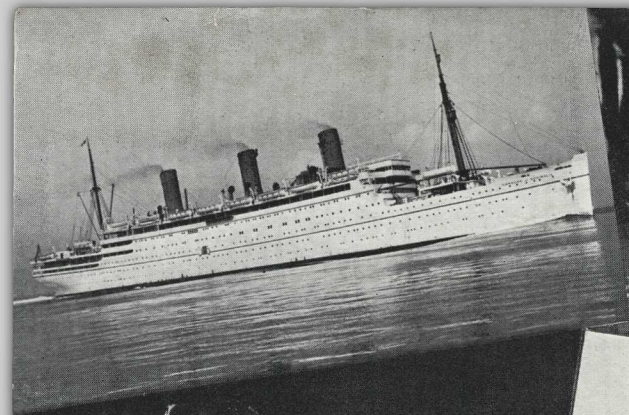
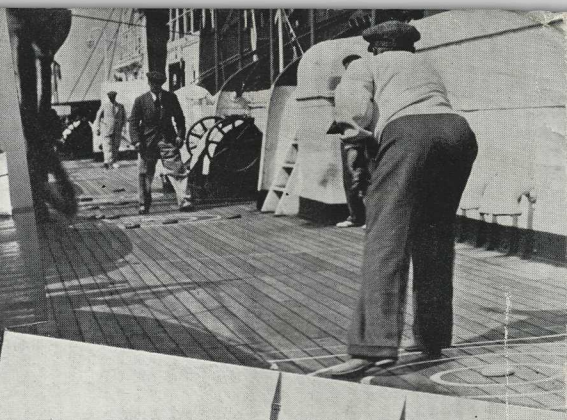
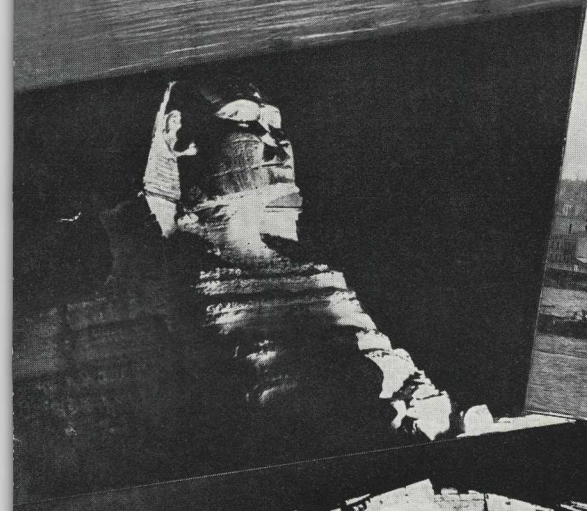
SPRING CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN
Canadian Pacific
1939

