

PACIFIC AND BEYOND

By COMMANDER R. GORDON HARRIS, R.C.N.

“GOOD sailing and God bless you” were his closing words as Rear-Admiral W. B. Creery, Flag Officer Pacific Coast, bade farewell to her officers and men just before H.M.C.S. “Sioux” (Commander Paul D. Taylor) moved swiftly and silently from her berth at H.M.C. Dockyard into Esquimalt Harbour on the afternoon of Sunday, the eighth of April. And as hundreds of wives, children and friends waved and cheered farewell to their fighting men, off to the Korean war zone, seventy-seven of them for the second time, the sleek gray destroyer headed with increasing speed into the Strait of Juan de Fuca, the Pacific and beyond.

7410 nautical miles to the principal United Nations naval base in Southern Japan lay ahead, seven hours change for our timepieces. Each day south and west from Canadian latitudes brought more sunshine, more warmth, followed by more tropical heat. “Working dress” became scantier as every man sought comfort and the commencement of the suntan he had promised himself. Soon deck awnings and canvas swimming tank made their first welcome appearances. The ocean and sky became more brightly blue, and by day schools of flying fish could be seen almost continuously from 25°N onwards. By night the constellation “Southern Cross” was easily discernible below the 18th parallel amidst myriads of stars in a bright blue sky illuminated by a waxing moon. And as each night grew warmer and brighter, increasing numbers moved their sleeping quarters to the choicest available locations under the moon and stars as seamen have always done the world over for countless years past. But to sleep without covers is ipso facto evidence of the beginner—for he awakes at dawn or sooner to learn that the dew at sea is unexpectedly heavy and has given him a cold which he will not easily shake off.

The trans-Pacific voyage was not all sunshine, moonlight and relaxation for the ship’s company—far from it. As the weather improved the Captain saw to it that more time was devoted daily to the ship’s “working up” programme after her two months’ refit in home port and the change of more than two-thirds of her crew. Action stations, daily workouts for guns’ crews, evolutions, depth charge firings, blackouts by night, and a steady effort on the part of everyone to bring his fighting

equipment to a state of perfection well in advance of re-entry into the war zone.

The ship's medical officer, a conscientious young Dalhousie graduate less than a year before, saw to it that all were properly vaccinated and inoculated during the voyage. By the time we had undergone our needles for typhoid, smallpox, cholera, bubonic plague and other potential threats to our health we knew what it must feel like to be a pin-cushion.

Hawaii: colorful Paradise of the Pacific, chain of islands of volcanic origin whose Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea are still restless. Everyone's eyes scanned the horizon for first glimpses of Molokai and Maui but as "Sioux" entered Kaiwi Channel attentions switched to starboard as the mountains and verdant panorama of Oahu, our destination, drew closer; then around Koko Head, Diamond Head, across the wide mouth of Honolulu Harbour and finally to dock at Pearl Harbour, vast naval base teeming with ships and humming with activity.

Scars of the Japanese sneak air attack in December 1941 still remain at scattered points. As "Sioux" proceeded into harbour she passed close to the remains of the 32,000-ton battleship U.S.S. "Arizona", with stars and stripes flying proudly over the small part still showing above the surface. Markers at intervals over her length warn of navigational hazards in her vicinity. 2800 died in two hours, eight battleships and many other craft were wrecked, in the pre-dawn of that fateful Sunday morning, most of the casualties naval personnel. Hickam and Wheeler air fields were the first targets as Jap planes swept in at roof height from the northwest, followed closely by attacks on Pearl Harbour and Schofield army barracks. Next day I visited Wheeler and Schofield where damage to runways and buildings can still be seen.

I was fortunate in being met by distant relatives who, after duly greeting me in traditional fashion by the bestowal of floral leis (no less than fresh orchids!) proceeded to show me all possible in 24 hours in Oahu. This personally conducted tour enabled me to reach many remote and scattered points in this beautiful island which never could have otherwise been found.

