

N O R T H
A M E R I C A

A T L A

O C

W E S T
I N D I E S

Barbados

Cristobal

Balboa

Trinidad

S O U T H
A M E R I C A

BRITISH
ISLES

Newlyn

Vigo

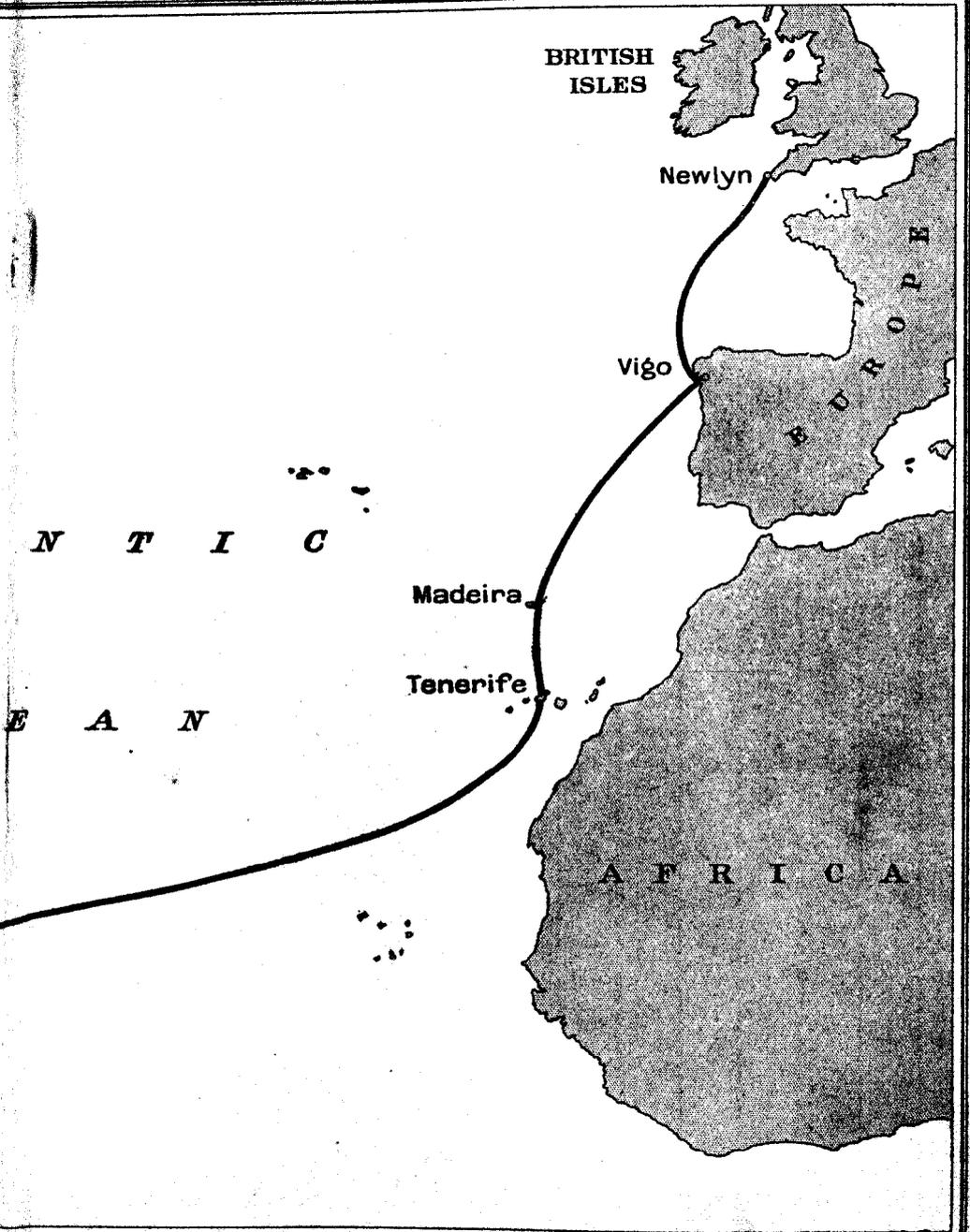
Madeira

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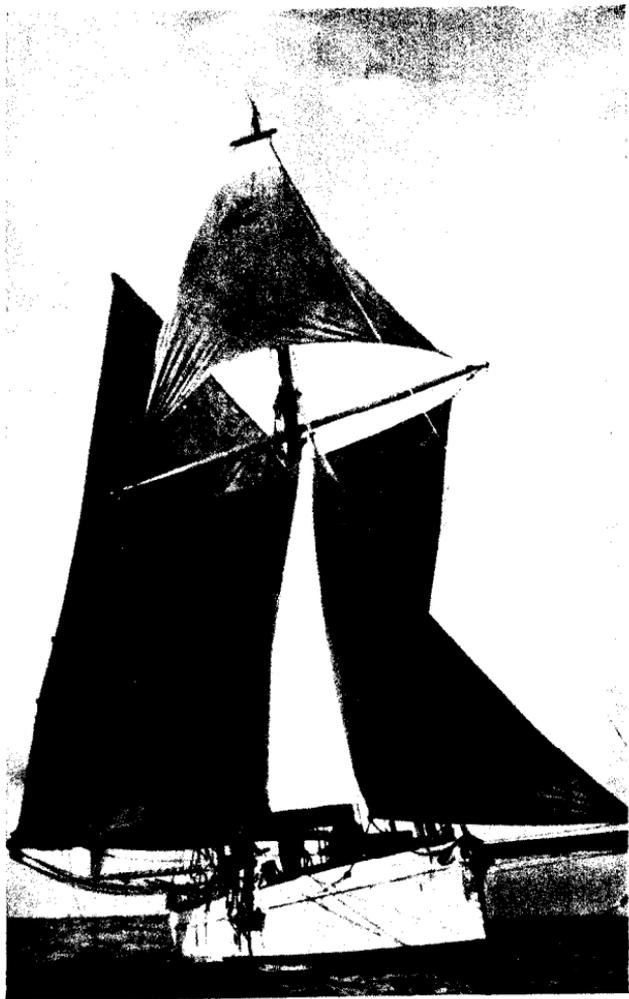
A MODERN SEA BEGGAR

Mother -

This book, as you know, is to me something more than a tale that is told. With its vivid reminders of my happiest days it is with much love that I give it to you, who - as Temple says in these pages - have ever been my "real friend" and have shown me so many and such great kindnesses all my life long.

Emmie.

June, 1938.



By kind permission of Mr. H. T. Mapes

The Yawl Inyala

A MODERN SEA BEGGAR

by

TEMPLE UTLEY

being

*the story of his cruise from Newlyn to Fiji
in the yawl 'Inyala', with letters telling
of his life in the South Seas*

edited by

FREDA AND EMILY UTLEY

Illustrated with Photographs

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PETER DAVIES

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**THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
TO
TEMPLE'S MOTHER, EMMIE UTLEY
AND TO
HIS FRIEND, RAB BUCHANAN**

PREFACE

This book has been compiled from three sources: from manuscripts prepared for publication by Temple Utley (some of which have appeared in *The Yachting Monthly*), from his log-book, which he frequently kept as a private notebook, and from his letters.

The editors have drawn from these sources and combined them. This explanation is necessary because they know that Temple Utley himself would never have published in this form some of the observations and thoughts which they have included. As far as possible, however, they have avoided altering his words. The letters have been printed with the permission of their owners, Temple Utley's mother and Rab Buchanan.

The editors desire to express their appreciation and thanks to E. Warrington Smyth, whose nautical knowledge was of great assistance in revising the text, and who gave much time and care in helping with the actual work of editing. They owe much to her many suggestions. Their thanks are also due to Rab Buchanan for assistance in deciphering the MS. and for his encouragement throughout.

F. U.
E. U.

Freda Utley

London June 1938

Emily L. C. Utley.

London - June 1938.

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PART I

THE CRUISE: ADVENTURES: ENGLAND TO THE MARQUESAS

(September 1930 to September 1931)

' . . . I often say to myself when I take the wheel at night, the sky a blaze of stars and the ship cutting a phosphorescent track through the black, "Where would I sooner be? Who would I change places with?" I tell myself, "Nowhere and no one." One lives fully like this—doing things and dreaming.'

*(In a letter from Temple Utley
to his mother)*

I

NEWLYN TO VIGO

When I was a small boy the first books which made a vivid impression on me were Nansen's *Farthest North* and the back numbers of the *Boy's Own Paper*, with tales by Ballantyne and Kingston, and especially *Coral Island*.

There were two things I wanted to do; one was to go to the North Pole, and the other was to sail to the South Seas. I had a great fleet of model yachts, and in my summer holidays I used to sail a dinghy with my father, and sometimes I would get twenty-four hours on a fishing boat.

Whilst still a medical student I spent a holiday in Italy, where I made friends with an Englishman who was stranded in Portofino with a yacht. As he had sacked his French crew and could not ship an Italian one, I offered myself to him as crew, and I had a delightful week sailing on the Mediterranean. This revived the old desire to sail.

While I had been away a great friend of mine, called Rab, had heard that one could spend wonderful holidays on the west coast of Scotland in a small sailing boat, the idea being just day sailing with safe anchorages every night, and to spend much of the time walking, shooting and fishing. So with this very modest idea of sailing Rab bought a beautiful little ten tonner called *Temptress*, and the following spring four of us went up to the Clyde to sail her. None of us knew much about it, but each of us tried to bluff the others that he was a salt-encrusted old shell-back. But before we ever sailed, before I even saw the *Temptress*, the stimulus was given to us which eventually landed Rab and me in Panama. We met the late owner of

the *Temptress*, Mr. J. S. Douglas Dixon of Glasgow, and found that he had sailed her round Cape Wrath to Norway, and also round the west coast of Ireland to Marseilles. Our adventure in the Scotch lochs seemed a very poor thing after that.

We sailed about the lochs for a fortnight; by then we were fired with ambition to go to sea, and Rab and I thought we would like to sail to Southampton. This seemed a great adventure, and we were amazed at our own daring.

One who afterwards comes into the story, called Walter, had to leave us, so three of us set out. The first night we spent at sea we got a bit of a dusting, and we left another member of the crew on the Isle of Man. So Rab and I sailed by ourselves to North Wales feeling even more heroic. But then I had to go home. Nevertheless two months later we tried it again. We sailed back to Scotland, and then with a paid hand actually did sail her to Southampton. We learned a lot.

The following summer I had very little time, but was invited to go with four strangers on a fifteen-ton cutter from London to Bergen, Norway. Walter came with me. I was mate, and pretended to be the complete deep-sea sailor. I would like to tell the story of that cruise. The boat was very old; and the hull and rigging were completely rotten. The skipper, who was a very fine sailor, had been to sea before, but the others were complete novices and all were inclined to sea sickness. It was on this voyage that I learned what the sea could be like when it really turned nasty. We got to Bergen all right, but coming back ran into a 'strong' gale, an official number 9 Beaufort Scale; we carried away the bowsprit and the boom, and eventually got into Cuxhaven harbour under bare poles, pumping like mad. The boat was sold there for twenty-five pounds.

In the winter of 1929 to 1930 Rab decided that we would go to the South Seas. He found a definite sum of money and started looking for a boat. He first thought of buying one of the smaller Brixham trawlers called 'mules,' which had the reputation of being splendid sea boats. The Brixham smacks are some of the few sailing fishing boats left in England. He went over four or five of them with a surveyor, and found every one of them rotten, as they had been built in a hurry after the war from green wood. Then Rab tried to buy the *Asgard*, Erskine Childers' old boat, a Colin Archer ketch of the Norwegian pilot boat type, but after a lot of negotiation her owner decided not to sell. It was while he was inspecting the *Asgard* that Rab first saw the *Inyala*, and the surveyor advised him to buy her.

The *Inyala* was built in Falmouth in 1897 to Lloyds' special survey. She is an old-fashioned boat of the plank on edge type, very strongly built, with oak frames and pitch pine planking, and the surveyor passed her as perfectly sound. She is yawl rigged and her dimensions are: fifty-one feet overall; forty-five feet on the waterline; eleven feet beam; nine feet six inches draft. There is a 1906 Parsons engine giving a speed of two knots, and she carries twenty gallons of petrol.

Below from forward aft there is, first, the forecastle and galley, then a passage with cupboards and shelves to port, and a small cabin to starboard, once the owner's cabin but now holding two fifty-gallon water tanks and the ship's stores. Next comes the saloon, then aft of that the companion ladder with a W.C. to starboard and another cupboard containing another fifty-gallon tank to port. Aft again is my cabin, and then the engine-room and sail locker combined, and there is another fifty-gallon tank in the after part of the forecastle floor.

We could get no information about the *Inyala's* qualities as a sea boat, as her last owner had never taken her out of the Solent. The experts we consulted all disagreed. Some said that she was just the boat for the purpose; others that a boat with so little beam would be a death trap. Also, an enormous deck house completely spoiled her looks. But we had seen nothing better that Rab could afford to buy, and both Rab and I have a prejudice in favour of deep draft boats. We feel vaguely they cannot turn over. So Rab bought her. We got our old Scotch hand Willy down from Oban, and with my sister Freda as additional crew sailed her to Brixham to fit out.

As we originally planned the cruise to the South Seas the crew was to consist of four amateurs: Rab, skipper; myself, mate; Walter, and a doctor friend of mine, whom I will call 'G.' About the middle of May I went down to Brixham with G to try her out. I found Rab busily engaged in cutting four feet off the main mast and six feet off the top mast before I could stop him. After I had told him what I thought of him we set sail for Cherbourg. Then Rab had to go home, so G, Willy and I set off for Brest. We found the *Inyala* to be an excellent sea boat, but she was rather slow and much too tender, and we decided to put an extra three tons of ballast into her. We agreed then that Rab was right in shortening the main mast; but I have since regretted the cutting down of the spars.

We four met in a pub in London and decided to sail about the middle of July. There was great enthusiasm. We toasted one another again and again. We were all convinced that town life was just silly: we said that all it amounted to was earning enough money to buy enough beer to deaden the memory of how one earned the money to buy the beer. We damned all civilization, and swore that we would never come home again, that we would

find some obscure atoll and settle, and there spend our lives waiting for the coconuts to drop off the trees. Then the first blow fell. G resigned his job, but the local authorities immediately offered him a better one at a thirty-three per cent. increase. He was still firm about his atoll, but when they made him an even better offer and doubled his former salary the vision of the atoll faded. So then as there were only three of us we decided to take Willy, and eventually met in Brixham about the middle of July 1930.

We spent a hectic ten days. Willy, Rab and Walter each had his sweetheart or his wife staying with him, and the women were all convinced they would never see us again. The Brixham fishermen shook their heads gloomily and foretold disaster, saying that no boat with so little beam was fit to go to sea. They worked on Willy, who felt that way himself, and, worse, they worked on Willy's wife. To make matters even worse, the weather was very bad, the wind blew persistently from the south-west, and there was gale after gale. When everything was ready we kept on putting off the day of departure because the weather was so bad.

At last at the beginning of August we set sail, saying our destination was the Canaries. The wind was light leaving Brixham, but as soon as we got out of the shelter of the Start we met a strong breeze dead ahead with a very unpleasant sea. Rab, who is a bad sailor, was very ill; and I, who never actually had been sea sick, was feeling none too good. I steered the boat until about eight in the evening and then went below, leaving her to Walter and Willy. She was then on the starboard tack, but when I came on deck again at eleven o'clock I found her on the port tack heading for Bolt Tail; the jib outhaul had parted, the jib was half up and half down, and Willy at the wheel did not appear to have noticed that anything had

happened. We secured the jib, and I left Willy again in charge and tried to cook a meal. There was an awful mess in the forecastle. Willy, on whom we had always depended before, had not stowed anything, and he had also left the forecastle hatch ajar. Everything was swamped and I could not get the stove to light for about an hour, but eventually having done so by dint of soaking it with paraffin I managed to warm up a stew, which only I and Willy were able to eat. Then Rab from his bed of agony ordered us to heave to for the night, which we did; but I made the mistake of not lowering the mizen, so she did not lie to very well.

In the morning it was blowing much harder and Rab decided to put back. We had a furious argument, but Willy when appealed to also thought it was advisable, so we shamefully ran back to Brixham. The worst part was that no one was surprised to see us back.

Rab decided that he would not start with us from England, but suggested that Walter, Willy and I should find another amateur and that he would join us later. Then Willy said that he would not go, so that left Walter and me.

For nearly a month Walter and I stayed down at Brixham trying to arrange something. We advertised in *The Times* and all the yachting papers, but found no one. At last we got Whitney, a friend of the secretary of the Little Ship Club, so the only thing we wanted was a paid hand. We could get no one in Brixham, where our name was mud, but my sister, who was staying with me for a few days, and who spends most of her holidays in fishing boats, was sure she could get me a Cornish fisherman. After a lot of telephoning, I engaged Richard Jenkins, on the recommendation of another fisherman friend of hers, and I arranged for him to arrive two days later. But the day after I had fixed this up Whitney got a telegram to

say that his brother had got badly injured in a motor accident and was not likely to live, so he left us.

The following day Richard Jenkins arrived, and then Rab, not knowing that Whitney had left us, came to see us off. By this time I was getting desperate, and I persuaded Rab to let me go with Walter and Jenkins and another paid hand if we could find one. But then Walter, whose morale had been slowly ebbing away through the weeks, suddenly decided that he would not go, and he, too, left me. Finally it was decided that I should sail from Brixham to Newlyn with my sister and Jenkins as crew in order to pick up a second paid hand in Cornwall. When we arrived in Newlyn, to my surprise I found Rab waiting for me. He said that he would come at least as far as Spain with me, but that I could remain skipper and he would be my mate.

I was very relieved about this. Rab is an expert navigator, but I, on the other hand, only a fortnight before I left Brixham could do nothing beyond navigating by dead reckoning and getting my latitude by meridian altitude. Rab for the last fortnight had been coaching me at odd times in how to get position lines and I knew how to do it in theory, but theoretical knowledge and the confidence that you can practise that knowledge are two very different things.

