

The following morning, the day the blockade commenced, I rose at 5 o'clock and came on deck just as we were bidding good-bye to Tasco Lighthouse on the South-east coast of "Old Ireland" and were beginning our journey across the Irish Sea. It was a most enjoyable day. As we approached the Welsh Coast and night descended there was some discussion of possible danger, but even those who had imagined the previous night that by going to bed dressed they were increasing their chances of escape in case of trouble, had become quite convinced that the terrors of the German blockade were, as far as our steamer was concerned, an exceedingly remote possibility.

Stewart, my cabin mate and myself had decided to stay up all night to see the Coast Lighthouse and the Harbour of Liverpool. The men had gathered in the smoking room and were singing, speaking, toasting and with two or three exceptions, drinking.

About 9 o'clock Stewart and I gladly heard the call of the Scillies Light. It was a revolving light, quite powerful, burning acetylene gas and visible from 15 to 20 miles, according to information gathered from one of the crew. A raw, cold wind had begun to blow but in spite of that we stayed on deck to greet the lights of Holy Head Breakwater and the South Stack.

From a signal station near the South Stack Light, in the army signal code came instructions and directions. The *Corsican* in accordance with custom was darkened by having curtains put over all the windows and was now only showing three small lights.

A short distance further on the North Stack came in sight on the starboard side, while a revolving light far off on the port bow told of the presence of three small islands. Near the North Stack Light a pilot boat lay and once again signals passed. First a rush light burned on the port side of the *Corsican* pursuant to previous orders. As this signal varies daily it may safely be mentioned. After this signal, certain communications passed which cannot be given or indicated, whether permanent or otherwise, and then we were told to go across the bow of the pilot boat following a certain indicated course, which we did. The pilot boat ranged up on our starboard side and the pilot came aboard. The pilot boat then steamed back to its former resting place and we went on.

Shortly afterwards the "*Lusitania*," bound for New York, rushed by with only the masthead, port and starboard lights showing. As it sped by in the darkness at about 29 knots per hour its straining engines shaking the entire ship, it seemed a frightened thing.

Chilled through, I had gone below to get warm when Stewart called "Here's Liverpool," and I reached deck just as we began our passage through the lights leading to Liverpool. We were travelling between two rows of lights of varying shapes and sizes. Some were