It is a land of sand, surf and sunshine, if that is what you seek. It is agricultural country containing vast sugar plantations and pineapple fields if you choose to travel beyond the city. It is everywhere a land of colour which defies description—flowers, gardens, hedges, city homes and country estates, rows

of stately royal palms, luxuriant vegetation on every hand. It is a country of colorful people and costumes which ever way you look—Hawaiians, Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Caucasians, natives of many basic races, and visitors with almost as many varieties of complexions and aloha shirts!

No visit to Honolulu is complete without a glimpse of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, the Outriggers' Canoe Club, Don the Beachcomber, the Moana Hotel, and a stroll along Waikiki Beach. We had lunch at "Queen's Surf" near Waikiki to the accompaniment of a native orchestra broadcasting on "Hawaii Calls." There must be hundreds of native orchestras at large; one sees them and hears them by day and by night at every turn.

We left the city of palm-lined streets, royal palaces converted to government buildings, and glamorous shop windows which beckon to the tourist's pocketbook, to see the country. One outstanding memory will always be Nuuanu Pali, famed precipice and pass commanding an incomparable panoramic view of tropical land and sparkling sea. Another will be the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific in Punchbowl Crater (Puowaina) where lie many thousands of U. S. service personnel killed in battles throughout the Pacific. Beside the roadway I was shown the grave of Ernie Pyle, war correspondent killed in April, 1945, who lies between two unknowns, a significant tribute to the man who in his lifetime always preferred to mix with "the little man" rather than mingle with the brass.

In the evening I had a complete two-hour tour of the factory of Waialua Agricultural Company, third largest sugar producer in the Islands, watching the sugar in all its stages from arrival by rail in little cars from 10,000 acres of canefields until it was bagged and stowed in the warehouse. And thence to sleep in a picturesque cottage at Waialua, on the northwest shore, with cool breezes blowing in from the ocean and the sound of breakers and surf rolling in on a sandy beach a few feet away. It wasn't easy to leave that spot next morning at dawn!

"MacArthur Aloha! Record Crowds Greet Returning Hero. Salute to a Great Soldier and Statesman." The morning newspaper emblazoned three-inch headlines across page one to proclaim that General Douglas MacArthur had landed at Hickam Field shortly after midnight after a twelve-hour flight from Tokyo on his way home to the U. S. A. At 3.30 p.m. he was to make a tour through the city to receive the plaudits

of tens of thousands. But "Sioux" which had sailed for six months under his overall command was not destined to join in the greeting. It was "aloha!" for us at Pearl Harbour half an hour earlier.

Shortly after midnight on the 19th of April, H.M.C.S. "Sioux" crossed the 180th meridian bringing us officially into "the Far East" and causing our future longitudes to be read in terms of "east of Greenwich" rather than west as most of us had been accustomed to all our lives. The first day beyond the International Date Line was therefore proclaimed on board to be Saturday the 21st; and one Petty Officer is reported to have missed his wedding anniversary on the 20th—which he was in no position to celebrate anyway!

Kwajalein Atoll: heart of the Marshall Islands, in the Micronesian Group, lies $8\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ north of the equator. Here the cruiser "Emden" and other German raiders of south sea lanes were based during the First World War, following which transfer to Japanese control enabled sinister masterminds to establish heavy fortifications with an eye to the future. The Marshalls therefore became crucial battleground prior to their occupation by Admiral Nimitz early in 1944. They are now officially described as "U. S. Trust Territory."

Rich tropical vegetation towering one or two hundred feet high on adjacent atolls is in sharp contrast to the main strip of Kwajalein where the U. S. Air Force had gone to work and reduced it to nothing more than charred sand. New growth is scarcely ten feet above ground. "Sioux" dropped anchor a mile or so offshore for fuel. Here we were afforded an excellent view of a grim derelict of the 1939-45 war and the 1946 atomic bomb tests at Bikini Atoll to the northwest. The German cruiser "Prinz Eugen" escort of mighty "Bismarck", had been placed in the centre of Bikini, and having survived the explosion was towed to Kwajalein for further examination of the effects of radiation when she broke loose, drifted ashore and capsized. There lies the hulk on the beach two miles away, her rudder and half her keel sticking ingloriously out of the water. At least we saw the bottom of "Prinz Eugen" which is something very few Germans have ever seen!

