

drove through the native part of the town, and visited a Buddhist temple and school, then came back through the European part, the old Cinnamon Gardens, and had a little while in the Museum. One very interesting exhibit to me was a case full of things made from the cocoanut-tree. I wonder how many I can remember! There was a tea set on a tray, four cups and saucers, a teapot, sugar bowl, milk jug and teaspoons, some brooms, ropes of different thicknesses, matting, a nose-bag for horses, a whole shell beautiful carved and mounted on a stand, coconut oil in various stages of purity, shell pots for keeping curry powder and other things in, ladles, a shell fixed to resemble a turtle, etc. There are great collections of jewelry worn by different classes of women, a collection of coins, among which are a number belonging to old Roman days, found on the island. We could only walk through quickly, as we must be back on the boat at 6.

The launch had already left the jetty when we reached it, but there were plenty of small boats watching for belated passengers. So we showed our passports and got into one of these quickly. I sat in the stern, and the boat boys told me to steer, so I took hold of the ropes and tried to look very important steering our little craft out of the way of the many launches and boats that were moving busily about between the different ships and shore. One of the boys amused us by saying, "Manima good captain."

When we got up next morning we found a troop-ship had anchored not far from us. It was coming from Zealand with 1,200 soldiers on board. How you would have been interested in watching the process of getting them ashore! The officers had a big tug bring four large cargo boats fastened to gether, and then they packed the boys in like sardines. They took them all in two loads, and when the boats began to move, it was a sight to watch that moving mass of khaki. We who stayed on board and were watching them, waved our handkerchiefs, and as they waved back we felt a big lump in our throats, as we thought they were somebody's boys. Miss Murray was among those who had gone ashore, and she told of seeing some of their doings in the shops. As she was buying some silk, one of the boys came over to her and asked what price he should pay for some silk, and how much it would take for a blouse! She was so indignant, because the shop-keeper was asking him such an exorbitant price. And some of our folks told of the busy times in the post-office, where they were sending back to their dear ones some gifts from Colombo.

Among them were many good swimmers, and the next morning they made lots of fun for us by diving off the upper deck of their ship and swimming over to our ship. There were a number of small boats strolling around in hopes of a job, but they did not know what to make of it when these soldier boys would grab on to their boats and pile in, in one case until the boat was ready to sink, then out they would dive again. One boat was trying to keep out of their way, but one of the boys got hold of it behind and pushed, others caught hold of the sides, and brought the boat right alongside our ship. How we laughed at their antics, especially one of them, who got hold of a big bunch of cocoanut fibre that was floating near one of the cargo boats. He put it on his head like a wig, then called up to the girls to give him a hairpin. What fun they did have, and when they finally decided to leave us they gave three cheers for the Santa Cruz and three cheers for America. It was great to hear them, but didn't I wish I was a man, to yell "Three cheers for New Zealand." Britishers