

education among the poorer class working youth of both sexes. And, as the years went on, he established a seaside holiday camp for under-privileged children on a 200 acre farm purchased at his own expense. Shortly before his death he bequeathed this estate, known as Glencair, to the city, for the establishment of permanent seaside holiday camps for the inmates of local charitable institutions and for the poor children of Cape Town and outside areas.

William G. Haines never married, was a devoted son, and successful in all he did, first as a Civil Servant under the South African Government and afterwards in business. He was modest, simple living, and loved the company of humbler folk rather than of the rich and great. In a valedictory address, President A. C. Gee, of the Rotary Club of Cape Town, said:- "Rotarian Haines devoted his life to the service of others; he brought happiness to the hearts and health to the bodies of countless children; we who were privileged to know him were stimulated and uplifted by his example; to the last his thoughts were 'Service before Self'."

RIO - NEW JERSEY - and HOME.

Late on the afternoon of November 4th the "Gripsholm" resumed her voyage, after being delayed over an hour whilst the police and dock officials rounded up our 'dead-end gang' and other scoundrels from Port Elizabeth's bars and pubs. They were brought in singly, in pairs and batches. Some had to be carried on board.

From Africa to Brazil was a jump of eleven days. To visit Rio de Janeiro had long been one of my dreams, and now, by no volition of my own, it had come to pass. We arrived in Rio on the 15th November, landed with another loan, this time of U.S.\$15., and were met, as in Port Elizabeth, by representatives of the Government, diplomatic officials, city magnates and other notabilities. Again letters and cables were distributed. And again the Red Cross (Brazilian this time) was well to the fore, distributing overcoats, warm underwear, woollen jerseys, scarves, gloves, shirts, caps, stockings and socks, to meet the needs of many of our men, women and children apprehensive of a chilly landing on North America's wintry shores.

As to Rio's scenic beauty I dare not attempt a description. Only a literary artist could do justice to such a task. Our 36-hour stopover was all too short and, were it not we were now so near home, a longer stay would have been welcome. As it was, we enjoyed our drives around the city, its suburban bays and beaches, admired the fine Cathedral and numerous Churches, studied its night life whilst sitting outside the cafés which line its wide boulevards, whilst sampling Brazilian beer and wines. And, when the "Gripsholm" sailed again in the setting sun next afternoon, opportunity and leisure came