The Yacht "Virginia" Log; (1913)
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Charleston to
Narrows
San Juan
St. Thomas
Santa Cruz
Martinique
St. Lucia
Barbados
Martin
La Guaira
Curacoa
Cartagena
Colonia
Kingston
Cayman
Navassa island
Key west
Manan
Charleston
The Log of the Cruise of the Yacht "Virginia"

Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen

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Here beginneth the log of the cruise of the yacht "Virginia" in the early months of the year, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirteen.

On Wednesday, January the fifteenth, Mr. George Eastman left Rochester, N. Y., on the special car “Rover” bound for Charleston, South Carolina, with his happy guests, to wit: Doctor and Mrs. Mulligan, with blessed little Molly and Roie; Mr. and Mrs. Willard; Mr. and Mrs. Macomber; Mr. Dodge and Mr. Rhees.

This part of the cruise starts at midnight, the company showing at once the irrepressible hunger which marked them thenceforth, except when unforeseen trouble intervened. This first night inaugurated a remarkable series of birthday anniversaries—Dodge confessing as he came into the car, that his festival was finding in the present trip a first-class celebration.

Thursday was spent in New York in order to enable Mulligan, Dodge and Rhees to get caps and bathing suits, and to prepare for an inaugural dinner at the Belmont, at which all toasted the cruise and their most gracious host.

At the Pennsylvania station the party was completed by the coming of Mrs. Dickman, and in the early evening the “Rover” rolled away under the river towards the south. The first day en route tested the congeniality of the company, and the early indications were most auspicious. At dinner we were surprised to learn that a second birthday had followed so swiftly on the heels of Dodge’s, and after the customary courses, a birthday cake was brought on duly lighted with candles, and set before Mrs. Macomber. This second birthday led to a general inquisition, and it was discovered that of our party of eleven, seven would have birthdays during the present trip—Dodge on January fifteenth, Rhees February eighth, Mrs. Mulligan February twentieth, Mrs. Willard February twenty-fourth, Mr. Willard March eleventh, and little Molly March eighteenth.

Arrived in Charleston at midnight of Friday, the Chief and Mrs. Mulligan led the two pedagogues a pretty chase through the streets of the strange city, apparently as a preparation for the inactive life their legs were to know thenceforward.
Saturday's sun brought the day of real starting. The fair "Virginia" was awaiting us in Charleston harbor, and no time was lost in settling our illimitable wardrobes in the apparently illimitable spaces of our cabins. After a luncheon which gave comfortable augury of the life on board, an early start would have been made had not Rhea dragged Dr. Mulligan back to shore in order to find a volume of Browning with which to overawe Dodge and any others who might be inclined to be too hilarious. As an offset to this blow, Dr. Mulligan brought back to the boat a chart of the Caribbean on which we could trace our courses as the days passed by.

From Saturday afternoon to Tuesday at breakfast time, the "Virginia" was at sea, and during that time strange things happened, particularly to one of the party. Willard persistently declared it was all caused by the foolishness of the thoughtless ones who delayed the ship's starting from Charleston. Like Jonah's captain of old, he was perfectly sure that but for Browning, the seas would have been as glass. The sharpest pang in their remorse was the sight of Little Molly in her first acquaintance with sickness, a remorse made lasting by her mother's decision to leave the blessed child at Nassau, depriving us all of her sunshine. For Nassau was the harbor in which we rested on Tuesday morning, placid as a summer lake, with colors of sapphire and turquoise set in a frame work of palms and mimosa.

The town is as quiet as the Hotel Colonial is tropically comfortable. The bolder spirits of us set forth to discover it soon after breakfast. The long, narrow street on the water front led us to the square, where we were reminded that we were in a provincial capital. It was very strange and interesting to find in the Court House, under the shade of the great silk-cotton tree, a court in session presided over by a judge in traditional wig and gown, before whom sat barristers similarly wigged and gowned.

Persistence found encouragement in the mind of one cab driver, who had followed us closely from the hotel gate, and finally won the privilege of showing the party the beauties of the island. His persistence was far superior to his judgment, however, for he took the party far out through a country showing little or no cultivation and well nigh no inhabitants except those which were found in one or two negro settlements. Apparently we were taken, however, with the purpose only of persuading the Chief to buy some of our driver's mother's oranges and grape fruit. His second quest was not so successful as his first. He gave his fairy delightful draughts of fine fresh air, however, and many an occasional glimpse of beauty.

A second drive, taken the next day by Mrs. Dickman, Dodge and Rhea, through the residence section of the settlement, removed, for them, the impressions of dreary neglect which most of the roadsides seen the previous day had left upon their minds.

For lunch on Tuesday Mr. Eastman took his family to the Colonial Hotel. The change was interesting, the luncheon was excellent, but beguiled only satisfaction in the thought of the return to Virginia for a steady diet. Two circumstances added interest to the luncheon; one was the general apprehension lest Mrs. Macomber should show the effect of her eager partaking of the seductive fruit cup supplied to quench our thirst; the second
was the pleasure of meeting Rochester friends at the hotel—Dr. Strong, Dr. and Mrs. Cook, General and Mrs. Hartbach and Mrs. Ots, and Mr. and Mrs. Bryan with their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Garfield.

On Tuesday afternoon everybody, excepting Dodge, took a boat out to the sea gardens—a name which is given to a part of the reef which is covered with various and beautiful forms of sea growth. The boat is like a long whale boat with a glass bottom through which the sea floor, twenty or more feet below, can be clearly seen by all the passengers. The sea floor here shows a luxuriant growth of violet fan coral, white brain coral, a great variety of sponges and sea plants, amongst which swim strange and beautifully colored angel fish, blue tangs, convict fish, banana fish and an occasional shark. It was a revelation of hidden beauty which surpassed the imagination.

The series of motion pictures for the trip was begun on the way down from Charleston, but the business began in earnest when the ship's company landed at the Colony's private basin, and were caught as they left the launch and came up to the quay.

In the evening after dinner, Dr. Strong, the Cooks and the Hartbachs, came over to the yacht and enjoyed a cool hour and a cooling drink on deck. It was a comfort to us all—not to mention her mother—that blessed little Molly and Rose were to be left with friends when we sailed away.

Wednesday, January twenty-second. In the morning we visited the marvelously beautiful beach on the seaward side of Hog Island. Willard, Macomber and Rhees determined to take a bath, so arrayed themselves in suits provided by the colored army at the bath house, and then plunged into the turquoise waters which rolled up mildly on the coral sands. Apparently they liked it, for they sported about like kids—in and out of the warm briny water. The Chief also seemed to like it, for he brought that picture machine down to the sand and in stern voice told the idling bathers to move farther away. By that device he got what should be an enlightening stern view of the sand beplastered garments of at least one of his obedient subjects. Would that he also could have caught the returning bathers and catchers as they buried their mouths—not to say noses—in oranges and grape fruit waiting for them under the trees, and sampled sapailla, paw paw, tamarind, blood shaddock, and canary bananas! Conscious of the island's name, the eaters curbed their appetite, but still a picture of them in the act would have shown no ascetic scruples amongst them.

In the afternoon the sponge market and the sponge trimmers interested us. The divers repairing the sea wall attracted others. The shops beguiled some shillings away from all of us. In particular that one where Mulligan and Rhees first found pitch helmets and green lined umbrellas. Evidently neither of them has the first qualification for business success, otherwise they would have laid in a stock at wholesale and unloaded on their fellow passengers.

At five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon we got away from Nassau, bound for Samana Bay, depressed by the loss of Molly, but happy in the thought of her escape from the troubles which we then only half conceived.
The hours of Wednesday evening were pleasantly passed on the after
deck with grand opera a la Victrola, and we went to bed in comfort; but
not to rest in peace, for as soon as we had passed through Providence
North East Channel, Neptune came up with his horses and led us such a
pretty chase the rest of the night that not a few of the party were forced
to pay him tribute. After that night Professor Dodge took refuge in the
captain's cabin on the boat deck, which, because of the growling frequently
heard there, was thereafter dubbed the Dog Kennel.

Thursday, January twenty-third. During the day on Thursday, while
we were sailing the seas in which Columbus first sighted the terra firma of
the New World, the party's thoughts were distracted from distressing con-
templation by the Chief's demonstration of the art of sewing. Subtly in
mind as all of us—excepting Willard and Rhees—were, our admiration
gained significance from the depths out of which it rose.

San Salvador—Columbus' first discovery—left us in no wonder at his
preference for other islands later found. It looks good for little else than
a stepping stone to higher things. Wilder and wilder grew the seas, lower
and lower our collective spirits, when with shocking suddenness, just after
the courageous ones amongst us had sat down to dinner, a great sea struck
the ship and the dining table broke loose, nearly pinning Mrs. Dickman and
Mr. Willard to the starboard side of the saloon. Appetites were good, how-
ever, and dinner went on after a short delay for repairs.

Friday, January twenty-fourth. This was a day of subdued spirits.
Early in the morning hopes were raised as the hills of Little Inagua ap-
peared off the port bow and the captain promised to anchor for a few hours
under the lee of the alluring hills. But when we drew near and the coral
sands lightened the blue of the sea to the color of a robin's egg, our hopes
were dashed by the discovery that no safe anchorage could be found. So
off we pitched and rolled through the passage between Little and Great
Inagua, along the east coast of the latter, seeking rest and finding none.
Luncheon was postponed, hoping for quiet waters. At length, as hungry
as the circumstances would permit, we turned westward around the south
east point of Great Inagua, and a rock about the size of a house, loomed
up before us. Some half a mile west of it we dropped the anchor to enjoy
the quiet waters of this alleged lee shore. Imagination did wonders for
us, a quiet screw did still more, and for seven hours we enjoyed the change
of motion.

The "bridge" enthusiasts had resorted to that game as a counter irri-
tant after the table broke loose on Thursday night. To-day in the lee of our
small rock in an unraveled sea, they went at it again. The scientifically
minded were rewarded by seeing a thrasher shark punish a whale, and
were credibly advised that the poor victim was suffering from another
attack from below by a swordfish. If the sword fish pounded the whale
as mercilessly on the belly as the shark did as he leaped full length out of
the sea and landed on his victim's back, early surrender must have been
inevitable. Perhaps it was made before our eyes, though out of sight, for
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the shrank's activity ceased suddenly while we were eagerly hoping that
the contestants would come within close range of our glasses.

After dinner we started again on our towing way. The same old east
wind kicked up the same old sea. The only variety which relieved our
monotony was the surprising declaration by Mrs. Mulligan and Frank
Macomber that each proposed to sleep in the library rather than risk the jour-
ney to their berths. How the complication thus presented was to be resolved
none could imagine, until on Saturday morning we were frankly told that
they had spent the night sole to sole—Macomber only complaining that
Mary wouldn't wake up and talk to him. Since that morning Mary has not
ceased to bewail the evil fate which put her asleep on the one occasion when
she might have talked the night out with a kindred spirit. Dr. Mulligan
spent this night with Dodge in the dog kennel, doubleing the gloom of that
abode of misery.

Saturday, January twenty-fifth. This morning the high shores of San
Domingo, panting blue in the summer air, were visible off the starboard bow.
Throughout the day the hills grew more distinct as our east southeast course
brought us nearer to them. The same old wind and the same old sea
greeted our company when we rose for breakfast, Mrs. Mulligan with a sad
sigh, recalled the disillusioned debutante who wished "She was to hui, and
her party was to hell!" For several hours the captain steamed at half speed
to ease the motion of the ship. That, however, hardly seemed to lessen the
growls from the kennel or to elevate the spirits of the others who were at
liberty. Nevertheless, life had to be lived and work had to be done, so
the Chief finished his hemming and the quartet continued "bridge," while
Willard sadly complained "God pity the rich; the poor can stay at home!"

Sunday, January twenty-sixth. This dawned for us a day of peace.
The earliest riser—Macomber—saw us round the northeast point of San
Domingo as our course turned southward towards Samana Bay; the others
came on deck in time to see the cave-riddled headlands at the entrance to
the bay and the palm-decked shores and hill sides.

We anchored for breakfast at eight o'clock off Santa Barbara. After
breakfast we went ashore and wandered about the little town—that is, all
except Willard and Mulligan. They preferred to sit in the shade and dis-
cuss game cooks with a pious native. Santa Barbara impressed us as a
shady, happy, uninteresting sort of a place, set in its frame work of palm and
cocoanut and mango trees. We were as glad to leave it as we were to have
seen it.

But Samana Bay, with its high shores and magnificent expanse, was
an unqualified delight to eye and to thought, whether thought recalled the
foresight and desire of President Grant to secure it for a naval station, or
the adventurous desire of a Rochester youth to see the place that Uncle
Sans would fain annex. In truth, the adventurer interested us in Samana
Bay more than the statesman, because out of that youth's determination to
equip himself for a profitable expedition, by learning photography accord-
ing to the old wet plate process, grew undreamed issues. Samana Bay
he saw for the first time on this quiet Sunday. But in place of the laborious
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Task he found necessary in order to bring back pictures of interesting scenes, he has substituted now for all travelers the simple process of "You push the button and let Kodak do the rest." We looked upon Samana's blue expanse and highland shores with grateful regard indeed, knowing from the Chief's own lips that his early interest in the place was in no slight measure responsible for the present cruise of the Virginia.

We turned eastward again from Santa Barbara at eleven. Mention must be made of the fact that before setting sail the custom was inaugurated of refreshing the drooping spirits of our company by means of ice-cold oranges peeled and served on forks. This proved to be the first instance of what came to be almost an interminable habit. The first few hours of our run towards San Juan were very peaceful. Of the afternoon and evening, however, the less said the better. It rained hard most of the time. The dining table broke loose again, the sea broke repeatedly over the bow and the night brought little rest to any of us. Morning, however, found us in the spacious harbor of San Juan, where we saw the Stars and Stripes waving over the old fortress that was built half a century before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth.

Monday, January twenty-seventh. Soon after breakfast all went ashore, and Macomber projected the whole party catapult-like into the office of Mr. Richardson, the young Geneva giant who is collector of customs for San Juan. His cordiality hardly prepared us for the many thoughtful attentions which this record will indicate that he showed us during our stay in Uncle Sam's West Indian Colony. Our first wandering about the old town brought us to the Governor's Palace—one of the early Spanish buildings, as its old name “Portaleza” indicates, for those pioneer days had need that the Governor's residence should also be his fortress. Our morning visit showed us only the lower story and the enchanting garden, also the thrifty spirit of the native lackey, who conducted us about most hospitably only to surprise us at the end by popping out from behind one of the garden shrubs with some of his wife's needle-work to sell. Our wandering steps next took us to the principal plaza, where the old municipal palace interested us less than the post office, where we sought in vain for letters from home. The bookstore lured Dodge and Richee on a fruitless search for geological information, while Mrs. Mulligan discovered that Porto Ricans do not care for modern English poetry.

