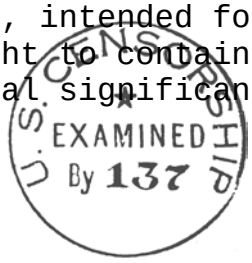
A JOURNEY OF REPATRIATES:
WEIHSIEN TO NEW YORK
September - December 1943

A somewhat detailed report of the writer's observations and experiences, intended for the members of his own family. It is thought to contain no statements of political or international significance.



Howard S. Galt, 1943

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Hopeful word from official sources regarding an early repatriation came to Americans interned at Weihsien, Shantung, late in July. By Sept. 1 certain official steps had been taken and Sept. 15 was fixed as the date for leaving Weihsien.

September 15, after a beautiful moon-lit night, dawned clear and bright, fresh and cool. After an early breakfast the several contingents of the nearly 300 Americans who were “on the list” gathered at certain specified hours at the “Assembly Hall” (the local church building) for the final examination of their over-night luggage, and of their persons, and to claim their hand luggage, examined, sealed, and placed in the building the evening before.

The examination, more perfunctory than similar examinations on several other occasions, was soon completed, and the repatriates marched out of the compound gate (an experience most of them had not had for more than five months). In the midst of showers of cordial farewells from their camp associates, they were ushered under guard to the grassy banks of the little river which flows in front of the mission compound. While waiting there for the handling of the heavier hand luggage by chosen men of the group the others had abundant opportunity to view and enjoy the beautiful scene. At the bottom of the ravine the little river wound its peaceful way northward. The small terraces of the ravine banks were covered with grass freshened by the summer rains. On these banks the black and white cows of the camp dairy were quietly grazing. The tall willow trees growing on the different bank levels mingled their tops in a green canopy overhead. Above was the clear blue sky and toward the east the morning sun was here and there finding windows in the green canopy of the trees. On the road, on the high level between the ravine and the grey wall of the compound, were several motor lorries (trucks) for the transfer of luggage. Sitting on the brick wall, or standing on the higher ground inside of it was a continuous row of boys, girls, and adults who were remaining in the camp, gathered to enjoy the scene and to give the final shower of farewells. As a part of the nearly one hundred yards of lined-up humanity along the

wall were the camp orchestras, whose music, rendered alternately, and mingled with the songs of the wall-sitters, added both interest and pathos to the farewell scene.

While the luggage was being loaded the repatriates on the banks were lined up for one final roll-call. Then buses and more trucks appeared, upon which the whole company was loaded and conveyed over the mile and more of road which led through country fields and past city suburbs to the railway station.

The sun’s rays beat down hot during a midday wait of an hour or more at the station and the arrival of the train from Tsingtao was most welcome.

Into three third-class cars – third-class but very good of their kind – were crowded the 289 people with all their hand luggage. There were seats for all, but no extra space and the luggage racks were so full that for a person to gain access to any particular piece of luggage was very inconvenient.

The journey to Tsinan occupied the remainder of the day. At Tsinan the cars were to be transferred to a southern-bound train of the Tientsin-Pukow line. The company arrived at Tsinan hot, tired, and thirsty. It was a most welcome concession when the accompanying guard of consular police allowed members of the group to cross the tracks from one platform to another and help themselves to drinking water flowing freely from pipes for the refreshment of travelers.

In the late evening the journey southward began and proceeded slowly, partly because the train was not an express and partly, it seemed, because of extra precautions due to the presence of three car-loads of very special passengers.

The start from Weihsien was on Wednesday. Thursday a.m. the train reached Hsuchow, an important railway center. A delay of several hours furnished evidence that the precaution was not without reason, for it became known – although our guards were quite silent – that the delay was due to wreckage on the track down the line caused by Guerillas.

At last, in mid-afternoon, we started again and at midnight reached Ping-piu, another important city. Here there was an order that the train wait for day light – apparently because there had been further interference with the track. The night was exceedingly warm, and the guard kindly gave permission for the men to sleep on the station platform, which was not only more comfortable for them, but reduced the congestion in the cars.

Friday morning the journey was resumed, and Pukow was reached in the late afternoon in the midst of a drizzling rain. The long walk from the train to the ferry at the river (Yang-tse) bank was a trying ordeal. All members of the group carried what they could of their own luggage. A band of the more able-bodied men had been organized to handle the heavier hand luggage – a group of perhaps 30 or 40 – and they had to make many very fatiguing trips before all the heavier pieces were set down at the river bank or loaded onto the ferry. This boat seemed none too large, and being loaded with nearly 300 people and nearly 1,000 pieces of baggage, seemed to many of us in a really dangerous situation. The ferry management evidently recognized this and extra precautions were announced. But the crossing took place safely and when the opposite shore was reached the rain had almost ceased. To the railway station another long walk confronted us. Scarcely had the long procession started, with the luggage-carrying squad hard at work (supplemented, it is good to report, by two or three trucks supplied by the authorities) when the rain began again and continued throughout the march to the station.

When we left Weihsien the management had provided for each a large lunch package supposed to contain enough food for the entire journey. But in view of the extended delays already experienced this food supply was exhausted. The management, recognizing this, provided quite an ample lunch, mostly bread with tea at the Nanking RR station.

Nanking

After we had eaten, and our luggage had been stacked up in a sizable hill on the floor of the large station, long ropes were produced and we and our luggage were cornered off to avoid our mingling with the public (in a restricted area). We were informed that we must wait for a time and soon the report became current that, between Nanking and

Shanghai there had been another break in the line, presumably caused by guerilla activity. Our group had settled down and many were indulging in naps when unexpectedly the order came for us to board the train headed for Shanghai. We gladly responded to this order, and not long after we were all aboard, the train started – the time perhaps about two o'clock Friday afternoon. The journey proceeded with occasional short waiting periods until late evening. We had passed the city of Ch'ang Chow when another long wait was experienced. Then the engine was coupled to the rear of our train, and we were taken back to Ch'ang Chow, where on a side track we spent most of what remained of the night. The night was hot and humid and there was little rest and comfort in the overcrowded 3rd class cars. We had all become aware that the delay was caused by another wreck on the road in the direction of Shanghai.

At early dawn we started again, and about the middle of the morning passed the place where the line had been broken. Slowly we proceeded over the repaired tracks, the machinery of the wrecking crew and many cars of the wrecked train being plainly visible at the sides of the track. These interruptions cause by guerrillas were an annoyance in our immediate experience, but reflection on the situation modified our attitude somewhat. It was to be assumed that the guerrillas were on the side of the legitimate Chinese government in Chung King and their activities in interfering with the line were not at all aimed at our train, but were calculated to have positive anti-Japanese nuisance value, and to supply us with something concrete to report about guerrilla warfare still carried on in the very region where the Japanese and the Nanking puppet government were the strongest.

Shanghai

From this point we proceeded to Shanghai without further serious interruption, arriving at the North Station about noon. On the station platform we were lined up in our classified platoons for another check-up roll-call, after which we were loaded into eight municipal busses engaged by the management to convey us to the campus of St. John's University, prepared for our brief sojourn. For reasons which we could not understand (but with a result very agreeable to us) we followed a round-about route through the heart of Shanghai's great business section and

then out westward several miles to the University site. There we were unloaded on the beautiful grassy lawn and much enjoyed a lunch prepared for us.

After lunch we were informed that our trunks and other heavy luggage, which had been shipped from Weihsien a week before we started, were awaiting us in the corridors and inner court of the larger dormitory building assigned to us for the night, and that an examination of this luggage would take place shortly. We were ordered each to identify and assemble his or her own trunks, etc. and to stand by at the behest of the examiners. This examination, like similar ones earlier, was a difficult ordeal. The examiners were partly from the Customs House and partly from the gendarmes' headquarters. The examination was very thorough and aroused our resentment somewhat because the categories of forbidden articles had not been announced to us and were different from those applicable to examinations met with earlier. The examiners' regular procedure was to unfold and shake out every garment or other fabric, open every box or other type of container, and drop everything in a miscellaneous pile at the side of the trunk concerned. A separate pile was made of all articles reckoned (often by arbitrary or ignorant decision) to be of the forbidden categories and these were dumped in large baskets or similar containers by the examiners and carried away. The owner was left to repack his much confused and mixed up effects as best he could.

