

“WEST ABOUT”

with



H.M.C.S. ST. LAURENT



**“WEST ABOUT”
H.M.C.S. ST. LAURENT
1964**

CAPTAIN'S FOREWORD

by

Commander

Denis D. Lee, C.D., R.C.N.

The story within this book is quite unique for it covers not a full commission but only one cruise within a commission. This tale spans a time frame of just over six months, during which time we, in *St. Laurent*, steamed some 35,000 miles and it records our journey around the world.



It has, I think, been a very successful cruise. In a newly commissioned ship we had to learn quickly, and, in retrospect, I believe that we have done so and that we have accomplished our missions. It has not been without its heartaches nor has it been without its many happy times.

We have all benefited from such a cruise—in the experience gained—in the lands we have visited—in the people we have met. We have responded to many unforeseen eventualities, to the call for competition on the playing fields and to the order for just plain hard work for long hours.

For all, it has been a cruise rich in interest. Recall, if you will, the visits to Hawaii, the Philippines, Malaysia, Ceylon, Pakistan, Aden, Egypt, Israel, Turkey, Greece, Italy, the United Kingdom and the bustle of 'Jet'.

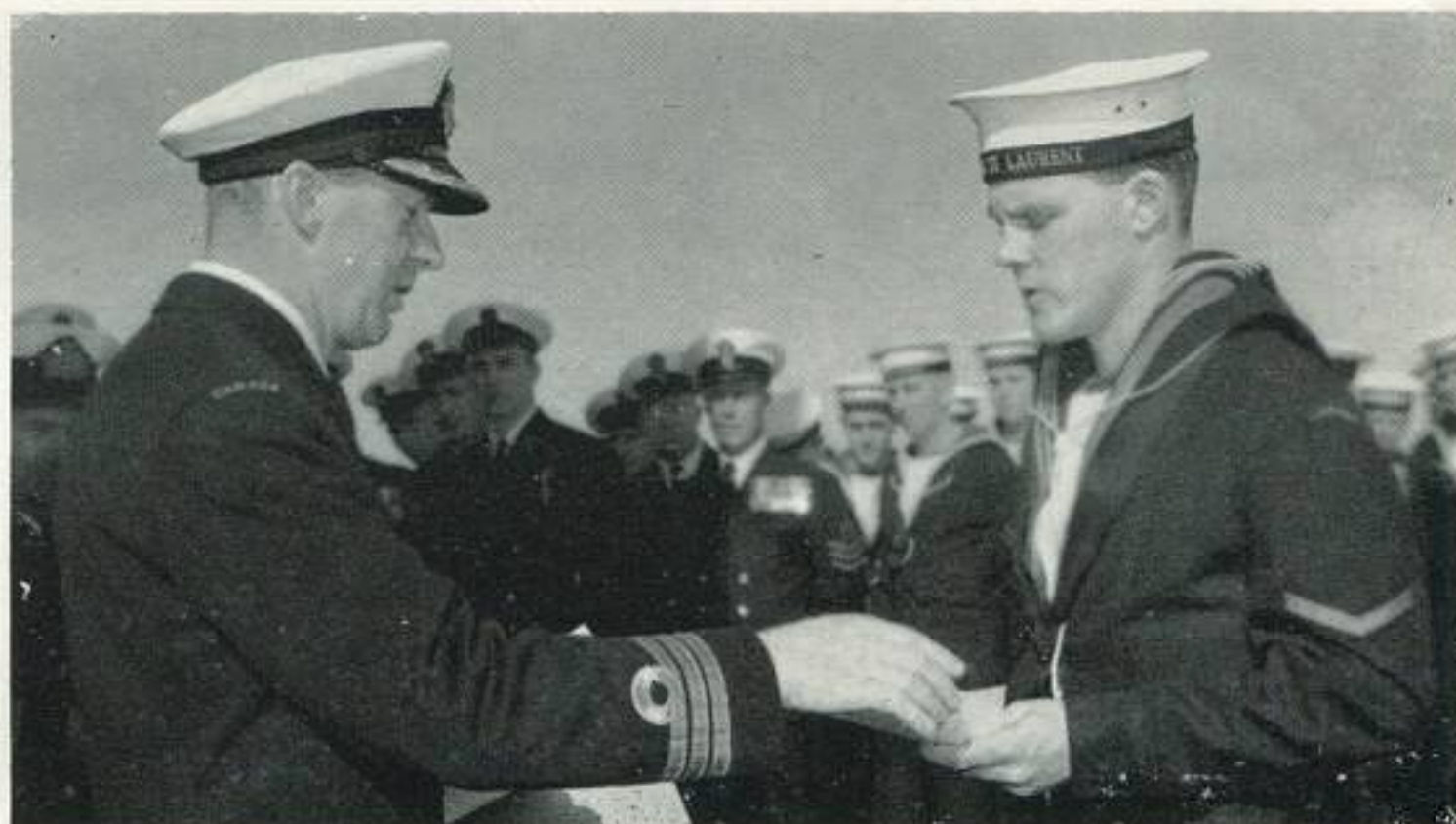
For the great majority, your time in "Sally" is nearly over. I am proud to have commanded this ship on this cruise and I will be sorry indeed to lose this fine ship's company in Halifax. I wish you well in the future. May this book serve as a reminder of the happy days in *St. Laurent* when we sailed together "west about".

Around the World with H.M.C.S. St. Laurent

With the *H.M.C.S. Naden* Band playing "Round the World" and "Auld Lang Syne", *H.M.C.S. St. Laurent* slipped from "C" Jetty, H.M.C. Dockyard, Esquimalt, on Tuesday morning, 7th January. We were outward bound for Halifax—the long way around! Arms were sore from inoculations but spirits bright as we steamed out past Cape Flattery into the wide Pacific, for this was the beginning of a once-in-a-lifetime cruise around the world.

Wednesday morning, however, ushered the uninitiated into a tossing new world—one that we did not like too much. Seas were high as winds up to fifty knots made the ship pitch and roll. *H.M.C.S. Fraser*, the senior ship for the first half of the cruise, and *H.M.C.S. Mackenzie* (leaving harbour one day later) rolled much more noticeably than our stabilizer-equipped ship. Meanwhile, on board *St. Laurent* our sailors, exhibiting great self-sacrifice, made their tortuous way to the rails and contributed most of our superb meals as a fitting tribute to the denizens of the deep. Everyone worked hard, however; routine jobs were performed, action stations and emergency drills were held, and all were finally rewarded with a Friday afternoon "pipe down". By Saturday even the rankest tyro had found his sea legs.

Sunday dawned bright and clear. At our first "Ceremonial Divisions" at sea, the Commanding Officer, Commander D. D. Lee, presented a Suggestion Award Certificate to A.B.R.P.2 W. J. Moore, and the Canadian Forces Decoration to L.S.N.S.2 L. J. Anderson and P.2.F.C.3 G. Spicer. Following divisions, Chaplain A. J. Mowatt conducted the first service at sea. The Captain read the story of the "Prodigal Son" and the following



A Suggestion Award

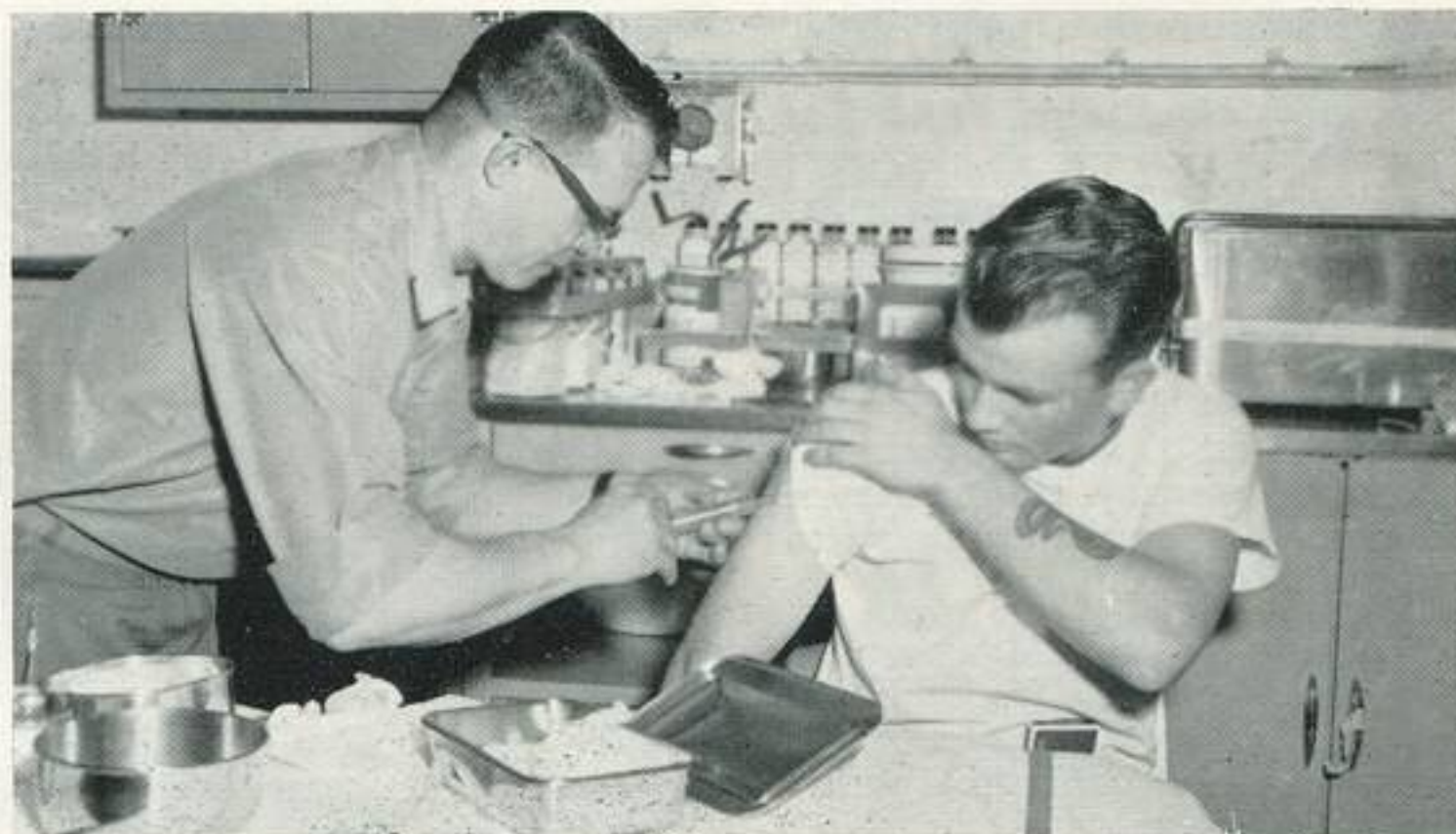
very fitting prayer which has been adopted as the:

ST. LAURENT PRAYER

O God, I ask you to take me into your care and protection along with all those who go down to the sea in ships. Make me alert and wise in my duties. Make me faithful in the time of routine, and prompt to decide and courageous to act in any time of crisis. Protect me in the dangers and the perils of the sea; and even in the storm grant that there may be peace and calm within my heart. When I am far from home and far from loved ones and far from the country which I know, help me to be quite sure that, wherever I am, I can never drift beyond your

love and care. Take care of my loved ones in the days and weeks and months when I am separated from them, sometimes with half the world between them and me. Keep me true to them and keep them true to me, and every time that we have to part, bring us together in safety and in loyalty again. This I ask for your love's sake. Amen.

Following church, the ship's company was rewarded by free visits to the Sick Bay where hard-working P.1.M.A.4 E. Achtymichuk, ably assisted by P.1.A.W.3 S. Raynham, inoculated the faithful against cholera and typhus. Our hearts were gladdened when we were told these would not be the last, but that we could look forward to more on the following three Sundays.



It doesn't hurt a bit

Pearl Harbour

(Tuesday, 14th to Sunday,
19th January)

Pearl Harbour was "Sally's" first port of call. This large United States naval port is situated on Oahu, the most populated of the Hawaiian Islands. During the short time in port most took full advantage of base shopping and movie privileges as well as of sight seeing. Public buses ran every half hour to Honolulu and Waikiki. Few sailors stopped in Honolulu, except perhaps to visit such landmarks as the Iolani Palace or climb to the National Cemetery of the Pacific on the "Punch Bowl" with its magnificent view of Honolulu and Waikiki. Most went to Waikiki which, though highly commercialized is really a beautiful town with high class hotels, fine stores, lovely gardens, and a most exotic "International Market". World-famous Waikiki Beach was a very popular spot. Here is swimming, sun-bathing, surfboard riding, and paddling through the surf in colourful outriggers. Others made their way by bus or rented pink-coloured jeeps to many of Oahu's scenic spots: Diamond Head, Halona Blow Hole in Koko Head National Park, or the Nuuanu Pali. Others travelled all the way to the other end of the island to see the imposing Mormon Temple and the native villages. Those who remained onboard were able to buy exotic flowers from a pretty native girl and have them airmailed to wives and sweethearts. All were impressed by the flowers which seem to grow with such profusion in the Hawaiian Islands.

On Sunday morning, just before leaving Pearl Harbour, Captain G. H. Hayes, Commanding Officer of the Second Escort Squadron, reviewed the ship's company at Ceremonial Divisions. Combined church services followed in *Fraser*.

The next leg to Midway was a short three-day run. Life on board was much as usual. Captain Hayes accompanied us for this short period and was able to watch the ship's company perform various evolutions.



Pretty eh!

Midway

(Wednesday, 22nd January)

Midway was our next brief refueling stop. This is a typical Pacific atoll, a ring-shaped coral island almost completely surrounded by a lagoon. As the sun shone on the radiant scene we were impressed by the deep green of the harbour, the light emerald of the shallow water, the brilliant white of the sands, and the tremendous surf breaking on the distant coral reefs. Truly Midway is a tropical gem. But Midway is better known as "Gooney Island". Here alone is to be found that member of the albatross family affectionately known as the "gooney bird". As November to February is their nesting period, the birds literally blanket lawns, fields, and indeed almost every

piece of available ground. One group from "Sally" observed two of these large, friendly birds attempt runway take-offs—airplane style. Number one started his take-off with a bow-legged run with head bobbing and wings flapping. Passing over the crest of a low hill, with feet neatly tucked under and giant wings outspread, we saw that he was beautifully, though rather miraculously, airborne. Number two decided to try the same runway technique, but alas, he truly lived up to his name! Reaching the crest of the hill he was in the air! He spread out his feet and folded his wings. In a moment he uttered a cry of panic as his feet, then his head, hit the soft sand. The momentum caused him to execute a complete somersault. Undaunted, he waited a moment or two and then tried again. This time he, too, became gloriously airborne.



"Gooney"

Visitors to Midway are particularly amused as the ludicrous "hay-foot, straw-foot" walk and dance of this ungainly bird. The "gooney" will arch his neck, hold his beak high in the air, and give a characteristic call. Joined by another "gooney" they rub beaks, arch their necks, and repeat endlessly this same routine. We were informed by local sailors that numerous experiments have been made to hatch out eggs on distant islands so that the gooney bird might be able to find a new home. A typical case was when one hundred eggs were taken to the Canary Islands, where the climate is similar to that of Midway. The birds hatched out successfully, took the usual three months to learn to fly, and then flew back to Midway without the aid of a single adult bird to guide them over the trackless ocean.

Our refuelling completed, we said a rather reluctant "au revoir" to this fascinating little Pacific island.

At Sea Again

(International Date Line)

On Wednesday, 22nd January, *St. Laurent* crossed the International Date Line. Some wag pointed out that it is very fortunate that our round-the-world-cruise is west-bound, for we miss a whole working day. Of course we eventually make



The Lost Birthday

up for the lost twenty-four hours, one by one, but these are regained during the dog watches, when many of the ship's company can enjoy a little leisure time. An interesting side-light of the crossing of the line was a birthday cake presented by the Captain to A.B.S.G. Henry Kehler to mark the occasion of missing his 26th birthday as 23rd January was wiped clean off our calendar.

The monotony of the rather long passage from Midway to Guam was broken by three events. On Sunday, 26th January, while some of our sailors basked in the warm sunshine, tether-ball teams from *Fraser* and *Mackenzie* came over to our ship by jackstay transfer. The round-robin

series with two games between each ship resulted in *Fraser* beating out *St. Laurent* for the championship. While the games were going on, others played table tennis and darts in the hangar.

The second event of interest was the "Competitive General Drills" held on Monday 27th. There was a frantically busy ninety minutes as the three destroyers competed furiously. Unfortunately, we came third, though our but recently welded together ship's company is showing fast improvement.

Scarcely were the drills completed when one of our sailors, A.B.E.M. Beston, came down with acute appendicitis. Surgeon-Lieutenant Daniel McCue was speedily brought over by jackstay transfer from *Mackenzie* and, before many minutes had elapsed, *St. Laurent* had detached from the other destroyers and was speeding towards Guam. All night long Surgeon-Lieutenant McCue and Petty Officer Atchmichuk kept careful watch on Beston, whose condition had deteriorated during the day. Early in the afternoon a United States helicopter evacuated our very sick sailor to the military hospital in Guam, some ninety miles away. We heard later that within an hour-and-a-half of his evacuation from the ship he was on the operating table. Apparently all the speed taken by the ship and helicopter were essential as his appendix had already started to rupture and the delay of a single hour would have led to serious complications.



Spike it, Erickson!



An Emergency Appendectomy

Guam

We arrived at Guam late in the evening of Tuesday, 28th January, and tied up alongside in the Inner Apra Harbour. Due to the distances involved and the lack of suitable bus service, few were able to visit much of this little island with its almost unsurpassed beauty of coastline. A few officers and men made the trip to the hospital to visit Able Seaman Beston. They were rewarded with some spectacular mountain and marine scenery and were able to see such villages as Agana, the capital of Guam. Those who remained in the harbour area were able to visit the Post Exchange where some fabulous buys were made, as this is a duty-free port. Others visited local restaurants and refreshment centers. All were impressed with the kindness of the people, who usually went out of their way to be helpful. Many remarked on the generally fine features of the native population. Their ancestors were the Chomorroos, but since most of the males were killed off in battles with the Spaniards, there is little of the Chomorrow blood left.

On Thursday, just before we sailed again, a programme of competitive sports was held against *Fraser* and *Mackenzie*. *St. Laurent* won the soft-ball, basketball, and tennis matches, came second in pistol shooting, and had to be satisfied with a "no contest" in volleyball when the teams somehow arrived at different fields for their contest. *St. Laurent* thus won the "Cock of the Walk" pennant.

Activities at Sea

We were not always as fortunate in competitions at sea. This is a new ship so our sailors lacked some experience as a team. However, in some areas *St. Laurent* stood out. In "Stiff Flag Hoisting Competitions" the team of Petty Officer Theriault, Leading Seaman Fisher, and Able Seamen Richards and Dovre proved unbeatable.

On a long trip like this, entertainment is essential. Movies are held in the various messes and impromptu gatherings take place. A novel twist was given to a Saturday night Bingo game when the performance was broadcast throughout the ship—just like hockey games at home.

Sunday afternoon usually features deck games, sun-bathing on the upper deck and other forms of recreation. Sunday evening, 2nd February, we had our first ship's concert which uncovered some surprising talent and provided much entertainment to all. This was followed by a cook-out with tasty morsels grilled over charcoal. The grills were made for us by the U.S. Navy in Guam.



Helicopter Evacuation

Manila—The Philippines

On Monday morning, 3rd February, we sailed into Manila Bay and tied up at a buoy one mile from the Philippine Navy Jetty. For this all too brief three-day visit the Canadian Consul-General had arranged an unusually fine programme of sports, bus tours, dances and entertainment and meals in the homes of Canadian residents. Everyone seems to have enjoyed himself and many returned to the ship laden with monkey-pod carvings, velvet paintings and other trophies.

The most popular tour lasted seven and one half hours and covered by bus Manila and a fascinating district between this million - and - three - quarter population city and the town of Tagaytay perched 2,250 feet above sea level. This tour ran both Tuesday and Wednesday. Within minutes of the announcement every available seat was signed up for by eager Sally-ites, making it imperative that yet another bus be chartered—which was also filled by our own men. Excellent guides were on each bus. They spoke almost continuously and were witty, good-natured and informative. We were told, for instance, that this 7,000 island republic is the only Christian and only English-speaking country in the Far East (there are no less than 87 dialects of their native Tagalog language) making it necessary to use English for education, business, legal, and constitutional purposes. There was a bit of ribald mirth aroused when the guide stated that the Philippines has the highest birth-rate in the world and that there are three women to every man! While the guide rambled on we watched with astonishment the driving habits of the people. Everyone was blowing his horn and vehicles cut in and out of traffic with a devil-may-care attitude. Apparently the first driver to blow his horn has the right of way. We drove past beautifully modern apartment houses, large stores and foreign embassies. The U.S. Embassy with its "thousand-lips" exterior was particularly impressive. We drove on to the Magnificent Malacañang Palace, picturesquely situated on the Pasig River. This is the official residence



It sounds better than it looks

of the President of the Philippines. Another interesting stop was made in the original old city.

This city is a relic of the Spanish days. Unfortunately, most of the ancient city was destroyed in 1945 in the Battle for Liberation. At the north-western tip of the Walled City is Fort Santiago, now all but a total ruin. This served as a dreaded prison during the Spanish regime and was the scene of countless military atrocities during the Japanese occupation. Here too, is the shrine to the memory of the national hero, Dr. Jose Rizal, poet, sculptor, novelist and patriot, who spent here his last hours before his execution at the Luneta on 30th December, 1896, at the hands of the Spaniards.