As the party was returning to the quay, Mulligan and Richee got lost in pursuit of a grandfather's clock sort of watch for Mulligan. They were rescued on the shore by Mrs. Mulligan in time to wait on Porto Rican leisure in bringing an automobile to be tested as a preparation for the run across the island to Ponce. After the test had proved to the Chief that he would rather have another car, we returned to the yacht for luncheon.

That function was made memorable by the Chief's presenting to Mrs. Macomber a string of mammoth pearls. The previous evening Mrs. Mulligan had arrayed herself in Mrs. Willard's string. That called attention to the uneven distribution of those jewels in our company. So instead of leaving Pagie to borrow Mrs. Dickman's, our thoughtful host supplied her at the first opportunity with a gorgeous string of her own. The dining
room could hardly hold her when she saw them, and she displayed them thenceforth with tantalizing pride.

In the afternoon we went ashore again, braving a shower that proved to be a real rain. San Juan shopkeepers profited by our various needs and desires, especially in the line of white shirts. At five by appointment we met Mr. Richardson at his office, and under his escort went to Morro Castle, hoping to see the garrison on dress parade. But the rain was too much for the dress, so the parade was off. But Mr. Richardson's resourcefulness turned disappointment into most rewarding surprise. For he found Captain Talbee, of the regiment stationed in the Castle, and under his guidance we visited the fascinating gun galleries, tunnels, dungeons and open places of the four-century-old fortress. To be sure Willard nearly broke his neck trying to follow Mrs. Mulligan and the gallant captain up a staircase that the old Spaniards must have intended for an oublieuse. Nevertheless, as the accident didn't occur, we all carried away happiest recollections of our visit—particularly Mary, who had received the captain's especial attentions. The first impressions made by the sight of the Stars and Stripes floating over the ancient fort were intensified as we saw the splendid old walls, yellow and moss-bedecked, touched with soft radiance by the setting sun, while the lowering of the colors as the sun touched the horizon, the native regiment standing at attention and the band playing the Star-spangled Banner, thrilled our spirits.

After dinner on the Virginia, we sat on the after deck and enjoyed opera—grand and bouffe—a la Victrola.

Tuesday, January twenty-eighth. At nine o'clock we went ashore and all of the party, excepting the Chief and Mrs. Willard, Mrs. Dickman and Macomber, visited the old fortress San Christobal. The construction and general character we found to be similar to the Morro, and the view of the city to be most complete, with Morro and the sea for a background. But the castle lacks much of the charm of its older sister. After an early luncheon on the yacht, the Chief took us all ashore and by a quarter to one had stowed us comfortably in two automobiles, for the eighty mile trip across the island to Fonce by the old military road—a wonderful heritage from the days of Spanish supremacy. The road led us up from the coast over passes through the northern range of mountains and down to Cayey, in the central portion. A fine road bed, shaded by tropical trees, passing through plantations of tobacco grown under cloth, with mountain scenery of rare beauty, made the run to Cayey seem surprisingly short. At that place we called on Captain Laurence Angel, and were cheered by the cordial welcome of a Rochester soldier and his wife and father. From Cayey to Fonce, the ride was even more charming than the first stage had been—leading over higher mountains, by more daring curves, with wider outlooks—until we came down to the southern coast plain with its limitless stretches of sugar cane.

We reached the Hotel Francas at about six-thirty, and were soon very comfortable in that quaint and gloriously clean hostelry. After an excellent dinner, disturbed only by Willard's discovery that a seat beside the lady at the host's right calls for a patient appetite, and by Pagle's recollection that she had left her pearls on her bureau, we all walked about the town seeking
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motion-picture diversion and finding none. So we returned to our attractive rooms and welcome sleep.

Wednesday, January twenty-ninth. The return trip started at eleven o'clock, after the ladies had satisfied their craving for drawn work and the men had parted with some of their hair. Rhees incurred Mrs. Mulligan's ill will by allowing a tailor to sew on a button for him. The tailor incurred Rhees' ill will by refusing to be paid. The effect of these troubles soon passed off, however.

From Ponce to Cacy we followed a different road from the one taken the day before. The first thirty miles led through a rather monotonous expanse of sugar cane. The monotony was broken for the car in which Mrs. Mulligan rode with Dodge and Rhees—Dr. Mulligan supervising the chauffeur—by Dodge's sudden flight of song. The wind was doing a fairly good business, which awakened memories in the budding poet, leading him to ejaculate:

If the wind is blowing as hard as this
When we put out to sea,
There'll be a hell of a time on board to-night
For him and you and me.

The last line was emphasized by gestures to indicate the victims of Aeolus, as the poet thought of them.

After leaving Guayama, the ascent was continuous. So serpentine a road can hardly be found elsewhere, for the mountain sides are ribbed with innumerable shallow valleys radiating from the summit. The result is a kaleidoscopic variety of pictures for the traveler as he looks out now over the distant mountains and now out to the sea. The Governor's summit house perched on the roadside near the summit of the pass, with an outlook of inexpressible range and beauty, awoke envy in all our hearts. It was a strange sensation, too, to find sensitive plants and cannas in blossom by the roadside. The flamboyant trees flaunted their glory down the valleys, while croton and tree fern gave color and quiet beauty in turn to the landscape. The return from Cacy by the same route traversed the day before, seemed almost new because of the change of direction. The long trip came to a close in San Juan at six-thirty—the only approach to an unfavorable incident being a punctured inner tube on the smaller car at the outskirts of San Juan.

All were as tired as they were happy at the close of this memorable trip, and after a quiet evening, went eagerly to a quiet sleep.

Thursday, January thirtieth, was a day given by a happy fate, whose face was marked by misfortune. The delay of the mail from New York prevented sailing on Wednesday evening, as the Chief at first had planned, and at breakfast Willard confessed that he must look after his crown with the help of a dentist. Accordingly the whole party went ashore soon after breakfast. Gravitating naturally to Mr. Richardson's office, we found that he had spun a web for us under the guise of an invitation to tea that afternoon at Government House. After discovering that we were ensnared we went our several ways, and Dodge and Rhees made a general survey
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of objects of interest in the town. The party was somewhat scandalized when these prospectors reported having visited the home of fifty or more looking game cocks. But what else could have been expected to result from Willard’s constant praise of the cock pit?

When the scattered party gathered at the quay in response to the call of appetite, we were greatly surprised to find that Mrs. Ely and Mr. Joe Ely were on the island—having come by the Laurentics, which had anchored in the harbor that morning.

After luncheon Mrs. Mulligan and Rhres called on the Ellys on the Laurentics, but were depressed by missing Mr. Ely. Later in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, of Rochester, who were also passengers on the Laurentics, called on Mr. Eastman on the yacht.

At five, we all met Mr. Richardson on shore to go to Government House. After passing the resplendent military secretary and meeting the Governor’s handsome and gracious sister, we discovered that Willard and Dodge and Mrs. Mulligan had been taken into camp by a blade-eyed fascinator, named Mrs. Bruce. One after another, we all struck colors to her, and straightway understood why Willard’s appointment with his dentist had been so urgent.

Governor Colton came in after the damage had been done. He showed us about the old house and pointed out the wonderful views from its windows—even let us play with Miss Colton’s monkeys. But as such distractions availed naught, there was nothing for it but that we should follow Mrs. Bruce’s suggestion and visit the Carnival Black and White Ball at the Municipal Theater in the evening. Acquiescence was made easy by the urgency of Mr. Richardson and Captain Talbee, who were on the yacht for dinner. So at nine o’clock we went ashore and drove to the theatre. A box was reserved for us near Governor Colton’s and Mrs. Bruce’s. Mrs. Mulligan danced with her captain and then generously shared him with Mrs. Macomber. The tall young man from Geneva also led Mrs. Mulligan a dance. We squirted perfumed ethyl chloride and entered fully into the sedate spirit of the Carnival gaiety. At length, however, frivolity had to be laid aside. Bidding farewell to the charming ladies and the gallant men who had made our last day in San Juan a happy surprise, we returned to the Virginia, set sail for St. Thomas in a pouring rain, and went to our beds to roll the night out.

Friday, January thirty-first, we breakfasted in the comfortable harbor of St. Thomas. Our early bird, Macomber, who seems to sleep little, if any, saw the approach from far off. Others, two or three, got on deck before we anchored. Such alertness had ample reward. From the first moment, the Russian cruiser “Rossia” caught our eye, and memories of Morro Castle and its gallant Captain in San Juan made it difficult for some of us to realize that the shore really held more of interest than the harbor.

Cooing at St. Thomas is a novel and picturesque sight. The negro women, walking and running down the pier, each carrying an eighty-pound basket on her head, made cooing a quick and relatively clean operation.

While this was going on, the Chief sent over to the cruiser and asked whether we might visit the ship. Happy in the favorable reply, our com-
pany went ashore. The old Danish town is quaint, but not very striking. The postoffice, the market place, and chiefly Delinois’ Panama hat shop, absorbed our attention.

At two o’clock, after an early luncheon, we went over to the cruiser and were most hospitably received by a half dozen of the younger officers. To be sure, we had some apprehensions when Dodge disappeared down a chute from the gun deck to the deck below, but he reappeared in good order a little later. After inspecting the ship, the officers served tea and cigarettes on the after deck, and they accepted an invitation to take dinner on the yacht.

At four o’clock we went ashore again—to drive about as Mrs. Dickman’s guests. We had eloquent demonstration that we were in a land of leisure, while we waited for the livery man to assemble a carriage and find and harness the horses. However, at length, we got a start and made an interesting tour of the settlement—including the cemeteries and the fishermen’s village.

We returned to the yacht much excited, and promptly at seven four of the young officers appeared. Mary settled down at once to animated discussion with Lieutenant Makarov—first of the supper and then of Russian politics. Lieutenant Makarov was a son of the Admiral Makarov killed at the naval battle of Port Arthur. Mrs. Dickman and Mrs. Willard were entertained by the very accomplished Baron Persen. Mrs. Macomber was anchored beside another lieutenant, who seemed to find English rather difficult sailing; while Dodge and Rhues engaged the engineer of the quartet—first in English and then in labored German. The host was by turns with each of these groups, while Willard and the doctor listened or entered the conversation as each of them felt inclined. It was rather strenuous entertaining, and withal as interesting as it was strenuous.

We retired soon after the Russians had made an honorable and most orderly retreat—and morning found us far away, at anchor in the Roadstead of Frederikstads, Santa Cruz.

Saturday, February first. After breakfast we all went ashore and walked about rather sinlessly. The settlement is picturesque, with heavily arched buildings of highly colored stucco. A quaint old fort colored in faint Pompeian red guards this port sufficiently for picturesque enough. Except a pleasing church on the hillside, the town offered little of interest. But the brilliant colors of land and sea needed no assistance to perfect their charm. After luncheon on Virginia, Mr. Eastman, Mrs. Mulligan, Macomber and Dodge undertook to find an automobile and take a run across the island. This purpose sprang from the fact that a steamer in the roadstead that morning had set ashore a second-hand Ford car that the consignee thought might be available. The consignee was found to be in error, for the Ford would not go. So the chief contracted for a double carriage from a small boy who promised immediate delivery. He, too, defaulted. The next negotiations were for two “cabs”—the three men matching for the privilege of riding with Mary. But before this deal was closed, a second auto appeared and was apparently engaged, when the chauffeur came on the scene and questioned the owner’s willingness to let his car. While the
driver was looking up the owner, the belated cabs arrived. The Chief advised Frank to take Mary for a turn about for fifteen minutes. When they returned, a third auto had been secured, but just when the quartet got away with it, auto number two came round the corner in search of them. They passed it by with high disdain. After these entertaining preliminaries, they found the ride across the island to Christiansted very rewarding, and that town full of superior charm.

Meanwhile the rest of the party on the yacht wondered as the hours passed whether the motor had broken down. At half past six, however, the wanderers were seen on the quay, they were soon aboard, and the yacht set sail for St. Kitts.

Sunday, February second. We anchored early in the Roadstead of Basseterre—chief town of the island Columbus named for his patron saint, but which later generations have shortened to St. Kitts. This was the first British possession we had seen since leaving Nassau. It was as pleasing as it was amusing to see the London Bobby standing on the jetty as we landed—simply having reversed the colors of his skin and helmet.

The town was sedate and quiet, as befitted Sunday. Mrs. Willard and the others sought out the pleasing English church, and the rest of the party made rather futile efforts to see the island, with the alleged assistance of three horses and their pickaninni drivers.

The afternoon was passed quietly and restfully on the yacht, the distance lending enchantment to St. Kitts, and peaceful waters made the night at anchor in the Roadstead a rest and a delight.

Monday, February third. We left St. Kitts after breakfast and had a beautiful sail to Montserrat, passing the island of Nevis, where Alexander Hamilton was born, and Lord Nelson got his wife. We anchored in the roadstead of Plymouth in the afternoon.

Having anchored, we went ashore and called at the post-office. We were about to continue an aimless stroll about the place, when a minion of the law arrested our progress with a message from the Commissioner, inviting the whole party to tea at Government House at four o’clock. It seemed wise to heed the command, and obedience was rewarded, for we found Colonel and Mrs. Davidson-Houston most cordial and hospitable, while their seven-year-old son, Aubrey, made a complete conquest of Mrs. Macomber. Others of us were ready to be conquered, and he showed himself friendly enough to introduce us to his meechey and his cat, his swing and his bedroom. But there was no mistaking his first choice.

The airy house, the tropical garden, the glorious outlook over the sea, made a fit setting for the graciousness of our Irish hosts. They readily accepted Mr. Eastman’s invitation to dinner on the yacht—Aubrey making a call before dinner to see the way we lived there.

One result of the happy hours spent thus with the Davidson-Houstons was a change in plan, which kept us over in Montserrat another day. Our new friends insisted that we should take a drive and short tramp the next day to their nearby Soufrière, and also that we should all dine with them at Government House the next evening.
Tuesday, February fourth. According to appointment we went ashore at half past nine and found that Colonel Houston had collected a varied lot of traps to take us up the valley—Mrs. Houston being on horseback to guide us. We divided up as follows: Mrs. Mullanagan entrusted herself to Willard and a buggy drawn by a mild mannered horse; Mrs. Dickman, Mrs. Macomber and Dodge were driven by a very tender-hearted coachman; Mr. Eastman and Macomber drove themselves; Doctor Mullanagan and Aubrey were in a capacious buggy with another careful driver, while Rhees was “all ablaze to go by himself,” as one of the darkeies remarked, and took a sulkily with a brave little horse, that rather surprised the party by proving to be a sufficient counterpoise for his load.