Eniwetok Atoll, also to the northwest near Bikini, was the scene of further tests of atomic weapons during the week fol-

lowing "Sioux's" passage through the area. These tests were officially described as "entirely successful".

On the evening of April's full moon, not many degrees north of the equator, we were treated to a rare spectacle for fifteen minutes before midnight, a brilliant lunar rainbow. The officer of the watch, born in India, had seen one once before; among those of us who were up no one else had.

The public address system, relaying radio programmes throughout the ship, kept us conscious of our progress as the thousands of miles fell astern of us. Radio Australia, Radio Philippines, Hong Kong, Singapore, and the Armed Forces Radio Service from Kure, Japan, quickly became our primary sources of entertainment and world news.

Guam: principal island of the Marianas, lying 13° north of the equator, was the center of the vast area comprising the major battleground of the Pacific from 1941 to 1946. It was the sole island held by the U. S. A. prior to the war in contrast to all those around controlled by Japan. But its importance to Japan was indicated by the fact that Guam was attacked twelve hours after Pearl Harbour. On a line running north and south Guam was a vital stepping stone to New Guinea and Australia; east and west it cut the direct line from the U. S. A. to the Philippines. And much blood, sweat and tears flowed before Guam was regained late in 1944.

"Sioux" berthed at the Naval Operating Base, Apra Harbour. Alongside was the troop transport "Fred C. Ainsworth" about to sail for San Francisco taking home service personnel and families on transfer or rotation leave from Manila, P. I. and the Marianas. Leis of vivid scarlet hibiscus were the feature on deck and jetty as hundreds burst forth with "Auld Lang Syne."

"Sioux's" officers and men found the U. S. Navy generous hosts. For our first afternoon several busses were placed at our disposal to enable as many as possible to make tours of the Island. One hundred of us spent two hours at Hoover Park near Piti village enjoying the sand and sun. Some of the boys competed climbing cocoanut palms barehanded. There were no casualties. Above Agana, principal town, the Island Trading Company of Micronesia offered interesting and authentic native handicraft from various islands of the group, islands like Saipan whose names were made famous in war years.

Evidences of years of warfare were still plentiful: invasion

beaches, roofless and broken buildings, shattered stone walls, parts of tanks and planes here and there in fields. Nothing however was so impressive as the sights I was able to see next morning when my guide, a U. S. N. petty officer, led me to the caves less than a mile from our berth. After all other defences had been smashed in 1944, the Jap defenders took to these caves facing the ocean for their final stand. Excavated out of the limestone hillside by the forced labour of Guamanians, the extent and complexity of their passageways and cross-channels were amazing. With the aid of a rope up twenty feet above the roadway we gained access to the centre section. Inside on the floors are hundreds of rounds of unexpended ammunition and many bones of the defenders; the flesh and clothing are gone after seven years except for a boot here and there, with perhaps a bone or two still inside. It is said no Jap surrendered here. The white entrances are blackened with the smoke and fire of flame-throwers used by U. S. marines to blast every last Jap into eternity.

The sections right and left are said to contain, respectively, hospital accommodation for one thousand men and communications equipment some of it melted down with the heat. Time prevented me from visiting these sections and access to the latter is extremely dangerous due to collapsing rock.

The tenacity of diehard Japanese defending the Marianas is also well illustrated by the story whose end has only just been written. Nineteen of them, still "holding out" on Anhatan Island 61 miles north of Saipan with a single machine gun and enough ammunition to last for years, were finally persuaded in July, 1951 by two hundred letters from relatives dropped from the air that perhaps V-J Day had come after all. The sight of U. S. military police patrolling the docks at Yokohama has since removed the last doubts from the minds of Petty Officer Junji Inuoe and his band.

