

Today, also, we got our first sight of land off Pernambuco. The day is clear and bright, the humidity less and there's a promise of coolness in the air. The day's run, 331 miles.

ELEVENTH DAY—We are in a new world and already we are picking up all kinds of boats, many of them tankers. At noon we were off Bahia, with 367 miles added to our score. The Southern Cross grows more distinctly beautiful in the heavens every night. Tonight we had the usual captain's dinner of farewell. What, are we so near the end of our voyage? Why, many things in our trunk have never been unpacked and tomorrow we must pack for Rio. The thermometer says 74°, a respectable, summer time temperature.

TWELFTH DAY—An exciting day. Packing, an inspection tour of the engine rooms, refrigerating rooms, laundry and kitchens, payment of our bar chits, etc. At noon we were off Caravellas, with only 407 miles to go. Temperature still at 74°.

THIRTEENTH DAY—Up early so as not to miss the thrill of a daylight entry into the Bay of Rio the Beautiful. Last time I made my entry by moonlight, a never to be forgotten experience. How well I recall the solemn grandeur of the scene when, by the light of an exotic southern moon, we dropped anchor about 1 A.M. opposite famous

Sugar Loaf. I now quote from my diary of 1923:

ARRIVAL AT BAY OF RIO

"At last we are in the exquisite Botafogo crescent, and the jeweled rim is round about us with its myriad electric facets twinkling in the night like some celestial city in a Bible story, and beyond the ghostly outlines of the now sleeping hotels, churches, and palatial homes, rising tier upon tier into the hills, there, in solemn grandeur, we see the incomparable Corcovado and the matchless Tijuca, of which we had read and so often longed to see. Across the bay the fantastic shapes of the Organ Mountains stand out in the moonlight.

"Yes, we are 23° south, anchored in the Bay of Rio, and waiting for the sun to rise on the city of the greatest natural beauty in all the world."

And now, eleven years after, we are recapturing the joyous experience of entering one of the three best natural harbors in the world. Around us swarm fast flying motor boats and gaily decorated tugs, one of them bearing a Carioca brass band for the North American Coffee Delegation. Dear, delightful Rio, it is so pleasant to come back to you, and feel around us once again your welcoming arms. I embrace you, beautiful Pearl City of Brazil!



THE ENTRANCE TO THE BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO AS SEEN FROM CORCOVADO

Showing the farther shore, the forts, Pão d'Assucar (Sugar Loaf) and the loop of Botafogo Bay.