

Time not spent in the sack, it turned out, was to be utilized in the advancement of ones knowledge of the ship and in practical application of the studies we had been engaged in. For example, much was gained from a detailed study of the engine room. Navigation classes provided a chance to learn about fog formations to be encountered on the East Coast, and in addition, one learned about shooting the sun with a sextant having an index error of 26 degrees. Untold opportunities awaited the willing student.

Nassau did, in fact, provide a welcome diversion from ship-board life. The officers, in keeping with the leadership that was expected of them, led us right to Dirty Dick's. After a few glasses of Planter's Punch, sightseeing, shopping, and other activities were dispensed with, liberty was properly begun. The educational process which had been started on board was continued on shore as OC's learned about Nassauian drinks, women, women, drinks and floor shows.

Somehow this one fifth of the cruise went by amazingly fast and before we knew it, the journey back had begun. As it turned out, the hardships of this leg of the trip were more easily borne than those of the trip down. By this time most people had adjusted to the eccentricities of the berthing compartments, and rather than complaining as the temperature quickly dropped from 100 degrees to 30 degrees, they accepted it as a sign that the Great White Womb, Restracen, was soon to be at hand.

And than it was over. Leave Awaited!!