Cooler breezes and a sunny sky greeted us as the last morning in April dawned and Asiatic territory loomed in sight, the northernmost of the Riukiu Islands stretching from Formosa to southern Japan. "Sioux" had now turned north as far as the 33rd parallel as she followed the coast of Kyushu, southernmost of Japan's four main islands, and entered the magnificent harbour of Sasebo in late afternoon.

Selected at the outbreak of Korean hostilities to be the

principal United Nations naval base in southern Japan, it has been the nerve centre for the naval forces of ten nations. Canada who has contributed five destroyers, three at a time, has used the facilities and logistics of Sasebo since July 1950 in support of her ships operating in the Yellow Sea and Japan Sea west and east of Korea.

The particular mission which took me to Japan at this time required me to leave "Sioux" on arrival at Sasebo and spend the ensuing ten days living and working with the naval forces of the U. K. and U. S. The base is under the administrative control of the U. S. Navy, partly an inheritance from the beginnings of Occupied Japan when the U. S. A. assumed control over that part of the country. It also serves as headquarters for the Royal Navy's Flag Officer, Second in Command Far East Station.

The phrase "small world" came to mind when "Sioux's" captain introduced me to F.O.2 i/c F.E.S.'s secretary, the first person I met in Japan. "Rex Peter is my name," said the familiar face. "I was in Halifax in 1939-40 as Bonham-Carter's secretary." "That's right," I replied, "and you married a girl named Mitchell from Chester." "How did you know?" he gasped. "My Halifax newspaper follows me wherever I live," was my reply, "and I have read your names many times."

Sasebo's war damage was partly from fire bombs and partly from high explosive, and little evidence remains except where the latter found the dockyard area. Air raid shelters are seen here and there. I cannot guarantee the story I was told that the second atomic bomb which exploded over Nagasaki had been intended that morning for Sasebo. A multiplicity of architecture is evident all around, not all of it oriental in design. The greater part of the real estate is very shabby by our standards, flimsy and highly inflammable as well. Entertainment facilities for servicemen are sponsored by the various countries using the port as well as by native operators. The ubiquitous chopsticks show up virtually everywhere.

The rickshaw, familiar sight in the Orient, comes in three types: man on foot in front, man on bicycle in front, man on bicycle at side. Sometimes a young girl is the motive power. It is a striking sight to see one or perhaps two oversize negro "gobs" loaded with parcels and perched contentedly on a rickshaw while a young Jap girl strains every muscle to earn her fee.

Japanese currency has suffered heavy devaluation in

recent years. 100 sen still equal one yen, but the sen has practically dropped from sight and the official rate is 360 yen to one U. S. dollar, making yen worth around 28 cents per hundred. Jap currency is paper in all denominations, and the contents of your pocket quickly become baffling. In dealings with Japanese nationals, only yen may be used. To add to the confusion U. S. currency is not permitted ashore under any circumstances; "U. S. military script" (dollar for dollar) must first be obtained through service sources, for purchases in service canteens and messes. The purpose is to eliminate black market operations in U. S. currency.

Sasebo's shopping district is picturesque beyond description. Vehicular traffic is prohibited in many streets so the space between the merchandise lining the two sides becomes a thoroughfare for the most colorful and cosmopolitan assortment of pedestrian humanity I have ever seen anywhere. There are servicemen of many nations, Japanese of every age, many on the backs of their elders and wearing an indescribable variety of oriental and occidental costumes. It is a race which will never die out! I am sure two-thirds of all the Japs I saw in Japan were children. The principal thoroughfare containing the most attractive bazaars was nicknamed "Black Market Row" by the U. S. N. some time ago and the Japanese were so fascinated by the novel name that it is now shown as such on all their street maps. On Black Market Row I followed the popular custom of fathers and invested 7500 yen in the purchase of an electric train with all the trimmings for my ten-year-old son. Real bargains can be found too in photographic equipment, binoculars, bicycles and certain types of china, linens and silks. No visitor returns home empty-handed.