Another brief stop was made at the centuries-old University of Santo Tomas, which served as a concentration camp for some 70,000 civilian internees (mostly American) during the war years.

Probably the most interesting sight of all is across the Quezon Bridge in Quiapo, the heart of Manila. Through this busy district pass every minute hundreds of big and small buses, cars of all makes, horse-drawn calesa, pedicabs, and thousands of those colourful, fancily decorated jeepneys in reds and greens and yellows and blues—the brighter the better. Nickel-plated trimmings on the sides glitter in the sun. Curtains adorn the inside. Ten centavos will take you anywhere in Manila by jeepney.



"Moo"

The bus, gathering speed on the bumpy highway, drove south past quaint villages, salt flats, and other interesting sights until it came to the famous church of Las Pinas with its famous bamboo organ, more than a century old, with its flute-like tones. A chicken was hit, a dog's tail run over, and dozens of children escaped by the skin of their teeth as the bus weaved in and out of traffic on its mad course. Carabao, a type of water-buffalo, were seen ploughing fields, drawing carts, and wallowing in muddy ponds. There were rice paddies, groves of coconut palms, papayas, mangroves; there were dwarf pineapples, fields of corn, and quaint thatch and bamboo houses. Finally, as we kept climbing gradually, we stopped near 2,250 foot



The Bamboo Organ



Duty Watch

Tagaytay village at the swanky Taal Vista Lodge with its superb view of the Taal Lake, Volcano, China Sea and Manila Bay. The view is really spectacular. From the Ridge we gazed down on one of the lowest volcanoes of the world, Taal Volcano, which rises from Lake Taal, said to be the crater of a vastly larger volcano, now extinct. Because the crater of Taal Volcano is also a tiny lake, we saw here the unique phenomenon of a crater within a crater, a lake within a lake. After a fairly lengthy stop for picture taking and refreshment the bus headed back to Manila, stopping here and there for those interested in taking photographs. It was a memorable day in a country noted for its contrasts.

Meanwhile, back in Manila, our sports teams acquitted themselves very well against the more experienced and practised Philippine Navy teams. We lost softball, basketball, and soccer games all by the very narrowest of margins.

We had mixed feelings as we left this very progressive far-eastern country. The Philipinos are a friendly and, on the whole, law-abiding people, with whom sobriety is a virtue. They have a tremendous sense of humour. Like most of the people in the tropics they seem to be rather lazy, according to our standards—but perhaps we would be also in such a hot, humid climate.

About an hour-and-a-half after leaving Manila we sailed between Bataan Peninsula and the small tadpole-shaped islet of Corregidor. During the Spanish regime this island served as an outpost guarding the bay and the city of Manila. Here ships were stopped to have their papers checked and corrected—hence the name Corregidor from the Spanish “corregir”, “to correct”. This is the island made famous in World War II when Generals McArthur and Wainwright led American forces in their famous last stand against the Japanese invader.

8,843 Nautical miles steamed to Singapore.



Tiger Balm Gardens

MALAYSIA

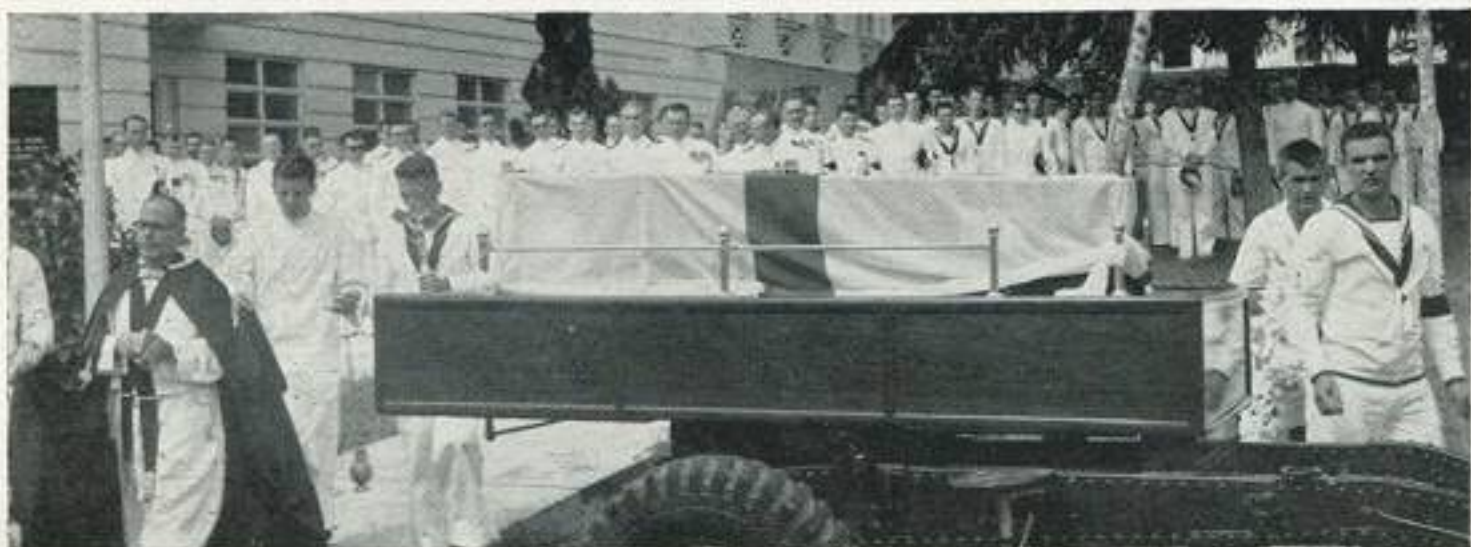
Singapore

On Sunday afternoon, 9th February, *St. Laurent* docked alongside in the Stores Basin of H.M. Naval Base, Singapore. Our arrival was greeted with the first heavy rain since leaving Pearl Harbour, this being the monsoon season. Chinese tradesmen were awaiting us in the shelter of huge umbrellas; Royal Naval Officers in white shorts and shirts seemed to be completely oblivious of the rain as they waited to come aboard. We were soon to learn that nearly every afternoon brought a few showers to add to the discomfort of the steaming climate.

As this is an operational base, no tours had been arranged for the ship by shore authorities. This in no way discouraged our sailors. Royal Navy buses passed the jetty at frequent intervals and trips were made to clubs and cinemas in the area. Nearby, too, is Sembawang Village where many had their first taste of bargaining with the natives. Taxis are plentiful and most of the ship's company made shopping excursions to the city of Singapore, some sixteen miles away. The ride to town is, if anything, even more hair-raising than trips made in Manila. All traffic keeps

to the left—that is when it does not decide to careen sharply over to the wrong side to pass some other vehicle. The mere fact that other cars are swiftly approaching from the opposite direction does not seem to bother them in the slightest. Pedestrians and animals must live a very precarious existence giving credence to the saying that there are only two classes on the road today, the quick and the dead. It is said that the Chinese, who make up over 75% of the population of Singapore, believe that evil spirits are forever following them. That is why they seem quite unconcerned when a vehicle narrowly misses them. It is presumed that these near misses cut off the tails of the pursuing spirits. Statistics of heavy traffic casualties in Singapore bear out the fact that the devil must be knocked right out of a large number of Chinese each week.

Singapore, a duty-free port, is veritably a shopper's paradise, particularly for those who are not afraid to bargain at great length for cameras, silks, brocades, wood and ivory carvings, and all the other treasures of the Orient. Some shopkeepers even oblige by serving coffee, soft drinks or cigarettes to prospective customers. Shopping for our Canadian ships was rather curtailed



Leading Seaman O'Gorman's Funeral

this year due to the fact that the two most important holidays this year took place one after the other the very week we were in Singapore. This coinciding of dates takes place only once every sixty years! The Chinese "Year of the Azure Dragon" was ushered in at midnight on the 12th of February amidst a crash of cymbals and a roar of firecrackers. Passers-by have to be alert with crackers exploding on all sides as the Chinese attempt to summon the spirits of their ancestors, on the one hand, while they scare away devils on the other. Homes and stores are decorated with the New Year greeting, "Kong Hee Fatt Choy", printed on great red streamers. Whole families desert their hovels (in some of the slum areas) dressed in all their finery and surprisingly neat and clean, to greet their friends and relatives. This time of merry-making lasts fifteen days.

Even stranger is the setting of the Moslem holiday which ends Ramadan—the month of fasting during which no religious Moslem eats, drinks, smokes, or even swallows saliva between sunrise and sunset. In spite of the knowledge of modern astronomy, no one knows in advance, apparently, on which of two days the holiday will start. Banks, businesses, Government offices must all await word from the Chief Kathi and his four witnesses as to whether or not the "Shawal" crescent appears in the sky. Radio and police spread the good news to all the mosques. Then the great drums begin to beat and the faithful congregate to chant the "Takbir" until dawn. Everywhere signs go up, "Selamat Hari Raya", best wishes for the feast of "Hari Raya Puasa", the feast of joy and forgiveness. It is interesting to note that Chinese and Malaysians alike

stop to celebrate both holidays and join together in visiting friends and relatives.

The mouth of the Singapore River is the heart of the city. On the right bank of the smelly black stream is the business district. Here we find the banks, large stores, shipping agencies, etc., as well as the tiny hawkers' stalls crowding the alleys. On the other side of the river are the Government buildings and a wide, handsome esplanade along the sea with a magnificent view of the roadstead where scores of freighters lie at anchor.

Around the business district are terribly congested tenement houses where the poorest Chinese families live. The streets teem with pushcarts, bicycles, trishas, cars, children, and pedestrians. Shops occupy the ground floors and spill over the crowded sidewalks—the "five foot way". Open drains separate the sidewalks from the streets—drains four feet deep and two feet wide—and are a peril to the innocent tourist, the infant and the blind.

Crossing back over the causeway to Singapore, we paid our respects at the Kranji War Cemetery, were shown a rubber plantation and then drove to the "Tiger Balm Gardens" in Haw Par Village at Pasir Panjang. This is a wonderland of characters from Chinese mythology, a hillside covered with a strange fascinating parade. The gardens contain several acres of picturesque, rather gaudily coloured concrete statues and carvings of animals and figures from the legends and history of ancient China, together with towers, caves and pools where life-size tableaux of mermaids and nymphs create a world of bizarre fantasy. A rather over-commercialized Chinese Buddhist temple was

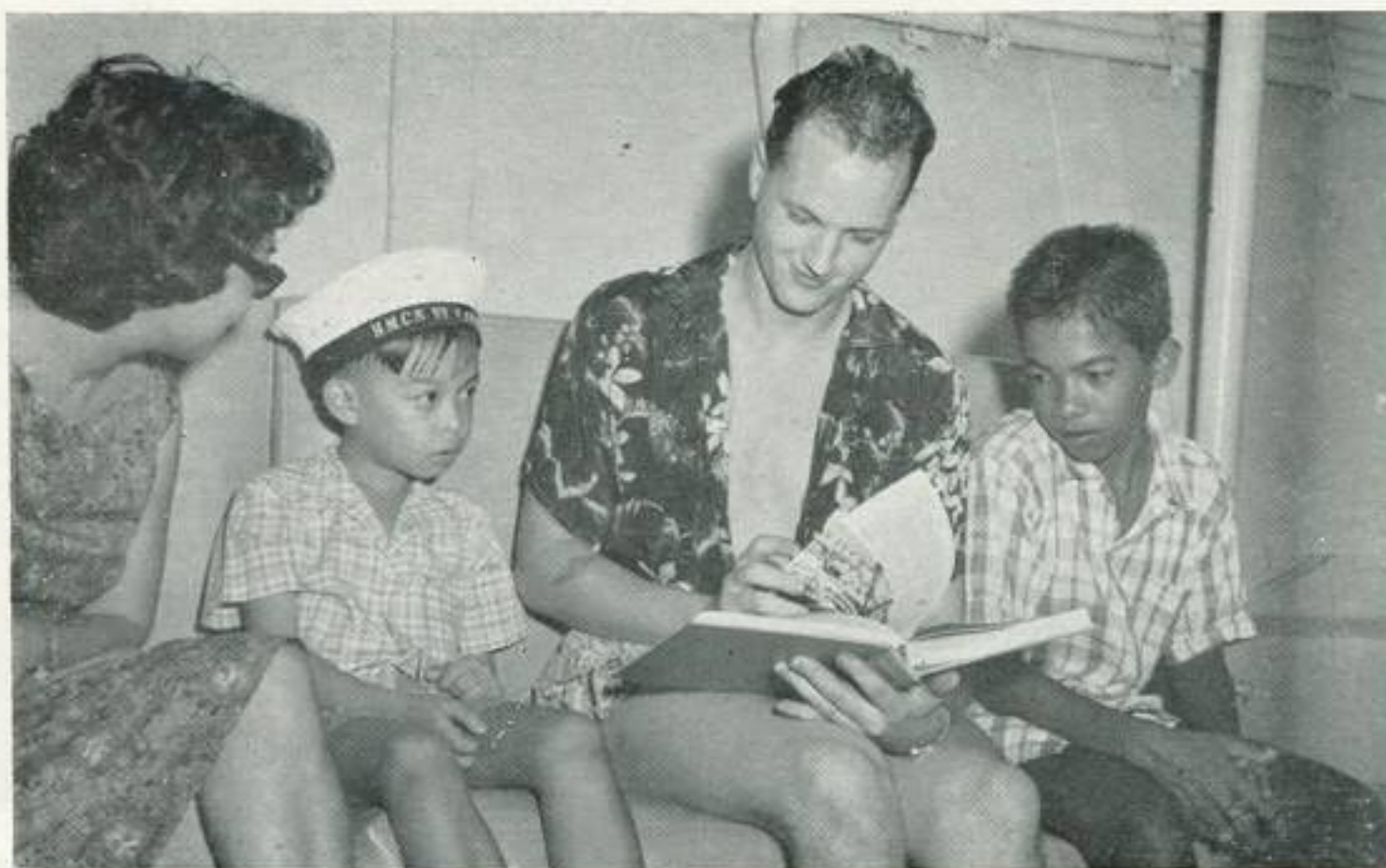
next visited on the Old Race Course Road, as well as a large Arab Mosque in North Bridge Road, and the fine "Istana Negara" (Sultan's palace) set in beautiful park-like grounds.

Our visit to Singapore was saddened by the tragic death of Leading Seaman John O'Gorman. On Tuesday evening, 11th February, he apparently slipped and fell into one of the open drains already mentioned. He had a slight headache the next morning but otherwise seemed to be all right. Not feeling so well after lunch he went to bed, as it was a "make and mend routine". Getting up later in the afternoon, he fell and struck his head, lapsing almost right away into unconsciousness. In spite of two operations at the Military Hospital, to which he had been taken right away, he passed away early Friday morning, 14th February. His widow had already started her long trip from Victoria and had reached Portland, Oregon, when she received the sad news. The thoughts and prayers of the whole Squadron go out to her in her time of grief. John O'Gorman was a fine, striking young man. He was a member of this "Cruise Book" committee and contributed one cartoon and had planned to contribute others. The funeral was conducted by Father A. Desrochers, Roman Catholic Chaplain with the 2nd Canadian Escort Squadron. Leading Seaman O'Gorman was buried with full Naval honours in the Singapore Military Cemetery on Saturday, 15th February.



A Grieving Friend

We sailed from Singapore on Tuesday morning, 18th February.



Children's Party—which one is the Sailor?

Port Swettenham

Next morning, 19th February, the hottest day so far of the trip, we tied up at Port Swettenham, some three miles from the town itself. Here we found by far the most ambitious programme laid on for the ship that we have so far encountered. There were receptions by the Canadian High Commissioner and by the Canadian ships; parties for underprivileged children on board our ships; tours of Klang, Kuala Lumpur, a rubber estate and factory, the Federation Military College and the Rural Development Operations Centre; and sports events of all kinds. There were also parties, cook-outs, dances and swims arranged by our many Canadian friends.

Port Swettenham had little to offer except a "Mariners' Club" with swimming for both officers and men, and the usual cluttered-up shopping centre which interested all but where we did little shopping, since this was not a duty-free port.

Klang is the home of the Sultan of Selangor and in a year or two it will become the capital of the state. Apart from the Sultan's Palace and the nearby rubber estate, there was little here to attract visitors from abroad.

Kuala Lumpur is the capital of Malaysia and the present capital of Selangor State. The city lies at the

junction of two small rivers, Kuala (meaning "mouth") and Lumpur ("muddy"). On the point of land between the two streams stands their grandiose mosque. A tremendous new "National Mosque" is also being constructed at the present time within a stone's throw of the magnificent K.L. station with its fine Moorish architecture. In addition to such splendid buildings as the Parliament, the new National Museum, the National War Memorial and many striking factories, this city of more than 315,000 people has beautiful suburbs and a large public garden with broad lawns, a peaceful stream and pond, serene lotus blossoms, majestic palms and bright beds of cannas.

There is a modern proverb, "whoever knows Malaya has his hand on the pulse of Asia". After visiting the Military College and the Rural Development Operations Centre we felt that we knew a lot about this up and coming young Commonwealth country. With a population of about ten million, Malaysia is working on a very progressive Five-Year Plan. Thirty per cent. of the national budget is spent on education (and this may shortly be increased); twenty-five per cent. is set aside for Rural Development in order to raise the general standard of living and so insure a stable government; only ten per cent. of the budget is for national defence in spite of the warlike gestures made by Malaysia's envious neighbour Indonesia. Perhaps one of the real reasons for Malaysia's strength and self-confidence today is that it has learned to live up to its slogan, "Unity in Diversity". While other new nations have been racked by internal strife, Malaysia has remained a model of peaceful co-existence. Malaysians, Chinese and Indians live side by side in harmony. At the Military College we saw three galleys cooking the noon meal; one Malayan, one Chinese, and one Indian. They would never think of eating one another's food, yet they work and play together in perfect harmony. (The commandant, director of studies, and many of the military and academic staff are from Great Britain, still.) Malaysians, by law, hold most of the Government offices but Chinese almost completely con-



National Museum

trol business life in the nation. "Two more incompatible people could hardly be found", says James A. Michener. "Malays play; Chinese work. Malays are not good at learning; Chinese are brilliant. The result is Chinese have money, the Malays don't." Together along with the Indians, they work as a team. Building is going on all over the country, fine roads are being built, natural rubber and tin are being exported to the world, rice is being grown for home consumption and new industries have been encouraged. In the last five years industrial populations and production have doubled. Near Kuala Lumpur the large new satellite town of Pataling Jaya is a living testimony of Malaysia's rising industrial status in Asia.

Though we gained a lot of insight at "K.L.", as Kuala Lumpur is affectionately called, there was a lot of entertainment and a lot of fun. Chief Petty Officer Luining, for instance, in a moment of weakness got off a sight-seeing bus with Chaplain Mowatt in order to photograph the magnificent station. Both left their caps on their seats in order to reserve their places. To their dismay, when they turned back to board the bus it had gone, hats and all. Our two ardent photographers were left cooling their heels with nearly an hour to wait for the next train back to the ship. From their differing reports we are still trying to find out who was doing what during this interim! Perhaps the answer may be



Presentation to the Sultan

found in the films they took. Who knows?

