes, Cuba, abeam—distance about four miles. As we were to windward of our course, we altered it to west by south to cross Corrientes Bay for Cape San Antonio.

4.00 p.m. Log 275. Course west by south. Wind northeast. Barometer 30.12. Light wind; fine weather.

7.00 p.m. Log 295. Altered course north half west. Wind northeast. Cape San Antonio, Cuba, abeam—distance one mile.

8.00 p.m. Log 298. Course north. Wind northeast. Barometer 30.12.

12.00 midnight. Log 313½. Course north. Wind northeast. Barometer 30.12. Fresh breeze. Heavy head sea, ship pitching heavily, clear weather.

March 1st.—1.00 a.m. Wind favored us a little, bringing us up north by east until 2.00 a.m.

4.00 a.m. Log 329. Course northeast. Wind east. Barometer 30.00. Fresh breeze; heavy sea, ship pitching heavily. Parted our main topsail sheet, which we found had chafed through. Sent the man aloft to stow it.

8.00 a.m. Log 348. Course northeast. Wind east. Barometer 30.09. Strong breeze. Heavy head sea.

12.00 noon. Log 366. Course northeast. Wind east. Barometer 30.11. Moderate breeze; short choppy sea, clear weather.

Distance 105 knots. Latitude 22.47 north; longitude 84.23 west.

1.00 p.m. Log 369. Tacked ship. Re-set main topsail.

4.00 p.m. Log 379. Course east by north. Wind northeast by east. Barometer 30.11. Similar weather.

5.00 p.m. Tacked ship. Log 386 knots.

7.00 p.m. Tacked ship. Calera Opening Lighthouse bearing southeast by east—distance three miles.

12.00 midnight. Log 410. Course northeast by east half east. Wind east. Barometer 30.14. Strong breeze. Head sea. Ship pitching heavily.

MARCH 2ND.—4.00 a.m. Log 425. Course northeast by east. Wind east. Barometer 30.16. Strong breeze, head sea, clear weather.

4.00 a.m. Log 441. Tacked ship.

8.00 a.m. Log 444. Course southeast. Wind east. Barometer 30.18. Fresh breeze; short, steep, heavy sea; clear weather. Sighted two schooners on the horizon ahead. Made a prognostication we would pass them before dark.

12.00 noon. Log 465. Course southeast by south. Wind east. Barometer 30.10. Strong breeze; clear weather.

Distance 99 knots. Latitude 23.17 north; Longitude 82.45 west.

3.30 p.m. Crossed the leading schooner which we sighted in the morning about three miles. Havana sighted. Took in topsail.

4.45 p.m. Entered Havana Harbor. Took pilot, who took us to a station about the centre of the Harbor. Dropped anchor at 5.10 in six fathoms.

5.50 p.m. Custom House and Quarantine Officers came aboard. Remained only a few minutes and gave us our Pratique.

Distance from Grand Cayman to Havana 487 knots.

Distance sailed from New York 2,707 knots.

Distance from Cape San Antonio to the outer channel buoy, Havana, is 187 knots, and it was all dead to windward, sheets hard in. Time taken 44 hours, or 4¼ knots made good to windward—a fine performance for so small a ship and against such a rough sea.

As we were all pretty tired with the long beat to windward, which is very trying in such a small ship with such a sharp movement, owing to her exceedingly low centre of gravity, we lay on the deck looking at the craft and city sights and turned in early.

CHAPTER IX

Havana—and Back to Florida

More friends from home—Hauled out for a much-needed cleaning—The Good Samaritan passes by—A parrot for a case of Maraschino—Miami man makes himself important but fails to get our stock of wet-goods.

March 3rd.—In the morning, Sam and I went ashore and up to the Bank of Nova Scotia for letters, receiving seven. The crew put on the sail covers and spread the awnings over the entire deck.

Havana Harbor is certainly beautiful, particularly the entrance. It has so often been described that I could not do it justice. It looked beautiful coming in in the afternoon and evening as we did, with the sun shining on Morro Castle, the Cabana Fort, and casting into shade the forts and buildings on the opposite side, making a wonderful contrast. The Harbor was crowded with shipping with a very interesting row of schooners moored with their sterns to the key under the Cabana Fort shore. There must have been fifty or sixty fine able looking schooners resembling Newfoundland Bankers, most of them white and flying the Cuban flag, but a good many with American and a few with the Canadian red ensign. They had a very "yachty" appearance.

Had lunch ashore with Mr. Graham, Manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia. Returned to the ship about four in the afternoon, pretty tired and hot, as we had got out of the habit of walking much, and

Morro Castle and Lighthouse, Havana, Cuba.

Sam and I had done a good deal of trudging about the interesting narrow streets of Havana, and flattened our noses against the shop windows.

March 4th.—A beautiful day. Went ashore again in the morning at eleven. Had lunch at the Cafe Paris. Both of us had a very fine English mutton chop with a good salad, French-fried potatoes, and a sweet omelet.

In the afternoon, drove out to Mr. Graham's house with his sister and Mrs. Montgomery, wife of one of the Managers of the Royal Bank of Canada.