In Newlyn we took on a second paid hand, another fisherman called Jack.

Monday, 1st September, was a lovely day, and to our joy it was blowing fresh from the north-east. We spent the last hours getting the fresh provisions on board, and at about four-thirty in the afternoon all was ready. My mother had come down to see us off, and I took her ashore and we had two farewell drinks together. My sister was wanting more and more to sail with me, but had promised to join her husband in Moscow. All Mousehole and most

of Newlyn were there to see us off, including all Jenkins' and Jack's relations. At six o'clock we cast off our moorings, and Rab took her out of Newlyn harbour under motor. As we went by the entrance my sister called out, 'I must come, too.' I called back, 'Jump for the rigging.' She hesitated, looked as if she were going to, then hesitated again, and we swept by. When well out in Mounts Bay we set mainsail, jib, staysail, mizen and gaff topsail, and I knew in my heart that we were really off.

The wind was very light at first, but about ten o'clock it began to freshen, and at midnight it was blowing about force 6 steady from the east-north-east.

The sailing directions advise you, on leaving England, to make as much westing as possible so as to get an offing of at least 10° West, as the chief danger lies in getting embayed in Biscay. Also by getting west as quickly as possible you get beyond the 100 fathom line into the 2,000 fathoms of the Atlantic. It is the sudden shelving of the Atlantic bed which makes the short dreaded seas of the Bay of Biscay.

So having the wonderful luck of a north-east wind, which is so rare at this time of the year in England, I drove her west-south-west as hard as she would go. We had forty-eight hours glorious sailing, and from midnight September 1st to midnight September 2nd we logged 161 miles, an average of just over six and three-quarter knots. The *Inyala* has never sailed so fast before or since.

I felt very well, very proud and very happy. After all the uncertainties of the last weeks I knew we were really off and that nothing was going to stop us now.

On September 3rd the wind began to fall light, but at midday we had logged 209 miles, and it seemed to me that I was in a totally different world. The sea was clear and of a deep oceanic blue, and the short channel waves

had given way to the long Atlantic rollers. I went overboard for a swim and the water felt about ten degrees warmer. Our observed position at noon was $47^{\circ} 36'$ North, $10^{\circ} 20'$ West.

From then onwards there is little to recount. The wind grew lighter and drew steadily ahead, but we had our offing and all went well. Rab was very sea sick, but he clocked my observations every day and checked my calculations.

Extracts from my Log are:

'September 5th. Wind light from north-west with periods of calm. Heavy squall from west about midnight followed by calm. Log reads 289 at 1.45 p.m.

'September 6th. Wind continued light during the day, but freshened towards evening. Wind backed to south-west and we had to put about at 2.15 a.m.

'September 7th. Rab is feeling much better and we discussed the situation. I rather want to go straight on to the Canaries while the weather is fair, but Rab wants to go into Vigo so that he can go home to sell his farm. Rab says, however, that as I am skipper, I must decide as if he were not there. I retort that if he were not there I would go on, but as he is there and I have never been to Spain, I feel we could enjoy life together in Vigo. So we decide to enjoy Vigo together. That being decided we worked out our position, making it out at 5.00 p.m. $43^{\circ} 45'$ N., $9^{\circ} 55'$ W. Then we had a large whiskey apiece and announced confidently to our crew that they would see a flashing light every fifteen seconds on the port bow about 10.00 p.m. They saw it at about 9.45. Since then they have had a great respect for our navigation, but they were not so astonished as we were.

'September 8th. Last night we kept Villano on our port bow, and picked up Cape Torinano about 2.00 a.m. The wind was light and dead ahead. I slept from 4.00 a.m. to

8.00 a.m., when Rab woke me to take over. We were halfway between Torinano and Finisterre, wind dead ahead and everything shrouded in mist. It all looked very much like the west coast of Scotland. We spent all day beating down the coast. In the evening the wind dropped to nothing and then it poured with rain. I was on deck by myself, and murmured, 'If the rain before the wind, then the topsail halyards mind.' I awaited the squall, but nothing happened.

'I handed her over to Rab about 3.00 a.m., a dead calm still prevailing.

'When Rab woke me about 10.00 a.m. everything had changed. Scotland had been transformed into Southern Europe. There was still a dead calm, but the mist had cleared up and the sun was shining, and we were about two miles from the entrance to Vigo Bay, doing about two knots under the motor. About midday we stopped the engine and Rab and I had a glorious swim. At four in the afternoon we dropped anchor off Vigo Yacht Club, eight days out of Newlyn.'

The port authorities came for our bill of health, and said that as we were a yacht there would be no further formalities and we could land when we liked. We rowed over to the Yacht Club, and were welcomed by the President holding a large whiskey in each hand. He then took us around the town, feeding us on shell fish and pointing out all the night clubs. It was quite a welcome; but I am afraid if the President ever sails into Cowes he will not receive quite the same hospitality from the Royal Yacht Squadron. Altogether we had a very good time in Vigo, and made many friends, but I was sad to think that Rab was leaving me. At last he decided to sail on the sixteenth. On the evening of the fifteenth we went into the agents for the Nelson Line, to buy his ticket home.

There I met a young Dutchman called Tony, who be-

gan talking to me about sailing and about an Irishman called Walsh, who had sailed into Vigo in a little five-tonner on his way around the world. We went on talking, and he seemed about as mad about sailing as anyone I had yet come across. I suggested that he might like to go with me to Tenerife. He said that it was impossible, but that he would like to see the boat. We went on board and he decided to come—but I knew he was coming ten minutes before he did. I mentioned this later, and he said: 'You could lime me to go sailing with a spitty finger.'

II

VIGO TO TENERIFE

Rab and I decided to have a quiet last night at Vigo—just a little dinner and then bed at ten o'clock in preparation for the arduous of the morrow. We got on board all right at about eleven, but then suddenly half Spain arrived on board to wish us farewell. The party lasted till five a.m. I vaguely remember Rab saying good-bye to me, but the first thing I really knew was Tony arriving on board at eleven in the morning all ready to sail.

I pulled myself together and we left Vigo at one-thirty. There was no wind, and to my great astonishment I managed to start the motor. About two miles out we got a slight breeze from the north which gradually freshened. We set all plain sail and the gaff topsail. I wanted to make as much westing as possible, so I set a course south-west by west, which made the wind just abaft the beam. We made good progress and by midnight had logged sixty miles. That night I rather had the 'wind up'. It was 1,200 miles to the Canaries, and I had nobody to consult. It was the first time I had ever set out on a long cruise with the responsibility entirely my own. Also, although I have never been actually sick, I never feel too well the first twenty-four hours at sea. But it was a wonderful night; I took the twelve to three watch, and mixed with my fear was a great pride and joy.

The following morning the sky became overcast, and by midday the glass had fallen two-tenths. There was a leaden sunset with ominous triple-banked clouds, and I had a very definite feeling that there was bad weather on the way.

During the night of the 17th to 18th the wind con-

tinued to back, and by six a.m. we could only make south by east. The night was very overcast and there was a very red dawn.

At noon by dead reckoning I was about forty miles to the west of the Burling Islands. But my observed position made me only about twenty miles away. As the wind was still backing and freshening I decided to go about, and steered her west by a half-north. It blew harder and harder, and by six-thirty it was blowing a moderate gale. But the seas were out of all proportion to the wind, and she was putting her bows right under, and the fore-castle hatch was letting in a lot of water. I looked around at the sky and the sea, and decided to take the mainsail off her and hoist the trysail. Just as we got the mainsail on deck and the trysail set the wind lulled, and I felt I had been over-cautious, especially as there was a sneer on Jack's face. But the lull was only temporary and the seas got larger and larger. The boat was greatly eased and she no longer put her bows under. I did not heave to, but kept gently edging to windward with a man at the helm. The glass had fallen over seven-tenths in twenty-four hours.

During the night of the 18th to 19th the size of the seas continued to increase, but the wind did not rise in proportion. The boat behaved very well, but in spite of blankets continued to take a lot of water through the fore-castle hatch; also a good deal came through the aft hatch, flooding my bunk. At five a.m. the storm culminated. There were three or four very heavy squalls and the wind blew a sustained force of 8 for about an hour. The seas, I should say, were nearly twenty feet high.

Everything had moderated by ten o'clock. At midday the wind veered to north-west and the sun came out; we got all our bedding and clothes on deck to dry. Everything on board seemed to be soaked through. We put up

the mainsail and sailed south-west. I got my meridian altitude and took two position lines during the afternoon. I got a perfect interception, and realized that it was very lucky that I had trusted to my observations, instead of to my dead reckoning the previous day. When I went about I had only been about fourteen miles from the Burling Islands.

I found I spent all my time navigating. I had not had to add or subtract for the last seven years, and I made very heavy weather of it. I remember thinking at that time that bad weather was merely a tiresome interruption which took me away from my calculations.

From then onwards the wind gradually dropped and we got alternating calms and rain squalls, but the swell remained very large. We argued about the size. Tony and Jenkins said they were about thirty feet from crest to trough; I said about fifteen feet, but there was about a hundred yards from crest to crest and they were built in three storeys. Everything was banging about, and we only made twenty-one miles in fourteen hours. On the other hand, it was a glorious day of semi-tropical weather, and we began to anticipate the pleasure that was to come. Tony and I had a very good swim, and we spent the time sun bathing and cussing the boom.

Tony was a great find, a thorough seaman and a tower of strength, the real type to go sailing with. Jenkins had rather got the wind up, the size of the swells and the loneliness of the ocean were a little too much for him. He kept on saying: 'If we get swells of this size with no wind, what will we get if it blows?' I wrote in my log: 'Jenkins is a magnificent seaman, and altogether a dear, but like all fishermen he hates the unfamiliar, and he hates the idea of having no convenient rock to wreck himself on in a blow.'

'Jack has gone west altogether, although he has had

nine hours sleep each night since we left. He just goes about with a face as long as a fiddle cussing under his breath. The fact that there was too much pepper in the soup was the last straw to-night—a poor fish. But most of mankind are poor fish when it comes to sailing, either before you start or later.'

That night was a wonderful one. I stayed up talking with Tony till three in the morning, and then took over from him. I sat dreaming at the helm, looking first at the stars and then at the blazing phosphorescence of the rollers, and thought to myself if anybody in the world offered to change places with me, I would answer: 'Where better could I be?'

I decided that my crew would probably leave me in the Canaries, but that I should try to get a scratch crew and go on.

On September the 21st the wind was north-east by north and dead aft of our course. I had hopes that we might be just within the north-east trades, so I decided to set the squaresail.

This was a thoroughly experimental affair. We had first decided to adopt Conor O'Brien's method of running the yard up on a jackstay attached to an iron ring round the mast head. But just before we left England Weston Martyr had suggested to Rab that this was unnecessarily complicated, and that it would be better to bolt the yard to the ring and to hoist the whole contraption on the stay-sail halyard. Then, when the yard was aloft, to set the squaresail by first hauling on the central halyard and then pulling on the two outhauls.

We had got the gear ready in Vigo, but now nothing seemed to go right. The ship rolled all over the place and everybody's temper was very frayed. Everything we could do wrong we did, and we hauled up that yard and then brought it down on deck again five times in all. At last

after four and a half hours' hard work we set it. Then we were rather disappointed. It seemed very small, and although the wind had freshened to a strong breeze we could only make three knots. Then we set the raffee. This was no trouble, and it increased our speed to about four and a half knots. But the raffee was much too small, and I remarked bitterly in my log, 'Rab always under-canvases his boats. If we go to the West Indies I will add two cloths to the raffee. I would like to put a new topmast on her, six feet longer than the present one. Also I regret the four feet that has been cut off the main mast. These deep boats require driving, and the *Inyala's* working canvas is about right for a gale, but nothing less.'

But that evening after a drink or two all round everything seemed very good. The barometer had risen, the wind was steady from the north-east blowing about force 6, and we were fairly confident that we were at last really in the north-east trades. I noted in my log at ten p.m.: 'Jenkins is quite cheerful again, and is declaring that he has never known better sailing. Jack is cussing in the fore-castle and Tony is singing at the helm. I am writing my log with my right hand and clinging to a glass of whiskey with my left. How I pity everybody who is not with me. This is life as it should be lived. Continue to give Tony good marks; of all people I have come across he has the best temperament for this sort of thing. The sea is in his bones.'

We continued to run happily before the north-east trades and knew what perfect sailing was, and on September 23rd I decided to make for Madeira.

There is little to record, except how we enjoyed ourselves. The weather was glorious. I went about naked most of the time. Also I discovered the right way to be towed from the rope ladder for my morning bathe. This became quite a ceremony. First I soaped myself all over with a teacup-

ful of fresh water, and then Jenkins tied a rope about my middle. I hung on to this with my hands, lying on my back in the sea. It is a glorious sensation. The ceremony of the Captain's morning ablutions completed, the work of the day went on.

One evening I got several bites from bonitos, but they always got away either with the line or the hook. I felt I must catch one—for the sake of the *Boy's Own Paper*.

On September 24th I told the crew at noon that they would see land dead ahead at about two in the afternoon. At two o'clock I could see land distinctly, but no one else could, but at three o'clock it was clearly visible to all. I have never been more pleased about anything in my life. I had been observing and calculating, but never really believed that it was quite true. There are few better sensations than verifying one's calculations in fact.

The crew began to acquire great respect for my navigation. We all celebrated at sundown. We rounded Cima Island at midnight, September 24th, and were in Funchal Bay about noon the following day. We dropped anchor in five fathoms between Loo Island and the Mole.

I had wanted to go to Madeira because of my memory of a happy winter spent there as a child with my father. But this time, though we thought it a lovely place, we did not like the inhabitants. You cannot go ashore without being pestered by touts willing to sell you anything from chairs and fruit to women and boys. As a last straw the Captain of the Port sent in a bill for one pound for pilotage. Under protest he reduced this to ten shillings, but we had never seen any pilot. I strongly advise seamen to keep clear of this place.

We weighed anchor on September 26th at about 6.45 p.m. for Tenerife. The wind was about abeam of our course, and I thought I would try her under the square-sail. I set mizen, trysail, squaresail, raffee and jib in suc-

cession, and found to my delight that by bracing the yard she sailed beautifully. The rig looked very strange, and Jenkins chuckled whenever he looked at it, but admitted it was very efficient.

The voyage from Madeira to Tenerife was quite uneventful. We still had lovely weather, but the wind gradually dropped.

The most exciting event to us was when we noticed some dolphins following the ship one Sunday morning. I had just gone over for my morning bath when they appeared and started taking a great interest in me. I came out of the water in double quick time; I knew in theory that they were harmless, but——! I tried to catch one with a bit of red rag, but he broke the line. Although they followed us the whole day I did not get another bite. In the evening I tried again, attracting them by going overboard, then clambering out and quickly dangling the lure; the wire was a double one this time. To my great joy I got a bite and landed the fish. It fought like the devil. It was the first one I had ever seen at close quarters, and I thought I had never seen anything more beautiful; also it did all the right things in dying. I shed a crocodile tear or two, but thoroughly enjoyed the fresh food, as well as realizing my youthful *Boy's Own Paper* dream. It was four feet seven inches long, and weighed about forty pounds.

I noted in my log that Jenkins was very melancholy that night. 'He cannot understand why I should be leading this life for pleasure. He wishes he were at home, going with his wife to Chapel and having a little walk afterwards. He is a dear really, and a damned good man. For myself I want no other life. This is a million miles from Colney Hatch or the Kingsland Road. Sunday to me means the smell of the visitors to the Metropolitan Hospital.'

At midnight on September 29th I reckoned to be about forty-five miles from Tenerife. About two a.m. I saw what I thought was a triple flashing light dead ahead. Thoroughly alarmed I called Jenkins and went below to look it up. I could find nothing to correspond, and went on deck again. Observing it more closely I discovered it was a group three and a group two flashing light, and then noticed that the light on Point Anaga was visible thirty-five miles away. So all was well again, and Jenkins and I celebrated in the usual fashion. The wind dropped to nothing the following morning, and we did not get into Santa Cruz until two in the morning of October 1st. All the instructions I had for entering the harbour were out of date, and the red and green lights I was endeavouring to keep in line turned out to be an advertisement for cigarettes.

* * *

The second morning we were in Tenerife we were just lazing about the deck after a long swim when we noticed a cloud of dust coming off the mountains. We had an anchor ahead and were moored astern to a buoy. We were apprehensive and not quite sure what was going to happen. We noticed a great commotion on board a Spanish warship, where a few minutes before they had been having a happy luncheon party. Two minutes later it was blowing with tremendous force. It was a real tornado, and they had not had one in the Canaries for about forty years, so we were told later. All steamboats got under way and we started to drag. We got another anchor out ahead and still dragged, put out a third, and got out another warp to some moored coal barges. Then we seemed to hold, but some Spanish fishing boats ahead of us started to drag and to come down on us. We had to haul in on the port kedge and let out all our anchor chain, and then we got another line on to the coal barges in order to haul out of their

way. It was a very anxious time, and at one period Jenkins and I were quite left guessing, but Tony found a solution. After about two hours the wind moderated, but blew stronger again that evening, and we did not dare to leave the ship.

We had a wonderful time in Tenerife: it is a lovely island and the inhabitants are charming. The English colony were lavish in their hospitality, and I constantly made money playing poker.

I decided to haul out the boat in order to put anti-fouling on her bottom, as I was very afraid of worm. I wrote to Rab and suggested that it would save money in the end to have her coppered. We went over all the gear and tried to get everything perfect for the Atlantic crossing. Jenkins was wonderful at thinking out the best ways of doing things. We decided that instead of hoisting the squaresail yard by the staysail halyard, we would keep it permanently up aloft with a sling made of wire rope. The yard itself looked rather slender, but I did not want to go to the expense of buying a stronger one. Jenkins was doubtful, but thought it would hold. Tony, who stayed on with me for a week, was sure it would break. I had two extra cloths put in the raffle.