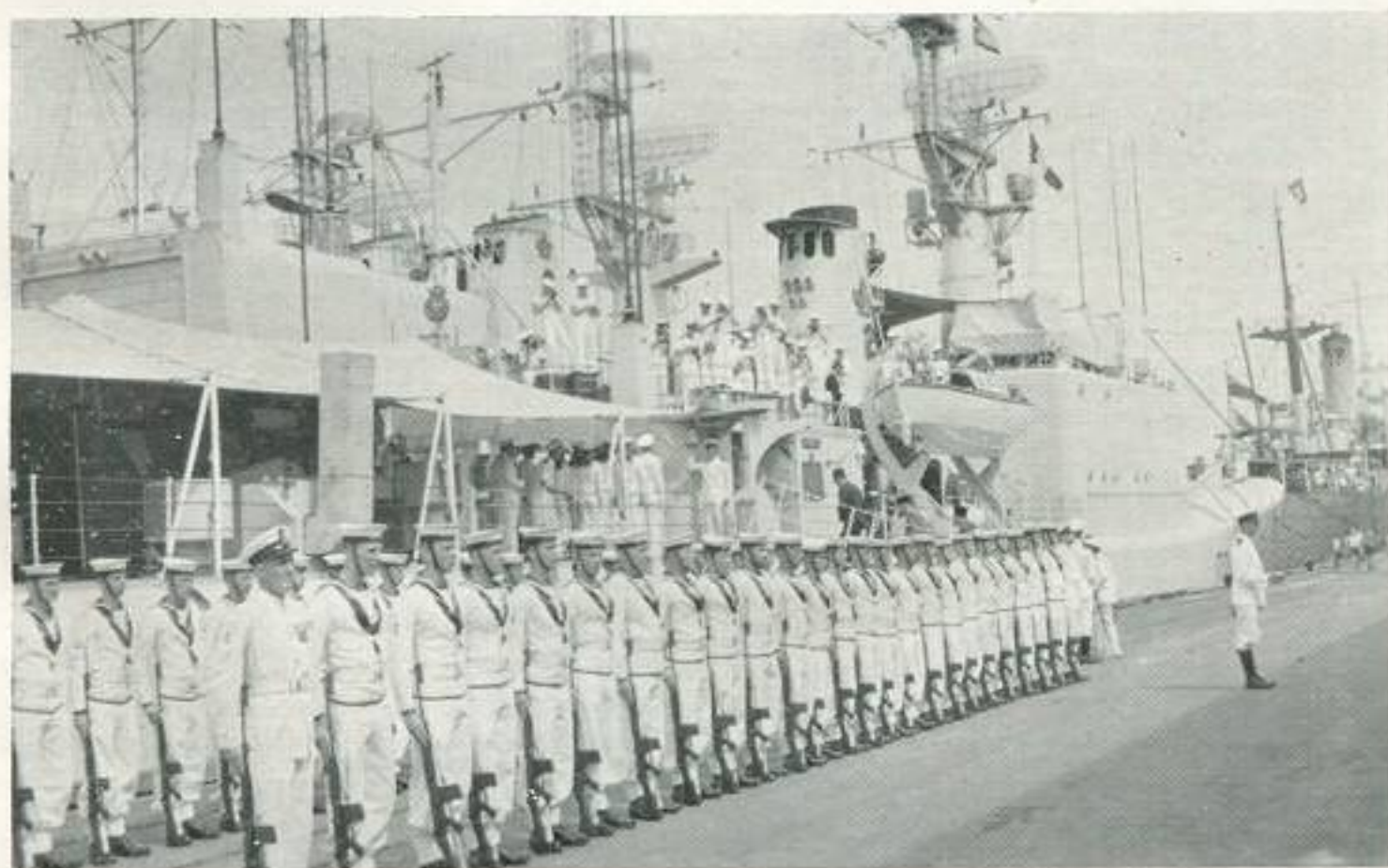
While some were playing or sight-seeing, other sailors were working hard to form a special guard of honour for the Sultan of Selangor when he visited the ships. As a final gesture of friendship and appreciation for all that was done for us in K.L., a large number of prominent people were taken aboard the three ships for a Sunday afternoon cruise before we finally sailed from Port Swettenham. A large buffet luncheon was prepared on each ship and everyone enjoyed himself. It was with real regret that we waved good-bye to our fine hosts and hostesses of "K.L."

Penang

The next morning, Monday, 24th February, we anchored off Georgetown, Penang Island, with its population of over a quarter of a million. This, too, is a duty-free port and most of our ship's company enjoyed perhaps the best shopping of the cruise thus far.

A commercial tour was arranged and for the price of one U.S. dollar visits were made to the Snake Temple, the Ayer Itam Temple and Pagoda (a magnificent structure situated high on a hill), the Botanical Gardens with its large number of monkeys begging peanuts and bananas from the sailors, and finally the Buddhist Meditation Temple and its adjoining Temple of the Sleeping Buddha.

As tours go, this was probably not quite up to our usual standard, though there were some things of interest. The Snake Temple was rather shoddy. Snakes were hanging from rafters, but they were fairly well drugged with the heavy incense that filled the place. A few sailors had their pictures taken outside with snakes draped around their necks. The Ayer Itam Temple (Kek Lok Si) was built by the same man who erected the Tiger Balm Gardens in Singapore and Hong Kong. Obviously he had an eye for both the spectacular and the commercial. The large, gilded Pagoda, high up on the hill, was quite spectacular, and the twisting, tortuous climb was relieved by turtle



Sometimes we look good

ponds and temple buildings. The whole effect was rather marred at the outset by a long, covered entrance-way full of stalls where mainly cheap merchandise was for sale. Half way up to the pagoda a group of Malayan gamblers were trying unsuccessfully to lure our sailors into joining them. The monkeys in the Botanical Gardens were almost human. Some stayed rather coyly out of reach, but would dart forward to snatch a peanut or banana. Others were quite tame. Sometimes a sailor would throw a peanut shell devoid of kernels. The indignant monkey would screech in anger and go after the offender, trying to bite him. The Meditation Temple and the Temple of the Sleeping Buddha were a rather refreshing change to those we have seen in other Malayan cities. Instead of the common, rather garrish affairs we have so often seen, these buildings were simple, dignified, yet beautiful.

Of course, not all our men went on tours. Jovial and ever-popular Petty Officer Roy Reeves, for instance, met a very interesting Australian Air Force man who invited him home for the night. A rather elderly Chinese undertook to take them there in his trishaw, but went far off his target. Petty Officer Reeves insisted at this point that the tired trishaw coolie exchanged places with him. In this manner our burly buffer pedalled the last five miles himself. Incidentally, we had all been warned about trishaws in Singapore and they were out of bounds after dark. In the past, fares have been taken to dark sections of the city where the coolie let go of the shafts catapulting the rider backwards on to the ground, where he could be effectively and quickly "rolled" by confederates. In Penang, however, there seems to be more confidence in the trishaws, and there are many stories to bolster this belief. As a matter of fact sometimes the trishaw owner has more to fear from his fare than the reverse. There was a rumour around the "Sally" that one sailor, rather than pay his trishaw fare, tried to escape over a barbed wire fence. By and large, though, the sailors had a lot of fun riding like lords through the streets and countryside. Others, too, emulated our "Buffer's" actions. Our electrical genius, Chief Petty Officer Strachan, for instance, was seen hawling a coolie around in his own trishaw.

Exercise Jet '64



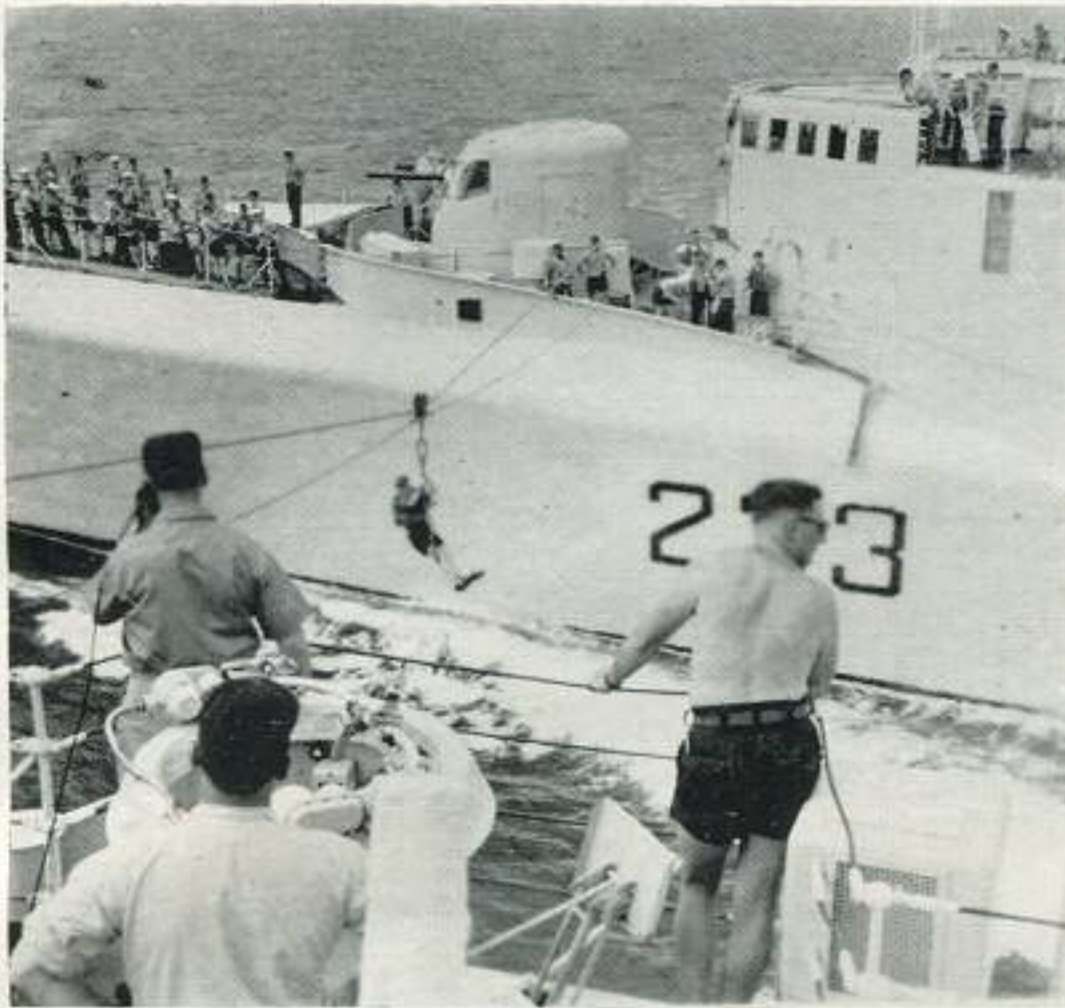
All we need is some wind

For two days we steamed westward, bound for the Indian island group, the Nicobars. Here, in the sheltered harbour off Nancowry, units of the Indian, Australian, New Zealand, British and Canadian Navies assembled preparatory to "Jet '64" in order to compare notes, discuss the exercise and to relax. Here on Sunday, 1st March, we held an inter-ship regatta. Petty Officer Reeves and his whaler crew of Petty Officer Sears and Leading Seaman Orr distinguished themselves by coming in a very close second in the Whaler Sailing Race. On the morning of 2nd March all units put to sea—the first phase of the exercise was underway.

"Jet '64" was divided into four primary phases. The first week *St. Laurent* spent working up with other Commonwealth ships. The culmination of this first training period was a tactical exercise of twenty-four's duration terminating on the west coast of Malaysia, about fifty miles north of Penang. Here again we compared notes, aired differences, and generally relaxed awaiting Monday morning and the beginning of the next phase which again was a general work up and training period. After a vigorous schedule and a very

full week, *St. Laurent* and the other Commonwealth Navy units returned to the Nicobar Islands for one last rest and a briefing on the final phase of the exercise to affect "Jetac". Basically, this was a tactical exercise designed to test the effectiveness of the first two weeks. An "Orange" force, of which we were a part, was to launch an amphibious invasion on the coast of the "Blue Force" homeland. Supported by submarines, M.P. aircraft, a guided missile cruiser and a limited number of escorts, it was the task of the "Blue" force to intercept the "Orange" force and either divert or destroy us before we could launch our invasion.

In retrospect "Jet '64" was a most rewarding and gratifying experience. Although many problems arose during the exercise, most were resolved in very short order. The language barrier which we felt would impede the exercise to some extent, proved to be quite unfounded. It is estimated that at least 5,000 Commonwealth sailors worked together in an efficient and most profitable manner. Considering the varying backgrounds this indeed was an achievement. The final outcome of our paper war was, we are sure, resolved at the post-Jet "washup".



Jackstay Transfer



The Parting of the Ways

Immediately upon completion of "Jetac", *St. Laurent* detached from the other units and set course for Colombo, Ceylon. *Fraser* and *Mackenzie*, before leaving for their return to Singapore to attend the post-exercise washup, sailed past and paid their respects to "Sally" before we chopped to "Canflagant" and departed westward. 17th March was indeed an historic day for *St. Laurent* as we said "good-bye" and sailed for home. Our captain, Commander Lee, had prepared a poem for the occasion and had sent it to our two sister ships to be read as we parted:

*"Be jabers 'tis St. Patrick's Day
And two-stacked Sally's on her way.
We've had our fun, We've had our
run,
But now's the time to say
"good-bye".*

*So on our own we head out west
And bid you all the very best.
No more to razz and all that jazz
For we are off to test the rest.*

*So at a speed of 22—
Which is one-fourth of you
guess who—
We have that yen with old
"mud hen"
To wish you all a fond adieu."*

Fraser came alongside to give us "three cheers and a Tiger". Small tokens were passed back and forth, along with sundry jeers and friendly messages. *Mackenzie* came alongside in the afternoon and had a guitar-accompanied song for us:

*"Although we envy your world-
spanning cruise:
The Med, the Atlantic so green,
We'd rather not join you in singing
the blues,
For Halifax Harbour we've seen.*

*So when you get down East,
Where beer has more yeast,
And noses are colder and blue,
Remember our ship, we started
the trip,
But we're going home—nuts to you.*

*So we bid you adieu for this happy
cruise,
Fair weather and fortune be yours.
On the sixth of May we'll
remember this day
From sunny Esquimalt shores."*

Included in the transfer from *Mackenzie* was a home-made crutch for our wardroom with the following inscription:

*"Now if this cruise should prove
too much,
Stop clutching clooches and clutch
this crutch!"*

To complete their contribution, *Mackenzie* sent by message, the following:

"ODE TO SALLY"

*Please don't dally, as around the
world you go.
We'll miss your two stacks,
We want your crew back,
And please do not be slow.
We'll miss your pleasure beyond
measure,
So come back in St. Croix.*

*In reply to your kind bidwell,
We from Mackenzie wish you well.
The fun is over, and now the rest
As we go East and you go West
At a speed of 22*

*Circle the world you must do,
To some of us a dream come true,
While for others it is nothing new.
Once again all the best
From the ship with the fastest gun
in the West."*

As another chapter of *H.M.C.S. St. Laurent's* world cruise closes we are steaming west across the Bay of Bengal. The sea is flat calm and the sun is burning down. Everyone is looking forward to Colombo, Ceylon, and thoughts are of home and of the twelve thousand miles we yet must steam.

Interlude

At Sea

A rather interesting change of routine took place on Wednesday, 18th March. After the strenuous "Jet '64" Exercise of the past sixteen days, Wednesday was declared a "No Routine" day, with everyone except those on watch or special duties, having the day off. Even the messing was different as this item in "Daily Orders" will testify:

"Messing Routine: for today only the messing routine in the ship will be as follows:

0700-1100 Ham, eggs and chips.
1100-1830 Tenderloin Steak, eggs and chips.

Personnel may eat at any time they wish and as often as they wish between 0700 and 1830. Allow 15 minutes for your order to be filled. Personnel going on watch get priority."

The steaks were delicious, and the day was a great success.

With all the heat that accompanies tropical travels, the "coke machine" has been a pretty popular attraction. Unfortunately it has been out of action a great deal of the time. Chief Petty Officer Strachan and his men have been called in day after day to make emergency repairs without adequate replacements. With this in mind Leading Seaman Pinckard in his column "Up Sally's Alley with Pinc Kard" tells this story:

"Big Bad Jack ('Kilowatt') Strachan and his gang, known in some cycles as the live wires, have struck again! Already wanted throughout the St. Laurent for nearly every shocking job committed under the code of Ohm's Law, Big Bad Jack and his notorious gang have come up with something really hot this time. They pulled off a high-powered inside job earlier this week, after huddling for several days over a master plan to case the joint. It was no push-over job, either, as they did their dirty work in broad 'daylight' and in the midst of teeming traffic along the Burma Road. For their latest caper, Kilowatt and his live Wires are now booked on charge for temporarily putting the coke machine back into business."



"Will this stuff make a beard grow?" on "No Routine Day"

Sports

Spare time is used to its fullest while at sea with ping pong and darts becoming especially popular in recent days. Tournaments in both of these took place with Able Seaman Dove winning out over Chief Petty Officer Strachan in a thrilling five game match in ping-pong and Petty Officer Finch-Field taking the measure of Chief Petty Officer Sutherland in the Darts. Able Seamen Dove and De Maere also went on to win the doubles tournament in Ping-pong.



Let me look too

Minimum Physical Fitness

During the month of March the ship's company endured what is known as the "Minimum Physical Achievement Tests". Everyone under forty had to do it—the reason for this, we suspect, is that the tests were designed by someone over forty.

When these tests were announced in the ship quite a number of our fat



How do I get down

men (and a few skinny ones) developed a number of mysterious and difficult to diagnose ailments which seemed to prevent them from doing certain things like, say, push-ups and sit ups. Elbow bending and other similar service pursuits were not, fortunately, similarly affected.

Soon the flight deck at 1600 was a scene of running, jumping, groaning, sweating, cursing athletes, would-be-athletes and never-were-athletes doing their best. One of the memorable sights during all this included Petty Officer Crawford suspended in midair during the broad jump, unable to decide whether to come down or stay up where he was. The X.O., however, soon showed everyone, including himself, that the broad jump was really not completely impossible.

The running on the spot, however, extracted the greatest toll. Three minutes is a long time. People who never run anywhere, except during P.T. tests, found that the spare tire which they had so proudly carried got pretty heavy after two and one half minutes. The six inches the feet were supposed to be lifted seemed more like six feet!

When it was all over, and the last bit of linament had been passed out and the last treatment had been administered, only 7½% flunked the test. And, as the sun slowly sets in the middle east, the hardy 7½% wind their weary way to the flight deck for their compulsory P.T.

Colombo – Ceylon

The "R.C.N. Travel Brief" for Ceylon opens with these words: "Lying just south of India, but separated from it by the Palk Straits, lies Ceylon, an island nation of great beauty and a rich cultural heritage. . . The coconut palm grows profusely along the coast, rubber thrives at a higher elevation, and still higher is found the world famous Ceylon tea. Ceylon has always been, and still is a junction of the most important trade routes of the East. In addition to her scenic attractions, Ceylon is famous for pearls and precious stones, ivory and elephants". With a population of over nine million, Ceylon is only about the size of Nova Scotia. With this in mind we came to Colombo, the capital, in high hopes.

At first glance, however, Colombo and Ceylon were a great disappointment to us. The city itself is rather squalid with beggars and tramps very much in evidence. Even going for a stroll one finds at least one "guide" at his elbow. No amount of arguing will persuade him to leave his quarry. Usually he does not take a rupee for his services but he does make a healthy commission on any purchases made by his "victim". After you get accustomed to him, you may well find that he is, after all, of some value. He tells you what tips to pay, where to change your money, and who to be on guard against.

The streets of Colombo are crowded with people. Everyone seems busy at something—selling bongo drums, snake charming pipes, coloured glasses, etc.; there are agents who try to lure you into their shops or taxis or rickshaws; there are saffron-robed Buddhist monks. Men are dressed with ample, diaper-like loin cloths. Many are barefooted and wear little else. About half of the male population wears some sort of shirt, sandals, and a large piece of cloth which forms a sort of skirt reaching nearly to the ground. Women are almost invariably dressed in saris.

There are many things which make many foreigners fall in love with the country and its people. There is no denying, for instance, the natural beauty of the country. Many of our ship's company felt that some of the tours were the best we have had yet, particularly those taken in small groups. Of these the trip to Kandy is probably the most popular. This involves a 72 mile ride each way through rather narrow and heavily crowded roads. Vehicles do not travel nearly as fast as in Malaysia and the Philippines but the drivers love to use their horns continually and pedestrians seem to ignore them almost completely. The rural areas, including numerous small villages, appeared rather more prosperous than their counterparts in the Philippines and Malaysia. We passed many rice paddies and photographed farmers ploughing with water-buffaloes or teaming up themselves to hoe three or four abreast in perfect rhythm. Here and there we saw elephants carrying loads along the road or bathing in the streams. Ox-carts are very plentiful as horses appear to be used only by the police.

Ceylon tea is, of course, famous all over the world. We were able to watch women picking tea and placing it in large baskets on their shoulders. As usual everyone stopped work until we paid one or two for the privilege of taking their pictures. Others kept calling out that they too should get a rupee. The sides of many hills were just covered with the bushes. The tea factory is also very interesting and we were able to watch the entire process; drying in an



Children's Party



Who does this remind you of?

open upper room for a day, grinding in a mill, sifted by an oscillating machine, piled in one foot layers on cement floor to ferment for three hours, baked in 190 degree ovens for 18 minutes, hand picked to take out sticks and other foreign matter, winnowed by tossing the tea in front of a strong motor-driven fan (the chaff blown away), sifted again into five different sizes, and finally packed in tea boxes placed on a vibrating machine which packs the tea firmly into one hundred pound lots. We paid nothing for the tour but were able to buy untaxed tea for 15 cents for a half pound.

We arrived at Kandy about noon and had a reasonably good steak dinner at the Queen's Hotel for the equivalent of 45 cents. Kandy is picturesquely set among hills overlooking a lake, palace grounds, and the famous Temple of the Tooth. It is a former royal capital of Ceylon and was Earl Mountbatten's headquarters for a time during the war. The Temple of the Tooth has a tooth relic of Buddha who was supposed to have visited the city some 2500 years ago. The exterior of the temple is quite impressive, but the interior was a bit of a disappointment to most. Other places of interest are the University of Ceylon and the World famous botanical gardens at Peradeniya (used as the setting for parts of the film "Bridge on the River Kwai"). Nearby at Katugastota we saw the temple elephants being bathed and scrubbed by mahouts. They thoroughly en-

joyed the performance. Many of us then had our pictures taken as we rode bare-back on the great beasts and fed them with bits of fruit. By the time we got back to the ship after this round trip of close to two hundred miles we were happy but very tired.

Another popular trip is the seven or eight mile trip from Colombo to Dehiwala Zoo. This is set out almost like a national park rather than a conventional zoo. There is a fine collection of animal life including birds, mammals, reptiles, and fish. The zoo's most popular attraction is the "Elephant Circus" held every evening at 5.15 p.m. when the elephants go through a repertoire of acts from blowing mouth organs to "doing the rock and roll".

A third tour was undertaken by seven water-loving sailors. This was to the under-water paradise at Hikkaduwa, sixty-two miles from Colombo on the south-west coast. The sea here has been declared a sanctuary, and among the beautiful coral reefs are to be found fascinating fish.