They live in a very lovely house, overlooking the Havana Golf Club links. As there was a Victrola, we had a dance on a beautiful marble floor. As both partners were all that anyone could wish, I enjoyed myself immensely.

MARCH 5TH.—Went ashore in the morning. Called for Mr. Gibson of the Bank of Commerce,

Pilot Station, Havana.

who had kindly asked us to lunch at his house, and afterwards to go to the Havana Races. As we had been put up at the Country Club for the week-end, I decided to stay out there for the night. We enjoyed the luncheon and the races very much indeed.

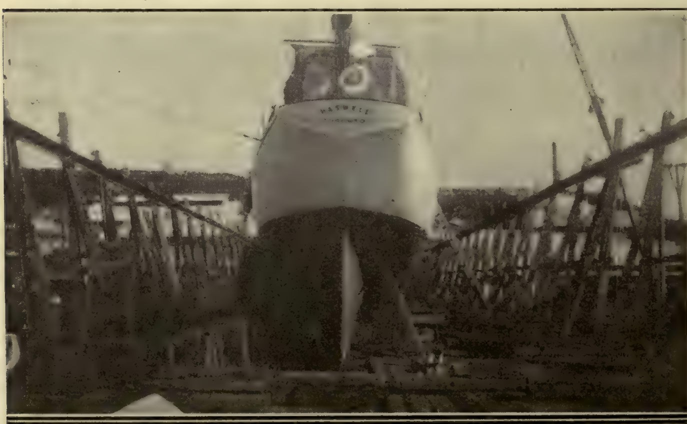
MARCH 6TH.—Met several Canadians at the Country Club. Among them a Mr. Morson, cousin of Judge Morson of Toronto, who had been in the West Indies for a good many years and had been Manager of one of the Cuban Railways, but had recently retired. Found I had been to school with him years ago at Miss Robb's in Hamilton, when we were both very small fry.

Returned to the ship that night about ten.

MARCH 7TH.—Went ashore about ten o'clock, got some letters at the Bank of Nova Scotia. Sam and I went off shopping, looking for parrot cages and generally flattening our noses on the shop windows.

Had lunch at the Cafe Paris, again enjoying a good mutton chop. Mr. Graham, Mr. Gibson, and several other bank men of the Canadian colony were with us.

MARCH 8TH.—11.00 a.m. Hove up our anchor and towed over to the Havana Dry Dock Company, Mr. MacFarlane, manager. I had met Mr. MacFarlane at the races and had arranged to have the *Haswell* pulled out, cleaned and painted as she was getting very foul.



Haswell in Dry Dock, Havana,

There was a heavy rainstorm in the afternoon. *Polly Mack,* our parrot was in the shrouds and worked himself up the ratlins to the main crosstrees, where he remained, laughing, shouting, singing, and whistling to the amusement of all the dock-hands who were taking refuge from the rain under the bottom of the steamer. His laugh is very infectious.

***Haswell* in Havana Harbour.**

I think he must have heard Harry Lauder; it is so like.

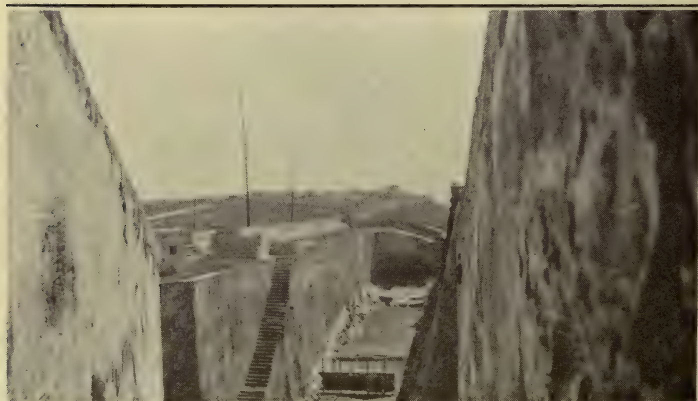
In the afternoon Sam and I went shopping again.

March 9th.—Went shopping in the morning. Returned in the afternoon. At 4 p.m. the ship was floated.

At 5.00 p.m. we towed back to our original anchorage in fifteen fathoms of water.

March 10th.—Went ashore about twelve. Had lunch with Mr. Graham and drove out afterwards with him to the races and after that we went to his house where several other Canadians were and enjoyed another dance and dinner.

Columbus Cathedral, Havana.



Moat about Morro Castle, Havana.

In the evening he motored us back to town. Got on board ship about eleven o'clock.

Havana Harbor is well supplied with wherries, a heavy rowing craft with sail, having an awning stretched over the stern. They lie in great numbers in certain landing stages and are always willing to row out to the ship. There are also a great number of small gasoline launches engaged in the same ferrying trade, so we could always get aboard at any hour of the day or night without bothering about our own tender.