* * *

I found it very difficult to get away from Tenerife. When everything was ready I suddenly decided to go into the interior for three days with an engineer named Villiers. I had a glorious time in the highlands, riding a mule for the first time in my life. It seemed much more dangerous than sailing. Mules have a queer habit of walking on the extreme edge of a precipice.

On Saturday, 18th October, all was ready, and I decided to sail the following day, but my departure was celebrated in such a wholehearted fashion that when next morning

came there was nothing I wanted to do less than to sail. It was blowing hard outside, and to my secret joy Jenkins suggested that it wasn't a very good day to set out. I immediately agreed with him, and went off to the Club to try to get revived.

We almost started another farewell party on Sunday night, but Villiers sternly removed me at ten o'clock in order to try to fix up my wireless for me so that I could get time signals when nearing the American continent. Thus I got to sleep at midnight.

* * *

ENGLISH CLUB,
SANTA CRUZ,
TENERIFE,
18th October, 1930.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

I ought to have written you long ago, but I had it on my mind that I had to write to you and B, and Rab, and the complete task was one of those you put off from day to day.

This island, too, is one of those places where you do put everything off. There is the old joke about the Spanish 'mañana', but it is only too true. You can get nothing done here. But it is a lovely place, and I have had a glorious time. The people could not have been nicer—they treat me like a little hero!—and I never succeed in paying for a meal; also I have been making money at poker.

For the rest—well, all the people who did not come with me are damned fools. I am awfully well, I have put on half a stone and I am as brown as old mahogany. In Brixham I did not dare to go into the water; here, I have been swimming half a mile two or three times a day.

We took a long time getting here from Madeira as the wind blew from the south-west; but we had a lovely time sailing. I have had the boat cleaned and scraped and a lot of essential things done on her, and I have left about £45 of Rab's original £100.

I spent a wonderful three days in the mountains here with an English engineer who bores for water, which is the wealth of the island. On mules, among the mountains up to 7,000-8,000 feet. It was wonderful. The sort of country I have never known before, lava and extinct volcanoes. I would have liked Freda to have met this man—the extreme opposites in views and yet so similar. His whole object in life was that expressed in Turk-Sib, water, water for the desert land. The people treat him like a king and a preserver. Every penny he makes goes into new machinery.

Well, my dear, I am off to-morrow, Sunday, on the great adventure across the Atlantic. I do not think there is anything to worry about really.

Jenkins is a great old man, but Jack is a washout. I wish I had another friend with me, just to talk to and consult with. It would make all the difference. However, other people have done it by themselves.

You will probably hear nothing of me for thirty days, but do not be alarmed if it is fifty. On short rations, I think I could last that, if I sit over the store cupboard with a loaded revolver to keep the food from Jack.

My dear, I am awfully happy and living the life of my dreams. I crave for B very badly though. Funny how faithful I am really.

I left some photographs on board a ship I went to get the time off. They wirelessly to ask where to send them, and I said to you. I had intended to send you and B copies. Will you let her have what prints she wants? Also, will you have two prints made of Jenkins sitting on

the deck and send them to his wife, asking his wife to send one on to his daughter? Write me, Port of Spain, Trinidad, West Indies.

I got the glasses all right, thanks very much.

All my love, my dear,

TEMPLE.

III

TENERIFE TO TRINIDAD

I woke up on the morning of Tuesday, October 21st, with a rather sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. The West Indies seemed to be a long way away, and I had a very vivid picture of 2,800 miles of empty ocean. However, I got the fresh stores on board and we started to haul up anchor at 2.15 p.m. Hamilton's launch came alongside to give us a tow out, with Chapnel, Dyne, and Villiers on board. We had a farewell drink together, which I told them was doped, as I thought they would make a very fine crew. They quickly scrambled on board the launch. They towed me about a mile out from Santa Cruz, then cast off. We had the squaresail and raffee up in stops, hoping to be able to break them out quickly in a smart seamanlike fashion. This was a miserable failure though, as both the raffee and the squaresail sheets were crossed. We felt rather silly. The wind was very light at first, but freshened quickly. We found the boat to be much faster with the two new cloths in the raffee, a clean bottom and the absence of the propellor, which I had taken off when she was in dock.

The following day we had logged 110 miles in twenty-four hours. I was hoping to average 100 miles a day, but as things turned out this was a very optimistic estimate. I noted in my log that day:

'If gear holds out, we ought to be all right. I have, according to Rab, 200 gallons of water on board, which ought to last seventy days at a pinch, and enough food, I calculate, for about sixty days. I am a little doubtful of squaresail yard, though, it looks so slender. I feel quite happy about things again, now I am at sea, quite different

from how I felt on that Sunday morning at Santa Cruz. It is a wonderful feeling, three men in a small boat, with nearly 3,000 miles to go, and only themselves to depend on. Have just read the log, 8.30 p.m., 118 miles; we are falling behind. I want to make at least 100 miles a day, which will mean at least thirty days. However, we now "dance on the feet of chance". I would not be anywhere else than where I am, for anything in the world. A year ago I was still living in the Kingsland Road. I wish I had another congenial companion aft, though. Damn Walter—the poor fool. No flying fish as yet have done the right thing by jumping on board for our breakfast.'

On October 22nd, the wind began to lighten, but the weather was glorious and we had the first of those very wonderful trade wind sunsets, during which the whole sky becomes a multi-coloured dome. We spent our time steering, bathing and lying in the sun. The crew complained a good deal of the heat, but they would wear too many clothes. They thought it was the right time of the year for woollen underwear and were afraid of catching cold. I, on the other hand, wore nothing at all, and whenever I felt the least bit hot, poured a half dozen buckets of sea water over myself. The crew were a bit shocked at first, but they got used to it. I talked a great deal to Jenkins, or, at least, he talked a great deal to me, telling me stories of the old sailing ship days. In his youth, he had been all over the world in square-rigged ships and also on the *Valhalla* and the *Sunbeam*. He told me how, after the war, he had settled in Detroit, determined to give up the sea for ever, but how, when he was working in a factory, he spent all his evenings by the lake shore, watching the ships. I found to my surprise that he has no belief in God. This is supposed to be rare amongst sailors, but I don't see why. How the sea can be reconciled with the Christian God I don't know. One glance at the stars and one knows

that we are not the end and aim of the universe—pre-supposing it has an end and aim. Also there is no fire and brimstone God-the-father about the sea and stars. They are too indifferent.

On the 24th, the wind began to freshen and by midday it was blowing a strong breeze. We made six knots under trysail, squaresail and raffle. That night we celebrated the thirty-seventh anniversary of Jenkins's wedding day in a bottle of Vanderhum presented to us in Tenerife. The following day it continued to blow harder and by evening it was blowing a moderate gale. I took down the raffle at about 8 p.m., as the yard was bending ominously. I noted in my log:

'I am very afraid of breaking the yard, as it would be a heartbreaking job getting across under our mainsail. It is a very exhilarating experience running before a gale in the middle of the Atlantic, and not to be missed. As the wind began to howl more and more at nightfall, Jenkins began sentimentalising about Saturday night at home and taking his wife to the cinema. I don't really believe him, but he thinks these are the right kind of sentiments to express in front of Jack. He is afraid to let Jack know that he is rather enjoying himself. Jack is a class-conscious proletarian after Freda's own heart—in theory. I have some good memories of Saturday nights. I should like to have B in my arms, but that is all. I would sooner be where I am than in Kleinfeldt's, or even in the Eiffel Tower Restaurant, listening to Walter talking about the sailing he never eventually did. As I wrote this last line, a big sea came down the companion way. Yes, as I write, Walter is probably sitting in the Eiffel Tower and explaining for the *n*th time exactly why his delicate nervous system could not stand the strain of waiting.'

I had great difficulty in taking observations. The day after leaving Tenerife I discovered that some one had

taken my stop-watch. The only thing to do was to teach Jenkins to clock for me. This was very difficult, as he was long-sighted and only had a pair of Woolworth glasses. Very soon he became quite accurate about the seconds, but was always shaky about the minutes. I used to take ten or twelve observations and plot them out as a graph, but I would often get two parallel curves with exactly a minute of time, or fifteen miles, between them. Jenkins sweated and sweated, but never became entirely dependable.

On Monday, seven days at sea, my observed position was $20^{\circ} 0'$ North, $25^{\circ} 44'$ West. We had logged just 700 miles in the week. I noted in my log: 'This last week has slid by without our noticing the passage of time, yet one feels one has been at sea from eternity, and that this is the only existence. The memory of land seems very faint.'

On the 28th, the wind gradually failed, the sky became very overcast, and the barometer had fallen two-tenths. We discovered that day that all the bananas were rotten and most of the apples and that the oranges were starting to go too. There was obviously going to be a shortage of Vitamin C before long, as I had no Board of Trade lime juice on board, and we still couldn't catch any fish.

I have a note in my log that day grouching about one's education when young. 'I don't know why they don't teach everybody to find their way about mathematical tables with ease and celerity. I can do it now with sweat of the brow, but I have not the ease that you get when you learn things young. You want to be able to add and subtract (multiplication and division are almost unnecessary), to know a little pure mathematics and to be able to find your way about tables. A child should be taught practical science at an early age; zoology, dissecting and how to use a microscope, chemistry with simple equations and physics. At the same time, he should be taught

logarithms and all the practical short cuts in applied mathematics so that he will be able to find his way about Norie's or an engineer's handbook. Later, if he begins to be capable of grasping abstractions and shows some aptitude, he can start on the theory. After all, we do teach a child to add and subtract without insisting that he should understand the Principia Mathematica. For legends on which he will eventually found his morality, I would give a child Homer and the Norse Sagas. Those heroes did at least live fully and did not squeal and they looked at life without blinkers.

'I am also trying to learn the various stars; and when I think I have to learn them at this age, and of all the silly things they insisted on my learning as a child it makes me quite furious.

'Now I must go back on deck to talk to Jenkins about God. The only thing that shakes him is that he has been told that Bradlaugh and all the other famous atheists repented on their death beds. I have assured him that this is just another white lie of the holy ones.'

On the night of October 28th to 29th I took my regular midnight to three watch. About 1.30 a.m., the wind having dropped to nothing, there was a very heavy shower followed by a furious squall. The sea was dead calm and the ship fairly ran away. I called the crew to take down the raffle, as I was afraid for the yard. It was the first time anybody's rest had been disturbed since leaving Tenerife. Before it was completely down I regretted that I had called them, as the wind had dropped again. Then half an hour later I was glad, as I had another very strong squall. Afterwards the wind dropped to nothing and there was not even steerage way. It was a night of grandeur. Great heavy black masses of clouds which parted from time to time to show the stars or to catch the light of the hidden moon on their jagged edges.

The sea was pond smooth and every drop of rain consummated its union with the sea in a flash of fire.

After breakfast on October 29th, I went on deck and tried to get a fresh water bath in the pouring rain. As I was sitting naked on the deck, covered in a mass of soap suds, I suddenly saw a squall tearing up on the starboard quarter. What wind we had before was just abaft the port beam and the yard was braced to starboard. I called out to Jenkins who was at the helm, but we had no proper steerage way and the squall caught us aback. We were carrying jib, squaresail, raffle and mizen. I took the wheel, clothed only in soap suds, Jenkins let the square-sail and raffle sheets go and we quickly had everything snug. We went along like a train under jib and mizen for half an hour. Then the rain came down in a deluge. I did not like to leave the deck and felt chilled to the bone. The wind then moderated and in a few hours' time we were turning in circles again.

The evening was very beautiful. There was a wonderful rainbow, forming a complete bow—I told Jenkins it was the bridge to Valhalla. It was followed by a gold and red sunset, accompanied by a blaze of lightning to the south-east, probably over the Cape Verde Islands, two hundred miles away.

The following days were a series of calms and light airs. We had covered 893 miles in ten days, and I began to realise that the Trade Winds were not behaving at all according to plan. The British Admiralty's *Ocean Passages of the World* states that in the trade wind zone the wind blows constantly from the north-east, with a steady force of 3 or 4, shifting perhaps a point to the east or north, and never blowing less than force 2 or more than force 6; it also mentions the comparatively rainless weather. Already my general impression of the weather was of calms and rain squalls. But actually, as things

turned out, we made better progress those first ten days than we did later. The weather departed more and more from the British Admiralty's instructions. But we were very happy, one day melting into another, and we had a succession of beautiful clear moonlight nights. On October 31st I wrote in my log: 'It has been another delightful day, and I have spent most of it lying in the sun or hanging on to the rope ladder. One hardly notices the passage of time. The twelve to three watch last night was wonderful. There was just enough air for steerage way, but the sea was as smooth as glass and the moon was very bright. Except for the faint swish of the boat in the water there was not a sound. Just utter loneliness and the sheer stark beauty. I felt it was a night to have one's beloved by one's side, holding her hand. But then I remembered that one's beloved always begins to fidget on such occasions and to want to go to bed. One needs beauty; but one is not directly conscious of one's need. Without it one is restless and irritated without knowing why; with it one is happy and content; one just drinks it in and one is glad of the moment, demanding nothing more.'

On the first of November we had logged 1,055 miles at 5.00 p.m., and my observed position was somewhere about $17^{\circ} 8'$ North, $31^{\circ} 32'$ West. This was one of the occasions when on plotting nine observations I got two beautiful parallel lines with exactly a minute of time difference between the two. It was at this time that I began to be slightly worried about the observations. It did not matter in the middle of the Atlantic, but fifteen miles added to a possible chronometer error of a minute or more might be serious, and Jenkins did not seem to improve. It was just possible to fall down the companion-way and check the minute, but the risk to the sextant was very great.

I made various comments in my log. 'Twelve days at

sea at five o'clock to-day. This is the longest distance and the longest time I have been in a yacht at sea at a stretch. I am all for it. You need to be a week at sea before you really settle down. Once you have settled down you feel you can go on for ever. Land only means complications and ~~having to bother about money and dressing yourself and other silly things like that.~~ I am in wonderful health and the sun and salt water are extraordinarily stimulating. Three small flying fish came aboard last night. I had them fried in butter for breakfast, and they are delicious. A suggestion to millionaires: provide flying fish for your banquets. Brought on ice in aeroplanes they would cost quite a satisfactory sum, moreover they are really good to eat.

'I had to leave this to stop a furious quarrel between Jack and Jenkins. Jenkins is apt to get anxious in a fresh breeze if left alone on deck at night. He begins thinking of all the things which might happen. He is very sore at Jack and with reason. Jack had been telling him he was too nervous and more besides. But when you are a thousand miles out at sea you cannot quarrel.

'When we are becalmed I worry about paraffin and food; when we move as we are doing now I feel sorrowful that it will soon be over. I thrive on this life. Jenkins tells me every day how well I look. I do not feel the heat at all as I go about naked and pour water over myself at intervals. The crew complain, but they will wear too many clothes and will not use salt water. My system is, to be naked all day, to wear a pair of drawers after sundown and to add a shirt for the twelve to three watch. I sleep naked again.'

On the night of October 31st the wind had freshened, and it blew strong and steady until November 3rd. That morning the sky suddenly became overcast with heavy rain and much lightning, and then without warning the wind shifted four points and blew directly from the south.

I woke Jenkins to stand by, but the storm passed across our bows. During the morning the wind gradually fell to nothing. About two o'clock there were heavy banked clouds to windward, and it started to blow very hard from the south. We immediately took the rafflee off her. Before we got it down it blew really furiously and we had to take the squaresail off her as quickly as possible. For fifteen minutes the wind seemed quite solid, and we just ran before it under the jib alone. Then the rain came, without any moderation of the wind, and for the second time I was caught without any clothes. I got so chilled that my teeth chattered. By four o'clock the wind had dropped to nothing and we were drifting round in circles. The crew were very depressed that night. There were great triple-banked clouds to windward, and the sun set with a melancholy greenish-yellow tinge. I slept from ten to twelve, and went on deck at midnight. There was no wind. There were black arched clouds with lightning playing from them incessantly; everything looked very grim and portentous. Jenkins prophesied a hurricane, and swore that he would not do this voyage again for £200 a year for life. He said it was madness, that we were terribly short-handed, and that he would give everything he possessed in the world to be safe at home. Meanwhile the rain began to come down in buckets and the wind started to get up. I sent Jenkins to get Jack to haul down the rafflee, and while he was below the squall hit us. There was some delay while they got their oilskins on, and for a minute I thought the yard would go, but the wind dropped as suddenly as it had risen. I stayed on deck that night till 4.00 a.m., and was hit by a few more squalls, while many passed ahead or astern of me. The downpour was constant and the lightning never ceased to play. The cloud effect was very fine whenever the moon shone through for an instant. When I went below things had

settled down. I woke up at nine a.m. to find the ship was making good progress on her course, the wind blowing a strong breeze from the south-east, but it increased quickly to gale force, and we actually logged twenty-three miles in three hours under the squaresail alone. Then the wind moderated and veered and for a time blew definitely from the west. Then it fell to nothing, and we started drifting around in circles once more. That evening there was alarm and despondency again amongst the crew. I heard, again and again, how the Brixham men had said they would starve sooner than go further than the Start in the *Inyala*. Also I heard how all the Mousehole fishermen had said that they would not go to Porthleven in her. I noted in my log that night: 'I must be getting a little irritable myself, as I told Jenkins off twice to-day. It seems to have done some good as he is now much more cheerful. As a matter of fact, the *Inyala* is a beautiful sea-boat, and infinitely more comfortable than any other boat I have ever been in. To-day for a couple of hours the wind was whole gale force, and she behaved beautifully.'

'Jenkins is a great old boy and I am awfully fond of him, but he does not like being left alone. Like all extroverts he hates uncertainty and needs company to keep his spirits up. If we had half a dozen people on board and double watches, or even saw a steamer every day he would be a different man, but the loneliness is getting him down. He told me to-day that he did not believe that Alain Gerbault had gone around the world by himself, "It wasn't human nature".' I also noted that day: 'I hope that the Almighty will give Rear-Admiral Boyle T. Sommerville a piece of his mind for daring to foretell his weather.'