On Saturday evening, the day of our arrival, the officers were invited to a fine reception at Canada House, followed by a delicious native buffet supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Beattie, the Acting High Commissioner. Monday evening the whole ship's company was invited to Canada House. Following refreshments, the guests were treated to a splendid programme which included

a snake-charmer and magician of some note, a group of Kandy dancers with the rhythm beaten out by one of the best bongo drummers of Ceylon and a Cobra Dance. The evening concluded with a hot curry and rice dish wrapped in banana leaves and topped off with slices of delicious pineapple. A return reception was held on the Flight Deck, Wednesday evening. A lot of trouble had been taken to decorate the Flight Deck and to prepare attractively laden tables. Scarcely had the reception started when the heaviest thunderstorm of our entire cruise burst in full fury with torrential rain. Everyone hastily adjourned to the Hangar and Wardroom. It was too bad, but everyone seemed to enjoy himself.

Nearly everyone went on some sort of shopping spree in Colombo—buying mainly carved ebony and rosewood and such gems as sapphires, alexandrite, zircons, garnets, and amethysts—all of which are fairly plentiful in Ceylon. The Ceylon Cottage Industries sold excellent goods at very reasonable prices. Those confined to the ship also had opportunities to bargain with natives who came alongside in "bum-boats".

Before sailing from Colombo on Thursday morning we witnessed a rather amusing incident. Leading Seaman Haynes was seen pulling a rickshaw along a busy street with Chief Petty Officer Dunae as his "fare". Running along behind, carrying golf clubs, was the coolie.



The Snake Charmer



Ceremonial Divisions

During our stay in Colombo the ship was on Tropical Routine. This involved "wakie-wakie" at 5 a.m. with the afternoon off for all those who were not on duty. With many tours, considerable shopping, and many evening programmes thrown in, we were a tired lot by the time we

sailed at 10 a.m. on Thursday. Good Friday gave us a pleasant relief as we were on Sunday Routine, complete with a well attended Church Service in the cafeteria. On Easter Sunday, Ceremonial Divisions were held on the Flight Deck, followed by special



Easter Confirmation

Easter Services. These included a Confirmation Service when Able Seamen J. H. W. Hicks, R. J. Hubbell, and B. L. Murray were received into the United Church by Chaplain Mowatt, Petty Officer Theriault, and Leading Seaman Pinckard.

Karachi

(March 30th to April 4th, 1964)

Beginning to get accustomed to the wonders of the teeming cities of Asia, we were nevertheless in for some surprises when we tied up in Karachi, the former capital of Pakistan and its largest city. If any city can be said to have two faces, this one has. Our first impression of the huge port, one of the busiest in Asia, was of its bustling efficiency. In Colombo some ships were held for five or six weeks. Here in Karachi port authorities claim to unload ships within twenty-four to thirty-six hours.

Driving in to town from the Kemera dock area one passes dozens of camel and donkey wagons. Some of the latter were drawn by a single donkey and others two. We were told that when there are two, the more experienced one is put between the shafts and does most of the work. The other is usually new at the job and is hitched by a simple rope to the side of the wagon. When the driver wants a little more speed or power he whips the novice donkey so that it starts to pull with vigour. The old-timer does not want to be out-done by his fellow so he throws all his



The Ship of the Desert

weight into the task also. There were also many horse-drawn cabs, conventional taxis, and the motor driven "rickshas". These last are, in point of fact, three-wheeled cars, brightly painted and decorated, outdoing even the "jeepnies" we had seen in Manila. The taxis are very reasonable in price and are regulated by the government. In spite of this we had more trouble here, perhaps, than in any other port with taxi-drivers who were determined to extract up to double the official fare. Often police had to be called to settle the argument. The driving is rather better

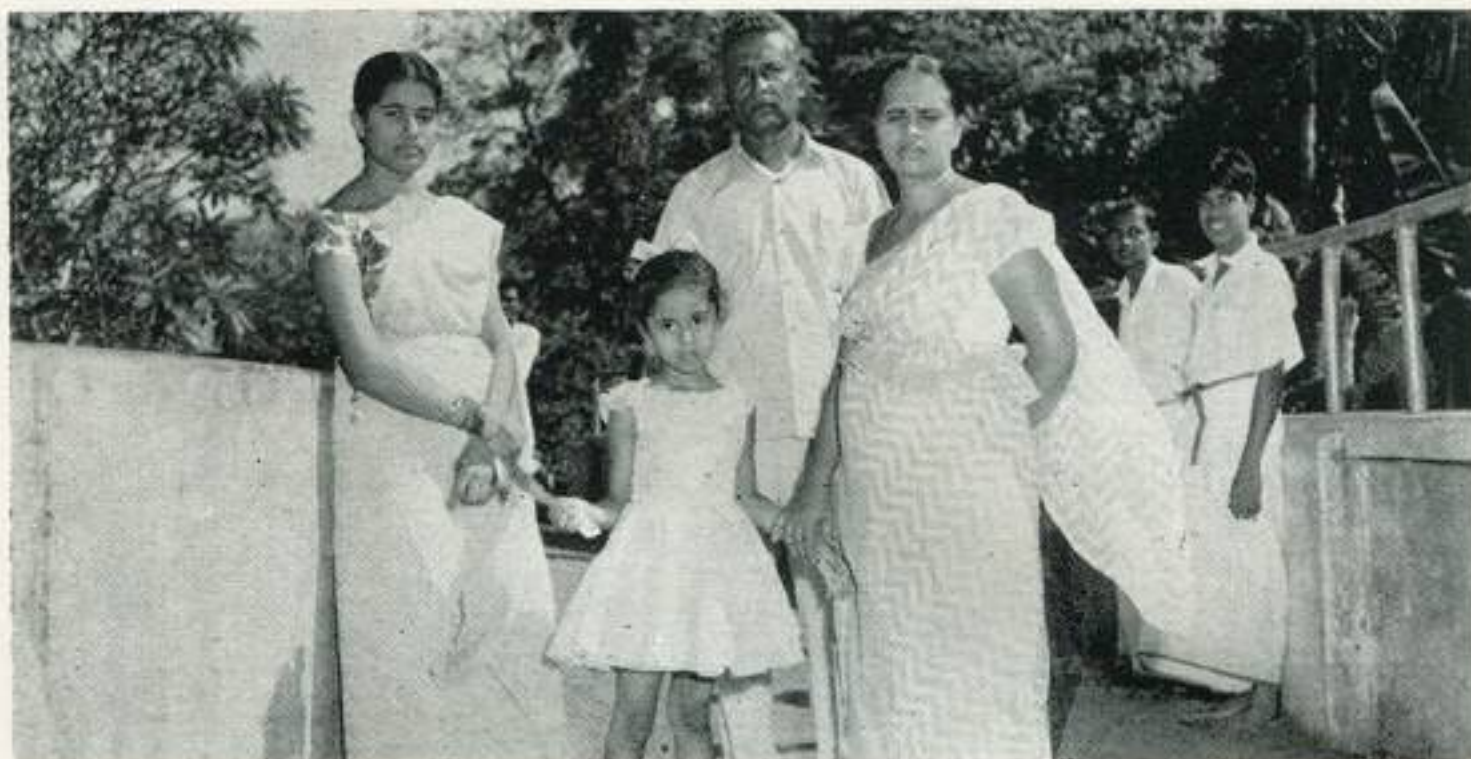
than in most of the Eastern ports we have visited and the horn is seldom used. The "rickshas", however, weave in and out of traffic in a rather alarming manner and seem to pay little attention to pedestrians, cows, goats, and dogs which seem to roam freely over the streets in the older sections of the city. Bus drivers, we were told, get into serious trouble if they are involved in accidents. Sometimes they must wait days or weeks in gaol until their case comes up. With this in mind, if an accident occurs the driver leaps out of his vehicle and dissolves into the crowd.

He seeks sanctuary in the densely crowded refugee section of the city.

In Colombo we were much impressed with the beautiful saris that nearly all women wear, even during the busy working day. In Karachi the better class women are never seen in public. About one fifth of the women are in "purdah" or seclusion. Street-cars and buses have screened-off forward sections reserved for women. On the streets many are completely veiled in either black or white material—sometimes with a few tiny holes for them to see through. The women are extremely sensitive about having their pictures taken. It is rather interesting to note that in Pakistan, men outnumber women 47.5 million to 42.6. In spite of this, divorced women outnumber men nearly two to one, and widows outnumber widowers three to one. The government is trying to implement the Islamic family laws, guaranteeing equal marital status to women and giving them political representation in national and provincial assemblies. Their position in rural areas, however, is still very backward.

Karachi is situated, almost oasis-like, on the edge of a great desert. The very morning we entered harbour we were greeted by a dust storm. The whole city has a dusty, arid appearance. The water is brought in to the city by huge conduits from the mountains. In the newer part of the city there are ultra-modern buildings, fashionable homes, wide avenues and lovely parks and gardens. The home of the Canadian High Commissioner is a typical example of one of the finer homes. At night, however—even in the best residential areas—rubbish is thrown into empty lots, and outlaw dogs, goats, and cows fight over the spoils.

A century and a half ago Karachi was little more than a fishing village. Today, due largely to the great number of immigrants constantly arriving, Karachi has a population of two and a half million people. The condition of the older section of the city almost beggars description. Here we found straw and adobe huts, cottages constructed with uncemented stones, animals wandering freely everywhere, and a dreadful stench from cooking fires using dried cow and camel-dung as fuel. Right in the centre of this area are to be found bazaars, camel and goat markets, and shops of all kinds. According to



Ceylonese Women in Saris

official statistics the per capita income for the country is \$65 a year or just one thirtieth of that of Canada.

Though photographic and other similar equipment is prohibitive in price, Karachi does have some real bargains. Among these are fine cow-hide suitcases (\$7 to \$10), large camel saddles suitable for seats (\$9), beautiful carved nesting tables (\$20), large brass coffee tables (\$20), saris (\$12), large rugs (\$250) and the like. On the whole the workmanship is rather poor—certainly not comparing at all favourably with Chinese work. The above prices were usually arrived at after very considerable bargaining.

There were several fairly interesting tours—in spite of the fact that there is relatively little to see in this desert area. A visit to H.M. Silk Mills surprised us by the extensive use of up-to-date German machinery in the production of some beautiful silk. There were daily trips to beautiful sandy beaches. Here we had

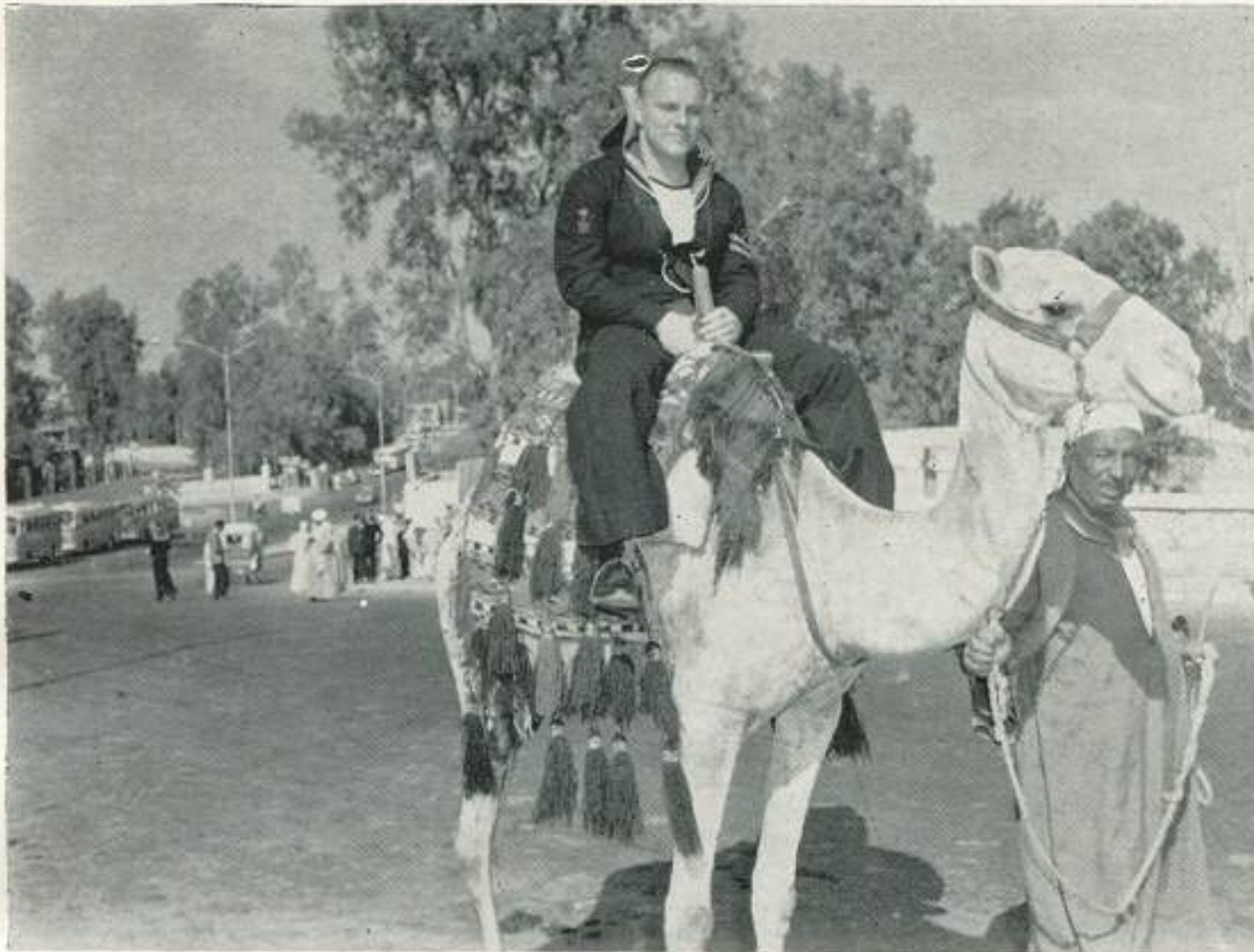
the use of a beach cottage and refreshments provided through the kindness of the Canadian High Commissioner. Not only was the swimming excellent, but there were camels to ride at 1 rupee each (about 15 cents.). Another tour took us out into the desert and to the little hamlet of Manghopir where there is a small shrine to a Muslim saint and a dozen or more ancient and very tired-looking crocodiles.

The Port Information Book mentions that "arrangements are occasionally made for a party of officers and men to make a 3-day visit to the Khyber Pass; the party is flown by Pakistan Air Force and accommodated in Army messes". With this in mind Able Seaman Stewart posted the following notice on our tour board:

"Two day camel caravan to Khyber Pass. American meals will be supplied. Those going must bring their own water containers. Trans-



H.M. Silk Mills



It's fun—honest

rupee (15 cents.) at Wocks Beach in Karachi or the more adventurous could rent one down-town for a dollar an hour. (For the information of those who have never had the pleasure of riding a camel, a dollar's worth is a lot of riding).

Now for the lesson. Step one is getting up. To get up on a camel's back one needs either a step-ladder or the ability to talk the camel into kneeling down into that odd position which is peculiar to camels alone. Talking the camel down is usually easy because the camel driver is still around, and he and the beast usually understand each other. The camel then stands up—that in itself is a worthwhile experience—and you are airborne.

The rest is easy. Just hang on and hope. It is of no use to want to stop anywhere because your mount probably won't oblige. He will only stop at places where camels want to stop, and it is highly unlikely that your wishes will coincide. If you are the type who wants to control his own destiny, you had better stick to bicycles.

Getting off the camel presents a greater problem. Most camels will only kneel down into the dismounting position if told to do so by their owner. By now he is probably many miles behind in some watering spot spending your dollar. Camel drivers usually don't share the camel's ability to get by without liquid refreshment.

Many of *St. Laurent's* novice camel riders solved the dismounting problem quickly by falling off and joining the camel's owner. One more imaginative type persuaded his mount to stand still alongside an outside stairway. He then just stepped off, walked down a dozen steps or so, and was on dry land. Another well known chief petty officer did a forward somersault, fortunately on soft sand, with his camel following suit.

In retrospect, however, even the saddle-sore lads from Calgary agreed that it was an experience and we must admit—"Join the navy and Ride a Camel" does sound pretty good.

portation will be on the jetty at 1200 on 1st April. This tour is through the compliments of the Canadian attaché at Karachi. There will be no charge". A similar notice was run in "Daily Orders". Several unwary sailors worked hours overtime so as to be ready to go. Others went down town and bought all kinds of equipment to take with them. Nearly one hundred names appeared on the list of those desiring to go. Gradually the word got around that the Khyber Pass was some hundreds of miles from Karachi and that a two-day camel trip was patently impossible. The next morning the following appeared in "Daily Orders";

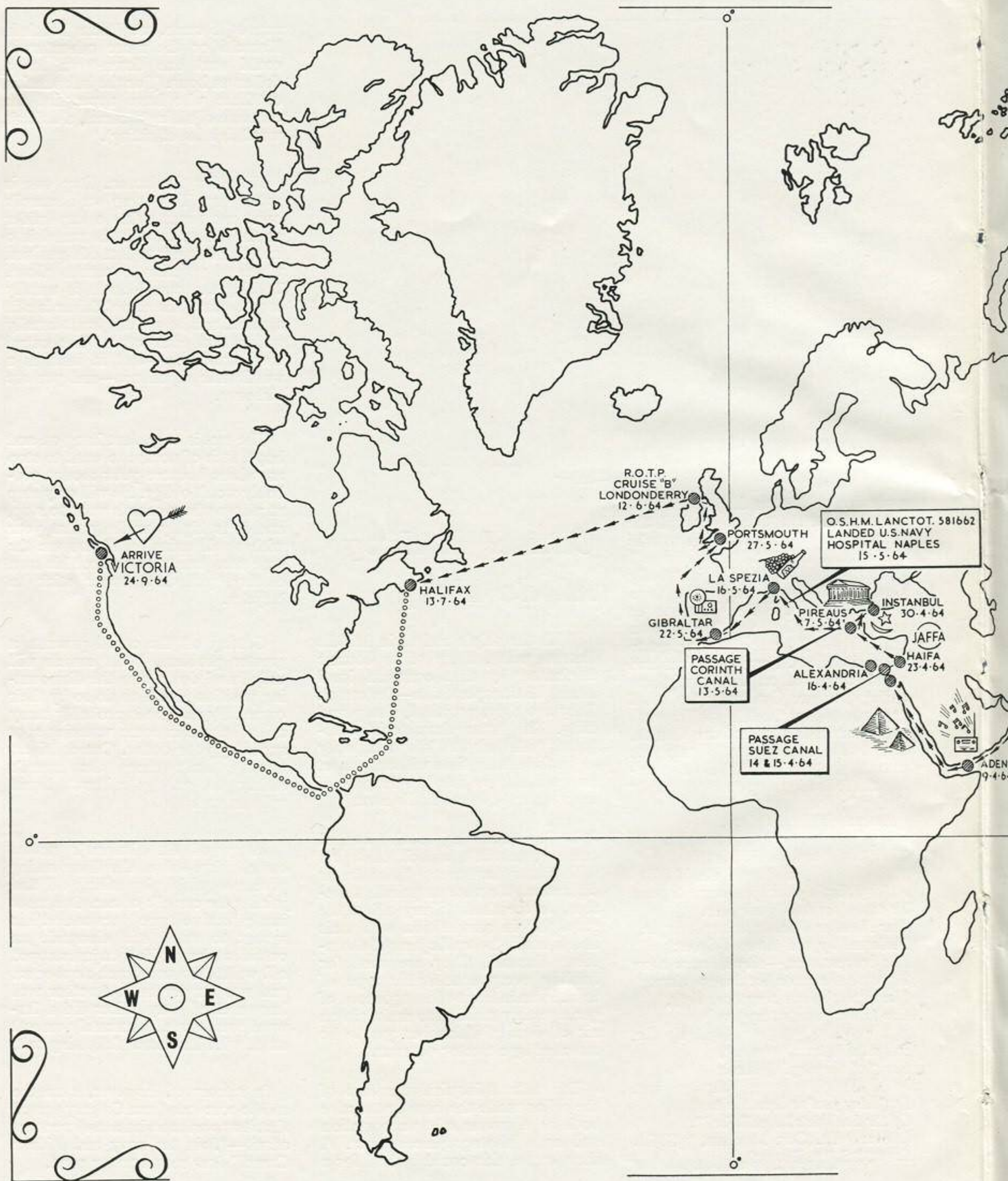
*"On camels' backs they swore
they'd go,
Though the sun would blaze
and sand would blow.
All day they'd journey to desert's pass,
To travel far to Khyber pass.
Our Number One his sailors brought,*
Followed by the intrepid Scott;†
The bravest men,—they all were there
To taste the sun's hot brassy glare.
The desert's heat they dare defy,
For in that waste they could
quickly die,
But all this is not to come,
For tho' the Reg. Office is
keeping mum,
I will say you've been the tool
Of Sir Stubbie's‡ April Fool".*
(Note: * Lt. Cdr. Machan, † S./Lt. Scott, ‡ S./Lt. Bowen).

Camel Riding Made Easy

With the ship's arrival in Middle Eastern ports, many of us became fascinated by that common local means of transportation—the camel. They are ugly, practical, cheap and dirty. The latter characteristic, together with their well known capacity to go for a long time without water, makes them well fitted to the general environment of the Middle East.