As the examination was finished a hurried and somewhat incomplete assignment of dormitory rooms took place, and a simple supper – chiefly of bread and tea in the dining room, was announced. The dormitory lavatory, with a few shower halls, was available, but its use had to be divided between men and women of our large group, with resulting inconvenience to all.

The dormitory rooms were entirely unfurnished, except for folding canvas cots, with which most of them were provided. The group as a whole was much fatigued after more than three days of highly irregular and uncomfortable travel, but a night on canvas cots (although some had to sleep on the floor) brought a modicum of refreshment.

An early breakfast was announced for Sunday morning, to be followed immediately by another examination of hand luggage. When this was completed, another roll-call took

place, after which busses arrived and we were carried to the Customs House on the Shanghai Bund. There we passed the middle of the day and nearly all of the afternoon while the customs authorities examined our hand luggage once more. A launch waited at the customs house jetty and conveyed in installments the persons and luggage of those whose examinations were completed down the river to where the repatriation ocean liner was anchored.

While in the customs house and in the launch our vision toward the river channel was obstructed by large sheets of bunting, red and white – the colors of the N.Y.K. company which was operating our repatriation liner – and it soon became known that this was to prevent our viewing the Italian Liner Conte Verde, one of the ships which, under charter by the Japanese, had conveyed to Laurence Marques (sp?) a group of American repatriates in the summer of 1942. This liner within a day or so had been scuttled in the river by its own crew (when they heard of the anti-fascist revolt in Italy) in order that it might not fall into the hands of the Japanese. Members of our party, who managed to get a view between the sheets of screening reported that the Conte Verde was half overturned and resting on the bottom of the river not far from the Customs House.

The Teia Maru

Upon arrival at the wharf where the Teia Maru was berthed the appearance and name (in Japanese or Chinese characters) of the great liner attracted attention. The tonnage of the boat had been reported as about 17,000. Data secured later indicated a length over all of about 575 feet (nearly one-eighth of a mile) and a beam (width) of 80 feet. There were six deck levels, lettered (bottom to top) A-E, with the “boat deck” still higher. A report which had previously reached us was confirmed, viz., that the boat (originally named “Aramis”) was a liner of the well-known French shipping company Messageres Maritimes (MM), taken over by the Japanese in some Far Eastern port, presumably Saigon (French Indo-China). The name in characters  Chinese Ti Ya Wan; Japanese Te-ia-maru) which conveyed a very significant meaning. The first character means “ruler” or emperor or imperial. The second character is the first syllable in the Chinese (or Japanese) term for Asia and here signifies Asia. The third character is used by the Japanese for boat

or steamship. The significance of the name is in the first two characters and the translation may be taken as “ruling Asia” or “Imperial Asia,” or “Imperialized Asia.” All possible translations would convey the idea of dominating Asia, and this is of course clearly announced as the Japanese ambition. The frank acknowledgement of this policy in re-naming the French liner was what attracted attention.

After landing on the wharf from the launch each of us was enabled to assemble his luggage and, in a very systematic procedure, go aboard and find his place, cabin or bunk.

Accommodations for passengers varied from almost luxurious cabins for 1st class passengers on C and D decks, through 2nd and 3rd class cabins on C and B decks, down to what is usually known as “steerage” in A deck. In this lowest class, situated in dark and ill-ventilated spaces, each man’s bed consisted of a straw mattress, with a pillow, sheet and blanket on a narrow wooden bunk. These bunks were closely adjacent, side by side, and end to end, in large double-deck sections on wooden framework. There was no space for luggage, clothing and other articles, except on each man’s bed, an area approximately 2 ½ feet by 6 1//2 feet – that is, no space belonging to the individual. Luggage could be stacked in odd corners, or along the narrow corridors, or on the plank-covered hatch-ways leading to the holds below.

For purposes of accommodations assignment the whole passenger list was divided into categories – men and women, aged and young, adults and children, well and sick. In assignments, priority was given to the aged, to the sick, to women and to families with children. In this scheme Sheffield was assigned to a bunk in “steerage” down on A deck. Among his companions – all able-bodied men not beyond middle-age – were many men highly placed in normal situations because of their professions – head surgeons or physicians from the Peking Union Medical College, university professors, prominent business men, etc. Such uncomfortable accommodations for men of this type were surprising, but were accepted as inevitable under the circumstances. The Teia Maru, as a combined passenger and freight liner had regular accommodations (in the 1st, 2nd, 3rd classes) for about 700 or 800 passengers. To provide for 1,500 passengers, therefore, several hundred extra

bunks had to be added. (It was generally supposed that the Teia Maru had for some time been used by the Japanese as a transport and so all the extra bunks had already been added.)

Not only were the large numbers of extra places added down below, but on the upper decks all of the large public rooms, and much of the promenade deck space, had been fitted up with great sections of bunks of the same specifications as those down on A deck. For example, one large block of these beds on the promenade deck (E) accommodated 240 young and middle-aged women. In ship's parlance it came to be known as "the sardine box."

In the assignment of space I fared for better than my son, Sheffield, for my age evidently entitled me to a first class cabin. I received the choice both in a two-berth cabin near the center of the ship on C deck. For two passengers the cabin was luxurious, with a window (instead of a round port hole) beds with "Simmons" mattresses, wide and most comfortable, four commodious wardrobes, two with full length mirrors, and a good lavatory with a sitz bath. But two other men were assigned to the cabin, and they had to sleep on the floor on straw mattresses similar to those provided for wooden bunks. Even so the cabin was not badly crowded and very comfortable – especially for the two of us assigned to the berths.

The 1,500 passengers of course much over-crowded the dining rooms. Of these there were four, of different classes in ordinary conditions, ranging from the commodious 1st class dining room, with elegant appointments on B deck, seating about 220 persons, to the shabby place in a hatch on deck, which might be called 4th class. However the food served was essentially the same in all dining rooms, only the service and the surroundings varying. My assignment was to the 1st class, very near my cabin and Sheffield's to the 3rd class which was one deck higher than his bunk.

The diet was a constant topic of thought and discussion. In the 1st class dining room for example, breakfast consisted of a small portion of rice porridge, to which some liquid representing milk and some substance representing sugar had already been added. This was the same for the 30 days of the voyage. The porridge was followed by a plate of food varying much from day to day. Most commonly there was a small portion of scrambled eggs

and part of a boiled potato. Fish or boiled eggs offered occasional variety. On the side plate was a small cutting from a French type loaf of bread, and a rather liberal portion of butter, or a good substitute. A half-cup of coffee or more frequently coffee-substitute, to which a little sweetening and milk substitute had already been added, completed the breakfast. Lunch usually offered a small plate of soup, a plate of small portions of meat and vegetables, and a little dessert, most frequently a gelatin preparation. Bread and butter portions were the same as breakfast, and a drink something like tea was served similarly to the coffee at breakfast. Dinner usually consisted of four courses: a plate of meat and vegetables, then a plate of curry and rice (as invariable as the rice porridge at breakfast), a small dessert (gelatin or a piece of cake), fresh fruit (apple, pear, orange, or pomelo of decidedly secondary quality), and half a cup of the same drink provided for breakfast. On the whole the variety and quality of the foods were fairly satisfactory, but the strict rationing of quantity was surprising and unsatisfactory. A request for a second small piece of bread was met with prompt refusal. The uniform daily ration served as indicated was probably about the average amount required by all passengers, men, women, and children. The result was that all of the men, and many of the women with more robust appetites, left the table hungry three times a day.