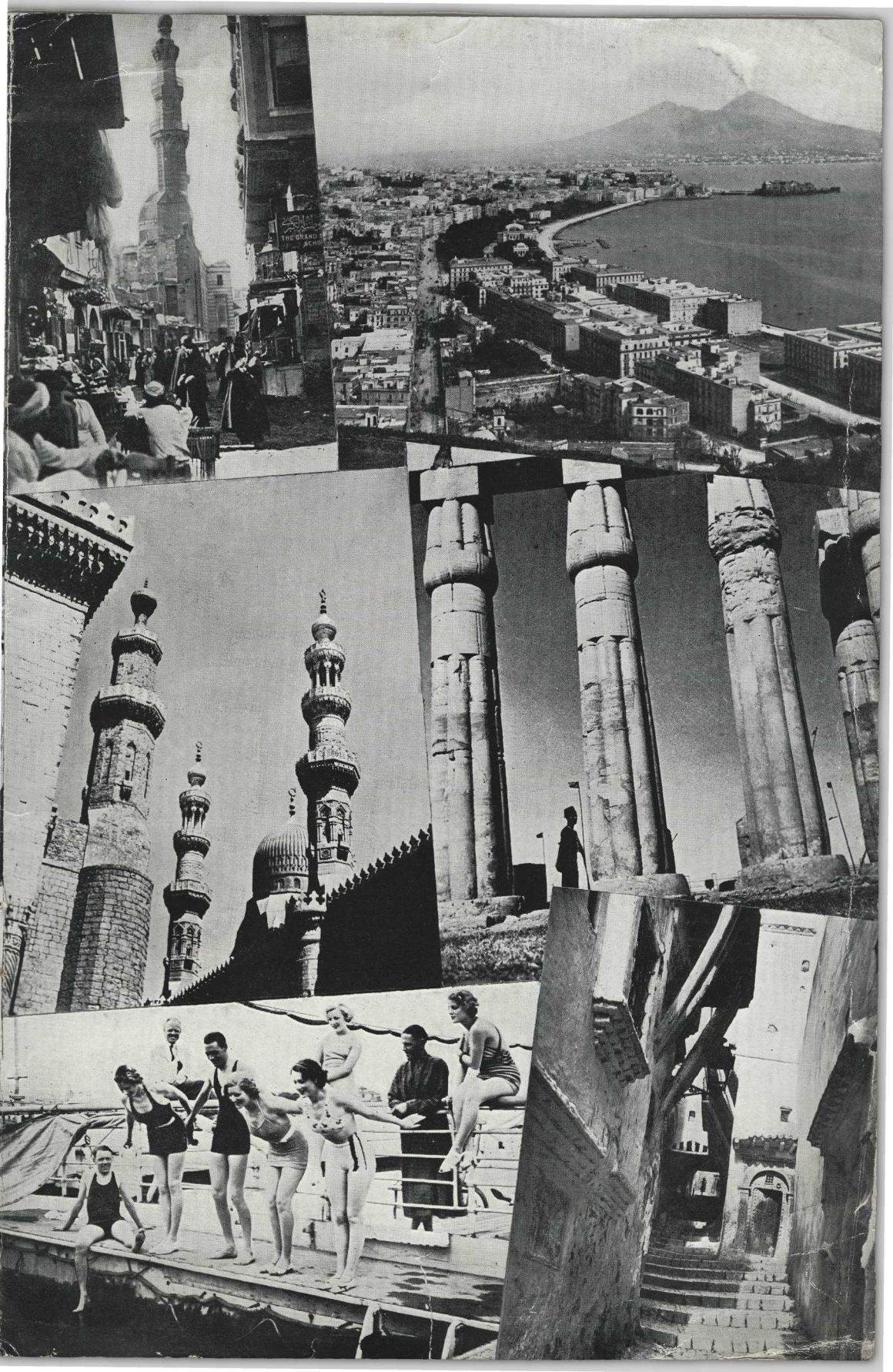






'LEAVES FROM A MEDITERRANEAN DIARY'

This book has been compiled from notes made by the writer on a tour of the places described—the various ports of call to be visited by the EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA on her Mediterranean cruise planned by Canadian Pacific for the Spring of **1939**. For the sake of interest it projects the reader into the near future—somewhere towards the end of next March—and attempts to give some idea of what the diary of a passenger on a cruise would be like. You probably don't keep a diary—but we believe you will find this none the less entertaining, informative and entirely to the point ; we make no apology, therefore, for presenting a cruise programme in such an unusual form.



PRINCIPAL OFFICES AND AGENCIES

GREAT BRITAIN	BIRMINGHAM	4, Victoria Square
	BRISTOL	18, St. Augustine's Parade
	DUNDEE	88, Commercial Street
	GLASGOW	25, Bothwell Street, C.2.
	LIVERPOOL	Royal Liver Building, Pier Head
	LONDON	Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. 103, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3.
	MANCHESTER	43, Cross Street
	NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE	34, Mosley Street
	SOUTHAMPTON	Canute Road
IRELAND	BELFAST	24, Donegall Place
	DUBLIN	44, Dawson Street, C.2
AUSTRIA	VIENNA	Opernring 6
BELGIUM	ANTWERP	42, Place de Meir
	BRUSSELS	98, Boulevard Adolphe Max
CZECHO-SLOVAKIA	PRAGUE	Poric 22, Legio Bank Palace
DENMARK	COPENHAGEN	Raadhuspladsen 47
FRANCE	PARIS	24, Boulevard des Capucines
	CHERBOURG	48, Rue Alfred-Rossel
GERMANY	BERLIN	Unter den Linden 65, W.8
	HAMBURG	Alsterdamm 9
HOLLAND	ROTTERDAM	Coolsingel 91
HUNGARY	BUDAPEST	Baross-Ter. 12, VII
ITALY	ROME	130-131, Via del Tritone
	FLORENCE	1, Piazza Rucellai
	GENOA	Via San Luca, 12-4
	NAPLES	62, Via Depretis
JUGO-SLAVIA	ZAGREB	59, Gajeva Ulice
LATVIA	RIGA	Smilsu iela 28-30, P.O Box 478
NORWAY	OSLO	Skippergaten 30, P.O. Box 162
POLAND	WARSAW	ul Marszalkowska 117
ROUMANIA	BUCHAREST	B-dul Gheorghe Duca No. 1
SWEDEN	STOCKHOLM	16, Gustav Adolfs Torg
	GOTHENBURG	Nils Ericsonsgatan 19
	MALMO	Norra Vallgatan 94
SWITZERLAND	BASLE	3, Place de la Gare Centrale
	BERNE	Lubenbergplatz 9
	GENEVA	1, Rue du Mont Blanc
	LUCERNE	Haldenstrasse 4
	ZURICH	Bahnhofplatz 7

Printed in Great Britain 105.A.38

2.00

MONDAY 6th MARCH, 1939

ON BOARD S.S. EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA

Thousands of feet of shining white paint. Nearly twenty-two thousand tons of steel and iron — streamlined and enormous . . . Tear yourself away from deck tennis for a little while — and we'll make a grand tour.