Before coming to the camel country, most of us associated camels with either Lawrence of Arabia or cigarettes. We were surprised, therefore, to see them taking off at the stoplights in competition with taxis and buses in the traffic jams of downtown Karachi. They are used for hauling every conceivable type of load. Even in front of a wagonload of garbage they manage to maintain an air of dignity which has yet to be matched by a tractor or truck.

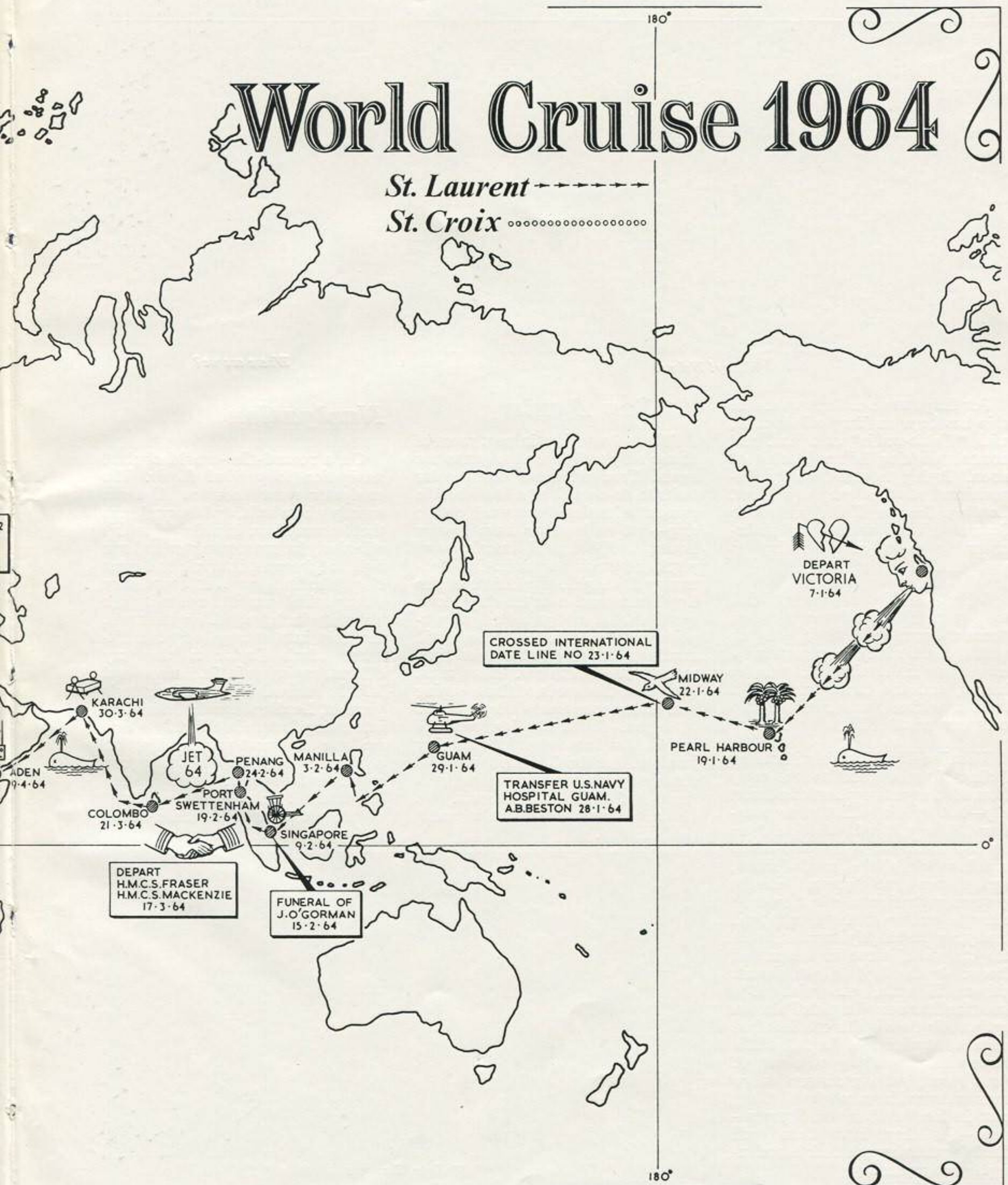
The natural inquisitive nature of the sailor made the camel attractive both as a means of transportation and as a photographic subject. A short camel ride could be had for a



World Cruise 1964

St. Laurent → → → → →

St. Croix





Wakey! Wakey!

For the past two or three weeks the ship has been on Tropical Routine, with "Wakie-wakie" at 5 a.m. and normal working hours ceasing at noon. Trying to avoid snaky dispositions at this ungodly hour, Leading Seaman Keith and Able Seaman Hisette used their snake-charming pipes one morning to awaken the ship's company.

Other activities of interest that took place in Karachi were rides on "bunder-boats" (a small type of junk with triangular sail), deep sea fishing, numerous invitations to private homes, and the clever tricks of a local magician performed on two occasions on the Flight Deck.

We sailed from Karachi with mixed feelings. It was good to get away from the dusty atmosphere of a desert city—but we left behind many new-found, kindly friends who had done much to make our visit a pleasant sojourn. In spite of all the crowded slums, we had been most impressed with the government's sincere effort to look after the welfare of the people. And finally, we were highly impressed with the calibre of those in the armed forces. With 85% of Pakistan's citizens illiterate, and with 95% knowing little or no English, Pakistan has an Air Force with one hundred percent knowledge of English and a Navy with almost as good a record. As a result, retiring servicemen go back to their villages to take a leading part in local and national government—for they have been well fitted for this through their broadening service contacts.

At Sea Again

After a busy time in port most of us are only too pleased to get to sea again. True we have our regular tasks to do as well as a considerable amount of maintenance work on the ship—but at least we have regular hours, well-balanced meals, and plenty of bracing salt air. On Wednesday 8th April, the Officer of the Day announced over the ship's loud speakers that a large school of porpoise (or "dolphins",—we are still arguing over this question) was to be seen on the port bow. There must have been thousands of them leaping and diving over nearly a square mile of ocean. So fascinating was the spectacle and so unusual the number involved that the Captain turned the ship back for two more slow runs through the playful mammals. We also saw a number of whales and a shark or two.



Sit down, darn you



Where are we?

Navigation

On a round-the-world cruise, navigation is a vital factor. The navigator must know at all times exactly where he is, and the problems that he must face. In order to do this effectively he must take star and sun sights at frequent intervals and must also take into account some very strange tidal currents not met with elsewhere in the world. He must take the ship into strange ports. Lieutenant Mark Taylor is the very efficient navigator in *St. Laurent* and is ably assisted by the Navigator's yeoman, Leading Seaman Craig. One interesting feature in this ship is that we have an almost unique collection of charts carefully filed by our methodical yeoman. There are no less than 1755 charts filed away, not counting two or three folios which he keeps for special purposes.

Aden

On Thursday, 9th April we anchored off Steamer Point in the Protectorate of Aden. The air was clear and dry and the whole area, with rugged mountains overlooking the sea, was most picturesque. When refuelling was completed, the ship's company wasted little time in crowding into the liberty boats which ran a shuttle service to the nearby shore. In a few hours men started back to the ship again heavily loaded with electrical and photographic equipment. We had heard much about this duty-free port and were not disappointed. Bargaining was intense and most of Sally's crew was getting rather adept at the game. As usual, some poor fellows were badly "taken"—but most came back delighted with their purchases. The canteen really seemed to go overboard with their purchases of transistor radios, \$20 tape recorders, cameras, projectors, and so on. Before long, Petty Officers Yager and Ordinary Seaman Binny were swamped by eager buyers, and a land-office business was in full swing. When we sailed out of Aden on Friday, the Quarterdeck and Flight Deck were teeming with sailors trying out their new radios. All agreed that for electrical and photographic goods, Aden was easily the best port yet.

Mail

During our brief stay in Aden we received our first surface mail of the cruise. There were eight bags of surface mail (one weighing eighty pounds) and five air mail bags. It was a real experience for Petty Officer Peden as he was in the process of taking over from Petty Officer Huzzey. Both incoming and outgoing mail has been handled most efficiently, helping no end in keeping up the morale of the ship.

MOST WELCOME "PIPE"

"Leading hands of messes will pick up mail at the mail office"



Let me have a puff

The Red Sea

Midnight on the evening of 10th April found *St. Laurent* through Hell's Gate—the narrow entrance to the Red Sea—and for the next four days we steamed northward, arriving at Suez early on the morning of 14th April. Here we waited for the second largest convoy in the history of the canal to form up before proceeding northbound through Suez.

On arriving at our anchorage off Suez, His Excellency Mr. J. Chapdelaine, the Canadian Ambassador to the U.A.R., and Colonel Robert Kingston, Military Attaché, came

aboard to accompany us through the canal and on to Alexandria, our next port of call.

The canal is 86 miles long and is divided into two main sections—the southern part from Suez to the Great Bitter Lake, and the northern part from the Great Bitter Lake to Port Said. South and northbound ships are formed into convoys which transit the canal twice daily for northbound ships and once daily for southbound ships.

We left Suez late on the morning of 14th April and arrived in the Mediterranean at midnight the same day.



Another five cents, Sandy

The United Arab Republic

(April 6th to 24th)

After a leisurely passage westward in the Mediterranean, we entered Alexandria on the morning of 16th April for a five-day visit. As usual, our Chaplain, the Reverend A. J. Mowatt, started to arrange a multitude of tours for the ship's company. Those for Alexandria were a bit of a disappointment, mainly because of the language barrier. The U.A.R. Navy kindly laid on buses for local tours. The first of these, visiting the catacombs, the ruins at Pharos, Pompey's Pillar, the museum, and the university, was fairly interesting. It was the next two where we had some rather amusing difficulty with the language. There was supposed to be a tour to the Aquarium on Friday morning and one to the Palace in the afternoon. The morning group left at 1000 were driven a mile or so to a city square where the driver pointed in the general direction of a monument. No one was particularly interested. The driver waited about three minutes and returned to the

ship. The elapsed time of this "tour" was about fifteen minutes. Though this was a "free" trip, there were naturally loud outcries of having been "seen off". The Chaplain immediately got in touch with the liaison officer and it was discovered that the bus driver had thought that this was a "liberty" party going ashore and he had thus driven them to the main square in town. The sailors were hastily gathered together and started off again (the time was now 1100). By some error the driver was given the afternoon's pass to the palace—so all the aquarium-minded sailors were given a quick tour of the palace. To complete the comedy of errors, those who took the afternoon tour now found that they could not see the Palace as the pass had already been used. Neither could they see the Aquarium, as it was closed that afternoon! The tour party disbanded in complete frustration.

Two 23-hour tours to Cairo, however, more than made up for the

disappointments in Alexandria. Almost eighty of the ship's company paid five Egyptian pounds or \$12 (U.S.) for the privilege. This included transportation, meals, and all entrance fees, and we were soon to realize that this was indeed one of the real bargains of the whole cruise. Each Cairo tour started at 0600 with a 3½ hour run through mainly desert-type country. Here and there irrigation projects were well under way and there were fine fields of cotton, wheat, and figs to show for their effort. Wasting little time the driver drove through the old section of Cairo and deposited us at the justly famous Egyptian Museum. The hour-long stop was spent mainly in viewing the magnificent collection from Tutenkamen's Tomb. The workmanship was exquisite and the colours vivid.

We next drove to the Citadel, built by Saladin in 1179 to dominate Cairo. Adjoining is the fine Mosque of Mohammed Ali (great-grandfather of ex-King Farouk). It has a beautiful



Where's the Daddy?



The Alabaster Mosque



Three Arabs

dome and magnificent acoustics. From the Citadel we had a splendid view of Cairo, the Nile, and the Pyramids of Giza and Sakkarah. Briefly stopping at a perfume store, we were given a very able lecture and display on the superior merits of the Egyptian perfume to that of France's 95% diluted imitation! So convincing was the manager that most of us walked out with from one to ten bottles of the stuff. The real test will be when our wives and/or sweet-hearts get hold of the mess!

Rather tired and hungry, we drove out to Giza and, almost in the shade of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, had an excellent lunch at the Hotel Mena House. We then mounted camels and horses and with Arab head-dress and flowing robes we cantered up the hill with the Arab drivers running along beside us, alternately photographing us with our own cameras, and pleading with us to give them generous tips for their efforts. When we patiently explained that they had already been well paid by the tour company there was a stony silence and a hurt look on their faces! The three famous pyramids, tombs of the Royal Pharaohs of the Third and Fourth Dynasties, dating from 2780 B.C., were most impressive. The Great Pyramid of Cheops, standing 441 feet high and taking about forty years to construct, was so expertly hewn and constructed that its three million blocks of granite required no

mortar to bind them. Some of our more intrepid adventurers ventured to the top of Cheops and others climbed up a long way inside. Most were content to take dozens of pictures of the three pyramids and the Sphinx.

On our return from the Pyramids we saw the "City of the Dead", a large section where no one lives except for two nights in the year. The streets are deserted and the bones of the dead lie within the homes. From here we went to the Khan El-Khalily

Bazaar, where we stretched our legs and saw many of the bargains to which we had become accustomed in recent days. Just at sunset, after another fine meal, we all went sailing up the "Blue Nile". This was a perfect opportunity to rest our aching bodies and to view the skyline, the smooth domes and delicate minarets of many a beautiful Moslem mosque, as well as the many fine modern buildings which adorn the banks of the Nile. But the tour was still not over. The buses then took us to see an excellent Night Club show at the "Auberge des Pyramides". By the time we had seen this and motored back to Alexandria it was 5 a.m. and we were a very tired lot of men!

In addition to what was seen in Cairo on the regular tour, some of us were able to drive past the Pyramids to Memphis, the ancient capital of Egypt. Here we saw the much smaller "Alabaster Sphinx" and a fine recumbent statue of Rameses II. On the way there and back we passed camels, donkeys, and water buffaloes, as well as a great number of very low adobe and stone huts—which formed the homes of many of the farmers in the area.

Our visit to the U.A.R. ended on the morning of 21st April as we sailed from Alexandria's busy harbour bound for Haifa, Israel.



The climb inside Cheops

Haifa, Israel

Thursday, April 23rd, 1964

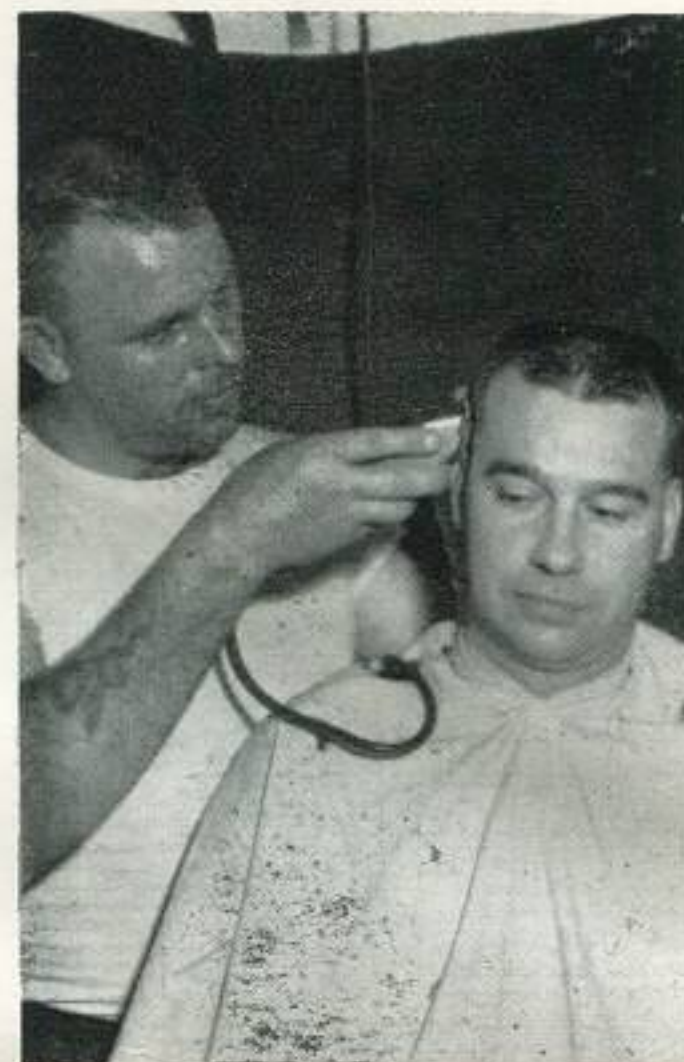
On Thursday morning we steamed into Haifa, easily the most beautiful of all the ports we have so far visited, as it rises one thousand feet up the historic slopes of Mount Carmel. We soon found that there are actually three Haifas, linked by bus and by the Carmelite funicular. First, there is the harbour area, dominated by the largest single building in all Israel—the Dagon Silo. When we arrived, the docks were busily engaged in loading great quantities of Jaffa oranges into the holds of Israeli ships. Many of our ship's company climbed to the middle area of Mount Carmel, known as the Hadar, with fine shops, the City Hall, and Memorial Garden. Off the Hadar are the beautiful Persian Gardens and the Baha'i Shrine with its golden dome. Many of us continued on to the top of the mountain, the Carmel area, where the Carmelite Order has built a church on the site of Elijah's cave. From Panorama Point one has a magnificent view of the seaport and the bay as far as Acre and the Lebanon Coast. By night, a combination of the glistening lights of the city and of the anchored ships and the full moon which greeted our stay created one of the most breathtaking views imaginable. It all augured well for our stay in the tiny land of Israel.

Following our visit to the free port of Aden and our expensive, though very worthwhile, trip to Cairo, many of Sally's complement were "hanging on the ropes" and afraid that they would not be able to afford any trip to the Holy Land. Imagine our delight when we were informed on arrival that two large buses would be available every day of our visit, completely free of charge, and that expert guides would also be provided by the Government. We were soon to find that this was not all, for additional buses, taxis, etc., were furnished for daily golf matches, visits to dental and medical clinics, and so on.

The first excursion was to the area surrounding Haifa and featured the Crusader fortress city of Acre, one of the oldest still lived-in cities of the world. With its ocean ramparts, forti-

fied turrets, moats and surrounding wall, it was taken over from the Crusaders by the Turks and it successfully stopped Napoleon over 160 years ago. Just beyond Acre is the new "Steel City" and beyond that the Lebanon border. South of Haifa, some of our golfers played on a course near the ancient Roman seaport of Caesarea, the ruins of which date from the Crusader days. The golf course and club are endowed by the Rothschild family.

On Friday and Saturday nearly two hundred men were taken to Lower Galilee on a delightful full-day excursion. Leaving Haifa, we drove through its industrial area. Nearby, we came to Yagur, one of Israel's largest kibbutzim. (Some of us were fortunate enough to spend two or three hours at a kibbutz.) This is a collective village where all land and economy are communal property. Labour, from a common pool, is based upon individual specialization; profit is distributed easily as goods and services, on the principle "from each according to his means, to each according to his need". Meals are taken in the kibbutz in the communal



Hey! that's my ear

dining room. Children live with their social and academic community and sleep in their own accommodation, but join their parents at the end of the working day, on the Sabbath and during vacation. Whilst the kibbutz economy is essentially agricultural, many of these villages have auxiliary industrial and other enterprises. Almost 90,000 people live in kibbutz-type villages.



Nazareth



The Holy Family Grotto



St. Joseph's Church

Rounding Mount Carmel and heading east we passed the site where Elijah confounded the priests of Baal and entered the beautiful Valley of Jezreel, where Zionist pioneers proved they could create productive farms from land fallow and neglected for centuries, and could build a new and suitable way of living for their members. In this rich valley we saw vineyards, citrus and banana plantations, olive groves, and fields of grain and vegetables about ready for harvesting. We crossed over historic Kishon River, almost dry, as the water has been diverted into reservoirs. We passed many man-made lakes heavily stocked with fish and passed near Megiddo, where some religious fundamentalists claim the final Battle of Armageddon will take place.

