

From the pier, all roads diverged as we traveled in small groups. Each has his own story to tell and we cannot relate them all here, but significantly, we must mention a few tid-bits of interest.

Singapore was our first tailoring port and from the pier to the other end of the island there were tailors urging us to come in and try on one of their suits. Many of us purchased some of the finest custom tailored suits we'll ever own and some of us held out for Hong Kong.

The harbor on the southern side of the island is one of the busiest we had seen. There are not sufficient dock accommodations to handle the tremendous exchange that goes on, and as a result, most ships anchor out and goods are exchanged by small wooden barges which dock in inland canals and channels. With more than five hundred vessels anchored in the same harbor, and all doing business with small boats, it was quite a sight to behold from the hilltops – especially at night.



*The road into Singapore was lined with shops, crowded and noisy. Yet with the thatched roofs and placid Malaysians it was peaceful.*

*An old Indian trader making a "very best deal"*