The description above applies primarily to the 1st class dining room. The pattern of service was quite different in the other dining rooms, and the diet differed in some important details. The statement about quantity would be true of all. With respect to this quantitative restriction we found ourselves alternating between two attitudes. When we reflected upon the restricted diet of our several months of camp life, and found no means of regaining the lost weight on ship-board, we were inclined to be resentful. But when we remembered the serious food shortage throughout the countries of Eastern Asia, becoming so critical in the parts of China we knew best, and known to be perhaps more serious in Japan herself, we could hardly logically support a claim to more adequate diet. But there were evidences of mis-management, which aroused in us justifiable criticism. On account of the lack of suitable storage space in the hold of the ship large quantities of potatoes, onions, and other vegetables in boxes, bags, or baskets were piled up on the open decks.

Very considerable quantities of these were allowed to spoil and were thrown overboard as the ship neared the end of the voyage. To note the small potato portions on our dinner plates, and to observe several tons of potatoes rotted and cast into the sea did not enhance our opinions of alleged Japanese efficiency. Before leaving the topic of dining room arrangements it may be added that in order to accommodate the large number of passengers there were three sittings at each meal in all the dining rooms, and the time allotted to each setting was only 45 minutes. This always created an atmosphere of haste in the dining process.

Hong Kong

It is now time to resume our more chronological narrative. We sailed from Shanghai in the early morning of September 20th. Two or three days of sailing down the China coast, in weather which was warm but quite calm, brought us to the port of Hong Kong – or rather, near the port for we did not see Hong Kong (except parts of it from a distance) but anchored at a place called Stanley Bay. There did not seem to be much activity at the wharf, which was distant from our anchorage perhaps half a mile. After remaining at anchor 24 hours or more a small contingent of repatriates from Hong Kong, with their baggage, were placed on board and later we sailed for the Philippines.

From Hong Kong there was also an unexpected accession to our passenger list in the form of a group of Philippines, men, women and children, who were being transported from Hong Kong to their homeland. We were not informed as to the reason for this, but the presence of the group, with many children and lively young people, added something to our entertainment.

San Fernando

From Hong Kong another short sailing of two or three days brought us to San Fernando, the port in the Philippines more than 100 miles north of Manila. There we spent Sunday, September 26. Our stay there seemed very leisurely and for a day or so after anchoring nothing important seemed to happen, except that we were taking on fresh water and some cargo or supplies, notably a considerable amount of sugar – perhaps 50 tons or more. The Sunday there was the first after our day of sailing. Besides Catholic and Anglican service the Protestants (or

Free Church Christians) held their service in the evening in the 1st class dining room, which could seat 200 or more people. Dr. Axling of Tokyo (a frequent correspondent of the Christian Century) was the preacher. The day was the hottest of the whole Teia Maru voyage and the excellent fresh air and fan ventilation system of the French liner was put to a hard test.

Religious Activities

Considering further the various religious activities on board the Teia Maru, the regular daily observance of mass by the Catholics was notable. Among the large contingent of missionaries of all communions on board the proportion of Catholics was not large, although of nuns (sisters) there were not a few. But there seemed to be a number of different societies or congregations of the Catholics represented by the priests on board, and early morning mass was celebrated in a number of places simultaneously. On the crowded ship there was only one lobby which seemed to lend itself conveniently to the observance of mass, and there a group of 50 or more could assemble. But in at least three other places, not far from my cabin, mass was celebrated daily by priests with varying patterns of ceremonial rules. In broadened corners of the corridors, where perhaps luggage was piled up, a small cross could be placed on the luggage converted into a table, or could be suspended from the wall. Other equipment or pre-requisites were frequently brought forward and put in place by the "sisters" or by faithful lay assistants. The officiating priest usually went through the ceremony in silence, or only in whispered tones, for often one could see his lips move, but could hear no sound. At each such ceremony a few priests and nuns with perhaps a few laymen, were usually in attendance reverently standing or kneeling, following the ceremony through from the open books in their heads. As it was the early morning hour there was much going of the passengers to and from the lavatories, in to the dining rooms, passing in and out among the kneeling worshippers in the corridors, but no one seemed to be concerned at the disturbance.

The Episcopalian and Free Church Christians on board also held morning prayers, Bible classes or other religious services daily, attended by groups small or large according to interest and space available. On Sundays a Sunday school was organized for the younger people.

Toward the end of our stay at San Fernando, and after the disembarkation of our Philippine passengers from Hong Kong, the contingent of repatriates from the Philippines came on board. It was a group of about 130 which had traveled by train nearly 200 miles from the city of Manila. Among these repatriated we welcomed three members of our own North China mission: Mr. Earle Ballou of Peking, for many years an efficient secretary of Mission and Council; with Miss Alice Huggins and Dr. Hugh Robinson, both from Tungchou. These three had left Peking in November, 1941, but were caught and interned by the Japanese in the Philippines in December after the out-break of the war. Among these repatriates from Manila was also Mr. John Hayes, Presbyterian Mission, Peking, who had been in the Philippines in charge of the branch of the Peking Union Language School (“College of Chinese Studies”) which had been transplanted four years earlier.

Saigon

Resuming again our chronological narrative, we sailed from San Fernando for the port of Saigon in French Indo-China, another voyage of two or three days. The city is situated on one of the large outlet channels of the Mekong River, some thirty miles up-river from the mouth. After stopping at the river mouth to take on a pilot, the Teia Maru proceeded up the river to an anchorage about 8 miles below the city of Saigon – only the taller buildings of which could be seen from our decks. There we remained for more than two days, taking on board another small group of repatriates, mostly missionaries from the interior. We also took on board a considerable cargo of food stuff – rice, meat, vegetables, and fruit. Of such products Indo-China was a good source, we were told.

When we sailed, the trip down the river at the sunset hour afforded many beautiful scenes. Going around the bends of the crooked channel gave us ever-varying views of the closely wooded banks, as well as of the cloud colors of the horizon alone. The wooded banks may well be described as jungle. The land was a level alluvial plain, much of which was under water at high tide, and as our boat came near the shore at some points we could see the tidal waters flowing in or out among the low-growing and apparently ever-green trees. These trees must have been of a species which flourished with the roots in soil saturated or

submerged with water. Most of the trees were of a low bush-like pattern, and very few appeared more than 20 or 30 feet high. Such trees, crowded closely together as one looked off for miles in all directions, gave the impression of a rich, unlimited jungle.

Singapore

On reaching the open sea we resumed our voyage in a south-westerly direction and by the following Sunday (October 3) were anchored off the port of Singapore – renamed by the Japanese after they had captured it, Shonan (or Syonan). Our anchorage was at a point some distance from the city, which in the day-time we could not see and at night could hardly locate, among the widely scattered lights along the shore. At this port also we remained for some time in a leisurely fashion, taking on food and fresh water and a little cargo. While here we were treated on two successive evenings to a “movie” show, the screen being located at one end of the “cage” which enclosed the recreation space on the Boat Deck. Those viewing the pictures had to sit or recline on the deck floor, or stand around the perimeter by the life-boats. The picture exhibited the first evening (following a few “news” pictures showing events and conditions in Japan) was a highly colored and highly dramatic production from Hollywood. But the sound part of the apparatus could not be properly adjusted on the open deck (near the engine exhaust and other sources of noise) and because the conversation could not be understood it was impossible to follow or understand the plot. In spite of this the efforts by the Japanese authorities to provide Americanized entertainment for us was appreciated as a friendly gesture, for we had expected to see a picture involving Japanese propaganda. This followed on the second evening however, when the first film shown was intended to illustrate the steps toward construction and prosperity furthered by the Japanese in the “co-prosperity sphere” of Eastern Asia. The pictures were not very convincing however, as we noted that many of the photographs might have been taken in Osaka or other industrial centers in Japan. The second film shown that evening was a pictured account of the Malay campaign, which resulted in the capture of Singapore. The first part of the film was not very interesting, for the camera men, working in great difficulties, had tried to photograph too many night scenes, or jungle scenes, which were not clear. The second part of the film we did not

see, as a shower came out and put an end to all activities on the open deck. The projector apparatus was retained on board and later as we neared the port at Goa other pictures (of Japanese life) were shown. The Sunday spirit in the Singapore harbor witnessed many services of Christian worship, similar to those held on the preceding Sunday.

