

NOTES OF TRAVEL

I.—FROM WELLINGTON TO MONTE VIDEO

(By J.K.)

If the glamor and romance of the old-time sailing ships are missing in these days of comfortable steamers what is lost in sentiment is more than made up in comfort. And, one and all, we agree that no steadier and stauncher ship than the Arawa ever went from Wellington round the redoubtable Horn.

Days of sunshine were with us as we sailed East by South away from New Zealand, making about 7° E and 1° S. every twenty-four hours. Hence our progress towards the South American continent was seven times greater than towards the South Pole.

Beyond New Zealand.

We were well south of Bluff before bad weather came. We had high winds, cold rains, and some snow. Amid waves from the S.W. that would have made the Maori or

sea of fresh water in the ocean, whither the current bears a vast quantity of sediment.

Capital of Uruguay.

If one's first impressions of the capital of Uruguay were derived from the opinions of the officers they would be as unfavorable as erroneous. Most of the officers were of the true British Junker type. Good enough chaps who held, in their pitiful ignorance, that God made the earth and the fulness thereof for the Englishman, and that all other races—especially Latins and Celts—were at best a poor lot.

Beyond its long breakwater, along the shores of its harbor, Monte Video lifts its towers and belfries to the sunshine. Its streets are clean and well paved, if narrow, according to the Spanish and Italian traditions of town-planning. There are numerous pretty squares, where one may sit under the

ment of Uruguay is decidedly anti-Christian. It is a further example of the enigma of a Catholic country tolerating representatives who seem pledged to exterminate all Christian principles. It was the same story in Italy before the day of Mussolini. France, with her supposed Catholic population of forty millions, has gone back to the pre-war policy of persecution of religion. Portugal is even worse and more hopeless. But one is encouraged to hear that things are rather better in the Argentine, where there is a strong Irish element to be reckoned with.

Is it not the same story everywhere? I recall a saying of the German historian, Von Huebner:

"If to spread the Gospel of Christ over the world be apostolic work, there are no greater apostles in modern days than the poor Irish peasant and his wife whom bad laws drove from their own land."

Leaving Monte Video.

Monte Video is now astern and the Arawa is headed for the equator. We have had our numbers slightly increased by the arrival of some passengers from Buenos Ayres and Monte Video—all friendly people and likely to increase rather than mar the harmony that existed during our run from Wellington.

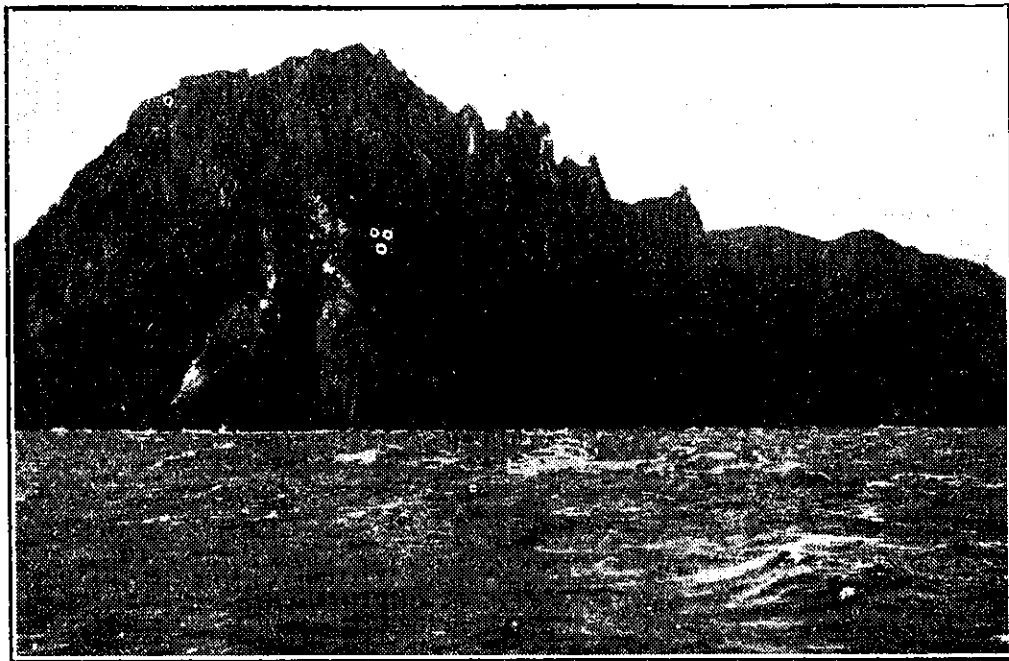
Our Catholic congregation on board is small—two officers who turn up faithfully at seven every Sunday morning. The others have their own devotions, at which the "skipper" pontificates, with, no doubt, due solemnity.

We have reason to congratulate ourselves that owing largely to the stability of the Arawa, we have had Mass every Sunday, and nearly every week day, since we left the wharves at Wellington.

I brought away with me a rather unpleasant souvenir of the Empire City. A sting from a sandfly or a mosquito developed into a rather bad poisoned hand when we were a few days at sea, and I had to be content to remain a spectator at the various deck games for nearly two weeks. However, the privation was not serious. The long days in the open air, the perfect rest, the sea-water baths, the absence of newspapers and letters and visitors who want to borrow books have almost converted the Editor into an angel of peace and good-will, and when he returns his dear friends, the spring-poets, will hardly recognise him.

The Pastors of Newtown and Westport.

My companions are also thriving mentally and physically—and, of course, spiritually. The pastor of Newtown is a champion at winning sweeps in the day's run, and the good people of Westport will be delighted to hear that their parish priest has distinguished himself in many a bout at deck-golf,



CAPE HORN, SOUTH AMERICA.

the Maheno roll like porpoises, the old Arawa ploughed her way steadily, no undue antics on her part disturbing the equilibrium of the passengers. Not once was it necessary to put the "fiddles" on the tables, and not more than twice was there a crash of crockery due to a lurch.

In misty weather we approached the Horn, and, early in the morning of the seventeenth day out, the bold bleak headlands on the south coast of Tierra del Fuego loomed through the fog. That evening we were abreast of the Falklands, and in the calmer seas and more temperate clime of the South Atlantic we sailed N. by E. to Monte Video, which we reached on December 1. For two days previously we had lost the blue water, owing to the influence of the great La Plata river, the estuary of which is like a great

grateful shade of waving palms and dream amid the cool plash of silver waters. The men and women are happy-looking and well and sensibly dressed, and fine healthy, dark-eyed children at play in the gardens fill the air with the music of Spanish words.

Cathedral of Monte Video.

Turning into the Cathedral—a spacious Romanesque church, beautifully decorated in the interior—we found a large congregation at evening devotions. There was a sermon in Spanish, followed by Benediction. The boys' voices in the choir were remarkably good.

The well-filled pews on a week-day evening were impressive and augured well for the Catholic spirit of the community. With past experiences of Latin countries, one was not, however, surprised to learn that the Govern-

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