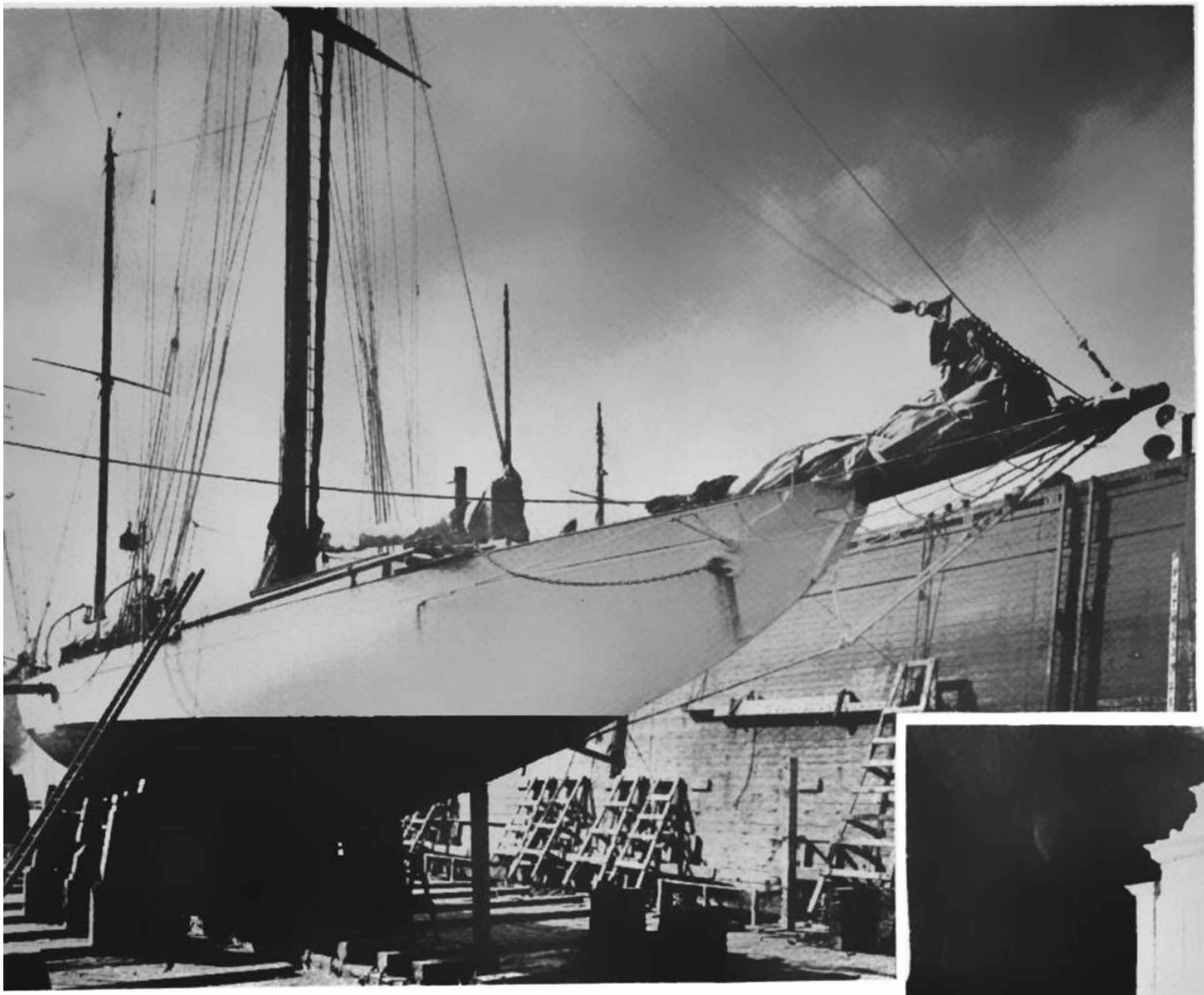


Part Two

Left: Having circled the world, Athene is hauled out at Long Beach, California, for a thorough overhaul. . . . Below: In Ceylon. This huge Indian elephant is said to have killed five native attendants

Around THE WORLD In A Cup Boat

PAUL SCHWEGLER

SINGAPORE lay ahead, 663 miles away. We had expected this to be one of the roughest passages we would encounter in our long jaunt around the world but, strangely, not a breath of wind stirred and the sea was exceptionally calm. We used the motor all the way. The sea was full of many different kinds of fish and we easily caught as many of them as we wanted.

