

to view Rio's world-renowned harbour at its best.

Our fourth crossing of the equator was made on November 24th, Thanksgiving Day was celebrated on the 25th, then we had a wedding on the ship - a Canadian girl from Hongkong to a Swedish ship's officer. Blessed to the last with continuous good weather the "Gripsholm" docked in Jersey City in the early hours of December 1st.

Shortly after lunch, the usual preliminaries having been completed, all Canadians were permitted to land, but with strict instructions they must proceed to the train without contacting anyone. This was fortunate, for a surging crowd of American press men, photographers, hand-shakers and well-wishers was awaiting us at the barriers. We were side-tracked to busses, driven off to the station and there escorted to our train. So cordial was everybody, that even a Canadian colonel, seeing me loaded with hand baggage, offered a helping hand - which I respectfully declined in deference to his uniform and rank.

An all-night train ride brought us into Montreal soon after breakfast, and there, to welcome me, were my dear wife, whom I had not seen for two and a half years, and my good friends George Fulford and 'Pard' Myers. That afternoon the journey to Kingston was completed, and on Kingston platform we found my daughter Dosiree, my grandchildren, Michael and Carol Anne, the latter born in Singapore whilst I was in Manila, and my medical-student son, Pierre, all waiting to give me a loving welcome home. And there, too, I was honoured by the presence of President Tom Andre, and Director Fred Pense of Kingston's Rotary, come to give me greeting in the name of their Club - of which, it gratifies me to add, I have since been elected an active member.

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Well, folks, that's all. That's why - and how - I brought my grips home on the Gripsholm!