March 11th.—Sam and I went ashore again in

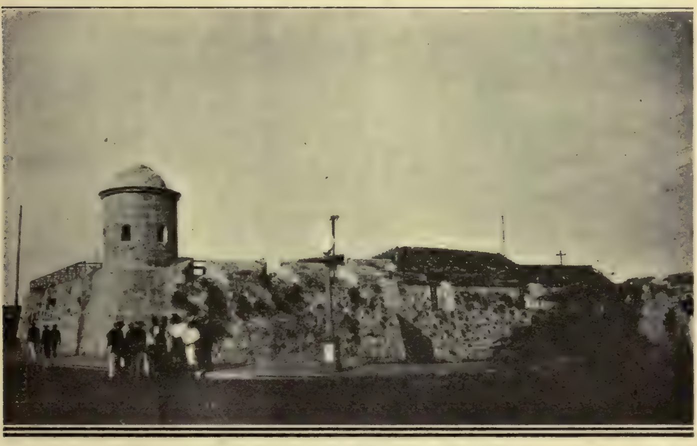
Morro Castle, Havana. Rock Sherron is where Rodney's men landed and took the fort and city.

the morning. Just before going ashore a motor launch passed us and a gentleman hailed us. At first I could not make out who he was, but on taking

Fort Fuerzo, Havana.

Where Columbus landed, Havana, and office of Secy. of Marine.

glasses I recognized Mr. De Luna, our Good Samaritan of the motor catboat from Waterford to Albany on the way down the Hudson and who had been injured by our tow line carrying away his



Fort on the Malacon, Havana.

traveller. He said he was in a hurry at the time so could not come on board.

Knocked about the shops, had lunch at the Cafe Paris, and returned to the ship in time for dinner.

March 12th.—Went ashore at noon to keep an appointment with Mr. Gibson who very kindly asked us to lunch at his house and afterwards go to the races. Mrs. Gibson was of the party. Enjoyed ourselves immensely as the sport was very good, the races keenly contested, and sitting in the beautiful marble clubhouse in a comfortable armchair, with delightful, salubrious weather, and cheerful companions made conditions ideal. We enjoyed ourselves so much that he asked us to come again on Sunday. His chauffeur took us back to Havana that evening.

Sam and I dined at the Cafe Paris and returned to the ship at about ten.

MARCH 13TH.—Met Mr. Gibson's chauffeur at the landing stage at 12.30. Drove out to his house, had luncheon, and then the races.

Afterwards went to the Country Club where I gave a small dinner to my Havana friends. Returned to the ship at about eleven.

This was our farewell visit as we intended to leave on the following day. I must say that we enjoyed our stay in Havana immensely as the weather was uniformly delightful—just the right temperature—and the Canadian Colony was certainly hospitality itself.

MARCH 14TH.—Went ashore early in the morning to get my Bill of Health and Clearance. Had lunch ashore and returned about three.

A bum-boat man, who had frequently visited us selling chocolates, cigarettes, etc., and had been trying to buy one of our parrots, was most insistent upon making a trade, so we offered to trade him our parrot "Tom" for a case of Maraschino. After a lot of bargaining he came to terms. We handed over the parrot and took the case of Maraschino on board. I don't know who got the worst bargain.

We didn't wish to leave until the evening to get the benefit of the land breeze to carry us out as far to windward as possible, as our next objective was Miami. We set our sails about five, but it was not until 6.30 that we hove up anchor and proceeded out of the mouth of the harbor.

At 7.30 we streamed our log off the outer gas buoy.

10.00 p.m. Log 17 knots. Course north northeast. Wind east northeast. A good breeze with moderate sea.

12.00 midnight. Log 30. Course north northeast. Wind east northeast. Barometer 30.21. Good breeze; moderate sea.

March 15th.—4.00 a.m. Course northeast by north. Wind east. Barometer 30.19. Light breeze; short choppy sea.

8.00 a.m. Log 71½. Course northeast by north. Wind east. Barometer 30.24. Similar weather.

12.00 noon. Log 92. Course northeast by north. Wind east. Barometer 30.22. American Shoal Lightship bore northwest half west. Distance two miles.

Run for the day 992 knots. Latitude 24.30 north; longitude 81.30 west.

2.00 p.m. Tacked ship. Set course north by east half east as we were getting close in on the Florida Keys and the wind had headed us.

A smart looking schooner on the horizon ahead and to windward.

4.00 p.m. Log 113 knots. Course north by east half east. Barometer 30.21. Fresh breeze; fine weather.

6.00 p.m. Tacked ship. Log reading 126. Alligator Light bearing north half east. Crossed the schooner mentioned about three miles distant.

8.00 p.m. 136 knots. Course southeast by east. Wind east northeast. Barometer 30.21.

9.00 p.m. Tacked ship.

12.00 midnight. Lot 165. Course north northeast. Light breeze; fine weather.

March 16th.—4.00 a.m. Log 171¼. Course northeast. Wind tast. Very light breeze and hot.

8.00 a.m. Log 182½. Course north half west. Wind east. Barometer 30.32. Similar weather.

9.00 a.m. Took in log off Fowey Rocks, Cape Florida. Log recorded 184-6/10 knots. Wind very light. Making little way except with the current.

1.30 p.m. Sailed into Miami Breakwater. 210 miles from Havana. Anchored just out of the Channel. Took a boat ashore to make soundings to see if we could get through the outer channel to the basin near the Aquarium. Found there was not sufficient water and returned to the ship.