The highway turned a little towards the north and there, nestling below the top of a ridge of hills, we saw the white houses of Nazareth. This Arab town has changed little since the Biblical days of the Holy Family. Its narrow streets, red-tiled houses, and tall cypress trees give it a timeless atmosphere. Its more than 25 churches, monasteries and convents mark many of the places associated with the life of Jesus. Nazareth has always been a relatively poor town. In the days of Jesus, many families had excavated caves and had built their homes over these, cool in summer, warm in winter, central living quarters. Two such places have been designated by long tradition—one where the angel is supposed to have told Mary of the coming birth (the Church of the

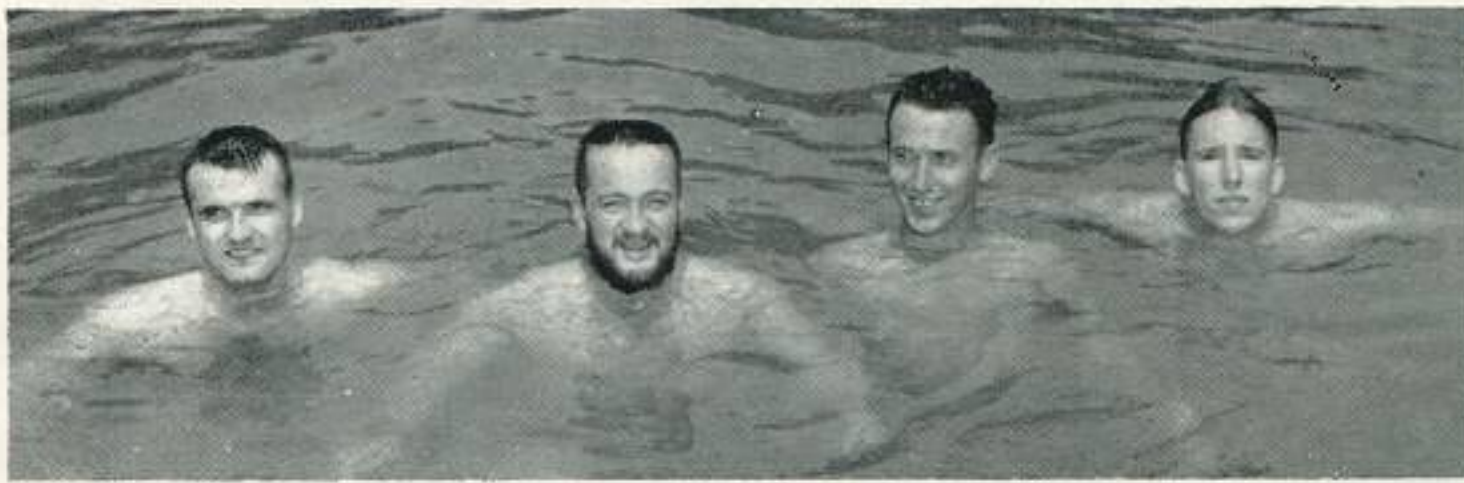
Annunciation—now being rebuilt), and the other where the Holy Family is thought to have lived, with the Carpenter Shop above the grotto—living quarters (the Church of St. Joseph). The latter, in particular, has managed to retain some of its natural appearance, with ventilation shaft, small adjoining pockets in the rock for food and other stores, and a raised portion of the rock in the centre perhaps for a table. Further on the road, we came to the Virgin's Fountain. As this is the only fountain in the town it is almost certainly authentic. The Hill of Precipitation was behind the town and is the spot where the rulers of the synagogue attempted to hurl Jesus.

Leaving Nazareth, we passed through Cana of Galilee, the traditional site of the Miracle of the Wine. A few miles to the south we saw

Mount Tabor, where Deborah defeated Sisera's armies. This is also the traditional site of the Transfiguration. After passing through the Horns of Hittim (horn-like hills) we came to the modern city of Tiberias, overlooking the glorious Lake of Tiberias (or Sea of Galilee). We stopped at sea level on our way down and had a magnificent view of the lake, some 700 feet below us. The Sea of Galilee is about fifteen miles long and about seven miles wide at its widest point. To the north in Syria is snow-capped Mount Herman and south of the lake is the winding Jordan River with rich farm-lands, orchards, and vineyards. Formerly, this was a swampy area, but now it is well drained and prosperous-looking. We stopped on the banks of the Jordan and enjoyed swimming in the cool, clean water.



Sea of Galilee and the Jordan



Swimming in the Jordan

Tiberias, along with Jerusalem, Safid, and Hebron, was one of the four holy cities of Judaism. The city has a number of ancient monuments, tombs of famous sages and rabbis. There are hot springs here of excellent therapeutic qualities. Journeying north along the Sea of Galilee, we passed Migdal where Mary Magdalene came from, on past the Mount of the Beatitudes and Tabigha, traditional site of the miracle of the Loaves and Fishes. Finally, we came to Capernaum, where the ruins of a synagogue, some 1900 years old, is found. Capernaum is the city most closely associated with the healing mission of Jesus. Our guides pointed out the supposed site of Peter's home. Formerly, this was a busy town of 15,000 inhabitants. Now all has vanished except the ruins of the very large synagogue. Today the Franciscans are recovering the carved stones and setting many up in their place. Some experts are certain that they are the ruins of the actual synagogue in which Jesus taught and where he healed the man with the withered hand. There are all kinds of interesting stones lying about: mills for grinding grain, carved stones with the Jewish emblems of the vine, six-pointed Star of David, carved animals (with the faces defaced, due to later strict laws about "graven images", and so on. We were tired but very happy when we finally got back to the ship. This had been undoubtedly the best tour of our entire cruise.

Sunday morning, three large buses and a taxi started out on our last tour in Israel, this time to Jerusalem. It was a hot day again, as for two days a "chamsin" or hot wind from the Arabian Desert was blowing, carrying an almost imperceptible fine sand with it. It is extremely dry and rather irritating to the throat. We drove south along Mount Carmel, passing

many "shikum" or blocks of flats built for new immigrants to Israel (they are not called "refugees" in this country and are treated with the greatest consideration). As we drove south through the Plain of Sharon (famous for its roses) you could see signs of young Israel's fight against the barren soil. Sand dunes have been pushed back towards the sea, their gleaming nakedness dressed by orange groves, vegetable fields, and other crops. Continuing south we came to Lod (Lydda) mentioned in sacred writing and later the supposed birthplace and site of the tomb of St. George, the patron saint of England. There is a large airport here. A few



I wouldn't if I were you

miles further on we came to the town of Ramla, built by the Saracens over seven hundred years ago and taken over by the Crusaders. Here Napoleon stayed centuries later. We now came to the small town of Ramoth where the "Haschawim" or German intellectuals settled during the last decade or so. Unaccustomed to manual labour of any kind they are now egg and chicken breeders of some note, exporting their produce abroad as well as supplying local needs. It is said that when they built their homes with concrete blocks they worked together, helping one another with the work. Often "bucket brigades" were formed to pass the heavy concrete blocks. As each polite German passed a block he would say, "bitte schön" and the next man would say, "Danke schön" ("please and thanks"). A native passing by thought he heard a swarm of bees with the constant "bitte schön, danke schön, bitte schön" buzzing in his ears.

We soon started climbing into the "Wilderness of Judea" — now a wilderness no longer. Throughout this area we saw terraces built on the hillsides to prevent soil erosion. In this region are many newly-planted vineyards and fruit orchards. The settlements in these hills, with the exception of Kiryat Anavim, the oldest kibbutz in the Jerusalem area, and nearby Ma'ale Hahamisha, have been founded in the last decade or less. Living in them are immigrants who have found refuge after years of wandering as displaced persons through the camps of Europe, or refugees from Moslem countries.

Driving up the hills to Jerusalem we saw dozens of burned-out tanks and lorries on the side of the road, each with one or two Star-of-David wreaths hanging on them. During the 1948 "Battle of Liberation" Israeli older boys and girls had driven these around twisting highways and were "sitting ducks" as they rounded the curves into ambushes. In spite of overwhelming odds these young patriots persisted in their task until they had driven out their enemies from the approaches to the Holy City. It was a moving sight. As we approached Jerusalem we could see Jordanian territory to our left, as the highway is in a narrow Israeli corridor leading to the Israeli half of the city, the New Jerusalem. Soon

we came in sight of "Jerusalem the Golden" with its fine yellow stone buildings — a rather unique and pleasing city with a character all its own.

Our visit to Jerusalem was all too brief, due to the long trip from Haifa. As nearly all the historic sites are in the Old City, our task was made a little easier. We saw the Hakirya, presently under construction — an ambitious new Government centre to house all administrative and governmental offices with the parliament (Knesset) at the centre. We then drove down into the valley of Gehenna and climbed by foot up Mount Zion. Here we visited the Coenaculum, believed to be the Chamber of the Last Supper (the "upper room"). This is one of the best authenticated spots in Jerusalem and if it is not the actual spot it is very likely within a few yards of it. We also visited the very lovely "Church of the Dormition" on Mount Zion near the spot where Mary is believed to have passed away. We also saw the "Chamber of Destruction", containing moving reminders of the European holocaust in which six million Jews were murdered by the Nazis. Both here and in the "Tomb of David" rabbis keep constant vigil as they chant psalms and prayers. From a vantage point close by we were able to look over into Old Jerusalem and to see the "Dome of the Rock", a portion of the "Wailing Wall", and then in the distance the "Garden of Gethsemane" and the "Mount of Olives". Due to the poor visibility caused by the "chamsin" (hot Arabian wind), we could barely see the Dead Sea and Bethlehem.

During the trip between Haifa and Jerusalem, three members of *St. Laurent's* crew planted three saplings in a Canadian section of a reforestation area. A small donation from the Ship's Fund was used for this purpose. The suggested prayer for the occasion is very interesting: "Heavenly Father, Thou who buildest Zion and Jerusalem and hast set up anew the sovereignty of Israel: Look down from Thy holy habitation, from heaven, and bless Thy people Israel, and the land which Thou hast given us . . . Take pleasure, O Lord in Thy land and bestow upon it of Thy goodness and Thy grace. Give



Tree planting near Jerusalem

dew for a blessing and cause beneficent rains to fall in their season, to satiate the mountains of Israel and her valleys, and to water thereon every plant and tree, and these saplings which we plant before Thee this day. Make deep their roots and wide their crown, that they may blossom forth in grace among all the trees in Israel for good and for beauty. And strengthen the hands of all our brethren, who toil to revive the sacred soil and make fruitful its wastes. Bless, O Lord, their might, and may the work of their hands find favour before Thee. Amen."

Ship's officers on this tour of Jerusalem were privileged to have a representative from the Israel Navy tour with them. This officer had participated in the siege of Jerusalem and the clearing of the "Road of Heroes". He was able to give a first hand account of the fierce hand-to-

hand combat that characterized the War of Independence. His name is Shimon Katz and he is a lieutenant-commander who goes by the nickname of "Moushie", or "Kitten". His associates assure us that this is a misnomer since "Moushie" was one of the heroes of the bitter fighting that took place on the approaches to Jerusalem and in the capture of Mount Zion. As a matter of fact he had also led the victorious company which had captured the first buildings on Mount Zion and started the routing of the enemy. Some time later, hearing that a group of his compatriots were besieged and out of food in "Old Jerusalem", "Moushie" put in an attack with some friends and not only brought in the required supplies but even captured temporarily the whole city. Katz was able to give us many personal glimpses into the type of fighting that he and his men had to do and thus made a memorable tour even more so.



Memorial to Six Million Jews

The message sent by the Captain to Canada perhaps best describes the feelings of *St. Laurent* as we left Israel: "*St. Laurent* departed from Haifa, concluding the first visit by a Canadian warship to the State of Israel. The warmest of welcomes awaited the *St. Laurent* upon arrival at Haifa and a most interesting programme had been arranged. Tours for the ship's company included visits to the Sea of Galilee and the River Jordan, Nazareth, Jerusalem, and Tel Aviv. Israel, young and vigorous, yet steeped in rich history, proved to be of exceptional interest to those in *St. Laurent* and the enthusiastic hospitality of the Israeli people made the visit a memorable occasion."

At Sea

(April 27th to 30th)

For about a day-and-a-half after our departure from Israel, we ran into high winds and heavy seas. These calmed down again as we entered the historic strait of Dardanelles. All hands free to do so crowded the decks to see monuments commemorating famous battles fought on these shores. Passing Gallipoli, of World War I fame, we sailed into the Sea of Marmara and hence to Istanbul.



Istanbul and the Bosphorus

Istanbul, Turkey

(April 30th to May 6th)

We entered the Bosphorus, which separates the European and Asiatic sections of Istanbul. This ancient city is the only one in the world astride two continents. The view, as we passed "The Golden Horn" estuary and anchored in front of the fine Dolmabahçe Palace, was really breathtaking. Istanbul, with a population of over two million, is a city of nearly a thousand mosques. Turkey forms a natural bridge between the East and the West. She is attempting desperately to be Western and has even outlawed the use of the fez—but she still manages to retain many of the characteristics of the East. A visit to the immense "Covered Bazaar" is a proof of this. This ancient bazaar is a veritable labyrinth and storehouse for carpets, brassware, jewellery, furniture, and thousands of other useful and useless articles, and one must haggle with the greatest enthusiasm in order to arrive at a fair price.

After a series of highly organized tours, the ship's company was not over enthusiastic about one here. However, we did have a fine, free, three-hour boat ride up the Bosphorus to within sight of the Black Sea. Lining the shore are hundreds of restaurants—many doing a thriving business. Cherry and plum blossoms are in profusion and add immeasurably to the already colourful landscape. Many were especially interested in two ancient forts facing one another across the Bosphorus:

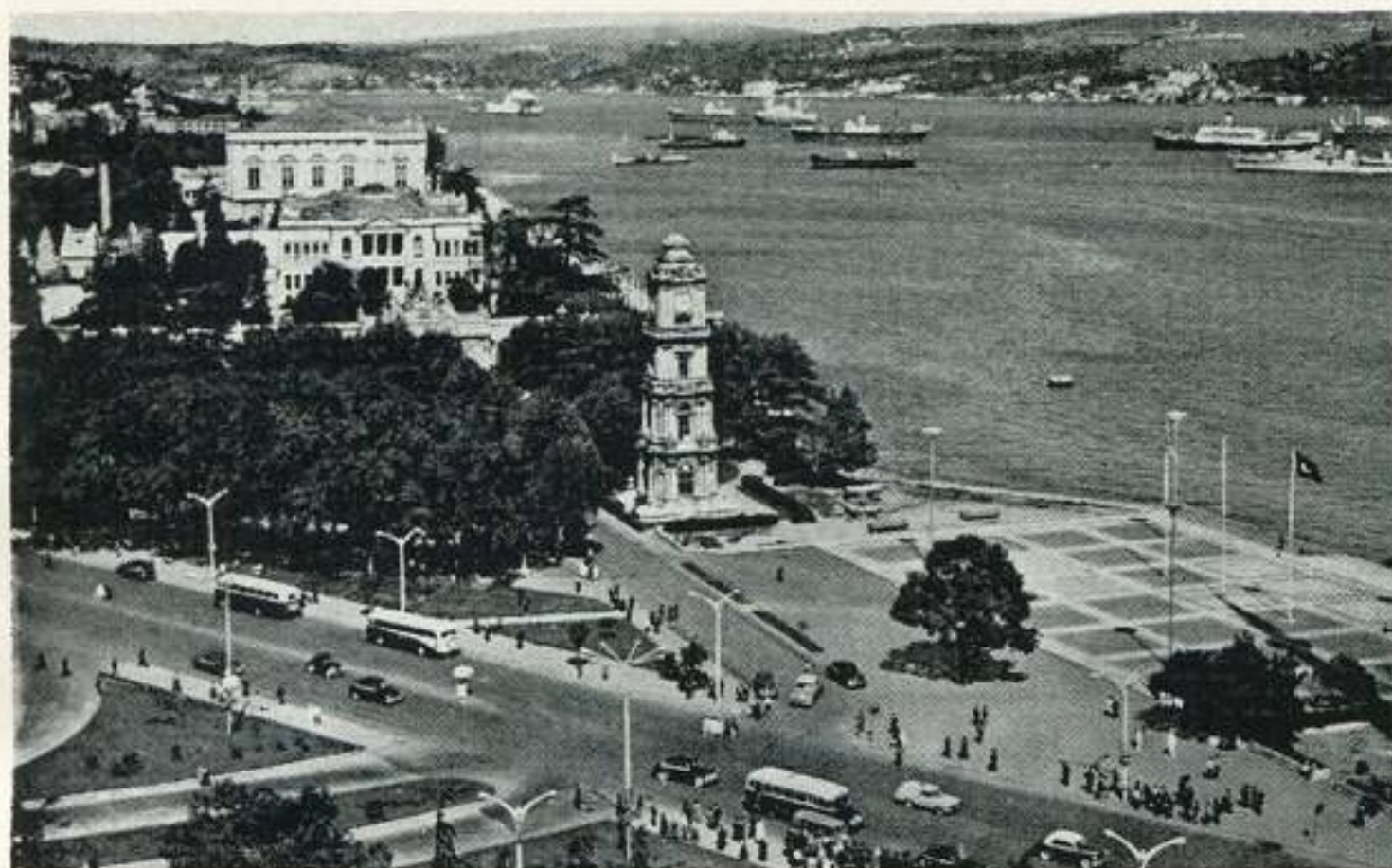
the Rumelihisari in Europe and the Anadoluhisari in Asia. These were built in 1452 and 1395, respectively.

Captain Ekrem Akömer (Retd.), son of a former Field Marshal and himself first a page and later aide de camp to the last Sultan, kindly took many of the ship's company on two fascinating tours through the old and the new Sultans' palaces. The Topkapi Palace Museum was formerly the seat of the Ottoman Sultans. Its buildings, large and small, date from 1453 to the 19th century. It was constructed at random according to the whims of the various Sultans in power but is, nevertheless, of great interest. Included in the priceless Treasury collection is the golden throne of Shah Ishmail, the thrones of the Ottoman Sultans, jewellery, and furniture. The Chinese porcelain section is undoubtedly one of the largest and richest in existence, dating from the Sung and Yuan Dynasties (9th to 14th centuries). The Turkish tiles, that adorn the exotic harem quarters, are also unique.

Close by we visited several famous and beautiful mosques. The Sultan Ahmet Mosque, known as the "Blue Mosque" because of its magnificent blue tiles on the walls of the interior, is a fine example of the great "golden age" of Turkish architecture. It has six slender minarets and a graceful cascade of domes and semi-domes. Nearby also is Saint Sophia, recognized by many as one of the greatest

temples ever built. It was originally constructed by the first Christian Roman Emperor, Constantine, in the year 347 A.D. Fire, earthquake, and rebellion destroyed this and subsequent buildings. Emperor Justinian then had the church rebuilt on an even more magnificent scale in the sixth century. For years it was used as a mosque. Then in 1935 Ataturk had it converted into a museum. Towering over the "Golden Horn" is the Süleymaniye Mosque. It commemorates the most glorious period of the Ottoman Turkish Empire, the reign of Süleyman the Magnificent, the Law-Giver, and Empire Builder. It also ranks as one of the most impressive temples ever built by man. It has magnificent acoustic qualities and its ten galleries and four minarets indicate that Süleyman was the tenth Ottoman Sultan and the fourth to rule Istanbul.

The Dolmabahçe Palace was built in 1853. The interior decorations include many remarkable examples of workmanship in alabaster, marble, porphyry, and crystal, and the furniture is both rich and varied. The walls are hung with paintings of Turkish and foreign artists. Priceless carpets, valuable clocks (all stopped at 9.05 a.m., the time on 10th November, 1938, when Ataturk died), candlesticks, chandeliers, and vases are displayed throughout the palace. Most thrilling of all was the gigantic hall with its fifty-six pillars supporting the magnificent ceiling and dome and



Dolmabahçe Palace



The Blue Mosque



The Mosque of Süleymaniye the Magnificent

the four large galleries. The beautiful four-ton chandelier with its 4,500 lights was presented by one of the Czars of Russia. It is suspended from the dome, some 125 feet above.

On Sunday, 3rd May, thirty members of the ship's company left Istanbul on a three-day bus tour to Ankara, the capital. They were guests of the Canadian diplomatic and military staffs there. Having had an ample chance to see Istanbul, everyone was anxious to journey through Anatolia and get at least a glimpse of life in the rural areas. Frequently, as you travel on the eight-hour-long trip from Istanbul to Ankara, you think of Canada and the long rolling hills of south-western Alberta. Although everywhere one sees much agricultural industry, here the Turkish peasants work in gaily coloured clothes, tilling the soil as it has been done for centuries. Buffalo and mules, pulling wooden ploughs, are not a novelty. Women, hoeing and planting in fields which disappear in the distance, can be seen from every rise. Probably the quaintest of all sights are the hundreds of small villages nestled seemingly at random across the countryside, each with its own mosque and minaret rising majestically. As you approach Ankara in the distance you can see three hills upon which the city was originally founded. Ankara is not only the capital of the Turkish Republic but also the symbol of the New Turkey. It has developed in two decades from an insignificant, small provincial town into a city of more than seven hundred thousand inhabitants. It is a modern metropolis with broad boulevards, parks, and squares, and with many impressive features such as the famous Hittite Museum and the Mausoleum of Kemal Ataturk, first president of the Turkish Republic.

Everyone had the opportunity to see much of Ankara, although our visit was short, and like all good things Tuesday morning we had to start our long trip back to Istanbul.

What a World! We visit Aden: trouble over Yemen; call in U.A.R. followed by their arch enemies in Israel; Turkey next followed by Greece (missing out Cyprus) What Next?

I Can Get It For You Wholesale

One of the most fascinating and frequently discussed aspects of our world cruise has been the Eastern practice of driving a bargain. Bargaining, which is little known beyond used car lots in Canada, is a way of life throughout Asia and the Middle East. The philosophy of "caveat emptor" (let the buyer beware) is the guiding principle in all transactions. This was never more meaningful to us than during the past few months.

Almost all items which are sold from Manila to Istanbul go via the bartering system. Fixed prices are almost unheard of. Where they do appear, it is little more than window-dressing. As soon as a customer enters a shop, the proprietor takes one long look and has him sized up into one of his various categories, such as "rich Yankee", "cheapskate", "easy mark", etc. Anyone who speaks English and spends dollars is automatically assumed to be good for at least twice the going price.

A great many animated discussions took place in the various Messes when someone returned from his shopping spree to display his treasures only to find that his buddy got it cheaper—maybe even at the same place. In each port there was also someone who would suggest, after the purchase was made of course, that you should have waited until the



I can get it for you wholesale

next port, or bought it in the last one. Everyone had a lot of fun, however, and often many hours of free entertainment.

One of our number, who shall remain nameless, was passing an alley in Aden when one of the locals offered him a watch for ten dollars. He was a bit surprised, but automatic reflex took over and he countered with the standard, "I'll give you three". The local immediately accepted and our friend is now the proud owner of a dollar watch—for three dollars.