For two hundred yen on Saihi Bus Company's "morning express" I travelled 55 miles to Nagasaki for a day of sightseeing I shall long remember. In twelve hours' absence from Sasebo I saw just exactly two white men, a U. S. business man in the Seiyotei Hotel dining room and a Roman Catholic priest, native of Toronto, who had spent most of his seventy years in the Orient.

The bus journey over jolting roads through interesting and picturesque towns, villages and countryside around Omura Bay through Isahaya, lasted more than three hours. A constantly changing load of forty passengers eyed my naval uniform with friendly curiosity. On my return trip by evening train

I was accommodated in a combined van-baggage car, the coaches being full.

It is difficult to relate your thoughts and feelings as you stand on "the spot" beside the fifteen-foot vertical column on the mound of earth at Atomic Bomb Center. Instinctively you find yourself looking up—and it all looks so peaceful in the bright blue sky. But at 11.02 a.m. on the ninth of August, 1945, three days after the first nuclear explosion over Hiroshima, the second occurred over this spot at Nagasaki. "Instantaneously all the houses in this Urakami area collapsed . . ." reads the wooden plaque in English a few feet away. "Burnt area 73,116,000 sq. ft. . . destroyed homes 18,409 . . . deaths 73,884 injured (including later deaths by atomic disease) 76,796 . . ." and on and on. A force was unleashed equal to 20,000 tons of TNT . . . a tremendous flash like a ball of fire . . . a funnel of smoke, dust, fire and color mounted like a water-spout up ever higher . . . in two minutes the head was 40,000 feet above . . . in the centre of the area a vacuum was created . . . a temperature of more than 1,500,000 degrees was developed . . . everything had vanished. The great Mitsubishi arms plant had been there somewhere. Everywhere was death, destruction, devastation. My taxi driver related in his best broken English how he stood on a distant hill and watched the city burn three days and three nights. Across the harbour the sprawling shipyards escaped total destruction. Five days later the proud Nipponese Empire unconditionally surrendered.

Flowers, palms and shrubs now grow in the peaceful little park. The museum nearby contains many startling relics, clocks stopped at 11.02, photographs, diagrams, exhibits of fused metals, steel plate and girders twisted into grotesque shapes. In the visitors' register I signed my address as Halifax and in recognition of having come half way around the world was given a fist-sized chunk of red brick, green glass and tile fused by the infernal heat.

High up on a nearby green hillside, "alongside" the mid-air explosion had stood the Roman Catholic church of Urakami. Part of one end somehow managed to withstand the blast. The rest vanished into rubble and dust. Out of 11,000 parishioners 9,000 perished.

The city hospital down the hill is a striking example of the ability of reinforced concrete to withstand the blast. The inside was gutted but the stark skeleton remains. And nearby the upper third of the brick chimney is "bent" about fifteen

degrees from vertical without suffering collapse. Another freak exhibit a mile away is the sight of a weathervane atop a house, defying explanation.

Three miles from the "spot" stands Sofukuji (Red) Temple, representing Chinese architecture of the Ming dynasty, built in 1629 by Chozen, Buddhist priest. This is completely intact.

One mile further from Atomic Bomb Center, high up on a hill and also undamaged, stands the "home of Madame Butterfly" where the Englishman Thomas Glover, creator of the world-famous musical opera, lived. Scenes used in the original story from which the opera was taken lay in these beautiful gardens, rich in semi-tropical vegetation dotted with ponds and palms.

Construction of "International Cultural City" on the site of old Nagasaki is under way. Great yawning excavations in downtown districts cause detours as streets are re-routed and a start is made to build a model city to serve to promote international peace and culture.

My journey 1325 kilometres (820 miles) north to Tokyo was on board "Dixie Limited", allied military train operated by the U. S. army. For the purpose of travelling I was considered a member of the British Commonwealth Occupation Forces and my tickets were accordingly stamped BCOF. Servicemen from the U. S. A., Korea, Thailand, India and other nations were on board as well as Red Cross workers and Nisei. Lower berths in sleeping cars were built in, running lengthwise with the car, unlike the North American style of converted seats.

