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**CRUISES o'er
the Golden
CARIBBEAN**

**UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
STEAMSHIP SERVICE**

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UNITED FRUIT CO., Passenger Department

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
STEAMSHIP SERVICE

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**CRUISES O'ER
THE GOLDEN
CARIBBEAN**

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
STEAMSHIP SERVICE

GREAT WHITE FLEET




A
MIGHTY
ARMADA
At Your Service

TRAVEL in the twentieth century is a fine art. The globe trotter is no longer compelled to take any kind of ship—for any kind of voyage. Today ships are designed to offer the maximum in comfort and pleasure for sea-going along the northern Atlantic routes and there are ships for long cruises in the Orient, coasting steamers, etc. Each of these is a specialist in its way, but any one of them would fall short in some essential details that make for the highest order of travel comfort and efficient service in the tropics.

On the other hand, the Great White Fleet of the United Fruit Company specializes in Caribbean travel. It may be said that these wonderful boats have rediscovered the lands and seaways south of Florida . . . a part of the globe that for centuries has fired the imagination of lovers of romance and adventure. The Great White Fleet is in home waters in the Caribbean.

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GREAT
WHITE
FLEET



SUITE DE LUXE WITH REAL BEDS AND REAL WINDOWS

These graceful white liners have been especially built for cruising in the tropics. In fact, they are the only boats in the world built exclusively for this purpose. Wide decks invite to promenading, outdoor games, and dancing. Every room commands a view of sea and sky, and through each room the gentle trade winds sweep, freely augmented by special ventilation devices.

Practically every room on a Great White Fleet ship has enough closet room to satisfy a woman's desire. There are coat and skirt racks, drawer space for linen; also vanity dressers with movable mirrors in many of the rooms. Carefully disposed electric lights make reading a pleasure, and there is room to visit, and to make living a joy.

The food is excellent. Unless you chanced to glance at the wide sweep of turquoise sea, you might well think you were dining in some first-class hotel on shore. All the delicacies you are accustomed to are there . . . a very essential factor in the perfect enjoyment of any sea voyage, and especially so in a cruise of the tropics where every day is a long and delightful feast of all the senses.

As for the personal service and attention to the wants of passengers, there is a characteristic willing courtesy about them that you will agree justifies the motto of the fleet—"Every Passenger a Guest."

Even the schedule of the Great White Fleet has been cut to the tropical pattern. People who travel in the Caribbean scout the idea



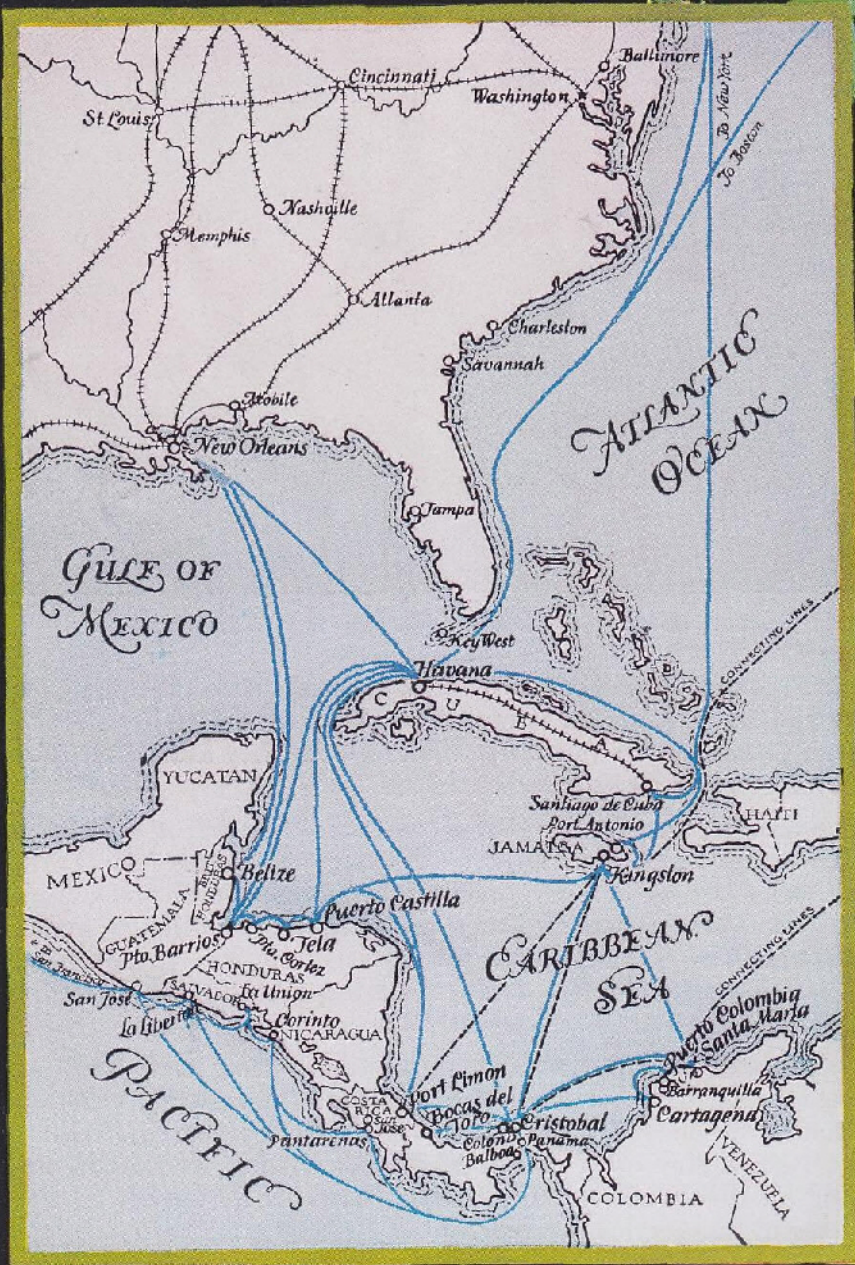
AMPLE WARDROBE ACCOMMODATIONS ARE FOUND IN EACH STATEROOM

of being rushed from place to place with barely time to say *buenos tardes* and *adiós*. And that is why the travel-wise invariably elect to tour the Caribbean via the Great White Fleet. They know that they will receive personal service when ashore.

Furthermore, they know that the Great White Fleet offers the only all-season service operating twice every week from New York, three times every week from New Orleans and once each week from Boston,—to Havana, Cuba; Kingston, Jamaica; Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone; Port Limón, Costa Rica; Cartagena, Puerto Colombia and Santa Marta, Colombia, South America, according to itinerary selected.

In addition they offer a fortnightly service from New York to Santiago, Cuba; Kingston, Jamaica; and Puerto Barrios, Guatemala; also, similar service from New Orleans to Puerto Barrios, Guatemala; Belize, British Honduras; Tela and Puerto Castilla, Honduras, depending on the itinerary selected. And there is no change in the character of this service the year round.

In every detail, from their graceful, yacht-like lines to their shimmering coats of white and cream, these modern caravels of the Caribbean have been designed and built throughout for superlative travel comfort and enjoyment. The Great White Fleet is a pleasing twentieth-century rendering of the gracious phrase, "at your service."





CARIBBEAN CRUISES

DOWN the old sea-trail from Havana the Great White Fleet offers a variety of delightful cruises in the beautiful Caribbean to lands rich in lore of buccaneers and Spanish Dons. This American Mediterranean is easily reached from either New York or New Orleans by de luxe liners especially built and equipped for Caribbean cruising.

It may be truthfully said that the Great White Fleet has rediscovered these treasure lands of the old Spanish Main.

Attractive All-Expense Cruises—sail twice every week or oftener—from New York to interesting Caribbean Ports.

Similar All-Expense Cruises sail three times every week from New Orleans.

Innumerable side trips and combination cruise-tours may be arranged to all ports of the Caribbean.