I was doing the sounding myself, and on returning to the ship found a man alongside with rather an important air who wanted to know what I was doing. I told him I was taking soundings. I asked him if he was a pilot and he said, "I am the United States Customs Officer," so I shook hands and invited him aboard. He asked if I had a manifest and I said, "No, she is a yacht carrying no cargo," and said that if he wanted a list of what drinkables I had aboard I could give it to him. He then proposed to take possession of my stock, which I strenuously opposed, pointing out that she was a Canadian registered British ship and all he could do was to seal my stock. He was rather disagreeable and ordered me to move my position to a wharf where the Havana steamers came in. I pointed out that we were not a power boat and could not move our position in that ready way and I preferred to stay where I was. He departed, returning in a few hours with three others—one an immigration officer. They were much more human, and after seeing what stock of liquor we had aboard, departed.

Later in the afternoon, the tide having risen, we were able to pass in to the lower entrance to the basin and came to anchor about the centre and just south of the causeway, a delightfuly clean and convenient place.

Distance sailed from New York was 3115½ knots.

It was at Miami that we got the shark's tail which decorated our bowsprit end for two seasons to come. The shark's tail on the tip of the horn is the sure sign among deep watermen of a ship which has made a southern voyage. Sometimes square riggers will be seen in a port, five or six abreast, each with a pair of winglike flukes on the end of her jibboom.

CHAPTER X

Two Wrestling Matches

The Cuban and the alligator—We come near making the acquaintance of a causeway and our Filipino cook comes near making the acquaintance of the undertaker—Another gale in the gulf stream gives us a tussel under trisail—The unlucky calm spot —556 knots brings us to Cape Lookout, and a tug tows us through to Old Point Comfort.

From the 16th to the 30th of March, we remained at anchor in Miami. The weather was generally very fine but there were several rain storms, which made it rather damp and muggy.

Sam and I amused ourselves going into Miami every day and usually lunching and dining in town, returning to the ship after dinner, or going to the beach to swim, in which case we usually had lunch at Joe's, who gave us the best fish dinner we could find.

During this time we scraped down and painted the topsides, which we had not had time to do in Havana. We also painted our dories.

We took several motoring excursions into the country, and on one occasion visited a place where are kept a number of alligators. We saw rather an exciting encounter, or wrestling match, between a keeper and a huge alligator. It was quite realistic. The man waded into the pool, the water of which was very muddy, and after seizing his alligator by the snout, guided him to a dry spot in the centre, and after landing him, turned him on his back. By some process of touching a nerve in the alligator's body, he was put sound asleep and remained in a trance until the keeper wakened him, when he scurried back to the water. As the alligator was a good eight feet long and must have weighed two hundred pounds or over, it was quite an interesting and thrilling sight.

One day we took a "rubber-neck" and had pointed out to us all the fine houses and heard the private history (or imagined private history) of the owners and their families.

On March 27th it blew a gale of wind. About 10 p.m., our anchor began to drag and before we could get a Kedge run out we had drifted up against the causeway.

Our Filipino cook (that we had taken on in Miami on Tom's departure for the Bahamas) was coming back in the tram car. When he saw us close to the causeway he thought he could get on board, so he crossed over the rails, but before he could realize it a car had come on to the bridge, and as he couldn't get on board he had to hang by his hands from the sleepers until the car had passed, when he hauled himself up, came round to the wharf, and we ultimately brought him aboard. We had to remain alongside the causeway until the tide changed, which was not until about two in the morning, when we were able to haul her off. We had several anxious hours as if our anchors had dragged again we would have been badly chafed up against the stone piers.

As we had intended leaving on the 28th of March we took in our fresh water and sea stores, but on going to the Custom House to get our Bill of Health and Clearance, I visited the Hydrographic Station and they told me that a heavy gale of wind was raging from Boston to Hatteras and would likely reach the Florida Coast the next or following day, so we came to the conclusion not to start, as the gale was from the north.

On the following day, March 29, I visited the Station again and was still advised to remain in port, though the gale had not yet got as far south as Jacksonville.

The weather looked very threatening all afternoon and during the night. At 2.00 a.m. of the 30th, the wind having increased, we dropped a second anchor, not wishing a second experience against the causeway.

In the morning I went again to the Hydrographic Station and they expressed the opinion that the gale would not extend below Jacksonville, so we decided to start on our passage to New York.

At 2.00 p.m., 30th March, we hove up anchor and were towed to sea by a little tug belonging to the Gulf Oil Company.

At 3.00 p.m. we cast off our tow line and streamed our log off the Whistling Buoy, and laid our course due east to get into the Stream as quickly as possible.

At 4.00 p.m. we altered our course to east northeast. Wind fresh, east southeast.

6.50 p.m. Hillsboro Light abeam. Log 25 knots.

8.00 p.m. Log 32½ knots. Course north. Wind east. Barometer 30.21.

10.40 p.m. Jupiter Light abeam. Log 51 knots.

12.00 midnight. Log 60 knots. Course north. Wind east southeast. Barometer 30. Fresh breeze. Heavy northeast swell. Clear weather.

March 31st.—4.00 a.m. Log 87 knots. Course north northeast. Wind south southeast. Barometer 30.21. Fresh breeze; heavy northeast swell.

8.00 a.m. Log 115. Course northeast by north. Wind south. Barometer 30.21. Moderate breeze; northeast swell.