At the conclusion of this smooth passage we nosed Athene through the Straits of Singapore into what is probably the most colorful harbor in the world. Justifiably Singapore is known as the crossroads of the world. Here we anchored alongside of vessels of almost every known type afloat—sampans, junks, river steamers, freighters, liners, yachts of all sizes and dhows from up the coast. Anchored far out in the harbor, our only means of getting ashore was by sampan. Occasionally these are driven by outboard motors but in most instances they are propelled by one long oar that serves both as rudder and for motive power.

Bidding a sad farewell to Singapore on March 15 we headed out into the Indian Ocean bound for Colombo, Ceylon. A few days out of Singapore, Athene struck a submerged log or derelict a glancing blow which tore a small hole in the ship's side. This, however, was repaired without difficulty. The propeller also suffered damage, as the tip of one blade was sheared off and the other two were bent. This caused the shaft to pound badly in the bearings and we discovered that the shaft had been bent too. This caused no particular concern aboard but the motor was kept down to half speed in order to reduce the vibration.

Here we ran into terrific equatorial showers, so thick and heavy that it was impossible to see the length of the ship. A sharp lookout had to be maintained at all times on account of the risk of collision, as traffic in these waters is almost as heavy as it is in the English Channel. Nevertheless the rain came as a welcome refreshment from the heat of the day. Humidity in these parts causes a great deal of discomfort as it is only about 60 miles from the Equator.

Sea and wind were light again, necessitating 11½ days running to make the 1,584 miles, using the motor continuously. On arrival the ship was drydocked in order to make repairs to the damaged shaft and propeller. Later we were to discover that the native drydock men at Colombo had not done a good job so that the damage was not permanently repaired until we got to England.

Our next stop was one of the most unusual on the whole itinerary. We put in at the Laccadive Islands—one of the most out-of-the-way places in the Far East. These form a little known group off the west coast of India and are inhabited by descendants of a shipwrecked crew of Mohammedan pilgrims. One man on the whole island spoke not more than twenty words of English and could understand less. Few of the natives had ever been to the mainland; not one had ever heard of the United States. We, of course, were a curiosity. Men of the village paddled out in their native canoes to see us. Our particular motive in stopping at these islands was to get a group of pictures of certain interesting lagoons.

Their principal occupation on the island was the making of hemp and the gathering of copra that was shipped to the mainland in the native dhows. These dhows are believed to be among the most seaworthy craft afloat and it is interesting to note that their design and method of construction have been substantially the same for almost a thousand years. Only a few of the braver individuals of the village ever venture out to sea. Generally their fishing is done from outrigger canoes; the fish are speared as they swim by.

We traded with the natives, giving them white bread, coffee and canned milk in return to fresh fruits, such as cocoanuts, papayas and bananas, all of which grew in abundance throughout the islands. Our American cigarettes were particularly prized, and they clamored and fought for them among themselves.