We continued to drift round in circles until midnight, November the sixth, but I noted in my log that the night of November the fourth was the most beautiful I had ever

known. The sky was covered with a thin film of clouds from which the invisible moon shone with an unearthly diffused light. The sea was like glass, and there was no sound or ripple to break the stillness. It was a complete stage setting for a Celtic legend. I expected every minute to hear, 'How beautiful they are, the lordly ones,' and to see an army of the Shee come riding forth. Instead I was startled by a school of dolphins rushing past, hurling themselves out of the water. Then there was complete stillness again. After a long pause there was a gentle murmur in the distance, which drew nearer, a rustle and a lap-lap of water. I waited for the squall; the water was suddenly covered with little breaking waves, such as you see on a pond, but no wind came, and everything subsided into utter silence.

We saw two sharks that morning, but I could not resist the temptation to dive into the sea at noon. The moment my head touched the water I repented bitterly of my daring and was aboard again in about a fifth of a second.

I continued to enjoy myself, but the crew got more and more depressed as the calm lasted. I noted in my log: 'A week more of calm and they will probably go mad. However I have plenty of Hyoscine A.Co.B. The talk of home, sweet home, and the old wife, and the old church, would make a writer of cinema captions feel that he knew nothing about his job. It is a queer thing. When I set out on this voyage I wanted a companion aft very badly. Now, however, I am rather glad to be doing it alone. It is more fun having all the responsibility myself and there is no one to grate on my mood. The crew's depression merely affords me a sort of malicious amusement. I understand now why people like sailing alone, though I would never have the nerve to do it. But this ocean sailing is an occupation for Schizophrenics. It is deadly to your sociable Manic-depressives.'

On November 6th we got some wind again and began to make progress, and the crew immediately cheered up. We were just over half way—seventeen days at sea. The wind gradually increased, and by 6 p.m. November seventh it was blowing a moderate gale and the seas were larger than they had been since we left Tenerife. The barometer had fallen two-tenths in twelve hours. There was no sunset that evening and the whole horizon was again a blaze of lightning. We took down the raffee at night for fear of carrying away the yard. After those days of calm it was very trying to have to reduce sail as soon as we began to move, but the thought of being reduced to the mainsail alone was our constant nightmare. The seas increased, and for the first time since we left Tenerife eating and sleeping were uncomfortable. As we were moving, though, Jenkins had completely recovered his morale and was again his old self. I noted in my log that day how much I owed to his unremitting care of gear and to the great gift he has of forestalling trouble.

During the night of November 8th the wind continued to freshen. I noted in my log: 'Was awakened at 11.00 p.m. by a cataract of cold water in the small of my back. It had come in through the main skylight. I went on deck to relieve Jenkins at midnight, a really wild night. Sustained wind force of 7 and, I should judge, much more in squalls. Sea rather high, over ten feet. Wind continued to increase until 3.00 a.m. and then drew gradually for'ard, and I was forced to steer west, west by north, west-north-west, and finally north-west.

'I went blinding on through the drizzle. I would notice a very low arched cloud to windward, like a mass of black cotton wool, then thirty seconds later the squall would hit us and everything would be blotted out in a solid down-pour of water. I had seen many of these arched squalls

before, but in the past they had always been fairly slow moving. Last night they came at us with amazing rapidity. A certain amount of water came over the weather quarter, but nothing to hurt.

'After three in the morning the wind fell rapidly and we continued the old game of turning round in circles, but there was a very uncomfortable swell coming all ways at once, and there was an awful mess down below. Jenkins upset all the breakfast and there were about seven pounds of butter distributed about the saloon. The butter was the main mess, but mixed with it were sugar, tea, coffee, rum, treacle and cigarette ends. Wherever one sat down, there one stuck. Everybody's nerves were on edge.'

The trouble with the *Inyala* was you could not set enough canvas. Cutting down her mainsail had ruined her, as Jenkins agreed. I tried to take a sight in the afternoon of November 8th, and to confirm it by the stars in the evening. Unfortunately I only know a few of them, and find it difficult to recognise even these when I can only see an odd one here and there; also the horizon was very dim. I got as far as recognizing Centaurus and some of the Great Square of Pegasus and Orion's Belt, but the moment I started bringing one star down it immediately went behind a cloud for good. It was pretty hopeless anyhow, as the horizon was obscured by the swell fifty-five seconds out of sixty and the ship was rolling gunwale under.

There was a glorious sunset next day, the first for many days. Orange, gold and yellow; rose and mauve in the east. Small clouds on the horizon cut clear at their bases and looking like Hebrew characters.

My observed position on November 10th was $10^{\circ} 43' N.$, $43^{\circ} 58' W.$ At 5.30 p.m. we were running before a light breeze doing about three knots, and were just congratulating ourselves that we had done 1,800 miles with only

1,000 to go. Suddenly, without any warning, there was a crash overhead and the squaresail yard broke, exactly in the middle. As usual when things happened, I was having my bath, and I had to 'turn to' dressed in soap suds. We got half the yard down and lashed the other half to the standing rigging, as the boat was rolling too badly for anybody to go aloft. So the dreaded thing had happened, and we had a thousand miles to run under fore-and-aft rig. As she was rolling so badly I did not set the mainsail, but the trysail, jib, staysail and mizen. We found that we could only sail north-west by north, which was about two points to north of our course. It seemed at that time that we would be at least another three weeks on our way to Trinidad. It was queer the yard should go when there was so little wind, but probably the tremendous rolling had something to do with it.

On November 11th, Armistice Day, I noted in my log: 'Have been making poor progress under trysail. I ought really to get the mainsail up, but I cannot bear the idea of having it slamming about, also someone is sure to gybe her. Moreover, I am perfectly happy where I am, so why worry? Stores are running low in certain directions, but we can live for many weeks at a pinch. What worries me more than anything is that I am getting very short of cigarettes, but there is plenty of rum and we have only used one quarter of our water.'

We celebrated Armistice Day in the proper fashion; afterwards I went on deck and mused about other Armistice nights. I noted in my log: 'A year ago I was a doctor at Colney Hatch, two years ago at the Metropolitan Hospital, four years ago I was a patient in the Brompton Hospital. . . . Ten years ago I was D's lover and we had a wild party at Egan's. Twelve years ago I was one day out of hospital and the war just ended. Thirteen years ago I was in Mesopotamia on this day. Fourteen years ago in a base

hospital wounded in France. Sixteen years ago a private of three months' standing, with the war just beginning. Seventeen years ago a Cambridge undergraduate and eighteen years old. To-day I am somewhere about the eleventh parallel and the fifteenth meridian. Ye gods, I have had a good time one way and another; long may it last.'

Next night when I went on deck after writing up my log I noticed that there was something wrong with Jenkins. I said to him: 'Feeling lonesome, Jenkins?' He said he felt worried, that it was the night watches by himself which got him down. If we had been able to keep double watches he would have been perfectly happy, but when he was alone the immensity troubled him.

By this time I had nearly lost all memory of land and was enjoying my solitude more and more. I realized that I was really glad that I had no one else with me. Rab had seen into me long before I realized it myself. When I had said in Vigo how lonely and nervous I felt at going off by myself, he had retorted, 'Rot, you are really tickled to tears at sailing by yourself with two paid hands.' Well, I admitted to myself, then, that I was tickled to tears.

As soon as we began to get nearer Trinidad, but when we were still 800 miles away, I began to worry about getting through the Dragon's Mouth. The pilot book talked in its usual gloomy fashion, starting its account with Columbus' trouble, and from its description it appeared that if you got into a calm off the entrance you would inevitably be swept down the Venezuelan coast by the current. But the pilot book is invariably depressing. The men who wrote it knew that no wise sailorman ever goes into port. Port means ready money, drinks, clothes, rocks, reefs and sand banks.

Some time after we left Tenerife Jenkins had taken to washing himself with sea water, and threatened to do so when he returned to Mousehole; but he said that never

in all his experience had he ever seen a fisherman or a sailor do it. Jack, who would not follow his example, said that the last fisherman who washed himself with salt water in Mousehole was locked up in a lunatic asylum.

We continued to have calms and light airs varied by rain squalls. For six or eight hours every day we did not seem to have steerage way. The night of November 15th, I remember, was particularly unpleasant. It poured with rain nearly all night. When I went up at midnight to relieve Jenkins, he gave me a résumé of his sailing experiences, dating back to 1870, and said that he had never seen a sky looking so full of trouble. He prophesied extra special Pamperos and super-hurricanes; but I was not very worried personally as the glass was steady, and I had discovered by this time that the knowledge these Cornish fishermen had of their local weather did not apply to the Tropics. There was a stiff breeze for about two hours, but no sea, and the rain settled down to a steady downpour with the dull persistence that you encounter off the west coast of Scotland. That was one of the few nights that I could not sleep during my watch below. The trysail block played a devil's tattoo above my head. Through the patter of the rain I could hear Jack cursing and growling to himself. We drifted about all day in the rain, but towards evening began to get squalls from the south-east. Just before sunset the sky looked like the Day of Judgment. To windward the sky was banked up in five tiers of enormous black and pearl-grey clouds. Below, and seemingly only a few hundred yards above the level of the sea, small clouds drove across it at an incredible speed. On the starboard bow a large pink cloud, very high in the sky, suddenly began to pour rain in a narrow band. The hidden sun lit up the upper part of this band. It looked like some great phantom, and for a moment we thought it was going to be a waterspout. Beneath this the sea was blue-

black, lashed by the squalls into white. But in spite of our forebodings, nothing happened, and the night was clear and calm. That day at noon I finally folded up my chart of the eastern Atlantic. We were about 750 miles from Trinidad.

I noted in my log on November 14th what I was feeling at the time: 'My feelings are very mixed. I do not want this voyage to end; on the other hand, I want to bring it to a successful conclusion. If I were not responsible I could go on happily for ever. But ~~no one at home believed I could do it.~~ The Brixham people would not come with me, and Walter got cold feet and deserted me at the eleventh hour. Queer how bitter I feel about him. Yet I have not even the satisfaction of knowing he will regret it. He will just get more and more verbose and alcoholic and will sail a thousand Atlantics 'twixt beer and brandy. The trend of his talk will be that he made a great renunciation for the sake of his family and common sense.

'Rab has had his share of curses. He cuts down all the spars so that she will only move in a hurricane, and then supplies a squaresail yard which collapses in a force 2 breeze. As it is you can't sail either way. Her best sailing would probably be in a super-hurricane under bare poles. Rigged as she is, is like having a car with one gear and that gear calculated to get her up a couple of hairpin bends of one in one. It would be foolish to go to sea in a boat that could not stand anything when snugged down; but to sail in calms with a hurricane rig is heart-breaking. If ever I have a boat of my own for ocean voyaging I will have a Bermuda cutter with the loftiest mast I can put on her. On that mast she will have the largest and thickest yard she can carry, and it will be stuck up there semi-permanently. Over that I will hoist a light squaresail for light airs and have a large strong raffee for strong breezes. I will have booms on each side of the mast on

which I can fix triangular stunsails, and I will carry a balloon staysail and a balloon jib. If I could think of any way to fix a temporary top-gallant mast I would have that, too. I sound disgruntled, but we have been rolling for twenty-four hours in a swell with the sails flapping about and doing under one knot.

'I have told Rab often enough that his boat is a cripple, and that it is a shame, because she is a beautiful thing really. Why he should have taken the advice of fishermen, God only knows. Fishermen admire boats as some men admire women, in direct ratio to the plumpness of their bottoms.'

We continued to drift on under the trysail until November 16th. The history is just one of calms and squalls. On November 15th I pulled up the log to have a look at it, and I found the line encrusted with barnacles. So, as we did not seem to be getting anywhere in particular—we had done twenty-three miles in two days—I decided to set the mainsail and topsail. Only then did I realize how truly Conor O'Brien had spoken when he said that all fore-and-aft rig was a damned nuisance at sea. Before we set the mainsail she had been flapping along west by south, and I thought she would do north-west on the other gybe. But with the boom guyed out she would only do north-west by north. Every time we gybed it took us about three-quarters of an hour to get everything ship-shape again. The new main sheet was too large for the blocks and the topping lift blocks were so heavy that the lee one had to be triced up each time. And, of course, the guy had to be shifted each time. I noted in my log that night: 'As I write, every two minutes there is a sickening lurch and the whole boat quivers. I will be agreeably surprised if we get to the other end without carrying away the boom. A moment's carelessness, and there will be a crash and bang will go the boom. And it is hard not to be

careless, steering three hours at a time. However, there is a glorious sunset to-night, and the ship feels as though she were beginning to move again. We are getting short of everything except necessities. Only two tins of cigarettes left, the last of the fresh fruit went rotten eight days ago, all potatoes went overboard yesterday, milk finished three days ago. There are a few onions left, and I am saving these and making all hands eat two raw ones per day. We have, I am glad to say, unlimited biscuits and flour, and ample butter, syrup, and jam, one and a half cheeses, and a good deal more than half our water. Tried to harpoon a porpoise to-day, but missed it.'

On November 17th we at last got a fresh breeze from the east-south-east, but the ship with the wind on her quarter and everything set did not do over four knots. The bottom was now a mass of barnacles. Anti-fouling paint mixed with arsenic seemed to act like a tonic on them. Nothing would keep the main boom quiet as the swell was rather large. Every minute or two there was a lurch and a thud, and the whole ship trembled. Jenkins at that time began to say how strongly the boat must be built. He said any ordinary boat would have opened her seams long ago. He began to look very worn as he could not sleep at night. He told me he just lay awake and listened to the boom, turning over and over in his mind what might happen. I had grown awfully fond of Jenkins. He is one of the most honest, kindly, good-humoured and charming men that I have ever met. But he was sixty-four, and a little old for the game. At that time I wasn't feeling very well myself. Jenkins scored the first gybe that Monday, but the wind was light and no damage was done.

On November 18th I noted in my log, 'I am feeling quite well again and consequently quite cheerful, but no words can describe how uncomfortable the sailing is.

There is a constant heavy swell and very little wind. The noise below resembles a barrage. Of course, it is ruining the gear and straining the ship, but I do not see how I can avoid it. With the trysail set instead of the mainsail things were nearly as bad and we made no progress. We have got to make port sometime or other, and there is no reason to believe that next week will be any better than this. My mother will probably go off her head if she does not hear from me soon, and she will probably worry Rab into chartering the English and American fleets to look for us. Rab has read all the stuff about the North-east Trades in *Ocean Passages*: wind from north-east varying only a couple of points, force 3 to 6, cloudless, rainless weather, etc. This is how I would describe the North-east Trades: 'Wind either north or east-north-east, or south or east-south-east, usual force either 1 or 7 with nothing in between. The normal condition is either heavy rain squalls or dead calms. The sky is usually covered with heavy clouds.' However, this is all by the way, I have quite started to enjoy life again, though I am becoming a likely candidate for the league of moral men. I am rationed down to four cigarettes a day, and I have not had a blind for twenty-eight days.'

On November 19th we had a violent squall lasting about two and a half hours; it kicked up a most unpleasant short sea such as you meet in the shallow waters of the Channel. Jenkins said it reminded him of the Portland Race.

On November 20th Jack scored the second gybe. The wind had dropped to nothing and then blew suddenly from three points nearer to the north. No damage was done, but I remember thinking: 'It will be my turn next, and I will probably carry away the boom.' My observed position that day at 4.55 p.m. was $11^{\circ} 20'$ North, $56^{\circ} 57'$ West, about 240 miles from the north-east point of

Trinidad. The glass fell two-tenths that day, and the evening looked rather threatening. I noted in my log: 'Jenkins is happy to-night, but I am slightly uneasy. As soon as we get near land I always begin to fidget. We are so near now, and I do so want to bring this voyage to a successful conclusion after all the croaking of the wise-acres. Trinidad was certainly a foolish place to make for according to the Pilot Book. I should think it is an even chance our getting swept past it. On the other hand, what a lovely place to go through—the Boca Grande of the Dragon's Mouth, christened by Columbus. Which reminds me that we have come by almost the same route as Columbus came.'

On November 21st, just as I was going to take my meridian altitude, I noticed a very thick rain cloud was about to cover the sun. I sent Jenkins below to clock my observations, as it was very important I should get my true latitude. Seven minutes before noon the sun's altitude was $58^{\circ} 52'$. One minute later I took an altitude again while the sun was shining through the rain. The altitude had jumped to $60^{\circ} 1'$ —refraction, I suppose. Estimating my latitude from ex-meridian table, I made my latitude $10^{\circ} 41'$, which put me twenty-two miles south of my dead reckoning. I ignored the altitude I had taken through the rain, which would have put me over sixty miles further south, but I was not able to get an observation for a position line all that day, and I was rather worried. The alternation of calms and heavy squalls increased in rapidity and the wind was constantly shifting. At night steering was particularly difficult. The wind came from one quarter, then it would drop and everything would be blotted out. Then it would suddenly blow hard from another quarter, while you were quite blinded by the rain. A few minutes later you were tossed about in the calm by a heavy swell. Several times I ought to have

lowered the mainsail, but it would have been too great a strain on the crew. Jenkins was getting more and more worn and seldom smiled. It was at this time he swore he would never go to sea again. Of course, he had never been to sea in a small boat before and had never been hove-to in a gale. His chief worry was that we had not got a wireless for S.O.S. purposes. However he did what had to be done with extreme efficiency. Jack cursed and damned and was fed to the teeth with the whole business, but he never showed any sign of alarm. We saw our first steamer that day.

