



THE "AMERICAN LEGION" LEAVING NEW YORK EN ROUTE TO RIO DE JANEIRO

time in Rio; our springtime is the fall of the year in Brazil.

We have heard that of the great cities of the world there are three whose situation is such as to place them far ahead of all others, from the point of view of natural beauty. These three are Rio de Janeiro in Brazil, Sydney in Australia, and San Francisco in the United States.

But we must away from this humid North American summer with 90 degrees of heat, to Rio the beautiful, where, the guidebooks assure us, the average mean temperature is 74 degrees. So we pack our trunks with a good supply of whites for the Tropics, medium fall or spring clothes for the butterfly land where the nuts and the coffee beans come from, and journey to Pier 64, North River, where the "American Legion" awaits us.

Yes, the "American Legion" and her sister ships, the "Western World" and the "Southern Cross," with their 21,000 tons displacement, do look small compared to those giants of the North Atlantic lanes, the "Majestic," "Berengaria," the "Ile de France," the "Bremen," "Europa," and the new Italian liners, but the Munson boats are sturdy craft and have much to offer in the way of comfort and convenience, especially to Americans, who like to carry with them when they travel as much as possible of the home atmosphere. To the gallant skipper of the "American Legion," Commander Charles E. Hilton, a lovable old sea dog who has seen many years of service in the American merchant marine, I am indebted for a copy of the track chart which serves to illustrate this writing.

#### DIARY OF THE VOYAGE

Perhaps the best way to tell the ocean story of my trip to Brazil is to quote from notes made in my diary—an old habit acquired on several journeys to the Far East not so many years ago. It is the tale of one of the most enjoyable fortnights I have ever spent at sea.

**SAILING DAY**—It is 90° and the electric fan in my cabin helps some as we slip by the Statue of Liberty in the early afternoon of a typical New York "scorching." We head out to sea and the usual relaxation of an ocean voyage descends upon us like a benediction. It's much cooler outside.

**FIRST DAY AT SEA**—I am a member of the Coffee Delegation invited to visit Brazil as guests of the National Coffee Department and I find that I have as pleasant table companions Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Joannes of Los Angeles and Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Yonker of Washington. The New York humidity dogs our crossing of the Gulf Stream in the direction of Bermuda, where the Munson liners touch on the southern run. The swimming pool begins to operate.

**SECOND DAY**—At ten o'clock this morning we anchored in the roads off Hamilton, Bermuda. These lovely coral islands, set in a sea of turquoise blue, are to be visited another day. The not infrequent shower of rain, common to this spot, greeted our arrival and now after a two hours' pause we are again on our way. The ocean is warmly blue. The temperature is 80°.

**THIRD DAY**—We have our sea legs on now and feel better, thank you. My cabin is on the coveted port side but, thus far, all the breeze has been off the starboard bow. My thermometer registers 82° but it's not humid, like New York. We are sailing a calm sapphire sea with flying fishes playing all around us. The ship's run was 367 miles to noon, with 3,723 miles to go. We are about opposite Florida, but about ten degrees of longitude east.

**FOURTH DAY**—Today the temperature is up to 84° but it's not at all uncomfortable because we have met up with the N. E. trade winds and the port side cabins are now getting their promised "break." After sundown the temperature dropped to 78°. By noon we had rolled up 384 additional miles. Our course slants away to the S. E., and,