Above: Cairo has its own unique style of architecture

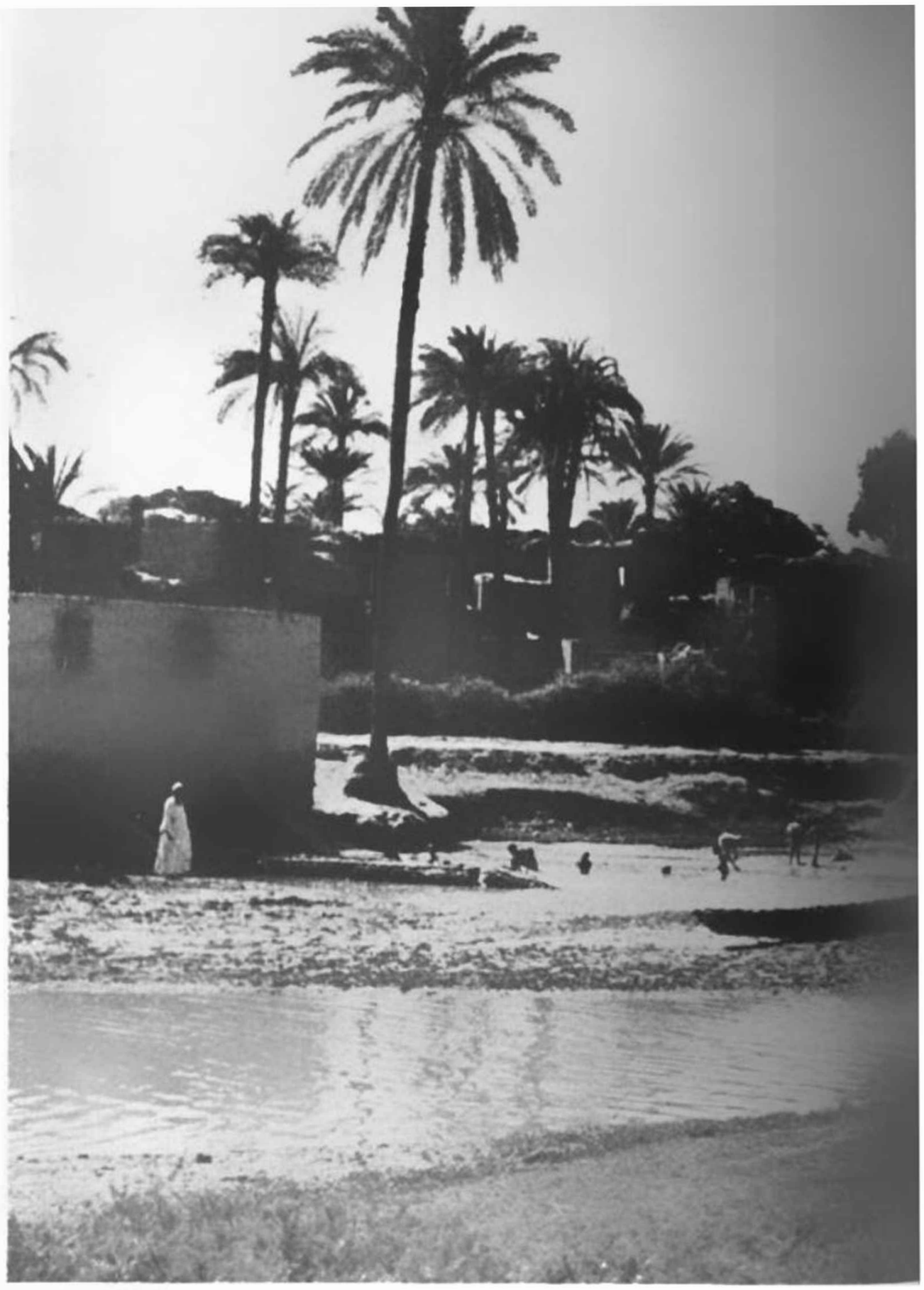
Below: Mr. and Mrs. Garnett out for a stroll on the streets of colorful Tokyo, Japan

We did not linger long here in the islands but weighed anchor soon for Bombay, India. Beating against headwinds it took us more than a week to make the 900 miles. Bombay has a magnificent harbor but there is always a strong current running in or out. We were forced by our draft to anchor pretty well out and used the ship's tender in going ashore and returning. Here, as in Colombo, Singapore and Saigon, we found the native boatmen always anxious to row yachtsmen in and out to the ship. We didn't stay long in Bombay because we had a definite schedule to complete and besides the custom's officers were not too accommodating.

After Bombay, our proposed route called for a stop at Aden—literally the Hell-hole of the world. No government employee stays here longer than six months. Then he gets an equal period of leave. The harbor is infested with man-eating sharks. We were about to take a cooling dip in the ocean one day when native boatmen warned us that it would be safer to stay out of the water. High winds blow over the sandy wastes so fiercely that there are times when ships many miles at sea have their decks covered with fine sand. It has been said that the wind blows so hard at Aden that it will knock the paint off a ship's sides.

The desert here is the home of a race of dirty native Arabs. Here and there an oasis makes it possible for them to raise a few cattle and grow some fruit. Here we had our first experience with riding camels —we vowed thereafter that we'd stick to our ship. The roll and pitch of a ship is certainly steadier and a much smoother ride.

On May 8 we started on the next leg which was to take Athene to the Red Sea. There was always something to break the monotony of the trip. This time it was an Arabian dhow that had been becalmed and was out of water and running short of food. We hauled alongside and left some supplies with them, receiving their heartfelt benediction. We were just over ten days getting to Suez, getting ashore on May 21 with an additional 1,291 miles written into the log. Suez is without question one of the most beautiful cities it was our pleasure to visit—clean, industrious and very wealthy.