I was worried during the night of the 21st to 22nd, as we began to move at last and I was uncertain of my position, owing to the rain having obscured the sun just before I took my meridian altitude. I took a position line at eight on the morning of November 22nd, but I had breakfast before plotting it out. I found Jenkins' clocking, although I had taken eleven observations, was quite unreliable, and there was no way of discovering the minute. I took another series, and again found he had been mixing up the minutes. I then took a third series and fell down the companion after each one in order to note the minute myself. I got a good meridian altitude, and my observed position at noon was $11^{\circ} 5'$ North, $59^{\circ} 5'$ West, and the log read 2,676 miles. That made me about sixty miles from Tobago Island, and to our joy, we sighted it at two o'clock, on our starboard beam. I had got rather too far to the north, for we had been steering west north-west during the night, instead of west by north. I gybed and altered the course to west by south as soon as I got my meridian altitude. We made out Scarborough Light on the east side of Tobago Island at dusk, and Galera Light on the north-east corner of Trinidad a few minutes later. We had been sailing fast all day with a strong and steady wind which held till about ten o'clock that night.

I began to dance about like a cat on hot bricks as soon as we sighted land. My pleasure at having picked up land as I intended was swamped in my anxiety not to make any mistake now. I made Jack and Jenkins steer four hours on and four hours off, and spent my time taking bearings of the lights and poring over the charts. The current was setting very strongly over Wasp Shoal, which is off the south-east end of Tobago Island, and I kept altering my course to the south. By two in the morning, we were about two miles from the coast of Trinidad and about fifteen miles from the Dragon's Mouth, and the wind was very light and we were making about one knot. I got a couple of hours sleep and told Jenkins to wake me at dawn.

It was a lovely dawn, the first we had seen over the land for thirty-five days. The north coast of Trinidad is high and steep. The mountain peaks were covered in white cloud and as the sun caught them they turned gold and rose. Jenkins and I both said it was a sunrise we would never forget.

Everything then looked propitious. We had about twelve miles to go to the Boca Grande, and the tide was due to flow into the Dragon's Mouth at about ten o'clock. According to the pilot book, we should have had a fair breeze at about nine o'clock, increasing in strength till midday. But, as usual, the winds refused to follow instructions. At eleven o'clock we were just opposite the Boca Huevos, or Umbrella Channel. Then at last we got a stiff breeze which was obviously a nice quartering wind to take us through this passage. The pilot book said that the passage through the Umbrella Channel was justifiable with a commanding breeze, which we certainly had. So, as it saved many miles, I decided to try it. We went up it like a train until we were about 400 yards from the end. Then the breeze fell light and we drifted back ignomini-

ously. Then to tantalize us, it blew hard again, and I thought I would try once more. We only got half way through that time, and then again drifted back. I felt very much like trying again, but all the time I was remembering that the tide turned the other way at about four o'clock. It was then one o'clock in the afternoon, so I thought I would just have time to get through the Boca Grande, which the pilot book said was a simple passage when the tide was with you. We arrived at its mouth about two o'clock, and with a light breeze and a slight current with us got two-thirds of the way through. But this time it was a dead beat. Then again the wind fell to nothing. We drifted on a little, but by about four o'clock we were back again at the entrance and were starting to drift rapidly towards the Punta de Peñas. By this time I had quite given up hope and expected to go drifting down the Venezuelan coast, with little hope of beating back against wind and current. But when I was quite despairing, it suddenly started to blow really hard from the south-west. The current was running strongly against us, but the water was smooth and the wind was blowing so hard that we managed to beat through; just before dark we cleared the Diamond Buoy and before we lit our side-lights, were well within the Gulf of Paria.

The wind was then blowing from the east and we had a dead beat to Port of Spain. I was not anxious to get into port before dawn, so I took the topsail off her and made a long leg on the port tack with the intention of getting well to windward and of floating in gently in the morning. I kept Jenkins and Jack steering four hours on and four hours off, while I checked my position by bearings on the lights every half hour. We were all feeling dead tired by this time. The wind dropped during the night, and for once I was glad. Two hours before dawn, there was a light breeze and I was about twelve miles from

Port of Spain, well to the windward, so I went about. The wind veered more and more to the south and I ran gently into Port of Spain as the sun rose. We dropped anchor opposite the Harbour Master's office about seven o'clock, thirty-five days out of Tenerife.

We were too tired to feel really excited. Jenkins collapsed on to the saloon sofa, too overcome with emotion to speak for a while. He said, eventually, when I suggested we should drink and rejoice, 'Sir, I never, never, expected to see land again.'

IV TRINIDAD

The Customs came on board, and five negro searchers turned the whole boat upside down. I have never known such a thorough examination. I had some morphia with me which I thought I had better declare, although, as a doctor, I am entitled to carry it with me. They insisted on either sealing it up on the boat or taking it away with them and locking it up on shore. As I had no convenient place I let them take it away.

Queerly enough, I did not feel excited or relieved, but rather apprehensive at having to face land life once again—perhaps I was conscious of thirty-five days' growth of hair and beard. Eventually I pulled myself together and drove in a taxi to the barber's. The one thing I did enjoy was some fresh fruit; I ate six grapefruit before lunch.

The arrangement I had made with Rab before I left Tenerife was that I should send Jack home and keep Jenkins with me if he were willing. I was to haul the boat up in Trinidad and await Rab's arrival somewhere about the beginning of January. The first thing I discovered was that it was impossible to careen a boat, drawing nine feet six inches, at Trinidad, as there was only about a four foot rise of tide. And, it was impossible even to get her on to the only existing slipway. There used to be a floating dock at Port of Spain, but they omitted to keep it in proper order and it had been condemned some months before I arrived. Hauling her up and leaving her on shore was obviously impossible. If she had been left in the water, she would inevitably have been honey-combed with worm in three month's

time. The dock officials thought they might be able to lift her with their crane. They measured her and started to make elaborate calculations. In the meantime, Rab wired me to get her coppered. After much thought, the government decided that she was too heavy for their crane.

I did not want to set sail again. Jenkins was not cheerful at the prospect and Jack was mutinous. All they wanted was to go home as quickly as possible. However, there was nothing for it. I could not just let the boat rot at anchor. There were five places I could make for, where I could be sure of having her docked: Barbados, Martinique, Demerara, Curaçao and Panama. Barbados was the nearest, but it was dead to windward and the current was against us. It was impossible to make Demerara against the current. I would rather have liked to go straight to Panama, where we had to go eventually; but although it was dead to leeward, it was 1,200 miles away, and Rab had warned me it would probably be very expensive. I was tempted to go to Martinique, for I like French places and I knew that living would be very cheap; on the other hand, as I was going to have the boat coppered, I thought I would get the best work at a British port. My faith in my countrymen was to be severely shaken.

When I announced to the crew that they were not going home from Trinidad, but that we had to go on to Barbados, there was a great scene. Jenkins was frightfully upset, and Jack refused to go. I said there was nothing for it, and I told Jack he could either get off or come along with me. The following morning Jenkins turned up trumps as usual. He came to me and told me that he was very anxious to get back home, but he quite saw that I couldn't let the boat rot in the water. More, that it would be very wrong of me if I did. He said that, of course, we

had to take her to Barbados, and that he would do his very best to get her there. But he was still obviously very sad about it.

That night, Mr. Hicks, the manager of Barclays Bank, a very keen sailing man, who had put me up for all the local clubs, took me to dinner at his home, having first driven me around the island. There was a wonderful display as we sat in his garden before dinner. The shrubs were surrounded with humming-birds, which I had never seen before, and after sunset, when the humming-birds disappeared, they were replaced by fireflies. After dinner, I suggested that he should come and look at the boat. When we got on board, I woke Jenkins and broached the last bottle of a case of whiskey which Walter had bought and paid for. After Hicks had talked to Jenkins for a bit, he was quite cheerful about things again.

* * *

TRINIDAD,

Monday, 24th November, 1930.

MY DEAR RAB,

We got here this morning. I kept on putting off writing to you from Tenerife in order to give you a proper account of things and then never did. So this time I will write you just baldly and fill things in later. I have kept a complete log.

We left Santa Cruz with a good breeze, but noticed the squaresail yard was not up to the job. We nursed it with the utmost care, reducing sail whenever we did more than five knots. The weather did not do at all what the *Passages of the World* said it should. The wind blew from the E., but usually just to the S. of E.; at times S. and even W. We alternated between (1) Strong breezes, verging into moderate gales, alternating with dead calms. (2) Dead calms, alternating with series of rain squalls

when it blew for a few minutes, god knows what strength. The latter was the predominant weather. Just fourteen days ago we were congratulating ourselves on having done 1,800 miles with 1,000 to go. We were running before a light breeze and I had just started to have my evening bath, when, crash, the yard went, just in the centre. It was only a fir stick, by the way, and compared with our mast and gaff and boom a mere stick. Well, I cursed you from the bottom of my soul. You first cut down her spars so that nothing short of a gale will drive her through the water, and so that she won't sail at all in light airs, and then you provide a bit of straw for a yard. You know the strength of a chain is its weakest link.

Well, I got the trysail up for the night, and the following days we got a succession of very heavy squalls interspersed with prolonged calms, but always a heavy swell.

After four to five days of this, we seemed to be getting nowhere in particular, so I got the mainsail up in spite of alarm and despondency amongst the crew. Then the fun really started. I guyed the boom out—her beam prevents you from doing this efficiently—but she would not sail at all, except with the wind two points on her quarter and the wind always seemed to be dead aft of our course. Even then the boom used to roll over about every two minutes and the whole ship groaned. Jenkins then began to think that she must be rather sound after all! Moreover, we used to have to gybe her about four times a day, which was a lengthy business with the guy to be shifted, the topping lifts to be taken up, etc. But somehow or other we got along, and I continued to enjoy myself.

The navigation presented certain difficulties. After I left Tenerife, I found my stop watch had departed—the one and only thing which went in Tenerife; after leaving Vigo I found myself short of Jean's pen and about

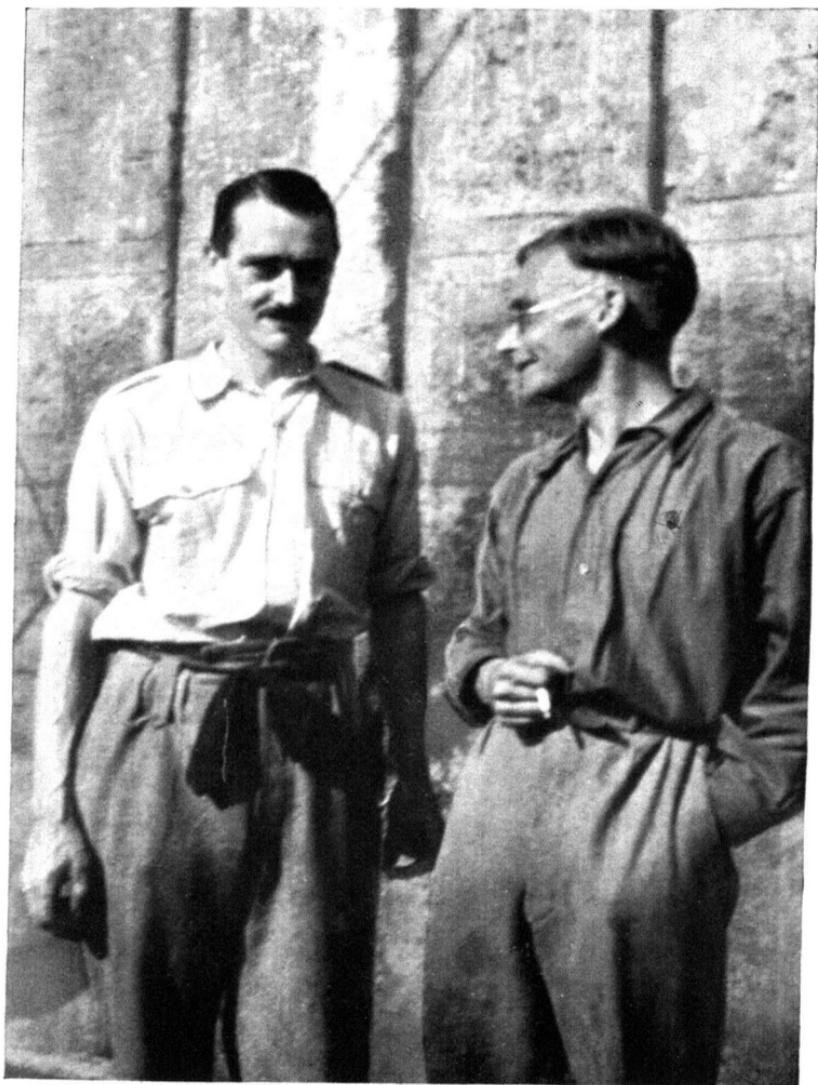
400 Player's and four bottles of whiskey, but perhaps you pinched those. So I had to try and train Jenkins to take the time. He never learnt. He was a master on the seconds, but was never sure about the minutes. I used to take about a dozen sights and then go down and look at Jenkins' times. In his list there were always some obviously wrong ones—1' 50" followed by 1' 20"—here the clue was easy; but sometimes there was no way of telling. I used to plot the whole lot out and try to find the psychological key, but time and time again there was no way of telling. Joining my dots I could get two perfect lines 15 miles apart.

On the Friday before we arrived, about fifteen minutes before noon, I saw a rain squall coming up so I stationed Jenkins at the clock and took a timed altitude. This was $58^{\circ} 52'$ about ten minutes from noon, S.A.T.* (D.R.); † two minutes later the squall came over and though I did not lose the sun the altitude jumped to $60^{\circ} 4'$. Refraction, I suppose, but the books don't talk about it. Well, the first observation made me eleven miles south of D.R. and corrected by ex-meridian table, I was about twenty-two miles S. of D.R. Also as a current was taking me N.W. at a rate of twenty to seventy miles a day, the S.A.T. was probably later. I was rather worried but concluded the crew had been luffing without confessing to save trouble.

I tried to get an observation for a position line at 2.45, but could not get an accurate one and then the sun went for good.

Next day I started to get observations at 8.00 a.m. I took eleven and put them on one side. Meanwhile I gybed the boat. After the meridian altitude the previous day, I had been steering N. by W. (mag.), about 5° N. of W. (true). But I discovered the crew had been steering W.N.W. and God knows what to the N.

* S.A.T.—Standard Atlantic Time. † D.R.—Dead Reckoning.



Rab Buchanan and Temple Utley

On plotting out the observations, I found them hopeless. Took another series and, dashing down below, I found Jenkins two minutes out. Then the sun went. Then I tried again and took five and dashed down to see time of each. I estimated minutes as correct.

I did not work position line out at once, but waited for meridian altitude. I got a perfect one and was very relieved. This made my latitude $11^{\circ} 4'$; $10'$ N. of Galera Point, the place I wanted to hit, and by D.R. sixty miles away. We were running before a strong breeze. Jack then served lunch and I let position line wait.

After lunch I sighted land on our starboard beam, about thirty miles away. Concluded it was Tobago. Took bearing and worked out position line which agreed within five miles. Told crew they would see Galera Point Light on port beam at dusk *and they did*.

I made Jack and Jenkins steer all night, alternately, while I took cross bearings every half hour or so, since the current is anywhere between twenty and seventy miles a day. Pilot book said wind rose every day at 9.0 a.m., full force at noon. Tide started to run into Dragon's Mouth at 7.0 a.m. Timed to be thereabouts at ten o'clock. At ten, attempted Huevos Channel with strong and commanding breeze. Got half way through when breeze dropped to nothing. Drifted slowly back again; made another abortive attempt. Then decided to try the Boca Grande. Got there with an hour of tide to go. Got half way up, the wind dropped again and we drifted back again. Got worried as we were due to drift down the north coast of Venezuela at twenty to seventy miles a day. But about 4.00, we got a strong wind right in our teeth and beat through. Wind then shifted a little and we had a dead beat to Port of Spain. I was taking no chances, so made crew steer while I navigated. Jolly party. This was my second night without sleep and I had had little

two nights before. My temper was not sweet and they had been having four and four, and they complained, and I was bloody.

Anyway, we dropped our hook in Port of Spain safely at 9 a.m.

Jenkins then proceeded to have mild hysterics from sheer relief, but there was no joy in him. He almost went down on his knees to me to send him home as quickly as possible. Swore he would never go to sea again. I cursed them both—offered to send them ashore for a meal, which they refused—and went off and had a good lunch. I had five weeks' growth shaved off first.

I don't want you to think that Jenkins was not a damned good man. He was, and he is really an old dear and I owe him a lot. But his nerves suffered as we went along. The truth is he had never been to sea in a small boat before and he is old for the game. Nevertheless I take off my hat to him. He wants to come and see you when he gets home. If he does, tell him I think the world of him.

Well, Rab; you must come out as quickly as possible and get me away from these islands. With £1,000 a year, a car, and dress suit, they would be lovely. But they are *Sahib* places with an ex-slave population. No place to go native by yourself.

All my love,

TEMPLE.

P.S. Send this letter on to Mother, will you?

TRINIDAD,

28th November, 1930.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

You were the only person from whom I did not find a letter waiting when I arrived, but if anything had

been wrong I suppose I would have heard from Rab or B.

Well, my dear, we got here all right and with singularly little trouble too, and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. I lived without clothes for five weeks in the sun, and I have put on half a stone and have forgotten how to cough. In the end I was not lonely and did not regret having no companion. When Rab left me in Vigo, I protested my loneliness. Rab told me it was not true, and that I was 'tickled to tears' at the idea of crossing the Atlantic with two paid hands. I did not believe him at the time, but found he was quite right later.

Having the sole responsibility, and having two anxious and depressed seamen was great fun. However, for the next stage I would like some congenial companion. Also, I am rather lonely here. This is a big city, and very expensive—'white man's burden'—where you need clothes and evening dress, etc. Altogether, thoroughly English. Whereas Tenerife was foreign, very cheap and happy-go-lucky. In fact, I have never had a better time than I had there.

But this place is very lovely all the same. I have made friends with my bank manager, who has a nice house outside the town, to which he takes me. There is a lovely garden, which is a blaze of tropic flowers, with scarlet and crimson predominating. Round these flowers fly humming-birds, which I have never seen before. As night falls, the fire-flies come out. In a way, I would not mind settling down in one of these islands.