The railway timetable made delightful reading. I was relieved to find that among hand baggage forbidden to be taken into passenger cars were stoves, portable cooking furnaces, corpses, dirty or smelly articles, animals (but excluding domestic pets, small birds and insects.)

To see the countryside of Japan rail travel is best. It is a nation of vast crowded cities like Kobe, Osaka, Kyoto, Nagoya and Yokohama; heavily industrialized areas stretching for miles; beautiful landscapes and high mountains; concentrated agricultural cultivation. Due to the large population to be fed every square foot appears to be used for something. Rice and wheat fields extend often as far as the eye can see.

The southern island of Kyushu is connected with the principal centre island of Honshu by a five-mile tunnel running from Moji to Shimonoseki under the strait. Throughout the

war the allied forces did their utmost to destroy this tunnel by bombing. But war materials from the heavily industrialized area south of the strait, known as the "Pittsburgh of Japan", continued to emerge from the northern end of the tunnel. The Japs hadn't been so dumb when they built it; it wasn't a straight line, it was crescent-shaped!

This industrialized area still shows the effects of concentrated round-the-clock high explosive blasting for many months of war. Another long industrial belt from Kobe to Osaka had been laid waste by fire but is similarly recovering.

My hopes of seeing the spring season's cherry blossoms in bloom failed by a margin of two weeks. From the time I landed in the south, and as I travelled north, I found I had missed them everywhere.

Names like Hizenyamaguchi, Higashi-muroran, and Owari-ichinomiya made good old Maritime names like Tatamagouche, Shubenacadie, Quispamsis and Nauwigewauk sound like child's play!

A few hours south of Tokyo, Mount Fujiyama, the sacred mountain, its beautiful snowcapped cone-shaped peak towering to 12,365 feet, came into view. The upper half was bathed in a pink sunset, the lower half obscured in mist. Instantly I recognized its well-known resemblance to Mount Rainier, Washington, a familiar sight in the Pacific Northwest.

In the lobby of the Marunouchi Hotel, operated by Australian Canteens Services for personnel of the British Commonwealth, I ran into Bill Herbert of the C.B.C. that evening. He was leaving at 5 a.m. for one final month in Korea before returning to Canada.

The buildings of downtown Tokyo look substantially like any other "downtown" of a large city, New York, Toronto, or Los Angeles, except for the language of some signs. Traffic is fast, furious, erratic and reminds one of the definition of the quick and the dead.

Canada's Legation and Chancellery, built in 1928 in the Akasaka section, Minato-Ku district, some miles from the downtown area, are set in the midst of beautiful grounds, gardens and lawns. A school and college friend of mine had served as Third Secretary in 1938-41 and had been a prisoner in the Legation for seven months of 1942 until "exchanged". The Swiss moved in as the neutral occupying power in war years. This part of the city suffered heavy air raids and outside the Cana-

dian compound the native residential district was levelled. The German Embassy across the street was razed. But miraculously Canada's buildings survived. One firebomb landed on the roof and did not explode. The gardens suffered some damage which has long since been repaired.

In the post-war period 1945-1951, the Legation and Chancellery have served as headquarters for the Canadian Liaison Mission. The present head is External Affairs' brilliant young diplomat, Arthur R. Menzies. Born in China, son of a missionary, and having spent much of his life in the Far East and knowing their tongues, Mr. Menzies seems eminently fitted for his responsibilities. He and his charming young wife, native of Kingston, Ont., extended to me the generous hospitality of their home for the rest of my stay in Tokyo, and through their kindness I was enabled to see many points of interest.