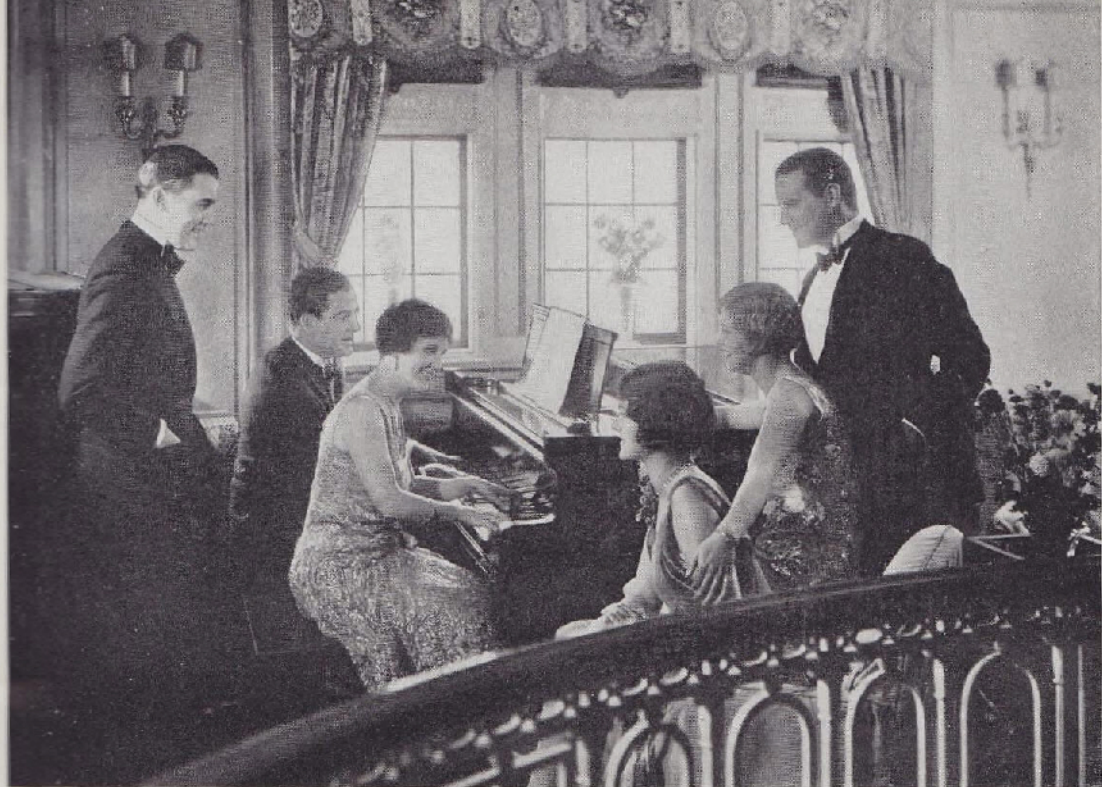
COOL WIDE DECKS FOR PROMENADING AND GAMES

THINK of the pictures summoned by the magic phrase, "cruising in the Caribbean." True, there are a million places in the world that boast of blue skies, or sparkling waters, life-giving sea breezes, rugged mountains, picturesque peoples with their quaint customs and costumes and architecture eloquently proclaiming a romantic past. But nowhere else have history, geography, and nature combined to produce a wonderland where all these things are found, where every hour of travel delights the senses while it lures the fancy back to the glamor and glory that were yesterday . . . nowhere else but in the *mañana* lands of the Caribbean.

A number of ships can take you *to* Havana . . . *to* the doorway of the Caribbean. But to take you *beyond* the doorway, the Great White Fleet, as has been said before, is peculiarly fitted, both as to design and equipment as well as to comprehensive schedules.

Then, too, a very important part of the Great White Fleet service is the hotel accommodations included in many of the Great White Fleet All-Expense Cruises and Tours.

At Jamaica, for instance, the United Fruit Company owns and operates two beautiful hotels that will compare favorably at every point with the finest in any of our metropolitan centers. The Myrtle Bank Hotel at Kingston on the south shore of the island and the Hotel Titchfield at Port Antonio on the north shore offer you a cordial, Old-World welcome. When a few days out of New York you see the blue



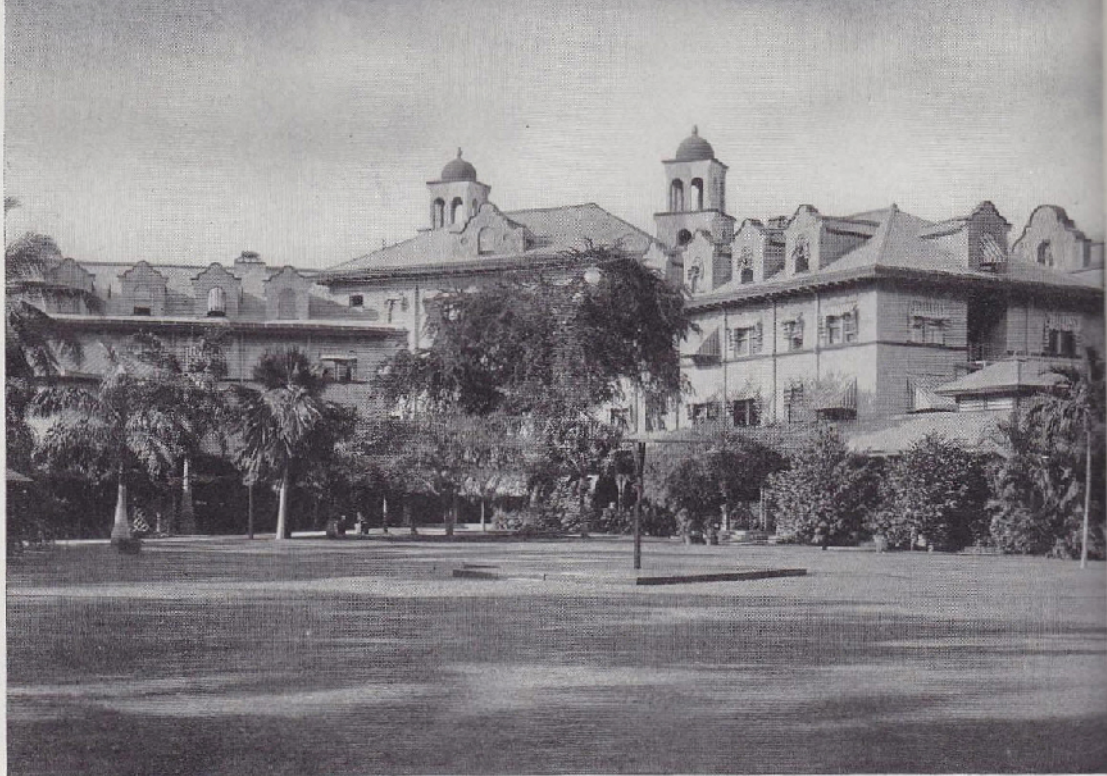
SOCIAL AND MUSIC ROOMS OF DIGNITY AND CHARM

mountains of Jamaica rising over seven thousand feet out of the turquoise sea, and soon after your ship drops anchor in Kingston Harbor, it is a pleasant surprise to go ashore and dine in the palm-shaded verandah dining room of the Myrtle Bank. The menu might well be that of the Ritz but for the fact that it contains many additional exotic dishes to tempt your already keen appetite. No wonder that you are already convinced that you are launched on the happiest vacation you have ever dreamed.

The Myrtle Bank Hotel, Kingston, is open the year round. It accommodates two hundred and fifty guests. At Port Antonio, on the north shore of the island, the Hotel Titchfield offers the same high quality of service from January to April.

With the Blue Mountain Range at its back, Port Antonio fronts the sea. Kingston, on the southern coast, looks upon one of the finest harbors in the Caribbean.

Kingston is the capital of Jamaica, and the Myrtle Bank Hotel is the pivotal point of social life of the island. Its open-air ballroom, verandah dining room, and banquet rooms are the scene of a pageant of brilliant functions. There is dancing to the music of an excellent orchestra. The service of the Myrtle Bank runs the whole gamut of metropolitan comforts and conveniences . . . from running hot and cold water in every room (and the majority with private bath) to a completely equipped ladies' hairdressing room and cable offices.