I may have to go to Barbados to-morrow. It is a damned nuisance, but the floating dock here is out of order. It is only 200 miles to go, but dead to windward. The ship's bottom is foul and I have to drive an unwilling crew—heaven knows what Freda would think of me. It will probably take a week. There is just a faint chance I may not have to go.

Well, my dear, I expect you are very lonely now. But I will be back some day. I wonder very much how you are getting on. Also how Freda is. But these travels are doing me an immense amount of good, both mentally and physically. I feel quite different. Does Walter ever come to see you or does his bad conscience prevent him? He will become a complete little bourgeois without my influence. G, I don't feel so bitter about, and anyway there will always be some divine discontent in him.

Queer how intolerant I am. I have never realized so vividly before as when I was struggling to get off, and Walter was struggling to run away, and Freda was helping me to get off, how alike Freda and I are. We both try to constrain others to our dreams, and we can still dream. And the others just want to be comfortable and smug, and go on leading their routine little lives. Then we get furious. But, how thoroughly infirm of purpose people like Walter are.

I have written Rab an account of the voyage itself. Get him to let you read it and show it to B, if she likes.

Please send me on some of Freda's letters. Have I been divorced yet? I have had no news.

All my love, my dear,

TEMPLE.

TRINIDAD TO BARBADOS

I shipped a new hand at Port of Spain, a coloured boy called Rufus. He had gradually insinuated himself into the crew, and was in a very bad way when I first met him.

I hoped to get off about midday. But when I went ashore to recover my morphine, the Customs informed me that the man who had the key of the cupboard was away but would be back soon. I waited till three o'clock as Rufus, who had promised to bring my washing by midday, was still absent. When he eventually arrived, I abandoned my morphia, which I conclude is still in Trinidad. We got under way at three-thirty, and ran with the wind on our port quarter, setting a course west by south, which should have taken us three points clear of the Diamond Rock. We went down in fine style until we were about three miles from the Boca Grande, when the wind became light and fluky. Then I began to get very anxious in the dusk as to the whereabouts of the Diamond Rock. We were going north-west at a great pace with the tide and I had barely got steerage way. Then we suddenly heard it tolling mournfully, apparently just on our starboard bow, and two minutes later swept by it with only about fifty yards to spare.

We had the usual fluky wind in the Boca, but once we were clear, it blew steadily from east by north, and we were able to sail north-north-east—our course being north-east, as the current sets to the north-west at anything from twenty to seventy miles a day. We made very good progress during the night and I awoke at 9.00 a.m. to see Grenada on the port bow. I noted in my log that

day: 'Lovely night and lovely day. It is good to be at sea again. Have cast off my clothes with great relief.'

At midday the wind dropped, and we spent three days drifting about the Grenadines, but it was a very pleasant time. Jenkins was in the best of humours, and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself. My new acquisition, Rufus, developed a pain in his belly, which I later diagnosed as mild appendicitis. Jack was very fed up at his doing no work and I had to remind him gently that I am a doctor. On the night of December 4th to 5th, we got a breeze at last, and I awoke up in the morning to see St. Vincent on our port bow. There was a fresh breeze from the south-east, and we were able to sail east by north. At sundown that day I got a triple fix of my position by cross bearings from St. Vincent and St. Lucia, and at 10.00 p.m. should have been about thirty miles from the north-east point of Barbados. We looked for the North Point Light all night, but never saw it. At dawn, Jenkins and I just managed to make out the island south-south-west, and about thirty miles away. We continued on the same tack until we were sure we could make it, and then went about. The northerly current had taken us about three points to the north during the night. We went down the leeward side of Barbados, close-hauled, in fine style, but the wind headed us, and we had a dead beat into Carlisle Bay and dropped anchor just before dusk.

* * *

BRIDGETOWN CLUB,
BARBADOS, W.I.

Thursday, 18th December, 1930.

MY DEAR RAB,

We got here safely in five days—two sailing and three drifting the wrong way. But it was a delightful sail—moonlight every night.

I took the negro seaman with me from Trinidad, but he developed a mild attack of appendix. . . . Jenkins turned up trumps and showed no despondency as there were always about 500 rocks in sight on which we could pile ourselves up. If you can do anything extra for the old boy I wish you would—he is an old dear really and the most conscientious person I have ever met. . . .

I found a Dutch boat leaving here last Wednesday week and shipped them home on it after quite a sentimental farewell with Jenkins.

I found they could dock the *Inyala* here all right, but that it was impossible to keep her on shore. They could not dock her until last Monday and would not give me a price for coppering until she was on the dock. . . . I told them you were a hard man and that I was only your agent. Asked them to give me a tender in writing and I would cable you. If you did not agree to the price they were just to anti-foul her and put her back in the water. I was on tenterhooks about the whole business, as if we had done this it would have meant anti-fouling her again in two months. Well, they tendered 388 dollars for the whole job and I wired you for 450, hoping to make 72 dollars out of the business, but as you sent £90 I only made 40 dollars I think. I can just manage with this until the end of next month.

You see I cannot haul her up and leave her, but must continue to live on board her and keep the negro on. Also there is no chance of a job here or at Trinidad, nor of getting a job as ship's doctor. I could go round the islands and live cheaply on a schooner, but do not like to leave the boat. Anyway, she will not be off the dock until Christmas. The coppering is well worth the price, I think. You said £30 for Munty metal, which disinterested people say is no good out here. It is only a pity the coppering was not done before. I would not have had to haul up

in Tenerife, and could have remained at anchor in Trinidad and saved money on the crew as well.

There will not be much to spend on her when you arrive. She wants a new jib and a new topping-lift on the starboard side and a squaresail yard. Also I would strongly advise a new topmast 6 foot longer. All the running gear is new and I think in perfect condition.

I think I will put the propeller back; what we really want is a folding propeller and blow the revenue. Could you get one in England to fit? You cannot get one out here. Also will you bring a new pump and tap, and three burners for the stove. Also if you can manage it about 200 lbs. of biscuits, in sealed tins. You cannot buy them here—I just got some by chance in Tenerife—and they are both a staple and reserve food. For the last three weeks we lived on them plus butter (New Zealand), which kept perfectly, plus treacle and jam and cheese.—I put on half a stone.

Rab, come out as-quickly as possible; I am rather lonely.

This is a lovely place with wonderful bathing, and everybody is very good to me. But, it is very expensive and I need evening dress!!! To return hospitality of the kind I am offered would break me in a week. The only cheap thing here is rum, 2/3 a bottle. The amount people drink here is amazing—not the scallywags, but the responsible people and their wives. Women drink six or eight cocktails before dinner, but their morals are quite mid-Victorian; difficult for them to be otherwise really as all one's movements are known to the town. Of course, what is really the matter with me is that I want a decent woman to love and be loved by!

Well, I think this is all. My very best love to Jean and a Happy New Year to you both. Why not bring Jean out here for a month? By the way, is she still my sister-in-law? Love,

TEMPLE.

BRIDGETOWN CLUB,
BARBADOS,

29th January, 1931.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

I am afraid you have not heard from me for some time. I have had two very good letters from you. But these tropics ——! I have nothing to do, and one day melts into another. I sleep and swim and lie in the sun and eat. It is very pleasant, but I will be very glad to set out on my travels again before I "decompose" altogether!

It is a glorious place in many ways, and very beautiful, but the people with a few exceptions are very dull. They are very kind and hospitable, but have not an idea in their heads. It is rather like a suburb in mid-Victorian England.

There are exceptions. There is a half-American girl, who is intelligent, who has been awfully good to me. . . . My other friends here are a retired Scotch-Canadian mining engineer, a genial old ruffian who has been everywhere and done everything, and who would undoubtedly have been a pirate two hundred years ago; also an Englishman called Barker, a Science man on the staff of the Agricultural Department, who has an Honours degree in Physics.

There is also a very interesting biologist, who lives in a hut on the far side of the island. He is one of the most remarkable men I have ever come across, but I can only get at him when Barker drives me there.

I had an amusing letter from G to-day and some days ago a postcard from Freda and Jane from Russia; it came at the same time as Freda's cable of congratulation, sent off weeks before to Trinidad.

My dear, your two last letters were very wonderful, you said some lovely things to me. Thank you.

Don't think, dear, because I write infrequently that I am not thinking about you, and that I don't care for you. You know, I love you, my mother, but, of course, like all women you want to be reassured at very short intervals. /

But you know what agony it causes me to write a letter. Sheer torture.

All my love, my dear,

TEMPLE.

* * *

Barbados looked a lovely little place to loaf the time away until Rab came. The swimming there was the best I have ever known; although, from all accounts, there are plenty of sharks in the bay, no one has ever been attacked.

My first job was to get Jenkins and Jack home and, to their great joy, I managed to effect this within four days of arriving. I took them on board the Dutch boat and had an affecting farewell with Jenkins. I had grown awfully fond of him and was very sorry to lose him. He said if he had only been fifteen years younger, he would have gone on, but that he was really too old now. The next thing I did was to get the boat dry-docked and to have her coppered. The *Inyala* is metal fastened and has an iron keel. I knew that there would be galvanic action between the iron and the copper, and that unless some method was used to prevent this action the keel was liable to drop off eventually. The firm who did the coppering said that a strip of lead between the iron and the copper would prevent all action on the iron. This was quite wrong and led to further expense at Panama. What they ought to have done was to put heavy zinc sheets, about three-quarters of an inch thick, between the copper and the iron.

The people of Barbados are very interesting, and would repay an anthropological survey.

It would seem that in each West Indian island the

relationship between the white, the coloured and the black population is different. In Grenada, for instance, where there are not many whites, I understand that no distinction is made between the whites and the coloured. Barbados is almost the only West Indian island which was originally settled by the English, and up to about ten years ago the whites, although they often show unmistakable signs of a little mixture in the past, kept themselves rigidly to themselves. But at the moment the social structure would seem to be disintegrating. In several places where colonies of poor whites have maintained themselves for hundreds of years, they have recently been overrun by, and submerged in, the coloured population. Also, although 'White' society still rigidly maintains its distinction from the coloured, a coloured man or coloured woman possessed of sufficient material goods can buy their way into it.

Like all the other West Indian islands, Barbados was suffering from a severe financial depression while I was there. It is one of the most densely populated spots in the world, averaging about one thousand inhabitants per square mile. The island depends entirely on sugar; practically nothing else is grown: even most of the fruit is imported.

Rab arrived on February 19th, instead of at the beginning of January, and for the first few days, in spite of severe sunburn, he displayed an immense northern energy. But in about a week he had succumbed to the tropical languor, and we found it very difficult to get anything done.

The two main things to be seen to on the *Inyala* were the engine and the new squaresail yard. We decided to keep up the squaresail yard permanently. We had been given a diagram by Chief Officer Bindley of the *Dacarian*, showing how the yards on the old square-riggers were

attached. We also had the new yard made twice the diameter of the old one at the centre. I had tried to start the engine before Rab came, but had no success. On his arrival I thought he would just take his coat off, and that after I had seen him fiddle about for a few minutes I would hear the familiar 'chug-chug'. But after he had worked for two hours, and looked more like a bit of melting grease than a man, he decided to get some more assistance. The engine is thoroughly inaccessible, and I should imagine the carburettor had not been taken down since the year of its birth in 1906. The motor engineer decided that the whole engine must be dismantled, and this was done. All valves were found to be stuck up, and there was practically no magnetism left in the magnets on the magneto. But the pistons, cylinders and bearings seemed to be in perfect condition.

Everybody took about three times longer to finish any job than they had estimated, and week after week we were 'going in a week's time'. But eventually everything was ready, and on Sunday, March 8th, we decided to make a trial trip.

We took on a fourth hand, 'Mobile' Cheeseman, a blue-eyed, straight-haired, fair-skinned Barbadian quad-roon, who had swum on board the yacht one afternoon begging me for a job. We took some English friends we had made in Barbados on the trial trip. Everything passed off very well, and the new squaresail gear worked admirably. Mobile also showed us that he was a good seaman. Rab and I, though, both felt rather unwell at one period.

VI

BARBADOS TO PANAMA

We weighed anchor at 3.45 p.m. on Saturday, March 14th. We broke out the jib and then set the rafflee, squaresail and trysail, in succession. There was a moderate breeze from the east-north-east. We set our course west-north-west a half west, making for the channel between St. Vincent and St. Lucia. We sighted St. Vincent at dawn the following morning, and at 2.30 were about midway between the two islands. During the afternoon the sky became overcast. We had a succession of rain squalls without much weight in the wind. During the night the wind freshened and about six in the morning Rab woke me to say that it was blowing hard, and what did I think about the rafflee. It looked rather ominous to windward so we took it down, but reset it again at 10 a.m. We had a glorious day sailing, the wind was blowing steadily about force 6 and the sea was gradually getting up. It was very good to be at sea again, and I knew for a certainty that I just wanted to go sailing on and on. Twenty-four hours after we had sailed Rufus complained to me of toothache, and seemed to think that I would just tuck him up in bed and let him off work for the rest of the voyage. I have great sympathy for toothache, for although I have only had it once in my life, I have never forgotten the experience. I think there are few worse pains. However, I had carried him as a passenger from Trinidad to Barbados and I wasn't going to do it again. So I hardened my heart and made him work, being very sceptical about the existence of the toothache at all. When I put him on to steer, he continually gybed the boat, so I made him sit with Mobile, and also made him cook. I noted in my log:

'Mobile seems a good seaman, a cheerful, willing, happy-go-lucky creature. He steers quite well, but is very hazy about the points of the compass.'

The first trouble we had on this voyage was with the binnacle lamp, which would not keep alight. In the end we ceased bothering about it, and lashed a hurricane lamp to the window instead.

The wind continued to increase in force all Saturday, and the seas were getting up. That night I hoped to get a sleep between nine-thirty and midnight, but Mobile kept on calling me to tell me that there was a squall coming. I do not think it was ever blowing much more than force 6. About 11 p.m., in hopes of getting a little sleep, I decided to take down the rafflee, but Mobile let the jib halyard go instead of the lee sheet, and there was a thorough mess. Rab got out into the bows and hanging on by his teeth to the forestay managed to haul the sail down. By this time it was midnight, and my watch. During the night watch it continued to blow about force 6, but there was a rather awkward cross sea, and steering needed all my attention. Even to light a cigarette meant the danger of a gybe or of putting her aback. I did not dare to go below to look at the time, but had to call Rab from above. The dawn was fine and clear, the wind moderated and the seas became smaller and longer. I remember thinking that day how the sea, in reality, never looks like the pictures of it. In pictures you get a series of smooth waves at regular intervals. In fact, though, you get a mass of water broken into irregular mounds of all sizes.

I continued to make Rufus work in spite of his agonized and reproachful expression. We logged 138 miles between noon and noon under squaresail and trysail, the rafflee being on deck for half the time. On Sunday evening the wind freshened again. It had a sustained force of 6, and, in gusts of 7 or more. The sea got very rough, the

waves being about ten feet, with from time to time, one of twelve or fifteen feet interspersed. Mobile took the nine to twelve watch that night. I told him I wanted to sleep and not to call me unless the mizen rigging began to sing a high note. He called me about ten to say that it was doing this. I went on deck and found it was blowing a moderate gale, but the sailing was so good that I decided to hang on to the raffee. I went on watch myself at midnight and had one of the most glorious sails I have ever had. The boat did just on sixteen miles from twelve to two. The night was clear, the wind was true and the mizen rigging was singing its top note. Astern the great seas rolled up and just at the back of one's mind was that right amount of fear which is the necessary ingredient of all great moments. Occasionally one of the big rollers looked almost like breaking and a certain amount of water slopped on to the decks; but I held on to the raffee, singing songs of exultation to myself. At 3 a.m. when I called Rab the wind had moderated.

The wind continued strong all the following day, and Rab started agitating early to have the raffee off her that night. We logged 147 miles from noon to noon. The seas got still bigger and the sun set without any red. Much against the grain, I took the raffee down. As it turned out it was quite unnecessary. It continued to blow hard until about midnight of the 17th, and then the wind began to drop; by morning we were almost becalmed. So once again I experienced the old familiar sailing, the main mast creaking, the trysail flapping and the whole boat groaning. Rab had been much less sick at the beginning of this voyage than he had ever been before, and by that day had entirely recovered. He started to do all the navigating calculations three days after we left Barbados. We used both to take the meridian altitude, and my observation was nearly always $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 minutes greater than his.

I found that day that I had been misjudging Rufus. He had developed a terrific aveolar abscess which I was dying to stick a knife into, but he wouldn't let me touch it. Against all my medical principles I gave him one quarter of morphia instead. I had some qualms of conscience about him, for I had a hollow tooth myself; I feared nemesis and determined to have it out at the earliest opportunity.

From then onwards there was very little to record. The wind continued light, but we only had about one actual day's calm. On the 19th the wind shifted to the north and the weather was much cooler. We concluded we were getting the tail end of a 'norther' from the Gulf of Mexico. We spent the time swimming and eating and lying in the sun. Our cigarettes were running out, so we took to chewing. We also became very intellectual in our reading. We read Shaw's *Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism*, *The Structure of the Atom*, and Russell's *A.B.C. of Relativity*, and I even tried to make a start on *The Calculus Made Easy* (I didn't get very far). On Friday the 20th we reckoned to be about 206 miles from Colon, and Rab noted in his diary: 'Have now great confidence in navigation and will be very surprised if five miles out.' The following day I find in his diary: 'Now 85 miles from Colon according to observation, and no sign of land or steamers. Not quite so much confidence in navigation. If it is wrong, I am sure it is due to chronometer.'