Promenade Deck . . . this is the Verandah Café — and here's the Bar.

Come through to the Smoking Room. The door swings behind you and the ship has vanished. You are in an hotel overlooking the sea. White ceiling, oak panelled walls, chairs that encourage even the liveliest to repose. Then through to the high domed Lounge, symphony in blue and gold, carefully Empire in its décor. Beyond is the white Drawing Room. Just the place to waste an afternoon in with a book — if one had an afternoon to waste; but the books are there!

Take the lift in the Entrance Hall to A Deck . . . going down . . . We've missed the Gymnasium and the Writing Room — still we can't see everything in a lightning tour. Here we have the Bureau, so let's settle all our little queries.

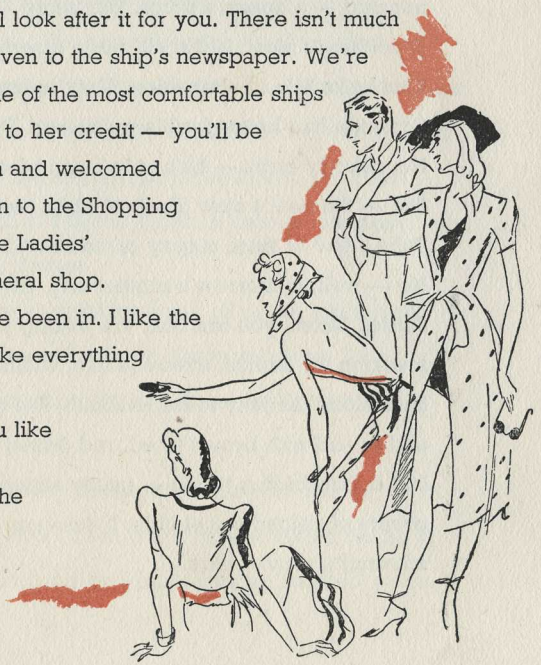
The open-air Swimming Pool, Madam, is aft on B Deck; and the Pompeiian Swimming Pool is down on Deck D . . . Yes, there is a laundry and a valet service on board. Your stewardess will look after it for you. There isn't much lacking aboard the 'EMPRESS,' sir — even to the ship's newspaper. We're naturally a bit proud of her — she's one of the most comfortable ships afloat, I should say. Four world cruises to her credit — you'll be surprised to see how well she's known and welcomed everywhere we touch. And down again to the Shopping centre. Barber's shop, next door, to the Ladies' Hairdressing Salon. And this is the general shop.

This is one of the nicest restaurants I've been in. I like the Regency setting; I like the lighting; I like everything about it.

They're showing a talkie, or would you like to dance?

Look at the stars — and the colour of the water . . . in March!

But we're in the Mediterranean. Gib's already two hours back.



ALGIERS Tiers of flat topped white houses scrambling cheek by jowl up a foothill of the Atlas Mountains — and surmounting them all, the ancient fortress of the Deys. Soignée Frenchwomen and veiled Bedouins — and backgrounds for both. Vast squares, dazzling white in the sunshine, palm shaded cafés, shops that might have strayed from the Rue de la Paix . . . and narrow, tortuous streets of steps disappearing under dark arches, crazy native stalls where buyer and seller outcry each other and he who shouts loudest buys cheapest.

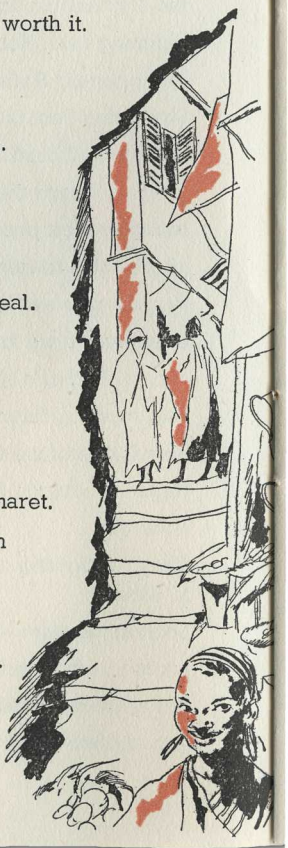
Towards the Kasbah, into the true Native Quarter — full of strange sights, strange sounds and stranger smells. Rue de la Mer Rouge, Rue Ben Ali, Rue des Chameaux — someone with a sense of humour must have christened this last, for no conveyance but a camel could hope to negotiate its steep, rickety steps. So you must walk — but it's worth it.

