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The Log of Steamship ^{Üe} ~~Bis~~low

We got on this North German Lloyd steamer at Yokohama on May 6, 1913. We had a very nice cabin in the second class, and the cabin was built for two people, though besides the upper and lower berths there was a seat on the other side of the cabin long enough for a person to lie down.

We were given seats at a table in the dining hall and we soon got acquainted with our waiter, a nice looking young German man who looked like he might be 20 or 21 years old. It took us some what longer to get acquainted with all the people at our table, but the ones next to us at the table were always the same people unless they left the ship at some port.

Our cabin boy too was a well-dressed German of about the same age as the rest of the waiters. We soon learned that these waiters and cabin boys when they had finished waiting on the second class tables at the 6:00 p.m. meal would change their clothes and get their musical instruments to go to the first class dining room and play for the first class people at their 7:00 p.m. dinner and then go to the deck where these same first class passengers would dance to the music made by these boys till 10 or 11 O'clock.

At 6:00 in the morning when one could have breakfast if he wanted it, if we happened to be awake, we could hear one of the boys out on the main deck playing a beautiful hymn on his cornet. He played the same ^{un} ~~time~~ every morning and I still remember the ^{un} ~~time~~, though I had



never heard it before. I was told by someone that it was the ^{un}~~time~~ of an Easter hymn. I record these details because it was an eye-opener to me to know that there was a nation of people whose education enabled the young men to do so many things and made the young fellows willing to work such long hours.

A teacher in Japan who was from Europe and learned that we would be going through Europe to America gave me some suggestions about "tipping". He said if one expected to have the service of people on board a ship or elsewhere for a considerable time, decide at the outset how much one would give as tips in ~~all~~; give the steward half of it at the beginning and the other half at the end of the journey. I followed his advice and no one ever asked for more, which was not so in the case of some fellow-travelers who gave more money than we did.

Some Ports of Call

Kobe is less than 24 hours by steamer south of Yokohama, but is the gateway to the busy Kansai, which includes Osaka and Kyoto besides many smaller places.

From Kobe to Tsingtao in North China the nearest way is through the Inland Sea and south of Korea, and I suppose that was the way we went.

Tsingtao, now a city of about a million people on the East Coast of Shantung was in 1913 a beautiful town built by the Germans just a few years before we saw it. It served Germany as an open port near to the riches of North China, until the First World War when it was taken by Japan away from Germany and given back to China after that war.

Shanghai, half way down the East Coast of China, is one of the big cities of the world and is a kind of monument to the age of Extra-Territoriality (living in one country under the laws of other countries), as it got much of its wealth and power while controlled by powers to the east of it, from Japan to Europe.

Our boat stayed at Shanghai about two days, and as my wife and I had a number of acquaintances there we spent a good many hours visiting friends and seeing the city.

From Shanghai to Hongkong, a trip of three or four days we were in a big fog most of the time. One forenoon I was sitting on deck talking to a retired Scandinavian sea-captain. Suddenly the ship gave such a sudden turn and listed so radically it almost threw us out of our seats.

When we got settled in our seats again we looked and saw a big rock we had just missed. In about a minute more we could have crashed.

I asked the old captain what the matter was. He said "The captain of the ship doesn't know where he is. We haven't seen sun, moon or stars for several days and the ship may be quite off its course due to an under-tow."

Almost while we were talking there was another sudden turn and list, and another big rock appeared. And that was that.

Hongkong, on an island belonging to England since the Opium Wars, was and is a great center of trade and shipping. We got on a cable-car and went to the top of the peak, but that was shrouded in fog and we soon went back to the ship.

Singapore, our next port of call is the point farthest south of all our travels, being a little more than one degree, and less than 100 miles from the equator. We went ashore and tried to find some ice-cream or ice tea and were told we could find some hot drinks only. We took a rikisha ride to see the Botanical Gardens and read ^ltropical vegetation. Since those days the automobile age has come and the production of rubber has brought lots of money to The Straits Settlements.

Colombo, on the Island of Ceylon, was our last serious stop in the Indian Ocean. We had had a lot of hot days and when we reached port and read about Kandy a city on a high mountain nearby, it sounded cool and sweet, but we stuck to the ship, and were soon on our way again and would soon be ^{at} Aden, a port of call at the southeast corner of the Red Sea. We just took it easy on deck and let those go ashore who cared to. But when the boat stood still and there was no wind at all, we thought maybe it was the first really hot day we had experienced on the trip.

The Red Sea.— A good long ride and getting nearer to familiar historic ground every hour.

Suez, our next stop, is at the north end of the Red Sea and at the southern end of the Suez Canal. I don't remember any special formalities at Suez, but we were keen to go through the canal. We did, and saw that it took twenty hours or more. We watched the dredges and saw them sending the sand brought up, through big long pipes back onto the land as far as possible from the canal.

Port Said is at the northern end of the canal and that is where we said good-bye to the S.S. Bülow after enjoying it and its company for thirty-five days.

We took a very good train across the desert to Cairo where we arrived in the afternoon and it was June 10, 1913.

move (Penang, where we made a brief call and few of us went ashore is a center where much tin and rubber are produced, and is a few hours up the west coast of the Malay Peninsula.)

From Penang we made a rather long run without a stop, almost due west and right through the Indian Ocean. It was the season of the Monsoons and the wind seemed not to rest at all for several days. The wind came across the ship at an angle, just as our old mule "Huldah" used to buck us boys off by changing the angle at each jump. The days were long and hot and it must have been then that a lady passenger staggered toward the rail and passed one of the ships crew in uniform and said to the man "are you a poor sailor!" and he answered "no, I am the third officer."

Anyway the "poor sailors" kept being missing from our long table until there were only two of us at the noon meal; a healthy looking German man and I. We seemed to be the only "good sailors" in sight that day. But somehow the boat seemed to be going up and down more than usual. I wondered if I would be equal to all the courses of that meal. Just as I finished the soup course I realized that a door was very near me and the "rail" was only a few feet further on. In a few seconds I had joined "Those who were casting bread upon the water in a way we hadn't ought to." Just one bowl of soup too much.