With Canada's ensign flying in front, we drove through heavily-bombed suburban areas, through downtown streets, to the Diet (Parliament) Building, and to famous Shinto shrines. The religion of Shintoism proclaimed the deity of the Emperor and built up a fanatical nationalism. In recent years it has lost much ground since the divinity of the Emperor has received its post-war setback. One shrine was erected to Emperor Meiji, grandfather of Hirohito. Meiji was revered because during his era Japan shook off her feudal slumber to become a major world power. The second, Yasukuni, was the spot where Hirohito personally bade farewell to a million fighting men in 1941-45 and where they or their ashes returned until Allied powers made a few changes

The highlight of my visit to Tokyo was the rare opportunity, through the kind arrangement of Mr. Menzies, to attend the Imperial Palace Garden Party. The Palace grounds are four and one-half miles in circumference and not open to the public, occupation forces, visitors or anyone else. The afternoon was the occasion of a colorful presentation of "Bugaku" a performance of classical Japanese dance and music. The musicians and players of the Music Department of the Imperial Household are direct descendants of the ancient masters whose families have handed down the traditional arts for 1500 years. The orchestra is an ensemble of wood wind, string and percussion instruments.

Emperor Hirohito and Her Serene Highness Empress Nagako did not make an appearance that afternoon and we were received instead by the Grand Master of Ceremonies and other

members of the Royal Household not so far from Omiya Palace, home of the Dowager Empress Sadako. Five days later, back in Canada, I read of her death. Approximately one hundred guests attended the garden party—truly a colorful sight—including representatives of twenty-one nations, and none so colorful as the wives of those from India, Pakistan, China, Japan and Korea, in native costumes. Mr. and Mrs. Menzies and I were joined for part of the afternoon by Brigadier F. J. Fleury, head of the Canadian Military Mission Far East.

Our Sunday morning drive took us first through Yokohama, great seaport city on Tokyo Bay, and we visited the British Commonwealth Cemetery in its peaceful serene setting among the hills outside the city. Each major component of the Commonwealth had its own section, set apart from the others by a beautiful grove of trees, streams and flowers. Development work is still going on and the whole area is well kept.

Each grave is marked with a bronze plaque set in a headstone raised only slightly above ground. One simple monument surmounted by a tall cross tells the story for all. Most of those resting in the Canadian section were army survivors of the 1941 siege of Hong Kong who died later in forced labour prison camps. There are only two graves of Canadian naval personnel: Lieut. W. B. Asbridge and Sub-Lieut. G. E. Bedore, who gave their lives six days apart in July 1945 while serving with the Royal Navy. In their lifetime perhaps they never met; now they rest forever side by side, near the end of the first row at the top of the slope.

Canada's only naval V.C. of the second World War, Robert Hampton Gray, does not rest in Yokohama. Leading his flight from H.M.S. "Formidable" towards Onagawa Bay, Gray plunged his plane into an enemy destroyer on the morning of the ninth of August, 1945, within minutes of Nagasaki's destruction far to the south.

As our small group returned to the gate to sign the visitors' book (I was the first Canadian for some time) Mr. Harrop, an Australian government official, said to me "You're leaving for Canada tonight, aren't you? When you get home think of me as I shall be in Australia before you see Canada." Truly aviation has brought us all closer together.

Kamakura, 37 miles south of Tokyo, was the Japanese capital 700 years ago. Now it is best known as the site of the brooding "Great Buddha" (Dai-butso) who towers to a height of forty-two feet, six inches, over the throngs who visit him

daily. Not far away is another famous Buddhist shrine honoring Hachiman, god of war. Buddhism is the faith of more than half the nation. Thousands of sightseers and worshippers, many of them on their knees, mounting and descending the tall steps to the top present a colorful sight.

Kamakura is the home of the famous Kamakura Bori art of wood carving, practised by its sculptors for many centuries. Gingko wood covered with linen cloth and lacquered fifteen times over is used to produce a display of skilled craftsmanship which has become famous the world over.

A sandy beach with breakers rolling in from Sagami Bay was the spot where five Canadians thousands of miles from Canada spread their rug out in true Canadian style and the two children eagerly waited to see what their parents had brought along in the picnic lunch basket!

In a nearby cliff was grim evidence of defences set up in anticipation of an Allied invasion which never came.

With a mighty roar of her four engines, Canadian Pacific Air Lines forty-passenger DC-4 plane CF-CPC-411 left Haneda Airport at 10.20 p.m. Sunday and quickly gained altitude over the Orient's second largest city. I watched what seemed to me millions of lights appear below then gradually fade and disappear astern into the night. My mind was crowded with thoughts of all the experiences of the weeks in which had been my rare privilege to live.