9.00 a.m. Set fisherman staysail and jib topsail.

12.00 noon. Log 148. Course northeast by north. Wind south. Barometer 30.21. Fresh breeze. Confused sea. Fine, clear weather.

Day's run 220 knots. Latitude 29.03 north; longitude 79.20 west.

4.00 p.m. Log 182. Course northeast by north. Wind south. Barometer 30.11. Fresh breeze.

8.00 p.m. Log 215½. Barometer 30.15. Similar weather.

12.00 midnight. Log 248. Strong breeze. Rough sea; clear weather.

April 1st.—4.00 a.m. Log 278. Course northeast. Wind south southeast. Barometer 30.06, Strong wind, high sea, cloudy weather. Took in mainsail and seat trisail as weather very threatening.

8.00 a.m. Log 297. Course northeast by north. Wind south southwest. Wind rising to moderate gale's strength. Confused sea.

12.00 noon. Log 322. Course northeast by north. Wind west northwest. Strong gale. High confused sea. Heavy rain squalls.

Day's run 190. Latitude 31.36 north. Longitude 77.15 west.

4.00 p.m. Log 346. Course northeast by north. Wind north northwest. Barometer 30.08. Strong gale, confused sea. Cloudy weather.

8.00 p.m. Log 364. Course northeast by north. Wind north northeast. Barometer 30.21. Tacked ship.

12.00 midnight. Log 378. Course northwest by north. Wind north northeast. Barometer 30.21. Similar weather.

APRIL 2ND.—4.00 a.m. Log 395. Course northwest. Wind north northeast. Barometer 30.22. Gale moderating but a confused sea caused by a heavy roll from the southeast meeting similar roll from the north. Ship jumping about very much in consequence.

8.00 a.m. Log 410. Course northwest by north half north. Wind east northeast. Barometer 30.37. Moderate, fresh wind; clear weather.

9.00 a.m. Took in trisail and set mainsail.

12.00 noon. Log 425. Course north. Wind east northeast. Barometer 30.38. Light wind; heavy confused sea; fine weather. Set main topsail.

Day's run 93 knots. Latitude, by observation, 33.08 north; Longitude 77.27 west.

4.00 p.m. Log 442. Course north by west. Wind east northeast. Barometer 30.37. Similar conditions. Set maintopmast staysail to try to steady the ship as she was slashing about very much in the confused sea.

8.00 p.m. Log 450. Course northeast quarter east. Wind east southeast. Barometer 30.34.

9.00 p.m. Took in the log. Making no headway as it was calm.

Five American Destroyers passed us going north. It was rather interesting watching them come over the horizon to the south and vanish to the north. They were not keeping their stations very perfectly. The first, second and third were evenly spaced, but the fourth and fifth were quite out. A good deal of signalling was going on between the leader and the two rear, so possibly they could not make the pace.

12.00 midnight. Calm.

April 3rd.—4.00 a.m. Set the log. Course east. Wind north.

5.00 a.m. Frying Pan Shoal Buoy bearing north. Distance three miles.

8.00 a.m. Log 456. Course east. Wind north northeast. Light breeze. Fine weather.

9.45 a.m. Tacked ship. Log read 462 knots.

12.00 noon. Log 472. Course north by east. Wind northeast by east. Barometer 30.42. Light breeze; smooth sea; fine weather.

Day's run 32 knots. Latitude 33.40 north; longitude 77.33 west.

Rather a coincidence that we were becalmed off

Frying Pan for the best of the night of October 25th, within five miles of our present position, where we had practically been becalmed all night—six months later.

4.00 p.m. Log 488½. Course north by east. Wind northeast by east. Barometer 30.40. Similar weather conditions.

6.00 p.m. Tacked ship. Log 494.

We had been in company with a large four-masted schooner all morning and afternoon; that is, she was in sight ahead in the morning and we were gradually overtaking her and passed her about five in the afternoon.

8.00 p.m. Log 501. Course east by north. Wind northeast by north.

10.15 p.m. Wind shifted into the east southeast. Tacked ship.

12.00 midnight. Log 509. Course east by north. Wind east southeast. Light breeze; fine weather.

April 4th.—4.00 a.m. Log 526. Course northeast by east. Wind east by south. Strong breeze, rough sea, clear weather. Barometer 30.40.

7.30 a.m. Tacked ship. Log record 541.

8.00 a.m. Log 542. Course southeast by south. Wind east by south. Barometer 30.42. Moderate breeze and sea. Cloudy weather.

We were expecting to make a landfall at Cape Lookout.

9.00 a.m. Picked up the Whistling Buoy, so put about and headed in for Cape Lookout. Picked up the Lighthouse at 10.30. As the weather looked threatening and we were rather tired out, we thought we would go in behind the Breakwater at Cape Lookout for a rest. We then determined to go into Beaufort or Moorehead City and get fresh supplies.

12.00 noon. Log 556. Course north northwest. Barometer 30.48.

We had smoothed the water behind Cape Lookout and entered the Channel at one o'clock.

