d until the Island of Cuba came into
g! The land of famous cigars and
much of it because we didn't dock. But
the tropics and the area of Guantanomo
and forth along the Island before we

thrill it was (even in the tropical rai.)
In fact we saw the twin cities of

and smells...and .....! I looked
, the strangeness of the country, the
lk, their world. The warmth of the
es - coconuts actually growing on trees!
ed those who had seen it more than did
ied me. Everything looked like a movie
lot. Nothing looked solid or permanent. The narrow streets lined with curb-side
hawkers, tourists like myself crowded around every stand seeking native trinkets
to send home to you. And everybody was going up and down the wrong side of the
street! What a mess for a first time tourist to get messed up in. But it thrill-
ed me no end. I was seeing things I had read about but never expected to see. I
didn't think about it then but I guess being a sailor isn't so bad after all. If
it does nothing else than open new vistas, show you new country, new sights, it
has done a lot.

Then from the Atlantic to the Pacific thru the Great Canal. On the Union
Station in Washington, D.C., etched in ste , is the quotation: "He who would
bring back the wealth of the Indies must st take with him the wealth of the
Indies." Never gave it much thought befor but unless a fellow knows what he is
looking for, unless he knows the Yesterday s he won't get much out of the Todays.
Everyone knows the Panama Canal is an engineering miracle, that it cost a lot of
money, that men fought, men died in it's digging, that you go East to get West
and West to get East in passing thru the Canal. But when you hear about it's
Yesterdays it literally drips with romance. It's a four century dream come tru

The Isthmus of Panama held a top prior by in world histo y long before the
Pilgrims found their "Rock." When the Turks cut off the route to the East Indies
by their conquest of Constantinople in 1453, the Old World started looking for a
NEW ROUTE. Balboa first stumbled onto Panama and white men since that time have all
recognized the value of that little strip of land. Sailing 'round the Horn' re-
quired the stoutest of ships and the stoutest hearted of crews. Even then only one
in four would make it.

By the late 16th and the early 17th centuries, Porto Bello on the Atlantic
side and Panama City on the Pacific side were the two greatest Port in the New
World. In this age of fast, time evaporating transportation it is hard to imagin
what held those two Cities together. Galleons from Peruvian ports, from the Phil-
ippines sailed into Panama City to unload their rich cargoes of gold, silver and
merchandise. Then men and beasts took it and packed it in slow marches up the
steep, rugged Pacific slope, down thru the low, wild, lushy jungle t Porto Bello
and reloading. Pirates and Raiders had the word on that gold and silver and many
a cargo was waylaid. So much so that the Spanish found it necessary to build forts
a days trek apart along that jungle trail. As we drifted quietly, along the ruins
of those old forts were plainly to be seen. The ghost of Morgan, the old buccaneer,
still hovers over that trail. For it was he more than anyone else who stole from
Panama it's glory. Morgan robbed, sacked, and burnt the beautiful old City of
Panama. He slew natives beyond count and made even the Spanish soldiers abandon
their forts. Thar's still gold in them thar hills. Gold men buried to save; men
buried with the secret still safe.

And the route of the Canal still holds secrets, the past of Bush-Americans,
Americans married to natives and lost in the jungles of Panama. The slinking,
slithering Bushmaster lives there, too. One of the few man-stalking snakes to be
found in the world. Men commonly stalk snakes, but the Bushmaster stalks men do n
and kills them with venom he sucks from the jungle. The tortures men suffered, the
t rials men endured, the shattered dreams, the broken lives, all lie hidden now be-
neath the new green growth the jungle has used to cover the scars of Yesterday.
It's all jotted down now in one of my Yesterdays. A priceless gem, safely stowed
in the treasury of my memory.

This is all for this time. I'll add to it from time to time. Maybe next time
I'll tell you about .....