ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN *SEA BIRD*

BY

THOMAS FLEMING DAY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
AND PAINTINGS.

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To

ALL MEN WHO GO TO SEA FOR FUN; AND TO ALL MEN WHO LOVE THE SEA AND ITS SMALL CRUISING YACHTS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

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ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN *SEA BIRD*

CHAPTER I.

WHEN *Sea Bird* was lying off the quay at Gibraltar, after making her passage from America, a Moorish merchant was standing looking at her. This Moor, a man of education and wealth and like many of his countrymen much of a philosopher, was inquiring of Mr. Pittman, a Gibraltar yachtsman, the reason of our making the voyage.

"Have they no homes?" he asked.

"Homes? Why, yes, certainly," answered Mr. Pittman.

"Are there no steamers from Providence with music and dining rooms and comforts?"

"Yes, plenty of them."

"Then why did they come in this small vessel?"

"For sport; for amusement."

The Moor took another thoughtful look at the

boat and then shaking his head, exclaimed, "Mad! mad!"

Well can we understand the impossibility of the Mohammedan mind comprehending such a reason for making a long voyage in so small a vessel. To them pleasure, amusement, means rest, the spring side and the shady palm; the idea that labor and pleasure can be harnessed to the same car is something that the Eastern mind cannot grasp. Of sport, as we know sport, they have no conception, and they, in common with all races outside of the English and Scandinavian people, look upon sport for sport's sake as something akin to the freaks of madmen. I will admit, to an outsider, a person unfamiliar with vessels and voyaging, the crossing of the Atlantic in a small craft looks like a foolhardy act; but to those who have had an extensive experience, and thoroughly understand the designing, building, and handling of such vessels, it bears a very different aspect. Those who are most forward to decry such performances and to denounce them as foolhardy are people who have a limited knowledge of boats and voyaging, and whose experience upon the water has not been of sufficient length to enable them to form an opinion of a vessel's capabilities or of the skill and endurance necessary to assure her being properly handled and navigated. To a man who is familiar with sea voyaging in small vessels and who comprehends their capabilities and understands handling them, this wild talk of the dangers of making long passages in small craft sounds like the vaporings of fools, and if once in a while he loses patience and openly expresses his disgust, let us hope the recording angel will neglect to jot it down.

I have preached for years on this subject, and what I have preached it has been my pleasure to practice, and my work is, I believe, bearing fruit and rapidly driving out of men's minds the foolish and unfounded fear of the sea, and no less silly belief that small boats because they are small are unseaworthy. If the voyage of the *Sea Bird* has accomplished nothing else, it has done much to prove that size has nothing to do with a vessel's seaworthiness, and that the ocean is not the malicious and merciless destroyer it is pictured to be by foolish and ignorant persons. To the weak mind all that is unfamiliar is either astonishing, horrible, or dan-

gerous; but to the powerful mind it is intensely interesting. Instead of shrinking from the unfamiliar he eagers to close with it, to see, to learn, to conquer. If the act of closing with it entails danger, so much the better; it adds fire to the pursuit, and the strong and active mind leaps joyously to the encounter. But it is ridiculous to suppose that even the most ardent of sportsmen rush into such ventures without knowing what they are going to do and how to do it. That seems to be the general opinion of the outside public, and upon it they ground their fears of failure and disaster. Before a man of experience and brains attempts an extraordinary performance, he spends hours in planning; he sends his mind ahead, and pioneers the advance, just as a skilful General does his army. Everything is searched out and mapped out, and when he begins it is with a thorough knowledge of what is ahead, the obstacles and enemies, and under his hand he holds the weapons to meet and overcome them.

For a man inexperienced and unskilled to attempt such a voyage as we made in *Sea Bird,* would be extremely foolhardy, and might lead

to disaster, and very likely to great hardships, but undertaken as it was by men familiar with small craft, and skilled in every department of seamanship there was nothing foolhardy in the venture. We knew what we were doing and had planned out ahead every move, and with a vessel, of the best seagoing type, fully stored, stoutly rigged, and skilfully manned, the task was as sure of success as can be any human undertaking.

The *Sea Bird* design was the joint work of Mr. C. D. Mower, Mr. L. D. Huntington and myself. She was gotten out in response to a demand for a small seagoing cruiser, and I worked out the general dimensions and sail plan and turned the task over to Mr. Mower to complete. With his usual skill Mr. Mower turned out a very shapely looking little craft of the diamond-bottom type. We then submitted the plans to Mr. Huntington, who was a warm advocate of this type and who had had many years of experience in building and sailing deadrise boats. Mr. Huntington made several suggestions and these were accepted and incorporated in the design; he also worked out the

construction and took charge of that part of the job. The result was ***Sea Bird,*** and the boys may well be proud of her, for a better looking or better behaving little craft never footed the ocean under canvas. Of her construction it is only necessary to say that after nine years of hard service she is sound as the day she first took the water, and properly taken care of is good for fifty years more.

I have always liked and praised the dead-rise type, they are far better sea-boats than the round-bilge. This will probably be questioned by owners of the round-bilge boats, but I believe every man who has had experience with both types will agree with me. In one quality they are without question superior to the round-bilge, and that is in dry-going. I will stump any man to bring forth a round-bilge, round-sided craft of the same length as the *Bird* that will equal her in dryness. Their sea qualities are due to the fact that the shape of the bottom and the chime edges make them to have an immediate lift, so that the lifting action of the wave under any part of the hull is instantaneous with the impact. On a round boat the

fingers of the wave slip up for some distance before they get a lifting grip, and it is this slip that gives the sea the chance to jump aboard. The principal secret of the weatherliness lies in the shape and sweep of the chimes, and in the *Bird* this is perfect; but in many of the same type it is not, and where you find a bad diamond-bottom you can trace it to the ignorance of the builder in regard to the position of the chimes.

Why the *Bird* was originally designed with a center board I don't remember, but think it was because she was wanted on some place where there was a bar harbor; but I distinctly recall why we took it out and substituted a keel. The centerboard trunk simply cut the cabin in half and made living in it anything but a pleasure. If the watch happened to be on the wrong side of the fence it usually took about two minutes to get out, coming one leg at a time. Two seasons after her launching we yanked it out and rearranged the interior, and now, except for lack of headroom she has commodious and comfortable quarters for two. Headroom in so small a boat it is impossible to get without

destroying her looks and impairing her good qualities, but in a boat of the same design ten feet longer you could easily get 5 feet 10 inches and not hurt things a bit. The house is narrow, so as to leave deck space, and is very strongly built, the sides being 1¼ inch; the carlines are extra heavy, and so is the decking. The house shows no strain whatever and would withstand the blows of any sea that might fall on it.

The *Bird's* cockpit is small as the bridge takes up about 18 inches of the fore end, and before starting we filled in more of it with two tanks, so that filled to overflowing it holds not more than a barrel. It is scuppered at the after end. All the openings in the boat except the companion are screw-plates and are absolutely watertight; she has three of these, one forward of the mainmast, one in the bridge deck, and one abaft the mizzenmast. The companion closes with sliding panels; this allows the companion to be closed except for the slide, or partly closed, and makes much for safety and comfort. Besides slides are not in the way like doors.

She steers with a tiller. A tiller has this advantage over a wheel, that you can stand up and

steer with your legs, which is a great relief, but is much more arduous than using a wheel, as it keeps an almost constant strain on the muscles. Before we cut the screw-port and put the propeller in, *Bird* was one of the sweetest steering craft ever handled, in fact, under any reasonable conditions she would steer herself for hours at a time; but with screw opening and drag of the propeller you cannot leave the helm for an instant, except when the sail is pushing against the throw of the wheel. This was a change which we did not relish, as it kept the helmsman constantly on the alert, and prevented his leaving the stick to do any little jobs around the deck. She is a very quick boat on the helm, and never under any conditions fails to answer it rapidly whether under sail or power. The quickness of her helm response enables you to run in heavy water, when it would be dangerous to do so in a slow responding craft. Most seagoing boats are slow boats on the helm, largely due to their excess of hull draught, and this is the cause of a deal of their wetness, especially when reaching and running. With a sluggish helming boat it is impossible to dodge the combers

and lurchers and they get you on the corners and make things wet and interesting. The latter species were our most malignant and detested troublers and gave rise to more discomfort and curses than anything else encountered. But more of them anon.

When I made up my mind to go this Spring the problems that confronted me were the storage of water, food, and fuel. The water question was especially important, as it of all things cannot be allowed to fall short or fail. The boat had two tanks under the wings aft each holding 13 gallons; to this we added a third tank, the one sent by the makers of the engine; this was placed forward of the mainmast and also held 13 gallons. Before starting we bought 24 two-quart bottles of spring water and laid these under the cabin floor. This made the total water supply 51 gallons or enough to last at a pinch fifty days or perhaps sixty. The stores we stocked under the transoms, around the fore tank, and under the poop, besides filling in the shelves. We had ninety days' provisions, with exception of bread, potatoes, and onions, which we considered would not keep, so

only took a small quantity. For the use of future voyagers a list of stores will be given by-and-by. The rum list would have disappointed the average yachtsman, as it was neither varied nor large; but as the Skipper was the only drinker there was more than sufficient. Tobacco and pipes we had galore, and that and the oranges were our chief solace during the long night watches. Oh, you fine ladies and finicky gentlemen who elevate your nostrils, raise your palms and decry the use of tobacco, sit with me some night in the cockpit of the *Bird* with a thousand miles of sea behind you and a thousand miles ahead, and let your soul feel that craving for a pipe. Wet, cold, and tired, and you watch with hungry eyes the companion; look; a glow within; it is coming, all filled and lighted; you reach an eager hand, exclaiming, Come to my lips, O warm one! A pernicious, nasty habit! Go to, you prudes and softies, would you take from man his best friend, his consoler, because the odor offends your nostrils? God bless good tobacco, say I, for is it not a product of our earth and a gift from Him?

The fuel question was a puzzler because I

could get no correct information from the engine builders, and knew no man who had used kerosene for long voyaging. On two things I never accept a man's word; one is the speed of his boat and the other the consumption of fuel. I have to be shown. I wrote to all the builders of engines using kerosene to find out, but in return received the most vague replies. They all seemed to dodge the issue, and the only one of the lot who would or could give me a clear, definite statement was Mr. Bird of the Camden-Rockland Co. He put an engine on the block and made a test and his test proved to be nearly correct; in fact, came within a gallon of the actual daily performance. As he was the only man who would guarantee the results, I gave him the order for the engine. There were two reasons why I wanted to use kerosene; first, because we wanted to know if kerosene would do the work, and second, because it is so much safer.

There was no question about what tanks to use for going to sea with, as there is only one kind for that service. That is the seamless steel tank. I went and saw Mr. Schlater at the New

York office of Janney, Steinmetz & Co., and laid my troubles before him. The result was a 30-gallon tank to lie in the bottom amidships, a 3-gallon auxiliary feed in the cockpit fore end, and a 5-gallon in the after end. This latter tank was for gasoline to start and stop with. It is unnecessary to say that these tanks gave perfect service, and never caused us to feel the least anxiety. The fuel in the large tank was driven into the auxiliary fuel tank by air pressure, an ordinary bicycle pump being used. We had considerable fuel trouble the first ten days, owing to the feed pipes not being equipped with a proper filtering device. How the dirt got in the fuel it is impossible to tell, but it is my timid and unbiased opinion that the mud is in the gasolene when you buy it, but is distributed in such small particles as to be invisible. The shaking up of the fuel causes it to collect and coagulate, and then your troubles begin. Besides the fuel in the tanks we had a 5-gallon can lashed in each rigging, and 20 one-gallon cans lashed around the house. At Cottage City we took on 30 more gallons of gasoline, which we stowed in the cockpit. We had 10 gallons of

lubricating oil, and one gallon of alcohol for the stove. The stove was a two-burner kerosene; we chose this as we had the fuel for it.

The engine is a single-cylinder, 3-h.p. Knox, two-stroke, jump-spark, and the ignition Perfex. Of the merits of this equipment I shall have lots more to say; but let it suffice here to extend to the makers my most earnest thanks and heartiest congratulations on the merits of their devices. The propeller was a 16 by 16-inch Columbian. Of batteries we used several kinds; but the engineer will tell you all about that, as it is in his department.

The engine is under the bridge deck and while it is out of the way it is rather awkward to get at. It should have been placed one frame further forward. The engine drives the boat in quiet water about 3½ knots; under power in 24 hours she would make 80 sea miles; but it is a great help going out to windward; with a moderate breeze and power *Bird* will make six when close-hauled.

She had a new suit of sails and they were well made and well cut; the only faults were that they had battens in the leach and the reef cringles

were too small. Battens should never be put in seagoing sails, and the maker should have known this as he has been to sea himself in a small boat. The voyage was particularly hard on sails as we were on one tack for 18 days, and driving hard nearly all the time. The cloth was constantly wet, and tied in for hours when soaked; the first ten days we reefed and shook out on the average five times a day.

We had three spare jibs and a spare mizzen, two squaresails and a spinnaker. The latter was no use to us. The squaresail we only had a chance to use about five times, as the wind kept on the beam most of the way across; when we did get a chance, it did some lively pulling. The standing rigging was Elephant Brand Bronze and couldn't be beat, for strength, looks and clean qualities. She had Durkee bronze blocks and turnbuckles, and her running rigging was spun especially for her by the Columbia Rope Company. It was beautiful cordage, strong, pliant and kind to the hands.

Now I guess you have pretty nearly all the particulars of her outfit, so just sit up and listen until I kill a yarn or two that has been floating

about. These stories are mostly pure inventions. From whose imaginative mind they first sprung I am unable to say, but if the person who first launched 'em reads this I beg that he will kindly consider that I have called him a liar. Only that and nothing more. First. The *Bird* was not built with the intention of crossing the Western Ocean. Second. There was no offer of a cup or money or anything else, and the winning of a prize of any kind was not an incentive. Third. There was no bet made by the Skipper or either of his crew, although several people backed the boat and won. One man wanted to bet $1,000 that we wouldn't get across, but after I got on his weather with a wad to cover him he up helm and took ground. Fourth. The boat was never in peril of foundering at any time, Fifth. Our only worry was that we would not get to Rome on time; and Sixth. If the crew had the time they would be only too pleased to make the passage again, and they never have said anything to the contrary.

The Skipper worried so that he landed in Gibraltar weighing 14 lb. more than he did when he left Providence, and the only sickness

From a painting by Warren Sheppard

Sea Bird taking departure from Nantucket Shoals Light Vessel

we suffered from was due to constant and inconsiderate feeding.

Having cleared up that much, let me tell why we took the *Bird* across.

Last Winter Mr. John Ward, of London, wrote me about a race that the Touring Club of Italy was getting up, the course to be from Venice around the Italian peninsula to Rome. He asked me to see if I could not get some American power boats to come over and take part in it. I did my best to get some entries, and at the same time suggested a race from New York to Rome for large power craft. In reply to this the Touring Club notified me that His Majesty the King of Italy had kindly consented to give a cup valued at $1,000 and that the club would also present $1,000 in cash to each boat that reached Rome. I saw several men with hopes of getting two or three starters, but after looking into the matter we found that to take across a boat large enough to carry sufficient fuel and bring her back would cost at least $10,000, and probably more. Not being able to secure starters at the date fixed, the club called the race off and withdrew the prizes.

Then I thought they might think we didn't come across because we were afraid, so wrote them that I would come over in a small boat, and be there at the finish of the race at Rome.

I tried to buy a small yawl of about 40 feet, but the only suitable ones the owners wanted too much money for, so having *Sea Bird,* and knowing she could do the trick, I made up my mind to make the passage in the little craft. The job now was to keep the matter quiet and at the same time fit the boat out. I knew if my intentions leaked out there would be ructions as I am one of those fortunate individuals who has hundreds, I may say thousands, of friends, one-half of whom have constituted themselves especial guardians of my person, and had they learned of my foolish purpose they would have made things lively for a time. Luckily I managed to keep it dark until too late to obtain a writ, or else instead of voyaging to Rome I might have been sitting in the Halls of Nut College playing foolishly with padlocks of a strait-jacket. Don't think for a moment, boys, that the Oldman does not value your friendly anxiety or appreciate the interest you take in

his welfare, but like Ulysses he cannot be content to rest beside the hearth.

"To make an end
To rest unburnished, not to shine in use,
As though to breathe were life."

But to get back on the course again. *Sea Bird* had been laid up for two years and was in pretty bad shape above decks, her rigging almost completely gone, so that it meant new everything except spars; those were as good as the day they went into her. I was very busy, so Mr. Goodwin volunteered to go and get the boat at Marthas Vineyard and take her up to his yard at Riverside, R. I., and do the overhauling. He also said he would install the engine. So far only two people knew where she was going. One of these was Mr. Bird, who supplied the engine, and the other my stenographer; but after we got going I had to let Goodwin into the secret, and he at once got the fever and made up his mind if possible to ship with me. I knew Fred Thurber would go if he could get away, and so broke the news to him.

I wanted Thurber, as he is of all my seagoing boys the favorite. He has been with me in the ocean races and as a seaman he has no superior. He does not know what fear is, he is quick, reliable, and always does his work in a skilful and intelligent way. I never knew him to lose his head even for a moment; but above all he always obeys orders, and no matter how disagreeable the situation or how uncomfortable the surroundings is invariably in a good humor. When I got his name on the articles it lifted a big load.

Goodwin I never had with me before but have known him for years. He is a fine seaman, extremely intelligent, a good mechanic, and like Thurber always obeys orders. Goodwin showed great pluck in going, as he had never been in blue water in a small boat before, whereas Thurber and I are old hands at the game and knew just what to expect. With these two boys I never felt anxious at any time, and went below knowing that they understood handling the ship as well as I did. Goodwin had the hardest job of the three, as he not only ran the engine but attended to the cooking; he did more work and had much less rest than we did. Thurber

looked after things about the deck and aloft, and I did the navigating and plain sewing.

There was a time when no man could step ahead of me if there was a difficult or dangerous job, but I am not as active as I used to be, so the boys did most of the reefing and handling, as at times it was a rather difficult and dangerous performance and needed strength and activity. They got a bit reckless at times and I had to snub them up by reminding them that they were not sailing a racing yacht with a port a mile or two under the lee. The most remarkable thing is that three men cooped up in a little boat all that time, not by any means comfortable, and in fact sometimes very disagreeably situated, should have kept in good humor. I don't think there was a single hard word spoken. But we all realized the situation and put a restraint on our tempers. Most of the time we were as happy as larks and spent many an hour joking, story telling and laughing in the cockpit.

I hoped to make a start on June 1st which would have given fifty days to reach Rome so as to be there at the carnival, but the usual delays were encountered. Next time I intend do-

ing anything of the kind the boat shall be rigged the year before. The engine was delayed in delivery, and half the other things came late or not at all, so the boat went to sea half painted and short of several things we intended to take. We had very little time to run the engine or see what she would make under power. It took over a month to engine, rig and fit her out, a job that ought to have been done in ten days. But I've been up against the game so long, that it no longer worries me, and I can even refrain from using language.

Having missed the first we fixed June 10th, and by making great efforts managed to get ready for that date. By this time the news was out, and the fun began. A newspaper man got hold of the story and printed it in the Sunday paper, and by Tuesday they had it spread all over the country. We had intended to give it out Thursday to all the papers, but this took all our plans flat-a-back. From that hour there was no more peace; the yard was crowded with the curious, and we became the target for cameras and remarks both complimentary and otherwise. A number of the visitors did not

know us by sight, consequently were not backward about expressing their opinions about the boat, the owner, and his crew. I would very much like to have taken a record of their remarks and have it now to repeat.

As we are all members of the Rhode Island Y. C., we asked the club to take charge of the start and make it an official one. This Commodore Massie and his officers very pleasantly consented to do, and it was agreed to leave from off the clubhouse at 2 p. m. Saturday, June 10th.

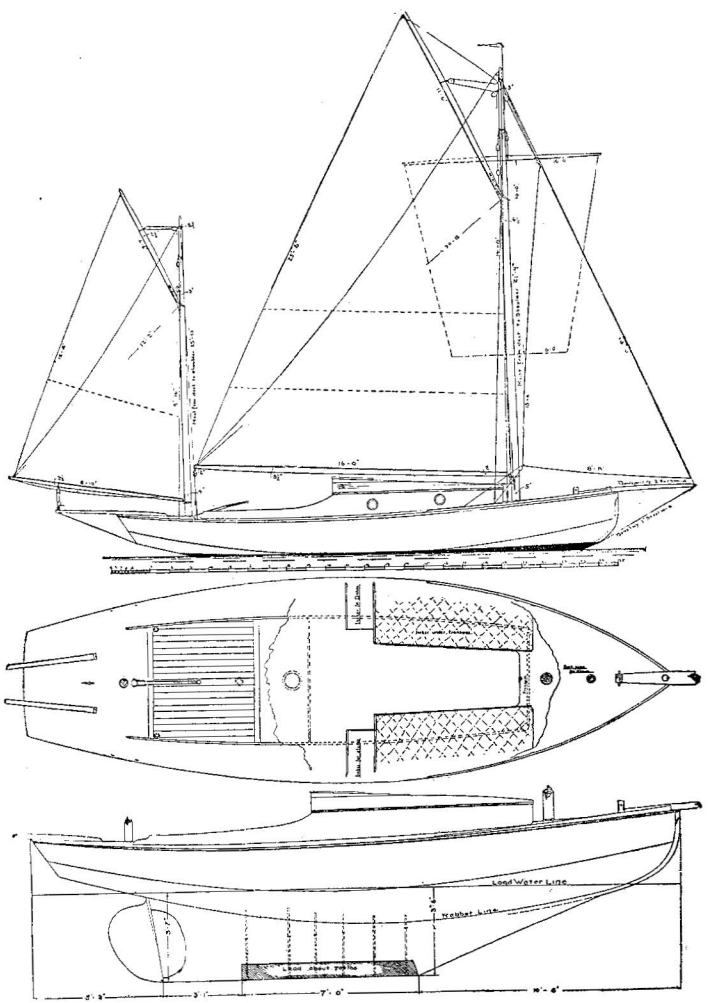
But to go back a day or two. I had no papers, as the boat is too small to be licensed or enrolled, the Government not recognizing anything under five tons. In this dilemma Lieutenant-Governor Bliss very kindly took me to see the Collector of the Port of Providence, Mr. Gardiner, and asked his assistance. Mr. Gardiner wrote the office at Washington and asked if they would issue *Sea Bird* a commission, the case being an exceptional one, and certainly one in which the United States Government might take an interest. The Washington people refused, and we had no time to get at the knots of red tape, so had to let it go. In place of the com-

mission, Mr. Gardiner very kindly gave me a letter. He also furnished me with a Bill of Health, which the Gibraltar doctor took from me and kept.

I have lived long enough to know that there is no sporting blood in governments or corporations. The fact that a man is doing something for sport does not appeal to them, and the first will have its red tape and the other its pound of flesh; and of all governments in this respect ours is the worst, as you shall hear further along in our tale. The Government of the Azores and the Italian Government I will place in another column, for they stood on nothing; they let no laws or customs deter them from extending to *Sea Bird* and her crew a broad smiling welcome, absolute freedom, and generous hospitality. Nor did Gibraltar make a stern-board in this respect, for there we came and went without the slightest official interference and with every official help.

Neither in the Azores, Gibraltar or Italy did a custom house officer come near us, except to join in welcoming the little craft, or aid us in getting docked or underway.

Thanks to Mr. Gardiner, *Sea Bird* sailed with



Sail plan, cabin plan and profile of *Sea Bird*

papers, and they saw her through. All that she really needed was the Bill of Health, it being the only one asked for.