At 1.35 we grounded in the channel but quickly got off with the assistance of the Coast Guard Motor Boat, which very kindly towed us up to Moorehead City, where they said we would have better anchorage than at Beaufort. We came to in two and a half fathoms at 2.00 p.m. Went ashore to get some fresh supplies.

As we were expecting to get bad and cold weather north of Hatteras, I suggested to Sam to take the train from Moorehead City to New York. He jumped at the opportunity. I found there was a train leaving at 5.30 p.m. We came back to the ship and hurriedly packed his grip, put the parrot *Polly Mack* in a cage, went ashore again, and put him on board the train with his parrot.

While ashore, we learned that there was a tug going to Norfolk through Pamlico Sound, and that the Channel had twelve feet of water. They offered to tow us for $100.00, so we closed and arranged to start next morning.

April 5th.—6.00 a.m. Strong breeze; cloudy weather. Wind northeast. Barometer 30.38.

8.00 a.m. Towed alongside wharf at Moorehead City to fill with fresh water and take aboard fresh meat and provisions we had ordered the night before.

Shipped another hand (Walter Jones) as we were figuring that the weather from now on might be pretty bad and we didn't want to be short of crew. The conditions were $3.00 a day to New York, with a minimum of $25.00, and passage back.

10.30 a.m. Left Moorehead City in tow of Tug *Southlands*. The first part of the tow was quite interesting as it was a canalized inlet to the west of Beaufort into Pamlico Sound, and quite narrow and winding. The tug took us along at a good nine-mile clip.

In crossing Pamlico Sound, it blew pretty hard and as the sea was short and the ship upright, a good deal of spray came aboard.

At 6.30, it being dark, we came to anchor for the night in three fathoms of water. A strong northeast wind with rain.

April 6th.—Hove up anchor. Wind strong from the east southeast. Barometer 30.18.

Noon. Strong breeze and rainy weather. Very glad Sam was not with us as we were very uncomfortable. Cold and wet.

5.30 p.m. Anchored for the night near Roanook Island. The wind had dropped and gone back to the east. Barometer 30.27.

April 7th.—5.20 a.m. Hove up anchor and we proceeded through the canal to Norfolk. Wind northeast. Barometer 30.28. Cloudy weather.

In passing through the one lock in the canal which is merely a guard lock, we arranged with the tug to take us over to Point Comfort.

At 12.00 noon we passed Norfolk. There appeared to be a great deal of idle shipping. As Norfolk is a naval place, it as interesting passing the various Government docks in which were many destroyers, transports and two battleships.

2.20 p.m. We were under the lee of Old Point Comfort. The tug took us too close to the buoys and we grounded in the channel but they bumped us over and we came to anchor in the bight where the railway is carried over on a trestle. We sent a line ashore to make fast to the railway trestle and moored her head and stern.

4.00 p.m. Dense fog. Strong east wind. Barometer 30.10. Settled down for a miserable, rainy night. I went ashore for a walk and found a great change in Old Point Comfort since I was last there in 1903. It now has the appearance of a suburban district of a great city, but all the houses are occupied by military men. The streets are well paved and planted. Missed the old Hotel Chamberlain whose ruins are still seen.

In the evening, amused myself reading and playing some gramophone tunes, but it was lonely without Sam.

CHAPTER XI

Hove to in a Hard Gale

April weather in the north Atlantic—Hard squalls and calm—Then a nor'-wester in earnest—Twenty-four hours under close-reefed foresail in a spring snowstorm—How Haswell behaved—End of 4353 knots at sea.

April 8th.—Went ashore about 8.30 a.m. Got some fresh provisions and ice so that we could be ready to leave when the weather cleared up and on the first favorable opportunity. It remained very rainy all day.

Went ashore and had a walk. The weather had turned a good deal warmer, indicating a shift of wind to the southward.

At 3.00 p.m. we had a heavy rain squall with thunder. Wind from the south southeast. Barometer 30.00.

April 9th.—8.00 a.m. Light wind from the south southwest. Cloudy weather with indications of a break. Barometer 29.97.

10.30 a.m. Set sails. Hove up anchor and proceeded to sea.

12.00 noon. Wind west southwest. Barometer

29.94. Calm, smooth sea. Clear. Proceeding down the Channel and out of Chesapeak Bay.

2.55 p.m. Tail of the Shoal Light abeam. Streamed the log.

4.00 p.m. Log 13½ knots. Course east northeast. Wind east southeast. Barometer 29.86. Light breeze; northeast swell; cloudy weather.

7.00 p.m. Hard squall. Lowered mainsail and jib; set trisail.

8.00 p.m. Log 18. Course northeast by east. Wind north by west. Barometer 29.95.

12.00 midnight. As the squall had died out, and we were under reduced sail, the ship was making little headway through the water. Log 22. Course northeast by north half north. Wind west. Barometer 30.02. Heavy rain, light air, confused sea. Took in trisail and set jib and mainsail.

April 10th.—4.00 a.m. Log 28. Course east northeast. Wind northwest. Barometer 30.22. Light breeze; confused sea; cloudy weather.

8.00 a.m. Log 43. Course north northwest. As ship passed out of the headlands at 6.00 a.m. altered course to north northwest. Wind northeast. Barometer 30.07. Fresh breeze; confused sea; clear weather.