The crater turned out to be not too interesting, for all excepting Macomber. He went into the jaws of death in order to see the whole thing; but came back safe, a better and wiser man. The source of keenest interest for us all was our bachelor friend, Mr. Wilkins, at whose place we had left our horses and started for the mile walk up to the “melting pot.” A genial Yorkshireman—though born in Barbados—he welcomed us on sight when we went up, and refreshed us in both body and spirit on our return. Though it was already near one o’clock and luncheon still some miles away, we found it difficult to leave his hillside home, with its old windmill and ruins of wealth of the days “before the hurricane.”

After luncheon on Virginia all took it easy, excepting the bridge quartet—unless exceptions should also be made of Dodge and Rhees, who went ashore and prowled about, breaking in on the privacy of a number of fishermen mending their nets beside the sea. At half past seven, all of us, dressed in our best, went up to Government House for dinner. We met there, besides our hosts, Captain Martin, the Commissioner’s interesting young secretary, and Doctor McPherson, medical officer for Montserrat. It was an uncommonly good dinner, served in utmost formality, though enlivened by Shrove Tuesday pancakes, in which were hidden thruppenny bits for the lucky.

Colonel Houston stood when port had been served, and raising his glass, toasted “the King”—to which all drank standing. And then, having taken our seats again, with equal solemnity, he toasted the President of the United States—which his stranger guests greatly appreciated.

After dinner Dr. Mullanagan and Doctor McPherson hunted mosquitoes in search for a Stagomyia, Mrs. Houston and Captain Martin sang to Mrs. Mullanagan’s accompaniment. Mrs. Dickman brought the Colonel to his feet with Amie Launie, and Willard and Macomber played billiards on a table about an acre in size.

We returned to the yacht at eleven o’clock, greatly delighted with Irish hospitality, and at four o’clock on Wednesday morning sailed away for Guadaloupe.

Wednesday, February fifth. At breakfast time we were off Basseterre, the social capital of Guadaloupe. Of course, Macomber had been up ever since the shores of the island came in view. A few others who rose in time to get on deck before breakfast, envied his sleepless habits. As for Dodge and Mrs. Mullanagan, having spent no one knows how much time about four
OF THE YACHT "VIRGINIA"

A. M. gazing together at the southern cross, they naturally could not make a second and less unconventional early appearance. While we breakfasted, the Captain moved on slowly by Basseiterre on the way to the hurricane-proof harbor of Point à Pitre on the windward side of the island, where we anchored at noon. As no hurricane even threatened, we found it difficult to see adequate attractions in Point à Pitre. At three, however, all excepting the Willards, went ashore and visited a large sugar mill, much to the disadvantage of white gowns and pith helmets. Later we went over to the town, passed by the market—which was as pleasing in color scheme as it was unmary—and on through the town to the cable office. Mulligan spent some time in trying to convince the operator that Nassau is in the Bahamas. The whole place was closed up, it being Ash-Wednesday, which the natives called a feast day. So we had to content ourselves with admiration for the skill with which the swarthy dames of the town carried themselves and managed their trains, and wondered at the garrision which looked like a squad of Colonel Waring's white angels, as they marched to their barracks led by lusty buglers. We returned to the yacht after the Chief had tried to engage motor cars for a ride across the island the next day.

Our first intimation that we were in the waters of the buccaneers came when Macumber missed a box of cartridges which light fingers lifted from inside his port hole.

_Thursday, February sixth_, brought proof that Pointe à Pitre reckoned at least forty-eight hours to one day—for no motors turned up. So we got away at nine-thirty for Dominica. While we were waiting for the disappointing news which made us turn our backs on Guadeloupe, Macumber almost caught a tarpon, having a strike which sent his hook about six feet up his line from the hook; and just as we were leaving, Willard had another strike. It was thrilling to see his glee and excitement, as he reeled in his line and then immediately had to let it run. We all gathered about to see the fish landed, when Chief Desey ran aft and cried out to the fisherman to beware of the screw! Then we understood why our sportsman could not hold his line against the running of his fish.

It was a heavenly day and the sea was not unkind for our run to the next island. We got under the lee of Dominica at about one o'clock and coasted along the high wooded shores until we anchored at Roseau about three. As we drew near the city, we passed His Britannic Majesty's ship Arcturus, to whose salute Virginia replied. Hardly had we anchored, when Lieutenant Potts from the Arcturus, called and offered to Virginia all the courtesies of the port. His call diverted our attention from the wonderful diving of the colored boys, who swarmed about the yacht. They reaped quite a harvest of silver from the deep—no coin having a chance to get more than a fathom or two below the surface before a quick hand had caught it. The sport was so keen that our chief made a permanent record of it on a motion picture film. Mrs. Houston of Montserrat, had given Mr. Eastman a letter of introduction to Miss Young, sister of the Commissioner of Dominica. The Chief accordingly sent the second officer with his card to Government House, asking when he might call. At the same time he sent over to the battleship, asking when it would be convenient for him to call.
on the commanding officer of that vessel. As Miss Young replied that she would see Mr. Eastman at once if convenient, he and Rhees set out immediately for Government House. They found both Mr. and Miss Young pleasant and simple, but not inclined to show any further attention to the party. The garden of Government House is a place of wonderful beauty—like an English park planted with all manner of tropical trees.

Returning to the yacht, the callers at Government House found Willard industriously fishing for another tarpon (?), while Macomber was questioning some of the divers concerning the possibilities in the line of his favorite sport. Suddenly all were thrilled by Frank's shout that he had seen a sea serpent, which the boys in the boat had buffed over the head with their rudder! After the varied piscatorial excitement of the day, the party passed a quiet evening on the yacht, aided in their quietness by a sunset of wonderous and indescribable loveliness.

Friday, February seventh. The reply from the Aeolus to Mr. Eastman's inquiry yesterday afternoon, had been that our party could be received on board at eleven o'clock this morning. The indescribility of this hour making any other plan for the morning impracticable, led us to the conclusion that, having shown the attention of sending over his card, Mr. Eastman was under no further obligation. Accordingly, we were set ashore at ten-fifteen, for a morning's exploration. Just as we were about to take the launch, a school of fifty or sixty porpoises went gambling by quite near the yacht. It was an exhilarating sight.

Having landed, the Chief, Mrs. Mulligan and Rhees, mounted ponies and rode up one of the valleys far enough to see the beauties of the rugged hillsides clothed with lime, cacao, saphodesa and other tropical trees, while graceful bamboo waved like mammoth ostrich plumes far up on the high places. Their horses also carried them to the top of a high bluff behind the town, whence a glorious view of land and sea was gained. The rest of the party took carriages and drove about three miles northward along the shore, and then turned inland to visit a sugar factory belonging to a taciturn, though faultlessly attired Yankee. The party remained for luncheon on the yacht, and at four o'clock went ashore again to visit the remarkably beautiful botanical garden—that is, all excepting Rhees, who went to the Carnegie Library and read the most recent cable dispatches, after he had covered nearly every street in the town in a search for a bead necklace. The visitors to the garden were entranced by its beauty, and one of them was also entrapped by a swarm of belligerent ants who resented his intrusion on their stronghold.

This evening was marked with red in our calendar by Macomber, who caught a three-pound Jackfish, which pleased all our palates at dinner the next day.

Saturday, February eighth. After breakfast we sailed away from the loveliest spot our travels hitherto had disclosed to us, and made for Martinique—the home of poetry and scene of tragedy. The trip was over a rough sea, but was relieved by beautiful views from the start until we anchored off San Pierre at twelve-fifty. As we neared the island, the rugged beauty
of the lower buttresses of Mont Pelee was very impressive, the summit being veiled in cloud. Along the shore could be seen remains of the ruin caused by the eruption of 1902. The stream of volcanic mud which had destroyed the Guerin sugar factory, appeared as a barded ridge where once the Riviere Blanche had been. The city, once the gayest and most fashionable of all Caribbean towns, was a gray ruin, already covered in many places by fresh vegetation. After luncheon we went ashore, and wandered about through the streets, by the ruined cathedral and up to the old cemetery. Near by the latter place we found two mango trees which at first sight surprised us by their disproportionately large trunks. Surprise passed into keenest interest, however, when we discovered that the present branches had grown out of trunks which had been completely demulsed of branches as well as leaves by the volcanic blast of May, 1902.

We were surprised to find natives abundant, and as persistent as they were courteous, at this ruined place. One little brown girl realized for us all that Lafcadio Hearn has written concerning the lovely features and marvellous eyes of the half-breed creole women.

After an hour at St. Pierre, we set sail again for Fort de France, in which port we anchored at about four o'clock after a lovely trip along the varied coast of Martinique. The harbor of Fort de France with its spacious safety, the wooded sides and the old fortress commanding the town, was impressively beautiful. At about five o'clock we went ashore. Most of us made at once for the Savannah, where the Empress Josephine in marble, standing in the midst of a circle of lofty palms, looks across the bay to the place of her birth. Willard was greatly attracted by the announcements of a Japanese circus, but sought vainly for tickets. The shops drew some of us a-basket-hunting. While the people of the place—fine looking men and women of statuesque carriage—interested us as much as we were surprised by some fine equipages, certainly not products of the island.

At dinner Rhee's birthday was celebrated with all formality and pomp. A festival dinner—the table decked with fresh flowers—a gracious toast by our most gracious host, a birthday cake ablaze with candles, and to crown all with surprise, a tray weighed down with parcels diligently done up in white paper with blue ribbons. The parcels gave proof of the thoughtfulness of all the party for Rhee's proper attire. From the sole of his feet to the collar about his neck, he was fitted out in blue; and to add variety to the sartorial character of the gifts, Willard had provided a blue pencil for editorial use. The guest of honor for the day was overcome with happiness, and the merriment caused by his friends' good will was refreshing to the whole company.

Josephine's statue caused a good deal of trouble to our curious minds. Our memories proved insufficient for the problem of her goings and comings. That she had been born in Martinique was obvious, that she was Napoleon's wife was well known, but how she got from here to there we knew not. After discussing the question for several hours, Mrs. Molligan and Rhee, with the help of Dodge, lighted upon much of the desired information behind the locked doors of the yacht's library. We had to wait until we visited the quiet shades of Codrington College, however, in order
The Yacht "Virginia" Log; (1913)

18 THE LOG OF THE CRUISE

... to learn from the "Britannica" how Josephine first met the Man of Destiny.

Sunday, February ninth. At breakfast Rees appeared with all his...
visited the quaint old town. It impressed us as the most characteristic West Indian settlement we had seen. That which had determined our stop at this place was Dr. Mulligan's desire to visit the hospital where patients suffering with yaws are treated. We had hoped to find the doctor when we landed, but although the whole population gathered at the jetty to meet us, he beat a retreat on seeing us. While cogitating concerning the next move to be made, we wandered about the place and up on a hill, whence a fine view of the settlement and of its harbor was obtained. At length after returning to the landing, Mulligan decided to talk with the bashful doctor by telephone. He learned from him that we might visit the hospital most easily by going down the shore a half mile or so in our launch, provided we could arrange to have a boat to put us on the beach. The difficulty was not to find a boat, but to escape having a dozen. These negotiations interested the natives even more than our arrival. They crowded the jetty in swarms, and as, with eyes and necks, they followed our launch on its way round the end of the wharf to take in tow the boat the Chief had engaged, two of the eager watchers took an unprompted bath. Alas, that our cameras were not prepared for it! The hospital is in a cove with a beautiful sandy beach. Dr. Mulligan, Mrs. Mulligan and Dodge formed the first party to go ashore. We watched them with interest little short of apprehension, as the darkly boatmen tugged to bring their boat up to the dry sand of the beach. When the party jumped on the sand, however, the boatmen were very careful that Mary should by no means wet her feet—much to her amusement and surprise. After the Chief and Rhues had also reached the shore, the five visited the clean and comfortable hospital and were enlightened, if not cheered, by what they saw of yaws and leprosy. Having regained the launch, and then the yacht, which had been steaming slowly about the harbor waiting for us, we started again on our way, with Bridgetown, Barbados, as our next destination. The trip was one of very great delight, as we steamed slowly past the Pitons which sentinel the southwestern point of the island, and then along the varied and quiet southern shore. By nine o'clock we had reached the southeastern point and had discovered again the restless sea, whose company we kept until the next morning found us in the roadstead at Bridgetown.

Tuesday, February eleventh. The roadstead at Bridgetown was the busiest place we had yet seen. During our stay of four days, there was a steady stream of steamers and sailing craft coming and going, not to mention the leisurely collier in the lee of whose funnel we at first anchored, and whose patient ways we watched with wonder from a more agreeable anchorage later. On our second day here we were interested to see that our friend, H. M. S. Aeolus, had followed us from Dominica and was at anchor in the roadstead. But that was on Wednesday: On Tuesday morning we all went ashore early, and Mr. Eastman chartered three motor cars to be at the disposal of the party. Being distributed by the chief, we motored our several ways until luncheon time, getting acquainted with the island's beautiful roadbeds and abundant cane fields. The car in which Mrs. Willard, Mrs. Macomber and Rhues started off, balked before they had got out of the town, giving them a quiet and
restful half hour in the shade of high trees by the roadside, while they waited for a substitute car.

After luncheon on Virginia, we went ashore and motored again over roads and through country strikingly like those whose acquaintance had been made in the morning. An experience that was not a repetition of the morning, came to Maconber, when a rooster, surprised in his peaceful possession of the highway, flew straight for the intruding car and passing over the glass wind shield, roosted for a moment on the astonished man's shoulder and then after having disconcerted the passengers completely, flew away.

Wednesday, February twelfth. As early as was convenient we all went ashore and took the motors for the trip across to The Crane Hotel on the southern shore of the island. On the way we stopped at the St. Michael's Parish almshouse to enable Dr. Mulligan to see some cases of pelagra. We reached The Crane at about half-past twelve and at once Mrs. Mulligan, Dr. Mulligan, Willard, Maconber and Rhees betook themselves to the bath houses, and thence to the surf. The buffeting they got was generous and they seemed to enjoy it—though prudence kept them from swimming far out beyond the surf line.

After the bathers had reappeared, all sat down to luncheon at The Crane Hotel. While we were eating, a striped jersey came into the dining room clothing an Amazon who had sported on the beach and in the waves after our bathers had returned to their bath houses. Clementina Angustura we named her. Her surname was derived from the looks she gave our men after luncheon, as they lay stretched out in the lazy chairs—one of which she apparently desired that she might take her crème de menthe and cigarettes in comfort. Her given name was chosen for poetic reasons. The poet was Maconber.

After the men had deprived Clementina of her foot rests—her boots suggested her feet's need of rests—we all took to the cars again, and drove along the south shore towards the east. The objective was Codrington College, a quiet scholars' nook in the hills of the east coast, but near the sea, with a wide horizon, as well as with ample shade. The hilly roads which took us thither were a delightful change from the verdant monotony of cane fields.

The college itself, a dignified building of local stone in the Georgian style of architecture, was pleasing and interesting. A student acted as our guide and showed us the Chapel, the Hall, the Common Room, the Library, and the old Codrington Mansion, now the principal's lodge. The whole made an impression of meagreness in an unsurpassably lovely setting.