Just before sailing I asked Lieutenant-Governor Bliss to ask Mayor Fletcher of Providence to give me a letter to the Mayor of Rome, sending the greetings of the new city to the old capital of the world. The Mayor very kindly wrote a beautiful letter, and this we sewed in oilskin and carried across in the *Bird,* and I had the pleasure of delivering it to Mayor Nathan at a banquet.

Of the start there is little to recount, so I will skip that and take up the story of the voyage.

But first let me have a few words with the tearful. I have been at this game so long that waving crepe off the end of a dock does not depress my spirits, nor do funereal utterances affect my nerves. Ever since I began to do such things my ears have been familiar with this doleful tommyrot handed out by a lot of maudlin ignoramuses who are only cheerful at inquests and happy at funerals. Whenever as kids we started to go cruising in an open boat, or do any kind of uncommon stunt, these crepe-wavers

hastened over and gave my Mother a wailing performance; but Mother was much of a fatalist, and her only reply was: "If they are born to be drowned they will be drowned." I have heard old people tell that long ago when a man sailed for Albany in a North River packet sloop his family came down to the dock to bid him a tearful farewell. In my time people used to cry when friends left for Europe; relatives they often saw off with a smile and without close inquiry into the seaworthiness of the steamer. Imagine people to-day bidding a sorrowful farewell to a man leaving New York on the *Olympic!*

But what most amuses me is the effect one of these stunts has on the domestic relations of the married mariners. What is a man worth to his wife? Well, if you want that question answered, just invite one of them to go in an ocean race. A woman who will drawl over her shoulder, "Is that you, Jack?" when John returns tired and hungry to his domicile of an evening, will fly in a rage of affection, ring her darling hubby's neck with her snow-white arms, and denounce you as all kinds of a scoundrel for daring to entice her husband to a watery fate.

Mr. Justice Blanchard, whom I met on the steamer coming home, suggested that next time I wanted to ship a crew to come to his divorce court and sign on a few husbands who were anxious to fly their wives. But I told him a man who cannot navigate a woman, could never navigate a boat, for boats and women are much alike in the handling; but about ship, this is getting into bad water.

After getting started we settled down to work stowing things away in what the boys had christened "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It certainly took some stowing. How we ever got it all packed away puzzles me to-day, but we did. Our best clothes we shipped to Rome, hoping to live like Falstaff's army in the rags of our former grandeur.

After Commodore Babbitt's *Gypsey* cast us off, we stood out to sea, and in a small Easterly wind and drizzling rain headed for Cottage City, Marthas Vineyard, where I had a large compass, and where we intended to tank up with more gasoline. At 5 a. m. we made the harbor at Lake Anthony and rousing out Charley Joy, the Captain of "The Rudder" Station, got to

work. We decided to fill up the tanks to overflowing and also take 25 gallons of gasoline in cans in the cockpit. Five 5-gallon cans just fitted in the pit, but it made it rather cramped for our legs. We left Cottage City at 9:30 a. m. June 11th, amid a salute of shot guns and the cheers of the residents, who had known *Sea Bird* ever since she was built. It was from this port that the *Bird* sailed on her first ocean voyage in 1903.

I never had the boat loaded so deeply before, and was a bit anxious as to how she would act in a seaway. We all thought she would prove to be pretty wet. So to try it out at the start we headed out to sea through Muskegat Channel, an opening between Marthas Vineyard and Nantucket, which is one of the roughest and nastiest places on the coast. The tide runs through strongly and it is a succession of rips. With the wind Southeast and the tide ebb, it has Niagara Rapids beat. There was very little wind and what there was was dead ahead, so we drove *Bird* out with the engine. To our surprise she went through the broken water without the least worry, and dry as a bone. That was something

off our minds. Passing out we spoke a fisherman bound in and he reported us. At 12:30 p. m. Wasque Point bore West distant one mile and we took our departure heading for Nantucket Shoals Light-Vessel. The wind was light and the weather threatening thick, which is nothing unusual around here in June. But having cruised these waters for years fog has no terrors for us, and after a few days of bright sunshine we hanker for it.

Now before we get off soundings let me empty my mind of another subject—the navigation of small boats. As a navigator of small craft I have about as much experience as any living man and I can claim to be an expert at that if nothing else. But it is impossible to convey to the landsman mind the difficulties of navigation, for if there is anything they don't comprehend it is navigation. The larger and more powerful a vessel is the easier she is to navigate. It is much easier to navigate *Mauretania* than it is *Sea Bird*. The most difficult vessel to navigate is a small sailing craft. All large full-powered steamers are navigated by dead reckoning and this checked by observation, but it is impossible

to navigate a small sailing craft by dead reckoning in a long passage and keep any kind of a track. She must be navigated by observation. A full-powered steamer can keep a course. You know her speed to within a hair, and she makes, except in very heavy weather, no leeway. In a small sailing craft or small power boat it is impossible to steer a course fine or to hold it unless the weather is perfect, and even then she is likely to be affected by surface drift that would not annoy a large deep-draught vessel. Again in a small vessel you have to constantly compromise with the wind and sea, and go where they will let you and not where you want to. Another delusion of the landsman is that a man navigating a vessel can tell at any time of the day or night exactly where the vessel is. An experienced navigator is happy if he knows his approximate position once a day and overjoyed if he gets it twice. An old sea captain when asked, said, "When I first went to sea as commander, when a passenger asked the position of the ship, I put the fine point of a pencil on the chart; after ten years I laid my finger end; to-day when asked the question I lay the flat of my hand on the

map." While not quite so far out as full hand, it is a lucky mariner who can every day cover his ship's position with his finger end.

The problems confronting the navigator of a small vessel like *Sea Bird* are such as would drive the Captain of a big ocean liner to drink, but to the experienced while at times a bit distressing they can be handled and overcome. The most difficult is to take sights—to get the altitude of the sun. One man asked me if I used the stars. My answer was "that at times the sun was not half big enough." Imagine yourself in a boat in a sea running eight or ten feet high, your eye six feet from the water, braced in a corner, with the boat going seven ways at once getting the altitude of a star. Getting time sights I had little trouble except from spray, as that is like pigeon shooting, but the meridian sights at times are almost impossible except in an approximate sense. Only one day I failed to get something, and that was when we had a high sea running, and I could only locate the sun when on the crests. But *Sea Bird* is not nearly as bad as a small power boat like *Irene,* as she has some method to her movements. Considering the dif-

ing to its own music, and in its own fashion. The first day or two we did not understand these things, but on close acquaintance learned just how to estimate their power, and how to dodge their attacks. But we never fell in love with them or hankered for more, and when we saw the last one's black face disappearing astern it was with thankful hearts that we bid it good-bye.

But to the future mariner let me give this advice: don't stop to parley with a Gulf Stream squall in June. Take in your sail and sit tight, especially if the visitor shows twisty green strings hanging down under his or her skirts, and don't think because it has passed you that all is over, because frequently they change their minds and come back.

We entered the Stream about 11 p. m., June 12th, having had a light East wind all day, and driving the boat with the engine. It was foggy, damp, warm, disagreeable, and I had no sights. That night we had rain and lightning but no wind of any consequence. The next day, the 13th, we had a S. by E. wind, fairly strong and so much ahead that we were close-hauled. That a. m. it started to rain and blow hard and we

double reefed the mainsail. At seven it fell dead calm and the boys went in swimming.

I very mildly expostulated, as the Stream is full of sharks, but they laughed my warning to scorn and dove into the beautiful blue fluid, having a temperature of about 80°. Here is some advice: never go in bathing out at sea in any place where the Careys or gulls decline to sit on the water. If you see the gulls and Careys walking gingerly on the surface to rest themselves and never sitting on the sea, keep out, it is a sign sharks are about. Where the seabirds rest on the water, there are few or no sharks. I had an uncle eaten by sharks, so when people tell me sharks will not attack a human, I just smile and tell of the fate of my relation. I don't myself believe sharks attack a man because he is a man; to them he is simply food and good food, and why not; we are not so particular ourselves about destroying life for the purpose of filling our bellies.

It's a stale comparison but a good one, that a sea voyage resembles the voyage of life, a varied experience that is only remembered by deeds and not by days. In a long passage day merges into

have come upon him like a phantom out of the dark. I expect he thought we were a shipwrecked crew adrift in a small boat.

But I have forgotten to tell you how we arranged the watches. We had three watches of four hours, this giving a man four hours on and eight hours off,—a much better arrangement than the old two-watch plan. We stuck pretty close to this, but in bad weather it was at times broken up, as it required an extra man on deck, and sometimes all hands. At first I had the 12 to 4 watch, Thurber the 4 to 8, and Goodwin the 8 to 12. But my eyes going bad, we shifted so that I took the two daylight watches from 4 to 8. Four hours is a long time to keep your eyes on a compass, and a long time to steer, but it means, after you are through with the trick, a fine spell below. In eight hours you can get some sleep, enough indeed for any man. My longest spell at the helm was eleven hours, nothing to what I have done at other times; but this trick was passed jammed fast in the corner of the pit, under a rubber blanket, and without being able to move. I could scarcely walk when relieved.

The steering compass in *Bird* is on the star-

THE SKIPPER OF *SEA BIRD*

board side in the corner of the bridge deck. It was a 5-inch Dirigo and a marvelously steady instrument. Owing to the proximity of the engine and tanks it had a two-point deviation on the Easterly course, as we had no chance before starting to have it adjusted. The Standard Compass was a 7-inch one I have had for several years, and one that you can trust like your best girl. This was cleated and lashed on the top of the house. It had a slight deviation the first few days, owing to being surrounded by cans, but after these went overboard it was correct to a degree.

We had the usual trouble with binnacle lights, and had to fall back on the good old plan of using a lantern. The electric outfit went to pieces in three days. Such flimsy, toy stuff I never saw. This is the trouble with 90% of the electrical stuff that is made for use on boats. The trouble is, men who make these things know nothing about boats and are ignorant of the conditions under which the devices are to be used.

To all who are manufacturing, making or preparing to manufacture or make any devices or

instruments for use on boats sailing salt water, let me offer this advice: Make it twice as strong and twice as heavy as you think is necessary, and that adds an additional 50% weight and strength to it. The people who make the Perfex ignition outfits have learned this lesson, and all their devices we had on board stood the strain and went through with flying colors. I used to lie in the bunk and admire the spark plug, it was such a well-built, substantial looking piece of apparatus and waterproof—well!

On the head of the Cylinder right under the deck opening, the water dripped down on it for hours at a time, but the one plug went through the voyage and landed at Gibraltar as good as when we left the coast.

After three or four nights of constant squalls, with a few extra ones during the daylight, they began to get a bit wearisome, so we decided that it would be a happy change to get out of the Stream into the pleasant weather on the South side. June 15th gave us the chance, there being no wind and a smooth sea. We put the *Bird's* head South and made for the happy realms to the South. All went well until the middle

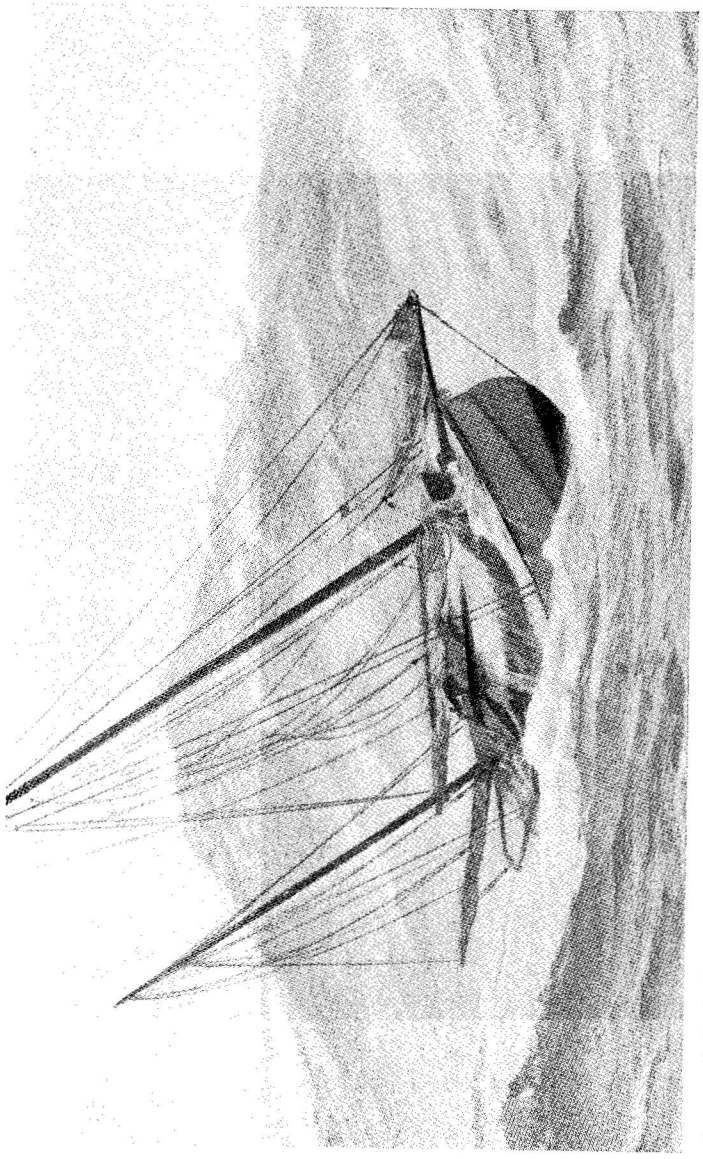
watch, and then we ran into a bunch of squalls. It was my watch and I called the boys on deck and took off the mainsail.

At four o'clock I turned the deck over to Thurber and went below, but remained standing on the companion watching things, as it looked like the battle of Waterloo was going on astern. Ugly black clouds, with bunches of green strings hanging down, whirling and twisting, while the lightning flashed and forked through it incessantly.

Chapter II.

WHEN I broke off yarning awhile back, there was a squall coming up astern. Thurber was at the helm, the Skipper was standing in the companion, and the Engineer asleep below. The jib and jigger were set, and I was suggesting to the helmsman that he had better take the latter sail off her, as the visitor astern looked as if he was getting into position for a charge. To explain: The boys being old hands at the racing and cruising game, I paid little attention to what they were doing about decks, and left them in charge of handling the sails. But I noticed that they had a habit of gasketing the halyards and clove-hitching them in the rigging. I spoke about this, saying it was a bad practice, and to let the halyards lie bunched loose, so they could be cast adrift instantly. A clove-hitch in a dry rope is one thing, but in a wet one quite another.

Being dry I hesitated about jumping on deck,



Sea Bird in a Heavy Squall

From a painting by Warren Sheppard

until it was a sure thing, then calling to Goodwin I sprang out and made a dash to let go the jib. The halyards were clove-hitched round the jumper-stay; all that could be done was let go, and the bunch ran up the stay. This lowered the jib about half-way. Goodwin was aft putting on the cellar door, as we called the screw-plate over the after opening, when the breeze struck her. There was a long batten lying on the deck; as she heeled over the end of this stick was caught by the wave and the other end came up and caught Goodwin a whack in the eye and put him out of business for some minutes. *Bird* took the knockdown, went over until she found her bearings, then righted, swung and with a jaunty and saucy air of confidence rode to it. I never saw a prettier piece of work done by a small craft, and Thurber and I, when we got our breaths, gave her a cheer. The wind was terrific for two or three minutes, and it completely flattened the sea. I had a fast grip on the weather combing of the pit, and lifted my legs and body clean off the deck. We were obliged to crouch in the pit to keep from being blown overside.

These squalls are small tornadoes, and are unquestionably of electrical origin, like our Western tornadoes. The diameter is small, the usual duration from three to five minutes.

I was very much ashamed of this lubberly mixup. That three old hands should have been caught as we were, was disgraceful; but it was a good lesson, and we went to work and shifted things around so that there was no more trouble. We married the halyards under the booms, and made the ends of everything fast, and cut out the clove-hitching trick.

If we had had any other boat but *Bird* under us there would have resulted a nasty time, but the little devil was not to be caught, even if she was not properly looked after by her crew. Before this the boys were a bit dubious as to her sea-fighting qualities, but that one tussle settled their minds that what *Bird* couldn't handle no boat could. My long experience in small boats has taught me this: that if a boat is a good boat, when real trouble comes she is best let alone. She knows better what to do than you, and if you leave her alone, she will do the right thing; whereas nine times out of ten you will do the

wrong. In bad weather I always let *Bird* have her own way.

After we got the halyards down the mast and things cleared up, we set the squaresail and ran off before a strong Northwester. This carried us the furthest South, and at noon we were in 39° 37′. Here the wind shifted to a strong Southwester, and we headed East again, and with whole jigger and jib and single-reefed mainsail logged off five and a half. This kept up all afternoon and night, but it prevented us getting any further South. But little did we care for Southing when we were making such an Easting. The morning of the 17th still found us doing six knots or better; strong breeze, rolling sea, and a bright sky. At half-past seven I got a time sight, worked it up, and was surprised to find we had made over three degrees of longitude. At noon the run figured 162 miles—not bad for a little boat. At noon the weather changed and we had heavy squalls, but they drove us on our course due East. At three o'clock we were obliged to heave to for about thirty minutes. We then bore up and, close-reefed, raced away on our course. The night was the worst of the

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voyage, raining and rough, with a high, confused sea; but *Bird* was flying before it logging six to six and a half. At noon the 18th we were in 39° 56′ N. and 54° 12′ W., having made over four degrees of Easting and a distance of 183 miles.

This was our biggest day's run, and when I got it the distance was so startlingly large that I was sure there was a mistake; but on getting another set of sights at 4 p. m. we had the same answer. The steamer on which we returned to America, the *Koenig Albert,* on her June voyage passed over this water about two days ahead of us bound East. I looked over her log; she had the same weather, and at the same place she had a fair current of about 48 miles. I gave *Bird* that day 40 miles of current; she may have had more. The water was warm, in fact hot, and the current making very strong. At times we ran into regular rips, and confused, broken seas, like you find on the shoals. These two days with a total of 345 miles gave us a big lift, and we subdued our curses when we spoke next day of the Gulf Stream.

The day after we made the big run we had a break in our luck and the wind went completely

to pieces. We also had trouble with the engine due to dirt in the gasoline, and at the next noon had only made 64 miles. This was our worst day's run this side of the Azores. That afternoon, the 19th, we caught it, and had the worst squalls I ever saw. It had been a flat calm all morning, but at noon a heavy bank of cloud made up in the Northwest and at two o'clock the ball opened. We had all sail stowed and heavily gasketed, and Goodwin was at helm, the others being below. There were four or five squalls circling around, and a particularly nasty one astern. About three o'clock it hit her unaware broad on the beam, and she went clean over until her masthead was in the sea, and the water pouring in over the top of the companion. I went out through the hatch, a cataract pouring over me, and into the pit. The cockpit was full up; astern, ahead and on all sides a mass of white spume filled the air, and in the midst of it *Bird* was struggling bravely to get on her feet. The little devil had received an unexpected and foul blow, but she was game, and with a final stagger and lurch righted up and leaped off before the gale. What wind! We crouched down in the

pit and hung on, the rain pouring upon us in torrents and as cold as ice water. In five minutes the worst was over, the squalls broke up and vanished, the sea jumped into life again, and it settled down to blow a hard breeze from the Northwest. Right ahead appeared a magnificent rainbow, and we steered right to pass through the center of the glorious arch. There is always something cheering in the sight of a rainbow. It is the promise of better things, of happier hours, of good weather; of everything that the tired, wet mariner longs for; and that rainbow that afternoon was a glad sight to our eyes. The *Bird* was reeling off five knots, all sail furled, and fairly flying up and down the big seas, and this was a chance to get out of the Stream. We were all sick of the perpetual squalls, and longed for a few days of constant sunshine and brisk Southwesterly breeze. The Northwester lasted all that night, and we made considerable Southing, being in 39° 25′ at noon, but the wind shifted, went to Southwest, and we turned East again, and began one of our best day's runs, with all sail set and the breeze coming over the quarter. At midnight it blew strong

and we reefed the mainsail. All this day the glass was slowly going down and we felt we were going to get some real weather.

We had a hydrographic chart for June, and this gave lavish promises of Westerly winds and smooth seas, with one chance in a hundred of a gale of over forty miles. I wanted that gale in the hopes of getting some pictures of big seas, and also to let the boys see what *Bird* could and would do. I had talked and boasted so much of her ability to stand up and take bad weather that I was anxious to have her give an exhibition of her powers. *Bird* and I have been in storm fights for a good many years and we understand each other, and she knows I never worry about what she will do, if it comes nasty, so long as there is a good stretch of deep water between her stern and the coast. "Don't worry" is our motto. "Just put my head to the sea," says *Bird,* "and you can go below and rest; I'll look out for myself. I haven't seen the sea yet that I can't master or the gale I can't weather." "All right, little one," say I, and down below I go, feeling just as safe and contented as if we rested in the snuggest of harbors. When such confi-

dence exists between a seaman and his vessel, he can laugh at gales, and snap his fingers at seas; but if it does not, then all is worry and anxiety. A bad boat is a cursed thing, and some boats are bad, bad in every way. You can never trust them for a moment and must have hand to tiller and eye to luff all the time They will throw you if they get the chance. They seem to delight in smashing things, shipping seas, sheering and broaching, and doing their best to worry and distress you. But *Bird* never does, she is always good-natured and docile; she minds her helm at all times; no matter how rough it is, she never tears or rips things, and if she throws water it's seemingly only as a playful reminder that she is doing her best to cover distance. To you people she is only a thing of wood and metal; to me she is a living, breathing creature, a creature of heart and soul. I talk to her and she talks to me, and sometimes when the sea is in a kindly social mood, having made truce for a few hours with its old enemy the wind, she joins us, and we three spend a watch together. What we talk about, —Ah, wouldn't you all like to know; but that is our secret.

A gale of wind at sea! How awful! Especially if experienced in a magazine sea-story, written by a man who never experienced one except while voyaging to Coney Island or crossing Lake Michigan. Do you who read and swallow this tommyrot, ever stop to think that you weather gale after gale of just the same force in your own homes, and that except rarely when one is unusually severe you never bother your head about what it is doing outside of the door. You go home, draw in the shutters, light the lamp, sit by the fire, and never think of the terrible dangers of wind and rain, and how at any moment your dwelling may be unroofed and yourself and all belongings destroyed. Yet no doubt the seaman riding out the same blow, snugged in his oilers under the lee of the weather bulwarks pictures you a pale, trembling creature shuddering with fright every time the blast strikes and rocks the house. He sees you surrounded by your family tearfully offering up a prayer for safety, and thanks Heaven that he is well off land, and in a tight snug craft with a few miles of water under her keel, and not cooped up in a frail house that at any moment may

young dogs, and then again to spring at each other like angry tigers, tearing and frothing as they roll over and over in a mass of white and blue. In the center of this turmoil is *Sea Bird,* the only thing except sea and sky within radius of sight, a speck of wood, lifting aloft a pair of swinging, reeling spars and one strip of wind-rounded sail. Watch her! She lurches to the top, pauses for an instant, cradled in the broken crest, and then with a rush of wind and a cloud of spray dashes down the steep side into the trough. Here becalmed for an instant she seemingly hesitates, gives a lee-lurch and weather-roll and then up again and over.

Two men are on her deck, one at the tiller, alert, active; the other, quietly seated on the weather side, his body close down in the pit and his arm over the combing, holds an oil-can. He keeps a sharp lookout astern over his shoulder, as does the helmsman.

"Big one!" he exclaims, and from the can-spout lets fall a drop or two of oil.

The helmsman measures the breaker with his eye, and at the right instant gives *Bird* a touch of the helm; the broken, seething mass rushes

for the stern, its feet strike the oil, slip up, and it falls and slides past in a hissing foam-patch on either side.

"That was a corker," says the man at the helm.