What's this? A religious procession? Hordes of white robed, slippered Arabs, crowding down the steps monotonously intoning — a dozen, a score, four score — and still they come. Something's afoot. Not at all. Just a funeral.

This looks like an altercation. They're coming to blows! Someone had better fetch a policeman. Does nobody care? No, nobody cares — he's only buying food for his evening meal. See — the deal's over. Flash of white teeth, all smiles again. Take a few of these sugary cakes as well — very cheap. No — well, to-morrow's another day. Allah go with you.

Sunset. Listen: you can hear the wailing voice of the Muezzin invoking the faithful, even see him, outlined darkly on the minaret.

Back along the jetty to the Harbour. The pontoon is lined from end to end with brown faced, red fezzed traders, wares laid out on folding tables — gaudy slippers, rugs, hassock covers of stained camel hide, brassware, garish jewellery . . . souvenirs, souven-eers. . . .



TRIPOLI Once again, after nearly 2,000 years, Rome rules the destinies of Tripolitania. Once again, the classic poets are declaimed in the Roman theatre at Sabratha.

Sabratha, Tripoli and Leptis Magna, greatest of the Roman settlements in North Africa. Alone among them, Tripoli has seen continuous occupation since, and for that very reason has less to show of its early colonists. These 1,700 years the desert sands have covered the ruins of the amphitheatre, the nymphaean grotto, the forums, the temples, even the harbour, in Leptis, city of Severus, and its neighbour, Sabratha. Now excavated, they stand, serried rows of Corinthian pillars and broken arches shimmering in the African sun with a background of the peacock blue Mediterranean.

But Tripoli has become a city of Islam. The same flat white roof tops that you saw in Algiers, the same mosques with minarets and clusters of domes that look for all the world like gigantic eggs in a box — but in more orderly array, less weird and more lovely. Only in the old native quarter suddenly you come upon the four-fronted triumphal arch of Marcus Aurelius, strange company for the huddled, whitewashed Arab houses.

In the market square surrounded by a miniature forest of palms, the throng of dark faces under white burnous, seated camels, donkeys, mules; the 'stalls' are Arab tents, shading the sun from the goods set out in rows of baskets on the ground.

And its twentieth century Latin governors have made their contribution, too — a great white sea esplanade, cool green gardens, a turretted casino in semi-Arab style and lighthouses, candy striped, like tapering barbers' poles.

EGYPT Two days' sunny journey to the mouth of the Suez, gateway to the East. The statue at the end of the breakwater — that's de Lesseps whose engineering genius was responsible for the Canal.

Just a glance at Port Said before picking up the train for Cairo. A bit ramshackle — but picturesque. Placards and posters of every sort, jumbled together — in Greek, French, English, Italian, Hebrew, Arabic, nondescript. Every nation, every creed, every colour in the melting pot of Port Said.

Hi sir! — spik Engleesh?

Take *no* notice.

Vous parlez français, Monsieur? — Effendi, effendi — Habla Español? . . . Americaine, no?

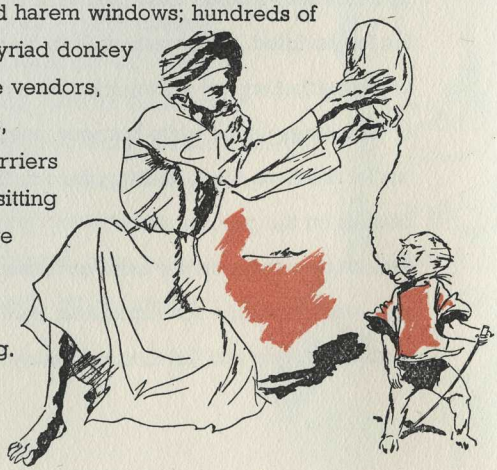
Oh, tell him to go away.

Go away, little boy — we don't want them.

* * * *

Tall Moorish buildings, turretted, domed, colonnaded, neat rows of trees at the edge of the pavement; a wide avenue with clanging trams, buses, taxis, fiacres. Heliopolis. Cairo's a matter of minutes now. Isn't that the citadel? . . . Cairo it is. Where to begin? Yes, it's quite pleasant just to sit on the terrace and watch it all —but we've got to start somewhere. Maybe we could decide over dinner. Look at the moon — it's just rising. I'm going to stay here and wait till it's right up — I've always wanted to see the moon over Cairo.

Labyrinthine streets, of course, thronged with a motley crowd. Skullcap, turban, burnous, tarbush. High, closely latticed harem windows; hundreds of bazaars bright with crude colour; a myriad donkey carts. Grinning bootblacks, sugar cane vendors, water-sellers clinking their brass cups, lemonade-sellers with their curious carriers slung round their shoulders, barbers sitting cross-legged on the pavement to shave their clients, beggars with performing monkeys, beggars who work magical conjuring tricks, beggars who just beg.



