

of whom did his or her best to make the voyage health & strength restoring and comfortable. We had one death. A 58 year old missionary from Shanghai had a stroke and collapsed that evening after we got on board. His American comrades buried him next day in a little lonely cemetery near Mormugao, then wrote to his wife in California that he had died in freedom after a day of happiness.

Every passenger was given a box of Vitamin capsules by the ship's doctors, with instructions they must be taken every day; we were vaccinated, fed upon scientifically planned ample diet, provided with books and magazines, entertained with movies and concerts, attended lectures and classes, sing-songs and sermons, each according to his or her will. We Rotarians on board - there were 44 of us - had two Rotary dinners during the voyage. Everybody regained weight, some more than they desired.

PORT ELIZABETH and SAD NEWS.

We crossed the equator again, and at nightfall, November 2nd, arrived off the African coast. Radio messages of welcome and offering the city's hospitality had been received on the ship from Port Elizabeth. Early next morning we landed there, each provided, against a promissory note, with £5-0-0 to spend. I was met by Mr. Pat Gleeson, our South African agents' representative, and his capable, charming wife. My first move there was to go shopping, to exchange my dirty, dilapidated khaki pants and worn-out foot-gear (relics of internment) for respectable trousers and shoes. Mr. Gleeson, freshly back from a long spell of war service in West Africa and Abyssinia, proved to be a brother southern-Irishman and a great fellow. In his office I met colleagues of his, Mr. Field from Natal and Mr. Godwin from the Eastern Province. It was a real pleasure to me, going over the South African map with them, and resurrecting memories of my own experiences and travels throughout that vast territory more than forty years before. I was most generously entertained by Mr. & Mrs. Gleeson throughout my brief stay in their port.

At noon the following day I was one of the guests at a big luncheon given us by visiting Rotarians from Port Elizabeth's Rotary Club, and whilst there learned, with a shock, of the death of my beloved step-brother, Rotarian William Goodman Haines, which had occurred in February of the previous year. As a youth of nineteen, Willie had come out from England to join me in Cape Town in 1897, and there he continued to live for the rest of his life. Whilst still a very young man he took up, as a hobby, the physical training of orphan boys, living under the care of Protestant nuns in an orphanage near our Cape Town home. From this work, started in such a small way, he founded and developed the present Gordons Institute of that city, for the promotion of health and continued