"Good old *Bird!*" exclaims his mate, giving the little boat an affectionate pat.

So she runs, making five to six knots over seas from 15 to 20 feet from trough to crest. At first a bit fearful, you soon grow to love this racing with the gale; all thought of danger vanishes from the mind and you make yourself a part of the plucky little boat, and laugh and sing as she leaps and swings over the crests.

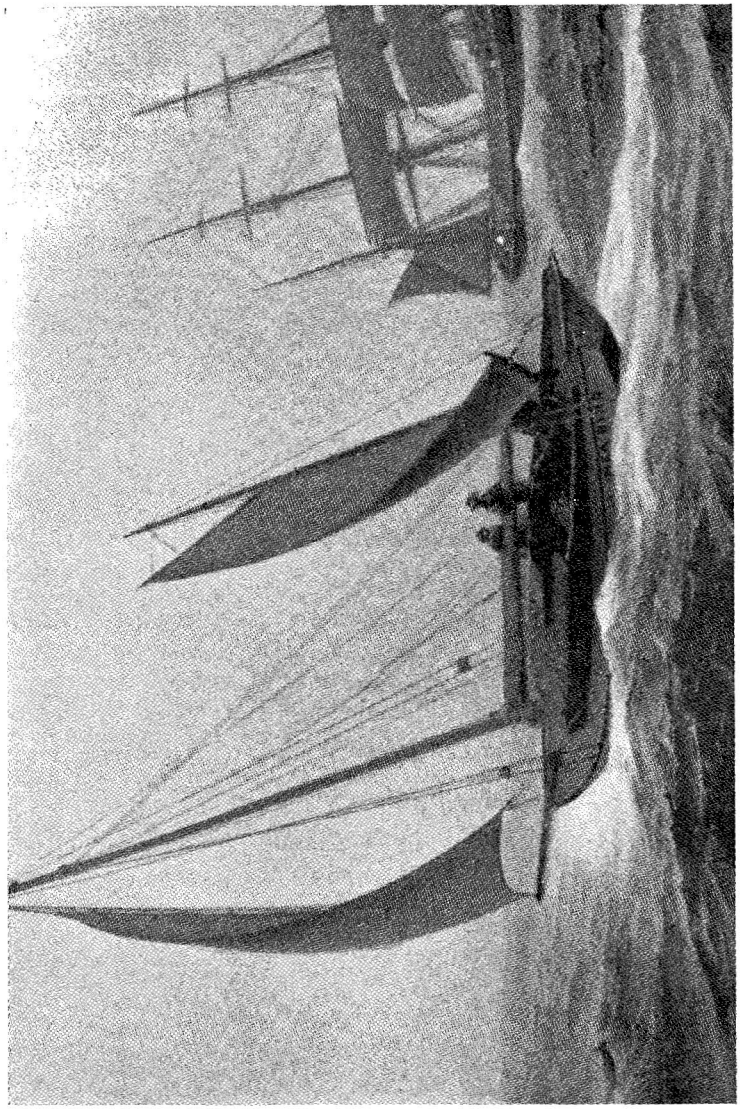
"Don't worry," shouts *Bird,* "these seas can't drown me; give me sail enough to keep my pace, and I'll jockey the worst of them."

But the long hours of this constant watching and racing bring a strain on muscles and mind, and the ocean under the lash of the increasing wind is beginning to get ugly. The seas crush and tumble together, break and drop over, and even in the trough the water is ragged and full of swirls.

It is beginning to tell on *Bird;* she has lost some of her jaunty confidence, and slips and

staggers a bit as if tired. It is time for boat and man to have a rest.

I go below and have a look at the glass; still falling, more wind to come and more sea; better lay-to now before it gets worse. Having made up your mind to lay-to, the next thing is to decide what under. If not blowing too hard I usually lay-to with *Bird* or any yawl under a close-reefed mainsail, but if a stiff gale this is too much cloth. A small jib and a reefed jigger is sometimes good sail, but no rule can be laid down; it depends on the boat, the sea and the heft of the wind. Another thing that made a difference was the pretence of the propeller. Now despite the fact that you have been told both in print and picture that power boats will lay to in a seaway head on, it is not so. The gentlemen who wrote those articles and made those pictures have never lain-to in power boats except on land, and the experience was purely imaginative. A vessel fitted with a propeller, unless her engine is kept going, will always come stern first to the sea and wind if laid-to, and like a whale will, if the wind is not too strong, work slowly to windward. This is due to the fact that the resistance offered by



From a painting by Warren Sheppard

Reeling off the miles

the blades of the propeller is greater than that offered by the grip of the bow, and consequently the bow drifts faster than the stern. The wave action on the propeller blades causes the boat to move towards them, the same as if the screw was turning slowly round. This is the reason why when you lay with a drag ahead in a power craft she comes beam to the sea, or else works clear around and lies stern to the run of it. The only way to prevent her doing so is to have a spread of after sail, or by keeping your engine turning over slowly. Knowing this I decided to try *Bird* under a reefed jigger, and if not enough to add the mizzen staysail.

Taking the helm I called all hands, "Set the jigger and stand by to take off the jib;" and round comes *Bird* on a port helm, and as the headsail drags, slatting and rattling down the stay, she pokes her pose into the wind's eye, and then falling off, rides the next big one half-breast to like a wing-tired gull.

We watched her for a minute or two and then seeing the jigger was not enough, gave her the mizzen staysail. Better; but perhaps after all she will ride easier and more comfortably to the

would have been for a moving picture man!

As soon as she was anchored, and the rode well armed with old canvas, I jumped below for a dry and a rest, and the boys soon followed. In the cabin out of the rush of the wind, and the boat riding with an easy, sweeping motion, you would hardly have known that you were at sea. I have been lots more uncomfortable anchored in a harbor

"What would the crepe-wavers think of this? A 40-mile breeze and a big sea, and all hands down below taking things easy," says the mate.

"I suppose they picture us wailing and praying, clinging in white-faced agony to the mast while the merciless ocean dashes its rude billows over our half-numbed bodies," says the Skipper. "Ain't it awful, this here ocean, and we a-photographing it. My! My! what would mother say."

Let's take a peep into the cabin that afternoon about three o'clock and see what the terror-stricken mariners are doing. The Skipper is half-lying, half-sitting forward, chocked in between the bunks, needle and palm in hand leisurely sewing the seams of a bag to hold the colors; the Engineer is writing up his log, and the mate is

stewing a dish of prunes; outside *Bird* and the gale are having things all to themselves.

At this same hour not fifty leagues away in the same latitude a large passenger steamer had slowed down in order to quiet the nerves and stomachs of her passengers. I met one of these passengers afterwards and he described that day of storm as one of untold misery. Verily do men view gales of wind through their stomachs.

Once in a while we would take a look outside. "Don't worry," *Bird* would say, "I am on this job." And she was, God bless her, making beautiful weather of it.

After stewing the prunes the mate got restive, and clothed only in a shirt wandered up and down the deck. In one of his perambulations he discovered a big shark alongside. Mr. Shark leisurely swam around the boat, keeping an eye cocked on the deck, hoping something eatable might come his way. It did. Thurber coaxed him up with a piece of pork and then with a pistol plugged a few lead pellets into his carcass. Looking very much disgusted Mr. Shark swam sadly off, but after that there was no more bathing.

The wind held all that afternoon, and at night

it was still blowing hard. We hung a light in the mizzen rigging, and leaving one man on watch turned in for a sleep. The hand on watch sat inside by the companion, and did his best to keep awake by being as uncomfortable as possible, which was easy. I fell asleep and was waked up by being pitched head on into a mess of pans and kettles. The next morning it was still blowing and a big sea running. We spent the time clearing up below and getting our clothes dried out. At noon I got a bad sight, and at 2 p. m., it having let up some, we set the jib and bore away on our course. From the indifferent sights I had, we made her drift 77 miles in 24 hours; as this was very nearly in the right direction the result was received with cheers.

All through the voyage the leading event of the day was the morning position and run. This was ascertained at eight o'clock each morning, as we had no need to wait for the noon latitude, being constantly making an Easterly course. For a time sight if taken when the sun is on what we call the prime vertical, that is, bearing either directly East or West, any latitude within 30 miles either way will give a correct hour angle.

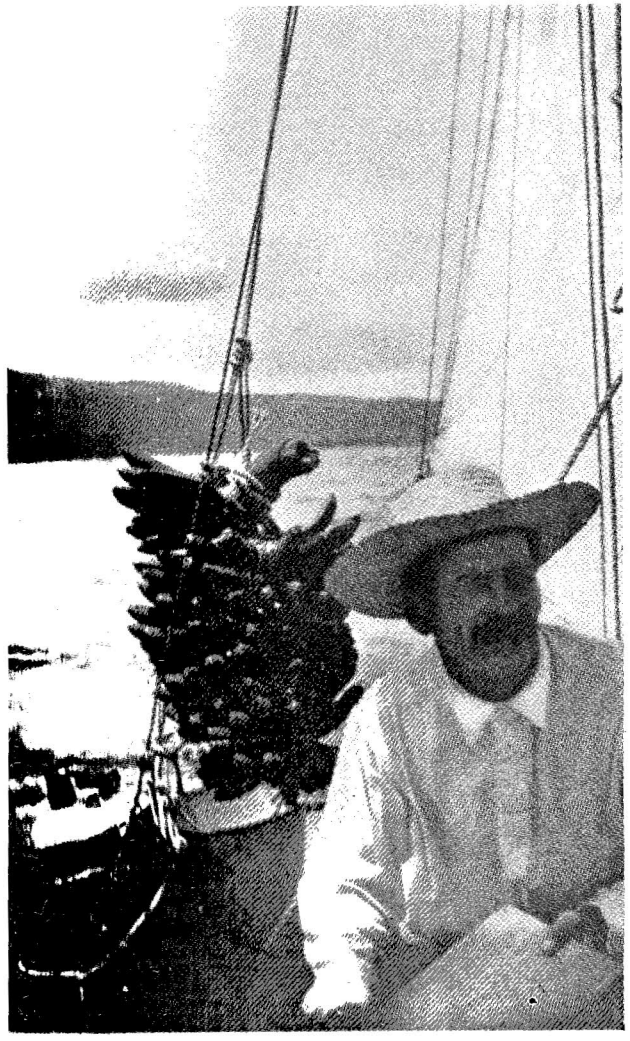
We always knew our latitude within 10 miles, so that we had our true longitude each day at eight. I use Martelli's Tables, a system devised by an Italian. They are much quicker than the old method, so that it only takes about five minutes to get the time by using them; whereas by the old method of sines and cosines it takes ten or more.

We had no log. We did have one, but coming over the Nantucket Banks some hungry denizen of the deep bit off the spinner. Consequently we estimated the boat's speed. Each man followed her through his watch and gave me the miles he supposed we had reeled off. The sum of our estimates usually approached the real run by about 5 to 10 miles except when we had current, and current is something no man can gauge.

Currents in the Atlantic along the 40th parallel are extremely erratic. Sometimes when you expect one you don't have any, or when you are sure you have a head one, you find yourself miles ahead of your reckoning or vice versa. Between the Azores and Cape St. Vincent the current is said to set South and Southeast; for two days we had a strong Northerly set. In the Gulf we had

a current of over 40 miles, and again we had none where some should have been. A man who tells you he knows anything positive about currents in the Western Ocean ought to be conducting sightseeing parties in the moon. Western Ocean navigation is too easy for him.

The worst part of a gale is its tail, or to explain, a small boat is most uncomfortable when a gale has blown itself out and the sea is subsiding. That evening, a dirty, mean, dying sea made things unpleasant, as the wind had gone and *Bird* was tossed and rolled about like a football in a barrel. We came to anchor again, but she lay in the trough and gave us a most unhappy night. It was the worst of the voyage. Sleep was impossible. Outside it poured rain, and inside everything was damp and miserable. Our fuel was down to one tank and this we were anxious to save in case we got a head-wind or dead calm. At daylight we hove in the anchor, set the jib, and ran off, in the midst of a terrific squall, which happily proved to be our last,—a fierce farewell to the Gulf Stream. I never saw such lightning, and if there is anything I am afraid of it is lightning. It flashed overhead and



Down St. George's Channel, Azores

on all sides, and the wind blew in wild gusts, churning up the dying sea, and dashing spray, hail, and rain at us in clouds. It was a wild morning, but about ten o'clock things began to improve, and at noon under a bright blue sky with all sail set *Bird* was flying to the East at a speed of four or better. But I was all in; the last three days had taken the vim out of my bones and muscles and I was stranded high but not dry below. The boys kindly took my watch that night and after a good sleep I came out as fresh as ever.

In a voyage of this kind there is and always must be a certain amount of anxiety carried by the man in command. The success of the venture depends to an extent upon his skill and judgment, and he is constantly under a mental strain. I know and have felt the difference between being Captain or crew, or being Captain or passenger. If another man is in command I can go below at night, turn in and sleep like an infant, but if in command, no matter how fine the weather and clean the navigation, there is always hanging over your mind a cloud of responsibility that follows you night and day on deck and below.

You cannot take it off with your hat, and put it on again with your oiler.

How often you see the gold bound skipper of a big liner, walking up and down the decks, speaking to all the passengers, and making merry with the ladies, and to the uninitiated he appears the least worried and less anxious person of all on the deck; but follow that man up the ladder on to the bridge. Think of the nights he has spent there, of the hours of dark and hours of light he has worried through when making land in thick weather. No sights for days, his latitude anywhere from 10 to 30 miles a guess, and the ship speeding on at 16 to 20 knots. He knows his position and yet he is not sure. The passengers are howling to get in, the agent is waiting on the dock to give him the welcome paw if he makes it; but suppose the reckoning is wrong, and she is not where he puts her? What to do—slow down and wait for a lift, run her off into deep water, or go ahead full speed and trust to the reckoning and the lead? I tell you that is what strains a man's nerves, and wrecks his heart. The snoring passenger below never knows of this, but tells his friends of the Captain's easy

life, and how he guides the ship safely from port to port without work and worry.

The skipper's happiest time is when he has three miles of water under his vessel's keel, a clean sky overhead, and no ships around; then he can go to bed, and turn off a fine length of sleep. Happy was I when we were once clear of the land, and out of the track of the shipping, and my worries were cut down to fear of the wind going ahead, or one of the crew falling overside. That and the jaws of the main gaff were my three troubles.

The one great danger of boating in shallow or deep water is falling overboard. This is a menace that is always present, and at night and in bad weather nine times out of ten it would be fatal. Even if the accident happened under the helmsman's eye it would be a question if he could get around quick enough to cover the spot, or come within hailing distance of the man in the water. We were constantly on guard against this, and I never let the boys get on the mainboom until I saw personally that the sheet was properly belayed and jam hitched. This is a trap that has thrown many a man to his death. Whenever

they were reefing or lowering sail or working forward, if at the helm, I always eased her down, so that if a man went we could get him. We had life-lines rove, and in bad weather body lashings. *Bird's* boom cocks up so that the danger of being struck by that was small, but several times I was thrown off my feet by lurchers, and they had to be constantly guarded against.

Lurchers are seas that run at right angles to the true sea, and strike a vessel on the beam or quarter. They are wholly lawless and cannot be guarded against, being outcasts, who driven to desperation are rushing frantically about seeking a place to live. I made a special study of these vagabonds, and come to the conclusion that they are the result of what geologists call a squeeze. Two large seas running with the wind come together, end to end, and the force squeezes out a portion of the ends, this rises to the top and rushes along the crest seeking to regain its level by dropping into a cleft or trough. It is these lurchers that do the damage to steam vessels, as they hit them on the bow or quarter, and leaping up pyramid shape topple over on board. They would hit *Bird* on the beam or quarter and heave

her over until her deck was under, and then letting go, she would right with a fierce weather jerk. There was no warning, and you had always to be on guard against them, if any sea was running astern.

Now let's see what the log says on June 23d.

"This day begins with S.W. wind and moderate sea. At 3 a. m. bore away; at 4 a. m. heavy squalls; running under jib and jigger. At 8 a. m. clearing; sights at 8:14. Clear at 10 a. m. Fine weather rest of day with strong S. by W. wind and moderate sea. Fine night. Position at noon: 40° 30′ North, 45° 02′ West."

That entry marks the end of our bad weather and the beginning of our good. From now on until we came on the Portuguese coast we had fine days and fine nights.

What does it say in the log next day, June 24th?

"This day begins with clear sky and moderate W. by S. wind, vessel doing fine. Hove to at 8 a. m. for sights and breakfast. Bore away again at 9:10 a. m. Same wind and weather afternoon. Fine night. Run at noon 113 miles."

The next day was much the same except the

wind increased and went to East of South. A clear sky except for a belt of fine weather clouds, and a moderate sea. At 1 a. m. reefed mainsail, at 9 a. m. shook out reefs, 4 p. m. reefed mainsail; at noon the run was 117 miles, not bad as the wind was forward of the beam, and no current. That day at 10 a. m. we ran into a patch of green water. Thurber and I noticed it at the same time and called out together "Shoal water." It is unquestionably a shoal, but when we say shoal we mean an ocean shoal, a patch of rock, a mountain-top with probably 100 or 200 fathoms on it. It was about half-a-mile wide, and is approximately in 40° lat. and 40° 02′ long. To the East of it some 50 miles a rock is reported sighted some years ago, and is marked on the chart with a question mark after it. There are numbers of these vigias in this part of the ocean, but they are no longer marked on the chart. I don't question but what in the vicinity of the Azores there are several peaks that do not come near enough to the top to show, and it is unreasonable to assert that these vigias never existed because they do not exist now. I know shoal water when I see it, and when a boat sails sud-

denly out of deep blue into a green patch and crosses and leaves that green patch again just as suddenly, it is bottom and nothing else.

But numbers of ships have passed there, and why did they not report it? Because they don't see it, or if they do put it down to cold water. You see hundreds of things in little vessels you never notice in large. In a small craft your eye is close to the water, and your gaze is constantly on it; in a large vessel you are 10 to 50 feet from the water, and your eye dwells on the sea at a distance and not close alongside, you watch the surface at an angle and not at a perpendicular.

In a large vessel a man is on the sea, but in a small one he is with the sea. The aim of the owners of a passenger steamer is to surround the voyager with objects that will cause him to forget that he is at sea; they create as much as possible a land environment. He is roofed over and barricaded in so that he cannot see the sky overhead or the sea beneath except by craning his neck over the rail. The ship is made as nearly as possible to resemble a hotel, and the foremost boast of the owners is that she resembles a land

tavern. In a few years they will do away with what little deck there is left, and the passengers will voyage to Europe completely under cover, the only view they will have of the ocean being through stained glass port-lights.

What can such cooped beings know of the sea? Of its beauty, its grandeur, its loneliness? They never see it as we do, sleeping under the stars, or laughing and romping under the sun. Have they joined it and the moon in a watch, when wind and wave are dancing the dance of silver?

The *Bird,* the sea, and I had many a watch together. It was when the wind in one of his fickle moods had deserted us, or had grown too lazy to more than hold the sails asleep. Then the thought of the immensity of the stretch of water on which we floated came over us, and we shuddered a bit with loneliness, and called on the sea to join our watch.

"You and the *Bird* lonely?" said the sea. "I am always lonely. You ships and men never think of what I suffer. Do you ever stay with me unless you are compelled to? I am your highway, not your dwelling place. Always in a hurry. Get across, get across, is your cry. Your happiest hour is when you sight the harbor mouth ahead, and can pass in, leaving me fretting and crying outside the heads. It is only the cripples and water-soaked that I can keep for company. Tonight because the wind has deserted you, you are fretful and bad-tempered; you cannot hurry on for that harbor. I hate those harbors; the land bars me from them and I can only roar and moan outside. Sometimes I see your masts over the downs and call to you to come out and join me in a romp. Tonight because you cannot hurry you are willing to let me join you and pass the watch in your company. Why don't you and *Bird* stay with me; the land has thousands of playmates, I have only the ships."

I could hear *Bird* chuckling softly as she listened to the sea's plaint.

"Stay out here with you?" replied *Bird.* "Why, not two days ago I spent 27 hours with you, tied up by the nose to a beastly bit of board and you doing your best to stand me on my head."

"That was the wind's fault, not mine."

"No; that's you, Mister Sea, always blaming the wind when he's not around; but the two of

you were in the little joke the other day, and nothing would have pleased you better than to have given me a good scare. If I'd been green at the game you two would have rolled me over. I may be small but it is not the first time you, the wind and I have had a tussle and I've had the best of it."

Such was our way of spending a light weather watch; but let it blow, and the helmsman and *Bird* had work to keep their minds off the loneliness of the surroundings. Let us spend a wild, windy four hours together, say the night of June 26th or the early morning of June 27th. What says the log?

"This day begins fine and clear. Brisk wind from same quarter. Lumpy sea. Boat driving hard and throwing water. No clouds at noon. Fine sights. Rough sea for so small a wind. No birds. Strong wind and rough sea at night. Boat jumping and pounding. Starboard water tank all gone. Run 123 miles."

The wind is South by East and the course East, so that it is a point forward of the beam. *Bird* is under close-reefed main and jib and jigger, and is making five knots hour in and hour

out. If you have ever driven a small boat at a continual 5-knot gait with a strong beam wind, through a heavy beam sea, you can take what I am going to tell you and warp it into a picture.

The next man is sleeping or trying to sleep, chocked in between the bunks, when the cry comes down the hatch, "One Bell." He sits up, yawns, stretches, and sings back, "All right." He knows the boat is going, for he can hear the gurgle of the water under the chimes, and feel the speed tremble, and if that is not evidence enough of what is doing outside, every ten seconds she hits a hole and drops into it with a crash, or takes a smasher under the quarter that shakes up the kitchen and sets the pots and pans a-ringing. A grope for the electric light switch and a small glim is turned on, that gives light sufficient to find your clothes, a drink and a uneeda or two. This hearty meal done, and it is on oilers; this is performed with your head poked out of the companion. It is black as pitch, the sky is ink to you coming out of the light, and the ocean a mass of whiteheads, the helmsman shining like a man armor clothed in the binnacle rays, his oilers dripping, the jigger a swollen

shadow, and the wind whistling and woofing.

"How's she doing?"

"Fine; had her up to Southeast by South nearly all the watch; she's just broke off again to Southeast. Pretty wet; sea's more ahead and breaking nasty."

"What'd you make?"

"A good twenty! Any sleep below?"

"Not much; she pounds like the devil. I wish we could let her off a point or two or this darn wind would haul to the West'ard! All right, I'll take her now."

The weary one crawls below and you and *Bird* are left together for a 4-hour tussle with wind and sea.

During this run, which lasted six or seven days, the one question was "How is her head?" If during the watch it had been kept South of Southeast all hands were happy; if North of Southeast we all had a grouch. The course was due East and to keep this we had to steer by the steering compass Southeast. There being a four-point Westerly error, two variation and two deviation. If you could hold her head South of Southeast, she was making an East course, and

then to the devil with the flying water and the pounding and jumping; but let her break off to E.S.E. and we grumbled and cursed every time a splash of water struck us. This night she made her course, steering E. by S. true, and the next day was one mile the better in latitude, so that was not one of the helmsman's troubles.

But his watch was no soldier's watch; sitting in the weather corner of the pit, a rubber blanket over his feet and legs, one hand on the tiller and the other gripping the combing, eye on the compass, he drives *Bird* on her course.

It is eye wearying, watching the compass; the light is unsteady, and the glass frosty with salt. The stars are out, and the helmsman gets *Bird* on the course and picks out the largest one he can find ahead; keeping the dancing point of light 'twixt weather shroud and mast he steers the course, with an occasional glance at the card to make sure he is holding her true. It is wet work, and if she wasn't making her course you would be anything but contented. Five knots and due East makes up for a lot of discomfort, and you whistle and sing as she dives into it and flings the sea in handsful at you. The sea is tall and

rugged. Not a sea that would bother if you had it over your shoulder, but swinging in on the rigging it is somewhat nasty. Off the wind *Bird* would carry all the rags, but sometimes even the reefed mainstail seems too much.