Retracing our way through the fine avenue of lofty palms which makes the approach to the college, we went on uphill and down dale to St. John's Church, one of the high points on the island. It would have been easier for our cars if it had been more down dale, for one of them got half way up a hill and bathed at a loose stone road, so that the passengers had to get out and the car went back down the hill to make another try at it. By dint of Maconber's shoulder and the helping hands of several others, the second attempt was successful. The car that followed it grew hesitant through its companion's labors, so that its passengers, too, took the hill afoot. Soon,
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however, all were safely at the top of this hill difficulty, and were bowling along to St. John's Church. This is a fine old square-towered stone church, under large spreading trees, on the crest of a hill which looks over the eastern coast and the wide sea. There under the shade of old trees is the grave of Ferdinand Palaeologus, descendant of the last Christian Emperor of Constantinople. A strange place this new world island seems for the tomb of Constantine's heir! The drive back to Bridgetown in the afternoon light was full of charm. Evidently Rhees found it somewhat intoxicating, for stopping at a tobacco shop for some postage stamps, he left his camera with the creole saleslady and had afterward to hold up the departure of the launch, while he hurried back to get his Kodak. At dinner the fact that the day was Lincoln's birthday was recognized by the Chief, at whose command we all drank a silent toast "To Memory."

Thursday, February thirteenth. The Steward chartered a barber for the early morning hours; so Dodge and Macomber and Mulligan enriched his purse, and their own experience. For he proved to be a committeeman in violins, and offered a rare bargain in "Strad." However we got away unshaven, and our musical barber reserved his antique for a more appreciative market in New York. Later, the ladies were very busy shopping and even set some of the men at the same task. The approach of some more birthdays must have been responsible for part of it. After delays for which this shopping was responsible, we got away for another motor ride, to see the fruit growing section of the island. The Chief and the Mulligans did not go ashore in the first launch, because Mrs. Mulligan had taken a contract to make a corset for the Chief as an antidote against lumbergo. Unhappily, the lumbergo proved to be no joke, though the corset was declared to be not only a work of art, but also a source of comfort.

At luncheon all met again on Virginia, excepting Mulligan, who forgot his hunger in his interest in a conference of surgeons at the Bridgetown Hospital.

Our stay in Barbados was prolonged by desire to get the mail from home. We learned to-day that it would be in to-morrow. So again after luncheon all the party, excepting the Willards and the Macomers, went motoring. The Mulligans and Rhex took a new direction, going north along the west shore by a road which took them through an extremely attractive residence section of Bridgetown, and thence through Holetown, where the first settlement on the island had been made, to Speightstown. Why Holetown is so named, unless because it is not noticeable to the casual eye, they could not imagine. In fact, they couldn't see it until their return gave opportunity for a second look. Speightstown is an attractive and rather restful place, the memory of which is principally that of quiet streets with soft-colored houses well shaded by trees. From this place they turned eastward towards the interior of the island, and soon began to climb steadily uphill. Their objective was the lovely region of Fairley Hill Mansion and St. Nicholas Abbey. They soon found themselves on the high crest of the island and were driving through a magnificent avenue of mahogany trees flanked on either side by tall and feathery casuarinas. At the end of this avenue was Cherry Hill, from which they got a superb view of the eastern
coast. The avenue they so greatly delighted in had been planted by Mr. Deane, the manager of the estate of St. Nicholas Abbey. Thus they were not disappointed in their persistent desire to see this fine old Elizabethan house had been rewarded by Mr. Deane's permission to visit it. Set in a lovely garden, with old trees surrounding it, the place looks like a bit of old England—but for the fact that mahogany and casuarina have taken the place of beech and pine. The voyagers returned to the yacht with eager hope that next day the others of the company might visit this most charming part of the island.

_Friday, February fourteenth._ Valentine's Day, and like others, had searched Bridgetown shops yesterday in vain for valentines. As usual, however, the ladies had been thoughtful and had brought a large stock of motto candles from St. Luchi, with which we amused ourselves in reasonable fashion at breakfast. This, too, was mail day and it was the chief's purpose that we should motor again during the morning, and be ready to get away for Trinidad as soon as our letters came. But the cruising steamer "Mollio" took this day for a visit to Barbados, and we found that our motor cars had been taken from us. So the day was passed quietly on the yacht by all excepting Dr. Mulligan, who took an early luncheon and went ashore to see Dr. Deane operate with marked ability at the General Hospital. Our ship's company was increased by the coming of "Jocko" and a green parrot and some other brilliantly attired birds. Jocko and the parrot gave much diversion thenceforth, especially when—as not infrequently happened—the monkey got loose and led his master and Frank Macomber a merry chase from the bow to the stern before he submitted again to captivity. The mail steamer arrived in the harbor at a little after noon, and at half past three the letters the Chief was looking for came aboard. So we started for Trinidad at six o'clock, and soon got merrily out into the rolling sea. So hard did it roll that the "Bridge" quartet played on and on till small hours under the impression that it was rather useless to go to bed. So far as comfortable sleep is concerned, their impression was not far wrong.

_Saturday, February fifteenth._ Soon after breakfast we came into quiet waters under the lee of Trinidad and the sailing was delightful until, after passing through the narrow and most picturesque "Dragon's Mouth" into the Gulf of Paria, we anchored off Port of Spain about noon. At four o'clock we went ashore, in a sea that threatened to swamp the launch, and looked for automobiles which the steward had ordered for our Chief. But we looked in vain. A shower coming up, we went under cover from the rain in a shelter provided for strangers and sojourners, took pictures, bought bananas, and waited. Then we took a walk up the street. Willard visited a cocktail mill and had his hat pulled off by aosaic monkey. Mulligan went to the cable office a quarter of a mile away and sent a message to Molly. We all assembled again to watch a coolie wash his tin boiler, and then his feet at a hydrant. And still we waited. Finally the Chief hauled a passing cab and started for the garage to find out what difference should be reckoned between yacht and store time, when the cars were seen bowling down the street towards us. Suspense being over, we had a charming drive through the town, now wholly wrapped in a siesta peace, past the Savannah,
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where the city’s cows were tethered, and the city wisheads were golfing, out a road, which led us up a wonderfully beautiful valley through bamboo arches and by flaming saphodessa. As rain continued to threaten, we turned back after a run of three or four miles, and passing again by the Savannah, we went out another road through the Cooie village as far as the leper hospital. Returning we made an unpremeditated stop in Cooie town, while one of the chauffeurs tried well, but not wisely, to crank his balky machine. After trying every other persuader, he at length resorted to the obvious device of re-enforcing his batteries, and the willing machine started off at once. All this gathered a very interested crowd of blacks and coolies, including a little child asleep astride his father’s neck. The father’s eyes did not escape Mary’s admiring remark.

Sunday, February sixteenth. At ten o’clock we went ashore, and this time found the cars waiting for us. We took the “Saddle Drive,” which led us eastward through mangrove swamps and cane fields for several miles, and then turned up through the hills behind the town, bringing us out at the point where we had turned back on the first half of yesterday’s drive. It was another drive of singular beauty through cacao orchards and by many a tropic tree. The retracing of the road through the bamboo arches called forth anew Mrs. Mulligan’s exclamation: “Now, this is like Jamaica!” After passing again through the town, we returned to Virginia for luncheon. As the drive had been quite painful to our hambago patient, he remained on the yacht all the afternoon, sending his guests ashore to visit the Botanical Garden and hear the Sunday afternoon band concert. The garden was most interesting, quite as much for the wonderful saman trees which were not properly part of its exhibit, as for the rarer “tindal indians,” araucarias, screw pines and other charming trees. The band played very well, and if we did not see the elite of Port of Spain at the concert, as some expected, we saw many humble folk enjoying themselves quietly. From the garden concert we went to Mrs. Dickman’s invitation, to Queen’s Park Hotel for tea and lemonade. After this welcome refreshment, we returned to the yacht for dinner, spent the evening quietly on deck enjoying the marvelous moonlight and all went early to bed.

Monday, February seventeenth. A group of snake charmers came aboard while we were at breakfast, and beguiled an hour from us by their contortions—showing appalling familiarity with long black snakes and huge mottled boa-constrictors. They posed well-pleased for our Kodaks and the motion picture camera, and fondled or cuffed their writhing pets as occasion required. They found no market for snakes with us, however. At ten the four ladies, Dodge and Rhes, went ashore shopping. Soon Mrs. Mulligan finished her task, and finding that the others were apparently content to let her leave them (February 20th was approaching) she joined Dodge and Rhes in a visit to Victoria Institute, where they saw several dusty specimens of local birds, reptiles, insects and cabinet woods. The four other men waited and came ashore at noon in time for a creole luncheon at Queen’s Park Hotel, to which Mrs. Dickman had invited the party. Our hostess was very skillful in re-shuffling her guests at the sociable long narrow table
in the airy, open dining room. The menu was characteristic, and the company enjoyed it in high spirits. Perhaps the exhilaration was aided by the innocent fruit cup to which all did ample justice. Some of the viands were more curious than convincing; in fact we returned to yacht fare newly assured of our happy lot. After we had spent a long time at the table, we parted—Mr. Eastman and Mrs. Macomber "towing" it back to Virginia; Mrs. Mulligan and Macomber, to the cricket game between "All Trinidad" and the "Middlesex" team from "one," while the rest of the party took motors first to the town to finish the ladies' mysterious shopping and then out to the Blue Pool, where a graceful waterfall drops apparently out of the steep green banks of a ravine into a deep pool that might look blue were it not for the vivid reflections of the luxuriant foliage which hems it about and towers above it. The ride thither was through a pleasing tropical country. A human torch was given to the idyllic spot by the coolie beggar who could understand no English, but who found ready power of familiar vehement expression for his disgust when Mulligan tried to satisfy him with a ha' penny.

QUEEN'S PARK HOTEL
TRINIDAD, B. W. I.
MENU
LUNCHEON
NATIVE OYSTERS
PUMPKIN SOUP
KING FISH PIE
CRAB BACKS
PIPER POT
PILAU OF CROOLE MUTTON
GRILLED SWEET POTATOES
ROASTED YAM—OCHROES
FRIED PLANTAINS
ICED PAPAY
SOUR SOF ICE CREAM
SPECIAL MOCHA 1/-

Mary had been depressed for two days' past because no answer had come to the cable inquiring about Molly. The atmosphere changed perceptibly on our return to the yacht, Doctor bringing with him the mystic cabled word "Fine" to satisfy mother's heart. A diversion was caused after dinner by a monkey fancier who brought a collection of these pets to beguile dollars from Captain Dixon's pocket. Nellie, the large long tailed lady, captured the interest of everyone by her inimitable vanity—or was it curiosity that led her to play with a mirror for hours at a time. The Captain couldn't resist her, so she became one of our company thenceforth. The night was wonderful in the light of the nearly full moon.
Tuesday, February eighteenth. The day began before dawn for all excepting Mrs. Willard and Mrs. Macomber, for this day our hunters bold were to slaughter alligators on the Caroli River. The hunting party break-fasted at five and got away at five-thirty in two launches and a native boat with three guides. The east was just beginning to glow, and the fading twilight was full of exhilarating beauty. Our guides were not wholly expert, for the first we knew the two launches were aground in the soft mud of the waters near the river mouth. Happily the whole boat, with the chief guide and our chief engineer, was aboard, and the owner's launch with the hunting party was warned in time to back out, leaving the guide and Mr. Denny to await the turning of the tide. Unhappily, our mid-morning luncheon was in the stranded boat. Having got clear, our launch transferred the passengers to the river boat, and we were rowed by the two remaining guides a long way round to the proper channel for entering the river. But our troubles were by no means over. We, too, got stuck in the mud in the very mouth of the river and it was amusing to see our guides step out into six inches of water and sink in up to their waist. But it was interesting to see those darkies work to get us through to deep water. That morning at least they knew nothing about dolce far niente! While they were perspiring over their hard task, and their passengers were risking their lives by rocking the boat in order to shake it out of the clutches of the oars, Willard asked the darkies why they didn't bring the alligators down the river to us. Quick as thought one of them replied: “You sho'ly is an ingenious man, sah!”

The trip up the river in the early morning light was a rare experience. First we were rowed through a broad expanse of mangrove swamp, and saw the miniature oysters clinging confidingly to the slender trunks, waiting for the rising tide to bring them food and drink. Then we passed by low banks thick with pitch palms, each turning of the channel bringing new views of the high mountain background of our picture, with colors changing from the faint blue of dawn to the deep green of broad day. Later we came to higher banks, with an occasional cotton tree. We landed to see a rice plantation, and the coolie proprietor warned us that the game we were hunting might quite probably hunt us if we ventured to cross the field. And yet we got no prey. Macomber and one or two other sharp-eyed ones saw an alleged alligator swimming across the river ahead of our boat. Rees saw something slip down off a mud bank into the stream and staked his reputation that he had seen “one.” We got out of the canoes and trespassed unconsciously on a peaceful citizen's cacao and banana plantation, walking stealthily, warned to shun conversation, while the hunters hunted. Several of us saw the pathetic white belly of an alligator some other fellow had shot days before. And twice, nay thrice, Macomber let go his gun, and swore he had hit, or nearly hit, a long black head. We believed it, because he is an honorable man—but that is all the alligator we got. One of our boatmen came on up the river with the boat while we were hunting from the shore. Loneliness seems to have driven him to seek bottled consolation, which was so effective that when we turned back to go down stream, the maneuver was too much for him, and he took an involuntary and quite
sobering tumble off his boat into the river. But even he drew no alligator! We did, however, get our luncheon, for Denny got off with the rising tide and came chugging up the river at a speed to terrify the wild creatures more than all our guns could do. He hove in sight just as we were starting on the downward trip, his dark guide enjoying the pleasure of doing nothing, which his comrades had missed so far that day. So we embarked in the whale boat, made fast to the bank in a shady spot, and demolished a refreshing sample of Virginia fare.

The return down river was pleasant and speedy, for we left the river boat to its owners, towing it and them behind the swift launch on whose easier seats we had made ourselves comfortable. We found the sea, which we had left in summer calm, kicking up quite a fuss when we got out to it again, and several of us, as well as Rhees's camera, got a taste of salt before we scrambled up the gangway to the yacht's comfort and shelter, and a real meal. That high sea just suited Mr. Eastman's taste, for he was behind the launch in the whale boat with his motion picture machine. When the launch came bobbing up to the yacht's side and we jumped for the gangway as the restless sea made opportunity for us, that relentless machine recorded our contortions and the yacht's plunges in a way well fitted to revive most eloquent memories!