When we sailed from Singapore we took a southeasterly direction, rather than the northwesterly direction to be expected. The reason for this was that the route laid out for us led south around the large island of Sumatra – before proceeding northwest to India. We were not definitely informed as to the reason for this round-about way, but the common supposition was that it was for the purpose of avoiding a mined area in the sea west of Singapore. While at Singapore and while rounding the island of Sumatra we were in tropical regions and crossed the equator twice. We expected much heat and discomfort, but experienced continual cool weather, much to our surprise, and this continued all the way to Goa.

This was the largest inter-port segment of our journey and lasted for ten days. The weather continued cool, with many days of clouded skies and occasional showers of rain. A strong and continuous western breeze roughened the ocean to the discomfort of some, but helped to prevent the expected heat.

Goa

After a steady uninterrupted voyage we reached Mormagao, the port of Goa, toward noon Friday, October 17th, on scheduled time.

The scenery as we approached the port of Mormagao, (often called Goa) was very beautiful, especially to eyes which for 10 days had looked only across ocean waves. As we anchored to take on the pilot, a green hilly head-land a mile away seemed protruded toward us. As we went forward we turned and approached this headland from the north side, passing a long stone-ribbed breakwater as we entered the harbor. As we approached the wharf the long ridge or plateau of headland looked greener and more beautiful, covered with trees and crowned by an old, dark gray stone fort, decidedly medieval in appearance. (The small area of Goa was conquered by the Portuguese about 1510, and has been held continuously ever since.) Situated on the ridge

some distance from the fort was a small Catholic church. The elevation of the ridge or hill from sea-level appeared to be 300 feet or more. The foreshore, between the wharf and the foot of the hill was a strip of perfectly level land, perhaps an eighth of a mile in width, bounded at the water's edge by a wharf nearly three-quarters of a mile in length,

As our great liner was slowly pushed and pulled to her birth alongside the wharf the most conspicuous sight in the foreground was a series of sixteen tall steel cranes for handling cargo. Great hawsers and wire cables tied us firmly to the wharf, the gang-plank was lowered, and placed under guard of Portuguese, under whose government we now found ourselves. For a time only officials – Portuguese, Japanese, or American (the latter from the American Consulate at Bombay) – were allowed to use the gang plank. Shore leave for the rest of us came later.

Very soon after the Teia Maru was tied to the wharf two or three of the giant cranes were put to work unloading our heavy luggage from the ship's hold. It was interesting to see these great machines at work. Electrically operated, they could move under their own power along the broad track (made with double railway rails) which paralleled the edge of the wharf, and to which track they could be clamped to ensure a stationary position while in operation. The base of each crane was a steel frame structure about 35 feet high. Upon this, the movable part of the crane, was based and could rotate through the entire 360 degrees of a circle. Above this second rotating base was the long movable arm, the top of which, when in a vertical position was about 75 feet from the ground. This arm could be raised or lowered in a vertical plane, about 60 degrees or more. Over a large pulley at the top of the arm ran the long steel cable with a heavy iron hook at the end. From the top of the arm to the bottom of the ship's holds was a distance of probably 120 feet. The load capacity was marked as three tons. For the crane to bring up from the ships hold 15 or 20 large trunks at one time, in a great rope net, seemed an easy matter. All three motions of the crane were affected by electricity. The operations were very noiseless. The engineer operating each crane was evidently an Indian, as were all the common workmen along the wharf.

When our trunks were lowered to the ground by the great cranes and released from the rope nets they were picked up

by the Indian porters and carried to a large warehouse. The porters carried burdens on top of their heads, not on their backs as Chinese porters would do. We had known that the Indians, like many other races, carry burdens on their heads, but we were surprised that a burden such as a heavy trunk (say 150 pounds or more) could be thus carried. Only the very largest or longest trunks were placed on the heads of two porters, and these had to be chosen as of the same height. Two or four men would seize a trunk at the corners, lift it high in the air and place it squarely on the porter's head, who would walk off with it without apparent difficulty. Some of the porters had pads bound upon their heads, but many of them did not.

The purpose of the prompt removal of our heavy luggage to the shore was to provide opportunity for each passenger to open his trunks and repack if necessary. And for nearly all it was necessary, for while most of the voyage was to be through tropical regions or in the summer time in the Southern Hemisphere, it was known that in the North Atlantic we would approach New York at the approach of winter. Accordingly, heavy coats and warm clothing must be made available. The unloading of heavy luggage and its conveyance to the warehouse, went forward rapidly (probably about 4,000 pieces had to be handled) and in the warehouse it was stacked in alphabetical order. Beginning Sunday morning we, the Teia Maru passengers, were divided alphabetically into groups, and to each group was assigned an hour when its members could go to the warehouse on shore for the repacking of luggage. The group that included the "G"s was assigned to the evening hour 8:00 - 9:00. (The fore-shore and the warehouse, as well as the ship, were all brilliantly lighted, so that all kinds of activities could proceed at night as well as in the daytime). In getting down the gang plank we were delayed for 3/4 of an hour, for lack of good management at this point resulted in a serious congestion – hundreds of people wishing to come on board, besides the hundreds who were entitled to go ashore. But the time for repacking was extended accordingly, so the delay was not serious. Sheffield and I found our six pieces among the "G"s without much difficulty. We took out overcoats and other warmer clothing and packed away mosquito nets and other articles supposedly not required for the remainder of the journey.

The Teia Maru arrived on Friday, as already stated. From that time onward the question in everyone's mind was,

“When will the Gripsholm arrive?” Shore leave had been granted Saturday, the area limited by a few Portuguese guards stationed here and there, who politely turned us back if we wandered too far. The whole fore-shore was occupied by an intricate network of railway tracks and switches, upon which several hundred small (12 ½ ton) freight cars were moved back and forth as required, either by the switch engines or by the Indian porters. The whole area presented a busy scene while our ships were in port for the exchange. Ordinarily there was not much business evidently, for many of the rails were rusty and the whole area was overgrown with grass. This grass, although taller than that in a good lawn, was not of a weedy nature. It felt good to the soles of our feet, which had been treading only the corridors and decks of a ship for several weeks. We were allowed by the guards to explore as far as the foot of the hill where it was of interest to observe the semitropical vegetation. (Latitude of Goa, about 15 degrees North) At the foot of the hill there was a picturesque old hotel with unique and interesting architectural features.

I was ashore exploring this area when the Gripsholm came into the harbor. She had been sighted in the distance some time before, while I was still on the boat. She was now within the break water and approaching the wharf, sooner than I expected. With much interest I watched the neat little harbor boats convey the looped ends of great hawsers (3 or 4 inches in diameter) from the Gripsholm to the wharf and hook them over the low posts. Then, partly by the use of capstans winding up these hawsers, and partly with the aid of large tug boats pushing against the side of the ship with their padded noses, the great liner was brought into place by the wharf and firmly tied.

While this process was going on the 1,500 Japanese passengers on the Gripsholm were crowding the decks gazing at the Teia Maru, and at the activities on the shore. Suddenly a Japanese flag was unfolded from a high bridge on the Teia, which excited a roar of hearty cheers from the Japanese.