The watch below are hugging themselves that that mainsail is tied in, for it means no call, and five wet, cold minutes on deck. At first when called out we came with our clothes on, but a few experiences taught us to leave what dry things we had below, and it was a funny sight reefing in a squall, the rain and hail pouring down on the unprotected hides of the crew, as they jumped about the cabin top. There was no soldiering those nights. Reef and run, was the word.

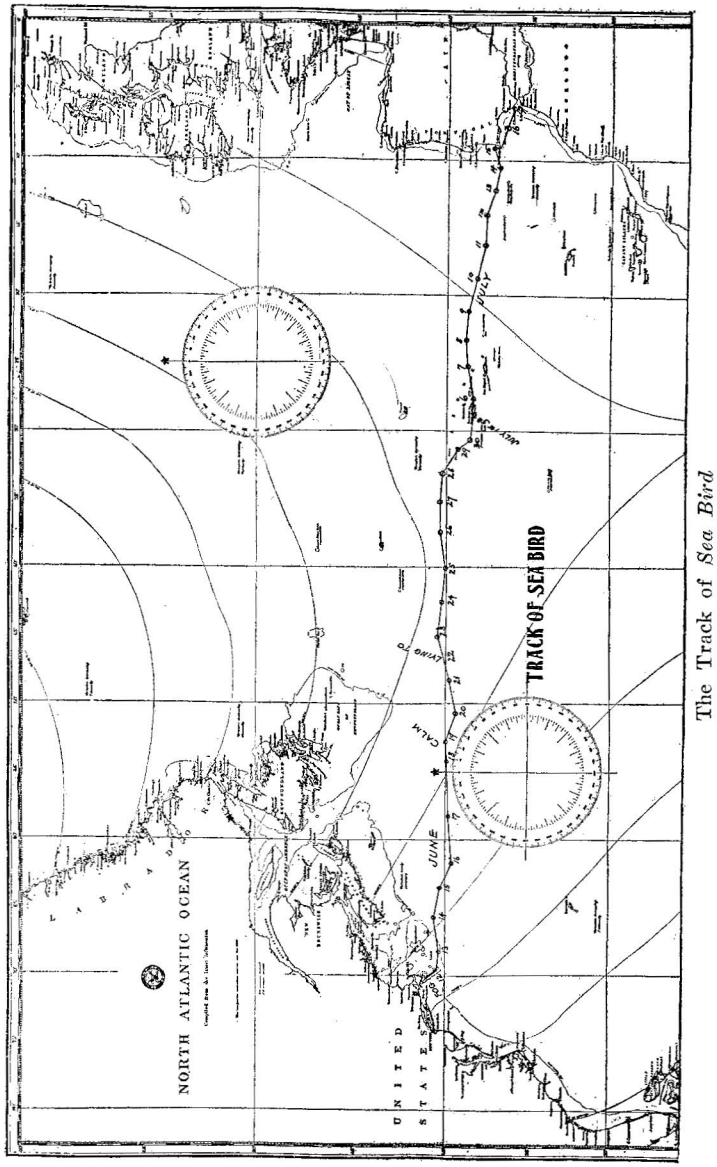
I always hated to call the boys out, and for this reason usually reefed before the other man went below. It does not pay to carry sail after a certain point: it simply means discomfort without adequate gain. This is especially the case if there is a sea running.

This belt of South wind extended from 45° to 33°, and we were about six days in crossing it. It began with a good whole-sail breeze and gradually increased, being strongest between 40° and

37°, when we made a run of 123 miles in 24 hours. The maximum strength was 30 miles, and like a trade it had its periods, being strongest at noon and midnight. It usually began at sunrise from a little East of South, and following the sun by four o'clock had swung to West of South. The sky was clear except for a belt of clouds, often completely enclosing the horizon, and the air warm, but not oppressive like we had it further along. It was perfect ocean weather, and could we have had the wind aft those days would have been some of the most pleasant of our passage. Instead they were the most disagreeable and tiresome. It was impossible to remain on deck, unless clothed in oilers, as *Bird* threw water like a young fire engine, so we had to pass the hours off watch below. All we had to read was one novel, a copy of *Life*, and the ads in the back of Brown's Almanac. I was teaching the boys to navigate, and this helped kill some hours. We had one good coat, an Impervo made by Armstrong, and all hands wore that. It never leaked a drop, and came through the passage in fine condition. The oilers gave out at knee and elbow, the constant rubbing making them leak.

I started to take a 4-hour watch with you, but have run completely off the course; but while we have been talking the dawn has appeared, a faint glow in the Northeast, and the wind is letting go, as it does with the coming of the sun.

I love the dawn, and that is why my choice of watches is the middle. The dawn is the coming of life, the springing into existence of youth, laughter, gladness, all that is inspiring and delighting. The heart rushes ahead to greet it; the eye dances with eagerness to catch the increasing light; you shout as you would at an advancing army whose suddenly discovered banners give promise of rescue and victory. Look, there are the the lances topping the horizon, the shining helmets, the flags, the mirror-like shields! See them lift and waver as with steady, beating tread, the dawn marches up the steeps of the sea. Rank after rank, battalion after battalion, gorgeous in all the colors of Heaven, they sweep towards you. Look astern! The great night-beleaguered cloud-castles have seen, have recognized their deliverers. See, they are aglow with lights, and mad with waving, streaming banners. Oh, for a trumpet blast or a roll of drums: for look, see



The Track of *Sea Bird*

the King is coming. Red, serene, he lifts his head, a single black belt of cloud across his brow, then he rolls proudly up, pouring out like a flood of wine a stream of crimson that lanes the sea from horizon to horizon. The clouds doff their colors, slip back, melt and pass away, and he begins his daily swing, majestic, unattended, the lord master and arbitrator of all.

After I had taken the old gentleman's bearing by the standard compass, I bowed with great deference, for he was the very person we needed, as our first landfall was getting close aboard. At quarter to eight we hove *Bird* to, so as to get sights, to eat and to clean up below, and about the decks. The sight put her in 35° 25′ and the islands are in 31°. But we had worked considerably to North, and were in 40° 21′ that day at noon. No getting down if it held, but at noon it dropped off, and gave us our chance; putting her under power we headed to the Southward, all afternoon the sea kept going and by night it was smooth, and the wind just a whisper.

June 28th and at noon we are out seventeen days from Wasque Point and eighteen days from Providence, and the nearest of the Azores how

far away!

"This day begins with cloudless sky, light S. by E. wind and smooth sea. Under power until 5 a. m. Fine day: finest of all. Good sights. At noon Corvo bore E. by S. ¾ S., distant 103 miles. Under power again at quarter to one p. m. Calm all afternoon and night. At 12:30 a. m. light off starboard bow. Steamer."

We had 33 miles of latitude and 97 miles of longitude, and I told the boys to look out for land about five o'clock, right ahead, with Corvo on the port bow and Flores on the starboard. At midnight a steamer passed some five miles away, headed East. Our usual luck. Every steamer we passed went by in the night.

At four o'clock Thurber took the helm and I went below. It was a calm, misty morning, and at that time you could not see far. A few minutes after five I heard the deck hailing.

"Hi, Skipper, land ahead."

"How does it bear?"

"Right ahead. Looks like two big rocks, one on the port bow and one on the starboard. We are aimed to go right between them."

"Corvo and Flores. Keep her on the same

course;" and turning over I went to sleep again.

Thus did *Bird* make the Azores, at 5 a. m. the 29th day of June, being out 17 days 16 hours and 30 minutes.

Chapter III.

WHEN we called it a watch last chapter the islands were in sight, and I was turning over for a parcel of sleep. You may think it queer that a man who had not seen land for seventeen days should take so little interest in the sight of it as to prefer sleep to viewing a landfall. But I knew exactly where the boat was, as the sights the day before were as near perfection as possible, and consequently our reckoning placed us between 30 and 35 miles off the rocks at 5 a. m. Then the land, if land there was, could be nothing but the two islands, and as there is about 1,000 feet within a mile of the shore the proximity did not worry me. Sleep, —ah, Sancho Panza was right when he invoked a blessing on the head of the man who invented it. There is always a market for sleep, and when it interests, all other commodities become as nothing in our tired, closing eyes. Even Death loses his awe when sleep, slipping up beside, with

gentle touch arrests the destroyer and stepping before his terroring figure hides with distended pinions the horrors of the inevitable. Wornout men would fall asleep on the very brink of hell. When a boy I was helping a man shingle the roof of a barn; we ran short of nails, and I was sent to buy a supply. On my return I found the carpenter sound asleep on the peak of the barn, a leg dangling on each side and his head resting on the sharp ridge. A man who served in the war told me that he was stationed with a crew at a large gun with orders to throw a shell every thirty minutes into a town the forces were besieging. After firing they sponged and loaded, and then with the exception of one man all hands laid down and went to sleep. The man awake at the expiration of the thirty minutes pulled the lock string, woke the crew and the gun was again loaded. One night a shell from the enemy's batteries sought out the gun and striking the breech, exploded, killing the man on watch; my friend and his comrades slept on until awakened by the relief.

Nothing except sleep has interest for the sleepy man. So while the Skipper sleeps, let us back

track over his course and try and find out why *Bird* did not make land sooner. I was disappointed, for although my statement before leaving was that we would make Horta in twenty days, I had strong hopes of doing it in seventeen or eighteen. I knew *Bird* was good for better than a hundred a day if she had the wind, as I have known her to reel off six knots hour after hour with a strong beam or quartering breeze.

I am not one of those navigators who never make mistakes or commit errors. We have met men who never overrun their reckoning, who are always on the course, and who never fail to make a landfall directly ahead. I frequently overrun my reckoning, am sometimes off the course, and have made landfalls several miles from where I intended to, but frequently make port ahead of those who never err. In going back over the track from Cape Pogue to Flores I cannot detect having made a single mistake, or having lost an hour through error of judgment. The delay was due to natural circumstances over which man has no control.

We lost time the first three days when the wind held ahead and light and she made less than

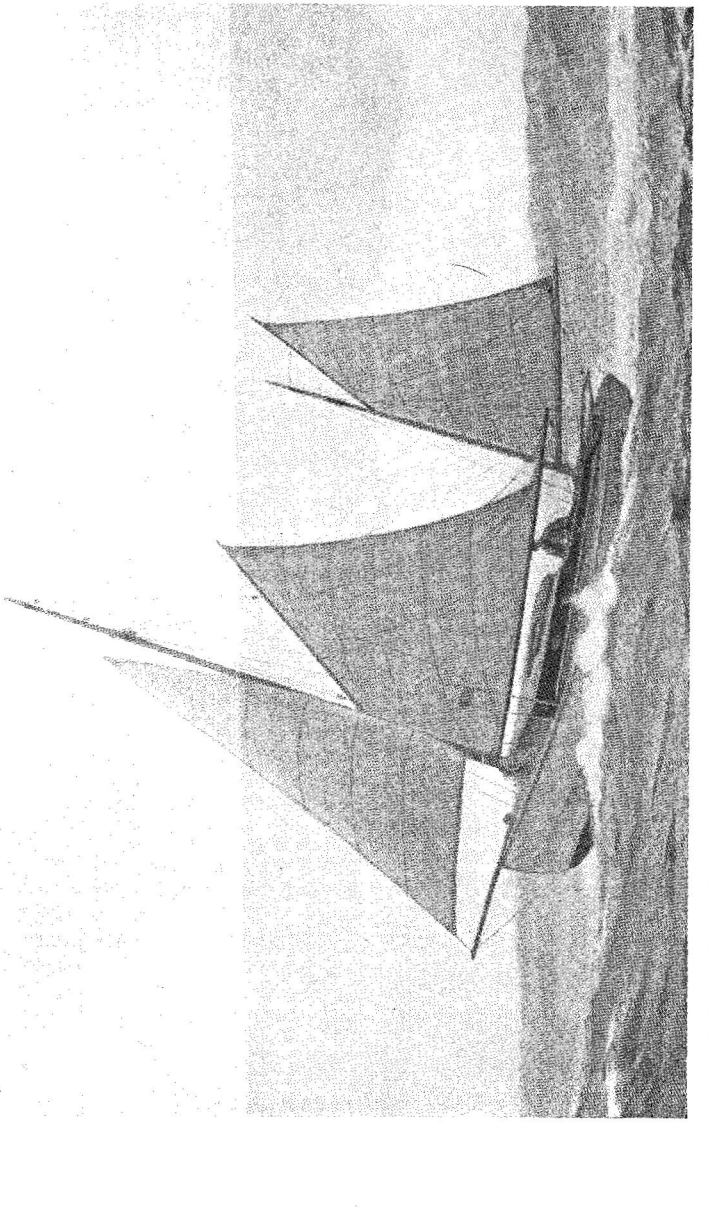
60 miles a run. Had we departed the coast with a good Westerly and made a fair offing those three days the Azores would have been seen under the bow on the sixteenth morning out. A few hours might have been gained by recklessly carrying sail, but the same recklessness might have cost us several days' delay. We did not loaf, for records show we reefed and shook out over fifty times the first fifteen days. Frequently the mainsail was up and down four times a watch. Every opportunity we had of setting light canvas was seized and the boat was driven at the top of her speed most of the time. We lost about 100 miles when laid to on the 22d of June, but while we might have run her that night and made time it would have involved considerable danger to the crew, and coming to anchor was a sane move.

The whole epitome of small-boat navigating is in this sentence: Direct the course so that at the next noon your boat will have the position of advantage. Here is where judgment comes in: such judgment is the crown of experience. On the passage from Nantucket to the Azores, *Bird* was always at noon in a favorable position for

the next day's run. That the West wind failed was not her or her crew's fault; they both did the best they could and considering the drawbacks made a fast passage.

The average time for sailing vessels to the Azores is eighteen days and these are big craft. Most of the packets running out of New Bedford take from twenty to thirty, so that we beat their time, but I'd hoped to make it in sixteen and was a bit disappointed.

The boys never having been out of sight of land so long before in their lives, were considerably excited over its appearance, and made so much noise that at last giving up trying to sleep I showed up on deck. *Bird* had smelled the soil, and was cavorting like a young colt. She had got the boom on the starboard side for the first time since leaving Nantucket and was doing five knots or better. Poor thing! she had an idea that she was going into harbor for a rest, and when we went past and left the island astern she had a fit of sulks that lasted until she got in sight of Fayal. This was the only time *Bird* acted sulky during the whole trip, and it was only because she was thoroughly tired out.



From a painting by Warren Sheppard

On the Broad Atlantic

Look over the port bow, and there, 25 miles away rises a huge rock, or is it a gigantic sea monster that has come up to rest and sun its huge body on the surface of the sea? For such it resembles. That is Corvo, the outermost and most Northerly of the Azore group. It is the peak of a volcano, lifting nearly 3,000 feet above the sea, and its feet resting on the bottom 800 fathoms below. The rock and the bank surrounding it are of small dimension, the latter being about five miles long, and the island about three; the greatest height is 2,549 feet, and there is one crater or caldeira as the Portuguese call it. The volcano has been defunct for ages. Corvo is in 31° 06′ West, and 39° 42′ North.

I am greatly interested in Corvo and would have given much to have stopped there, and thoroughly explored the rock. My chief interest lies in the fact that this island was an outpost of those daring mariners, the Phœnicians, and from it they must have repeatedly swept the Atlantic in search for land to the West. When first visited by a modern people a stone statue of a man on horseback was found with an arm extended and his index finger pointing to the

West. A large number of Carthaginian coins have also been found. No doubt the Carthaginians had a knowledge of or suspected the existence of the American Continent, as evidence of the presence of land in the West must have been constantly brought to them by the current, just as today wrecks and buoys from the American coast are borne to these isles. At Horta there are two gas buoys from Little Hope Shoal, Nova Scotia, and on the home voyage we passed another drifting between Flores and Fayal. These tales handed down through the Arabs of North Africa and taken into Spain by the Saracens were what excited the minds of Prince Henry and Columbus and led to the discoveries of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. While there is no proof, I am inclined to the belief that the Carthaginians had a positive knowledge of the American Continent, but this is no time to discuss that question.

Corvo has about 1,000 inhabitants and is the smallest in size and population of the nine islands. The people are very poor, but happy and do some farming and fishing.

As I looked the sun rose behind the island.

Eating up the mist it lit up the land and we had a splendid view of its peaks, cliffs, and outlying rocks. One of these latter, looking like a mere stone, was 150 feet high. At eight o'clock I brought the sun down against the foot of the Western cliff and found we were sixteen miles from Flores.

This island, larger and not looking as lofty as Corvo, was off the starboard bow. It was cloud-capped, and hid in purple mist, but even at the distance of ten miles appeared to hang over the sea, and our speck of vessel. It is difficult to realize the height of these islands; there is nothing to compare them with. The only thing that makes you think they are high is the wreath or belt of cloud continually hanging over their tops. Ascending the Hudson the Palisades appear a tremendous height, rising sheer from the river's edge. The cliffs of Flores are five times the height of the Palisades and lift like a wall from the sea. The crest of the island, Morro Grande, is 3,087 feet.

The West side of the island is a magnificent sight, the cliffs terraced, and split with rents 1,000 feet deep, covered from foot to crown with

greenery, and here and there villages of tiny houses hanging like swallows' nests to the rocky shelves. All morning we ran towards this shore, the land gradually rising over us until at noon we were close in under the cliffs.

I had intended to pass between Corvo and Flores and down the East side of the latter island, but the wind broke us off, and rather than waste time we ran *Bird* off to pass around the South end. The capital city of Flores lies on the East side; it is called Santa Cruz and is the home of the only Rudderman on the island. Although we did not know it at the time, there is a wireless station at Santa Cruz and another at Corvo, so we could have announced our arrival two days earlier than we did at Fayal.

While we are coming in on the land, let me tell you something about Flores. This island is much larger than Corvo, and is ten miles South by East of the smaller rock. Flores is about nine miles long and seven wide, and high all over. It is of volcanic origin and contains the remains of several craters, and a dozen or more peaks. It has the most beautiful scenery of any of the Azores, and is probably the most beautiful

island in the Atlantic. There are several lakes, streams and waterfalls, besides hot springs and other curious things.

Beyond its natural beauties, Flores has historical associations that give it standing as a place of interest. In the old days it was the landfall of the homebound fleets of caravels and galleons, laden with the spoils of New Spain. The storm-tossed and weary mariners, months perhaps voyaging in their clumsy water-wagons, on scant rations, and less water, misty-eyed watching for the green cliffs and cloud-capped peaks, what a glorious sight it must have been to them, the silver-white, leaping waterfalls, the green trees, the grass, this ocean paradise, after days and days of sea and sky. What a glad shout must have gone up when from the tops came the ringing "Land-ho!" How the saints must have been mentioned, the banners flung out, and the last casks of wine been broached! How cavalier, merchant, and mariner must have forgotten quarrels and station and grouped at the rail to watch for the first lift of the rocky head above the horizon!

For a navigator miles out in his reckoning

they were grand things to aim for; even the worst of navigators could hardly help picking up one or the other of the group. The Spanish pilots were out sometimes 100 leagues in their longitude, as they had no way of ascertaining it; but with their rude staffs could come within 30 miles of the latitude. Having the latter it was only a question of keeping a good lookout and standing boldly on.

The East side of Flores was their rendezvous. Here they cast anchor, sent their sick ashore to feel the healing touch of Mother Earth and eat of her curing herbs, and here they reladened their barks with food and water for the last run to the Spanish coast.

But where the game is there will be the hunter, and Flores became a favorite ground for buccaneers and pirates who preyed on the Spanish trade. They hung around the islands greedily impatient for the sight of an Eastbound sail. Woe to the unfortunate galleon that lost her place with the fleet and arrived too soon or too late within the sight of the islands! As a dove venturing under the shadow of a cliff on which perched the eyrie of a kite would be like unto

the coming of this merchantman. One swoop, a feeble defense, and she was borne off to be gutted and fired. The Spaniard robbed the Indian, and Englishman, Frenchman, and Algerine plundered the Spaniard. Off the shores of Flores and Corvo the wrongs of Montezuma and the spoliation of Atahualpa were revenged.

But the one event of Flores that appeals to the English-speaking race is the famous battle fought off its Eastern shore in the time of Elizabeth. This is the most remarkable naval conflict that history records, and beside it for cool daring and desperate defense no other fight ranks,—the fight between *Revenge* and the Spanish fleet. You will recall how the small English fleet was surprised by the Armada of Spanish merchantmen and war vessels, some sixty by count; how Lord Howard fled away to the North, leaving Sir Richard Grenville with his *Revenge* at anchor off the island. The old Devon sea-dog refused to abandon his sick men ashore and delayed to take them off. The Spanish fleet came up, overtook and surrounded him. He refused their offers of good war, and the fight began. For hours this single ship fought a fleet; she

drove them back, crippled, and sunk them, and after a day and a night of fierce fighting was afloat, and what was left of her crew, a bloody, powder-blackened handful, standing to their guns. Grenville was down and dying, and the last ten surrendered the ship. The shattered timbers of *Revenge* lie somewhere off the island, for she sank.

Off Flores the famous *Alabama* was fitted out, she having been taken there after her escape from Liverpool; a barque was waiting laden with guns and stores, and the Confederate cruiser was armed and put into commissioin by Captain Semes. Off here *Alabama* made her first capture, a whaleman; this vessel was burned.

At noon we were close under the shore, having gone in nearer than I wanted to so we could get some snapshots. In consequence we lost the Northeast wind and got a back draft off the cliffs, and then a dead calm. Hooking up the engine we plugged alongshore and at 3 p. m. were abreast of Ilheros Point, the Southwestern corner. Here to our joy we sighted a boat containing six men, who were fishing. Running up within a short distance we hailed and asked

them if they had any fish. This we did hail in our best Spanish, not knowing Portuguese for fish. The answer came back in plain, ringing English, and we hove-to and waited for them to come alongside. The person who answered our hail was a boy from San Francisco, Cal., who was on a visit to the island, his father having been born there. Two others who spoke English had been sailors on American ships. The other three were just natives. We soon set up a grand palaver, or as the Africans say mama talk. The result was we swapped three plugs of chewing tobacco for a 4-lb. fish something like a red snapper, and a copy of *Life* and a love story called "Her Only Sin" for some packages of Portuguese cigarettes. These islanders lived in a small village just inshore, and perched about 800 feet above the sea. It looked like a terrific climb, but I suppose they are used to it.

These were the first humans we had seen in seventeen days, and it sounded good to hear them talk, although the backbone of the captain's English consisted of swear-words of the salt-sea kind. We intrusted a note to the Californian for delivery to Lloyd's agent, and after an hour's con-

verse bid the Florians farewell. Close to where we spoke this boat the Cunard steamer went ashore some two years ago. The captain, listening to the request of the passengers that he pass close to the islands, so that they might see them, ran his vessel on a shelving rock in a small bight under the cliff. She never came off, but luckily all hands were saved. It was misty at the time, but I cannot understand why, if he was sounding his hooter, he did not hear the echo long before the ship took the rock.

After leaving the fish-boat we engined around the corner close under a wall of rock some 2,000 feet high, and made off to the South'ard to get clear of the land. The land made me nervous and I wanted to get some miles under my lee before night came on. Land aboard means anxiety, and my happiest time is when there is none within 100 miles except straight down from the keel. I can just understand how those captains of the old square-rigged clippers used to feel when they made soundings.

But the fish!—our first fresh meal in nearly three weeks. We dined well,—soup, fish, potatoes, rice, corn, chow-chow, canned peaches,

and coffee, followed by a Borgerdoff and a pony of brandy. The fish was excellent, tasting something like our sea bass, but I have forgotten the Azorean name of it.