MYRTLE BANK HOTEL AND GROUNDS—KINGSTON

Cool, shaded verandahs, almost at the harbor edge are fanned by the sea breeze that blows continually.

Many of the suites boast their own private piazzas. An ocean swimming-pool on the hotel grounds, croquet, and turf courts for tennis. Two nine-hole golf courses where hotel guests are welcome to play by card of introduction from the hotel management on payment of the usual greens fee. Bournemouth bathing pool, one of the largest tiled pools in the world. Picnic tours from the hotel. Fishing, sailing, motoring. Polo three times a week. The finest stores on the island are in Kingston, as well as public market, court house, government buildings, and steamship offices. Electric cars run to St. Andrew and numerous small villages nearby.

White bands of macadamized roads—2,000 miles of them—thread the surrounding jungle or wind up the blue mountains . . . a veritable motorists' delight. Touring cars may be obtained from garages in the vicinity of the Myrtle Bank Hotel. Among the trips easily made are to Gordon Town, Spanish Town, Hope Garden, Castleton Gardens, Bog Walk, Newcastle, the mountain military station, Bath, and Mandeville. A particularly delightful trip is to motor from the Myrtle Bank Hotel over the mountains to the North Shore and along the coast to the Hotel Titchfield at Port Antonio.

As a traveler in the Caribbean you are grateful that the twentieth century has touched the edge of this tropical Eden, called Jamaica,



MYRTLE BANK HOTEL—SPACIOUS OPEN AIR DINING ROOM

with its magic wand and reared these two modern hotels for your comfort.

Leaving Jamaica your good ship slices the sapphire sea and skittering flying fish, like tiny hydroplanes with silent motors, start up in all directions and skim away over the glassy surface. You settle yourself comfortably in your deck chair and the faithful trade winds fan away all memories of city sultriness as they whisper to you of high-pooped galleons wallowing under the weight of Inca treasure, and of swift, long-sparred pirate craft back in the heyday of roving buccaneers. For you are following the old sea trail of Kidd and Morgan . . . to ancient ports still dreaming of their dramatic youth when the nights rang to the salty oaths of fierce-whiskered, bandana-turbaned sea-rovers and it renews your own youth to hear an age-old love song sung in Spanish to the tinkle of guitars.

Much has been written about the lure of the tropics, but only those who have heeded the call know the full meaning of the phrase. They have glimpsed the Senorita in her Spanish balcony peeping from behind her fan. They have wondered at the orchid jungle, and the mile-high mountains casting their blue shadows in the sea.

As you approach Colon and Puerto Bello you sail by the last resting place of that restless adventurer, Sir Francis Drake, and under the long silent guns of Fort San Lorenzo. To the west lies Costa Rica, where all the things you have dreamed about the tropics are there in



HOTEL TITCHFIELD—PORT ANTONIO

actuality—myriads of gaily plumed birds, monkeys, and jabbering baboons, while in the depths of the clear waters are swarms of fish of all colors and sizes. Directly in front of you, however, lies the Panama Canal, a monument to American enterprise and ingenuity. Here you may see ships from all over the world slowly making their way through this gateway to the Pacific in an endless marine pageantry of abounding interest and color.

At the Pacific end of the Canal lies Panama City, architectural expression of the Spaniard in South America. Here you will see the ruins that Morgan left, bearing eloquent testimony of the brave days of the buccaneers, and here you will actually see the sun *rise* out of the Pacific Ocean.

From Cristobal down the Colombian coast to Cartagena, Puerto Colombia and Santa Marta. Volumes might be written about these quaint old places, about the walled city of Cartagena, and the wealth of tradition that still clings to the Spanish walls and cathedrals of this coast. True, there is little in the peaceful surroundings today to suggest tales of bloodshed, but you would find them in the songs and stories of old men or maybe suggested in the crumbling ruins and time-worn Spanish cannon.

There are many misconceptions held by those who have never visited Caribbean lands. People who have never been there frequently do not know that there are mountains higher than the Alleghanies,



HOTEL TITCHFIELD—WEST VERANDAH

nor do they know that their temperate climate—cooled by trade winds—is pleasanter by far than that found in many portions of the United States. In fact, there are many preconceived notions of our Latin-American neighbors south of Havana that you will find need readjusting when you go and see for yourself and they all bear testimony to the statement that there is no place near, so easily and inexpensively reached, where tourists with limited time may see and enjoy so much that is interesting, romantic, and instructive as the quaint countries of our own American Mediterranean.

It is a fact that Guatemala can point to relics of a civilization that flowered and faded long before Columbus sailed. It is a fact that Central America turns and twists until all your previous ideas of geography are toppled over in confusion, and that the sun *rising* in the Pacific is only one of the many wonders to greet you in these marvelous lands washed by the turquoise Caribbean.

The Great White Fleet has rediscovered these treasure lands far away from sweltering heat of cities, rich in romance and quaint with old world lure. Here they are in their own home waters. It is only natural that these liners have become identified in the public mind with those waters beyond Havana, the gateway of the Caribbean, for it is understood that they were designed, built, and equipped to give you the maximum of enjoyment, recreation, and rest on a Caribbean Cruise.

CUBA

DOORWAY of the Caribbean —where yesterday rubs elbows with today. Havana —the gay capital, appropriately called the “Paris of the New World”—with its cordial Latin welcome for the thousands from all over the world who throng its busy streets.

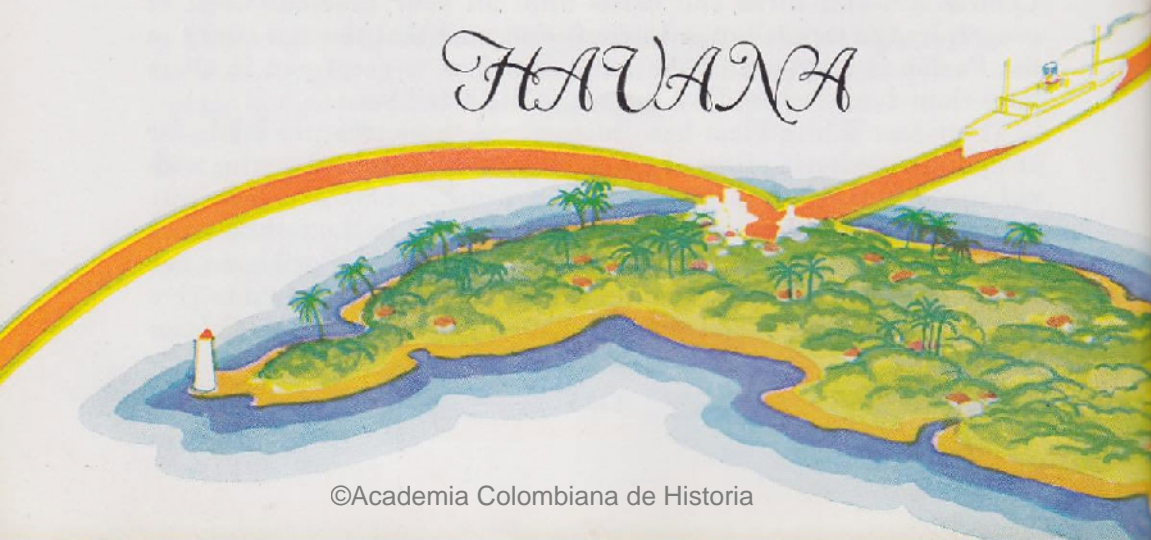
Morro Castle, shadowing the moonlit harbor, reminding the traveler of Cuba’s dramatic past. Old Spanish cannon in whose harmless muzzles fiddler crabs play hide and seek.