A stewardess came around to each seat to demonstrate the life-jacket she was wearing and said similingly "Not that you're going to need it, of course, but just to satisfy your curiosity how it all works!" Then I picked up a Vancouver newspaper only two days old and felt I was already getting closer to home. Soon I fell asleep as the big plane headed out over the North Pacific into the darkness at nine thousand feet guided by the hand of God and the skill of man.

A bright blue sky, fleecy clouds and blue ocean sparkling in the morning sun greeted us as we stretched our legs and a stewardess reminded us "It's Sunday again—we're crossing the International Date Line." Soon the western tip of the Aleutians appeared, islands which the Japs had occupied less than ten years ago. Attu: mountainous with permanent ice and snow unusually fog-free that morning; Agattu looking like brown mud and rock as we flew directly over it; Kiska was not visible. Soon we dropped to the runways of Shemya, westernmost field in the hemisphere. A jeep with huge letters "Follow

Me' painted on its stern led us to a fuelling point and one of our stewardesses found us coffee and doughnuts in North-western Airlines' lounge.

Shemya's geographical attractions are non-existent. The thermometer read 35° and a fifty m.p.h. gale was blowing. I am positive I was the only person in Alaska wearing tropical uniform that morning. The island seemed to consist of rocks and sand with brown tundra here and there. Quonset huts are built partly below ground level as defence against williwaws which are nevertheless burying them in sand and volcanic ash.

High over Bering Sea and into heavy clouds through which we saw nothing for five hours. We passed just south of the Pribilof Islands, summer breeding ground of the world-famous herds of millions of fur-bearing seals. Also near was Katmai volcano which had been smoking a few days before but that was missed too. Shortly before dusk we found ourselves over the mainland of Alaska Peninsula, frozen barren country with ice on its lakes and mountains around us through whose ice and snow their rock has never been seen.

After dark we landed for fuel at the vast U.S.A.F. base at Elmendorf Field, Anchorage, now a booming city of more than 11,000 souls and very colorful by night. The airport restaurant fed us huge plates of fried ham and eggs while an assortment of air force and construction workers eyed us all critically. Their windbreakers and heavy clothing contrasted sharply with the tropical khaki of the RCN officer who had sent his blue uniform home by surface transport from southern Japan long before learning his homeward route.

It was past midnight local time but fading sunlight was still visible in the western sky as we left Anchorage on the 150th meridian and flew southeast over the Gulf of Alaska. Our first landfall was over the Queen Charlotte Islands in the bright morning sun. Huge log-booms in coves and bays below looked like lily-pads. Soon it was Comox, V. I., then the mainland. The majestic snowcapped mountains of Canada's westernmost province are breathtaking sight from the air and adequate descriptive words fail me. Perhaps our joy at seeing the first glimpse of Canada was best expressed by the 17-year-old Chinese boy sitting just ahead of me, bound for Truro, N. S., whose face and dark eyes lit up with enthusiasm and delight as he pointed down and exclaimed haltingly "Breets Columm-b—!" at the first sight of his free homeland. Soon it was fasten-seat-

belts for the last time as Sea Island lay ahead and we stepped out at Vancouver International Airport, 28½ hours gross time from Haneda.

Two months later, C. P. A. Lines DC-4 plane CF-CPC-411, carrying thirty-one passengers and crew of seven, left International Airport in early evening on the first leg of a regular flight to the Far East. Routine wireless contact was maintained for two-thirds of the distance to Elmendorf, Anchorage, where she was due during the night. But she has vanished into the unknown without a trace. Whether they lie more than two miles above sea level in the St. Elias mountain range, or at the bottom of the Gulf of Alaska, will never be known. I was relieved to find none of the crew who brought me home were among those lost. But it has certainly added one more thought to my memorable trip to the Pacific and beyond, for I had sat and slept in one of those seats for 4290 nautical miles safely over mountain, land and sea.