We had thought that we would get into Colon for dinner on Sunday. But the current had set us twenty or thirty miles to the north-north-east. On Saturday afternoon the sky clouded over and at about three-thirty, while I was on watch, the rain came down in torrents. I got soaked through and felt very cold, but there was no wind. At four-thirty Rab relieved me, and I went down to change my things. Just as I was getting my oilskin over

my head Rab called to me to come on deck. I finished struggling with my oilskin, and when I arrived on deck I found we had been hit by a very heavy squall from the north. Rab had already got the mainsail half down, but we could not get it any further without luffing, which we did, thus putting the squaresails aback. There was a great flapping of canvas, but no damage was done and we quickly got the mainsail on deck. Then we ran her off and took the rafflee and squaresail off her, and ran before it under the jib. For about twenty minutes it blew about force 8, but very quickly moderated, and by 6.00 p.m. we set the squaresail and rafflee. Of course, we should have run her dead before the squall immediately, and first taken the square canvas off her, then luffed up and taken the mainsail off her. At eleven o'clock that night we picked up Cape Manzanillo Light.

I got a certain amount of sleep that night, but Rab had practically none. I left almost all the navigation to him. Although I have said that we picked up the Manzanillo Light, we were really rather doubtful about it, because *Lights and Tides of the World* said that there was a light flashing alternately white and red, but the chart said just a flashing white light. We hoped that the chart was right, and that *Lights and Tides* was out of date. But nevertheless we did not have that pleasant feeling of certainty. At dawn we picked up land and played a coy game with a steamer as to which of us should show the other the entrance to Colon. The steamer gave up first and steamed off in what we discovered a few minutes later, when we recognized the land marks, was the wrong direction.

We entered Colon harbour at ten o'clock. A large part of the American fleet was anchored there, and we saluted an American cruiser in passing. They returned the salute, which was much more than we have ever been able to get out of one of our own warships. The sailing instructions

tell you to anchor anywhere inside the western break-water. Just as we were furling the squaresail preparatory to anchoring, a launch came off from Cristobal with the port doctor, customs officer and admeasurer on board. They called out to us not to anchor, but said they would tow us into Cristobal harbour. All formalities were over in a few minutes, and everything was done to make things as pleasant as possible for us.

We were received with great hospitality in Cristobal and met a lot of charming people, and were helped in every way possible. We had intended to proceed through the Canal within a couple of days, but it was a week before we could tear ourselves away.

We met Mr. E. V. Brown, the manager of the Commissary, who twice had given up his job to go sailing, and also his friend Mr. Craggs, an Englishman of the National City Bank, who had sailed all around the South Sea Islands in a yacht. They gave us a lot of information and advice.

The whole Canal Zone strikes one as an amazing achievement. The Isthmus of Panama twenty years ago must have been one of the plague spots of the world. Now it is almost a health resort. Yellow fever and malaria have been stamped out. There appears to be no danger of typhoid, dysentery, or of any other of the parasitic tropical diseases. There is an extraordinary absence of flies and other insect pests. Altogether one gets the impression that the Americans have solved the problem of how white men can live with comfort in the Tropics. I have been in India, and was also in Mesopotamia during the war; but the Canal Zone is in an entirely different category of things.

We started off about ten in the morning of Thursday, April 2nd, to go through the Panama Canal. We sailed under squaresail and raffle to the Gatun Locks, and then

went through the locks under the motor. When we emerged from the locks we sailed again across Gatun Lake and dropped anchor for the night off Barro Colorado Island. Barro Colorado Island is one of those wild animal preserves of which the Americans are so fond. It is just a slice of the old jungle cut off from the rest of the land by the damming of the Chagres. No one is allowed to land there without permission, or with any lethal weapon. The following day we landed and walked through the primeval jungle, along a footpath to the observation post. We saw no wild animals, but collected an enormous number of furious jungle ticks. We did hear the sound of some heavy animals in the bush, and wondered for a moment whether the best way of seeing these animals wouldn't be to climb a tree, but we pulled ourselves together and went on bravely. On our return we were invited to dinner by Dr. Chapman, the naturalist in charge at that time, and his charming daughter. We learned that although they had several pictures of mountain lions taken by flash light and trap wires, no one had ever seen one.

You live and learn. We swam at Barbados with sharks in the bay and were told it was quite safe; we bathed in Gatun Lake with alligators about and were told that it was quite safe, and we walked about Barro Colorado with mountain lions about, and yet again were told it was quite safe. So are one's illusions shattered.

The following day we sailed under squaresail and raffee to Pedro Miguel Lock, and passed through the remaining locks and into Balboa under the motor.

Rab was worried about the galvanic action of the copper, lead and zinc, and asked an official of the Mechanical Division at Balboa. They said it was all wrong and that the keel was probably rotting away, so we had the boat hauled up by a crane. They were quite right. There had already been quite a lot of action, and the keel would cer-

tainly have dropped off in time. We called the Barbados firm all sorts of names; stripped off the lead and put on lengths of zinc. This was one unforeseen expense. The other one was that Rufus, who had become more and more of a nuisance, demanded to be sent back to Barbados, so we had to repatriate him.

We have found a German, Louis, who is anxious to get out of Panama, and who is willing to come with me as a volunteer. He has had no experience of sailing boats, but during a very varied life experience had been a seaman on a steamer.

Rab has got to leave me for family reasons, so I am sailing next Tuesday, April 22nd, with Louis and Mobile for the Galapagos Islands, and then the Marquesas. I hope to continue to Tahiti, Samoa, the Fiji Islands, and possibly New Zealand. Everything is ready. We got the stores on board to-day, Saturday 18th. If this story is continued, it will probably be from Tahiti.

* * *

PANAMA,

20th April, 1931.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

I have been in the throes of an emotional entanglement, and somehow or other it has been impossible to write to you until it was settled one way or the other. Even now it is very difficult. It concerns that half-American girl in Barbados I told you about. We got fonder and fonder of one another. I can see your expression and hear you groan as you read this.

I don't think I will describe her to you—you wouldn't believe me—but I will let Rab do that. . . . I have asked her to write to you. She may join me in Tahiti. Her name

is Emily Phillips and this is her address. . . . I think it is the real thing this time.

Well, my dear, I sail to-morrow for the Marquesas. I will be two or three months getting there and will probably stay there a couple of months. There is an infrequent post—about every two months—so I am afraid it will be a very, very long time before you hear from me again. Rab is leaving me here, and I am going on with a coloured boy and a very sound German I have picked up. Somehow or other I am going to sell the boat when the money gives out.

I have written an account of the voyage so far for the American paper *Yachting*. I have rather good hopes they will take it. Rab will show you the account, and I will ask them to send you a copy if they publish it.

I am frightfully worried about B and do not know what to say to her. . . .

Well, my dear, I am off on a very long voyage, but I am getting my heart's desire, which is supposed to happen rarely. The journey is longer than across the Atlantic, but there is much less chance of bad weather. In fact, to all intents and purposes, there is none; so do not worry about me.

Write me, on the offchance, to c/o The Governor, Hiva Oa, The Marquesas; but, for certain, to c/o The British Consul, Papeete, Tahiti.

When I will be back, my dear, I don't know. I am leaving here with *forty pounds* and the boat, so if I do not pick up something it will not be very long.

I love you, dear, very much, and I do not forget you as it seems.

So the next letter you will have from me will be from the promised land.

All my love, dearest Mother.

TEMPLE.

Letter to Emily Phillips

COLON,

Wednesday, 24th March, 1931.

MY DARLING,

As was foreseen Rab is going home. I am taking the boat plus whatever may be left of £118 on to the South Seas. Somewhere or other when I have no more money left I am to sell her.

As things are at present unless I pick up an amateur here I will be going with Rufus and Mobile.

I am writing to the New York *Yachting* to ask them if they would like an account of the cruise, past and future. Could you interview them for me and make a contract? I believe I ought to get twenty dollars a thousand words. I would send them enough of the past for three months or four, according to the number of words they want, and would continue as I go along.

Now, my heart, for you and me. I listened to your relations in Barbados, I have read your Mother's very charming letter and—well, my darling, yours are sweet beyond words.

But, my dearest, don't you see all these considerations mean nothing—when you have really decided you want to share my fate? My dear, I have told you how I have lived up to now. You know me. Do you really think there is any chance of stability, worldly success or safety with me?

Your mother and your aunt—your real friends for I am not talking about the 'dead at your feeters'—are quite right. You would be undertaking a frightful risk and with all the odds against you.

You can live as you will—but make the choice.

With me vagabondage, poverty, perhaps disgrace, perhaps success—but that is very unlikely. There is a sort

of lethal factor in us Utleys that inhibits it. Both my father who was and my sister who is much cleverer than I am, always missed it. You see they, who could have got it easily, never quite believed in it. I, who would find its attainment much more difficult, believe in it rather less.

I am going off to the South Seas because I must. There is no justification, or as I would prefer to put it, rationalisation. I just must. I have forced Rab to let me go. Well, dearest, it will always be the same. There will be a dream and 'I must', and then for you it will be 'pay, pack and follow'.

You see, dear, I do not believe basically, as a part of my character, in the values of society. Many people are sceptical about them intellectually, but they are not sceptical about them as a part of their own character as I am.

Also, my dearest, there is something of what Aldous Huxley calls a 'leprachaun' about me. Rab has had five pathetic letters from Jean and is going home. Well, my dear, any woman of mine could be having triplets every three minutes and I would still go on to the South Seas.

Well, my heart, that is that. The reasons your mother and aunt have put forth are quite temperately deduced from their own values. My values are different. There is no justification for their values and no argument can show them to have any validity. I believe myself that my own values are based on more fundamental human needs, but nevertheless that is but an opinion, and for certain of them there is nothing to be adduced but prejudice. But I hold them with a whole-hearted fanaticism. A certain number of people in every generation have always thought as I do. The first-rate ones have been the poets. The second-rate ones like myself have believed their songs.

I have sat down to-night to try and tell you the true relations as I have thought them out during the night watches, and I will try and make no sentimental appeal.

You must make the choice yourself with your eyes open. Every word your mother says is right from her point of view. I offer you hardship, risk, discomfort, poverty, disgrace, sordidness and something which we two alone know between ourselves.

We are going on to Panama on Saturday. This letter will reach you on Monday. Wire me to Post Office, Balboa, what you decide.

I love you dear.

TEMPLE.*

* Emily Phillips went to Panama and it was then decided that she would join Temple Utley in Tahiti about September of that year.

VII

PANAMA TO THE GALAPAGOS

On 21st April, 1931, we were all ready to sail. Rab and I had wisely celebrated my departure two nights before, so I did not have my usual headache. However, I did have the usual sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach.

We had a fearful shock too that morning for we got a bill for 132 dollars from the Port Captain. Twenty-five dollars for pilotage out of Cristobal and the rest because we had been tied up to a buoy. We had asked to be taken to the yacht basin, but the Pilot had tied us up there, saying it was better. I have used buoys in many British artificial harbours; also in Cherbourg, in Brest, in Bergen, in Vigo and in Tenerife, and as a yacht was never charged anything. It meant that I was going off to the Marquesas with 200 dollars in my pocket.

The Pilot came on board at 11 a.m. Rab started the motor and we taxied out of Balboa along the buoyed channel. Rab worked hard until the last moment, while I steered and chatted to the Pilot. Rab's last bit of work aboard was to go up the mast and notice that the chain sling holding up the yard was loose. But very soon the Pilot said he was getting off, so Rab and I said farewell and both felt very bad about it. We had a drink of Barbados rum all round and then Rab and the Pilot pushed off.

There was a light breeze from just east of north, and I set jib, squaresail and raffle.

I remember feeling very much alone. My crew were really unknown quantities. I knew that Mobile was good with his hands, that he had plenty of pluck and that he was very deft and quick at handling gear, but I also knew

that he was as irresponsible as a child. Louis was a bartender, who said he had been quarter-master on steamboats, but he confessed he knew nothing about sail and was not shaping well. Always at the back of my mind was Gerbault's description of the Gulf of Panama and the Doldrums. However, the wind gradually increased and as we reeled off the knots my spirits began to rise and depression gave way to exhilaration.

A ship, provisions, a crew, 200 dollars and all the Pacific before us. If I had all the responsibility I had all the power; I was alone, but I was lord and master.

The wind continued to blow strong and true, and we made sixty miles in the first twelve hours. I set a course of south (magnetic) from opposite Taboga Island which put me twenty-five miles to the east of Cape Mala, for I had been warned of the strong indraught. We never saw the Mala light, but there were persistent flashings, usually grouped in twos, on the port bow, which I decided were lightning, but Mobile called me five times between three and six to say that there was a lighthouse on the port bow. On one occasion he announced a fixed white light which turned out to be a rising planet.

We made very good progress until six in the afternoon of April 23rd, when the wind began to fail, but we had logged 276 miles in fifty-two hours, and were nearly one-third of the way to the Galapagos.

Our observed position at 5.0 p.m. S.A.T. was $5^{\circ} 9'$ North, $81^{\circ} 45'$ West. This was far, far better than I had ever dared to hope. I seem to remember that Gerbault took nearly a month to get so far south.

That was the end of the north wind, and all Thursday night and all the following day we lay becalmed. There was not the faintest puff of wind, nor a cloud in the sky, and the heat was quite unbearable. I can remember nothing like it on the sea; there was a heavy suffocating quality

about the atmosphere which squeezed all the vitality out of us. At sunset we got a light breeze from the south, so we said goodbye to our square rig and set our mainsail.

The night was a series of calms and squalls. I did not get below till four in the morning, when things looked a little more settled. I left Louis at the helm. I was just dozing off when I heard the infernal clatter of a boat in stays. I lay still for a few minutes, hoping against hope, but the noise continued so I went on deck. Louis greeted me with 'It won't steer, there's something wrong with the rudder'. I put her back on her course again and fell asleep immediately.

At four-thirty, Mobile—who was not on watch, but who did not trust Louis—woke me to say it was blowing hard. I went on deck and said it wasn't, and went to sleep again. At five forty-five, Mobile woke me once more to say that there was a heavy squall coming. I lighted a cigarette and went on deck with a bored and languid air, and was instantly almost drowned in a deluge of rain. I got the mainsail down with Mobile just before the wind hit us. It blew furiously for five minutes, then dropped to a dead calm. I left the mainsail on deck and we tossed about in a most horrid swell until 11.30 a.m., when we got a light breeze from south by east, so we again hoisted the mainsail.

Then just after noon, the whole horizon to windward became obscured by tier upon tier of thick black clouds. We had a hurried lunch while the mass grew larger and larger. The rain began to pour down about a couple of miles away while the whole mass blazed with lightning and the thunder sounded like a barrage. Meanwhile, another mass grew quickly to leeward, and for a few minutes we sailed down an ever narrowing lane of bright sunlight. I had decided to keep the mainsail up until it blew so hard that it was imperative to lower it; luckily, I lost my nerve.

There was something so portentous of evil in those two approaching masses. It seemed like being enveloped by two hostile armies. So I ordered the mainsail down on deck and Mobile and I got it down just in time.

We had been sailing south-west, close-hauled. The squall struck us on the port bow coming just from the east of south. It was exceedingly violent and was accompanied by torrential rain. It blew from the same direction for perhaps five minutes, then without warning shifted a full thirteen points to the north-north-east and blew with even greater fury. The headsails and the mizen came over in a tremendous gybe, the mizen sheet parted, and I thanked my lucky stars that the mainsail was not up, for the boom would have gone for certain. I took the wheel from Louis and held her dead before it, while Mobile got the mizen down in a few seconds.

I have been in an official No. 9 gale, but that was nothing to the force of the wind that day. The sustained force must have been about No. 11, and Heaven alone knows what was the force of the gusts. We ran south-west before it under the jib alone, doing over seven knots. The rain cut like hail and we were soaked through and through. We shivered with cold; nature, having failed to grill us the previous day, was now trying to freeze us.

The wind quickly picked up a short vicious sea, but there was no weight in it, a lot of water slopped on board, but no heavy stuff. The force of the wind was sustained for two and a half hours, it then quickly dropped to about that of a moderate gale, and as it was still coming from the north-east, Mobile and I hoisted the squaresail and a little later the rafee, and we were then able to go due south. Then the wind began to back through north to north-west and by seven that evening it had fallen to nothing. Nevertheless, we had logged just on forty miles in those six hours, and that was nearly forty less of the Doldrums.

Mobile and I were feeling very tired, what with excitement and with hoisting and lowering sails, so, as I wanted both a quiet night and some sail up, we hoisted the try-sail instead of the mainsail. In those last twenty-four hours I realised what a pleasure it was to work with Mobile. Whenever we shifted sail with my old crew there were growls and curses. Mobile just accepted it as a matter of course, with a grin on his face. He was amazingly quick.

I found, though, I had much more work to do than ever before. Louis did not pick up anything at all, partly because he had no aptitude, partly because he was too much endowed with a race superiority complex to condescend to learn anything from Mobile. He even in a clumsy way attempted to teach Mobile things Mobile had known for many years. So, in the end, I always left Louis at the helm and handled all the sails myself with Mobile. In addition, I had the navigation to do, my time on watch, and my general function as skipper, which really means being willing to be called at any hour wearing a cheerful smile.

Mobile was preparing three meals a day, washing up and generally keeping things tidy, keeping the gear in repair and standing his watch. In addition, Louis tried to use him as steward and cabin-boy. He sat about in the saloon and whenever he wanted anything, yelled, 'Mobile, Mobile', in a voice I would not use to a dog. Moreover, he used to spit saliva, orange-pips or orange remains on to the floor and expect Mobile to clean them up. I suggested gently to him at first that Mobile had enough to do, without waiting on him, and that he must not try to order him about in that tone of voice. He said he had been handling boys for years, and that that was the way to treat them. I replied that that was not my way, and that they were not to be treated so on my ship.

But he would not learn to behave properly, and in the end I was forced to announce that Mobile and he were on an equality and that Mobile need take no orders except from me.

On the night of the squall I went below at ten o'clock, leaving the ship almost becalmed, but when I came on deck at midnight to relieve Louis I found to my pleasure that the ship was slipping along to the south-south-west at about two knots, with a gentle breeze from the south-east. The breeze lasted all night, the following morning backing to the east-south-east and becoming fresher, so we hoisted the mainsail and made good progress. It was distinctly cooler; we were quickly slipping south; there was a look of trade winds about the sky; so we all felt very cheerful. But towards evening, the wind hauled round to the south and the sky became covered with thick black clouds. Extracts from my log concerning that night run:

'Sunday, April 26th. From 6.0 a.m. until time of writing (8.30 p.m.) we have been surrounded by squalls which have not happened, but I am expecting trouble all the time. We are just about halfway to the Galapagos.