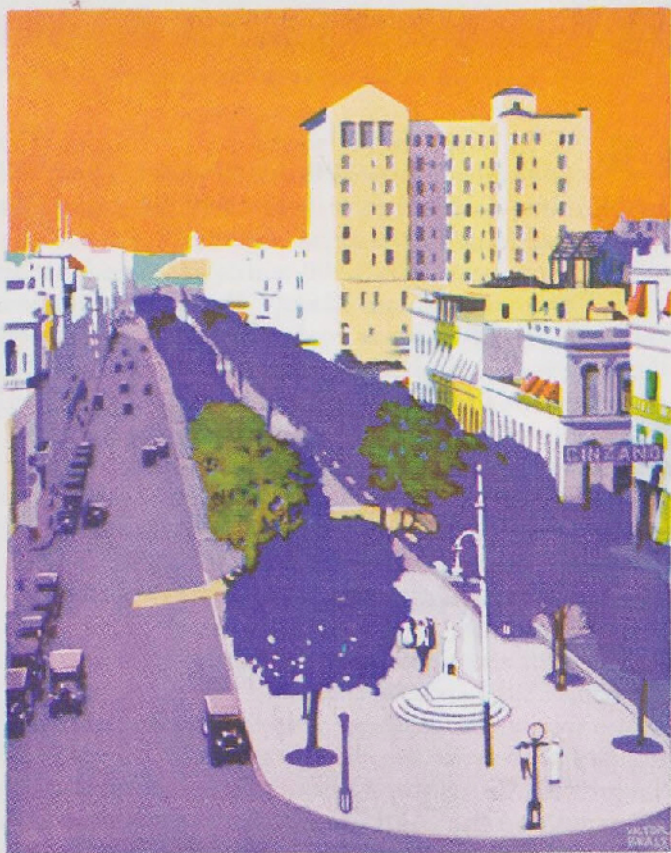
Rows of curio shops where products of European art and ingenuity charm the buyer. Narrow balconied streets and broad modern thoroughfares, ox carts and automobiles, primitive dwellings and flaunting skyscrapers.

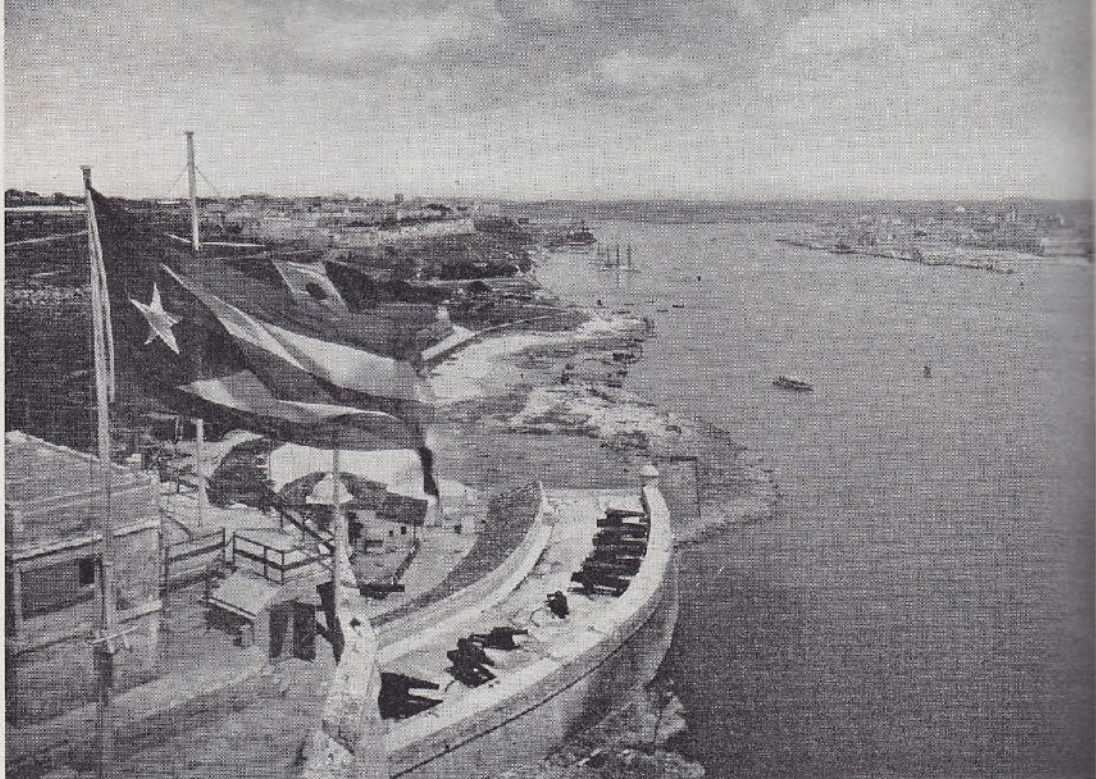
This is Cuba — prosperous, confident of the future, yet cherishing her rich traditions of the past—inviting you to penetrate farther into these fascinating lands of the Caribbean.



HAVANA







HAVANA HARBOR WITH MORRO CASTLE IN THE DISTANCE

CUBA A hundred miles southeast of Florida lies the island Republic of Cuba, "Pearl of the Antilles," discovered by Columbus on his first visit in 1492. The island is 780 miles long, 90 miles wide at the eastern end and not more than 20 miles in the west. There are over 2,000 miles of coast line, dotted with more than 1,300 coral keys and islands. Ports are numerous but few have sufficient depth of water to make them useful. The eastern end of the island is mountainous; Mount Turquino rises abruptly from the sea to a height of 6,560 feet. The middle part of the island is made up of broad, well-watered plains, while the extreme western section again becomes hilly with altitudes of 2,000 feet.

Cuba is divided into six provinces; the westernmost—Pinar del Rio—produces the famous tobacco. Havana, Matanzas and Santa Clara produce sugar, tobacco and coffee. Camagüey is a centre for cattle raising and truck gardening, and with Oriente produces the bulk of Cuba's sugar. Oriente also is prolific in minerals. There are nine chief ports on the north coast, six on the south and but few towns of any considerable size in the interior.

Cuba lies in the tropics but because it is an island, weather conditions are so modified as to make the climate agreeable the year 'round. The weather is mild, and equable. The mean temperature is from 71 degrees to 82 degrees and the continuous westerly trade winds make it a healthful and delightful place of residence.



OLD HAVANA MINGLED WITH THE NEW

The approach to Havana from the sea is one always to be remembered. Under the frowning casements of Morro Castle past the silent guns of ancient Punta the ship steams slowly through the narrow blue channel straight into the harbor and as far as the eye can see there is a forest of masts and funnels, ocean-going liners, tramp ships and countless sailing vessels displaying the flags of every nation.

Havana, it must be remembered, has more commerce than any other port in America save only New York. The city has over half a million inhabitants—there are palatial hotels, delightful theatres and stores that prove a revelation to the shopper from the north. And yet with every modern device, improvement and innovation known to the twentieth century Havana has preserved intact her fascinating charm and is as picturesque and colorful as any city in the old world. In fact, though immeasurably improved, cleaned up, policed and made beautiful, Havana has changed but little from the day when the banner of Spain was hauled down from the flagstaff in front of the palace and the single starred ensign of Cuba, hoisted in its place, proclaimed its freedom to the world.

Havana is a city of contradictions. There are streets that meander, dim and cool with shadows, between buildings of Spanish architecture, with scarce ten feet of space between them. There are great archways through pretentious walls leading to colonnaded patios where fountains splash and flowering plants fill the air with perfume.