There is a fine light on the South side of Flores, about 200 feet above the water. It is not in the best place, but further West there is no situation for it, as the land is too high, and lights on very high places are useless owing to the constant clouds covering them. It is a white flash light: three flashes.

From Flores to Horta is 130 miles, the course about East by South, and at 6 p. m. we took our departure with a light Northerly wind and smooth sea. What says the log on Friday, June 30th: "This day begins fine and clear, with light E.N.E. wind and smooth sea. Flores still in sight astern bearing N.N.W. Calm at noon. At 2 p. m. sighted Pico bearing E. by S. true. Light wind all afternoon, variable at night. Position at noon 38° 42′ North, 30° 40′ West. Run 50 miles."

This light wind and the consequent 50-mile run put an end to our dreams of making port early Saturday, and we began to talk of 4 p. m.

We were 75 miles from Pico when we saw it like a cone of cloud on the Eastern horizon. This magnificent (and it really deserves that adjective) volcanic cone rises directly out of the sea on the West, South, and North sides to a height of over 7,000 feet. It is a perfect cone shape, with a small pit crowning its summit. On the East side it sends off a foot that extends on a gradual rise for several miles. Pico is black ash, cinders and lava. It has been dormant for centuries, but is a much younger peak than Corvo or Flores.

I told the boys we might see the peak from afar off, and they kept watch, along the horizon ahead. At two o'clock Goodwin called my attention to a peculiar cloud ahead. I looked and saw it was the mountain. Once seen it could be distinctly made out. Curiously enough you cannot see these lands at a distance with a glass, even when they are distinctly visible to the naked eye. Returning on the steamer I saw Flores when we were 40 miles from it, and called the attention of the deck steward to it. Looking through a strong pair of glasses he could not see the island nor could I, but to the bare eye the land was

plainly visible. You can readily distinguish it from cloud. Cloud has a rounded appearance particularly at the edges; but the land is flat, silhouette like, and stands up from the ocean like cardboard scenery on the rear of a miniature stage. Pico you see in the sky, with an unfilled space between it and the horizon. No doubt in exceptionally clear weather it could be seen 100 miles away. I have seen it when 80 miles distant.

The sight of Pico led to a lot of volcano talk, a subject upon which I can jockey the gaff for a whole watch. I was brought up on volcanoes and the ice age, my father having a mania for lecturing upon those subjects. We had on the shelves dozens of books and pamphlets relating to volcanoes and their families and friends, and I read them all. So if you want to talk volcano come round and sit by the fire with me some evening. After telling all I knew about volcanic action in the Azores, the lecture rounded up by the mate remarking that when all the islands were busy there must have been some Hades just about our locality.

This group of islands stands over the line of

the great fault, the weak place or crack, that runs completely round the earth. On our side it extends through the West Indies, across the Atlantic, taking in Bermuda and the Azores, then through the Mediterranean, passing under Italy and Sicily, and on into the Levant. It is what is known as the Earthquake belt, and along its course have happened those tremendous catastrophes which, destroying whole cities, have brought death and suffering to millions of humans. But it takes more than an earthquake or an eruption to drive man away from his particular spot. Let an earthquake destroy the town of one generation and the next will rebuild it. And this is the reason: earthquakes are infrequent, hunger is always. In volcanic lands the soil is rich; it will feed the mouths of thousands. Man must have food, and back he goes, rebuilds his house and retills his farm. Food is the mainspring of the universe, everything eats and must eat, so all other things are secondary to food-getting. To the best fed people the earth is given; it is beef and beer that conquer. The sword may carve out kingdoms, but those that last are founded on beef bones and wheat bread,

with side donations of malt and hops.

Pico in sight and oh, how slowly we crawled up to it. A mean, light, shifty wind, and *Bird* sulking along. Our fuel was down to five gallons of not very clean gasoline, and this we were husbanding for the last 10 or 20 miles if it fell calm. The next morn, at sunrise, Fayal was in sight, and it seemed not far away, but it took us until two that afternoon to reach its Easterly point. One can understand the old stories of enchanted islands so popular in the days of the early navigators; islands that as you sailed towards sailed off, lengthening their distance, until the mariner, weary of the endless chase, up stick and fled back to his home port. Just imagine a sailing vessel of those days, capable of making two or three knots in light airs, sighting one of those high islands at a distance of 50 or 60 miles. With a head current it would probably take her four or five days to reach it. No wonder they imagined the island moved.

It seemed as we would never get to Pico, but all voyages have an end, and at last we ran in under the lee of the land, having picked up a strapping Northerly just about noon. The log

that day reads:

"This day begins fine with light N.E. wind and smooth sea. Pico and Fayal in sight ahead. All sail set. People clearing up decks, etc. Wind stronger at noon. Made close under Fayal at 2 p. m. At 4 p. m. wind dropped light, and at six tide went ahead, and we could not make harbor. At 8 p. m. spoke pilot-boat. At 9:30 got into Horta Harbor and anchored."

While we are enjoying the run up along the South shore of Fayal let me tell you what I know about that bit of land, and its sister islands. In the central group there are five islands, Tercera, St. Jorge, Graciosa, Fayal and Pico. The two latter lie close together and on the same ridge, being separated by a narrow passage called Fayal Channel.

Fayal gets its name from the plant Faya which grows wild upon its hillsides; it is a species of beech. The island is much the shape of a heart, except that it has a few points and jags, the largest and most curious of these being the Peninsula of La Guia (The Guide), which makes the South side of Horta Harbor, and marks the entrance to the channel. It is the remains of

and orange grow, the hydrangea and geranium spring wild, and flowers blossom and crops mature all the year round. It is a small Paradise, and why the world has neglected to make of it a Winter pleasure ground is one of the things no man can explain; but its day is yet to come.

The population is about 15,000, but it is diminishing owing to the rapidly increasing emigration to the United States. The young women all want to leave and get a job in the New Bedford and Fall River mills, and wear merry widow hats, and be the real thing, like their relations who have gone Americawise before. But many of the old, after they have made their little pile in the States, return to this real God's Country, and settle down to enjoy a quiet life.

Just think of living in a place where there are no trolley cars, no automobiles, no prohibitionists, no snow, no windbag politicians, no Sunday newspapers, and only two mails a month! The city of Horta is a pretty place and scrupulously clean, as is the whole island. It is prettily placed in a semicircle backed by the hills, and from the water looks like a back-drop in one of the scenes of an Italian opera. In fact, all the scenery of

the islands has that unreal appearance, especially Pico. That mountain never actually existed to me, it was always like something seen in a dream.

When I went on my last deviation *Bird* was holding up the shore with a Northeast breeze, and we were enjoying watching the land slip by. You can never see any of the inhabitants of these islands until you make the quay side; they appear to be peopleless. This is due to their being no skyline except at the highest part, and consequently the dark background absorbs all moving things. The houses are visible only because they are washed white. The farms are cut up into miniature fields neatly walled, and over these walls run grape vines. Some of these fields are not more than 50 feet square. These, laid out against the slope, give the whole scene a checkerboard appearance which is heightened by one field showing yellow, another green and a third brown. Over all, crowning the heights, swing the great arms of the windmills, like giant watchers guarding the fertile fields below, whence comes the corn that their whirling vitals powder.

At five o'clock we had Mounte de Guia abeam and I was for standing right across the channel

was the schooner *Rambler,* a boat of some 200 tons,* and she sailed from Boston April 28th and made Horta on May 11th, being thirteen days on the voyage. *Bird's* twenty days don't look so foolish alongside this quick passage, when you compare the two craft. Our yawl would have hoisted on *Rambler's* davits, and not been in the way. We have no records to prove it, but *Bird's* passage to the Azores is without doubt the fastest long passage ever made by a small boat. The *Red, White, and Blue* that crossed in 1866 made the passage from New York to the Chops of the Channel in thirty-four days, an average of 97 miles. She was longer, narrower and shoaler than *Bird,* but about the same tonnage. This little vessel had strong Westerly winds nearly all the passage. We beat the *Spray's* passage from Briars Island to Horta, as told in Captain Slocum's book, but his published statement does not agree with the records, as he did not arrive at Gibraltar, according to the account kept there, until August

**Rambler* was a keel schooner of 223 tons, 120 feet over all, 105 feet water-line, 25 feet width, 11 feet draught. She was built in New London in 1871 for Mr. W. H. Thomas, an enthusiastic yachtsman of those days.

4th, which made him longer than thirty-six days out from Boston. One small boat that crossed was 120 days making the passage and several were over sixty. The first power boat to cross, the *A. A. Low,* was about forty days making the passage.

The next morning just at dawn I heard a hail alongside and there was the Port Doctor, he having left his bed to come and give us pratique so we could go ashore This was the first expression of the kind and generous treatment we received from the officials and people of Fayal. After the Doctor and his assistant, the latter a gentleman who was constant in his many good offices, had looked the *Bird* over, we got up anchor to pull into the quay side, but before the kedge came to the top we were saluted by a cheery hail in English and a gentleman who introduced himself as Mr. James Dalrymple came alongside. He had a large bunch of clippings from American papers with the story of our start from Providence, they having arrived by mail two days before. He gave us the news, took a few snapshots, and invited us to come ashore and make ourselves at home.

Hauling into the quay the Capo de Mar (Corporal of the Sea), or Harbor Master as we would call him, took charge of mooring *Bird,* and for the next three days was her proud guardian. The Capo was an old sailor, and a man to whom we all took a great liking, and it was really pathetic to see the way in which he watched over and tended the little craft. I gave the boat completely into his care, and he had the right to admit or not admit visitors to view the interior.

When we stepped out on the quay our legs would scarcely obey our request for uniform and decent motion. We staggered about like three homeward-bound drunkards, and mine never got quite right for some days. The cramping in the pit when steering was what did it. I tried all sorts of exercises to keep my leg muscles pliant, but none exactly reached the spot. The balance of the voyage was not so bad, and we did not suffer such another tying up.

I shall never forget the sight of Pico at sunset and at sunrise that first morning. We were fortunate in arriving when the wind being North it was almost free of cloud, a small bank only holding to the South side, the rest of the peak

being exposed in naked blackness. That morning, at the first spreading of the dawn, the channel was a dull green, and the sky a leaden gray, the mountain lifting a huge ebon shape that appeared flattened against it. Gradually the dawn crept along the Northern and Eastern horizon, then suddenly swept up, lancing the higher clouds with spears of light, until their pierced breasts overflowed with crimson and they seemingly rolled tumultuously back, shooting a splendid radiance over sea and land, and breaking far to the West like surfs on the sloping reaches of the banks of green and purple vapor. Dark as Pluto on his throne sat the cinder giant, then as if ten million lamps were lighted within, a flickering radiance showed through the crest, and slowly spreading downwards settled into a steady red glow, a glow of heated bronze, and intensely warm flame, indescribable in its beauty, it wrought of the peak a wonderful and glorious sight. With eyes fascinated, my mind kept asking if it was real. So unreal, so unnatural, it was like something presented in a dream.

The sea and the land on either side shared in this glory. The cliff lifting from the South side

of the harbor burned crimson, the waters, except in the shadow of the breakwater, were a chameleon-like spread of fire, that changed from rose to green, with a varying intensity as the light morning wind ruffled the surface. From somewhere in town a bell tolled and as I gazed, listening to its welcome tones, the colors died away, the Sun rose, and his first beams caught *Bird* dancing and swinging to the breeze, her flag streaming out from the truck over the heads of three weather-worn and sun-bronzed men, out of whose hearts drifted a thankful prayer, in which they did not forget to mention the brave little craft that had borne them with speed and safety over the first long stretch of the Western Ocean.

The quay was crowded with people, who welcomed us with cheers and handshakes, and among the most enthusiastic were the men from the Cable stations. There are three cable companies having relays here, Eastern, Commercial, and a German company. They employ over one hundred men, many of whom live at the quarters where they mess like military officers. The Eastern and Commercial boys are English,

Irish and Scotch, and they certainly did look after us; nothing in their eyes was too good for the crew of *Sea Bird*. The Germans never came near us, and it was only the last day that one of them spoke to me. With individual exceptions the Germans are not a sporting people, and a feat like that of sailing a small boat across the ocean does not appeal to them as it does to the Anglo-Saxon. Then again the British, Irish, and Americans are the same people, the same language, same traits, same sports, same aspirations, and same drinks, and it is only natural that they should hobnob together. But for good fellows wherever you find them in the world, among the bergs of the North or under the palms of the South, you can't beat the Britisher except by stacking an Irishman against him. There is nothing under Heaven they won't do for you except allow you to drink water.

Our first thought after getting clear of the welcoming crowd was breakfast, and guided by a pair of volunteers we found the Fayal Hotel, the principal hostelry of the town. Here we were welcomed and saddened by the news that breakfast would not be ready until nine o'clock

—a 3-hour wait—and we were hungry. This hotel, despite the odd time for holding meals, is an excellent one, very clean, and cheap, and the food is well cooked, varied and neatly served. The charge was about one dollar a day, beds forty cents a night.

After breakfast the American Consul called upon us, and very kindly offered his assistance to make our stay pleasant, and several citizens of Horta also came up and tendered their congratulations and good wishes. The main regret was that they had not known sooner we were coming so as to have had proper time to prepare a public reception. Owing to our short stay we were sorry to be obliged to decline a day's outing that had been planned for us by the Municipal Council.

The people of Horta, without a single exception, treated us with the greatest kindness and showed us every courtesy and attention. Even the shopkeepers with whom we had dealings made it a point to give us the best, and in some cases even evinced a reluctance to take our money. One gentleman called us into his shop, and requested us to take anything we liked. We

picked out three comical-looking straw hats. He also gave me several whale's teeth and would accept nothing in return except a pipe. His name is Ernesto Lourenco de Sousa Azevedo, and he was about as happy looking a mortal as ever I saw, so here's to his health and a long life to him!

All the way across *Bird* had a small leak. It was in the deadwood aft and was made by piercing for the shaft hole. The hole having cut a crack in the keel timber through which water seeped. It was not much, a bucket an hour, but it was a decided nuisance, as when she rolled she threw it up into the lockers on either side. We hoped that after a few days it would take up, but it didn't, and so one of our reasons for delaying at Horta was to try and get at and stop this leak. So we made arrangements with Capo to haul out on the beach early Monday morning.

A leak in a boat is worse than a blister on your heel, and it always gives me the fidgets. Before the engine was put in *Bird* was absolutely dry so far as her bottom was concerned and we poured water into her once or twice every season to keep the fungus from growing on the timbers and frame. She always had and has to-day a

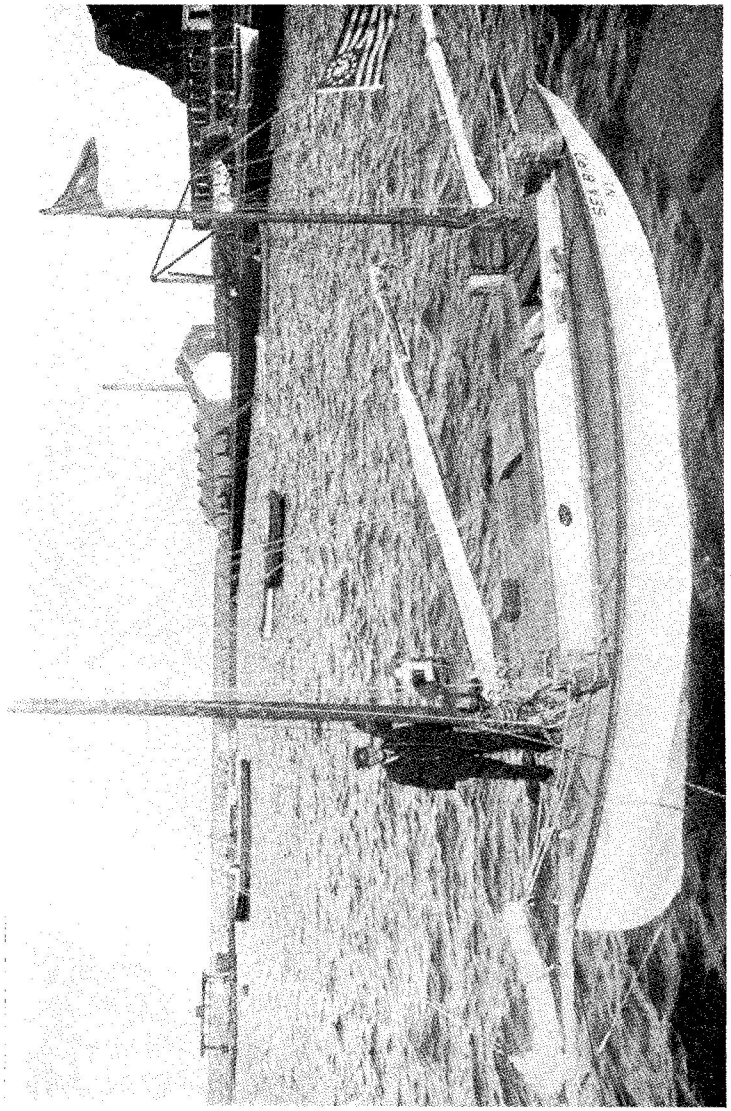
small weep at the forward side of the house which nobody has been able to find, although all the wiseheads have made close search for it. This weep brought us considerable misery, as it kept the heads of the bunks constantly damp. I am going to strip off all the deck canvas this Winter and see if it cannot be found. It has always puzzled me why a boat's deck and house cannot be made tight. You can put a tight roof on a house; why not on a boat? I never saw a boat with an absolutely tight roof on it. They always leak somewhere or somehow. It is either the hatch, the skylight, the windows or ports, or something. The next boat this man builds won't leak from aloft you can bet, for he has a plan that will make her as watertight as a cannon ball.

Just before starting I was in Coleman's place in Providence and spied a large brass pump, and some good genius prompted its purchase. It proved our salvation, as the deck pump's intake would not reach to water. Each watch when it went below manned this big brass pump and cleaned her out to an almost dry. One night, I think the night we were lying-to, Goodwin was standing in the companion pumping, when he

was struck a sounding whack on the side of the face. He stopped and picked up the missile which had shot from the sea. It was a squid of about nine inches in length. It covered him and the floor with ink. I was frequently struck at night by small flying fish, and sometimes they hurt if they landed in your face. They were little fellows, two or three inches over all. A large flying fish will deal a man a terrific blow and have been known to knock an eye out.

Fish we saw in plenty all the way across, but had no tackle, it having been forgotten. Porpoises we had with us nearly every day and they are good company, and we always enjoyed having them about; but they had a rather startling trick at night of unexpectedly coming up close alongside and glowing. This would make you jump. It was grand to see them, hundreds at a time playing ahead, astern and on both sides when in the phosphorescent waters of the Gulf. They appeared like pieces of silver, flashing in and out, and racing with each other seemingly in mere sportiveness. How they did love to tear after the poor flying fish, driving them out in clouds, as they rushed into the midst of a school.

The porpoise is the only sea animal that has no enemy that it fears: no other sea animal or fish dare attack it. The whole school, like a pack of wolves, spring on the foe and rend him to pieces. Sharks are mortally afraid of them, and they seem to delight in worrying a whale. What a splendid manifestation of economical speed are these silent engines of Nature's making! Here is a machine not over five feet long that, with scarce an apparent movement, can drive at a speed of 30 knots or better. How absurd our pretensions to being great inventors, with our huge noisy engines, that eat tons of fuel to make the same speed! O man, place your flying machine beside yon gull, your speedy steam craft beside yon dolphin,—what crudity, what waste, what deformity! Nature laughs at you, as a man laughs at the imitations of his work wrought by the hands of a child.



Sea Bird with the Harbor Master aboard

Chapter IV.

FOUR pleasant days were spent at Horta. During this time we thoroughly overhauled *Bird's* stores and made everything ready for the passage to the coast. The timer on the engine had gone out of gear, and with the assistance of a very clever native mechanic we put it into shape again and had no more trouble with it. This man (I have forgotten his name) had never seen but three gasoline engines before he saw the *Bird's,* but he thoroughly understood them, and the one he had in his own boat ran like a clock. Power boats are just coming into use in the Azores, and no doubt the visit of the *Bird* will do much to encourage a belief in their utility and reliability. One thing that prevents their more rapid adoption is the high cost of gasoline, and the difficulty of obtaining a supply. The suction gas power is the thing for these places and, as soon as it is known, will be employed to take the place of steam in fishing and trading vessels.

to take a last snapshot and bid us good-bye and so we passed close, and with dipping colors and many heartfelt words parted from two of the best fellows the sun ever shone upon. Glad to get away to sea again and on our voyage, all hands were considerably subdued by the parting, and not much was said for some time. But a sailor's life is a life of constant meetings and partings, and he soon gets over sorrows, and consoles himself with thoughts of the next port, the next drink and the next girl. Ahead of us a distance of 1,100 miles lay our port, and we resolutely turned *Bird's* head to that and drove on.

Somehow or other I had got into my cranium the distance to Gibraltar as being a little over 900 miles, whereas it is nearly 1,200. Evidently I had mixed up distances in some way, and therefore, speaking offhand, I told the boys before leaving that we would make Cape St. Vincent in eight days and Gibraltar in ten. At noon I worked it up and found that a straight line from Horta to Gibraltar measured 1,108 miles, which meant that we would have to sail at least 1,200 to get there, and that would mean with ordinary

weather at least twelve days.

There was small promise of much wind but great hopes that it would be free. The wind between the Azores and the European coast for nine months of the year blows from the North, and the center of this channel is the track of sailing vessels bound to the Hope and Horn. In the old days of hemp and canvas it was a lively bit of roadway, but at present only now and then a square rigger comes along, a sad remnant of the once mighty fleet whose broad sails shadowed every sea. There are plenty of steamers but they keep closer to the coast to escape the strength of this Northerly trade. Like all these persistent winds they have a curve of intensity, the highest part of this wind being between 21° and 14° West, and tapering off to a calm on either side. This wind at its best, which was from 10 a. m. until 4 p. m., never exceeded 15 miles and most of the time did not blow strong enough to whitecap the sea. It swung from NNE to NNW following the sun just as the Southerly wind had done to the West of the Azores. How even it blew is shown by the runs we made while crossing it: 84, 106, 118, 119, 108 and 93. The

118, 119 were made at the crown of its intensity. As far as the sea was concerned, it was like sailing on Central Park Pond, and the weather was warm and most of the time the sky clear, night and day.

After getting clear of Horta Breakwater we stood across the Fayal Channel to go between St. Jorge and Pico down what is called St. Jorges Channel. This is a deep, wide passage, that can be safely navigated at any time by either large or small vessels. Our friend Pico was shrouded in cloud from his waist up, and not a glimpse of the peak could be had; this was a disappointment as we desired very much to view him from the East and North side.

The island of St. Jorge lying along the North side of this channel is a high narrow ridge, that rises in most places in sheer cliffs, covered wherever vegetation can hang with greenery, which, contrasting with the red and black rocks, forms a most enchanting piece of scenery. To heighten the effect here and there a stream of water leaps, and falls, a trembling dash of silver down its side. There is one considerable town Villa Vellas and numerous hamlets hanging seemingly half in

the air from beach to crest.

With a light headwind and the engine going we tacked this channel all that morning, making about four miles an hour, as fortunately, we had the current with us. I would like to have stood close under St. Jorge, but feared to lose what little wind we had and therefore remained in midchannel.

St. Jorges stretches somewhat beyond Pico to the East, and we passed the end of the last island about 2:30 p. m., and at five o'clock the East end of St. Jorge bore North. Here we passed a small schooner bound for Horta; all hands except the Captain and a lady were at the sweeps and she was moving along at about two miles an hour propelled by oars and sail. They were evidently astonished at our speed, but when we ranged alongside and they recognized the bandera Americana they gave us a cheer which we heartily returned.