Pardon me sair, I am an official dragoman. Only ten piastres an hour. . .

No, thank you.

Five piastres. . .

I said, no thank you.

From the ramparts of the Citadel all Cairo is at your feet — mosques, tombs, palaces, gardens; on a clear day, the distant tops of the Pyramids. Here, within the Citadel, Mohammed Ali treacherously massacred the Mamelukes nearly 130 years ago. Here, too, is his mosque — walls and columns of yellow alabaster and innumerable glass lamps like glittering soap bubbles.

Second oldest of Cairo's mosques — but young as Egypt goes — is the Ibn Tulun, with its strange spiral minaret, built in 879. Most of the finest are 14th century, such as those of Sultan Hassan, of Rifayieh, the exquisite blue mosque of Ibrahim Agha.

Beyond the old walls of the city, the twelve mosque tombs of the Caliphs, and beyond them, the great, stark cliffs, ramparts that shut out the desert.

I think we might 'do' a native cabaret to-night.

* * * *

Yet all this is merely the Moslem Egypt of Anno Domini; southwards, stretched along the western bank of the Nile, lie the remnants of the Egypt of Ra and Isis, tombs and temples of a civilisation six thousand years old when Christ was born.

Gizeh, at the edge of the desert — changeover; from car to camel. From the back of a camel we can survey the Sphinx; no living creature but the ship of the desert could reply to his sneer. And sway gently round the Pyramids.

See — Ahmed will climb the Great Pyramid for you. He goes from bottom to top in twenty minutes — fastest time on record. Even the Duke of Windsor when Prince of Wales took forty-five.

Watch Ahmed, diminishing quickly to a tiny speck as he rises to the apex.

Yes, he deserves his backsheesh.

Sakkara — immense necropolis of Upper Egypt, surrounded by palm groves, sheltering its enormous alabaster Sphinx! the strange Step Pyramids. Pilgrimage further south yet . . . the railway follows the valley of the Nile for 450 miles to Luxor. Temple of Amenophis III. Colonnades of 50 feet papyrus columns; statues and giant bas-reliefs . . . leviathan and awe-inspiring. Karnak, brooding, mysterious, gigantic. Approach the temple through the avenue of sphinxes. Rows of colossal seated figures towering against the walls. Sandstone columns, hieroglyphic covered, eight feet high, twelve feet broad — in the Great Hypostyle Hall. Thebes and the Valley of the Kings on the opposite bank. The stupendous Temple of Amun hewn out of the living rock 1,500 years before Christ, terraces dazzling white in the sun against the vast golden precipices that tower above it. The Colossi of Memnon, one of which 'sighed' at sunrise, and the fragments of the Colossus of Rameses . . .

'Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
. . . Near them, on the sand
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies . . .
Round the decay of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The long and level sands stretch far away.'

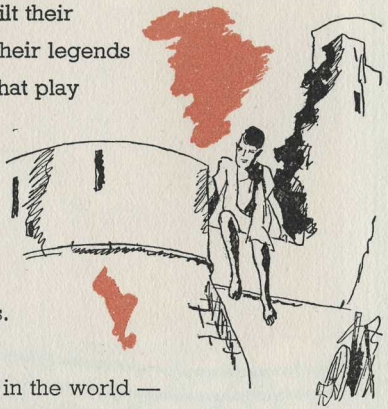
Vast, gigantic, stupendous . . . man is a little thing beside his own creations.

* * *

And winding through it all, the Nile.

A woman comes to the water's edge with a jar, fills it and balancing it upon her head, passes gracefully into the distance. An ibis flutters gently in the sunlight — and a kite. Twilight is gathering; soon it will be dark. The moon makes a silvery path on the water and the white sails of the feluccas silhouette black against the indigo sky.

CYPRUS Strange, sunny, turbulent little island.