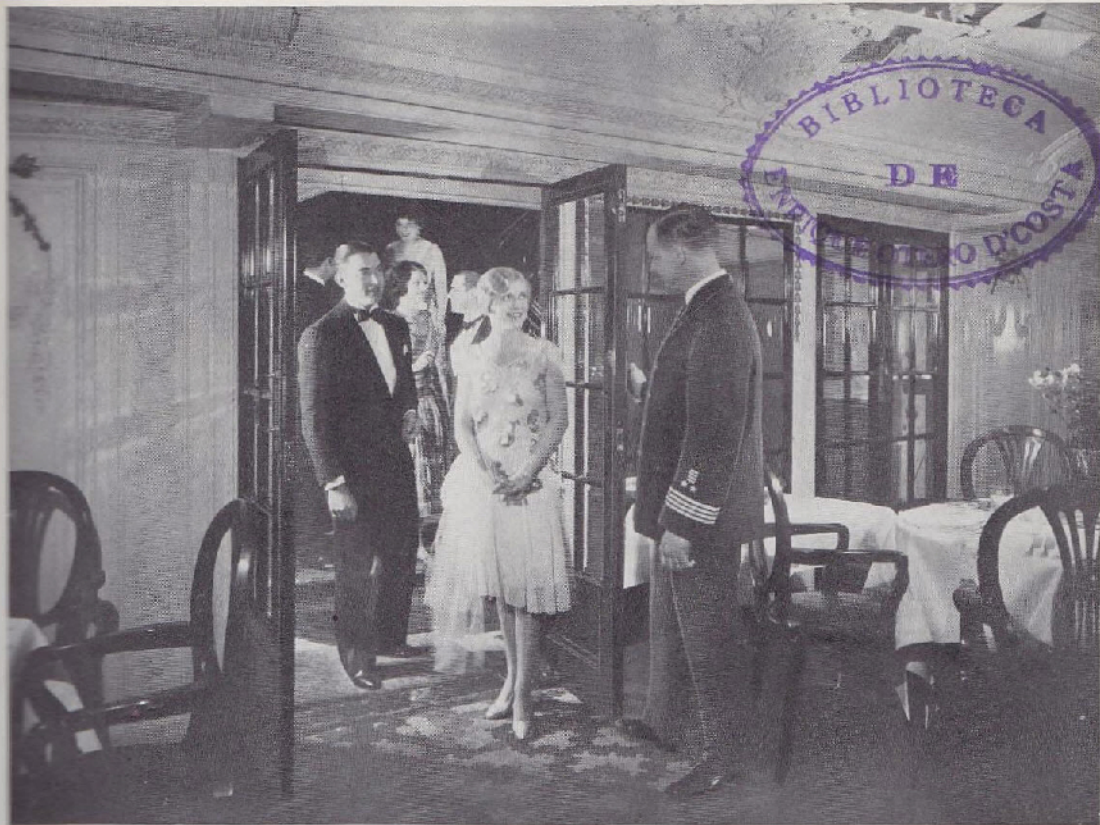
A GAME OF BRIDGE IN THE SPACIOUS SMOKE ROOM

Dark-eyed women within watch the passing throngs and the tinkle of guitars mingles with the roar of traffic and the honk of automobile horns.

In Havana all roads lead to the Parque Central, for this is the heart of the city from which the main avenues and trolley lines radiate and about which are located the finest theatres, club houses and hotels. On all four sides are masses of buildings. There is the Hotel Plaza, the Bazar de Paris, the Asturias Club, the Hotel Inglaterra and the wonderfully beautiful Gallego Club, while near at hand is the magnificent new presidential palace.

Havana is a typical city of shops. Within a few blocks one can purchase hats, shoes, china, laces, jewelry, perfumes, saddles, souvenirs and post cards.

One of the best ways to view Havana is to start down the Prado. This magnificent avenue reaches from Colon Park to the waterfront, nearly two miles. It is entirely bordered by splendid buildings, while in the centre is a parkway shaded by poincianas, palms and laurel trees. At the edge of the sea, with Morro Castle in plain view, across the narrow harbor entrance, the Prado joins the Malecon in a broad open space surrounded by a sea wall which sweeps from old Punta on the right to the Miramar Hotel on the left. From the Punta the Malecon runs along the sea walls for several miles. It is one of the most wonderful driveways in the world with the residences of



ALL READY FOR THE DELECTABLE FOOD SERVED ON SHIPS OF THE GREAT WHITE FLEET

wealthy Cubans on one hand and on the other side a turquoise sea, from which comes a ceaseless and refreshing breeze. Colon Cemetery, Principe Fort, the two city markets—Colon and Tacon—are interesting. Not far from Colon market is one of the few remaining parts of the city walls which, in colonial days, surrounded Havana and did much to protect its people and their wealth from pirates.

Another interesting section of Havana lies about the Plaza de Armas at the foot of O'Reilly and Obispo Streets. Here is the spot where the founders of Havana landed and which is marked today by a modest little chapel and monument within an ornamental iron fence. This is El Templete where the first mass in Cuba was said as the colonists stepped ashore. The most historic building in the neighborhood is La Fuerza, the oldest building in Havana, built by Ferdinand de Soto, in 1538. It was here in the security of this fortress that De Soto left his wife, the lovely Doña Isabel, when he sailed away to Florida in 1539 and here four years later, with the knowledge that her husband never would return, Doña Isabel died, a victim of grief. La Fuerza was the treasure house of the new world, for within its walls was stored the riches brought by galleons from Peru and Mexico, Cartagena and Puerto Bello until such times as the plate fleet could be assembled to transport the treasure destined for the coffers of Ferdinand and Isabella in far away Spain.

A short distance from La Fuerza is the Cathedral, a Gothic church

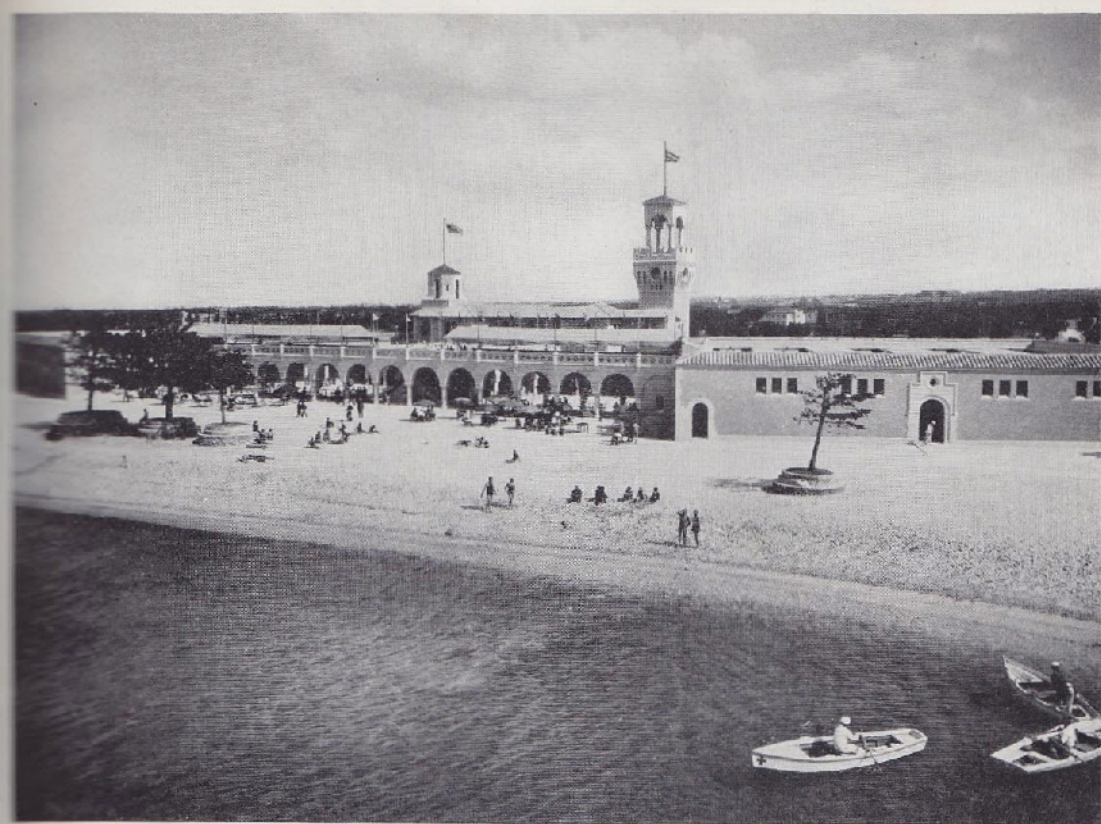


PATIO OF BUILDING AT LA PLAYA BATHING BEACH

with twin towers, commenced in 1656 and completed in 1724. Here beneath the altar the bones of Columbus reposed until they were moved to Spain.