The two great liners at the same wharf with only a short space from the bow of the Teia to the stern of the Gripsholm presented a remarkable scene, and they could easily be compared. In length, (__?__ feet), breadth (70-80 feet), height (each had five or six decks, besides the

boat deck) and in tonnage (17,000 or 18,000 tons) the two were very similar. The Teia was painted with battle grey, and marked on each side by seven great white crosses of white paint on the grey background. One of them, illuminated at night, was composed of a design of electric light bulbs. At the stern, high up on deck, was another of these large white crosses of electric lights.

On the other hand the Gripsholm was painted white. But in enormous black letters on her sides were the Swedish equivalent of the words “Gripsholm” “Swedish,” “Diplomatic [mission].” The Swedish national colors, blue and gold, were also painted prominently on the sides, and also on the horizontal decks, as we found out later, alongside of the name in black letters. These last were so placed as to be surely seen and recognized by aviators who might fly overhead. Teia had corresponding stigmata on her decks for the same purpose.

The special interest which the two liners with their accompanying exchange activities brought to the port was evidently appreciated by many residents of the colony. A passenger train with full coaches could be seen once or twice a day coming in to a terminal station behind the warehouses, and soon hundreds of people were to be seen deploying around the periphery of our grounds or gathering on the terraces of the hotel, which overlooked the harbor scenes. It was evidently the duty of the guards to keep these spectators outside of our bounds, as we were to be kept within.

At one end of the hotel was a rather curious structure which the guard allowed us at times to visit. While on the Teia Maru a few days earlier we listened one evening to a lecture by a Jesuit priest on the Catholic pioneer missionary Frances Xavier, a Portuguese who had made Goa his Far Eastern headquarters, and had founded missions in several countries of the Orient, including Japan – events of the early 16th century. Xavier, who died on an island not far from Canton, after repeated failures to enter China, by his own request, had his remains taken back to Goa, where even to the present time they are kept in a memorial chapel, and have become a great center of pilgrimages. This memorial chapel, we were told, was located at “Old Goa,” about five miles inland from the harbor. Over the broad arched stone doorway of the structure by the hotel I have mentioned was a full life-

sized statue of Xavier, in his official church robes – for his position was that of Papal Nuncio. Within the doorway, in a small chamber in the thick stone structure, was a smaller image of the canonized Xavier, in the form, so it was stated, of his carefully preserved remains at the present time. These scenes and associations had a special interest to us after we had listened to the lecture. We may add that our Catholic fellow-passengers tried to arrange for a group pilgrimage inland to the chapel at Old Goa. But the requirements of the exchange schedule prevented it.

The Japanese passengers on the Gripsholm did not receive shore leave on the day of their arrival. But the following day, Sunday as I recall, several groups, apparently under escort, were allowed on shore. Groups of children, with mature persons in charge, were to be seen walking about for exercise and enjoying the larger freedom.

On Monday, we of the Teia Maru were informed that the exchange would take place Tuesday morning. During Monday we all proceeded to the American office on the wharf, according to an orderly plan, signed promissory notes for payment to Uncle Sam in due course of the cost of passage ($325) and received our tickets with berth and dining room assignments. Subsequently, we were ordered to place the larger pieces of hand luggage – all except overnight requirements or what we could carry easily ourselves – on a certain deck at certain specified hours Monday evening. Carrying out the order that evening created a scene of unprecedented activity. Probably upward of 3,000 suitcases and other pieces of luggage, from every deck and department, had to be carried through the narrow corridors to the place specified. Then followed a period of work by one of the giant cranes, aided on ship-board by a selected group of our own able-bodied men, and on land by a group of Indian porters, who conveyed the luggage to a similar crane, operating to place the luggage on the Gripsholm.

While this process was going on a similar process, operating step by step, was bringing the hand luggage of the Japanese from the Gripsholm and placing it on the Teia Maru. On both boats this hand luggage was temporarily stacked up on convenient decks to await distribution later. On the Teia Maru that last night all passengers were excluded from the promenade deck for that was used as the place for the Japanese hand luggage. The next morning we

observed it there, piled up almost to the ceiling, and very good looking luggage it was, too, most of it new and up-to-date from some of America's best factories. It made a better showing than our own, for many of us had been away from America for years, and much of our luggage showed long years of usage.

The actual exchange of passengers, which took place Tuesday morning (October 19, exactly one month after we boarded the Teia Maru), was very systematically organized. We arose early, the first sitting for breakfast being scheduled at 6:00 o'clock. At 7:50 every passenger was to be in his cabin or standing by his bunk to await orders. A selected number of guides were distributed over the ship and they summoned and guided the passengers from different areas according to a fixed plan. The line of march (all carrying their own light luggage) was down the broad stairway to the 1st class dining room, through that room and through corridors by the kitchen to a newly opened door and a newly placed gang-plank near the front of the boat. From the foot of the gang-plank a short walk of perhaps 100 yards brought us to a similar door and gang-plank near the stern of the Gripsholm. At the same time the Japanese passengers were proceeding from a doorway near the front of the Gripsholm, over a wider circuit in the wharf, to a door at the rear of the Teia Maru. Ours was the inside track and theirs the outside track, so to speak. The complete exchange of passengers was completed by about 10:00 o'clock.

This transfer of boats had for us – and doubtless for the Japanese also – a profound and soul-stirring significance. Once more we breathed the air of liberty after nearly two years of semi-imprisonment or complete or partial internment under the Japanese military. We were again free American citizens on an American controlled liner. To be sure, there were war conditions and we were more strictly regimented than in an ordinary trans-oceanic voyage, but that was easily understood and did not seriously impair our sense of freedom.

But there were other reasons why we were made happy by the transfer. As each one hunted his own cabin and berth (carefully specified on the ticket placed in his hand the day before) we were all impressed by the immensely more comfortable accommodations and appointments of the Gripsholm. Although only a little larger that the Teia

Maru, she was primarily a trans-Atlantic passenger liner with cabin accommodations (in the three classes) for all our 1,500 passengers. No extra equipment for passengers encroached on the wide decks and public rooms – the latter (with the open promenade spaces) occupying all of the promenade deck and also much of "A" deck next below. Striking evidence of the better food and more liberal treatment – a much appreciated American welcome back to repatriating Americans – was a most delicious luncheon served on deck as soon as we all came on board. First we were served drinks of ice water – the first we had had for many months. Next each one was presented with a one-pound bar of sweetened chocolate. Then we were ushered to the lunch tables, loaded with every conceivable variety of good things, served on paper plates and in cafeteria style, but with not even cafeteria restrictions. Each one could help himself freely to everything which he could pile upon his plate. Besides all this munificence we were impressed with the immaculate cleanliness and order on the Gripsholm, over against the neglect and disorder which characterized the Teia Maru.

Let me digress for a moment to comment on this condition on the Teia Maru. Those of us who have traveled on Japanese ships have usually been impressed with the cleanliness and orderliness with which they have been operated. Accordingly we were surprised to find opposite conditions on the Teia Maru. As we reflected on the situation two explanations came to mind: perhaps the labor shortage and national exhaustion of Japan after many years of war, coupled with the gradually growing consciousness of the intelligentsia that the total national effort might still end in failure and futility, had resulted in an inadequate crew (we had observed that many of the sailors onboard seemed to be boys in their early teens) and on a lack of morale both in administration and service. Or, perhaps the general attitude was that the American passengers were but a lot of "enemy aliens" and did not deserve any better treatment. My own conclusion was that both of these explanations were true in part.