No one likes to admit he has been taken. For that reason, of course, we heard about all the bargains, but usually the fellow who actually did pay twice the price did not boast about it. We feel sorry enough for those people so we don't add to their misery by describing it here.

In another case, one of our ship's company was negotiating for a coffee table in Karachi. This particular table had a fancy engraved removable brass top and three rather spindly legs. It was the top, of course, that our friend was after. After agreeing with the merchant that the whole thing might be worth one hundred rupees, he started to admire the legs. The merchant, starting to bite, then insisted that the legs alone were worth at least fifty. Thereupon our crafty friend said he did not want the legs but would take the top alone which, by the merchant's own calculation, was only fifty. The merchant

was so stunned by this unforeseen turn of events that he not only settled for the fifty but allowed the whole party to enjoy a 50% discount in other purchases! In any case, our friend has a coffee table top and the merchant is still, presumably, in business.

Many such transactions took place around the world over glasses of Tiger beer or cups of Turkish coffee. Already some of the buys don't look so good: the inlaid ivory turns brown and the gold tarnishes! Undoubtedly, however, many genuine bargains were made and as we all go back to Canada loaded down with cameras and camel saddles, we can only hope that the folks back home know a bargain when they see one.



Somebody took my hat Mr. Ambassador



Hill of the Muses



The Parthenon

Piraeus and Athens

(May 7th to 13th)

We sailed from Istanbul on 6th May and after a brief one-day trip of 387 nautical miles, we entered the harbour at Piraeus and berthed stern-to. We were now more or less ready for another round of receptions, tours, and routine work.

Our first tour was a five-dollar commercial tour to Athens and Daphni on large, very comfortable buses. Leaving the modern port of Athens (Piraeus) we passed two small harbours which formed ancient ports for the city and which are now used as the Royal Yacht Club and a fishing port. Coming into Athens we saw "Hadrian's Arch" and the surviving columns of the Corinthian-style Temple of Olympian Zeus. Our next stop was at the beautiful Olympic Stadium, which was restored in 1896 to be used as the site of the first modern Olympic Games. The original marble was fairly well preserved since the main section was built right into the hillside. Apparently they are planning to extend the Stadium higher all round into the hill so as to double its present capacity of about 67,000 spectators. This is to be ready for the 1972 Olympic Games. From here we walked over to the Royal Palace to see the "changing of the guard". The guards, called "Evzones", wear the traditional Greek dress: red cap with black sash hanging down one side, high collared striped jacket and kilt effect, ample white sleeves, white stockings with black garters, and shoes with large black poms. Boarding our buses again, we drove through modern Athens with its broad, clean

main streets and saw the fine Hilton Hotel across from the Acropolis, the Academy of Athens, the National Library, and the University. Passing the Aeropagus, where Socrates used to teach his students, we saw the Agora and the Temple of Winds, and then drove six miles out of Athens to the Monastery of Daphni. This is a beautiful specimen of Byzantine architecture, dating from the sixth to the eleventh century A.D., and containing some fine eleventh century mosaics on a gold background. When the Turks occupied Athens, they started to strip off the gold, only to find that it was not genuine. With the process of years the mosaics became covered with smoke and grime and were only recently rediscovered when the sanctuary was being cleaned and restored. We were rather fascinated as the guide showed us an interesting blend of ancient Greek columns (they used marble with no mortar of any kind to cement the blocks together) with Roman and, later, Gothic arches. In spite of the mixture, the general effect is very good. We also saw there an ancient spring, recently rediscovered, which shows that this was a site of "Oracles" or fortune-telling. Oracles were delivered only during the eight summer months as during the Winter the god Bacchus held sway.

Driving back to Athens we proceeded to the "Hill of the Muses". Climbing to the summit we saw the Monument of Philopappus (friend of Grandfather). From here we had a splendid view of the Acropolis (the upper town) and the city spreading out for miles in every direction around the famous "seven hills".

The guide claimed that this city of two million population is the largest city in the world, as far as total area is concerned.

After a fine lunch at the Hotel Ambassadeur, we were taken part way up the Acropolis by bus. This magnificent hill, so beautifully situated, so imposing and so rugged in appearance, and dotted with such splendid architecture, beggars description! Its history as a sacred site goes right back to the Neolithic Age (about 2800 B.C.), as recent excavations have proved. Its history continues through a period of great destruction by the Persians to the golden age of Pericles—both in the fifth century B.C. The Romans added some fine buildings while early Christians, in misguided enthusiasm, tore some down. Then came a long period of fourteen hundred years when all kinds of calamities, mostly man-made, struck the Acropolis. For centuries the Acropolis was used as a fortress and battleground—first by the Turks, then the Venetians, and then the Turks again. Much of the "Propylaia" was destroyed when a thunderbolt struck it while it was being used for storing gun-powder. During the Turkish-Venetian war, the Parthenon suffered its greatest



The Caryatids

calamity when a shot fired from the Hill of the Muses landed through its roof, igniting the gun-powder stored there and causing tremendous destruction. Thomas Moore (Lord Elgin), Ambassador from Great Britain to Turkey received permission from the Sultan to carry off extremely valuable sculptures. He did so and placed them in the British Museum. In 1833 Athens was regained by Greece.

Climbing up past the "Odeion", the once-roofed theatre of Herodes Atticus (2nd century A.D.), we came to the beautiful little Temple of the Wingless Victory ("Nike") and the ruins of the "Propylaia", and then came face to face with what many feel is the most glorious piece of architecture that the world has known, the "Parthenon" with its magnificent Doric columns. This great Temple of Athena was constructed between 447 and 438 B.C. at the advice and instigation of Pericles and according to the plans of the architects Iktinus and Kallikrates. The sculptured decorations, as well as the magnificent gold and ivory statue of Athena Parthenes, were drawn and executed by the famous artist Phidias and his school. The Parthenon was used as a place of worship. Within one section of the ancient building were kept the treasures of Athens.

Close by to the north is the "Erechtheion, which was designed to house the most ancient shrines. It has a fine porch with the graceful female statues of the "Karyatids", who have carried the Erechtheion roof on their heads for about twenty-four centuries. One of these is missing. It was part of the "loot" taken by Lord Elgin and is now to be seen in the British Museum.

Looking down over the south wall of the Acropolis we saw the "Theatre of Dionysus" (4th century B.C.) in which were performed the plays of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes. After a magnificent hour-and-a-half on the Acropolis we descended to the spot where our buses were parked—at the very base of "Mars Hill", where St. Paul preached to the Athenians about the "Unknown God". We had just sufficient time to climb the rugged little hill before heading back to the ship. It had been a tiring but rewarding day.

An Excursion to Sounion

We were very fortunate to be able to send two bus loads on a free trip to Sounion, forty miles from Athens. One travels to Sounion by the new coastal road around the Bay of Athens. Famous for its ruggedness, this part of the coast of Greece is the vacationer's paradise. Not only does it boast of crystal blue waters, high rocky cliffs, and towering pinnacles, but it also has many sandy beaches and a splendid view of the Saronic Gulf. Sounion itself is situated at the end of a cape of the same name. Here may be found the ruins of the white marble Temple of Neptune, situated high on the cape. From the ruined walls of the Temple you can look out across the wide Aegean.

The view at sunset is truly magnificent. As guests of the Royal Hellenic Navy, our visit was made even more enjoyable by the inclusion of a refreshment shop in the delightful open air "taverna" just below the Temple. Greek beer, warm skies, a spectacular view, and a "make-and-mend" made each trip to Sounion most enjoyable.

Our departure from Greece was saddened by the fact that we had to leave one of our crew, Chief Petty Officer Ruddick, in hospital as a result of a nasty fall. Though well cared for in the Piraeus hospital, he was left in a strange place where few spoke even a word of English.

On Passage to Italy

Sailing from Piraeus, Wednesday morning, 13th May, we made directly for what was to be one of the most spectacular scenes of our entire

cruise—the Corinth Canal. "While this canal is only slightly over three miles in length, it is remarkable in that the walls of the central portion rise almost vertically in some places to a height of 250 feet, yet the canal is only 69 feet wide. *St. Laurent* was given a noisy yet musical welcome by the whistles of trains passing overhead on high-level bridges. The amateur photographers in the ship's company took hundreds of photos to record the transit through this truly amazing canal begun during the reign of the Emperor Nero." (From the Captain's message to H.Q.)



The Corinth Canal

Thursday afternoon we saw more lovely scenery. The hills of southern Italy were beautiful as the sun shone on crags, terraced hillsides, towns and villages. Passing through the Strait of Messina we were close to both Sicily and the Italian mainland. Thursday afternoon Ordinary Seaman Lanctot took ill with an acute attack of appendicitis. Under the expert care of "Doc" Achtymichuk his condition was kept well in hand and we were able to land him safely in Naples on Friday morning. Though we were sorry because of the reason of our detour, we were all pleased to see the lovely city, even though it and Mount Vesuvius close by were shrouded in a more than light morning haze.

La Spezia

(May 16th to 20th, 1964)

On Saturday, 16th May, *St. Laurent* docked in La Spezia, a northern industrial city with a population of about 125,000 and a large naval base. Almost immediately the Italians impressed us as a friendly people. Our problem, however, was our inability to communicate with them. Tourists, who patronize the large Italian hotels and do all their visiting through organized tours, have no such problem since these hotels cater to foreigners. By the same token they also fail to mingle with the real people of Italy. As a result of the language barrier some of the ship's company developed a feeling of frustration and felt that they could not leave Italy quickly enough. Others agreed that, with the possible exception of Israel, this was the finest country that they had yet visited.

Tours had been arranged for Pisa and Florence. So great was the interest shown that there was not nearly enough room on the buses for all who wished to go. Nothing daunted, many of Sally's crew went on their own by train, bus, or scooter.

Pisa was the first town to visit. Once a powerful republic, it is now a city of about 80,000 people and is known mainly because of its famous Campanile, better known as the "Leaning Tower". We entered the "Piazza del Duomo" (Cathedral Square) by the Santa Maria Gate and found ourselves in a large park-like area with three beautiful white marble buildings stretched out in line: the Baptistery (a circular building begun in 1152 and completed in the fourteenth century), the seventeenth century Cathedral, and the Leaning Tower. Hurrying past the first two buildings on the left and a row of souvenir booths on the right, we soon found ourselves before the Leaning Tower. Begun in 1174 this bell tower soon developed a tilt, as earth sank under one side. Work had to be stopped. A century later another architect added the top four galleries and attempted to rectify the inclination—but the tilt has increased with each passing year.



The Leaning Tower of Pisa

Defying gravity, the Leaning Tower now stands fourteen feet out of line.

While some of our sailors were content to munch ice cream and gaze in wonder at the spectacle, others raced up the winding staircase, shouting out their progress from openings at different levels, until at last they reached the topmost gallery, breathless but happy with their feat.

Meanwhile others of the ship's company entered the Cathedral, which directly faces the Campanile. This fine building is over 250 years old and is most impressive with its huge bronze doors, magnificent inlaid marble interior, fine paintings by Andrea del Sarto and others, and splendid furnishings. The lamp hanging in the centre of the Cathedral is

the "Lamp of Galileo" with which, according to popular tradition, the learned scientist made his famous experiments with the pendulum.

Florence

Florence was next visited by many of our men. Unfortunately, no guide was sent along with the bus, so all had to disembark at a main square and see what they could on their own. Political centre of the city, the Piazza della Signoria was witness of many dramatic events in the history of Florence. The Dominican brother, Savonarola, and two of his disciples were burnt there on 25th May, 1498. Today a flagstone marks the spot. As we made our way through the city we could see the medieval tower of the Palazzo Vecchio and the dome of the Cathedral rising above a sea of tiled roofs. Top-heavy with shops, the six hundred year old Ponte Vecchio spans the River Arno. Florence, with a population of over half a million, was once the cultural centre of the Renaissance. Today it stands as one of the noblest museums of western art. Leaders among the patrons of Florence were the Medici family. The magnificent Uffizi and Pitti art galleries were once Medici palaces. The Ponte Vecchio, the only bridge to survive the last war, was built simply as a river crossing for the Medici soldiers. Impressed with what we saw, but running short of time, some of us turned aside to do a little shopping. Kid gloves, Venetian glassware, beautiful marble table-tops and the like were what attracted most attention.



I'll take it

Rome

Rome, the Eternal City, was of course the goal towards which many of us turned longing eyes. Some three hundred miles from La Spezia, it was too far for all except ten of the ship's company. Taking the early Saturday afternoon train, we stopped off at Pisa for an hour or so and managed to see the main sights before continuing our journey south. The seats of the second class coach were of wood and very hard, but the time passed pleasantly enough as we viewed the soft Italian landscape with its towns, forts perched on hill-tops, vineyards, olive groves and gardens. Shortly after darkness fell, we arrived at the fine Terminal Station and followed a hotel porter to the unpretentious, but cheap, quiet, and clean Magenta Hotel, a bare hundred yards from the station. With this as our headquarters for two days, we roamed the streets, took bus tours to most of the places of great interest, and had a glorious time.

The first tour was on Whitsunday morning. Leaving the Piazza della Repubblica on comfortable buses, we passed the Naiad Fountain, drove through the third century Aurelian Walls, saw the pines and cypresses of Rome in the Borghese Gardens area and then drove along the most elegant street of Rome—the famed Vittorio Veneto. Passing three more of the famous fountains of Rome (Triton's, Four Seasons, and Trevi Fountains), we stopped to visit the Pantheon—ancient Rome's best preserved monument. It was built as a pagan temple to the gods of the seven planets by Agrippa in the first century B.C. and rebuilt by Hadrian after a fire. It contains the tomb of Raphael and of United Italy's first two kings, and is now used as a church. Continuing along the Tiber, we had a glorious view of the bridge and "Castel Sant' Angelo" in the foreground and of the dome of St. Peter's framed through the trees in the distance. This castle is a massive circular structure which was built as Hadrian's Tomb. Later it served as a papal fortress, where thousands huddled for shelter during bitter sieges. Hurrying on, we approached Vatican Hill and the Basilica of St. Peter. This largest church in the world is built on the site of St.



St. Angelo Castle and St. Peter's from the Tiber

Peter's death and burial and utilized the genius of Italy's finest artist-architects, Bramante, Raphael and Michelangelo, whose masterwork was the dome. To provide a fitting setting, Bernini designed a square capable of holding half a million people and almost surrounded by matchless colonnades. An Egyptian obelisk, taken to Rome by the Emperor Caligula, is in the centre of St. Peter's Square and is flanked by almost identical fountains. After a somewhat long wait, due to an extra Whitsunday Mass, the Pope appeared at his window in the Papal Palace and blessed the large crowd of pilgrims in the square. Following a vigorous speech calling for Christian unity and brotherhood, the Pope gave his blessing, which was followed by enthusiastic hand-clapping and horn-blowing, and the crowd dispersed.

Our afternoon tour took us to the magnificent Olympic Stadium, with over sixty statues portraying different Olympic sports, and to the Capitoline Hill, where again we got off to walk through the most historic area of all Rome. We had a fine panoramic view of the Roman Forum and numerous ruins of ancient temples. We then drove on to visit the great Colosseum, the tremendous marble Memorial to King Victor Emanuel II, passing the cemetery

where Keats and Shelley are buried, and arrived at the beautifully rebuilt Basilica of St. Paul outside the Walls, with its fine alabaster windows and delicate mosaics. Our final visit for the day was to St. Peter's in Chains Church. Though the supposed chains of St. Peter attracted a large number of the curious, the real treasure is Michelangelo's great masterpiece of sculpture, "Moses". You could see his muscles rippling and his eyes glowering as he faced the apostate Hebrews and their golden calf. It was a fitting end to an inspiring day.

Monday morning each of us went his own way to try to see the things which interested him most: some to the Trevi Fountain to throw in the coins which would ensure their safe return to visit the city; others to the Vatican with its priceless art treasures and its Sistine Chapel with the glorious paintings of Michelangelo. By noon we all felt that we could not possibly absorb any more of the beauty of this magnificent city of contrasts. We had found that it was like the Roman god Janus with its two faces. One, soft with the patina of age, looks back on a glorious history; the other, shiny new, points to an era of progress. Still musing on what we had seen, we took the early afternoon train back to the ship, tired, but very happy.

Another Brief Interlude at Sea

(May 20th to 22nd)

Leaving La Spezia the morning of Wednesday, 20th May, we ran into some rather stiff wind and heavy seas. Those not on duty were glad to "put their heads down". By Thursday the wind had abated somewhat and by Friday morning the sea was like glass, disturbed only by the wake of the ship and the ripples caused by several schools of porpoise as they leaped and dived in the blue Mediterranean. Shortly after noon we saw looming on the horizon the famous Rock of Gibraltar and all hands not otherwise engaged made their way to the upper decks to photograph Britain's almost impregnable bastion. We steamed around Europa Point and tied up on the western side, a stone's throw from the centre of town.



The Rock of Gibraltar

Gibraltar

(May 22nd to 24th)

This proved to be a brief but popular port of call for most of us. Rising dramatically 1,400 feet from the sea, Gibraltar commands all approaches to its strategic harbour: to the west is the eight mile wide Strait of Gibraltar, to the south the rugged hills of Morocco, to the east the Mediterranean, and to the north the plains and foothills of Spain. The Rock stretches south by west from the Andalusian coast into the Mediterranean. It is just over 2½ miles long and tapers from 1,550 yards in width at the north to 550 yards at Europa Point to the south. The city lies at the north-western corner of the promontory, is about a half mile wide and extends about three quarters of a mile south-wards. Further along is a fertile area, largely consisting of the Alameda Gardens, and this is followed by the suburb of Rosia, which is mainly devoted to official residences, Admiralty quarters, barracks, hospital and sports grounds.

Gibraltar has a long and interesting history. Primitive man lived in its numerous caves from the Old Stone Age onwards. This was proved

by the discovery in 1848 of the first Neanderthal skull ever to be found, along with ancient weapons and household utensils. Early in the dawn of history, the Phoenicians sailed up to the Mount of Saturn, as they called Gibraltar, in order to worship. They left almost immediately, however, feeling that it was inadvisable to linger on in the home of the gods. To the Greeks and Romans it was one of the Pillars of Hercules—the other being Mount Abyla (now "Apes' Hill") on the African side of the strait. Together they mark a limit beyond which no Mediterranean sailor dared to venture without angering his gods. Gibraltar's strategic importance was first fully realized when the Arabs under Tarik-ibn-Zeyad, landed in 711 A.D. and named it after him—Gebel (meaning "mount") Tarik. In time Gebel Tarik was corrupted to "Gibraltar". The Arabs built a strong fortress-palace which was to stand some six hundred years. From 1309 until 1462 Gibraltar changed hands frequently as Spaniards and Arabs fought over the Rock, with the Spaniards finally gaining permanent control. Since 1704 Gibraltar has been in British hands in spite of

numerous attacks, sieges, and threats.

St. Laurent arrived in Gibraltar with high hopes of finding there another Singapore or Aden, as far as shopping is concerned. But in this we were soon disillusioned. Nevertheless a steady stream of sailors made their way up Ragged Staff Road, through historic Southport Gate, and along Main Street to see what they could find. It was a pleasant change to find attractive stores where English is spoken—though often with a Spanish accent—and where little or no pressure is exerted on the customer. Purchases were confined mainly to coloured slides, postcards, Spanish carpets, souvenir spoons and other small mementos of our visit.

Saturday afternoon nearly eighty of us piled into three R.N. lorries and were taken for a 3½ hour tour of Gibraltar. The wooden benches were hard as we jolted along. Fast turns and sudden stops hurled us about, but everyone seemed thoroughly to enjoy himself. Though there was much to see on the lower levels, our main interest was high up on the Rock itself. Our first stop was about one thousand feet up where we paid, a shilling apiece to go through the

airy tunnel which cuts clean through to the eastern side. St. George's Hall, an enlarged portion of the tunnel, houses several ancient pieces of artillery which still face out through embrasures overlooking the bay, as do numerous other openings in the Rock. Our next visit was to St. Michael's Cave, also about one thousand feet above sea-level. Paying another one-and-six, we entered the cave and found ourselves in a magnificent gothic cathedral-like hall some 250 feet long, 90 feet wide, and 70 feet high, with tall stalactite pillars gleaming in the artificial light. Below is yet another hall, discovered only in 1942, together with an underworld lake. Climbing into our buses again we were driven along narrow, switch-back roads to the Apes' Den to see the famous Barbary Apes. Strictly speaking, these are not apes but a tailless breed of monkey—the only monkey living wild in Europe. Several theories have been proposed as to how they came to the Rock—such as by the land-bridge which once connected Europe and Africa—or by one of the caves opening out of St. Michael's Cave which may or may not extend under the strait all the way to Africa. The most likely explanation is that they are descendants of monkeys brought over by the Moors during the Arab occupation of the Rock. There is an old Spanish saying that "when the Apes leave the Rock, the British will go". Whether or not this is true, the monkeys have always been well cared for and now number about thirty-five to forty. Concluding our excursion we passed the historic 900 year old Moorish Castle and drove south to see the Europa Point Lighthouse. This was the site of an ancient "Shrine of our Lady of Europa", where a light used to burn night and day to guide sailors. Today the sixty-one foot high lighthouse stands 156 feet above high water level and its light is visible up to thirty miles away.

Some of the ship's company managed to get over to La Linea in Spain. It is within walking distance and many Spaniards working in Gibraltar, particularly in the Dockyard, live there. It has a fine Casino and claims one of the best bull-rings in Spain. Parts of the fortifications built in connection with the Siege of Gibraltar are still to be seen.