At four, six of our party went ashore for another motor ride. Our steward had told us at noon that a mysterious stranger had been claiming acquaintance with Macomer. On landing now, this stranger accosted Rhees, who confessed that Frank was one of the party, and was just stowing a card in his pocket to be delivered on return to the yacht when the mystery was resolved by Mrs. Mulligan's recognition of the stranger as Ben Hough. So we sent him out by the launch to entertain Frank and Pagle while we were gone. The two motors went different ways. Mrs. Dikman and the Willards first visited the enchanting shops of Colbie town, and then drove around the north shore of the gulf to the westward. The Mulligans and Rhees hurried across the island to Maqueripe Bay. It was an enchanting drive—but not equal to Jamaica!—and led to a beguiling little bay at the entrance to the Dragon's Mouth, by which we had come in from the rolling sea to the quiet waters of the Gulf of Paria. The deep ravine, arched over by bamboo, by which they went down to the beach, was "almost like Jamaica!" All gathered again for dinner on Virginia at seven, and as the day began before dawn, so it closed for our sleepy company as soon after nightfall as was possible.

**Wednesday, February nineteenth.** At eight o'clock we sailed away from Port of Spain, but not yet from Trinidad, for we had still to see the Pitch Lake. Having heard of its heat and smelliness, we all dressed in our worst. But we had still to get there, for it is five and twenty good miles from Port of Spain. Soon after we got away, we saw ominous signs of activity on the Cincinnati, a huge cruising Hamburg-American Liner, which had got to Trinidad the afternoon before. Thinking that carriages would be needed and would not be plenty, we saw that we had a race for it. And race we did! For although the great rival passed us and came to anchor at La Brea before we did, our launch had set us ashore before the first party was loaded.
OF THE YACHT ""VIRGINIA"

into Cincinnati's small boats. And after all, the race was not necessary any more than the heavy boots and old clothes, for the "lake" is less than half a mile from the pier; it is neither hot nor humid; and we passed the tourist hordes—ten Rochester acquaintances among them—as we returned from our inspection of the famous source of modern pavements. But the race was fun anyway, and a fine demonstration of Captain Dixon's ability to "get there." Before noon we had left Trinidad to visit her near neighbor, Venezuela. But we meant to call at Venezuela's front door, so there were many hours of sailing ahead of us before we should ask for entrance at La Guayra. The Gulf of Paria and later the open sea, were delightfully calm and our trip was joyous and full of ease.

Thursday, February twentieth. This was Mary Mulligan's birthday, and the sky and sea greeted her with a kindliness worthy of Jamaica—her land of heart's desire. We all agreed with Captain Dixon that this was the sort of weather we signed for. Yachting had become an unalloyed delight. To celebrate the happy day Dr. Mulligan took a hand at bridge in the afternoon; and in the evening Rhees, who had been initiated into the intricacies of the game on the restless evening which tried our patience on the way from Barbados to Trinidad, played until the small hours of the next day. But that was after the real celebration at dinner. Chef and steward outdid themselves—and that was going some!—in menu and table decoration. Our host pledged the lady of the day in a toast which all drank with enthusiasm. And then came the cake with lighted candles above the monogrammed and dated frosting and the tray full of gifts. Our poets were clearly inspired by the occasion, but none so fully as Dodge, who was later to win his title as poet laureate of the party. As Mary had been quite explicit in telling her dislike of gifts that could be neither worn, eaten nor smelled, the tokens of regard which her friends heaped on that tray were most practical, some very practical. Being it became our birthday lady as naturally as its feathers suit a bird, and it was remarked that this year Father Time had sent the moon at full to give glory to the day—or rather night. Mary fully appreciated this attention and paid her thanks from the upper deck before the quartet, with the novice Rices in Willard's place, settled down to bridge. It was a great day.

Friday, February twenty-first. The glorious morning light showed the high snow-capped mountains of Venezuela in wonderful beauty, and by breakfast time we were at anchor behind the breakwater of La Guayra. This first town of South America to be seen by us, was prepossessing only because it is the gateway to Caracas, high up on the hill, distant from the coast six miles for a bird; it takes the railway twenty-six to reach it. But that is a story by itself.

Rhees and Dodge went ashore in the morning to get their first South American surprise. They could not buy postage stamps at the postoffice, but had to go two blocks away to a special agency for them! At three o'clock we all came ashore and settled ourselves comfortably in a wagon reserved which our host had secured for the trip to Caracas. The trip had been both exciting and belated in our hearing by friends who
had taken it before us. But we found words inadequate for the variety and beauty of scene which came before our eyes from the first ascent immediately after leaving La Guayra until we rolled along the valley into Caracas. The unusual feature of the road is that it is a high hillside and not a valley road. From the outset we left valleys, narrow and rugged, far below us, often with sides of almost impossible steepness. The steep grades carried us rapidly up, and the height to be reached was so out of proportion to the distance to be covered, that often three or four laps of the zigzag road could be seen from the car as we hurried along. From the heights the outlook into the mountains or out to the blue sea was often wonderfully beautiful. We were greatly impressed by a new wagon road which we saw in process of building as we reached Caracas. It is the work of competent engineers and appeared to be a piece of excellent macadam. This was our introduction to a series of surprises which we met in Caracas. We expected to see a city rather picturesque, but otherwise hardly attractive. Yet from the first impressions gained on the drive to Hotel Klintt, to the last pleasant drive out through the suburbs of the town on Saturday afternoon, we were forced to admire not only the appropriate architecture of the buildings and the soft colors of the stucco with which they are finished, but also the cleanliness of the streets and the apparent care for health and the maintenance of healthful conditions. Few of our cities would adopt the measure in force in Caracas, banishing all livery and public stables from within the city limits, in order to fight flies!

Perhaps two circumstances prejudiced us favorably in our opinion of Caracas. First, at the station we were met—though accidentally—by Mr. Proctor, resident representative of the American asphalt interests. Mr. Eastman had a letter to him from our Porto Rican friend, Mr. Richardson. He at once took a hand in getting us comfortable quarters, and when the hotel proved inadequate for our large party, he took Mr. Eastman, Dodge and Rhee to his own attractive home a half mile distant, and housed them most comfortably. Secondly, our Caracan courier, Mr. Suarez-Smith, proved a most valuable person. He seemed to have the entrée everywhere. Apparently he knew secretaries and ministers of state intimately. As we drove along, every important person we passed bowed to him, and in the President’s palace, his Excellency himself graciously posed for Dodge and Macomber to snap shots at him, in response to a hint from our courier.

The public buildings of Caracas impressed us as being both worthy and beautiful, and the many open plazas in the city made us of Rochester a trifle envious of a city whose authorities as matter of course provide a worthy setting for an important building. There were some of us who avowed that the mantillaed Venezuelan ladies surpassed all else in giving the city its charm!

Saturday, February twenty-second, was thus filled with seeing the sights of the Venezuelan capital. Friday evening we had gone to the Caracas Theatre to see a Spanish play, but we soon preferred sleep to vain wondering what the play might mean. On Saturday evening no one suggested theatre.
Sunday, February twenty-third. At eight o'clock we were in another special car bound for Puerto Cabello, where we were to rejoin Virginia—the yacht having come around from La Guayra to meet us. The day was beautiful, but quite warm. For the first four hours the views from the train were most beautiful, though quite different from those of the upward trip to Caracas. The horizon was wider, and the country more under cultivation. After passing La Victoria—where, by the way, the irrepressible Castro went in retirement during one of the interludes in his presidential career—the country was mostly level, parched, and uninteresting. At Valencia we should have been stalled, as no Sunday train is run on the English railway which connects here with the German road, and links it with the sea, had not our Chief, like Tommy, “found a way.” As he did, we went down in state by a special train. This part of the trip was a surprise. We thought we had nearly reached sea level at Valencia, but we soon ran into a narrow and steep valley, down which our road took us by a cog track at a fearsome grade. This narrow way was a delightful variation from the roads we had hitherto traveled. One incident will serve to keep that trip a vivid memory. That was the engine whistle’s unrelenting shriek—a plural will not express it adequately, for it was a continuous performance—as we came into Puerto Cabello. If the unwary were as well warned as we in the train were deafened, that railway was as safe for the wayfarer as a country lane.

The sight of Virginia waiting for us in the harbor was very refreshing, and we lost no time in reaching her. As we had been wanderers on the twenty-second, a simple Washington birthday celebration was held at dinner this evening. Virginia being an appropriate place for such a celebration! Mrs. Dickman proposed the health of The Father of His Country, and all drank it reverently. Dodge followed with a toast to “Our Host—a host in himself, a host to all of us, and a host in Rochester”—and we all drank it with a will. Then some surprises followed. A hatchet commemorative of the day was used to commemorate our host’s success in hewing out a way for the accomplishment of his program for us. Mrs. Mulligan read a ballad by Dodge on the Rise and Expansion of Kodak, and Dodge was at once proclaimed poet laureate. Every one contributed some surprise, but all associated the occasion in thought with another George than he of February twenty-second.

By the time the dinner was over, we were well on our way to Curaçao, over smooth seas and with light hearts.

Monday, February twenty-fourth. At dawn we were rapidly approaching the picturesque harbor of Willemstad, Curaçao, and it was necessary for the captain to steam about for a while aimlessly to kill time. At seven we had picked up our pilot and passed into the harbor, the pontoon bridge at the entrance having been drawn aside to let us pass.

The town of Willemstad is one of the quaintest, Dutchest and, therefore, cleanest places imaginable. Mr. Eastman dubbed it “Spotless town.” It certainly looked like an excellent Sapago advertisement.

While Virginia was coaling, her passengers went into the town, and after a little time devoted to looking about the shops, all took motors for
a drive. The island as we saw it from the roads, was far the dreariest and most uninteresting place we had visited. What it can yield to support its thriving and busy capital was the question each one of us asked. Dusty and cactus-beset, almost treeless, and with few signs of cultivated fields, it did not tempt us to take a long drive (nor a repeated one).

Mr. Eastman's car took a longer drive (in time) than was planned, by virtue of a puncture which occurred on the return, about two miles out from town. If it had not been for our Chief's supervision, it is doubtful if the darcy chauffeur could have got the tire reset and inflated again.

After luncheon on Virginia, Rhodes and Mulligan went ashore again for some alleged shopping, but all were safely aboard for the departure at half past five.

The start of the trip to Colon was beautiful and most promising—a smooth sea, a lovely evening light, and another birthday party made us all quite gay.

This birthday was Mrs. Willard's. As on other festal days, the chef gave us a particularly fine dinner, and the table was beautifully decorated. Our host toasted the lady of honor, in which all joined with eagerness. The birthday cake was a wonder, and duly marked with monogram and date under the blinking candles.

The feature of the celebration was a special menu, in recognition of Mrs. Willard's marked fondness for the effigies of gentle beasts. Poetry was abundant, at least verses were, and there is no wonder that this time Willard's wit sparkled brighter than ever, and broke out in rhyme.

Tuesday, February twenty-fifth. The day opened peacefully and continued so until towards evening, when a wind arose, happily following, which changed our peace to trouble. The night was rough, and although all the ladies started out to sleep on the boat deck, all vanished except Mary, who enjoyed the wild night. Many flying fish came aboard. The steward collected quite a mess to have for breakfast, but the sailors got the start of him, and cooked them for themselves as a midnight supper.

Wednesday, February twenty-sixth. All met at breakfast after a sleepless night, but in good spirits, for we looked forward to reaching Colon at noon the next day. To be sure Dodge remarked that if a semi-colon could be found anywhere on the way, he would like to stop. Bridge occupied a quartet morning, afternoon and evening. Rhodes frightened the other bridge players by taking a back somersault towards the bookcase, but his head didn't break the glass. Others amused themselves according to their powers of resistance to the persistent, insistent, intolerant sea.

Thursday, February twenty-seventh. During the night the wind and sea quieted, and at breakfast time we were bowling along most comfortably, with the mountains of Panama clearly seen off the port bow. At a short time before luncheon we anchored in Colon harbor, and were greatly surprised to learn from the port physician that, as a penalty for our visit to Venezuela, we must lie in quarantine for three days to complete seven from the time of the yacht's departure from La Guaya. The doctor had brought us a fat package of mail, and we were permitted to move to a more sheltered and
comfortable anchorage. As the crew had not slept ashore in La Guayra,
ythey were exempt from quarantine, so our steward could go ashore and
secure provisions, as well as collect further mail. The hours were passed
quietly, and restfully, and the anchorage proved to be both cool and pleasant.
At night it was a great boon to be able to sleep on deck, as all did, the ladies
on the after boat deck, the men—some forward of the chart house, the rest
on the after deck.

Friday, February twenty-eighth. Macomber proved himself a gallant
knight in the early hours of the morning, by rushing up to the ladies’ cots
with umbrellas, when a sharp shower came up. The port doctor called at
ten-thirty to look us over. But no pleasantries or arguments could move
him, not even Mulligan's suggestion that prisoners commonly have their
time shortened for good behavior.

Our Chief sent to Colonel Goethals at Culebra a letter of introduction,
and asked for an appointment. The reply designated Sunday afternoon at
about three o'clock as an hour agreeable to the canal Dictator.
The day passed in quiet and restful idleness.

Saturday, March first. The day was very hot, and the morning was
spent in somewhat futile efforts to find the coolest place on the yacht. The
auxiliary schooner Vergemone from Montreal came and anchored near us,
much to Dodge's excitement, because she had four ladies aboard. The
doctor visited us again at ten-thirty, and we all began to feel solicitous lest
by some ill chance, someone should develop a temperature before Sunday
morning. Hence, a most uncommon carelessness against colds, indigestion
and any undue excitement. Notwithstanding this general feeling of caution,
Mrs. Mulligan organized a bridge tournament for the afternoon, with eight
players and two prizes. The first prize for men was won by Mr. Eastman.
It was a cake of Roger & Gallet soap and a tube of Daggett & Ramsdell's
cold cream. The first prize for ladies was won by Mrs. Mulligan, but as
she had offered the prizes, she yielded her claim to the second lady, Mrs.
McMurtrie, who drew a toothbrush holder and brand new tooth brush!

After this excitement, we spent a quiet evening and got early to bed.

Sunday, March second. This was Captain Dixon's birthday, so the
party gave him a purse of fifty dollars in gold to express our congratulations
and good wishes.

The port doctor was out before breakfast with a dozen thermometers
to test us all. It was quite amusing to see our habitually gay company per-
force keeping silence with the little glass tubes sticking out of our mouths.
It was soon all over, however, and we were free to go where and when we
would.

At nine-thirty we all went ashore and took motors for Gatun. The
owner of the cars, a German named Berg, accompanied us as guide.

The country was very pleasing to see, with luxuriant tropical foliage.
It was tragic to find at various points along the road the wrecks of costly
machinery used by the French in their work upon the canal, and it was
most interesting to get a first glimpse of the great work on the locks and dam
at Gatun. The settlements for laborers scattered along the road were
crowd with men at rest from the customary weekly toil, while from many little churches came the strains of song from the dark skinned worshippers dressed in Sunday best.