When we came on board the Gripsholm we were told that the cabins, vacated only that morning, were in process of being cleaned, and that we could not occupy them until 5:00 o'clock that evening. Accordingly, until that hour we were herded on deck – no great hardship in view of the spacious decks and abundance of comfortable chairs. When we were

released to proceed to our cabins at 5:00 there was a situation somewhat annoying at the time, but quite humorous as I look back upon it now. Imagine five capacious decks on which were located 400 or 500 separate little rooms (cabins) connected by a vast number of corridors, passage-ways and stairways, the whole thing resembling a maze in three-dimensional space; and fifteen hundred people, each carrying one or more pieces of luggage, all endeavoring to find and occupy their cabins at the same time. Confusion was unavoidable. I was reminded of an ant hill, stirred up with a stick, when myriads of ants go scurrying in all directions, each carrying a burden of larvae. Passengers who lacked a sense of direction were especially confused. The members of the crew, stationed here and there to assist, were asked so many questions by so many people simultaneously that they could not keep up with the answers, or that listeners put questions and answers together in the wrong way. The state of mind of some passengers seemed to be that they could not distinguish right and left, north and south, port or star-board, fore or aft, and when confronted by a flight of stairs could not be sure whether it led up or down! But good nature was not seriously strained and the confused situation gradually cleared. That there was cabin space for all, and that as a whole the cabins and their equipment and accommodations were decidedly superior to those on the Teia Maru, did much to ameliorate ruffled feelings.

Sheffield's assignment was to #605, on "E" deck, the lowest (the lettering of the decks in alphabetical order was the reverse of that on the Teia Maru). The cabin, 3rd class, was small without much wardrobe space, but the bunks, four in number, were clean and comfortable, and the furnishings adequate – far superior to his steerage quarters on the Teia Maru. His three cabin-mates proved to be interesting and congenial men whom he had partially known before – one of them a Catholic "Father" and another a well-known missionary, linguist and explorer from the borders of Tibet. My own assignment was to a lower berth in cabin #121 on B deck (1st class). The room was about 10 x 12 feet in size with four bunks, two large wardrobes, and two wash-basin cabinets. It was an "outside" cabin, and had one large round port-hole. Besides an electric fan there were three ceiling openings, pouring out currents of fresh air from the ship's recirculating system – similar to the arrangement in my cabin on the Teia Maru. My cabin-mates proved to be three grey-haired missionaries, only

slightly my juniors – one from Shanghai, one from Soochow and one from the island of Hainan. Sheffield and I are assigned to different dining-rooms, although the diet is the same. At my dining-room table there are but four places, two of them occupied by two of my cabin-mates, and the third place by the wife of one of them.

The food is excellent in quality and variety and ample in quantity. The service is simpler than on most trans-ocean liners and there are only a few options on the menu. But each meal presents three or four courses, the cooking is excellent and there are no restrictions on quantity. Breakfast begins with grapefruit, orange juice or tomato juice. Apples and oranges are a frequent dessert. The waiters, as well as all stewards, stewardesses and most of the crew, are Swedes – countries well-trained and efficient. In some dining-rooms there are two sittings, in some only one.

After we had found our cabins on Tuesday evening we settled down to a more routine existence, and began to wonder when the boat would sail. Ever since we had arrived in port the big cranes had been handling cargo, as well as our heavy and light luggage. The cargo – practically all of it consignment by the International Red Cross – was also in process of exchange. Unloaded from the Teia and loaded into the Gripsholm were innumerable casks, bearing clearly printed Red Cross labels, and said to contain a kind of food mixture comprised of fish and soy beans to be distributed to Japanese in the United States. Unloaded from the Gripsholm, and loaded onto the Teia were boxes and packages, also innumerable to us observers, of Red Cross supplies for American prisoners and internees under Japanese control in the East Asia centers. Some of the boxes, as indicated by the labels, contained medical supplies. I examined the label of one of these carefully. It was marked “medical supplies for one hundred adults for one month. Details below.” Then followed three columns of closely printed lists of supplies with names and quantities clearly indicated. The wooden container was a box about double the size of an ordinary suitcase. Most numerous in the cargo were packages in the form of large paper cartons holding about as much in each as a small suitcase. These were said to contain “comfort packages” for American prisoners.

From Tuesday on until Thursday the giant cranes and the Indian porters worked continuously at the cargo transfer. Railway cars, most of them small enough to be pushed along the tracks by men, were used to convey the cargo from ship to ship – a distance on the average of 200 or 300 yards.

During these days of waiting, shore-leave was quite liberally granted to the passengers of both ships, and there were few or no restrictions on the inter-mingling of the two groups. This gave opportunities for some very interesting conversations and acquaintance. Japanese passengers appeared among groups of Americans more frequently than vice versa. An obvious reason for this was that the American (English) speaking Japanese knew that a common language would enable them to converse with Americans, whereas if we went among the Japanese (members of the crew often mixed with them) we could not be sure of a common language. The younger Japanese of the student class seemed most ready those few days, to associate with Americans – many of the latter, especially the missionaries, being very friendly and approachable. A few of my own experiences will indicate something of the attitudes in this inter-national inter-mingling of groups known officially on both sides as “enemy aliens.”

On the evening of October 19 I conversed for a time with a Japanese high school girl from Los Angeles, about 18 years of age, born in America. She knew neither written nor spoken Japanese. Her parents were not with her and she was going to Tokyo to live with her grandmother. Her every attitude and manner were American and she was modishly gowned according to Western standards. The difficulties of adjustment between her and her grandmother after she arrives in Tokyo can easily be imagined. On the same evening I joined a small group of Americans conversing with two other similar Japanese girls – very personable young ladies. They were answering questions and conversing readily, apparently not unconscious of their own charm, and enjoying the momentary popularity in the midst of Americans.

In the afternoon of October 20 another Yenching professor and I accosted a substantial looking Japanese man and had a long conversation with him. He also was from Los Angeles, where he had lived for 37 years, and had been in business (importing and wholesale) for 31 years. He had been a member of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and

president of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce, and had been interested in promoting many cultural activities. On December 7, 1941 he was suddenly arrested and held for some days, first in the city jail and later in the county jail, where he subsisted on prison food. After a close inquisition into his affairs he was interned in Montana, under civilian control. Here the management was liberal and the treatment not bad. Later he was transferred to Arkansas and interned under military control, with more strict treatment. Still later he was returned to Montana. He had been summoned back to Japan – by whom, he didn't mention. He regretted the destruction of his business, but said he understood the reasons for American activities and did not harbor resentment in his heart. Upon parting there was cordial hand shaking and the mutual expressions of good wishes.

That same evening I talked for a few minutes with six Japanese girls, perhaps 10-13 years old, who had come over near the Gripsholm to say goodbye to their favorite Swedish dining room steward. While they were waiting for his appearance I had an opportunity to talk with them. They were of a typical American school-girl type – talkative and somewhat frivolous, but answered questions intelligently. Most of them knew little or no Japanese, were going to homes in or near Tokyo, were critical of the inferior accommodations they found on the Teia, and hoped strongly to get back to America sometime.

A Japanese young man student with whom I talked had been in California four years hoping to undertake a university course but was prevented from doing so. He was a student of Keio University in Japan. Had spent a few weeks in Peking in 1939 and remembered driving past the Yenching University gate. He hoped to enter the Imperial University in Tokyo, but was dubious, fearing military service.

I had another interview with two high school girls, one from San Francisco and one from Los Angeles. One had been "relocated" in Arizona and one in Ou_?_ns Valley (California?). They knew very little Japanese, but one of them could understand my recital of the address where we lived in Kobe over forty years ago. I gave then some account of the closing of Yenching University December 8, 1941, in which they showed much interest. They hoped to

get back to the United States, considered the food on the Teia Maru “not too bad.”

There were many other interviews and conversations of this type between sympathetic Americans and the more or less Americanized Japanese. Further evidence that this intercourse was beginning to lay the foundations of goodwill was seen at the time the Teia Maru sailed.