Portsmouth

(May 27th to June 11th)

As we approached Portsmouth, the Sally was involved in one of the dramas that sometime occur at sea. Perhaps this story is best told in the Captain's report:

"Portsmouth Harbour was closed to all inbound and outbound traffic on the morning of the 27th May due to dense fog. Fifteen minutes after anchoring in the approaches to await entry, *St. Laurent* received a distress message reporting that the British Ballast Carrier *Seastone* was on fire two miles west of Owers Light-Vessel and required urgent assistance. *St. Laurent* immediately weighed anchor and proceeded to the stricken ship. On arrival forty minutes later the rescue vessel *Sandsnipe* was already alongside *Seastone*. Many other ships, including the British Frigate *Wakeful*, the tug *Samson*, the ballast carrier *Sandlark*, the merchant ship *Winston Churchill* and the Selsey lifeboat were also in the vicinity. Visibility throughout the operation was fifty feet. Flames had engulfed the *Seastone* and her precise position was mainly determined in the dense fog by the odor of smoke. *St. Laurent* closed the *Seastone* and provided much needed foam to extinguish the flames. The crew of *Seastone* were moved to other vessels and there were no casualties. *Seastone* was taken in tow by *Sandsnipe*, and *St. Laurent* returned to Portsmouth."

Though actually we had accomplished very little by our dash in the fog to assist a stricken vessel, most of us felt that it was a worthwhile experience. It was a really practical exercise for nearly everyone in the ship's company. We had to proceed with dispatch to a tiny vessel heavily obscured by fog. Fire-fighters, divers, first-aid men, and a multitude of others had to be ready with all equipment prepared for action. The ship was really prepared to play an important role by the time we reached the scene. The fact that others could carry on—using the foam we turned over to them—does not really matter. Our men were ready and able in the time of emergency.

After three days of typical Atlan-

tic weather *St. Laurent* pulled into Portsmouth for a fifteen day period of self-maintenance. All hands were given a forty-eight hour special leave in addition to a week-end. Some used leave time to visit relatives in the United Kingdom, Denmark, Holland, West Germany, Switzerland and France. Others were content to see such sections of the United Kingdom as they could with the limited time and money at their disposal. Meanwhile much work had to be done and hands turned to with a will.

Londonderry

(June 12th to July 13th, 1964)

Note:—Since this book goes to press while *St. Laurent* is in Portsmouth, the factual account of our round-the-world cruise must end here. Each member of the ship's company may conclude his own copy of the Book as he sees fit, using the blank pages which remain for notes, photographs, or postcards. The following, however, are our plans for the immediate future.

On 11th June we sail to Londonderry via the Irish Sea to spend three weeks in exercises with the First Escort Squadron, of which we now form a part. The Atlantic crossing should bring us to Halifax on 13th July, where it is hoped that some seventy members of the ship's company will board plane for two weeks of leave in Victoria.

Halifax

(July 13th to August)

Here there will be a change-over period. Commander Dennis D. Lee, C.D., R.C.N., along with Lieutenant John Murray, Lieutenant Peter Dumbille, Lieutenant Nick Browne, Lieutenant Larry Ashley, Sub-Lieutenant Jean Richard and Sub-Lieutenant Jacques Duval will remain with Sally on the East Coast. Lieutenant Mark Taylor left the ship in England for a five month course in Halifax. Chaplain A. J. Mowatt flies to Victoria from Halifax to resume his work as Command Chaplain (P) West Coast.



The Exec. with the Captain

H.M.C.S. St. Croix

(August to September, 1964)

Meanwhile, with Commander J. S. Herzberg, C.D., R.C.N. as Commanding Officer, *H.M.C.S. St. Croix*, with Lieutenant-Commander Stan Machan as Executive Officer and Lieutenant Trevor Hayward, Lieutenant Tom Parkinson, Lieutenant John Graham, Sub-Lieutenant Mike Bowen, Sub-Lieutenant Ken Scott, Sub-Lieutenant Gary Mitchell and the rest of *H.M.C.S. St. Laurent's* ship's company will sail around through the Panama Canal to Esquimalt thus completing the first round-the-world cruise of our peace-time Navy.

Acknowledgements

We wish to thank the following, without whose co-operation this book would have been impossible:—

The Captain—who first suggested this book and gave encouraging and helpful advice throughout.

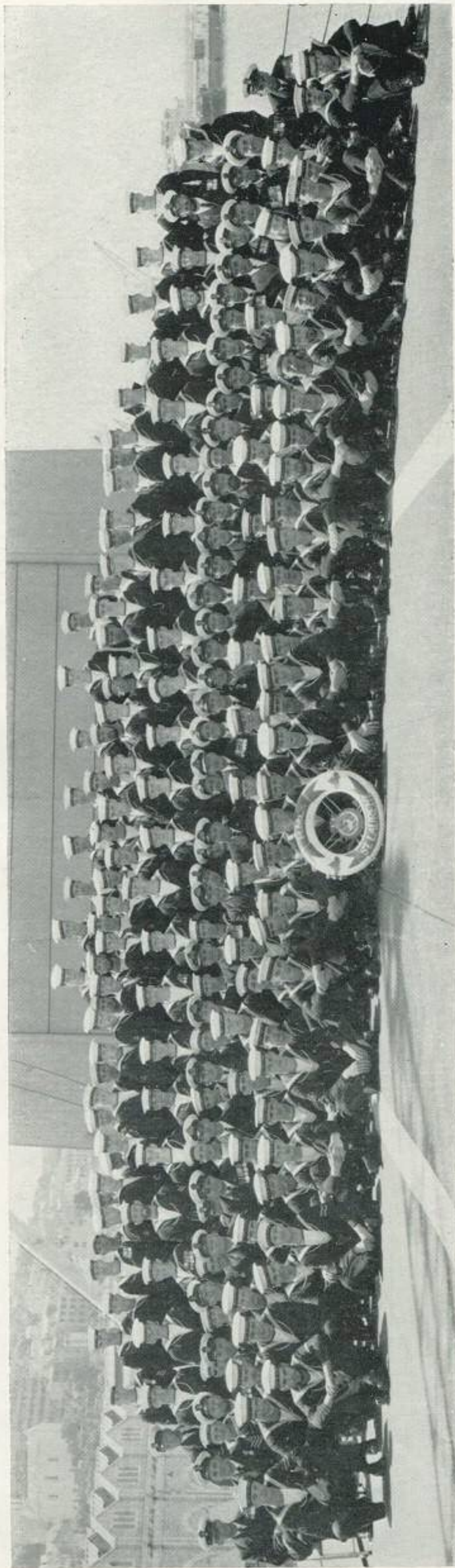
Leading Seaman Wes. Young for his numerous fine photographs.

Lieutenant John Murray—who added a bit of humour with his three articles and his captions under the photographs.

Lieutenant Larry Ashley, Lieutenant John Graham; Able Seamen Colin Stewart—who worked long hours in typing and mimeographing;—Able Seaman Keith Taylor, Leading Seaman Howard Pinckard, Ordinary Seaman Wayne Severn, Ordinary Seaman Bruce Binny, Leading Seaman Roger Briggs and others too numerous to mention for their time, effort, and help, and to

Messrs. Gale & Polden Ltd., Edinburgh Road, Portsmouth, for their patience and help in producing this book rapidly and effectively so that delivery could be made while we were still in the United Kingdom.

Captain's Note:—On behalf of all in *St. Laurent* I wish to acknowledge the tireless efforts of the Editor and principal writer of this Book, Chaplain Andrew J. Mowatt.



The Ship's Company H.M.C.S. St. Laurent

Commander D. D. Lee, C.D., R.C.N.	Commanding Officer
Lieutenant-Commander S. G. Machan, R.C.N.	Executive Officer
Lieutenant T. S. Hayward, R.C.N.	Operations Officer
Lieutenant J. U. Graham, C.D., R.C.N.	Weapons Officer
Lieutenant T. A. Parkinson, C.D., R.C.N.	Engineer Officer
Lieutenant J. B. Murray, R.C.N.	Supply Officer
Lieutenant M. M. Taylor, R.C.N.	Navigation Officer
Lieutenant L. A. Ashley, R.C.N.	Assistant Operations Officer
Lieutenant N. H. J. Browne, R.C.N.	Confidential Book Officer
Lieutenant W. P. Dumbrille, R.C.N.	Assistant Weapons Officer
Sub-Lieutenant M. P. Bowen, R.C.N.	Deck Officer
Sub-Lieutenant K. M. Scott, R.C.N.	
Sub-Lieutenant R. G. Mitchell, R.C.N.	
Sub-Lieutenant J. Richard, R.C.N.	
Sub-Lieutenant J. Duval, R.C.N.	
Chaplain A. J. Mowatt, C.D., R.C.N.	Chaplain (P)
Chief Petty Officer R. S. Carter	Coxswain



DECK DEPARTMENT

Petty Officers: R. Reeves, E. Crawford; **Leading Seamen:** R. Repski, W. Young, R. Orr, D. Craig; **Able Seamen:** C. Stewart, K. Birkland; **Ordinary Seamen:** W. Severn, D. Underhill, D. Liddle, D. Kinatschuk, P. Keller, M. Gunness.

SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

Chief Petty Officer: P. Dunae; **Petty Officers:** L. Adkin, E. Achtymichuk, S. Raynham, W. Walters, W. Yager, D. Wocks, C. Lawson, P. Hannaford, D. Brideaux; **Leading Seamen:** J. Pinckard, L. Anderson, W. Mollard, P. Muir, D. Cailes;

Able Seamen: M. Pedersen, M. Houlihan, E. Sisco, R. Schultz, R. Wong, J. Beasley, L. Coulter, G. Hill, P. Rafferty; **Ordinary Seamen:** B. Binny, G. Orwick, R. Gibson, C. Taylor, H. Bowker, D. Lubin, R. Cowley, W. Johnson.

OPERATIONS DEPARTMENT

Chief Petty Officers: R. Ruddick, R. Connor; **Petty Officers:** R. Theriault, J. Tinnion, R. Staicue, O. Wulowka; **Leading Seamen:** K. Hughes, R. Briggs, K. Fisher, B. Miller, D. Zbitnew, R. White, C. Stordeur, W. Moore, R. Cheese; **Able Seamen:** C. Rathje, L. Dove, E. Richards, G. Hannon, S. Duffy, M. Walker, J. O'Brien, W. Jameson, G. Pitt, F. Buburuz, A. Bird, N. Bentley, A. Williamson, B. Sturch, P. Lamb, D. Black, D. Trischuk, O. Robison, N. Menard, K. Lunn, H. Kehler, D. Ellerton, V. Demaere, B. Cameron, W. Bates; **Ordinary Seamen:** R. Marks, R. Leadbetter, A. Schimnowski, B. Penman, T. Knight, B. Murray, M. Bryant, R. Hubbel, T. Mawson, C. Carter.

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Chief Petty Officer First Class: L. Mills, C.D., R.C.N., Chief E.R.A. **Chief Petty Officers:** A. Cawley, G. Sutherland, F. Gough, J. Strachan, B. St. Pierre, W. Glanfield, A. Luining; **Petty Officers:** W. Fluskey, H. Hansen, A. Wadlow, L. Wade, R. McKay, A. Bates, F. Bro, L. Patton, F. Roisum, B. Batchelor, G. Kenyon, D. Moore, A. Dayton, A. Hoover, S. Cook, W. Bridge, M. Dunn, R. Reimer, N. Woodcock; **Leading Seamen:** R. Haynes, C. Pringle, E. Ritsco; **Able Seamen:** R. Fisher, B. Wing, J. McMillam, J. Swift, S. Pollard, B. Seminiuk, D. Sjolie, W. Williamson, P. L'Heureux, J. Hicks, C. Madsen, B. Wood, C. Morgan; **Ordinary Seamen:** T. Wilkie, B. Thomas, T. Terry, R. Sept, P. Sephton, P. Seggie, R. MacKenzie, G. Moore, R. Moyes, D. Meadows, H. McWhirter, W. Hutton, K. Hodgins, R. Farrell, T. Ewen, J. Emisch, T. Dewald, D. Crawford, D. Bowering, W. Bayers, D. Staples, S. Richardson, L. Myers, K. Lanctot.

WEAPONS DEPARTMENT

Chief Petty Officer: R. Boon; **Petty Officers:** R. Finch-field, G. Stinson, F. Taylor, G. Sears, C. Dockstader, G. Huzzey, G. Spicer, R. Burton, A. Peden, L. Melchior; **Leading Seamen:** N. Zbitnew, C. Knott, W. Keith, R. King; **Able Seamen:** D. Sutherland, D. Erickson, D. Gill, E. Holden, B. Hisette, S. Iverson, R. Pogle, F. Brown, R. MacKenzie, D. Frandsen, A. Warren, D. Pinfold, C. Lewis, G. Atchison, M. Anaka, P. Condon, J. Hutchison, S. Lord, L. Metz, B. Minchin, H. Zutz; **Ordinary Seamen:** W. Brown, K. Nolan, T. Hood, G. Zamzow, W. Davis, R. Friedman, G. McMurphy, L. Saunders, R. Gill, L. Schulz, S. Heilbuth.

Photographic Notes

Most of the photographs were taken by L.S.P.H. Wes Young, Ship's Photographer.

- P. 1. National Defence Photograph 74859 of *St. Laurent* during trials in Esquimalt, 1963.
- P. 2. "The Captain of *St. Laurent*"
Commander D. D. Lee, C.D., R.C.N.
- P. 3. "A Suggestion Award"
A.B.R.P.2 W. J. Moore, now Leading Seaman
"It doesn't hurt a bit!"
P.1.M.A.4 E. Achtymichuk, A.B.W.U. Sutherland
- P. 4. "Pretty, eh?" A.B.B.N. Stewart, A.B.S.W. R. L. Schultz
"Gooney" O.S.R.P. Schimnowski, O.S.R.P. Penman
- P. 5. "The Lost Birthday"
The Captain, L.S.C.K. R. Cailes, A.B.S.G. Henry Kehler
"Spike it, Erickson!" Tether Ball with A.B. Erickson, C.2.L.T. Strachan, and P.2.L.T. Reimer with backs to camera—playing *Fraser*
- P. 6. "An Emergency Appendectomy"
Surgeon-Lieutenant D. McCue, P.1.M.A.4 Achtymichuk, and A.B. Beston
"Helicopter Evacuation" by S—58 Helicopter based at Guam
- P. 7. "It sounds better than it looks"
P.1 Reeves, L.S. Repski, A.B.S.N. Anaka
"Moo!" A carabao (water buffalo)
"The Bamboo Organ"
"Duty Watch" O.S.B.N. Keller, Lieutenant Ashley, Surgeon-Lieutenant Duval, P.1.S.N. Melchior
- P. 8. "Tiger Balm Gardens" at Haw Par Village, Pasir Panjang, Singapore
- P. 9. "Leading Seaman O'Gorman's Funeral"
Chaplain Desrochers, A.B.R.P. Duffy, L.S.W.S. Knott, L.S.R.M. Stordeur
"A grieving friend" L.S.R.M. Stordeur
- P. 10. "Children's Party—Which one is the sailor?"
Able Seaman Hicks
"National Museum" Kuala Lumpur
"Presentation to the Sultan" Port Swettenham
Commander Thurber (*Fraser*), Commander German (*Mackenzie*), Captain Hayes (C.2), Sultan of Selangor, Commander Lee (*St. Laurent*)
- P. 11. "Sometimes we look good" Guard of Honour for the Sultan of Selangor. (A Squadron effort.) Port Swettenham
- P. 12. "All we need is some wind"
L.S.B.N. Orr, P.1 R. Reeves, L.S.C.K. Cailes
- P. 13. "Jackstay Transfer" with *H.M.C.S. Fraser*
"The Parting of the Ways" *H.M.C.S. Fraser*
- P. 14. "Will this stuff make a beard grow?" on "No Routine Day"
P.1 Finch-Field, C.2 Carter
"Let me look too" P.2 Dunn and C.2.L.T. Strachan working on Coke Machine
"How do I get down?" P.1 Crawford
- P. 15. "Children's Party" Able Seaman Dovre
- P. 16. "Who does this remind you of?" Hippopotamus at Dehiwala Zoo, Colombo
"The Snake Charmer" Abdul Ibrahim, O.S. Staples, Mr. Samson, L.S. Knott, L.S. Orr
- P. 17. "Ceremonial Divisions" Easter '64
"Easter Confirmation" A.B. Hicks (Chaplain Mowatt), O.S. Hubbell, O.S. Murray were confirmed in the United Church, with P.1 Theriault and L.S. Pinckard acting as Elders
"The ship of the desert" Karachi
- P. 18. "Ceylonese women in saris"
"H.M. Silk Mills" P.1.A.W. Raynham, O.S. Marks, Lieutenant Graham, P.1 Taylor, O.S.E.M. Crawford, O.S.E.M. Emisch, C.2 Glanfield, Lieutenant-Commander Machan
- P. 19. "It's fun—honest!" P.2 Woodcock at Giza Pyramids
- P. 20 & P. 21. CHART OF OUR TRAVELS drawn by the Navigator's Yeoman, L.S.B.N. Craig. (Leading Seaman Miller also drew one independently, and conferred with L.S. Craig on this one.)
- P. 22. "Wakie — Wakie"
L.S.S.N. Wm. Keith, A.B.F.C. André Hisette
"Where are we?"
L.S.B.N. Craig and Lieutenant Mark Taylor
"Sit down, darn you!" O.S.W.S. Warren, A.B.W.S. Pedersen, A.B.S.G. Richards, L.S.B.N. Craig, A.B.S.N. Pugle, O.S.S.N. Brown, O.S.S.N. Nolan, A.B.R.P. Duffy, A.B.R.P. Walker, A.B.B.N. Stewart, A.B.S.N. Anaka, Charmer
- P. 23. "Let me have a puff!" Lieutenant-Commander Machan and His Excellency Mr. J. Chapdelaine
"Another five cents, Sandy!"
P.1.W.U. Huzzey and P.2.S.N. Peden
- P. 24. "Where's the daddy?" Egyptian Mummy in Egyptian Museum, Cairo. (The toes are showing.) P.2.V.S. Lawson, A.B.R.P. Sturch, C.2.R.P. Carter
"The Alabaster Mosque" of Mohammed Ali. Ablution fountain to right
- P. 25. "Three Arabs"
Riders are C.2.E.R. Sutherland and C.2.H.T. Gough
"The climb inside Cheops"
A.B.F.C. Zutz, C.2.E.R. Luining, P.2.H.T. Kenyon
- P. 26. "Hey, that's my ear!" Actually the barber, L.S.B.N. Repski, is doing a fine job on the hair of L.S.R.P. Hughes
"Nazareth" Overlooking the city with L.S.E.M. Ritsco and O.S.R.P. Schimnowski
- P. 27. "The Holy Family Grotto" A.B. Richards, O.S.S.G. Leadbetter, A.B.S.G. Dovre, A.B.R.S. Lunn
"St. Joseph's Church", Nazareth
"Sea of Galilee and the Jordan"
L.S.E.M. Ritsco and A.B.E.M. Williamson
- P. 28. "Swimming in the Jordan"
A.B. Pollard, P.2 Roisum, P.2 Brideaux, O.S. Hill
"I wouldn't if I were you" A.B. Leadbetter, L.S. Pringle
- P. 29. "Tree-planting near Jerusalem" with P.2.E.R.4 Dayton, L.S.R.S. White, and A.B.R.S. Cameron planting the saplings, and P.2 Spicer, A.B.R.P. Sturch, O.S.S.G. Marks, L.S.W.S. Knott, A.B.E.M. Semeniuk, L.S.E.R. Pringle, A.B.S.G. Buburuz, P.2 Wulowka, L.S. Ritsco, O.S.E.M. Farrell
"Memorial to Six Million Jews"
O.S.E.M. Farrell and L.S. Miller
- P. 30. "Istanbul and the Bosphorus" taken from the Hilton—Istanbul (Hotel)
- P. 31. "Dolmabahce Palace", Istanbul (from Postcard)
"The Blue Mosque" The Sultan Ahmet Mosque in Istanbul (from Postcard)
"The Mosque of Suleymaniye the Magnificent", Istanbul (from Postcard)
- P. 32. "I can get it for you wholesale"
P.1.E.R. Fluskey, P.1.P.W. Yager, P.1.E.R. Wadlow, taken in *St. Laurent's* canteen
"Somebody took my hat, Mr. Ambassador", Ankara
Mrs. Williams (Ambassador's mother), P.2.E.R.4 Dayton, C.2.H.T. Gough, L.S.W.S. Knott, His Excellency Mr. B. M. Williams, Canadian Ambassador to Turkey
"Hill of the Muses" (Monument of Philopappus), Athens
- P. 33. "The Parthenon"
"The Karyatids", porch of the Erechtheion, Athens
L.S.P.H. Wes Young
- P. 34. "The Corinth Canal", Greece. The Pilot and the Captain
- P. 35. "The Leaning Tower of Pisa" P.1.F.C. Finch-Field, P.1.S.N. Taylor, L.S.B.N. Orr, P.1.F.C. Stinson
"I'll take it" P.2.F.C. Spicer
- P. 36. "St. Angelo Castle and St. Peter's from the Tiber"
- P. 37. "The Rock of Gibraltar"
- P. 39. "The Exec. with the Captain"
- P. 40. "The Ship's Company"