Havana is a museum of interesting sights. There are ancient monasteries and convents, Pelota games, delightful beaches, bathing and yachting, a truly magnificent modern and central railway station and a fine produce exchange building. Of particular interest to visitors from the north are Morro and Cabanas Castles. Cabanas, built as a fortress, has a sinister history, having been used as a prison and barracks. Visitors look with emotion at the famous Laurel Ditch where condemned prisoners were placed against the wall and shot. The bullet marks still indent the masonry for a space of nearly one hundred feet and the memory of those who perished there is commemorated by a beautiful bronze tablet. Cabanas is a mile in length and a thousand feet in width and cost fifteen million dollars. Eleven years were required to build it. Within the vast castle-fortress are cells, dungeons and secret passageways without end.

Of more interest than Cabanas is the Morro—a short distance to the north. This fortress was completed in 1597, nearly two centuries before Cabanas and is a replica of a famed Moorish fortress at Lisbon. The walls are tremendously thick and rise for one hundred feet or more sheer from the wave-beaten cliffs. In the centre of the fort is an open parade ground surrounded by gloomy casements and from here



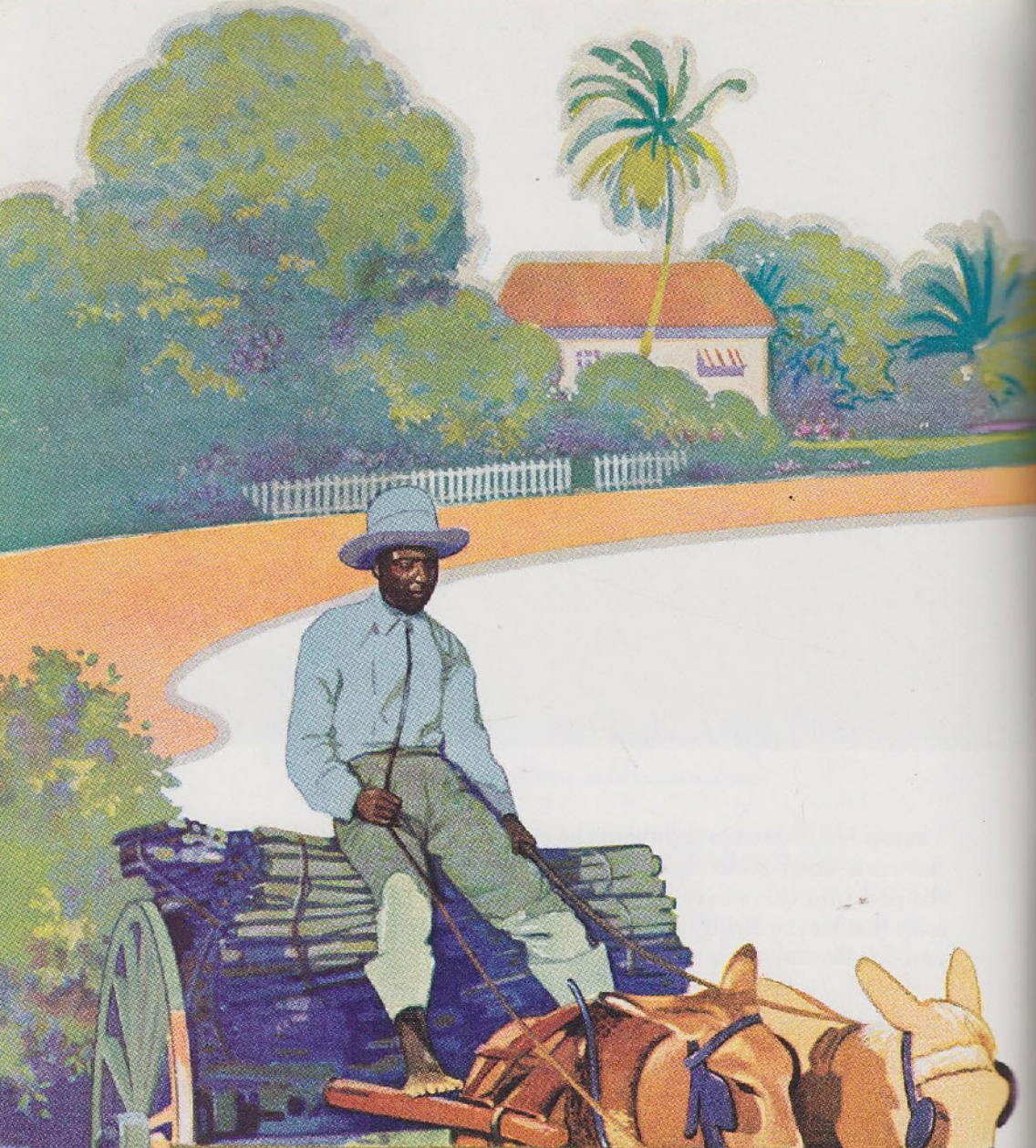
WHERE BATHING MAY BE THOROUGHLY ENJOYED

a ramp leads downward from the dungeons to the sea. In one place is shown a deep slide through which in former times prisoners were slipped into the waves to feed the sharks below. In 1762 the British took the Morro from the land side and its guns, trained on La Fuerza and La Punta, compelled the surrender of the town.

To many, Havana is Cuba, and yet the centre and eastern end of the island presents many attractive excursions.

Cárdenas, Hershey, Vita, Nipe Bay, Preston, Batabanó, Camagüey—are only a few of the places worth a visit—and finally Santiago de Cuba possesses an atmosphere and individuality all its own. Here lived Valesquez, founder of Cuba—he died and was buried here in 1522. Here, too, dwelt Cortez within a house still standing and here dwelt Bartholomew Las Casas, chronicler of Columbus' voyages, a revered figure and a friend of the Indians.

Scarcely three miles from the town is San Juan Hill and its battle-field El Caney and the peace tree under which General Toral surrendered to Shafter in '98. As you stand on the look-out of the Morro, under the wave-worn cliffs below the fortress, lies the harbor entrance scarcely 500 feet in width. Under the walls on which you stand Hobson entered with the Merrimac and out through the same winding channel Cervera's brave fleet swept to destruction—the last tragedy marking the end of Spanish dominance in the new world.

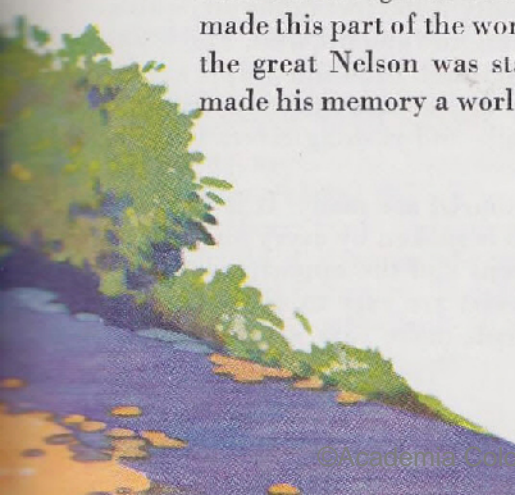




JAMAICA

THE natives called it "The Island of Springs." And there are literally more than a hundred rivers and streams that come tumbling down the mountain sides of Jamaica to the sea. Here, truly, is a little island paradise set in a sapphire sea where climate and tropical beauty combine to make one of the most delightful all-year-round play places in the world.

Kingston looks out upon a perfect harbor. Beautiful jungle-bordered roads invite to pleasant motoring in the mountains, to Port Antonio or to Montego Bay on the north side of the island. Quaint old Spanish Town delights the lover of historic lore, and everywhere one runs across legends of Morgan and his men who once made this part of the world their stronghold. Here, too, the great Nelson was stationed before Trafalgar had made his memory a world heritage.





TROPICAL COAST LINE UNDER SHELTERING PALMS

JAMAICA “Loveliest isle of the Western sea” and a favored visiting place for tourists from all over the world, is the third largest of the Greater Antilles. As compared with Cuba or Santo Domingo, it is very small, for its area is approximately a tenth of that of Cuba and a sixth that of Santo Domingo. Jamaica is about one-half the size of New Jersey; in size and shape it is somewhat similar to Long Island, as it is 150 miles long and about 50 miles wide. Here, however, the comparison ends because Long Island is flat and sandy, whereas Jamaica is a series of mountain tops—remains of a continent long since sunk beneath the sea. The superb Blue Mountain peak on the eastern end of the island rears majestically 7,360 feet in the air, with a gradual decline to the plains around Kingston and the west. The 4,200 square miles of the island is a tropic fairyland. Blue and purple mountain peaks fill the distance and there are wonderfully rich valleys, magnificent forests, tumbling waterfalls and rushing rivers without end.