Her sailing date was fixed for Thursday morning October 21st. The Teia was the first to leave as well as the first to arrive. Standing on the deck of the Gripsholm it was interesting to observe the steps necessary to get the great liner started and going under her own power. First the loosening of cables and hawsers; then the work of tugs in pulling the boat away from the wharf, with occasional cooperation by the Teia’s own propeller; then the slow task of pulling up her great anchor – so placed that the pull on the anchor chair helped draw the boat away from the wharf; finally the full action of her own rudder and propeller as she swung round clear from the wharf and clear from the lines which held the Gripsholm. This brought the liner broadside toward us and the decks were crowded with the Japanese passengers. Someone on our boat started a farewell Christian hymn, to which there was some response from the Teia. But most spontaneous were the gestures of farewell, and the waving of scores of handkerchiefs from the decks of both boats. The Teia, a little further out, almost stalled in shallow water. The ever-attentive tugs accompanying her came to her assistance. As one pushed at one side and another pulled on the other side she was turned toward the open sea, and was able to proceed on her way. A little later she stopped to drop the pilot, and then was soon lost to view over the sea toward the western horizon.

Our own delay was extended only 24 hours longer and we sailed about mid-forenoon on Friday. We had been in port exactly one week.

The voyage from Goa to Port Elizabeth, lasting about 12 days, was pleasant and continuous, over calm seas – except for a little roughness due to wide swells as we approached South Africa, and with moderate weather. We crossed the equator for the third time, but the weather was not hot. However summer clothes were worn during the whole voyage.

As soon as the boat sailed, the distribution of mail matter took place. A large packet of letters for the Galts was received and eagerly read and re-read. From Louise I received six letters, five written during July and August, and one written in October, 1942. Sheffield received four letters from his mother. There were also letters from our two daughters, from my sister and two brothers, and from many friends. Also letters and reports from our Yenching colleagues in West China, telling of plans and conditions affecting the establishment of West China "Yenching" at Chung Tu. There was also placed in my hands (because I am still thought of as "acting President" of Yenching) a packet of letters for President Stewart. His name was on the repatriatration list first published. Later, at the protest of local military authorities in Peking, his name was cancelled. But this came so late that many of his friends in America had already posted their letters to him. As I looked over these letters it was pathetic to think of all the disappointments involved. (President Stewart, with Dr. Houghton and Mr. Bowen, Director and Controller respectfully of the Peking Union Medical College, are still under detention by the Japanese military in Peking.)

Shortly after the distribution of mail matter on the Gripsholm, there was put into effort by Red Cross representatives a system of magazine distribution. This was most welcome for we had been starved for two years of American happenings, and on the Teia Maru the only reading matter available was Japanese propaganda freely distributed in the form of 7 or 8 pamphlets (in English). This magazine distribution was managed through a daily exchange from 10 to 11 a.m. – much like a library borrowing system – one magazine to each person, with a time limit of two days. The more important magazines were Life, Time, Saturday Evening Post, Woman's Home Companion, New York Times Weekly Magazines, etc. There is a small ship's library also, from which books may be borrowed daily.

Port Elizabeth

We anchored outside the harbor of Port Elizabeth about 8:30 in the evening of Tuesday, November 2. Early the next morning we went inside the break-water and tied up to the jetty. As was to be expected, Port Elizabeth (4th port in volume of business in South Africa) was a much more important port than Goa. The total wharf space was much

more extensive, and some 40 or more big cranes could be counted.

As soon as breakfast was over we “queued up” to receive, each one of us, a sum (previously applied for) of South Africa currency (same system as British Sterling) for use in shopping when we were onshore. (This, together with a sum of American currency to use on the boat, and the cost of tickets for the Goa - New York voyage, were all covered by promissory notes, which we signed in triplicate). We also had to stand in queue for the reception of mail matter (the only letter was one by airmail from brother Henry – very surprising and very welcome). Then we stood in queues a third time to receive “landing permits.” It was about 9:30 when we walked down the gang-plank and out upon the broad, clean, paved jetty to the edge of the city. Just at the point of leaving the jetty we were met by guards, who inspected our “permits” and asked us for any letters we were expecting to post. We had prepared two for America and two for West China. We were advised to leave these with the guard (presumably for censoring), to purchase the necessary stamps at the post office on shore, and upon our return, affix these to the letters, after which they would be posted for us. We followed these instructions and completed the steps at the time of our return.

We soon found the post office and then, nearby, came upon a Publicity and Information office. Here we found a reading room, interesting publicity pamphlets on the city of Port Elizabeth, and a man who courteously gave directions about the city. We also devoured hungrily the principal news in the morning paper – having been informed that we could not buy a copy because the edition printed was so limited.

We then took our way to ”Feather Market Hall” where – so a notice on board ship had informed us – a hospitality committee of the city had arranged a center for our convenience. The hall, a large one and something of a municipal center, presented a busy appearance, with several committee-men’s desks, and, standing round about in small conversational groups, there seemed to be one half of the Gripsholm passengers. Many citizens wished to entertain passengers in their homes, and Sheffield and I were introduced to a gentleman and his daughter who invited us and escorted us to their home. They took us in a street car up a steep hill a short distance to a residential

section where mutual introductions were completed. The man was Major Slator, a retired English army officer, now recalled into service. With him were his wife and a married daughter, Mrs. Roundtree, who had a 3-month old daughter. Although it was mid-forenoon we were served tea. City time being one hour faster than ship's time, the lunch hour was approaching and we were persuaded to remain. Members of the Slater family proved to be very intelligent people, very interesting and very interested. Many questions were asked concerning China and the Orient, and we questioned them about their family interests and about the city of Port Elizabeth. We were urged to spend the night with these friends, but when we thought this was not best, they extracted a promise from us to return for lunch the following day. For a special reason we were the more ready to do this. Mrs. Slater knew of a man with two sons at Hong Kong from whom the wife and mother – now in New Zealand – had received no news since the outbreak of war, December 1941. We promised to inquire from Hong Kong passengers and report the next day – a promise we were fortunately able to fulfill, with good news to report.

Shortly after lunch Major Slater, walking to his own office, guided us to the shopping center. We spent most of the afternoon looking around, exploring the big department stores – including a Woolworth store – and buying a few things. We also found the city library where we sat down, read and rested for a short while.

On our way back to the ship we completed the steps necessary to post our airmail letters.

The next morning (November 4) we started out again, going directly to the Slater home. By city clocks it was already time for fore-noon tea! There, besides the Slaters, we found a Mrs. Marriot, and a Mr. Langley, the latter one of our passengers, being the former's guest. The presence of Mrs. Marriot was in the fulfillment of a plan, mentioned the day before, to give us a motor-car ride about the city. And here may I remark that one of the first things that impressed us on shore was the number of motor-cars – most of them high-grade American cars – in free use around the city. Later we learned that both gasoline and tires were rationed. These restrictions, however, were not such as to impress the casual observer.

After I had reported on the Hong Kong friends, and we had a lunch of tea and “scones,” Mrs. Marriot loaded us into her car – a Hudson “Terra-plane” – and we had the pleasure of a motor ride of 20 or 25 miles, along the shore southward, past bathing beaches and scenic rocky promontories, then through semi-desert regions which reminded us of Southern California – only with more vegetation, chiefly stunted pine trees – and back through some of the beautiful residential suburbs.

After returning to the Slater residence we had another bountiful lunch, then thanked our generous hosts and bade them farewell.

We then visited a Snake “Farm” and Museum nearby – one of the sights of the city. Africa is famous for its great variety of poisonous snakes. A large collection of them had been assembled here. Into a depressed garden, where most of them were kept, descended a dark-colored “snake-charmer” or perhaps rather snake-tamer, who, thickly clad and with heavy gloves on his hands, gathered the venomous serpents in bundles and stored them away on different parts of his body. For example, several cobras were placed across the cap on top of his head. We had but a few minutes to glance through the museum, which had a good collection of African fauna from elephants to rabbits.

After this we went again to the shopping center where we bought a few things at a curio shop, and then, after another short call at the library returned to the ship, which was to sail at “4:00 sharp.”