We returned for early luncheon on the yacht, and at one-thirty took a special train over the Panama Railroad to Culebra, to call on Colonel Goethals, Mr. Berg still acting acceptably as courier.

The ride to Culebra gave us a second opportunity to see what is being done at Gatun, and beyond that gave us an idea of what the dam will do in the way of artificial lake formation. The swamped and gradually dying forests gave a somber cast to much of the scenery, but an occasional lignum-vitae tree, aglow with yellow blossoms, lighted up the scene, and everywhere that the waters have not intruded, the growth was most rich and beautiful. Glimpses of the canal were gained at many points. Great light houses rising on hills far inland spoke of the changes that are to come, and we were enchanted by the view up the Chagres River from the new railway bridge, near the old settlement of Cruces, where the Royal Road of the early Spanish time left the river and struck through the jungle for Porto Bello.

At Culebra a surprise was awaiting us. We reached there at two-forty-five and all trudged up the hill to Colonel Goethals’ house, only to be informed by the half-intelligible housekey who opened the door for us, that the Colonel was “in repose” and could not be seen for an hour and a half. At a loss to understand this failure by the Colonel to keep the appointment of his own making, we trudged down the hill again and took the train on for Panama.

The glimpses of Culebra Cut which we got on the way, especially as we crossed the temporary bridge over the canal works, prepared us for the interest of the closer inspection the next day. Past San Miguel and Mira-flores locks the train drew us into Panama, arriving at about four o’clock.

We then took motors for a drive to the ruins of Old Panama, the first settlement of the Spaniards on the Pacific side of the isthmus, and the starting point of the trail across to Porto Bello, by which the gold and silver filched from Peruvian Indians, was packed over to be shipped on Spanish galleons to the Peninsula.

The old ruins, looking to the eastward (1) out over the Pacific, are most impressive and suggestive of the completeness with which Morgan finished his work in 1671. Even the old masonry arch bridge by which the buccaneers crossed the stream near Panama, speaks of the utter ruin. We feared at one time that the Macombers might be in jeopardy of life on account of their rickety motor car. But we did succeed in getting back to the station, and took our train for Colon, and our comfortable Virginia, arriving for an eight-thirty dinner and a much relished sleep.

Monday, March third. At half past eight we were all aboard our special train for a day of thorough inspection of the points of chief interest in the canal, accompanied by our Mr. Berg and another official guide, Mr. Wickham.

First we went to Gatun, and all walked from the station over to the great locks. These we visited, from the tower of the lighthouse at the upper end, to the water tunnel in the division wall between the two locks,
below the floor of the middle lock. We saw the great gates, some in place, others in process of construction. We saw the mechanism for operating them and the gates for admitting the water to the locks and for draining them. Such an inspection gave us an idea of the magnitude and thoroughness of the work, which it will be impossible to obtain after the work is completed. After finishing the visit to the locks, Mr. Eastman, Mrs. Mulligan, Dodge and Rhees footed it a tortid half mile over to the spillway, where the new Gatun Lake will discharge into the Chagres River, and where the waters so discharged will be used to generate electricity to operate all the locks on the canal. It was worth while, although a somewhat tiring undertaking.

As soon as this quartet rejoined the rest of the party on the train, start was made for Culebra, and the passengers at once addressed themselves to a refreshing lunch on brought from Virginia.

The next stop was at Empire, where the train was run onto a siding and we got out to go down into the Culebra Cut. The spot chosen was a particularly interesting one, for the path led us over one of the land slides that are causing so great difficulty in the work of excavation at that point. It looked more like a mud glacier than a land slide, as we are familiar with that term. The ground over which we walked was firm and looked as if it had been barked after being wet, leaving great cracks all through it. Just below the path a huge steam shovel was at work clearing a way for tracks on which trains could be brought near to remove the superfluous cubic yards which this slide had dumped into the cut. The myriad steam shovels, diamond drills, and train laden railway cars, impressed us more with the magnitude of this undertaking than even the great locks at Gatun. The impressin was made vivid by the firing of a half dozen blasts near us while we were in the cut. Would that someone had taken a picture of our ladies crouched under a flat car for protection!

At Gatun our little German guide had been rather overshadowed by his official colleague. From this point on, however, he came into his own. This expression is not meant, however, in any way as a reference to his solicitous care for Pagie Macomber on the climb back over the slide! Returned to our train, we left for the rest of the run to the Pacific end of the canal; but not until Dodge had chaffered with a colored lady for some fruit which she wished to sell for about quadruple value. By Mr. Berg’s assistance he succeeded in getting it for half price—that is double value! But the fruit proved by the way we ate it, that we almost agreed with the darky vendor as to its worth.

As we passed the hill up which we had trudged the day before to pay our respects to Colonel Goethals, we looked out to see whether any means might be found to recover the respect so profitlessly expended, but there was neither sight nor sound nor any sign for us, that the great Colonel knew of our existence.

The San Miguel and Mirafloros locks were not visited, because they are identical in construction with the Gatun locks. So our train carried us on to the site of the new terminal city Balboa. Here the Canal Commission proposes to build a city which shall provide headquarters for all work on the canal and for the Panama Railroad. This new city will be not far from
34 THE LOG OF THE CRUISE

the City of Panama, but separated from it by Ancon Hill. To make the harbor of Balboa safe and spacious, immense breakwaters are being built, and great stretches filled in to make new land where now the shallow waters of the bay stand.

One of the most novel experiences we had was that of riding out on a gravel train which was drawing excavations from Culebra Cut to the Balboa breakwater. Arrangements had been made to take our party on the patent “unloader,” by which all the contents of such a train are gently shoved off to one side of the track, by means of a heavy steel wedge which is drawn from the last car along the whole length of the train, pushing the gravel or rock, as it moves along, pulled by a great cable which is wound around a drum operated by donkey engines on the “unloader.” Mr. Eastman, Dodge and Brees chose to ride on the great wedge, the others on the “unloader car.” Having taken our places, the train was pushed along a track so rough that it seemed a wonder that a train could keep on the rails, out to the end of things. Then the “unloader” began its work and the passengers on the “flying wedge” were drawn slowly and most gently towards their friends on the “unloader.” Those friends were enjoying the process as keenly as splitting car drums would permit—for those donkey engines made a fearsome noise.

It was drawing towards five o’clock when we pulled back to the station, where we had left our own train, and soon afterwards we were drawn into the Panama station. As a “Rubber Neck train” pulled in just ahead of us with a few passengers who had been out for an afternoon of “seeing the Canal,” we smoothed our own feathers with an air of comfortable and satisfied superiority.

In Panama we took cabs and drove various ways, but most of us turned up at Madura’s and inspected hats. Queer it is that Panama hats are made in Peru and Ecuador! And the principal market for them is at St. Thomas!

Tuesday, March fourth. In this far off American territory, the inauguration of a president made no stir. The nearest we could get to that ceremony was a rather profitless effort to learn what the Cabinet slate was to be.

The morning was spent restfully and indolently. Most of the men patronized the barber on the Prinz August Wilhelm which arrived in port the day before. Mrs. Macomber picked up a basket or two, and others wrote letters. Soon after luncheon we weighed anchor and started out for the run to Kingston. But we were not to leave this place of pride and fascinating interest so easily. Hardly had Captain Dixon got Virginia’s bow pointed seaward, when of a sudden down went the anchor again, and with answering suddenness our engines reversed. What it all meant we could not imagine, until we saw the sailors rapidly shifting the tackle from the starboard anchor over to the port davits, and then saw a very pretty piece of fishing for the port anchor with the new tackle. The port tackle had slipped or broken as the anchor was being lifted to its place on deck. Hence the sudden fall, and stopping of the boat. She might easily have snapped her cable if the engineer had not responded very promptly to the emergency measures adopted by Captain Dixon. The donkey engine had the anchor again at the side before the tackle had been shifted, and in a
surprisingly short time the anchor was resting securely in its berth on deck.
Without further incident we pushed on out to sea. We soon learned why friends who had arrived on incoming boats had had much to say about rough weather between Jamaica and Colon. Even the Bridge quartet lost its spirit.

Wednesday, March fifth. Mrs. Mulligan's memorandum of this day could not pass muster with the New York Times. The trouble extended even to our chef. We all thought it beastly hard lines to have to cook food on such a sea. It was not wholly sympathy, however, which led to the substitution of an à la carte supper—poached eggs and bacon—for our customary artiste dinner menu. The Caribbean between Colon and Jamaica is some sea!

Thursday, March sixth. The memoranda of this day are less ejaculatory. The sea towards evening grew less demonstrative also. The most touching memory the day has left us is that of the silent comradeship of Doctor Mulligan and his little friend Page on the upper deck—side by side on their canvas cots they endured the day until evening brought a promise of peace. It was interesting to note, too, that bridge, which earlier in our course, had been resorted to as an antidote against melancholy, now had changed to a symptom of approaching recovery from despond. It was a picnic day for Jocko, the monkey, however. He got loose and led sailors and officers and Frank Macomber a joyous chase all over the boat from bowsprit to stern, and upstairs and down (only stairs is not a nautical term).

Friday, March seventh. Our cheerful party awoke to see Jamaica looming high before us, and to feel the sea quiet under the dominion of the stable land. Soon after breakfast we had anchored off old Port Royal, at the imperious suggestion of the port physician's man Friday, who showed much disturbance of mind because we had been so rash as to leave San Juan six weeks before without a British Consul's bill of health. Young Vincent Astor's yacht, "Noma," which we had chased into the harbor, was released with no hostility. But we, who were impatient to get foot on land, lay there at anchor the live-long morning and until after luncheon, while our solicitous official had gone up to town to ask his superior if, lacking that British paper, he could permit us to land.

Jamaica was welcoming a new governor that day. Guns and hunting were greatly in evidence. Probably that port officer was kowtowing somewhere up in Kingston. At length, however, either because the superior had some sense, or because the little man couldn't find him and hadn't the band to keep us longer on his own responsibility, he gave us our passport and we steamed slowly up the harbor and anchored off the wharves of Kingston.

After getting some mail, we all went ashore and drove about the town and out to the military camping post of the town.
The evening of perfect motionlessness was keenly enjoyed.

Saturday, March eighth. Virginia coaled for the fifth time at Kingston. Before breakfast we made fast to the dock. So we got ashore early for a motor ride to Spanish Town and Bog Walk. It was a dusty, dreary way
to Spanish Town, yet abundantly rewarded by the wonderful silk cotton tree seven miles out from Kingston. The great elephantite roots, amply supporting the immense expanse of branches, surpassed anything arboREAL that we had seen.

We did not stop in Spanish Town, but motored through the quiet narrow streets, past the characteristic plaza with the public buildings about it, and on towards the hills. The country changed rapidly for the better in picturesqueness, and we were soon in a narrow valley, following an excellent road along the Cobre River. The hillsides were closely wooded with tropical trees. Bamboos waved their gigantic ostrich plumes from high upon the hillsides, palms rose stately and independent from the waterable, steep cuts through the rocks were covered with ferns, as in less lavish climes they are with lichens, while here and there bright tropical blossoms emphasized the luxuriance of nature's unrestrained indulgence in beauty. A sharp turn over a bridge across the river and under a fine masonry arch over which the railway passes, brought us to the little hamlet which marks what the Spaniards picturesquely called it, 'the mouth of the water'—Boca d'agua—a name which the prosaic Englishman has transmitted into the far from picturesque Bog Walk.

We passed for a few minutes in the village, long enough to buy some bananas from urgent sellers and long enough for Rhues to incur the resentment of a darkly fruit vendor who had got within range of his camera, and claimed consequently a fee for having his picture taken. As Rhues had found the darky an intruder rather than an improvement to his picture, he couldn't see the pertinacity of the claim for a fee. So we went on our return way, leaving the enterprising would-be model muttering still of his disallowed claims.

The ride down the valley doubled the pleasure of the ascent, all the lovely scenes were of new interest from the changed approach. For once there was a special treat and disappointment in Spanish Town. Ever since we left Charleston, Mrs. Mulligan had been singing the charms of an "idyllic inn" at Spanish Town and the ice cold orange juice she had there on an earlier visit. So in that limber car turned aside, and Doctor ordered orange juice for the crowd. Memory does no justice to the disgust of Mary when the stupid waiter brought out just plain everyday limeade!

We reached Kingston again in time for luncheon on Virginia at one-fifteen. About three several of us went ashore to shop, and at four again took motors for further exploration of Kingston's possibilities. One car did little but try the patience of our Chief, as it managed with much difficulty to take him with Mr. Willard and three of the ladies along the bay to the eastward. The other took Mrs. Willard, Dr. Mulligan, Dodge and Rhues up to Hope Gardens—a lovely park belonging to the Experiment Station; greenhouses filled with orchids, trees and shrubs and flowering plants in profusion, arranged for study and observation; coffee and cocoa, vanilla vines and lotus plants in a quiet running stream, and all explained by a young student who answered every question Dodge or Mulligan could ask, until they demanded the spelling of some of the numerous Greek derivatives the youth glibly used. He declined to spell.
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After a fascinating half hour in the Gardens, the car carried its happy travelers on up the valley to Gordontown on the way to Castleton. It was a wonderful ride through bold country. The Jamaicans wisely look to the hills and away from their dust begrimed plains when they seek refreshment whether of body or spirit.

Returning, the chauffeur nearly killed a man as the car neared Kingston. He was protected by the fate that seems to guard men made reckless and irresponsible by too much of Jamaica’s noted beverage. Virginia was a welcome refuge for us all at dinner time, and the prospect of a six o’clock breakfast the next morning induced surprising unanimity of feeling concerning early retiring.

Sunday, March ninth. At seven-fifteen we were all seated in a private compartment in the car for Port Antonio. It was a brilliantly clear day, and the early morning air was delicious. The trip across the mountains was one of great charm. The character of the scenery changed most interestingly as we rose above the sea. Yet the tropical features never disappeared. Plantations of bananas were as plentiful and appeared to be as productive at the crest of the divide as in the plains by the sea. Bananas are everywhere in Jamaica—varied now and then by plantations of coconut palms. The railway winds about through the hills in beautiful ways. There is no such evidence of engineering boldness as one sees on the road from La Guayra to Caracas. But neither is there any such severe barrenness of country. The world smiles at one from every side. At half past eleven we reached Port Antonio, after a run of several miles beside the sea, on the north shore of the island.

Port Antonio! The land of heart’s desire! How our ears had become accustomed to its name, and how our imagination had been baffled to picture its charms! But Mrs. Mulligan and Dodge were called on for no apologies. The realization justified their enthusiasm. The cozy double harbor, with the hotel perched on its peninsula in the midst of it, would make any place a dream. With the strong background of high cultivated hills, leading the eye up to central mountains behind them, the picture we saw from the comfortable veranda of the Tichfield was very satisfying.