The advantages of Jamaica to the tourist are many. It is the only island in the Caribbean where English is spoken by every one; a railway connects the more important towns and the opposite shores of the island and historic places of interest are easy to enjoy because over 2,000 miles of perfect motor roads make easy access to every nook and corner of the island.



TO MARKET—SIMILAR GROUPS ARE MET ALL ALONG MANY ROADS OF THE ISLAND

Jamaica is a British colony, but its discovery and its settlement were due to the Spaniards who retained possession of the island after the discovery for 150 years until it was wrested from them by the British in 1655. Incidentally, it is worthy of note that Admirals Penn and Venable took possession of Jamaica for the British in Cromwell's time. Our own William Penn was a son of the Senior Admiral and it was a part of the prize money due his father that was paid in the shape of a land grant to Pennsylvania, which made the founding of the City of Philadelphia possible. During the reign of Charles II., Jamaica was a well-thought-of resort and refitting place for pirates. Teach, Blackbeard and Captain Kidd all ran into the island to refit and spend their ill-gotten gains. The most famous story connected with Jamaica is that clustering round the name of the redoubtable Henry Morgan, easily the most daring of the pirates who haunted the Spanish Main.

Sir Henry Morgan left Jamaica to sack Panama. He took so much treasure out of the Spanish stronghold that, going to England, he literally bought up Parliament, was knighted, became Sir Henry Morgan and was appointed Lieutenant Governor of Jamaica and Commander-in-Chief of British forces on the island. It is a matter of record that Sir Henry made a highly efficient Governor and that he put down piracy with a stern hand—among them many of his former companions and followers. Those were the days when Jamaica's wealth and prosperity were built on the business of piracy.



“THE BLUE HOLE”—THE DEPTH OF THIS COVE GIVES ITS WATER AN AZURE BLUE

The city of Port Royal, opposite the present capital of Kingston, was the most celebrated place in the world where the free-booters gathered. It was here they brought their chests of plate and ingots of silver and golden doubloons; there were jeweled golden candlesticks, bales of silk and velvet, casks of wine and kegs of rum—the sack of many a city and town and the loot of many a galleon. There were jewels wrenched from the fingers of dying women and orders taken from the uniforms of naval officers, until within this little city which, by the by, had a population of about 10,000, was such a tremendous accumulation of wealth that Port Royal was famed as “the richest and wickedest city the world had ever known.”

You will hear of the fate of Port Royal many times each day in Jamaica. On June 7, 1692, a tremendous earthquake took place and Port Royal with three thousand houses, its cathedral, its people and its treasure slipped into the sea and was seen no more. Negro boatmen today will tell you that when the water is calm one may still see the coral encrusted ruins of the old city beneath the waves and that on nights when the wind lashes the water into fury the bells of the old cathedral toll a solemn requiem for the dead.

Across the bay from Port Royal today stands the city of Kingston, established by the survivors from Port Royal and today a clean modern city greets the traveler as he passes slowly by the strip of windy



HAVING COMPLETED THE WEEKLY WASH IT IS TIME TO REST

beach with its coconut palms, that connects the golden strip of shore lying between Port Royal and the main land.

Kingston has about 60,000 inhabitants and is the second wealthiest and important city in the West Indies. Despite the fact that the city boasts of nothing very ancient there is much to be seen. In the old parish church is a black marble slab, marking the grave of Admiral Benbow. Among the many art treasures in the institute of Jamaica on East Street is the bell from Port Royal which hung in the old church built from contributions from pirates; and facing the water front is a magnificent statue of Victoria in royal robes, a tribute to the memory of Britain's best loved Queen.

The chief charm of Jamaica lies in the fact that while it may be warm in the Liguanea Plain, on which Kingston stands, you can take an automobile and travel ten or twelve miles back into the country and find the atmosphere of perpetual spring. In fact, all one has to do is to take advantage of the altitude to find fresh cool healthy air and lovely rural surroundings showing all the restful quality of an English countryside.

Northwest of Kingston is Spanish Town, which for three centuries was the capital of the island. Founded in 1520 it was called Santiago de La Vega by the Spaniards. The name was changed when Great Britain took possession. In the Square is the Rodney Monument; a fine Greek Temple flanked by a colonnade of Ionic columns and con-



A PICTURESQUE VILLAGE, MANY OF WHICH DOT THE MOUNTAINSIDES

taining a statue of the famous British Admiral who won a decisive victory over De Grasse off Dominica and established the British supremacy in the Caribbean for all time. Here is also the English Cathedral, a structure of pink brick with a white wooden steeple. The floor of the nave is literally carpeted with tombstones and here rest the remains of many aristocratic personages of Jamaican early days whose lives are extolled in verse and prose on many a score of tablets.

Near Spanish Town is the famous Bog Walk, one of the most picturesque and beautiful spots of Jamaica. Six miles from Bog Walk is the remarkable natural bridge across the Rio de Oro, where a single slab acts as a keystone to an arch sixty feet above the river. Within easy reach of Spanish Town is the Old Harbour Bay where the Spanish first landed and here stands the ancient Tamarind Tree Church which history says was erected by Diego Columbus.

Within easy reach of Kingston by motor car is Castleton Gardens—19 miles from Kingston. Established sixty years ago its gardens are wonderfully interesting for the variety of their tropical growth. There are arbors and bathing pools on the ground and unrivaled opportunity to study the varieties of palm growth of the island.

Nine miles from Kingston is Gordon Town. The road winds for miles along the bank of the Hope River, a roaring stream flowing through picturesque tropical scenery, Newcastle, nearly four thousand feet above the sea, is the site of the military barracks.



HALF-WAY-TREE CHURCH

To see Jamaica at its best you must ascend Blue Mountain, for this is the highest peak of Jamaica, affording a view of the entire island with a wonderful panorama as one stands in the drifting clouds upon the summit 7,360 feet above the sea. To describe in detail the innumerable drives and rides, the exquisite scenery, fascinating towns and natural wonders of Jamaica would require an encyclopedic volume. It is only possible here to give the prospective visitor a vague idea of what this glorious island offers. Probably the most attractive motor trip in Jamaica is that from Kingston across the mountains to Port Antonio, seventy-five miles distant.

The road winds gradually up through plantation-like growths of bamboo, lace-like ferns and palms. Here and there we pass women trudging to market with produce piled high on flat panniers which they carry on their heads and occasionally a string of diminutive donkeys, basket-laden, mark the progress of the farmer who is taking his sugar-cane, mangoes, oranges or limes to the city market.