12.00 noon. Log 59. Course north northeast. Wind east northeast. Barometer 29.60. Similar weather.

Day's run 54 knots. Latitude 37.24 north; longitude 75.23 west.

4.00 p.m. Log 76. Course northeast. Wind northwest. Barometer 30.36. Strong breeze with rain squalls.

6.30 p.m. As the barometer had been jumping round all day, acting strangely, and a heavy squall was brewing in the northwest, the mainsail and jib were taken in, and none too soon for it broke with great fury. The ship was run off with foresail and fore staysail.

7.30 p.m. As the weather was looking very bad, lowered the foresail and close-reefed it, took in the fore staysail, and hove the ship to. She came up very easily, not shipping any water.

8.00 p.m. Log 101. Hove to. Course approximately northeast. Fierce gale northwest. Barometer 30.36. High rising sea. Frequent snow squalls. As the ship was hove to and not under control and the snow squalls were so heavy, the wheel was lashed and the crew went below as even though she might have been run down the fog horn was of insufficient strength for anyone to hear it at the bowsprit end. The galley stove was on the weather side, so could not be lighted, so the cabin stove, which is amidships, was lighted and some coffee heated. All slept on the cabin floor packed together like sardines as no one could remain in his bunk.

12.00 midnight. Hove to. Log 105. General course north northeast. Wind northwest. Barometer 30.46.

April 11th.—4.00 a.m. General direction north northeast to northeast. Wind northwest to north northwest. Barometer 30.56. Hove to. Fierce gale. Thick snow.

8.00 a.m. Hove to. Similar conditions. Barometer 30.45.

12.00 noon. Hove to. Barometer 30.40. Similar conditions. Set and drift about east by south.

No observation taken that day.

6.30 p.m. Wind moderating. Barometer 30.20.

7.00 p.m. Log 134½ knots. Wind had passed through north and got into the north northeast. Wore ship. Set trisail, fore staysail, shook reef out of the foresail.

12.00 midnight. Log 147. Course north by east. Wind northeast.

During the twenty-four hours we had been hove to under close-reefed foresail, the ship had acted in a wonderful way, never shipped a sea, though they were running mountains high and with the wind at times rising to hurricane strength. Afterwards learned this storm was general from Nova Scotia to Hatteras, and Boston and New York were blocked with snow.

April 12th.—2.00 a.m. Took in trisail; set mainsail.

4.00 a.m. Log 159. Course north northwest. Wind northwest. Barometer 30.20. Moderate breeze; fine weather, but heavy sea.

5.00 a.m. Tacked ship, log recording 61 knots.

8.00 a.m. Log 181. Course west. Wind northwest by north. Barometer 30.27. Fresh breeze; sea moderating; clear weather.

By observation, the ship had set southeast seventy-two miles whilst hove to.

Latitude 37.34 north; longitude 75.11 west.

4.00 p.m. Log 215. Course north northeast. Wind west southwest. Moderate breeze.

5.00 p.m. Squall from the southwest which did not last long and nothing was lowered for it as it was fair.

6.50 p.m. Winter Quarter Light Ship abeam. Log 228.

8.00 p.m. Log 233½. Course northeast by north. Wind south southwest. Barometer 30.22. Light breeze; fine weather. Set topsail.

12.00 midnight. Log 252. Course north northwest. Wind south southwest. Barometer 30.20. Similar weather.

April 13th.—1.10 a.m. Fenwick Lightship abeam. Log 260.

4.00 a.m. Log 276. Course northeast by north. Wind southwest by south. Barometer 30.11. Fine breeze; clear weather.

5.00 a.m. Log 283. Course northeast by north. Wind southwest by south. Barometer 30.18. Five Fathom Bank Light abeam. Log 293.

8.00 a.m. Log 302. Course northeast by north, quarter north. Wind southwest by south. Barometer 30.18. Absecom Whistling Buoy abeam. Distance three miles.

Day's run 145 knots. Latitude 39.23 north; longitude 75.11 west.

4.00 p.m. Log 347. Course northeast. Wind south southwest. Barometer 30.09. Passed Barnegat Buoy.

8.00 p.m. Log 365. Course north northeast. weather; smooth sea; moderate breeze.

12.00 midnight. Log 384. Course north northeast. Wind south southwest. Barometer 30.12. Similar weather.

April 14th.—3.30 a.m. Passed Scotland Lightship.

4.00 a.m. Hauled in log. 400 knots recorded from the Chesapeak.

8.15 a.m. Anchored West Bank bearing north half east and a buoy bearing south southeast.

9.50 a.m. Hove up anchor and proceeded up the Swash Channel.

1.20 p.m. Anchored off Columbia Yacht Club, New York.

Distance sailed from Scotland Lightship back to Scotland Lightship 4353 knots, from 10.40 p. m., Oct. 21, 1920, to 3.30 p.m., April 14. 1921.

CHAPTER XII

ON THE HOMESTRETCH

At anchor in New York—Up the Hudson in tow—Through the Erie again to Oswego—First and only real mishap of the voyage—The 5503*rd and last knot.*

From 1.30 p.m. of the 14th of April until 11 a.m. of the 19th of April, we remained at anchor off the Columbia Yacht Club, foot of 86th Street, during which time the weather was cold, rainy and disagreeable.