Virginia had left Kingston before our train got off. But it took her several hours more to reach Port Antonio than our train required. So we took luncheon at the Tichfield. It was a pleasant experience and we met several Rochester friends—notably the Farleys, who came off and had tea on Virginia the next afternoon.

The yacht came in and anchored off the hotel about four o’clock—a beautiful picture she made in that hill surrounded harbor. We all felt that return to our comforts was like getting home. As soon after as was possible our Chief, Mrs. Mulligan, Macomber and Rhees went over to the bath house not far away, and took a swim—Dr. Mulligan standing by to see that no harm came to any of us. The water was so delicious in temperature and in buoyancy that it was hard to get the swimmers back to the yacht in time for dinner. They all declared that for sheer physical delight the afternoon of such a swim is hard to beat.
Monday, March tenth. An early breakfast opened a full day. By half-past eight we were set ashore at the Titchfield House and there found two wagons which our Chief had requisitioned the afternoon before for a drive to the Rio Grande. It was a joy to pass through the valleys and over the hills in the cool air of the morning, a joy even to dodge the showers that made one wagon stop to button up curtains. And the clear sunlight after the shower was a peculiar joy.

Arrived at the river, we were met by five river men, who quickly settled us, two by two, on bamboo rafts. Then with a sense of superlative ease, we drifted down the river for five miles, the raftmen poking or guiding through rapids as occasion required. The winding river, the rich growth of green on the bordering hillsides, the excitement of shooting rapids, the quiet gliding of the rafts as the river bore them along—all contributed to the impression that all the strange and joyous experience we had found on our trip together, rafting down the Rio Grande in Jamaica was the most unique in its delight.

The river trip came to an end too soon—too soon for our desires, and much too soon, in fact an hour too soon, for our drivers. When we took to the rafts they returned with the wagons to Port Antonio and were supposed to go on at once by another road to meet us down the river. The circuit should have taken them about the same time we used for the river trip. But those drivers had other plans, what we could not learn, but they were very successful in keeping ten people in a state of active control of their inclinations to impatience for a good round hour.

The drive back to Port Antonio along the river bank, and up over the hills by the sea, was as beautiful in its way as the river experience. One cannot forget the picture which filled the eye as a turn in the road to descend a hill towards the sea showed a very forest of palms waving on the hill sides, a ruined stone house on the high promontory to the left and the brilliant blue horizon line of the sea out far beyond.

We reached Virginia for a late luncheon at two o'clock and quietly enjoyed in the afternoon the memory of the morning’s exploits. At half past four Mr. and Mrs. Furley and Miss Forley of Rochester came out to tea. We all wondered whether they could have any idea of the peculiar attention shown them by Willard. He would hardly let Charles do a thing. He was everywhere anticipating each one’s particular state of hunger or thirst. To his sailors it was intensely diverting.

After the callers had gone, Mrs. Mulligan, Macomber and Rhees went over to the bath house for another swim. Dr. Mulligan standing guard as before. A quiet evening passed early into a restful night.

Tuesday, March eleventh. Today we saw Mary’s “tope beside the sea.” Ever since in Nassau we breathed our first tropic air, we had heard of this tope. Whenever we had seen some particularly appealing spot, we had been cautioned to wait for the one wholly satisfying refuge on “a reef protected pool.” And now we were to make an excursion thither. At ten o’clock we went ashore to get automobiles which had been ordered the day before to meet us at the Titchfield. Our route took us through the town of Port Antonio and out eastward along the shore. It was a beautiful
drive rich in views of ocean and hill side. After we had been gone about an hour, we saw standing far out from the shore a little island wholly palm covered. It lies in a reef protected pool. We all thought it looked promising. But the mango grove we couldn't see, and so could not surely name it Mary's tope. Later, however, she showed us a mango tree rising courageously amidst the riot of palms that surrounded it. We didn't know whether that tree should be taken as a sample of a grove on the seaward side of the island, or whether we were to believe that having such a start, mangoes would soon run out the palms. Be that as it may, as soon as we had that mango pointed out to us, we all began to draw plans for the "low veranda-ed house" where we expect to stay as Mary's guests when next we visit Jamaica.

But we didn't stop there. Along the shore we rode, past Blue Hole up over promontory after promontory, the sea view changing with each turn of the road, until the clock admonished our Chief that we must retrace our course in order to reach Virginia in time for luncheon.

In the afternoon we motored again, this time westward, and returned to the yacht sorry that when another day dawned for us Jamaica would be but a memory.

This was Willard's birthday, and of course a birthday dinner was essential, so Captain Dixon postponed setting out to sea until after dinner. Before dark, however, he shifted anchorage and took a place in the larger harbor east of the Titchfield House, from which the course out to sea was clear.

The dinner had all the festal character that had come to mark birthday dinners on Virginia. The features peculiar to this dinner were due to special consideration for the guest of honor. Outstanding was the scriptural character of the entertainment. Mr. Willard had early impressed us with his familiarity with Holy Writ, particularly with the Proverbs. It was with some pain that we discovered an error in his habitual quotation of the verse, "A prudent man forseth the evil and hideth himself." The verse in correct form was inscribed over the door of the dining saloon in letters that arrested his attention when he went out to dinner. After the dessert had been served still further Biblical suggestion was furnished with a somewhat complete provision for the guest of honor's vacation, vocation and avocation—tools and toys alike being furnished with quotations from Proverbs or other similar scriptures.

Soon after dinner we got out of the harbor and began rolling over to Santiago, leaving the land of heart's desire behind, yet carrying it in faceless memory with us.

Wednesday, March twelfth. The captain or the engineer, or the tide or the wind or somebody's calculations, or all combined, played most of us an evil trick, for whereas we were scheduled to reach Santiago at about eight o'clock, only those who were uncommonly alert—to wit, Macomber and one or two others—got on deck properly clad for the day in time to see us steam by Morro Castle and through the "neck of the bottle" where the gallant Hobson sank the "Merrimac" to block the escape of the Spanish fleet. As we steamed on through the narrow entrance, and then turned
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masonry with large well-shuttered windows, it is cool. Constructed about two handsome courts, luxuriously planted, on which the rooms open with refreshing vistas, it is a place of beauty. The hotel management has utilized the spacious old quarters, modernizing them by provision of baths and many comforts, and it is the most unique boasted our wanderings discovered.

After cooling baths and leisurely dressing, we wandered about the courts, and the extensive garden beyond them, studying the strange Spanish names of familiar vegetables growing ready for our table, wondering whether the saulters even then going in the large chicken yard was in preparation for our dinner (the unique condition of the roast fowl that was served us proved it was), and wondering no less at the wholly utilitarian enclosure for deer and flamingo and many fancy ducks which seemed to be there solely for the diversion of bent-subdue guests. For the garden was a place of grateful shade. Returning through the handsome grilled gates into the principal court yard, we revelled in the luxuriance of vast masses of magenta Bougainvillea and cool palms, and marvelled at the mammoth red oil and wine jara which now serve as ornaments to the winding paths—a pleasing foil to the piles of cannon balls which reminded us of the martial uses for which the place was built.

A comfortable dinner in the large mass room of the old barracks, and a quiet evening in the cool of the charming patio, made us—or most of us—quite ready for the comfortable beds which were awaiting us.

Friday, March fourteenth, dawned clear and deliciously cool in the early morning, but by the time breakfast was over and the proper question What to do? was pronounced by our always ready Chief, he found only a part of his company courageous enough to leave the charm and coolness of the hotel for a ride about the hot and rather uninviting town. The venturesome ones returned with a fresh sense of the ample capacity of a Cuban town for heat and for lack of any other special claim to distinction. The indolent stay-at-homes coolly regarded them with a shameless lack of regret for refusal to accompany them.

After several more delightfully idle hours, broken by the pleasure of a good luncheon in the cool spacious mess room, we took train again at three-forty-five for Havana. The hours of light revealed to us more wide stretches of the uninteresting and desolate appearing island country of Cuba. Bridge devotes banished emu industriously at auction. Less energetic ones enjoyed each other's society in little groups in the various comfortable sections and rooms that had been reserved for us on the sleepers, and after a comfortable night, morning brought us to Havana and a good breakfast in the cheerful station restaurant.

Saturday, March fifteenth. After breakfast we all took carriage for the Hotel Sevilla, and after refreshing baths, took motors for a drive about the city. The ride across town from the station in the early morning had given us some impression of the extent and general character of the business section of the city, but it had not prepared us for the beauty of the Prado, or the splendid esplanade—Malcon—at the water front, with Morro
Castle rising bold for the defense of the inner harbor just across a narrow channel from us, and the wide stretch of the open sea out directly to the northwest.

Our guides drove us along this noble avenue which the Americans had constructed beside the ocean, and took us first to see the orphan asylum with its characteristic old world "oubliette" for the reception of foundlings. Next they took us to the Koneo and Joliet tobacco factory, where we saw the process of manufacturing Cuba's chief agricultural product into the fragrant cigars of that famous brand. Then we were taken through some of the chief residence streets of the city, over pavements of incredible hardness, on route to the famous cemetery with its monuments to many honored victims of Spanish atrocity. We returned to the hotel with an impression singularly in contrast to that we had gained of Spanish towns in San Juan and Caracas. Possibly that impression heightened for us the keen pleasure which a Cuban luncheon gave us at the hotel. Cool, inviting, novel and delicious, even the high ejections of appetite accustomed to Virginia fare were satisfied.

Home friends greeted us at the hotel on our return from the drive—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Harris, and their traveling companion, Mr. and Mrs. Kernan of Utica. They had come down the Florida East Coast Railway in the Harris car, and had crossed from Key West for a Sunday in Havana. After luncheon some of us joined Mr. Harris in a visit to one of the Bock cigar factories, and saw again the interesting process of manufacture of the aromatic weed. We were interested to watch the dramatic reader who were employed to entertain the workers with what seemed to be exciting Spanish romances, while the deaf fingers formed and finished the costly cigars.

Later Rhees and Dodge wandered up and down Strada Obispo and Strada O'Reilly, ostensibly looking for a razor stop for Rhees, but in reality just for fun. At five the party took carriages and drove aimlessly and most entertainingly about the shopping section of the city, once more out to the esplanade, then along the water front of the inner harbor, through the narrow streets of the Shambles to the old cathedral, by the post office and down to San Francisco—the old church which had been forcibly converted from Catholic to Protestant worship during the short English occupation in 1762, and having thus been desecrated had thereafter been given over to secular uses. It now contains the offices of the customs service. Aimlessly still we drove on, back by the Presidential palace, and again to the Malecon, which we reached just as the sun was touching the horizon, and lighting up with indescribable glory the clouds that hung over Morro. It was a sight of quiet and ever memorable beauty.

On the drive we encountered Denny and Smith from Virginia, which had come to anchor in the harbor at four-thirty. It was arranged that we should go on board the next afternoon.

Dinner at the hotel confirmed the good impression which the luncheon had given, and afterward we all set out again in carriages for the Malecon to hear the military band; but we had been misinformed and found that we were twenty-four hours ahead of the band; so we drove about seeing,

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and being vastly interested by, Havana's shopping streets at night. We hardly got Mrs. Dickman away from the glamour of one shop window, where seductive lace mantillas were shown.

Returning to the hotel, we all refreshed ourselves with orange juice in the bar room, and then went to prove the superiority of the Sevilla's beds to those the sleepers had afforded us.

Sunday, March sixteenth. Palm Sunday—a heavenly day. Two energetic members of the company got an early start and went to service at the American Episcopal Church. The cab driver proved singularly unfamiliar with Havana churches, or else intolerably Catholic, for notwithstanding directions which the devotees thought convincing, aided by a picture post card showing the church and giving the street and number, he drove the worshippers quite in the opposite direction and brought up at the Roman Catholic Cathedral!

The others of the company insisted that this story was all a rose to cover up an early morning jaunt. Nevertheless, the American church was found at last, and after the service the two drove quietly back to the hotel to find with great surprise that the time given to their wanderings and devotions had not sufficed to give the others of the company breakfast and to collect the motors ordered for a drive into the country near Havana. So the whole company set off together in two comfortable motor cars.

The route led through the heart of the city and out to the low hills whence Havana draws its excellent water supply. The water works are a staple show place for Havannans, so we all stopped and planned to visit them; but the passengers in one car found the task too taxing and drove on by the pleasing country roads, making a wide detour which brought them out to the sea, led through the military reservation with its quite inviting officers' quarters, round about to the Havana Country Club—where they assumed the privileges of members—and so on into the city. A visit to a tobacco curing establishment furnished an interesting episode.

The passengers in the other car persevered in the determination to see that water works business through to the end. It was not all pure courage, however, for when somewhat appalled by the extent of the enterprise, they sought to go back, they found that the only way out for them was the way through. So they joined a company of "personally conducted" tourists—evading the "person" as much as possible—and followed the path through the moss frescoed tunnel which carries the conduit under the river—and out to a hillside where lovely views of the palms country-side rewarded them. Their car had gone around by road to meet them just beyond the extraordinary basin of bubbling springs from which the city's water is drawn. They took to the motor again, just too late to get started off before a great lumbering "seeing Rochester" sort of ominous automobile rumbled off, blocking the whole road with its clumsy mass, and punishing car and nose by its rattle and smell. After a time, however, they passed the lumbering bus, and followed as nearly as they could the same course the other car belonging to the party had taken. It was a smiling land they saw—the first that they had seen under Cuban skies—refreshed, refreshing and happy. But when they had passed through the
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military station, and the road turning off towards the sea and the country club beckoned, their watches admonished them that the rendezvous for luncheon on Virginia was making urgent call. Unhappily they and their chauffeurs mistook that rendezvous, and at the Sevilla they were perplexed to find no trace of our Chief or the other commanders. Apparently they had left for good—bills paid, luggage gone, no trace left to track them by. But the detectives knew where luncheon was to be had, so they made haste to San Francisco wharf whence Virginia could be reached, and they found their perplexed fellows waiting for them there, wondering what might have befallen.

It was good to get to the yacht again. Captain Dixon's calm welcome, Denny's capacious smile, Charlie's respectful bidinage, all made us very much at home, not less so the delicious luncheon that was awaiting us.

It was a quiet restful afternoon that followed on deck. The fact of doing nothing after the exciting doings of the previous days was a luxury, and with an idle pleasure we watched the Hamburg-American Liner Victoria Luisa weigh anchor at five o'clock and get away from her berth near ours in the harbor. In turning she backed up so near us that the wash from her screws swung us round on our anchor chain, but no damage was done and we waved a complacent good-bye to the tourists whom she was carrying on to visit many of the places of which this log has recorded pleasant memories.