At the East end of St. Jorge is a whaling lookout with a station below, and it was a day of luck for the whalers. We sighted two boats fast to a whale, one of which was being stowed in to the flaying dock. I was sorry we did not

get there sooner to see them strike the fish; what a series of photographs that would have made!

The people in the Azores are whale crazy, and when one is sighted the place is like a country town when fire is yelled. Everybody drops whatever he has in hand and rushes out to see the boats launched. There are twenty-six whaling companies, and no money or time is spared to keep their equipment up to the highest point. The boats are local-built craft of a very fine model and first-class workmanship, and very fast under sail and oars. The companies maintain lookouts, and these, when a spout is sighted, alarm the crews by firing a bomb by day and a rocket by night. The whalers are skilful and intrepid and in their rage for being first to strike, several crews have been boatwrecked and lost. But as a whale is worth $800, a missing crew now and then don't count.

The Azores were for years the recruiting ground for the American whalers and consequently the islanders became experts in this business; they also learned to speak English, so that everywhere in the islands you find men who

can talk our language. It was through the whalers that the Western Islanders were first brought to New Bedford, and took to settling in that vicinity, where they are employed as fishermen and mill-hands.

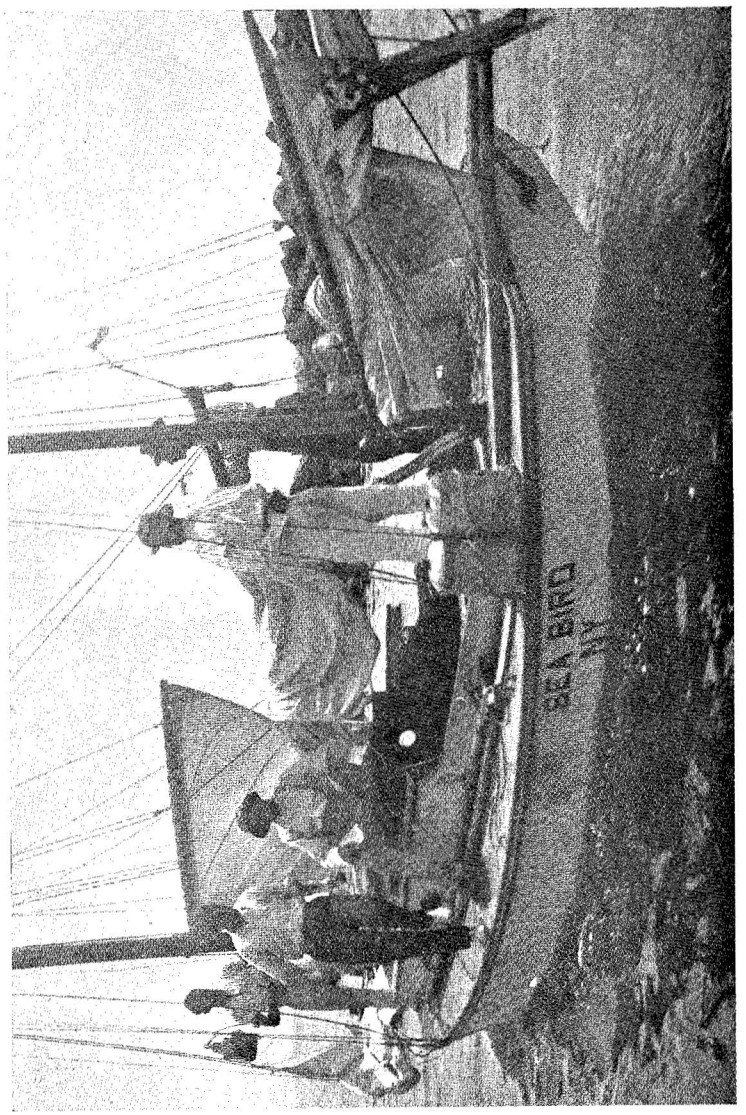
St. Jorge is still troubled with disturbances in its vitals, although at present, except for several hot springs, there are no signs of the internal commotions. In May, 1808, at a time when volcanoes all over the world were on the rampage, one broke out on St. Jorge about nine miles East of Vellas and a large crater was formed. In two days it had thrown out cinders, or small pumice-stones, which a strong NE wind had propelled Southerly; and which, independent of the mass accumulated around the crater, had covered the earth from one to four feet in depth, half a league in width, and three leagues in length; then, passing the channel, had done some injury to the Eastern end of Pico. The fire of this large crater had nearly subsided on the 3rd of May; but, in the preceding evening, another small crater had opened, one league to the Northward of the large one, and only two leagues from Vellas. The sulphurous smoke of

the new crater rendered impracticable an approach to the large one. Within a mile of the crater the earth was rent in every direction. The United States consul of Fayal, who, with some friends, visited this place stated that "they at length arrived within 200 yards of the spot; and saw it in the midst of a pasture, distinctly, at intervals, when the thick smoke, which swept the earth, lighted up a little. The mouth of it was only about 50 yards in circumference; the fire seemed struggling for vent; the force with which a pale blue flame issued forth resembled a powerful steam engine, multiplied a hundredfold; the noise was deafening; the earth, where we stood, had a tremulous motion; the whole island seemed convulsed; hollow bellowings were occasionally heard from the bowels of the earth, and earthquakes were frequent. After remaining here about ten minutes, we returned to town; the inhabitants had mostly quitted their houses and remained in the open air, or under tents. We passed the night at Vellas, and next morning went by water to Ursulina, a small seaport town, two leagues South of Vellas; and viewed that part of the country covered with the cinders

before mentioned, and which have changed the most valuable vineyards into a frightful desert. On the same day (May 4th) the party returned to Fayal; and on the 5th and succeeding days, from twelve to fifteen small volcanoes broke out in the fields they had traversed on the 3rd, from the chasm above described, and thew out a quantity of lava, which traveled on slowly toward Vellas. The fire of the small craters subsided, and the lava ceased running, about the 11th of May; on which day the large volcano, that had lain dormant for nine days, burst forth again like a roaring lion, with horrid belching, distinctly heard at ten leagues' distance, throwing up prodigious large stones, with an immense quantity of lava, illuminating at night the whole island. This continued with tremendous force until the 5th of June, exhibiting the awful yet magnificent spectacle of a perfect river of fire (distinctly seen from Fayal) running into the sea. On that day, the 5th, its force began to fail, and, in a few days after, it ceased entirely. The elevation of the crater from the sea was about 3,500 feet. The lava inundated and swept away the town of Ursulina, and country houses

and cottages adjacent, as well as the farmhouses throughout its course. It, as usual, gave timely notice of its approach, and most of the inhabitants fled; some few, however, remaining in the vicinity too long, endeavoring to save their effects, were scalded by flashes of steam, which, without injuring their clothes, took off not only their skin but their flesh. About sixty persons were thus miserably scalded, some of whom died on the spot, or in a few days after. Numbers of cattle shared the same fate. The consternation and anxiety were so great among the people, that even their domestic concerns were abandoned; and amidst plenty they were in danger of starving. Supplies of ready baked bread were sent from Fayal to their relief, and large boats to bring away the inhabitants who had lost their dwellings. In short, the island, heretofore rich in cattle, corn, and wine, is nearly ruined; and a scene of greater desolation and distress had seldom been witnessed in any country."

After passing the East end of St. Jorge we stood across for Terceira, or Tercera, one of the largest and most fertile of the group. It is not so mountainous as St. Jorge, and contains a



Sea Bird in the Harbor at Naples. The two extra hands are reporters for Italian newspapers.

population of about 30,000. The chief town is Angra, quite a considerable place, if you can judge by the way we saw it illuminated at night. It was off here and not off Flores that the Alabama was fitted out, my former statement being a slip of memory. In 1829, Angra was seized by the partisans of Don Miguel, a pretender to the Portuguese crown, but they were attacked and beaten off by the inhabitants. This island has been several times ravaged by earthquakes, and at one time boasted of a submarine volcano. This broke out about 17 miles East of Terceira, and made things very unpleasant while it lasted. There is a light on Terceira, a red and white flash, and we passed it at 10 p. m.

That night was calm, and we slowly made by the island under power, and the next morning at daylight the land was still in sight. With the dawn came a light West wind that with all sail set we headed to the East, with a little Northing to boot. Before leaving and in the Azores I had consulted the wise ones on the probable winds to be met off the Iberian coast, and the consensus of advice was that they would all be Northerly. Hang to the Spanish shore, they all said; you

will have the wind off the land. This being the case, I decided to keep to the North, making a great circle of the course, and make land at Cape St. Vincent. I knew it was a bad thing to get down on the African coast as the current sets South, and we might have a hard time working up against it, and if *Bird* encountered a heavy Northerly she might be driven so far South as to make that coast miles below the opening of the Straits.

If you look on the track chart you will see how we made this passage, wafted across by light Northerly winds, over smooth, sunlighted and star-brightened seas. They were days of happy sailing, days of quiet, peaceful living, days of health and pleasure. Take July 7th and what does the log say:

"This day begins fine, with very light North by West wind and smooth sea. Perfect weather except for lack of wind; wind stronger at noon. Shut off engine. Porpoises and dolphin about boat; saw two turtles. At 2 p. m. *Princess Irene* passed six miles North and a black funnel steamer bound West. Perfect night, wind growing lighter."

The steamers took no notice of us, much to our disappointment, as we wanted to get alongside a liner, having made up our minds to ask for a big beefsteak. We had plenty of bread, having filled the locker with that and cake at Horta. The bread and cake made in the Azores is excellent, far ahead of anything made in New York, and it kept until we had eaten every crumb of it.

The next two days, the 8th and 9th, were beautiful, the weather warm, so that we went day and night half-clothed; the sea smooth, and a light Northerly wind driving *Bird* along at a 3-knot gait. On the 10th the sky clouded over and the wind brisked up, and we began to log five. For the first time since leaving Horta we turned in a single reef. That day the log says we saw no fish and no birds.

Birds hovering about are a constant pleasure and do much to relieve the monotony of ocean sailing. West of the Azores we had the Careys with us all the time, sometimes a considerable flock of them, and often a brown gull would stay with us for several days. When we saw no birds it seemed as if something was missing in the sea-

scape and it made things feel lonesome.

Another thing we missed East of the Azores was the Gulf weed, as we used it for telling the speed of the vessel. Where there was plenty of this yellow foliage we constantly watched it pass, and so judged what speed the boat was making. When we had no floating objects to guide the eye, we used the wake, and by constant practice could tell by the appearance of the wake the boat's rapidity. It is astonishing how expert the eye becomes through practice. At the end of a day's run we were never out more than ten miles, and usually came within five of the distance sailed. Taking sights both morning and afternoon, we had the distance each day for eight hours, and this allowed a constant means of comparison. I have found by years of this practice that the tendency is to overrate a high speed and to underrate a low speed. It being the result of striking the optimistic and pessimistic chords of the mind. So that I deduct a percentage from a high speed observation and add to a low speed. In this way you will come within a shadow breadth of the truth.

July 11th turned out disagreeable, cloudy,

with a rough sea, and good whole-sail breeze. At noon we spied a square-rigger to the North coming out of the mist, and as it was just noontime and lunch ready I decided to lay-to and await his arrival, so as to pass the time of day. So we hove *Bird* to and hoisted our flag. The barque, for she proved to be of that rig, some 1,000 tons, no sooner saw us come to the wind than she checked her yards and steered away to the Westward so as to pass a mile or more astern. Some stingy Skowhegan afraid we might ask him for something! He evidently took us for a Portuguese packet, and as they have a habit of begging water and grub they are shunned by the close-fisted mariners who cross their paths. But the courtesy of the sea is entirely gone along with its romance. Vessels rush from port to port. Like a crowd of train catching people they have no time to stop to inquire after your health or lend you assistance. Had we been in need of help, perishing for water or food, this barque would have sailed past and left us to suffer and perhaps die. Let us hope if she is ever in distress it will be her good fortune to sight a sail or smoke more humanely commanded.

On the 13th, at about 8:30 a. m., we sighted two steamers ahead bound to the North, and ran close across the bow to one and along her side. We hoisted our colors and asked to be reported. Although the crew gathered on the head and looked us over, the officers on the bridge never replied to our signal or took the least notice of us. Her name was *Tyr* of Bergen, Norway.

We were now nearing the coast and I was anxious to get the position, but while we managed to capture a longitude sight each morning we could get no latitude, it clouding up during the day and at night. My dead reckoning put me close down to the parallel of St. Vincent, but as we had no latitude sight for three days, we might be a long way off, especially if there was any current. On the 13th a large yellow dragonfly came on board, and the next day two more.

On the morning of the 14th I managed to get a longitude sight and it put us about 80 miles off the coast, and according to reckoning in about the latitude of Cape St. Vincent. It was a splendid morning, clear, and the sun rose right from the rim of the ocean. I never saw promise of a more perfect day, but alas, by nine o'clock

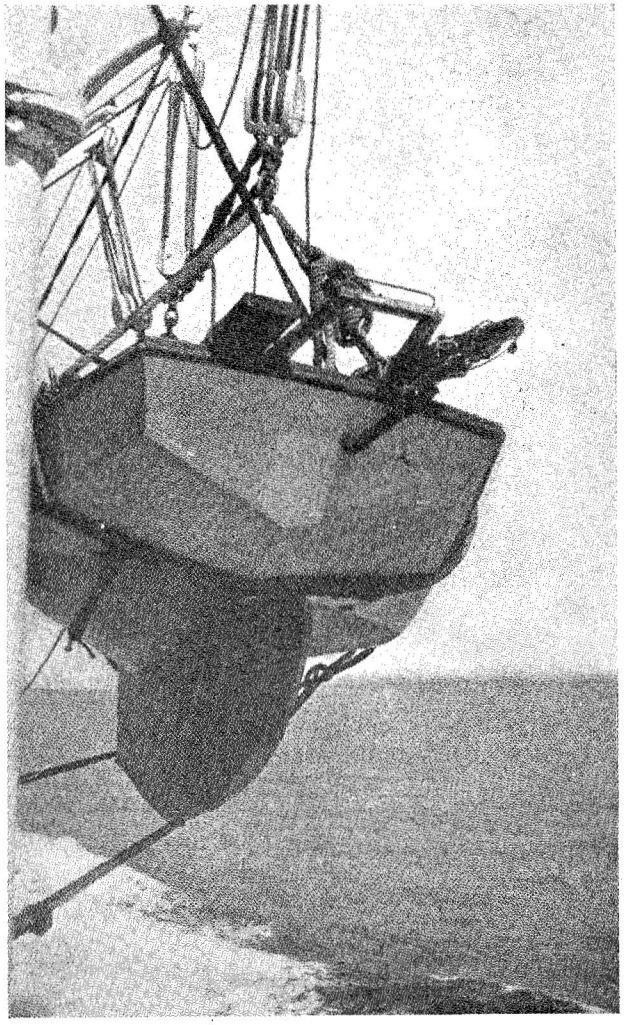
it was overcast, raining and blowing a stiff gale from the East by South. This was a smasher square in the face, and the only thing to do was heave *Bird* to and wait until it blew itself out. So we lay her to on the starboard tack and going below spent the morning playing poker. I was sure that such a sudden blow would not last long, but while it did, it kicked up a nasty steep sea, and it was useless to attempt to make headway against it; using the engine would only result in little progress and the consumption of considerable fuel.

About 1 p. m. the wind dropped down to a steady whole-sail breeze from the Southeast and we made sail and stood Northeast the best we could do against the head swell. That night, the sea going down, we made good progress, and at 5 a. m. sighted the Portuguese coast. During the night we had passed dozens of steamers, a sign that we were in the vicinity of St. Vincent, as that is one of the world's great corners around which thousands of ships yearly swing.

The coast was hidden in a heavy mist and only the high peaks could be made out, the low shore being completely shrouded in vapor. The ques-

tion was, where was the landfall? From my reckoning I put us about 30 miles North of Cape St. Vincent. *Bird* having blown considerably to leeward during the breeze of the day before, and adding this to the Northeast course would sum up considerable Northing. At 6 p. m. I sighted a small sail ahead hauled on the wind, making across our bows. She was shaking out the reefs in the main and appeared to be a fisherman, so we decided. We put the engine on *Bird* and with all sail set gave chase to her. Getting into her wake I tacked and stood after him. *Bird* was going through the water a good five and a half, and to the chase's astonishment we pulled up on him a hand over fist.

We made her out to be a small schooner deeply ladened and spreading about as bad a suit of sails as it was my fortune to cast eye on. Everything bagged and she sagged off like a crab going one foot to leeward for every one she went ahead. Going close on her weather we hailed and asked the direction of St. Vincent. The old skipper stood and pointed with his skinny finger over the port bow to a distant land-mass indistinctly visible to the Southeast. The schooner,



Sea Bird on davits of the *Moltke*

a Portuguese, laden with rope, was bound from Oporto to Genoa, and if the wind is still blowing from the same direction he is yet on the wrong side of St. Vincent, for he never gained a foot to windward so long as we saw him. Presenting the shock-head crew with a plug of American tobacco we bid them farewell and stood inshore.

About ten o'clock we came close under the land, and it was a most interesting coast, a coast carved by ocean into countless fantastic shapes, backed by a wilderness of downs, a treeless and houseless desert. The only buildings to be seen were the ancient watch-towers perched on the headlands where in good old days a lookout was kept for the Algerine pirates and Salee rovers. This is the coast of Algarve, and Heaven preserve a ship from striking upon it! Some have, for in several coves we saw the remains of vessels, half-buried in the sand, their gaunt bones sticking up a warning to passing mariners to give these shores a wide berth. But sterile and dangerous, this coast has an enchanting beauty, a weird interest; it seemed to me like the boundary of some mysterious, haunted land. The cliffs were hollowed out into deep caves in which

the swell bellowed and roared, even though the sea was in one of its mildest and sweetest moods. Great rocks, detached and fallen, stuck out at the foot of the points, and over them the surf crumpled and tossed tresses of white, surging foam.

All day long we hung close to this shore, legging on-and-off, and making three knots an hour to windward, the breeze being dead ahead. It was one of the most enjoyable sails I ever had, and we did not begrudge the lost twelve hours, or the work of beating *Bird* up to the Cape.

At four o'clock we stood offshore again to get room enough to round the point, and ran into a fleet of steamers, bound both ways. We signaled several of these and two Britishers answered our signals and promised to report us. It was a grand sight to see these vessels swing round the corner one after another, until we grew weary of counting them. British, French, Italian, Norwegian, Austrian, Danish, Russian, every flag but American, and steam away North and East. Such a collection of ocean vessels we had never seen before.

A large barque also came standing in to make the Cape but could not fetch and wore round for another board out to sea. We tacked at the same time, and soon overhauled a Portuguese ketch that had been in our grain for the last hour or two. I shall never forget the astonishment depicted on the faces of her crew when we sailed through their weather and went by going two feet to their one. They stood at the rail mouths opened, eyes popping out, at the sight of the little American devil-ship that could sail like that on a wind. Whether they fell to the engine or not after we passed I don't know; if not, they are still telling with many pious oaths of the marvelous sailing craft they spoke off Cape St. Vincent one evening last July. The Cape is a magnificent promontory, a huge rock, rising sheer to the lighthouse. The building is a fortified structure, painted white, and adds by its curious architecture to the unique appearance of the spot. Off the end a huge pointed rock stands up out of the sea like a ninepin, and considerably over 100 feet high. On the East side is a cube of rock, so square that it seems to be of artificial production and this block is penetrated

by a cavern of perfect arch shape exactly resembling a railroad culvert or opening of a trunk sewer.

The monastery was founded and endowed by Henry the Navigator, the monks being charged to keep a light burning for the guidance of mariners in return for their establishment, so that it is one of the oldest light stations in the world.

Bird passed St. Vincent just at sunset, the brilliant light first flashing from the white tower perched on the height above as she sped by. Once round we freed the sheets, and heading East drove along for the next landmark, the famous promontory of Sagres. I was anxious to see this spot, having read and written much about it; nor was the first view disappointing. It is a grand mass, a sheer-sided rock, lifting to a height of 500 feet, and thrusting out into the sea as though placed to sentinel the coast and signal the departing and arriving ships. It is no wonder that the great navigator chose it for the site of his observatory. Here it was that Prince Henry of Portugal, the man who first roused the spirit of marine research in Europe and to whose incentive and activity was due the discovery of

the Cape route to India, and of America—here on this lofty promontory overlooking the Western Seas, he brought together the skilled and experienced mariners, the learned cosmographers, and discussed with them the possibilities of lands beyond the utmost bounds of human knowledge. From here he sent forth his fleets and watched them depart and return, successful or unsuccessful, but each time a step nearer to the outer goal.

We passed Sagres at dusk, and then headed right across for the opening of the Straits. The wind was fair, it having drawn more to the Westward, and *Bird* stepped along at a 4-knot gait all night. The man on watch amused himself by keeping count of the steamers passing, and in one watch over thirty went by. This, barring the English Channel, is the greatest highway of ocean trade in the world, some thirty thousand vessels passing through the Straits yearly. Several large liners bound to India and the East passed close to us and so near that we could hear the clang of their furnace doors.

All the way across, except while passing through the Azores, we had carried no lights; but in the middle of this mess of shipping we

had everything ablaze. Side lights on a small boat at sea are of little use, as it is unlikely that a big vessel would see them until close on top. The best warning is either a flash or a white lantern. A tomato can half full of kerosene and a rag tied on wire ready to be dipped and lighted is a better send-o than all the side lights in existence. During the first part of the voyage I would allow no lights as the deck was loaded with gasoline and kerosene and might at any moment be flooded by either of these fluids. The cans lashed in the rigging on the lee-side frequently disappeared in the wash and had one of them been swept loose and burst open and a light about, things would have been lively. One night when I relieved the watch I found a lighted lantern in the cockpit sitting beside five cans of gasoline. It was covered with a rubber blanket. I passed it into a bucket and quickly extinguished the flame. The next day one of the cans was discovered leaking through a pinhole. The crew heard from me in the morning and that was the last of lights on deck until the cans were empty and overside.

The best light for a small vessel at sea is a

constant and active lookout. See the other fellow first and get out of his way. It is easy for a small craft to get out of the way of a large, as she can be turned in her own length. But the chances of collision between a small vessel and a large one on the high sea are infinitesimal, and can be guarded against by a constant, vigilant lookout. In narrow and crowded waters lights should never be neglected, and the bigger and brighter the better.

July 16th at noon we were halfway between St. Vincent and Spartel, 125 miles from Gibraltar, with a light South wind and a steady current carrying us to the East. That night we had the same weather and in the morning rain and calm. About the middle of my watch a circus and menagerie passed close to and I called the engineer up to have a look at it. It completely filled the decks of the steamer, and the sight of the ticket and band wagon brought back to memory the old days when the white tent down in the lot by the depot absolutely prevented our attending school for one whole day.

July 17th began with a cloudy sky, small wind and light rain. About eight it cleared and we

saw Cape Spartel off the starboard bow and the famous Cape Trafalgar off the port bow. *Bird* was traversing the ground where one hundred and five years ago was fought the greatest of naval conflicts, the fight that placed in the hands of the English-speaking people the controlling power of the world. As I sat at the helm my mind went swaying back through the happening of that tremendous conflict, and I pictured the battle, saw the combined fleets come slowly out of Cadiz Bay, in one grand line of lofty canvas, vessel after vessel heading to the South, their bright ensigns flaunting, the morning sun flickering from stern windows and black polished gun-mouths. Hull down, except for the lookout frigates, lay the British fleet, topsails and courses lifting and gleaming as they lay impatiently waiting to begin the fight.