On the 15th, A. H. Hurlbutt, the mate, and Harry Forest, the mess-boy, were paid off, together with their passages to Toronto, and J. Jones with his passage back to Moorehead City, as we had no necessity now for so large a crew, and the passage from New York to Oswego would be behind a tug.

At 11.00 a.m. of the 19th, we hove up anchor and sailed down to the foot of 51st Street, where we had arranged with the Cornell Towing Company to tow us to Albany.

At 2.00 p.m., in company with a large fleet of barges the *Haswell* started off up the Hudson in tow of the Tug *Edwin Mead.* It was an uneventful passage. The weather was generally clear, but on the cool side.

At 3.15 p.m. of the 22nd of April, made fast to the Cornell Towing Company's wharf at Ranseller, opposite Albany, where arrangements had been made with a dredge to use her derrick for hoisting out the spars.

On the 23rd and 24th of April, the time was spent on-bending sails and slacking up rigging.

At 9.00 a.m. on the 25th of April, started to hoist the spars out. This work was completed and the spars stored on our trestles by 2.00 p.m., ready for the tug to tow to Waterford.

April 26th.—6.30 a.m. Left Albany with several barges in tow for Waterford. Arrived at Waterford at 5.00 p.m. Good weather.

As the Canal was not to be opened until the beginning of May, the crew started to work painting the interior of the cabin, which continued during the 28th, 29th and 30th of April and 1st, 2nd and 3rd of May.

During this interval arrangements were made for the tug to tow us to Oswego.

May 4th.—5.00 a.m. Started in tow of the Tug *Banks*.

6.30 p.m. Touched the bottom lightly at Lock 9. Made fast for the night at Lock 10.

May 5th.—6.30 p.m. Got under way.

11.30 p.m. Made fast for the night at Lock 17.

May 6th.—Towed all day and night, arriving at Three River Point at 5.30 a.m. of the 7th.

7.30 a.m. of the 7th, left Three River Point and arrived at Oswego at 3.00 p.m. Anchored off the Grain Elevator in twelve feet of water.

During the 8th, 9th and 10th of May, the crew were scraping and varnishing the spars prior to hoisting them in.

On the 11th of May towed across the River and stepped the spars. At 4.00 p.m. towed back to original anchorage.

May 12th.—Crew rigging and cleaning ship.

May 13th.—Crew bending sails.

May 14th.—Cleaning ship.

May 15th.—Scraping and cleaning ship.

May 16th.—At 10.30 a.m., as the ship was getting ready to proceed to sea, and we were waiting for provisions, a barge in tow of the Tug *William Avery* of Fulton, N. Y., ran into our port side, breaking in the rail, bending over the davit, and splintering the boat hanging in the davit, so did not proceed that day.

May 17th.—Light south wind, Barometer 30.02.

3.00 p.m Set sail and hove up anchor. Towed down the river and out of the piers with our dories and Evinrudes.

8.00 p.m. Course west. Wind southwest. Light. Barometer 29.90.

10.00 p.m. Fair Haven Light bearing southwest by south half south.

12.00 midnight. Log 19. Course west. Wind southwest. Barometer 29.90. Fair Haven light abeam.

May 18th.—4.00 a.m. Log 34. Course west. Wind southwest. Barometer 29.88. Very light breeze.

5.00 a.m. Log 37. Tacked ship. Course southwest. Wind west.

7.00 a.m. Took in the log—48.—Sailed into Charlotte Piers and made fast on the west side.

3.00 p.m. Got under way.

8.00 p.m. Calm.

12.00 midnight. Log 51. Calm.

May 19th.—4.00 a.m. Log 56. Course west by north. Wind east southeast. Barometer 30.02. Light draughts of wind. Fine weather.

8.00 a.m. Log 60. Course west by north. Wind east. Barometer 30.10. Light wind. Clear.

12.00 noon. Log 81. Course west by north three-quarters north. Wind east. Fresh.

4.00 p.m. Log 108. Course west northwest. Wind east northeast. Barometer 30.02. Scarborough Heights abeam.

5.00 p.m. Took in log at 119 knots.

5.15 p.m. Entered the Eastern Gap.

5.30 p.m. Rounded to at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club and picked up our own mooring, having been absent from it since 10.00 p.m. of the 22nd of September, 1920, during which time we had travelled 5,503 knots. An absence of seven months and twenty-seven days, during the whole of which time the ship never required to be pumped. Nothing parted except the topsail sheet chafing through, and the slight accident at Oswego.

In conclusion, I must pay tribute to my crew (other than those members who were logged and whom we got rid of). To those who may contemplate a similar voyage, let me offer a world of experience; namely, be sure of getting a good cook who won't get seasick. The comfort of the crew and their good humor depends chiefly on him. A great many inconveniences and discomforts can be put up with if meals are regular. Had I had George Kristiensen and Culrose McLaughlin with me during the whole period, the unpleasantnesses that arose from time to time would not have occurred. They were always cheerful and willing. Of Hurlbutt, my mate, I must say that he was always willing to step in and do any odd job, no matter how disagreeable or dangerous, and was always in good temper.

THE END.

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