

World Known voyage  
 by Amador  
 (17 years)

Amistad No. 1  
 23 May '40

It is about 5 o'clock in the morning of a silent dawn of May. In port, one can only hear from time to time chains rattling or the whistling of a fishing boat which is going out or coming into port. On the deck of the "Habana" one can hear the voices of many children who are running about or playing on deck, or watching how the dockers are loading the ships for the voyage - and who have forgotten for a few moments their lost homes.

About one hour after, we hear the whistle of the "Habana" that is going to leave port on her way to England.

So here the voyage starts.

Little by little the ship was getting away from the Basque Coast, leaving in the sea a white wake; the engines of the ship are roaring and from the funnels clouds of smoke come out.

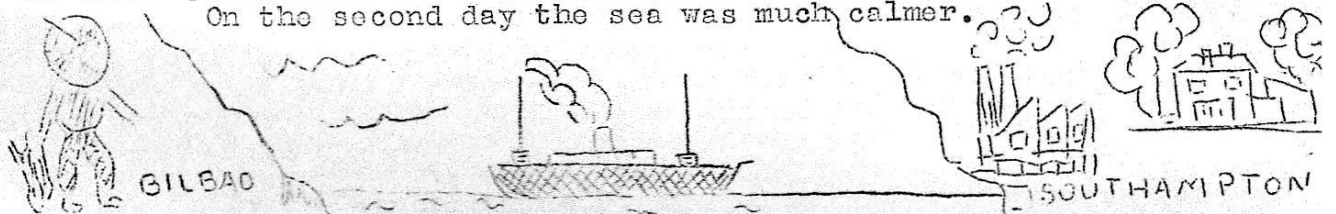
But every yard it goes farther, every young and innocent heart is beating more violently for what is happening at this moment in Bilbao to those who it has left in that land that we are seeing so far away.

Is getting farther... and farther.... and every time it goes farther, from the land of the Quixotes and braves, the land in which the people are fighting for liberty and for the well-being of those who have never known it.

So at last we have lost sight of that land that everybody so much admires for her courage and for her faithfulness, and where all of us are leaving our most beloved people. We don't know wether or when we will see them again.

To-day was a bad and a sad day for everyone; the sea was very rough and everybody was sea-sick. Everywhere one could hear crying and lamentations. Some asked for water and others asked to return them to their parents.

On the second day the sea was much calmer.



The sky is blue and the sun is as warm as on a summer day and it seems is reviving the broken hearts of the children, who are walking about breathing the fresh air on deck. - So it was the whole day. --- On sun setting at about 7 o'clock we sighted the coast of England and at 8 o'clock we reached the port of Southampton.

On the next morning, the 23rd of May, we landed for the first time on English soil.



Venus, the star of the evening, has raised not long ago, the sun has set behind a hill that can be seen in a dark colour by the twilight in the background. The birds do not sing any longer, and in the fields all is quiet, only from time to time can be heard the hooting of the owl. Down in the valley I see the bright lights of a

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