What a roaring, what smoke, what crashes when broadside to broadside these huge, ungainly, floating fortresses grappled, and blazed, caught fire, blew up and sank! Then the storm at night, a requiem to the dead Admirals and their dead followers. The dismantled, gun-wrecked ships, striving to hold away from the surf-

white shores. The cries of the weary seamen striving to set the shot-torn sails, the constant clank and gushing of the pumps, the groans of the wounded, the hails from ship to ship, as they swept past in the gloom; the mournful note of the single gun, a call for succor that none could render. Peace to their bones, both ships and men, for all hands that day fought bravely.

Cape Spartel is a fine, bold headland backed by ranges of lofty mountains, but Trafalgar is a yellow sand bluff that would attract scant attention if it were not for the fame it gained by having Collingwood date his dispatch from off it. It is a noble-sounding word—Trafalgar—and a well-chosen title for so great a fight.

About ten o'clock the wind sprang up and gradually increased and *Bird,* getting sight of her destination, fairly flew along. We now had hopes of making Gibraltar before nightfall, and crowded on every stitch she could carry. She must have been a picture, for several steamers hauled their course to come down close and have a look at us. Two or three hailed and asked where we were bound, and wished us good luck. One vessel, the Austrian steamer *Kronland,* came

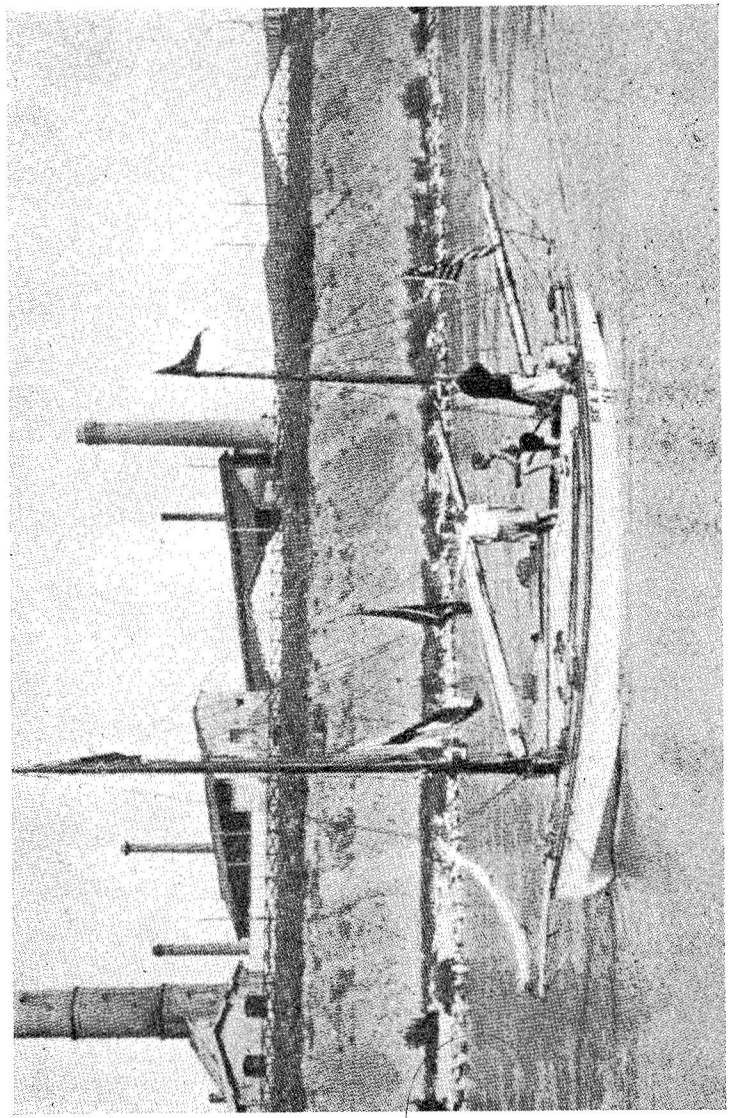
close alongside and her skipper called, "They are waiting for you at Naples." At 3:25 we passed Tarifa, the boundary between the Atlantic and Mediterranean, and to celebrate the occasion the mate and skipper took a glass of old Pico port, a bottle of which had been presented to the ship by the master carpenter at Horta. We were all highly elated with the success of our voyage, and laughed and cheered as *Bird,* with a strong breeze and swift current, swept by the curious Moorish town, with its ancient walls and fortifications in ruins, and its modern batteries without guns or garrison. Tarifa is the town which gave name to the most iniquitous of man's devices for oppressing and hampering commerce. It was here that the piratical Moors devised the scheme of forcibly collecting tribute from the merchants who traded through the Straits, a practice that governments the world over have followed, and which has done more to retard civilization and stifle trade and commerce than all other of man's blunders and plunders.

Off Tarifa we signaled Lloyd's station and then flew close along the Spanish shore. With wind and tide *Bird* was doing eight knots, and

carrying a terrific press of sail. The wind came off in wicked black puffs, and when they struck she fairly leaped ahead, and left a boiling wake astern. I never saw her go so fast. At last it was all we could do to steer her, so off came the foolish sail, and then two reefs in the main. At five o'clock we turned the last point and there ahead lay the Rock of Gibraltar. Across the bay we flew, adding the engine power to the sail, and driving her as she was never driven before. At quarter to six *Bird* ran up close to the great stone mole, and rounding to the wind lay tossing up and down awaiting the coming of the launch of the port doctor.

Chapter V.

LET us leave *Sea Bird* hove to off the mole at Gibraltar waiting for the port doctor to come off and give her pratique, and take a run back over the ocean passage and see what we can glean that will be interest and value to future small craft voyagers. In the hurry of getting across we overran or passed to one side or the other many things which we intended to notice and which I know will not only add to the interest of the narrative, but will be of value to all yachtsmen who are anxious to acquire a broad and solid knowledge of our sport. The practice of ocean sailing is bound to grow, and to become one of the main attractions of the pastime, and to add much to its pleasures and glories. Ten years ago, except for a single votary reported here or there in the world, who with pluck and skill navigated the open sea, ocean sailing and ocean racing by small yachts was unheard of sport, and was universally considered a danger-



Sea Bird leaving Rome for Anzio

ous and crack-brained amusement. Today it is practiced in all countries where good yachts and wide waters are to be had. Men under its stimulus have largely lost that unfounded fear of the sea, and venture with alacrity and pleasure on deep water, voyaging for hundreds of miles out of sight of land with the same confidence with which a few years ago they navigated a bay or sound or stretched from cape to cape. This ocean racing and cruising has given a new birth to the sport, it has enormously broadened its field, caused the designing and construction of better boats and developed a body of skilled and daring amateur mariners such as the world has never hitherto seen. In this new departure the American yachtsmen lead and it has not alone placed their division of the sport in the van, but has led to the adoption of the American type of boat in all parts of the world. It is the proudest boast of *The Rudder* that it inaugurated, advocated and developed ocean racing and cruising, and through it, saved and regenerated the sport. Wherever the clubs have taken hold of the new sport yachting has flourished; where they have failed to do so it's languished and fallen into de-

cline. In return for its twenty years of activity and zeal in behalf of the sport, ***The Rudder*** has received from yachtsmen a half-hearted and miserly support, that has curtailed its efforts, and prevented its extending the propaganda as it might have done had yachtsmen generously and consistently maintained the magazine.

But let us go back to our voyage. Four small craft essayed to cross the Western Ocean this summer; of these three were lost, and ***Bird,*** the smallest, made the passage without a scratch or strain. Of the three one was wrecked on the shore of Nova Scotia, one fell apart, and the third was never heard from after leaving New York. The first of these was a 50-foot power boat, and if the completed boat was anything like the model shown at Madison Square Garden, she was entirely unsuited for making such a passage. The man in charge of the model, who I understand was to command her, had very little knowledge of navigation, and none whatever of the character and conditions of the Western Ocean. The track, which he informed me in the course of a conversation, he intended to take was the one of all others which no vessel bound to the

East should essay to follow, as it presents for at least 1,500 miles a constant, head current and more head than fair wind. I predicted at the time the vessel would come to grief, and regret to chronicle that my prediction proved true.

The second of these vessels was an old sloop yacht, fitted with an engine and which had been used for several years as a fishing boat. She was called ***Theresa,*** and was of about 50 feet over all, a very wide, comparatively shallow hull of the old center-board type of a forty years agone. This boat was in wretched condition, badly found, and poorly canvased, and manned by three Portuguese fishermen who intended taking her to the Cape Verde Islands. What sense there was in taking a rotten hull, whose life even in smooth water was extremely limited, that distance, is something beyond my comprehension. She sailed from Providence the same day ***Bird*** did, but we rapidly distanced her, and were in Gibraltar when she fell apart and sank Southwest of the island of St. Michaels, one of the Azores. Her crew was picked off by a British steamer, whose skipper has recently been presented by the United States Government with a

chronometer for the rescue. In the report of the wreck made to the Collector of the Port of Providence, the master of *Theresa* blames the disaster to bad weather, asserting that they had continuous gales of wind. Such statements are nonsense, no one ever saw continuous gales on the Western Ocean in June or July, and being in our wake they had the same or better weather than we had, and we had only one gale of wind, and that lasted but forty-eight hours, even though part of the time we were running before it.

The loss of *Theresa* was due solely to the fact that the boat was old and rotten, and had no business to be offshore. It is a crime to lay the blame of such on Providence; such disasters are not Acts of God, they are wholly and solely due to the ignorance, recklessness or cupidity of man.

The third boat is one of those mysteries of which ocean history can supply a long tally, a vessel able, well-manned, and equipped, that disappears without leaving a trace. *Pandora,* a boat built in Western Australia by my old friend Captain Blyth, after the lines of the famous *Spray,* and sailed by him and a companion across

the Southern Ocean around the Horn, up through the South Atlantic to New York, left the latter port July 22, 1911, and has never been heard from since. I did not see *Pandora* when she was in New York, but a friend told me that she was leaking, and he suspected that during her long cruise from Australia her plank and timbers had become worm-eaten; such a condition would account for her loss.

But at the bottom of all was no doubt an overconfidence. After the long voyage around the Horn, the 3,000 odd miles from New York to Falmouth would seem like a flea-bite, and precautions taken in the beginning, either through carelessness or contempt of danger be neglected with the trip so nearly completed. Again Blyth had a habit of allowing the vessel to sail herself at night as well as day, with all hands below sleeping. Such a practice might be followed with impunity in the South Seas or South Atlantic, where the winds are constant and the weather changes gradual, and where vessels are few and far between, but should never be attempted in the Western Ocean, the most treacherous and stormiest sea, as well as the most thick-

ly vessel-haunted.

Sudden changes of wind in the Western Ocean can never be foretold even by the most experienced and can only be guarded against by constant vigilance. The squalls experienced in the Gulf Stream, which the *Bird* weathered under bare poles, would have capsized or torn to pieces the above-deck habiliments of any vessel, if she was caught under standing canvas. The price of safety at sea is constant vigilance, the product of an alert and active mind.

No matter what caused the loss of *Pandora,* she is lost, and while we do not know what the direct cause was, the primal cause was overconfidence, and neglect of those duties which are inseparable from safe and sane navigating. I extremely regret these disasters, because they give encouragement to those men who without knowledge or experience of ocean sailing are loud in their denunciation of it as a dangerous and foolhardy pastime. These people never stop to consider the difference between a well-destined, strongly built, fully equipped, manned, and stored yacht, and a make-shift craft designed and built in the cheapest possible manner by a

man whose pockets are nearly empty and whose credit is a vacuum. When this boat is finished, she is rigged and canvased with odds and ends, stored with gift food, and then navigated by a person who has no proper instruments and very little knowledge of the best way of piloting across deep water.

It was always a source of wonder to those who closely and intelligently examined *Spray* that she lasted as long as she did, and stood the ocean battering without going to pieces. But strange as it may seem, boats in such decayed condition that it is not safe to touch their plank or frame with a tool, will make long voyages, seemingly like the One-Hoss Shay waiting patiently to go to pieces all over at once.

If there is anything more ridiculous than the fear of the sea it is the belief held by some people that a successful voyage of this kind is only possible through a miraculous interposition of Divine Power. I do not believe there ever was a miracle or ever will be, and if there was it is extremely absurd and conceited to suppose that Providence should have chosen the *Bird* and her crew and interfered with natural laws simply to

insure their safety. The belief in miraculous interference which strongly possesses the human mind, is a gift from Pagan times, when men like Mr. Pope's Indian saw the Great Spirit everywhere, and constantly pictured him as intermeddling with their daily affairs. To this interference they laid either success or failure. The mob ascribed a great leader's success to the favor of the gods; if beaten the great leader ascribed his defeat to the god's antipathy or want of interest in his fortunes. Nations today resort to the same nonsensical reasoning to account for their successes and defeats. It is ridiculous to suppose that the great Moving Power of the Universe so deeply meddles with the small affairs of Earth as to alter the direction of the wind or set of the currents, or stills the waves, or does other equally absurd things to aid the passage of a small boat. If the sun rose an hour before its time so as to enable me to see and escape a dangerous coast, or if, in a boat full of water I was enabled to make good weather of a gale, I would believe in Divine interference, and miracles, but at present my inheritance of Paganism is too scant to allow of the acceptance of such childish and nonsensical beliefs. Again what absurd conceit for a man to put himself forward as being an especial object of the care of Providence. Why should the Supreme Power be more interested in ***Bird*** than in *Theresa* or *Pandora?* It is like that monstrous doctrine of Calvanism by which the members of that sect picture themselves as the elect.

No man can step before me in true reverence for the Great Power that controls and directs the Universe. I love to contemplate the beautiful and logical expressions and expositions of the laws which possess and regulate the execution of all movements and changes; I endeavor to comprehend the meaning and purposes of Nature as expressed in those countless and astonishing combinations which produce and sustain what we call life; I reach out to the very boundaries of the infinite in endeavoring to grasp and understand the sources of this splendid control, and approach the Master Mind demanding a reply, not as a supplicant or servant, but as one, who equally sharing the universal labors and glories of existence, has a right to ask and a right to know.

That Nature does interfere in the affairs of man I do not deny, but she interferes in a purely logical and sane way. Her miracles are performed through the brain and arm of those great Captains, who lead the forlorn and foolish nations out of the lands of bondage and toil. Such a miracle was performed when Moses captained the Israelites, when Wellington from Mt. St. Jean drove back and routed the veterans of Napoleon, when Lincoln seized the pen and freed a million slaves.

I tell you this to account for my statement that the success of our voyage was not due to any miraculous interference of Providence, but to the vigilance and skill of the crew, to intelligent and complete preparation, and to the fact that the time chosen was that in which it is best to make the passage.

Another absurd belief seemingly widely spread is that men start to make venturesome voyages, just as John and Mary start out of a Sunday afternoon for a walk, not caring or possibly not knowing where they are going, and only anxious not to go so far as to be late getting back to supper. Don't you suppose that Vasco de Gama,

Columbus and Magellan spent months, aye, years, preparing their minds for making those daring voyages? Days upon days of search, nights upon nights of thought. Before they threw their vessels' canvases to the wind, their restless, active minds had leaped ahead and pictured the voyage with all difficulties, dangers, distresses, and culminating success and glories.

Do you suppose that Alexander invaded Asia Minor, or Sir Arthur Wellesley, Portugal, without first sending out the mind in advance to plan and map out the campaign, and work all the possible ramifications and contradictions of persistent warfare? Men do not dare such things on the spur of the moment.

For years I have intended to make this passage across in a small boat, and would have accomplished it long ago but business reasons prevented my doing so. In preparation for this trip I made an especial study of the Western Ocean tracks, and so far as it is possible, was familiar with the conditions to be expected in making such passage to any port of Western Europe between Cape Vincent and the Orkneys. Every book that I could find bearing on the subject

was read, and I imagined and planned many voyages both in the air and on paper. In 1905 I had fully prepared to start, but the task of promoting and controlling the Bermuda Race came to my hands, and I was obliged to postpone the venture and look after that event. I am telling you this because a number of people in conversation and by letter have intimated that the making of the passage was a burst of recklessness, undertaken suddenly, without forethought or preparation.

But despite the utmost using of care and zeal it is impossible to wholly eliminate from human activities what the intelligent call fortune and the vulgar luck. It is many times the deciding factor, and has changed the front of more than one battle and by a sudden stroke put to naught the cleverest combinations of the cleverest men. But fortune, as the ancients picture her, is a woman, and, like all females, she is more frequently to be found allied and suppliant to the active and brave than she is in the company of sluggish and timid. And she loves the advancing standard, and while at times variable and fickle, the stirring roll of the conqueror's drum

will usually call her back to his eagles, when the fate of field lies within her gift.

In ocean voyaging and ocean racing fortune has sometimes much to do with success, but I have found by constant vigilance and skilful maneuvering you can oft-times anticipate her gifts, and thereby gain a double advantage over a slower and less lucky adversary. She will often by a happy deliverance save you from the calamities of an error, correcting a mistake of judgment by an unexpected, opportune shift of wind that changes your position from one of loss to one of advantage. But it does not do to solicit or depend upon her favors; he who asks she usually denies, and is at all times a capricious and unreliable party.

One of the difficult problems that face a man in command of a small vessel making such a voyage is the choice of a crew. He must not only have fearless, skilled men, but men who can stand discomforts and hardships without losing their tempers or giving way to despondency, and above all they must have perfect reliance on his knowledge and skill, and be willing to abide by his decisions and accept his judgments

at all times. And they must keep their fears or differences to themselves, and not criticise the commander's actions or question his moves.

This gossiping and carping among crews is what has led to the fighting and failure of so many expeditions and exploring parties, and usually starts with one man. I have the same bother as I suppose every yacht skipper has with racing crews. The man who starts the trouble is invariably the most useless and ignorant of the crew. This criticism and carping is invariably born of ignorance. What at times may look to the crew of a vessel as a wrong or foolish move, may be so, if taken as a unit, but as a part of a commander's combination it may be eminently right and sane. You do not know what it is in his mind, and cannot see as he sees the combination in all its phases; he is grasping and employing it as a whole, you are only looking at and comprehending a part, and that perhaps a very small one.

Nor do I think it advisable for a skipper to take his crew into his full confidence, and explain his complete plan, because it is often necessary if not imperative to make changes which

cannot be foreseen, and the making of these changes always shakes a crew's belief in a skipper's skill and judgment unless they can comprehend the necessity of the altered action. I make it a practice to tell a crew only so much as is necessary to an intelligent and zealous performance of their duty, or to keep them from growing despondent and careless by anticipating no success.

A crew of three such as we had on *Sea Bird* is the safest number, because it is too small to form a clique, and too large to be unsociable. My crew on *Bird,* in the first place had implicit confidence in their commander, and the second the same confidence in the activity and skill of each other, and the skipper had a far-reaching confidence in their skill, pluck and endurance. In consequence, we three worked together like the wheels of a clock, and at no time was there jarring or rasping of metal.

They understood and were amenable to discipline, and comprehended that if things were to be run right they must be run in regular and orderly manner, and all hands making themselves subservient to the interests of the under-

taking. Each man's duties were mapped out and never to my knowledge purposely neglected. Once they had their work mapped out I did not interfere, nor had I except once any cause to.

For this reason we can all look back at the voyage with unclouded pleasure, because instead of, as such expeditions usually do, breaking up friendships, and making acquaintances enemies, it broadened and deepened the regard we had long entertained for each other and gave birth to deeper feeling which will widen and strengthen as long as life lasts.

Much of the success of a venture of this kind, or in fact of any expedition, depends upon the health and spirits of the crew, and health and spirits are more than anything else the result of regular and plenteous feeding. While it is sometimes impossible to regularly and largely feed men in land ventures, it is, except for a day or two of very bad weather, always possible at sea, as a sufficiency of stores can be carried without it imposing any burden on the feeders. Underfed or men fed at irregular intervals soon become cross and dissatisfied, and this leads to despondency and ill health. Nothing so conduces to success in a venture of this kind as a regular and unstinted diet of cooked food.

While men can and will live on prepared foods, they soon grow tired of them, and it is best to have a quantity and variety of uncooked food that can be readily prepared. Two of these things we carried in abundance and at all times relished—potatoes and rice.

The consumption of fluid is another problem, and if you can carry enough to allow your men a surfeit of this very necessary food so much the better. Men do not flourish any more than plants on a shortage of water. To help out the water supply, foods containing fluid are a great help, soups in particular supplying moisture as well as nourishment. Liquors or wines should be carried, but used in sparing quantities and only when undue labor or exposure calls for a dose of alcohol. At such a time a stimulant is exceedingly valuable. The chief dependence for warmth and nourishment is to be placed on cocoa, coffee and tea.

Bread is difficult to keep, especially bread baked in the United States, as our bakers employ a chemical to blow the bread up that de-

stroys its keeping qualities. It grows stale and hard in a few days or else rapidly molds. The bread we bought at the Azores, made of native flour, and unadulterated with chemicals, kept until the last crumb was eaten. Next trip I am going to get some homemade bread and try and preserve it by canning. Biscuits and crackers are well enough in their way, but they do not fill the office of bread.

Besides strongly and regularly feeding, great care should be taken to husband the strength of your crew as much depends on that. The general who comes to the pitched field with an army worn out with long forced marches and meets a thoroughly rested and snappy opponent is very likely to be beaten. Give your men plenty of sleeping time and see that they go below and rest. Do not weary or annoy them with unnecessary work, and if possible do not break into their watch below, especially if they are sleeping. The necessity of calling the watch below can often be guarded against by reefing or shifting sails before the relieved watch turns in. In racing this is largely impossible, for a race is a continuous battle, to be fully contested from start to finish,

and nothing can be spared if you are to win, but even in such a struggle much can be done by the skipper to reserve his crew's strength and still not jeopardize his chances.

Nor should the vessel that carries you be neglected, a constant surveillance is essential to safety and success. If the weather permits a daily inspection of sails, rigging and hull should be made, and any defects or weakness remedied at once. Do not allow your vigilance in this respect to be put to sleep by a spell of good weather, and absence of incident. Always have your arms prepared, then even the unexpected will find you ready to fight. In 32 days of sailing between the American coast and Gibraltar we never parted a rope, tore a sail or strained a spar, because the rig was kept under constant surveillance and at all times in perfect working condition.

The weather in the Atlantic along the Fortieth parallel in June is never continuously bad; it has spells of nastiness, and we were unfortunate in striking one of these, and that right after the start. Had we been able to get to the South of the Stream, say into thirty-eight or thirty-eighty

thirty, we would have escaped the squalls and blows, but likely at the expense of making such rapid Easting. Persistent effort would have driven us South, but it meant a loss of a day or two, and even to escape bad weather it is not human to forfeit the opportunity of making a big run even if it means rough and rainy voyaging. South of the Stream we should have had light to moderate Southwest winds as far as forty west and then the same as we had on our more Northerly track. What you want in making this passage is wind, steady, strong breezes, not the broken and blustery weather such as we had. This June was an exception and handed to us weather not at all according to the predictions of the learned authorities. Had we started a week earlier we would have had a much more favorable opportunity, as the weather did not break until about June 10th.

But so far as the weather is concerned, June is the best month on the Western Ocean, and between the American coast and the Azores at that time of the year any well-found yacht can make the passage with impunity; to the East of the islands a rowboat could navigate without danger.

As I told before, we reached from Nantucket Light Vessel to Flores with the boom on the port side, and in making the same passage at the same time of the year, it is possible that seven times out of ten you would do the same thing. It is very unlikely that you would encounter either Easterly or Northerly winds.

A fallacy which is widespread and has strong hold on yachtsmen as well as landsmen, is that vessels beat to windward in making long passages at sea. Much of the spread of this nonsense is due to publishing in yachting or boating papers tommy-rot written by men who have no knowledge or experience of ocean voyaging, and accepted and printed by editors who have, if possible, less. Because men see these statements in print they accept them without question, yet if they took the trouble to think they would at once recognize their fallacy and absurdity.