Below: Waterfront at Copenhagen, Denmark. This city has an exceptionally fine harbor for yachtsmen

Left: At one of the few oases in the great Sahara Desert. The camels are being bathed after a long, weary trek

Below: The party goes ashore for more pictures at Oslo, Norway

Nineteen days we sailed in making the 2,025 miles to Gibraltar. Not a day passed that we didn't have to buck the persistent head wind. Seas ran so high that funnels of the big P. and O. liners were white with salt spray. We bounced and bobbed around the Mediterranean like a cork. It was heart-breaking to watch sailing vessels go driving along the other way at a ten-knot speed. If we had been fortunate enough to be bound the other way we probably would have felt that these were the greatest sailing waters in the world. As it was we didn't want any part of it.

We got little assistance from the motor and for what progress we made resorted to perpetual tacking. In one instance we sailed 160 miles in one day yet all we made good on our course was an insignificant matter of ten miles, evidence enough that the going was tough. Once we sought shelter in the lee of Pantelleria, a volcanic island southwest of Sicily. Our only consolation was the thought that there were several other ships here with us in the same predicament.

At Gibraltar we stayed only long enough to take on fresh provisions and fuel oil for the run to England. Here we had our first view of the Spanish revolution. On the very day we spent in the little Spanish town next to Gibraltar, twenty-five men were reported killed in the local fighting. We were glad to pull out of that place.

Head winds persisted all the way into Calais. On this run we watched the war maneuvers of ships of the Italian, English and Spanish battle fleets. Our passage to Calais, (*Continued on page* 78)

We had used the engine all the way up from Bombay and it was in serious need of overhauling so at Suez we inquired at a shipyard what it would cost to haul out for repairs. To our astonishment they wanted $1,000 just to haul the boat out. Captain Harris' sailing instinct came to the surface. Said he, "We'll sail her home."

Divers were sent down to see if anything could be done from the outside of the ship without hauling her out. They reported the condition was not serious, so that we could safely proceed to England.

The Mediterranean for us was a long, hard, wet thrash. Hardly a night or day passed that we weren't wet from head to foot. We encountered nothing but persistent head winds and the ship was continually awash. Here, too, we were not without our bit of added excitement. A huge steamer cut across our bow during the dog watch. The only thing which averted a collision was our throwing Athene promptly up into the wind. Once she was thrown up into that driving wind her jib was blown out and for the next hour all hands took a wetting that they'll long remember. We were finally able to get the jib in, that is, what was left of it, and we finished the run to Gibraltar without it.

AROUND THE WORLD IN A CUP BOAT

(*Continued from page 31*)

a matter of 1,283 miles, took us 10 days and 14 hours, not too bad considering the heavy weather and head winds. At Calais we tied up only long enough to take on a couple of passengers and headed immediately for Southwick, England, just across the Channel. June 25 we dropped the hook into the muddy bottom of Brighton Beach.

We stayed in port almost a month before proceeding on a pleasant cruise along the European coast. We crossed the channel again back to Calais to pick up a few more passengers and on July 25 arrived in the Kiel canal to see the Olympic regatta. Nowhere throughout the many ports we visited around the world did we find officials more courteous than here in Germany. They seemed to regard it as their own special pleasure to have us as their guests.

HOWEVER, other countries lay ahead. Our next port of call was at Copenhagen. Here we ran into a group of Yale boys who were bringing back one of the yawls that had competed the year before in the trans-Atlantic race. Nothing looks better to a yachtsman from the States than an American flag flying from the stern of a ship in a foreign port. At Copenhagen we found the finest yachting harbor we had ever sailed into. During the summer months racing is held continually for every type of craft. Only in the Kiel canal had we seen a greater display of flags from all countries, flying from the masts of every type of vessel afloat.

After a stay of a little more than a week at Copenhagen we were on our way again for Kristiansand, Norway. We made the port just in time to escape one of the most severe summer storms in the history of the North Sea. Several freighters went down with all hands and even the liner Kungsholm had to lay over for a couple of days in Kristiansand to avoid the rough passage back to Southampton. When the storm abated we set out for South Shields, Scotland.

