

CHAPTER XLVI

A TRIP TO NOWHERE

By Ruth

The title sounds odd, and perhaps unbelievable, but it is true. Grandfather, Grandmother, Grace, Howard and Ruth boarded the S.S. Leviathan on July 23rd, 1931 amid band playing and streamer throwing, bound for Halifax, Nova Scotia. There was all the thrill and glamour of a trans-Atlantic crossing, and as soon as we were out of sight of land, one could not have told the difference.

At the first meal, after crossing the twelve mile limit, the liquor vendor with his big chain and key, approaching Grandfather from behind, inquired whether he wished anything to drink. Grandfather, busily engaged in regaling the party with a story, did not turn around, and assuming it to be our waiter, placed his usual order. "Yes, please, I would like a cup of hot water." The liquor vendor nearly fainted and did not again approach our table.

There were the usual deck games with the added attraction of the Night Club which we visited nightly to enjoy dancing to the strains of a marvelous orchestra and to watch the "show" which was put on each night, including the Albertine Rasch girls.

July 25th we were due to dock in Halifax. Up to that time we had had beautiful weather, but that day dawned in such a cloud of mist that we could not see more than fifty feet from the boat. As the Leviathan had never been in that harbor before, it was deemed unsafe to try to enter, so we lay at anchor all day. The usual round of activities went on and all had a good time. At the close of the day, we turned around and headed home. We said

we were disappointed that we did not see Halifax, but the elevator boy said that we would have been more disappointed if we had got there.

Some aboard were slightly (or greatly) inconvenienced by the fact that the boat ran out of liquor - a small stock had been carried since the boat had planned to lay in a stock at Halifax. But we were all delighted!

So our trip began and ended in New York, but what a grand trip it was - to Nowhere!