Vessels beat to windward along a coast, or up a bay or through a sound because it is impossible, owing to the contracted area to do anything else, but in the open sea it would be an absurd waste of time, when by reaching or running you can make your destination sooner and

much easier. A vessel at sea often stands on a wind in order to hold up into a favorable slant, and ships making the Western Ocean passage to the Westward alternately ratch on opposite boards, but they do so with the wind eight points off the bow, the means of the course being a true Westerly gain.

I saw in one paper a statement that *Sea Bird* would be a long time on the passage because she would have to *tack* from the Azores to Gibraltar, and *as she was very slow sailing in the eye of the wind,* it would considerably delay her. With all due respect to the writer, allow me to say that any vessel *that sailed in the eye of the wind* would not only be delayed but would travel stern first and would never reach her destination if it lay ahead.

This is just a sample of the nonsense that is written and printed about boats, and which, I regret, is swallowed by many people who ought to have more sense than to accept it, considering the source whence it comes.

Now in order to enlighten the interested, let me explain by supposing that on leaving the Azores we had encountered a wind dead ahead,

that is, from East by South, what would we have done? To beat against such a blast for one thousand miles, even if a small boat like *Bird* could accomplish the feat, would take at least thirty days, and be a rough and distressing task, entailing constant labor both on crew and boat.

Having caught the headwind, how are we to out-maneuver it, so as to gain a weather position, and thus disarm its opposition? By performing what military men call a flank movement, we must direct our course so as to turn either its right or left flank.

Let us look at the chart. An inspection of the sea card shows us that to the South of our course, the prevailing winds are Easterly, to the North of it they are Westerly. Then we must head North, making as much Easting as can be done and keep the vessel traveling her best until we reach into these Westerly winds. The wind being East by South, we head a course Northeast, if the sea will allow or Northeast by North if the sea is too heavy for her to make speed close-hauled. Holding this course until we worked into a favorable slant or pick up the coast, or gain a position far enough to the East that we can

ratch to the South on the other tack.

But a navigator who understood this business when making the passage would never get his vessel into such a fix. For instance, if the prevailing winds were Easterly between the Azores and the Gut of Gibraltar, I should never have held along the Fortieth parallel, but have sought a track either North or South where they were more favorable. But knowing that for nine months of the year a constant Northerly wind passes between the islands and the coast on that parallel, I chose that track. The choice of tracks is where the art of deep-water navigation begins, and for that reason a comprehensive and exact knowledge of the winds and currents of an ocean are essential to a skilful display of the art. But genius begins where rules end, and only one who is a born pilot can break from the bondage of the chart, and relying upon that intuitive knowledge which is an instinct, anticipate and turn to splendid advantage the vagaries of the wind and the caprices of the current.

One thing that made life easier was the three watches. This was my first experience with three watches on a long trip, and it worked successfully. The only drawback is, with only one man in a watch it means a four-hour trick, and this with a hard helming craft would be tough and tiring work. With a two-shift watch a man cannot obtain a proper sleep. He invariably loses a quarter of an hour at the start, and as one bell is either a quarter of ten before, he gets only three and one half hours of sleep at a stretch and is waked up half satisfied. The three-watch plan gives him at least seven clean hours below, and a long sleep from which he usually awakes himself satiated and satisfied with slumber. Knowing you have an eight-hour spell below, you do not so much mind the four-hour trick at the helm. With two men in a watch, it would be like making candy in somebody else's kitchen. During the whole passage there were only two or three days when we did not get our full whack of sleep, and that was due to the weather necessitating two men being on deck all the time.

The three-watch plan gives you the same two watches each day; in some ways this is an advantage and in others not. At the time of year we went across it gave two men each a night watch, while the third had both during daylight.

Sixteen hours of play and sleep leaves much loose time on your hands, and a job or two around decks helps to pass the hours away. My crew spent some of their time working up navigation, and before the voyage was over became quite expert.

But let us hark back for a spell to the *Bird,* and get her safely docked at Gibraltar. The doctor's boat came off promptly, a small steam launch, and that official after receiving our papers, and asking a few questions about the voyage, gave us pratique, and instructions where to go in and anchor. He said they knew we were coming and were being looked for by the newspaper correspondents.

Chapter VI.

A COUPLE of rowboats hovered alongside waiting until we were free and they pounced down upon us like a pirate gull on a loon. They were the galleys of those nuisances, the shipchandlers, who infest all European ports, especially ports of call like Gibraltar. They never seem to learn that by such conduct they lose more business than they gain. One of those fellows was the biggest wind-bag I ever ran athwart hawse, and after ten minutes in his company his murder would have brought me exceeding pleasure. He had a book of letters given him by different American yacht masters, in which he was stated to be an honest and reliable man. These he thrust repeatedly under my nose with wild clamors to read. His friend of the opposition at the same time loudly proclaiming that the testimonials had been secured by fraud, and that his (the opposition) firm was the only honest one in the town, and the only

one that was patronized by American yachtsmen.

To a man tired out with a long voyage and only anxious for quiet and rest this annoyance is not likely to lead to agreeable and satisfactory business connections. Amid this fiendish clamor and squabbling we started up the engine and, rounding the mole end, entered the commercial harbor, and endeavored to anchor, but owing to the weed, the hook would not hold, so we went in and tied up alongside the quay. Here a crowd gathered to inspect us and the boat.

The two chandler runners were still at it, first imploring me to recognize their claims as being first to reach me, then attacking and abusing each other. If all they said was true, the course of justice on the Rock must indeed move with leaden feet, for the only crimes not mentioned in their diatribe were incest and mayhem. Probably they have since committed these.

They accompanied me on a visit to the port office, one on each side, quarreling like a couple of curs, until at last, with curses, I bade them begone; but they still clung to me, and returned to the dock, where in order to get rid of them we hauled out into the bay and made fast astern

a lighter. Here a gentleman came off in a boat, and very kindly loaned us his boat-boy to take charge of *Bird,* and going ashore we received our tickets from the police, and under guidance of a newspaper correspondent, found refuge and rest at the Continental Hotel.

On arrival, I cabled the Touring Club of Italy that we had arrived in Gib. and requested instructions as to when they wanted us at Rome. Word came back that they wanted us to join cruise at Naples, the 22d, or Fiumicino, the 23d. This early day was due to their having dropped out several stopping ports on the cruise from Venice. I knew at once it was impossible for *Bird* to make the passage of over a thousand miles to Rome in six days, even with a strong fair wind and a full load of fuel. Strong winds are something not to be had in the Mediterranean in the Summer, and what was to be obtained was mostly Easterly. Our only chance was to get aboard a steamer and steam to Naples as soon as possible. The *Moltke* of the Hamburg-American line was due the 20th, and I at once saw the agent of that line, and made inquiries to get a passage for the boat and ourselves. Cap-

tain Kidd never, as I heard of, left a child, but if he did, this Gibraltar agent is a direct descendant of that celebrated pirate and shares with his illustrious ancestor the rapacity and discourtesy that makes buccaneering such an alluring and happy profession. He is the most disobliging man I think it has been my joy to meet and do business with, and as he had us caught short with the vessel making astern board he put the hooks in to stay.

At first he refused to take us, saying there was no room on the steamer, then he agreed to wire the head office at my expense. The head office wired back, saying that it would be difficult to transport a yacht, and that we would have to get permission of the Italian Royal Commissioner, an officer who has charge of the emigrants on these steamers. This gave me my cue and I got to work. The next day an order came from the Italian Minister of Marine directing that *Sea Bird* be taken on *Moltke* and transported to Naples. This settled it, and the agent was obliged to obey, but he soaked us one hundred dollars freight, besides thirty dollars apiece passage money. Mind you, I don't believe the Hamburg-American line would have taken this advantage of us. I have had considerable dealing with that company and have always found them most generous and obliging, and if I had had time to appeal to the head office at Hamburg I am sure we would have received every assistance and courtesy.

While this was going on, the boys between times were overhauling the Rock and enjoying the hospitality of the members of the Gibraltar Yacht Club. We went to the consulate and paid our respects to Mr. Sprague, the United States Consul, a gentleman who is greatly interested in sport, and who gave *Bird* and her crew a very hearty welcome. We are also particularly indebted to Mr. Pitman and Mr. Flower for many kindnesses; the latter, an old *Rudder* reader, is a real boat crank, and owns a smart little racing sloop. The police and post officials without exception treated us with attention and kindness, and I wish to take this opportunity of thanking them for their courtesy to the *Sea Bird's* crew.

But the word Gibraltar in the minds of *Sea Bird's* skipper and crew will insolubly be joined with the name of one man, that of Mr. Arthur

Hayden, the American Vice-Consul. It is impossible to find words to express our gratitude and affection for Mr. Hayden, who, when we needed a friend, came forward and generously and nobly took upon himself the task of saving our expedition.

The landlady at the hotel, Signora Arteseni, a handsome, merry Spanish lady, did her best to make our stay pleasant, and knowing we must have had many banyan days during our voyage loaded the table with all that was delicious in the market. She and the head waiter had their pictures taken in a group with us, at our earnest request, for publication in a Spanish illustrated paper. It was the event of their lives. If you go to Gib. be sure to come to anchor at the Continental; it is clean and reasonable, and the landlady, if you tell her you know *Sea Bird's* crew, will take care of you like a queen.

When I found we would have to take passage on *Moltke* and pay heavily for it, I cabled to New York for some of the necessary and patiently waited. No answer; cabled again; no answer. Cabled again; no answer. Here was a devil of a fix, and at last when all hope was lost

The Crew at Anzio in their glad rags

of hearing from home, I appealed to Mr. Hayden. He promptly came to my rescue and very kindly advanced a sum sufficient to pay the freight and passenger charges; a great, kindly act which I never shall forget and never be able to square him for.

While the financial panic was at a head, the boys had *Bird* stripped and alongside *Moltke,* ready to hoist at the davits. They first talked about putting the boat on deck, but I persuaded Captain Meyer, a real sailor of the old school, that she would swing safest and easiest at the davits. So they swung out a pair amidships on the starboard side, and the boys put the slings under and hooked on the tackles.

The job aloft was bossed by the second mate and the bose and though warned that there was a turn in the tackle they persisted with true Dutch pertinacity in hoisting away; consequence, when about a fathom from being a-block the twist jammed and *Bird* stuck. Captain jumped on Goodwin and Thurber for the mix-up, but paid them the compliment of saying they, being sailors, ought to have prevented a bunch of deck mechanics from jamming a fall. He after-

wards apologized to me for berating my crew for something they were not to blame for. The *Moltke's* crew were real steamboat sailors, and half of them could not pass a lashing or tie a proper knot. Steam has certainly played Hades with seamen, not only the merchant service but on vessels of war. But at last Goodwin shinned the tackle and soon showed these deck degenerates how to clear the jam, and *Bird* was hoisted home. I rather took pride in Captain Meyers calling my crew sailors, even if he did so in anger, but it was no fiction, for you would have to go through the fleet with a very close-toothed rake to find two better all-round seamen than Goodwin and Thurber. Like Brutus, I may be an older soldier, but doubt if I'm a better one.

The *Moltke* was crowded with Americans going abroad and they gave us a splendid reception. Thurber ran across an old friend of his family, and several ladies from, in, or near Providence, and we had the news from home. That night I gave a talk in the saloon, with Captain Meyer's kind permission, and kept the audience interested for eighty minutes. The officers and crew of the steamer treated us finely and we had a

very enjoyable three days.

Sunday morning, July 23d, at 7 a. m. we arrived at Naples. The Captain of the Port came aboard and gave us permission to put *Sea Bird* afloat, and get away at once, as the cruise had left that morning at four o'clock for Fiumicino and they wanted us to hurry after. He also said a torpedo destroyer would come after us. A gentleman, a relation of my old friend and reader, Mr. Vincenzio Cardillio, took charge of *Bird's* helm and we were about to start for the yacht basin at St. Lucia to say how-to-do to the yachtsmen, when a rowboat came alongside and a couple of newspaper men asked to be allowed to board. One who spoke English said they were accompanying the cruise, but had waited over to welcome us; he asked if he and his friend might sail with us to Rome. We were only too glad to have their company, and I bade them welcome to our home.

Under the guidance of our pilot we ran into the basin at St. Lucia, and amid cheers and hand-clapping made fast to the float and spent a few minutes with the Napoli yachtsmen. The welcome was a warm one and we had hard work

to break away, but they let us go after I had promised Mr. Guido Florentino, the Vice-President, that we would come back and give all hands a chance to entertain the *Bird* and her crew.

At 10 a. m. we started up our little Knoxy, and with saluting, cheers and good wishes in Italian and English, headed away North for the mouth of the Tiber. Working out up the bay we passed through a fleet of fine yachts, whose fair passengers joined with the crews in cheering us. The following description of the trip up the coast was written by Olindo Bitetti, a reporter for the *Couriere de la Sera,* a leading journal published at Milan. Mr. Bitetti was with us all the way to Rome, and piloted the boat up the Tiber. He was an all-round athlete, a good boatman, and an extremely intelligent man, and we took a great liking to him. Despite the fact that he spoke no English, nor understood it, he caught on in a marvelous manner to all that we were doing, and joined in the task of working the vessel with skill and alacrity.

The other reporter, whose name I regret has escaped me, was also far above the average in intelligence, and could speak English; we became

good friends with him, but unlike Bitetti he took very little interest in practical navigating, and spent his time when not writing, in singing Italian songs and parts from the operas, in which the engineer joined. Goodwin translated the story literally, and it is not only truly descriptive but in some way to our Anglo-Saxon trained intellect, rather amusing.

FROM NAPLES TO FIUMICINO ON THE *SEA BIRD*

FIUMICINO, July 24th, night—The *Sea Bird* departed from Naples without much applause, modestly and without the escort of war vessels. A few sailors gathered and cried out the traditional "bon voyage," uncovering their heads and waving their hats. Understand, the *Sea Bird* is a vessel without pretense and her men have the unique thought that to cross the sea is a proper amusement.

I hardly had one foot aboard the little vessel

before I formed the idea of the difference between her and other yachts taking part in the International Cruise. Nothing for show, nothing luxurious; a vessel as rugged as a fisherman but accurately studied out in every detail by a man practiced in sea-lore; wide, short and chunky with deck all covered in, ruling at her pleasure over the fickle elements; and with the convoy of an ample sail plan and the help of an engine of 3 h.p., she accomplished an average of 120 miles per day. On board the *Sea Bird* there is none of the preoccupation which comes with high speed. They travel as they may and arrive when they arrive. And so very slow, about three miles per hour. We were to leave from the port at 10:15, but it was impossible to take this step because the news of the arrival and departure of the *Sea Bird* spread like lightning among the yachtsmen and one of the club members whom we encountered, begged us to make a short stop at the clubs at Santa Lucia. Mr. Day accepted the invitation with a simple nod of the head, without effusion, calm and impassive.

When at 11 a. m. we finally departed, they saluted with repeated and clamorous "Hurrahs!"

from hundreds of throats, and all the pleasure craft within radius hastened to take part in the demonstration. The crew commenced to hoist the sails. Mr. Day, who does not like laziness on board, gave me an order to help the two sailors to do some necessary work, and his command was so exact that I could not pretend ignorance and obeyed the order. In a short time the three sails were hoisted but the wind was contrary and we were forced to tack. The crew of the *Sea Bird* was not disappointed at this, as the panorama of the Gulf of Naples is so entrancing that to view it is worth the price of delay. Mr. Day, who under an appearance of gravity conceals a temperament of much humor, installed himself at the helm, thus diverting himself by startling, with clever maneuvers, the fine yachts and cutters which followed in our wake. One yacht more than the others, clean-cut and elegant, attracted their attention. She carried on board a dozen graceful ladies whom they diverted immensely, and who created a great furore about them. The captain steered as though he was about to run into them. Loud shrieks, more from amusement than fear, rent

the air: there was a moment of uncertainty and suddenly amongst clamorous hurrahs we sheered away. After a short time the merry party was lost in the distance and nothing was left but the echo of their cheers. The companions of Mr. Day, two fair young men, true types of the new-style Americans, completely shaved, clad in sleeveless shirts or with bodies nude above the waist, they move about the vessel always busy; at times one disappears in the hatchway and gives a look at the engine, then appears with a book and reads or studies attentively, smoking, smoking, always desperately.

That which is most amazing above all is the great friendship which exists among these men. Working together for the good of all, with hardly the exchange of an order, without discussion, and what any of them do is well done. It is impossible to imagine a type more simple, more loyal or more bold. They seem not to feel the grandness of the voyage they have completed, laboring like humble workmen at all the baser services, although being perfect gentlemen. The older of these, Theodore Goodwin, is thirty-four years of age and resembles marvelously Prince

Scipione Borghese. It is he who best stands the infernal heat below deck. There he spends long periods of time caring for the engine—he is the engineer on board—or applying himself in the kitchen, because he is also the cook. At other times he endeavors to straighten out the characteristic disorder which pervails in the little cabin: in length only about three meters and a meter and a half wide: but which contains the engine, two beds, the kitchen, the kitchen utensils, the glasses, the books, an office, the wardrobe and a small drug chest. I have also noticed a fire extinguisher in event of a conflagration.

The other member of the crew is Frederick Thurber, about twenty-eight years old. He prefers working outside and upon him devolves the care of the sails and rigging. He diverts himself in making signals to passing steamers or lighthouses. His chief characteristic is not speaking very much. He laughs sparingly at the jests of Mr. Day or at the bold romances sung by Theodore, who is enamored of our Mascagni and Puccini, and every now and then he sticks out his head covered with sweat from the companionway, launching robust notes upon the winds,

singing more or less from Cavalleria Rusticana, Pagliacci and parts of the Girl of the West.

Mr. Day does not profit by his position of owner and captain of the ship. Hard as a nail, with body bronzed and wrinkled, he works without ever perspiring, without ever seeming vexed, vigilant for the trifles which his companions may possibly have overlooked, seeking to do a little scrubbing or to repair the trifling damage which the sea may have done to his beloved vessel.

With three men of such mettle, so thoroughly excellent, one can become marvelously intimate. We met at 10 a. m., at 12 we had become old friends, and when spread upon the deck we ate the provisions prepared in the morning, we toasted heartily America, Italy and Rome. The wind, constantly contrary, forced us to tack and we proceeded only about three miles per hour. Some porpoises swam around us at less than a meter distant. At 4 p. m., having not yet passed out of the Gulf of Pozzuoli, we saw in the distance, coming from the direction of Naples, a great ship advancing.

"It is the *Moltke,*" cried Fred, who anxiously prepared to make signals. "We received many

courtesies from them on the voyage from Gibraltar to Naples," he said. But he had also a secret reason for such eagerness and Mr. Day began to explain. "He has left a wounded heart on board," he said. "A pretty young girl, blonde as he." The *Moltke* was soon upon us, so close as if she would crush us. The passengers and crew crowded all parts of her and waved madly. The siren blew and she answered with flags our signal "Pleasant voyage."

In a short time the great ship was lost in the distance. The wind had completely dropped. We started the engine and proceeded solely by the power of the little engine. At six o'clock Theodore suddenly disappeared in the companionway and shortly after he reappeared with a pot and stewpan and began to pare potatoes with the skill of a master. He manipulated with comestibles for some time and at seven o'clock announced that dinner was ready. Mr. Day knocked on a bronze plate with a hammer in the manner of a tom-tom. We placed ourselves at table. The cooking utensils are not many and the service left something to be desired, but the cook received general applause. He knew how

to prepare a fine soup and had cooked a goodly portion of savory peas, and while with his head sticking out from the hatch, he ate his own portion, he gave the particulars of the various dishes. Soup from New York, potatoes from the Azores, peas from France, meat from the *Moltke,* wine and bread from Naples. Toward eight o'clock a light breeze ruffled the water. Frederick desisted at once from his noble occupation of washing dishes and turned to the sails, which he hoisted quickly. The whole boat responded with greater celerity, the engine pounded merrily and we spun along at a good six miles per hour. We navigated across the Gulf of Gaeta. Darkness approached rapidly and we lowered the flags and substituted lanterns.

The night was magnificent and after a brief rest which I conceded to myself, seating myself beside Theodore who was at the helm, I begged him to recount the voyage of the *Sea Bird.* And he consented, narrating it in Italian very diverting but quite efficacious.

"We departed from Providence," he said, "in the Island of Rhody, the 10th of June, participating in a great parting celebration of the popu-

lation and of our friends in the various clubs, some of them forming an escort for nearly two days. The sea was quite rough but not stormy and the wind was favorable but not heavy. On the third day of navigation we encountered the steamship *Barbarossa* of the Nord Deutscher Lloyd, by which we took the opportunity of sending a marconigram to the New York *Herald* giving notice of us. From this day we completed twenty days without having seen another vessel although holding a course always in the track of transatlantic vessels. The sea remained always fairly smooth and we covered from 100 to 120 miles per day.

"Only on one day, the 16th of June, the wind was so strong and fair that we succeeded in covering in twenty-four hours 183 miles. This constituted our record, but the conditions changed soon after. The sea grew much worse and on the 22nd it impeded our voyage about in the middle of the Atlantic. The waves became very violent, the seas being of such gigantic size that it was not possible to carry the sails or run the engine. We were obliged to bottle up the boat, as the captain is pleased to call it, so as not to

be washed off by the sea, where we spent one day watching the waves through the little glass ports and scanning the horizon for some signs of relief from the conditions which invested us."

Profiting by a time of relative mildness, they thrust themselves outside and holding on by a rope they had the audacity or unconsciousness of danger, to make pictures with their camera, photographing the mountainous masses of water which encompassed them, always threatened by the encircling seas.

Continuing he said: "After the end of the storm we encountered a fishing boat. Those on board gazed at us in stupefaction. On the first of July we arrived at the Azores a short time to replenish our stores and gasoline. We were entertained there by the foreign colony and departed on July 5th. Thereafter we had always fine weather and a tranquil sea except for one day, the date of which I do not remember, the wind being so contrary that we only succeeded in making about 50 miles, our lowest record. We arrived at Gibraltar so delayed that we found we could not keep our appointment at Rome under our own power and therefore took advan-

tage of the coincidence of the sailing of the S. S. *Moltke* to the port of Naples. Our object was already an accomplished fact, namely: that with this little craft it was possible to safely complete the crossing of the Atlantic."

"And during these long days of sailing were you not affected with homesickness or melancholy?"

"As you have seen today, we were always busy and had no time for such trifling annoyances."

"And no incidents or accidents of note happened?"

"One alone. A few days before our arrival at Gibraltar, the captain volunteered to substitute in the kitchen. He promised to serve an extraordinary dish. And we noticed that he worked below a long time. Finally he announced a stew in which there was a little of all our different kinds of provisions. We ate with relish, only, some hours after eating, when cleaning the pot as usual, we found at the bottom a torn and soiled sock."

While Theodore finished his narrative it became dawn. Before our faces arose Mt. Circeo. Suddenly we made out in the distance a ship of

war, but the vessel steamed away in the direction of Gaeta. At 12:20 we arrived unexpectedly at Porto D'Anzio. The captain of the port proceeded to place himself at our disposal and shortly after we were feted by the bathing colony. We had scarcely resumed our voyage when we encountered the torpedo destroyer *La Carabiniere* that yesterday had been hunting for us. They asked if we wished to be taken in tow to Fiumicino. Our captain accepted and a line was thrown and made fast. We were drawn through the water at a velocity entirely unsuitable for the *Sea Bird*. Leaving Porto D'Anzio at 8:30, we arrived in the little port of Fiumicino at 7 o'clock amidst a festal assembly of the entire population. To-morrow the little ship completes her wonderful voyage, leaving here for home.

(Signed) OLINDO BITETTI.