The city of Port Elizabeth proved to be a very attractive city. It has an area of ___ square miles and a population of about 125,000. Much of the residential section is on a low plateau overlooking the harbor. The streets were well-paved and exceedingly clean. The shops were attractive, up-to-date and enterprising. All public notices and labels were bi-lingual – English and “Africaans” – the latter a kind of Dutch spoken by the descendants of the early Dutch settlers. The population (European element) is rather evenly divided between English and Dutch. The black native African element was also much in evidence on the streets, but the superficial observer saw no evidences of racial problems.

The latitude of the place is about 33 degrees south, and as for seasons, the 3rd and 4th of November compared to the 3rd and 4th of May in the northern hemisphere. The weather was very mild, light woolen clothes being very comfortable. The presence of the oceans – Indian Ocean to the East, and Atlantic Ocean to the West – maintains a moderate and enjoyable climate, free from extremes throughout the year, we were told.

Although the ship's notice stated that 4:00 was the hour of sailing, it was 5:30 before the gang-plank was cleared and we pushed away from the wharf. A few of the passengers were late returning to the boat, but the officials seemed to be waiting more especially for members of the ship's crew. Several of these, perhaps 8 or 10, returned in various stages of drunkenness, some being unable to walk alone, and having to be helped up the gang-plank. One of these "drunks" wanting to leave the boat again "showed fight" and had to be over-powered and carried up the gang-plank again by four men. In all it was a rather disgraceful situation, and it was certainly to be deprecated that a few dissolute men could by their acts, delay an immense ocean liner and 1,500 passengers for 1 ½ hours.

The voyage from Port Elizabeth to Rio de Janeiro was pleasant and without special incidents. For two or three days after leaving Port Elizabeth the weather was a bit cool and the sea a bit rough. Woolen clothes were in order and some overcoats and rugs, for use on deck, were seen. But as the boat sailed steadily toward the northwest (mostly west – the clock was moved back about 30 minutes each day) warm weather returned and summer clothes were brought out again.

Rio de Janiero

We reached the outer edge of the bay at Rio in the evening of November 14th. But fog, that evening and the next morning, kept our ship at anchor and delayed progress. About 9:00 in the morning of the 15th (exactly two months after leaving Weihsien and one month from the date of arrival at Goa) we entered the harbor and about noon our great liner was made fast to the wharf.

The view of the city was impressive. A big commercial political and cultural center, population about 1 ½

million, crowded along the harbor between the sea and the mountains – with some of the peaks lifting their heads up in the city – construction evidently had to extend upward to house the population. For the city from one end, far away through irregular lines to the other end, was a city of “sky-scrapers.” But not really sky-scrapers for not many of the buildings were more than 20 stories high.

Shortly before lunch we had one of the worst “crushes” on deck we have had during the whole voyage. Before we reached the wharf, money, mail and ice-cream (!) had been brought on board for distribution. When 1500 people are eager for the same things at the same time, to be obtained at the same place (said place being so located that you do not have “benefit of queue”) then there is a disorderly scramble. In the distribution of mail there was an attempt at alphabetical order, with certain letters of the alphabet at certain places, but the mail had not been previously sorted to conform to the scheme – hence confusion. But as soon as a person could push his way out of the crowd with a hand full of letters held high in the air, his face was wreathed in smiles and “all’s well that ends well.” This scramble for mail was on the starboard side of the promenade deck. On the port side, in more orderly fashion, the equivalent in local currency of $15.00 (U.S. – $300 cruziers) was distributed to all who had applied for it. On the same deck, and about the same time the generous Red Cross was distributing ice cream to such passengers as had time to call for it – a sample of the very generous treatment we receive from time to time.

After lunch we “queued up” in the direction of the gang-plank to go ashore. The procedure was for each passenger to hand to the authorities his passport for identification, and in exchange for a landing permit. This was rather a slow process and the queue extended along a “C” deck corridor for nearly 100 yards, I suppose. At any rate it was a long line and moved slowly.

Once ashore we were guided into the broad corridors and office booths of the Tourist Club building, all fitted up with material and personnel for reception purposes. Even in this spacious place the passing through (and lingering) of our 1,500 passengers resulted in some congestion and confusion. In this place, at one desk or another, almost any question and every want logical to such a situation, could be properly dealt with.

Having no outstanding questions and wants at the moment, we passed through, walked across the “square” (showing almost every shape except square) and entered the proximate end of Avenida Rio Bianco, the far-famed “business boulevard,” it might be called, of the city.

Passing the doors of a few gift and souvenir shops we came to one marked “money exchange” and were able to exchange our residual South Africa currency into Brazilian currency. A few doors further on we came to the office of the American Express Co., and there, in accordance with a plan previously announced on ship-board, joined a party of five in a Chevrolet taxi – one of many such parties starting out – for a tour of the city.

And this was a thrilling experience. The route must have been 25 miles in length, along busy but well kept business streets, broad and picturesquely shaded residential streets, beautiful boulevards and public squares, scenic water-fronts and bathing beaches.

Our chauffer stopped at the Botanical Garden and we walked for half an hour through this most wonderful park. Among trees, shrubs, and vines strange and beautiful, the Royal Palm avenues and the bamboo clusters stand out as the most striking. We voted the palace the most wonderful botanical gardens we had ever visited.

Driving inward along stretches of well-kept water-front and bathing beaches we came to the foot of the “Sugar Loaf” mountain. This is an isolated granite peak, 1,212 feet high, which at the southwest side marks the gateway to the bay. The top may be reached by an aerial cable car, and an excursion to the top was one feature of our tour. Leaving our taxi we had to take our places on a long queue, made up largely of our fellow passengers. The car could only carry 20 passengers at a time, and about 15 minutes were required for a round trip.

Finally our turn came – by that time it was nearly 6:00 o’clock – and we stepped into the swinging car. The endless cables were put in motion and we were lifted upward through space to the 1,200-foot summit. Unfortunately a cloud, which had been threatening for some time, settled down as a fog on the summit, and we were deprived of all distant views. We rambled about the park-featured summit

for a little while, but the hour was late, and we soon took our places in the orderly crowd at the car's summit station. When our turn came, we mounted the car and descended slowly and safely to the station below. Our taxi driver welcomed us and we quickly started homeward. Darkness had fallen and we had the experience of riding along the brilliantly lighted water-front and boulevard at night.

Upon reaching our ship Sheffield, who has a sitting in his dining room later than mine, could sit down to dinner, but my dining room was closed. Accordingly, with another member of out taxi-party, I went ashore again and we dined in a nearby restaurant, after posting our air-mail letters.

On the second day, Tuesday, we went ashore about 9:30. We walked along the Rio Bianco (which the Encyclopedia Britannica calls unique in the Western Hemisphere) as far as the Art Gallery and the Library, both housed in beautiful and impressive buildings. It was not the opening hour for the Art Gallery so we could not view the exhibits. In the library we wandered from room to room exploring the place. Very few books were on display (it was evidently a "closed-stack" system) and we found little of interest except the "Reference Room" and the architectural features of the building. We came to the conclusion that the structure was a great building, but not well adapted to library purposes.

Retracing our steps down the avenue we noted a few shops which interested us and returned to the ship for lunch.

In the afternoon we visited some of the interesting shops, bought a few magazines and souvenirs, exchanged the remainder of our Brazilian currency to US currency and retuned to the ship about 3:30.

The posted hour of sailing was 4:00 o'clock. It was about 5:00 when the gang-plank was at least heaved ashore and the harbor tugs pulled the great liner away from the wharf far enough for it to use its own propellers.

The day had been bright and clear and as we sailed around the bend and down the bay the western sun was just ready to sink below the ridge of mountains. As we lingered on deck to enjoy the view the dinner horn sounded and we

went below. When we had finished dinner and returned to the deck, darkness was descending rapidly and the short twilight of the tropics soon came to an end.