Our four ladies appeared as Spanish señoritas at dinner and dazzled our eyes far more than the genuine originals on whom Dodge's gaze had been riveted as we drove through Havana's residence streets on our various excursions through the city. But their courage failed them. We could not persuade them to retain their dark eyes and mantillas when we went ashore for the band concert at the Malecon in the evening. That concert was pleasant. The crowds that circled round and round while the music was playing interested us more. The evening was warming to fullest charm when rain came up and frightened us away. Rain and wind! How the rollers from the open sea dashed against the sea wall of that magnificent esplanade, and splashed us in our carriages as we drove lazily along for a last enjoyment of that superb pleasure way! At about ten we returned to San Francisco wharf and to the yacht, for cool oranges à la créole.

Monday, March seventeenth. St. Patrick's Day, and yet O'Reilly Street was not decked in green, nor did the aristocratic O'Donovans of Havana fly the Irish flag. New York does better than that!

While the yacht coasted for her last run, we all went ashore to shop and knock about as each listed. At luncheon our experiences were related with varying impressions. The prevalence of English speech and American currency was the chief topic of comment—some finding both, others finding neither!

In the afternoon we went to visit the old fortresses—Cabaña and Morro. They are beautiful relics of a time that is gone, though Morro still does effective service as a defense for Havana. The former, a monument of ambition and reckless expenditure, now serves chiefly as a military prison. Rhinos and one or two others of the company barely escaped arrest for
occupying all the sidewalks near one of the barracks while walking leisurely along in front of an officer who was intent on making his daily inspection. Condescending pity for their foreign ignorance alone protected them!

On the way back to the yacht we passed the entire Cuban navy lying at anchor in the harbor—to wit, the cruiser “Cuba.” It is an excellent navy—so far.

On drawing near Virginia we saw the captain eyeing us anxiously, and then noticed the launch of the harbor doctor about to draw away from the yacht’s side without leaving us clearance papers for Key West. If we had been five minutes later we should have spent another day in Havana.

As it was we got our papers and Captain Dixon sent at once for a pilot to earn his fee by showing us out of the harbor—a course a little less difficult than steering a motor car down East Avenue. At six thirty, only a few minutes before sunset, we weighed anchor and steamed slowly seaward, but yet no pilot. After sunset, that official could collect double fees! On we steamed, lower sank the sun, but no pilot. Past the offices of the Harbor Master, close under Morro’s guns, we went, the open sea was just before us, when from the shore we saw a long boat pull out, and soon knew that our pilot was hurrying to perform his duty, and let us go free for Key West. That duty he performed, when his boat pulled up alongside as we still went slowly seaward, and Captain Dixon handed him his fee over the rail and waved him Adieu!

As we steamed past the Morro’s precipitous front, and put out to sea, the lights of the city began to show brilliantly along the esplanade, and we turned westward, leaving behind as far a sight as mariners often remember. Westward we sailed, and into a heavy sea. Now we understood why the spray had wet our hats and coats as we drove along the Malecon the evening before.

Tuesday, March eighteenth. Daylight brought us into calm seas, and near to Key West. It was good to see the stars and stripes again flying from American soil. The low-lying Key showed little to interest us, while we waited for the customs officer to board us and give permission to land. We had a good chance to see how uninteresting the land does look from the sea, for there had been a wreck some few miles up the coast the night before, and the customs officer was away overseeing the discharge of some of her cargo. After patience had been sufficiently taxed, the official appeared, and rewarded our virtue by admitting ship and cargo to United States ports free from any further inspection.

At about eleven we all went ashore. This time, Dodge and the Mulligans went loaded with bags. For here they were to leave us to battle our way alone against the sea to Charleston. Here, too, they were to await Molly—poor little Molly who had to be rolled nearly upside down in the little steamer from Nassau in order to meet them at Key West!

We left the deserters in the Jefferson hotel at Key West, after they had found there alleged accommodations, and our decimated party returned to the yacht. Key West did not allure us, happy as we were to be on home soil. So, with an amused glance at the ostentatious granite founda-
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along by soundings. We found seventeen fathoms, then fifteen, then ten. The water all about us was muddy, and its shallowness brought back to us our old friend the swell. Both assured us of our nearing land, and we accepted the invitation to pack up for our farewell to Virginia. About ten thirty the fog lifted, and we saw South Carolina’s low-lying shore off the port bow. At eleven we sighted Charleston light. F. S. M. hailed it with feverish joy, for he had bet thirty-five cents with our Chief the day before that we would pass that light by eleven. But the thing was a deception. It fairly ran before us like a will o’ the wisp. It was noon before we rounded the light ship, and half past twelve before we passed the elusive light house. From that time, however, all went according to schedule. About one we passed the breakwater and at half past one we came to anchor off the Custom House, where we had first seen Virginia just nine weeks lacking two days before. While we were at luncheon, the steward went ashore to get our trunks and to call for mail. He brought letters back with him, and the trunks followed soon. The next hours were given to packing up for the homeward journey, by all excepting the deserters, who had not yet reached Charleston.

That done, Mr. Eastman offered to take us all to the theatre in the evening, on his winnings from Macomber’s bet on the last day’s run. He sent the steward to investigate the possibilities. But he himself all along asserted that the sum would provide seats only in a motion picture show. When Smith returned and reported nothing doing except in the motion picture line, we all shouted our amused recognition of this new demonstration of our Chief’s executive ability. All went ashore at eight-thirty, and after unconvincing wanderings found the Victoria Theatre. But no motion pictures!! How that slip in the arrangements occurred we could not understand. Instead we were diverted by amateur acrobats and an uncanny contortionist. And we found the value of the whole outlay—it greatly exceeded Macomber’s losses—in the new joke that Willard picked up from one of the interlocutors: “Why do you scratch your head so, Sam?” “Because no one else knows where it itching, of course!”

Returning, we got off for the yacht with difficulty, the launch being stuck in the mud of Charleston’s hospitable landing basin. But once aboard again, we were regaled with a farewell champagne supper, to signalize our last night on Virginia. And how we did sleep in her motionless berths!!

Friday, March twenty-first. At ten o’clock we all went ashore to shop and walk about the town. The day was very warm. It being Good Friday several of us found our way to services at old St. Michaels. Returning to the yacht at noon we found the Mulligans and Dodge deep in packing, but were able to catch their attention enough to get occasional disclosures of their careering since we left them at Key West. We got an impression of mad motoring up and down the island, after Virginia had gotten away, in search for something diverting. It suggested caged lions. Yet they told us everything was pleasant—except the hotel and the shops and the island and—but the rest has escaped the record.

Another picture that has got fixed is that of Doctor Mulligan anx-
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...iously looking up and down the ship for Rose and Molly, searching every corner and scrutinizing every group of people,—until he found he was on the wrong ship!

Then we were regaled with their sentiments of superior commiseration for the faithful yacht's company, as the deserters bowed along over thirsty-beat stretches of railway, longing for the distance to dissolve and set them down in Charleston. But we were not looking for commiseration.

It was blessed to see Molly once more trotting up and down the deck, and to know that no cradle of the deep was to rock for her this time.

And it was wholly contenting to have all the wanderers back again—as soon as they got over the aloofness incident to packing.

While we were taking our last luncheon on Virginia, the crew were busy getting her ready for the homeward run to New York. And at quarter after two we bade her farewell, with very much regret and a treasure of happy memories. By three o'clock we were disposed in our comfortable quarters on the special car "Rocket," and ready for the railway journey home.

But the railway journey was not quite ready for us, so we set about in various ways to kill the afternoon. Doctor Mulligan made up his mind to hurry right on to Rochester because of a letter from Mr. Carnahan telling of Doctor Wheelock's illness and longing to see him. So we lost him before evening set in.

The Chief and a few venturesome comrades started out in a motor to see the town—ostensibly—actually to hunt for riding leggins for Mrs. Mulligan, and having started, of course, rain couldn't drive us back. It was a real rain, too. But we saw a good deal of the old town, its churches and its fine residence streets—and we got the leggins.

The motorists returned to the car before the Doctor's train was to depart and we all gave him tales of our woes at his leaving. Dodge and Rhee couldn't stand it to stay by and see him go, so they sailed forth again in the rain. It was never quite clear to the rest whether they went so as to get some early violets for our ladies or to get an Easter necklace for Rhee to wear on Sunday.

Dinner on the "Rocket" was distinguished by the first shed of the season, and our now tropically experienced palates were moved to confess that our old friend the shed has 'em all beaten for delicacy and exquisite flavor.

Inasmuch as our car would not move out until midnight, we set out after dinner to see whether Charleston didn't have any "movies" after all. And we found them—thrilling and amazing. Afterward, just lest we should forget, the Chief and Mary led us back to the car via the same old well we had discovered on the night of January 17.

Saturday, March twenty-second. By breakfast time we were far from Charleston, bowling along northward. It was pleasant to see the country, made familiar by our southward trip in January; while masses of peach bloom, and plum blossoms, and maple buds setting the trees aglow, and young leaves touching all the woods with delicate color, made us...
understand that the tropics can’t claim to be the whole show for luxuriant loveliness.

The weather bureau had warned us to look for cold and rain. But none of either appeared. We seemed to have brought our perpetual summer northward with us.

We reached Enfield fifty minutes late, and found Henry waiting with wagons and horses to carry us on to Oak Lodge. No time was lost in getting away—Mr. Eastman, Mrs. Mulligan and F. S. M. riding, the rest of us driving on after them into the glowing sunset. The sky was now beginning to show the coolness of early spring twilights, and as we wrapped coats and rugs about us we realized for the first time that we had left length of perpetual summer behind.

And wasn’t it comfortable, at half past nine, to stand about the roaring fire at Oak Lodge after we had passed through the moonlit cathedral woods to the house! Then came that memorable supper of turkey and baked potatoes that Aunt Fanny had cooked for us, just to show what she could do when she tried.

Sunday, March twenty-third. Breakfast was a show off for Mrs. Mulligan and F. S. M. in the rôle of cooks. The corned beef hash was their joint product. Frank made the coffee. The fried hominy must have been Aunt Fanny’s. And our ravenous appetites were not necessary to prove them good.

There was nothing doing in the little church this day, so the devout could not attend an Easter service.

Instead, all went to the woods, driving or horse, and learned to know some new aisles in God’s first temple. The winding bridal trails, the splendid forests, the river-side paths, the thick second growth, were most alluring in their beauty.

Again in the afternoon, after Aunt Fanny had appeased our abnormal hunger, we set out to explore further, visiting several new farmers’ cabins, catching frequent vistas through the wood roads, or broad outlooks from the hill-tops.

The horsemen returned to the Lodge about five, and disposed themselves for a quiet, if somewhat belated, siesta.

But all thought of sleep was soon banished, when the drivers returned and Mrs. Willard—of all persons our most worthy, respectable, and punctual Mrs. Willard—started a “rough house,” and first Frank Macomber, then Dodge and Rhines, and finally the Chief, were routed out and roundly denounced for the baseness of the thought of sleep, when a lady was ready to be amused. Well, then we all proceeded to be amused, and the joy of life was intensely active for a half hour. By that time the performance paused to allow preparations for supper. Thereafter spirits, though high, were more subdued. Yet it took the calm of a walk under the high moon with the Macombers to bring Mrs. Willard to the quiet mood that recognizes sleep as a normal human function.

Monday, March twenty-fourth. This day really began last night, for Mrs. Mulligan had to set about her codfish business, so as to make good her
boast of what she proposed to give us for breakfast. Rhodes and several others had a hand with her, and not a few apprehensions were aroused that the supply of fish and potatoes she had ordered should prove but a tantalizing of our appetites. She was up good and early, however, to superintend the frying, and what with her expertise in division, and the superlative quality of the flavor of her fish balls, and the excellence of Aunt Fanny’s hoe-cake, we all had ample breakfast, and were forced to agree that in cakes as well as in islands, our experience had proved Mary’s taste and judgment to be good.

After packing up for our return to the car, we all set out for a rabbit hunt with Mr. Eastman’s beagles. Four of us on horses, the rest in the carryall, we made our way to the hill side where the rabbits burrow. Soon Henry had the dogs on the scent, and we followed rapidly after them, up hill and down, across the stream and back again, once in a while catching glimpses of a scurrying cotton-tail, more often watching the eager hunt of the dogs for his delusive trail.

Returning from the hunt we took several different roads back to the lodge—one through the Cathedral Woods, and up to the house from behind, insists on mention, just to challenge any of the others to surpass it.

At a little before noon we set out on our return to Enfield, travelling as we had on the ride in. Luncheon was carried along, and eaten on the outdoor tables by the little roadside church. Macomber’s coffee was the feature of the meal.

Enfield was reached a little after three, and we were soon once more settled in the “Rocket.” As an hour still lasted of the time the north-bound train was to pick us up, Dodge and Rhodes wandered about the town to see the sights. Having exhausted the objects starred by Baedeker, they turned back towards the car, and found a baseball game in exciting progress, with a big black magpie with feet about twenty inches long and trousers with plaid about six inches square, and a mouth some seven inches in span, lording it over the game. Of course once we reached this place we found Willard and Macomber there before us—“Where the carcass is there shall the eagles be gathered together,” as our scripture-quoting comrade would remark.

We got away on the homeward trip at four-twenty, and settled down for a quiet evening, with an exceptionally good dinner to begin it. What the cook lamented as an accident gave us an ice for dessert of such perfect and delicate consistency that we all begged for a repetition of it. But accidents don’t repeat.

Tuesday, March twenty-fifth. We awoke in Washington and found a lovely spring day. The morning was spent by the members of the party going their several ways about the city.

The Chief, with Dodge and Rhodes, sought out a Kodak exhibition which was in progress at the time, and by the magic of the Chief’s name, we enjoyed a special private-view. We all met at the New Willard for luncheon as our Mrs. Willard’s guests. And it was some luncheon, else it wouldn’t have been Mrs. Willard’s! Afterward we went to Chase’s Polite Vaudeville, to enjoy seats G. E. had bought for us in the morning—
so he employed himself on one of his several ways—then Mrs. Mulligan treated us to tea at the hotel. After which, so as to guard against hopeless indigestion, we all walked down to the station and returned to the car for our journey’s last lap.

In quiet conversation, with many a happy reminiscence of our weeks of comradeship the evening passed.

_Wednesday, March twenty-sixth._ Morning greeted us gray and cold. Patches of snow in the fields, and occasional bits of ice on the ponds forced us to acknowledge that winter is real after all. We breakfasted on the car, and reached Rochester at half past nine.

There Doctor Mulligan and Mrs. Dodge and Mrs. Rhees were waiting for us. And after proving how impotent words are to express the sentiments of his guests for our Chief, we parted for a time, and took our several happy ways to our homes.

Here endeth the log of the never-to-be-forgotten cruise of the Virginia. Ten weeks to a day we had all been together since that evening when our Chief’s company gathered in the Rochester station for our trip with him.

They were ten weeks of pleasure and informing experiences in new and interesting scenes, and of much new discovery in the fair countries of friendly intimacy. The strange scenes remain with us as rich memories. The ripened friendships abide as permanent treasures, yielding constant dividends of Kodak proportions.