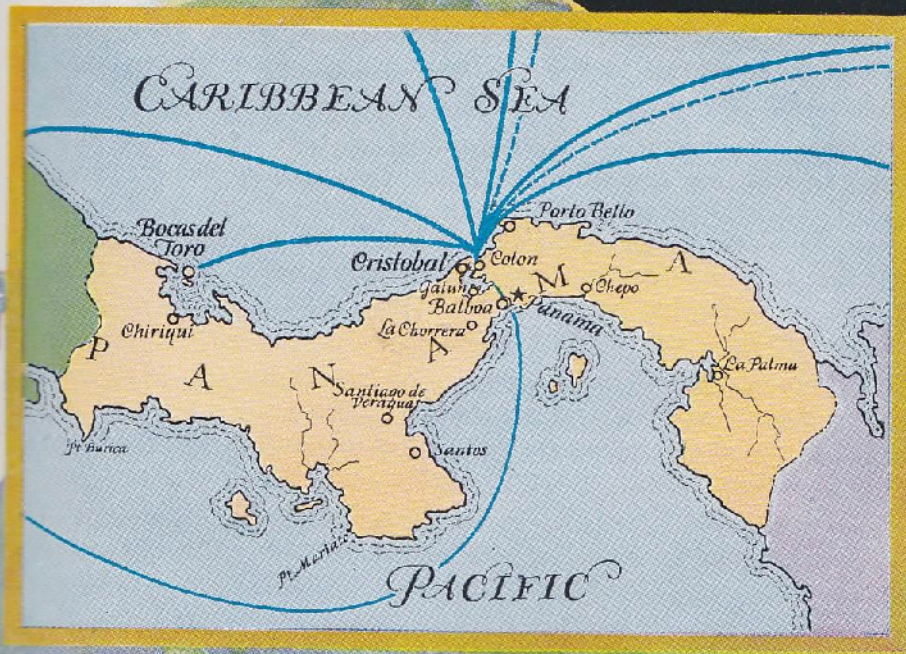
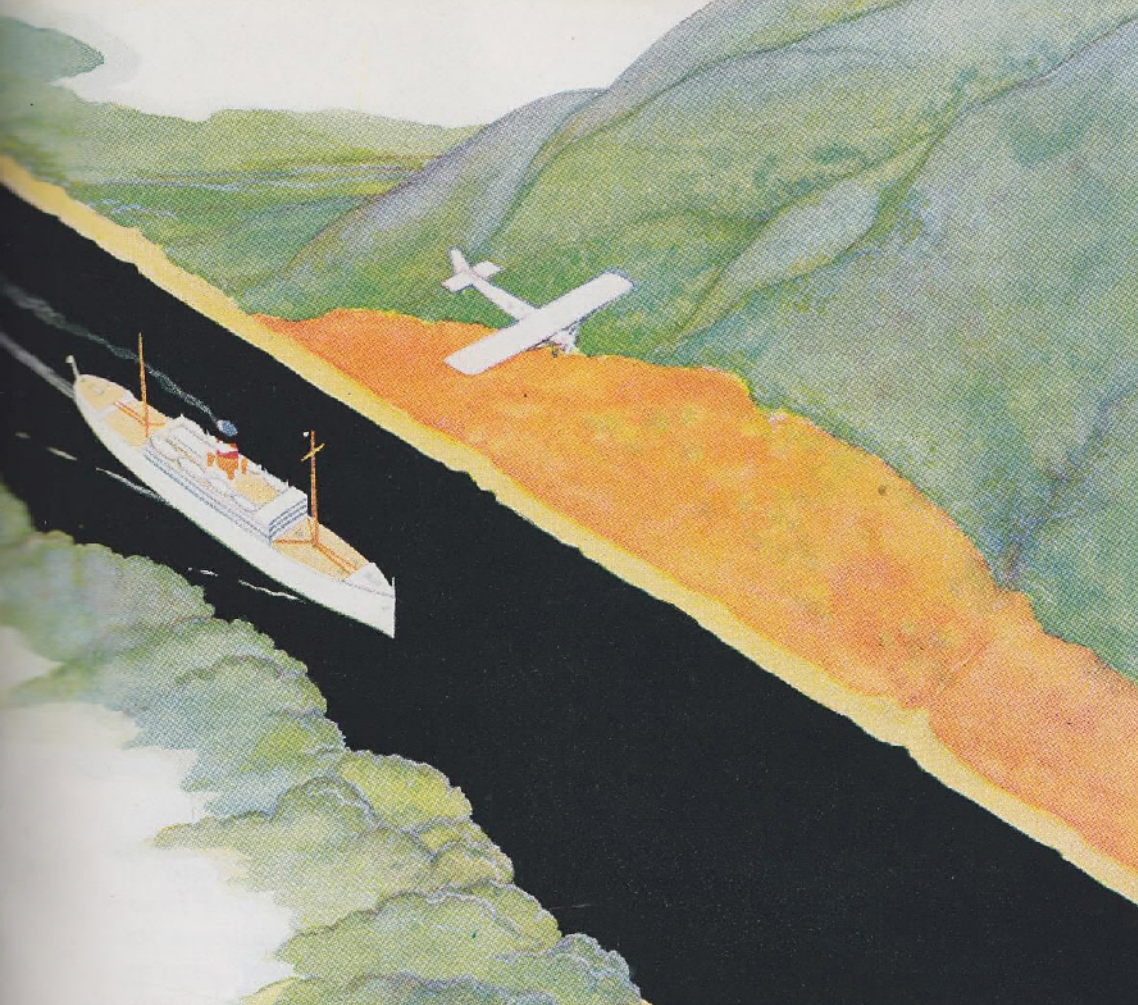
The simplest way to enjoy the delights of Jamaica is to make one's headquarters at the Myrtle Bank Hotel in Kingston, a delightfully modern and up-to-date hotel and to make brief motor trips to the various places in the island. The Myrtle Bank Hotel is really the headquarters of the social life of the island and the casual visitor will carry away a pleasant memory of its picturesque surroundings, excellent food and competent service.



PANAMA

WHAT a world of history has been enacted along this little neck of land! Here the gold caravans toiled through the jungle from the Pacific to the Atlantic, laden with the yellow metal bound for Spain. Here the French met defeat in their heroic struggle to make a waterway from sea to sea. Here, finally, the forces of nature were conquered and the Panama Canal stands, a monument in stone to American ingenuity and courage. Here today the ships of every nation in the world pass by in an endless pageant. Here the Spirit of St. Louis flashed by, bearing Lindbergh on his journey of good-will to our Latin-American neighbors.

A short sail from Colon are Bocas del Toro, and Chiriqui Lagoon with its thousands of Crusoe Islands, where you will find the tropics as you have pictured them from childhood. And then there is Panama City with its memories of Morgan where every ruin has its story of brave days gone by.





CATHEDRAL AND PART OF THE PLAZA—PANAMA CITY

PANAMA Approximates in size the State of Maine. It is 480 miles long from east to west and ranges from thirty-seven miles to 110 miles at its widest point. It has a population of 360,000 or about eleven persons to the square mile. There are seven provinces—Bocas del Toro, Chiriqui, Varaguas, Los Santos, Coclé, Colon and Panama. The Canal traverses the last two. There is a railroad which crosses the Isthmus, completed in 1855—forty-seven miles long.

On his second voyage in 1502 Columbus coasted along the Isthmus, seeking in vain for a strait which he thought should connect somewhere the northern and southern or eastern and western oceans. Eleven years later Vasco Núñez de Balboa, after establishing the town of Santa Maria de la Antigua, set out on September 1, 1513, to cross the mountains, having been told by Indians that there was a great ocean on the other side.

Balboa reached the heights of Pirre on September 26, 1513, and standing "silent upon a peak in Darien" beheld the waters of the Pacific. He raised a cross surrounded with stones and carved the name of his sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, upon the trees near by.

The first capital of the Isthmus was the town founded by Balboa—Santa Maria de la Antigua, but nothing remains except an old tower which rears its head above the tropic vegetation. The present city of



PANAMA RAILROAD STATION, PANAMA CITY

Panama was founded in 1674. There is a cathedral, a bishop's palace and a few crumbling ruins.

On the Atlantic side of the Isthmus is the old city of Colon, backed up against the new and modern city of Cristobal. Colon was one time called "Aspinwall" in honor of one of the founders of the Panama railroad. The name "Aspinwall" was discarded, however, in 1890 in favor of Colon. Cristobal, across the street from Colon with its modern setting, contains the statue of Columbus, presented by the Empress Eugénie in 1866.

The great interest in Panama centres in the wonderful Panama Canal—gateway to the east and west, through which flows a constant stream of traffic which, before the completion of the canal, would have been obliged to pass around Cape Horn, the southern extremity of South America. The Canal is about fifty miles in length, contains six double locks and has a minimum depth of forty-one feet.

The visitor to the Canal will expect to see raw hillsides and gigantic cuts through mountain walls, bearing the scars of steam shovels and dredges. On the contrary, quick growing tropical vegetation has covered every sign of excavation and the Canal winds its peaceful way through the Isthmus with nothing to indicate that the waterway has not been there always. The Atlantic side of the Isthmus is low. The interior, however, is a mass of narrow vales and steep hills, one near