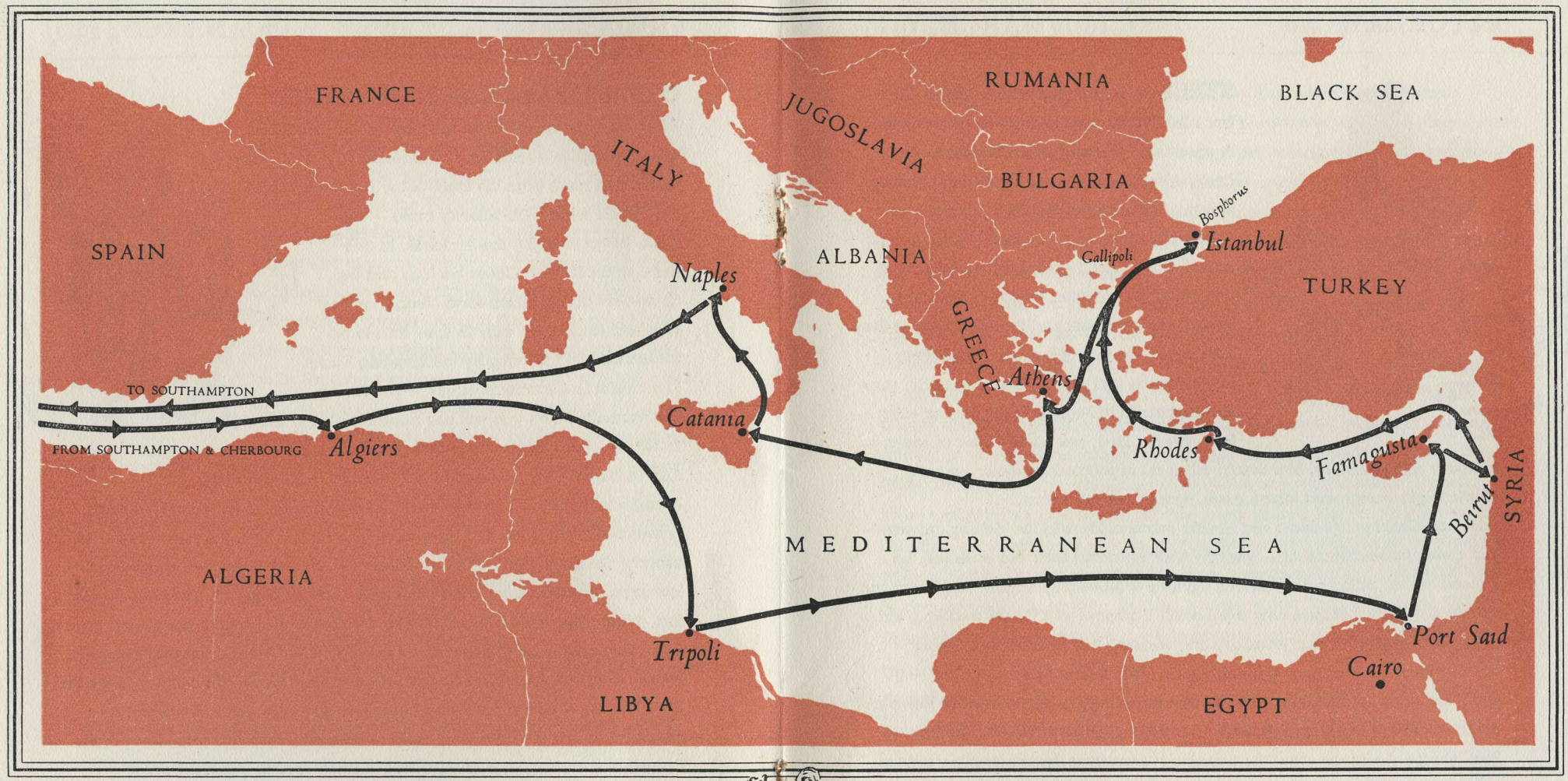
After the Phoenicians came the Greeks and built their elegant temples dedicated to Aphrodite who, their legends had it, had risen from the foam of the billows that play around the island. Christianity came — and went, swept away by the Saracens. In *their* wake came Richard Coeur de Lion and the Crusaders driving them forth. Feudal castles rose and cathedrals, only in their turn to be sacked and laid in ruins by the invading Turks. The churches became mosques — producing that anomaly which you will see nowhere else in the world — Gothic mosques, complete with tacked-on minaret.

And in the end, Cyprus came back to British administration.

Famagusta, little town of brick-built Oriental houses, their typical flat roofs grown over with grass and mosses. Jutting above them, the pure French 14th century Gothic of the Greek Cathedral of St. Nicholas, now a mosque, and looking a little odd among the palm trees. Overlooking the harbour, the old fort, grim, grey walls broken only by arrow slits and round, castellated towers from which defenders hurled down boiling oil and pitch upon the besiegers.

Inland, to the capital city of Nicosia. Here is the famous 12th century Cathedral of St. Sophia — with great flying buttresses and high gothic windows. As a cathedral, it saw the crowning, amid mediaeval pomp and splendour, of the French-descended kings of Cyprus, but since 1570 it, too, has been a worshipping place for the followers of the Prophet.

Round the coast you come on many a castle of some forgotten Crusader — stairways and galleries, little chapels and the usual labyrinth of secret passages; some are seagirt, others perched high on a crag, fairytale-like. Stones from the turrets lie loosely about the foundations and the sea ripples in and dances round them; little Turkish shepherd boys watch their sheep grazing on the grass grown over the silent courtyards, and sit on the broken walls in the sunshine, kicking their naked feet.



MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE BY EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA

SOUTHAMPTON				depart **5** p.m.	Fri.	Mar. **3**
CHERBOURG	arrive **11** p.m.	Fri.	Mar. **3**	depart midnight	Fri.	Mar. **3**
ALGIERS	arrive **6** p.m.	Tues.	Mar. **7**	depart **5** p.m.	Wed.	Mar. **8**
TRIPOLI	arrive **9** a.m.	Fri.	Mar. **10**	depart **5** p.m.	Fri.	Mar. **10**
PORT SAID	arrive **6** a.m.	Mon.	Mar **13**	depart **4** p.m.	Thur.	Mar. **16**
	(allowing time for visits to CAIRO, LUXOR and the NILE)					
FAMAGUSTA	arrive noon	Fri.	Mar. **17**	depart **10** p.m.	Fri.	Mar. **17**
BEIRUT	arrive **7** a.m.	Sat.	Mar. **18**	depart **11** p.m.	Sat.	Mar. **18**
	(allowing time for visits to DAMASCUS or BAALBEK)					

31 DAYS FROM 53 GUINEAS — FIRST CLASS ONLY

RHODES	arrive **7** a.m.	Mon.	Mar. **20**	depart **2** p.m.	Mon.	Mar. **20**
ISTANBUL	arrive **6** p.m.	Tues.	Mar. **21**	depart **2** a.m.	Thurs.	Mar. **23**
	(Steam up the Bosphorus before arrival)					
ATHENS	arrive **7** a.m.	Fri.	Mar. **24**	depart **7** p.m.	Fri.	Mar. **24**
CATANIA	arrive **7** a.m.	Sun.	Mar. **26**	depart **6** p.m.	Sun.	Mar. **26**
NAPLES	arrive **9** a.m.	Mon.	Mar. **27**	depart midnight	Tues.	Mar. **28**
SOUTHAMPTON	arrive **9** a.m.	Mon.	April **3**			

SYRIA A rocky promontory jutting out from the Syrian coast into the Mediterranean. A green and pleasant semi-Oriental town backed by the majestic mountains of Lebanon. Beirut, ancient city of the Phoenicians.

A true city of the Levant this, its harbour crowded with small craft, busily loading and unloading; its crowded bazaars a constant stream of movement, and the merchandise they offer real treasures of the East. Exquisitely inlaid swords and pistols from Damascus, rugs and carpets from Baghdad and Smyrna, silks from the Far East, ivories and attar of roses, furniture and jewellery. Merchants' villas set in scented gardens; avenues planted with orange and lemon trees, sycamores and palms.

Jews and Gentiles, Moslems and Hindus rub shoulders in the jostling crowds — and queer outlandish sects — swarthy Maronites and their old enemies, the Druses, whose religion is a curious mixture of Mohammedanism, Buddhism and Christianity. The fortunate may even catch a glimpse of a Druse wedding with the bride covered in coin jewellery and wearing her peculiar high head horn — for their weddings generally take place late in March.

Over the slopes of Lebanon, planted with those lofty cedars that were hewn to make Solomon's temple, to Baalbek — once the centre of worship of the god Baal. On the Acropolis stand the remains of two great Roman temples; one, to Jupiter, its sixty feet columns a landmark for miles around, and the other, to Bacchus, the finest ancient building in Syria. On the stairway of the temple of Bacchus sprawling Arab fortifications contrast rudely with the classic columns.

And Damascus, starting place of the pilgrimage to Mecca, mid-way between Istanbul and the Holy City of Islam. In the centre of the courtyard of the great colonnaded Omayyade Mosque stands the fountain marking the exact halfway, and from the cool shadows of the interior you step into the bright sunshine . . . into the Street called Straight.

RHODES Sweet, perfumed outpost of the Aegean Isles, this picture book Island of Rhodes. Butterflies, birds and bees hover about the innumerable blossoms that abound. The trees are heavy with pomegranates and oranges; peaches and figs ripen against the sun-soaked crumbling mediaeval walls. The gentlest of zephyrs whisper among the cypresses. And in the warm, scented dusk, the little fruit bats flutter blindly from tree to tree in the orchards. Both the people and the architecture of the big town itself add to the atmosphere of illusion. There is almost no sense and no reality about it all. Fishermen and merchant traders, farmers and boatmen, sponge divers and shepherds, soldiers and sailors, many of them in costumes that would seem fanciful at the Chelsea Arts Ball!

Castles and monasteries, moats and bastions, crenellated walls and turrets, high arched gates and watch towers, a mullioned windowed palace with cannon balls piled in the courtyard. Quaint cobbled streets with careless oriental houses rubbing shoulders with narrow, stone gabled 15th century European buildings — occasionally a mosque. Wrought iron lanterns thrust out from the walls; a ghetto, shabby and ill at ease with buttressed streets; ridiculous little brick windmills with broken, pointed wooden roofs. The old Hospice and the Street of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem ascending from the harbour and lined with their various lodges.