The next exciting incident came when our mainsail let go at the mast. For several hours we rolled and rolled before we were able eventually to get the sail repaired. Under way again we made South Shields, stopped over for just a short time and then proceeded to Brighton Beach. On August 12 we anchored in Southwick to remain there until October 4 when we finally set sail for home. Our first port of call was Funchal, 1,482 miles from England, which we put astern in the course of a ten-day passage. This was probably the toughest part of our whole voyage, but it was also the fastest. Both lifeboats crashed into the skylights and were smashed so badly as to make them unfit for further use. Water poured in at every point that was not securely battened. Seams opened up here and there and once when we were caught with a couple of ventilators open, one was washed overboard. The hole it left had to be temporarily filled so the Captain did the quickest thing in an emergency. Emulating the little Dutch boy who put his finger in the dike and saved a town, the captain sat on the hole. Off the coast of Portugal, the ship was driving straight for the rocks when luckily we had a change of wind that carried us off shore. Heavy seas had gotten into the electric auxiliary and everything was shorted. However, the little ship weathered the storm like a thoroughbred and finally made her way into Funchal. An indication of how Athene was being driven is found in the fact that she made 150 miles on one day's run under staysail only.

WE left Funchal on October 17 after spending three days overhauling, and took our departure on what was to be the second longest leg of the voyage. Winds were a little better than favorable and we averaged practically 150 miles a day for the 21-day passage of 2,912 miles. On November 7 we landed in San Juan to replenish water, stores and oil.

Two days later we departed for Miami, only 963 miles away. This seemed like a comparatively short jump after completing one of almost 3,000 miles. We were eight days in getting to Miami where we found the harbor filled with hundreds of other pleasure craft. Here we lay over for a week and then ran across to Nassau. The Canal Zone was a little over 1,100 miles away, which distance we negotiated in eight days. From Cristobal to Balboa was another 42 miles. Here we laid over

for another day's rest before making the final run up the coast to San Pedro.

The 889-mile run from Balboa to San Jose was made in slightly over seven days. From this point on we had our difficulties. Head winds and dead calms conspired to stop our progress and often we lost more ground with an adverse current than we had gained in the previous day. Acapulco was only a distance of 560 miles but it took us seven days to make it. Every kind of sailor lore was invoked to bring about more favorable weather. Some of the boys up forward even went so far as to fast. Later this was to become a necessity for provisions and water began to run low.

Four days were spent in Acapulco in an endeavor to get repairs made to the motor but they did not have the necessary facilities. So on April 20 we headed for Mazatlan. Conditions once more conspired against us. We were fourteen days making only 667 miles. The bright spot of this passage was a salty reunion at sea between our Captain Harris and his father. He is captain of an Admiral liner and we learned later that he knew we were bound up the coast so he had his crew posted to keep a sharp lookout for a sailing vessel. He succeeded in contacting us and it was a real thrill for us aboard Athene to see him bring the big liner alongside for a friendly chat.

Food supplies were practically exhausted and the water was running low. With weather conditions still against us it seemed the part of wisdom to send out an S.O.S. The Coast Guard responded promptly and took us in tow up to San Pedro. This seemed a rather discouraging climax to a 28,000-mile voyage around the world under our own power and our own resources. Practically a year and six months to a day had elapsed when we arrived at our home port. We had circumnavigated the globe in a 39-year-old class J sloop. Tay Garnett was so enthusiastic over the success of this voyage that he is now making plans for a new and more commodious ship—a square-rigger with power enough installed for a speed of 10 knots. On his next cruise which is scheduled for July of next year he plans to visit some of the places which he missed the last time.

A CORRECTION

INTERESTED as many Boston yachtsmen have been in Mr. Schwegler's yarn of Athene's voyage to the far east, they were forced to smile at the claim that the 70 foot sloop was ever an America's Cup defender or even a candidate for its defense against such 90 footers as Columbia, Defender, Constitution, Independence or Reliance.

When William Otis Gay of Boston gave Nat Herreshoff the order for the Class H sloop early in 1899, he was not even a member of the New York Yacht Club and while he joined the following June, it was not until 1901 that Athene flew the club burgee on the cruise of that year, in which she made four squadron runs without winning a prize.

The most noteworthy of her few racing exploits was in the Puritan Cup race of June 30, 1900, sailed in Massachusetts Bay in a 40 knot norwester in which she beat the 110 foot schooner Constellation by 24 minutes. Both yachts sailed with double reefs and Athene with a housed topmast. Pictures of this famous race are on the walls of the Eastern Yacht Club at Marblehead.

WM. U. SWAN.