All the paraphernalia, you see, of the story book illustration — nothing lacks but the mail-clad knights themselves and their steeple-hatted ladies — and perhaps a fire-breathing dragon!

But the knights went in 1522, driven out by the infidel after more than two hundred years of rule.

The EMPRESS leaves the port. The clean little fishing fleet lies at rest in the Harbour of the Galleys.

It is unlikely that that legendary Wonder of the World, the Colossus of Rhodes, ever did straddle the Harbour — but it really doesn't matter; there are wonders and enough in Rhodes to-day.

SICILY The thin wisps of early morning mist lift suddenly. The ship is riding in the Gulf of Catania and the jolly little Sicilian port spreads itself along the coast, its quay a long line of stone arches. But the pretty picture postcard of a town goes unheeded, overpowered by its background. Etna, snowcapped, rises behind it, a faint curl of vapour floating up from the pinnacle.

Perched on a cliff high up above the sea, is the loveliest spot in Sicily, Taormina, almost at the foot of the great volcano.

The railroad from Catania follows the rocky sea coast. The fields on the left are richly cultivated — in terraces where the hillside is too steep for any other method. Groves of mulberry and of lemon; rows of blue leaved vines and black and white flowered beans — and olive trees in every nook and cranny that offer a little soil to give a tree root. Sunlit villages smudged with vague colour. Dark eyed girls in striped stockings and flowing, patterned, garments, their heads bound with spotted handkerchiefs.

Six hundred feet below, the Ionian sea laughs among the burning rocks and purls over the strip of hot white sand. But here in the streets of Taormina, neatly stepped to fit the aerie site, the crags above cast down purple shadows, shielding the town from the everlasting Sicilian sunshine.

On a headland point the ruins of a Greek theatre with a raised columned stage added by the Romans — for the Greeks and Romans before us came to Taormina to escape the winter.

A vivid green lizard darts from a broken stone and disappears into the grass verge. The air is drowsy with warmth.

NAPLES Azure sky, azure sea. The glorious sweep of the most beautiful bay in Europe.

On our left, Naples — terraces of balconied, gaily painted houses; dozens of miniature parks. On our right, Vesuvius — deep turquoise, tipped with an eternal plume of white smoke. Laughing children, laughing house wives, laughing shopkeepers, laughing policemen, laughing peddlers; even the cassocked priests permit themselves a faint smile. Every day's a *festa* in Naples.

Rows of washing hung on strings between the balconies. Red washing, blue washing, green washing, yellow washing, washing of rainbow hues. Every day's a washday in Naples.

Stalls of fruit, flowers, vegetables, fish. Shouting, swarthy featured, gold ear-ringed salesmen. Chattering, gesticulating people crowding the numerous inns along the harbour, eating and drinking rapidly and with great gusto. Spaghetti; 'vermicelli alle vongole'; shapely bottles covered with wicker work.

If only one can drag oneself away from all this life and colour, there is so much else to see: Capri and the Blue Grotto; the remains of the summer villas of Cicero and of that ancient Roman 'multi-millionaire,' Lucullas; the three castles that dominate Naples itself, Castel dell 'Oro, the tower of Sant 'Elmo, and the Angevin Castelnuovo. Finally, Pompeii and Herculaneum, dead cities that — irony of ironies — lie miraculously preserved by the very force that overwhelmed them two thousand years ago.

But always one must come back for a last glimpse of the kaleidoscope that is Naples. Its sights and its noises stay with you years afterwards. The nearing and passing of tinkling harness. A voice raised in full rich baritone. The crescendo note of a concertina. . . .

ABOUT THE SHIP AND THE TRIP

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA is a mail carrying liner of 21,850 tons gross register, with a length of 615 feet and a beam of 75 feet. With the exception of her buff funnels she is dazzling white from stem to stern and from the upper decks down to the water line.

Wide decks and open spaces are a notable feature of this great liner and her public rooms are spacious and exquisitely decorated, for the most part in the style of Louis XVI.

Staterooms are all that the most fastidious could ask—and more. Of unusual size, they all are handsomely equipped and thoroughly well ventilated. The majority are fitted with beds (not berths), electric fans, hot and cold running water and, of course, commodious wardrobes. Rooms with private baths and private suites with drawing and dining rooms are also available. A detailed plan will be found in this book.

General services on board include hairdressing and beauty salons, laundry and valet services, general shop, photographic service for films and developing. A surgeon, dispenser and nurse form part of the medical service. The ship's radio ensures easy and instant communication with land at all times.

* * * *

The itinerary of this cruise has been planned with the utmost care. As much varied spectacular interest has been concentrated into the period available as it is humanly possible to do. Almost every worth while port of call in the Mediterranean is included and ample time is allowed for each stay in port to enable passengers to see every place of interest within travelling distance.

FOR FARES AND CONDITIONS SEE STEAMER PLAN