Monday, April 27th, 8.30 p.m. The patent log read 440 miles. Observed position at 3.15 p.m., was $3^{\circ} 17'$ North, $84^{\circ} 45'$ West. There has been a fresh breeze from the south all day, and the course was south-west by south.

Last night I turned in at 10.00. Louis called me at 10.40 to say the ship would not steer. I found her aback and put her back on her course. Louis called me at 11.30 to say the weather looked very threatening. The whole heaven was piled up with masses of black clouds, with lightning playing and incessant roll of thunder. However, the wind was steady from the south, and there was a thin space of clearness between the clouds and the horizon. I decided to carry on. Took over from Louis at midnight. Fine, clear moonlight night with not a cloud to be

seen. At 1.30 a.m. everything was blotted out with massed black clouds and with more thunder and lightning. Looked like a super-hurricane. Kept on, thinking I ought to call crew and get mainsail on deck, but hung on. Half an hour later, it was a clear moonlight night again.

I have a pet nightmare when I am ill, which dates back to my earliest childhood. It takes many forms but the essence is always the same. I am struggling against something and when everything gets hopeless and I am in an agony of terror, things suddenly go well. Then again they get hopeless and again get well, and so on interminably until I wake up in a sweat. Well, this succession of weather resembled my pet nightmare much too closely to be pleasant, for at 2.45, the sky looked worse than ever. So I stayed on watch till 3.50, when everything in the garden was again lovely. I then called Mobile to take over. At 4.00 a.m. he called out there was a really bad squall coming. I went on deck: it did look as if all the threats of the night were going to be fulfilled, so I got the mainsail down on deck, but I was probably most influenced by the thought that thus I would get some sleep. As we were getting it down, the squall tore across our bows without touching us, and in a few minutes the night was cloudless and serene. But I left the mainsail where it was, with orders to wake me at 8.00 a.m. to reset it.'

That squall marked the end of the Doldrums and was the last we had. It had been a wearing time, but we were extraordinarily lucky in getting through so quickly, just four days. In that zone one is always on the horns of a dilemma. If you do not take advantage of every wind, you can stay there until Doomsday; if you don't get sail off her in time you may carry away everything. You have to carry on until the last minute of safety and not an instant longer.

Next morning we had a stiff breeze from the south and we sailed close-hauled south-west by west, the ship bucking into a head sea and dipping her bows under for the first time since the gale off the coast of Portugal. We might have been beating down Channel from, say, the Start to the Lizard. The forecandle hatch, which had been recaulked in Tenerife eight months before, leaked badly, but Mobile recaulked it.

On April 28th, seven days out, our observed position at 2.30 p.m. S.A.T. was $3^{\circ} 23'$ North, $85^{\circ} 23'$ West and the log read 484.

I found that we were drifting about twenty miles a day to the westward and as the wind had shifted to the west of south and we could only sail west by south, I went about. We were able to sail south-south-east a quarter east on the starboard tack.

The previous night the wind dropped to nothing during my watch, while the sky did its usual rehearsal for the Day of Judgment. As the main boom was all over the place, I disturbed the crew for the first time during my watch and got the mainsail down. That was the first night we began to notice it was getting cold.

Next day we had a very poor breeze, which fell to practically nothing at nightfall; so I thought we would have a peaceful night. We got the mainsail down and hauled the headsails in flat, let the mizen sheet out about two feet, and she pointed five points from the wind, seeming to forge ahead slowly. We brought our bedding on deck and slept peacefully. I was the first to wake up at 8.00 a.m. and she was still on her course.

My favourite rig for a boat is a cutter, but I am beginning to think there is something to be said for a yawl in tropical waters. It is very handy to be able to put your mainsail on deck and still have some after canvas to keep her head on. Yet you still have almost as large a

mainsail as you would have on a snugly rigged cutter. There is too much loss of efficiency on a boat under fifty foot waterline, rigged as a ketch or schooner.

In English waters I do not see much advantage in the yawl rig on a yacht. There it either blows or it doesn't. You don't get series of calms and squalls and want to lower your mainsail for half an hour. You want two reefs or full sail. Moreover, as you spend most of your time beating, you want the most efficient possible rig to windward. I am sure many English yachts are yawl or ketch rig merely because fishing boats are. That is quite a different matter; fishing boats need a small riding sail for their work. Of course, if you always use your motor when going to windward, it is again a different matter.

We got a good breeze the following morning and all the next day, and on April 30th were in $1^{\circ} 34'$ North and $85^{\circ} 5'$ West. Then, as the wind had hauled to the eastward, I went about and was able to steer south-south-west or south-west by south. We were 275 miles from the Galapagos, but had only 120 miles of southing to make.

The nights had begun to get very cold. I could manage in long trousers over my shorts and a thick tweed coat, but Mobile and Louis, who have tropical constitutions, complained a lot. I gave Mobile a thick sweater I bought for coxing an eight at Cambridge in mid-winter, and he was still cold. Both he and Louis looked very funny at the wheel, all huddled up and muffled in blankets, like a couple of ancient squaws. Louis also suffered from the strange delusion that you can catch cold by feeling cold.

That night was the first really clear night since leaving Panama, and there was an almost full moon. I remember thinking to myself as I watched a gorgeous sunset, with a glass of rum in my hand, what a wonderful life this was and how I must go on leading it for a long, long time. Somehow or other, I determined, I would get about all

over the South Seas; with the boat if I could, if not, some other way. Sailing, if you are made that way, never becomes satiating; the more you do the more you want to do. The first day or two you are never comfortable or at ease, but soon the solitude and beauty of the open sea soak into you, and you feel a wonderful sense of well-being, and a strange content.

On May 1st we were becalmed all day. Rab had spent several days in Panama teaching Louis how to manage the engine and I was assured he knew all about it. I had been suggesting for several days that he should try it to see if it were working properly. He kept on putting it off but this time I insisted.

After some time I heard a few abortive explosions, then he said there was a rope twisted round the shaft and he would try again the next day. There was not a breath of wind that night and a sea like glass, so I just let the boat go. We all slept on deck and I arranged that if we got a wind later, whoever's ordinary watch it was would take over. Louis woke me at 3.30 a.m. to say that there was a slight breeze. I said 'Good, my watch is over', and called Mobile. We had a lot of trouble getting under way again and it took over twenty minutes to wear her. I did not get out of my warm bed, however, but superintended the proceedings from under two blankets. Once she was on her course again I turned over and went happily to sleep.

I woke at 8.00 a.m. to find her slipping along nicely, and as we could sail south-south-west with the wind two points free, I decided to set both the gaff and jib-topsail. This was the first time Mobile had set either, but he and I set the jib-topsail in a quarter of an hour and the topsail in twenty minutes.

Mobile was a dream to work with, he was so amazingly quick. I remember the first time we set the jib-topsail Tony, Jenkins and Jack took two hours, cursing all the

time. Jenkins was not really slow, but Jack's swearing and blinding used to rattle him.

The wind continued to increase till noon, and for a couple of hours we were logging six knots. We have no cross-trees for our short topmast in order that we may be able to brace our yard to the full extent, so we just take the weather side stay aft and pull tight on it with a tackle. This works quite well with the topsail or the rafee, but with the jib-topsail the topmast was bending too much for my piece of mind. However, the wind dropped quickly and by evening everything was banging about in the old familiar fashion.

I calculated that we had crossed the Line at about 5.30 p.m., so we drank to the Southern Hemisphere in a punch composed of two glasses of rum, half a glass of Board of Trade lime juice, four tablespoonfuls of sugar and three glasses of water. I noted in my log that night that I had crossed the Line about the same date, fourteen years before on my way to Mesopotamia. I also remarked that I hoped I had said good-bye to the North Star for at least a couple of years.

That night when I went on watch at midnight, there was not a breath of wind, so I wrapped myself up in a blanket by the wheel and went to sleep. I was awakened at five by a faint stir in the air. I called Mobile and we spent half an hour in getting her on her course again. The wind was light all that day and fell to nothing again towards evening. When I took my meridian altitude, I found to my chagrin that we had drifted back into the Northern Hemisphere. My latitude was $0^{\circ} 12'$ North and had been $0^{\circ} 6'$ North the previous day, but we were forty one miles to the west.

The following day, my meridian altitude gave my latitude as $0^{\circ} 36'$ South and my longitude worked out as $87^{\circ} 55'$ West. The latitude of Chatham Island is $0^{\circ} 50'$

south. I sailed on south-south-west that afternoon till I calculated I was on the parallel. For the last few days I had been set to the west at the rate of about 1.2 knots and to the north at one knot. So I set a course to allow for this.

We had a trying day. I drove Louis to the engine at noon and he freed the rope. He got a few abortive explosions out of her, but spent hours feebly cranking her. Then he announced that it had seized up. I poured paraffin into it, got it loose, cranked it and started it about five o'clock. It ran quite well and I let it go on for about twenty minutes, then stopped it and hoped for the best. I then took the wheel, telling Louis to get our new paraffin incandescent lamp lighted. A minute later there was a crash and going below I found he had dropped it and smashed the globe. I got out our only spare and went back to the wheel. A few minutes later I saw a blaze of fire coming up through the saloon top. I fell down the companion, cursing, incidentally putting my bare foot hard on the remains of the broken globe, and found Louis staring at the blaze. I let the pressure out and the blaze subsided. I then sat down to investigate and discovered that someone had put paraffin in the methylated spirit filler, but I never discovered the culprit.

Immediately after this, the outhaul of the mainsail parted. This was due to scamped work in Barbados, which I ought to have noticed: when they had re-cut the mainsail, they had substituted two rotten rope eyeholes for the brass ring that had been spliced in with heavy rope.

Altogether I felt very cross and irritable that night. I always get jumpy when I get near land; the succession of accidents had not improved matters, and we spent the night rolling about with the wind two points on the port quarter.

During Louis' watch, I felt all the time he would complete the tale by gybing her and carrying something away but, as it happened, when he did the wind was too light to do any damage.

The following morning the wind was very light and dead aft, so I decided to get the mainsail down and set the squaresail and raffee. I took the wheel in order to luff her and let Louis help to get the mainsail down. He signalled the event by putting his foot through the saloon top. The glass is protected by brass rods, but he went through the lot. I was furious, as he was wearing shoes, which I had forbidden him to do. He is naturally very clumsy, and the shoes made him worse; besides, wearing shoes made him indifferent to the fish-hooks, broken glass, harpoons and old tins that he left about. He sustained one slight scratch over the ankle and wanted me to suspend operations while I administered iodine and bandages; but I told him to throw salt water on it and go to the wheel while I completed the sail shifting with Mobile.

When I took my meridian altitude, I found my latitude to be $1^{\circ} 20'$ South. I was thirty miles too far south. Evidently the Humboldt Current had ceased to operate. My longitude worked out at $89^{\circ} 14'$ West, making me about thirty-two miles to the east-south-east of the south-east point of Chatham Island, so I altered course to west-north-west.

The wind was light all day and it was misty, but I definitely saw land ahead at 4.00 in the afternoon. I took a position line at 5.00 o'clock which made me twenty-five miles away. At 7.30, I was eighteen miles away and I set a course for the shoal which is marked on the chart four miles west of Wreck Point. There were two fathoms marked over it, but I thought it would be safer to clear it and worked out the position of Dalrymple Rock to do so. Once I was on this bearing I intended to sail on

Dalrymple Rock. The shoal at that hour was thirty-two miles away.

At 9.00 p.m., there was a thick mist, but I went below determined to get three hours sleep as I knew I would not get any later, and everything was safe for the time being.

At midnight I went on watch. There was an arrow on the chart, nineteen miles from the shoal, setting me on my course at one knot, and another fifteen miles away setting me on my course at two knots.

I decided to reckon a current of one knot from my dead reckoning position at 7.30 and a current of two knots from the arrow marked thus. When I went on deck there was a fair breeze and we were sailing. From time to time, during my watch, I caught a glimpse of high land through the mist to the north. This was where it should have been, but it was very indefinite.

At 3.00 a.m. I could see nothing, but calculated I was seven miles from my shoal. I had still two and a half hours until it was light, and two and a half hours at two knots is five miles, so I called Mobile and we took all sail off her except the jib. Then I went below and lay down, telling Mobile to report every half hour.

At 5.30 he reported it was getting light, and he could see land about three miles away. I went on deck and could just distinguish, through the mist, a mountain, which appeared to be the whole island, and I estimated it to be about thirty miles to the north-east by east, dead to windward. I groaned and decided I had overshot my mark by about twenty-six miles. I woke Louis, told him to start the motor, and went below to verify my calculations.

The motor gave a few coughs but nothing happened. Mobile had a go at it, then I, with no result. Finally, Louis got it going, but it stopped in thirty seconds. We each had another go with no result. Meanwhile, we were drifting off to the west with wind and current. Mobile

and I got sail on her and at half past six started on what seemed a hopeless beat against wind and current.

Then the mist suddenly cleared and I recognised Dalrymple Rock, Wreck Point, Progresso and the Kicker Rock. I took cross bearings and found I had timed everything beautifully and that I was just clearing the shoal by about a quarter of a mile. At the same time, the wind freed us two points on our course for Dalrymple Rock, the landmark for Wreck Bay.

I kept the crew sweating at the engine and swore that I would not go into Wreck Bay without it—though I knew in my heart that I would. For I have ceased for many years struggling much about decisions. I let myself go through the dreary struggle with a sort of detached interest, always knowing all the time what I am really going to do. I was very afraid of making a mistake and wrecking the boat and thus losing my chance of getting to the South Seas. On the other hand, I had crossed the Doldrums under sail alone and I felt I would like to get into port under sail alone. Nevertheless, the name, Wreck Bay, is sufficient to make one pause. Gerbault has described its difficulties; it was a dead beat in, and the *Inyala* is very apt to miss stays.

So as we went sailing on gently towards Dalrymple Rock, I went below and worked out the exact course into the bay.

I found that when the rock bore 335° (magnetic), a course of 155° (magnetic) would just shave Lido Point—there is a patch of three fathoms off Lido Point, but that I could ignore.

Meanwhile, the crew still struggled with the motor, their last hope of any shore leave before the Marquesas fast vanishing, for it had become hopelessly seized up and almost immovable.

When we were about half a mile from the rock, we

were suddenly becalmed and we drifted round in circles for half an hour. Then it started blowing gently from the north-north-west, dead into the bay.

In a few minutes the rock bore 355° . Not really believing this wind could hold, I ordered the helm to be put up and we bore away into the bay.

Ahead, to starboard, the sea was breaking in huge rollers over the whole of the Schiavoni Reef, from which projected the masts of a large steamer; to port there were breakers off Lido Point; between there appeared to be a passage about eleven feet wide.

I left Louis at the wheel, sent Mobile up the port rigging and went myself up the starboard rigging to conn her in. As Louis was steering I did not let out much mainsheet.

The wind was just aft of the starboard quarter. For a time everything went nicely. As the boat was steering like a steamer, Louis was in his element and steered beautifully to degrees as I shouted them from the rigging. I had decided to keep to the Lido Point side, as there the danger was better defined and the pilot book talked about a set towards the Schiavoni Reef. But we were set the other way, and I steered more and more south— 155° — 157° — 160° — 165° — 170° , my orders ran.

Then, just opposite the point, there was a sudden squall; crash went the boom over to starboard and I thanked my stars for the short mainsheet. We ran on another hundred yards when I suddenly felt the wind in my face, just on the port side, then I felt her way check. I fell down the rigging, hauled the staysail sheet tight on my way, pushed Louis away from the wheel, put it hard over and bore away just in time to keep her out of irons.

At the same time I shouted to Mobile to sheet the jib home and tried to get Louis to haul on the mainsheet, but before Louis had finished looking at it, Mobile, who

was jumping about like a cat, pushed him out of the way and hauled it in. We tore down on the wreck like a train. I had no time to refresh my memory from the chart, but was fairly sure that there was water right up to the wreck. Anyway I reckoned if a large steamer had got as far as that, there ought to be plenty of water for us. I was right; there is four and a half fathoms marked on the chart.

I intended to keep her quite free and not to risk missing stays, however many tacks I might have to make. But just as we were going about and Mobile had his hand on the staysail sheet, the wind shifted again and freed us, and I was able to make the pier.

Mobile got the staysail and jib down with incredible rapidity, and I dropped anchor in four fathoms, about 300 yards from the pier. I gave a heartfelt sigh of relief and felt very pleased with myself, but I was very tired.

I congratulated Mobile on his seamanship. He is an extraordinary mixture. He does not know the points of the compass and cannot, I think, manoeuvre a boat; but he has an instantaneous knowledge of any sort of gear on deck and works with amazing speed. He grasps in a second what you are after. So we were safely at anchor in Wreck Bay, having made the passage in sixteen days under sail alone, which was less than half as long as I had expected. Looking round and breathing the tonic quality of the air, I thought the Galapagos were well worth coming to see.

VIII THE GALAPAGOS

1. CHATHAM ISLAND

We furl'd the sails in a leisurely fashion, and had just finished making things ship-shape on deck when we saw a boat coming off from the shore; it was about eleven in the morning. I thought I had better dress up to meet the port officials, so I put on a shirt and a pair of shorts. As the boat approached we could see it was full of people, including one woman, and a few minutes later I was greeting the Governor and his wife, his A.D.C., Señor Cobos and two other men.

I invited them all below—where there was a most horrid mess—and got out cigarettes and Barbados rum. They said they didn't really want a drink, but would have one just to wish me luck. Then we started to talk. I can speak French fluently but badly, Louis knows some Spanish; Alain Gerbault has testified to the perfection of Señor Cobos' French, one of the others knew a little French, but the Governor and his wife spoke only Spanish. Nevertheless we all talked thirteen to the dozen.

After the drink to wish me luck I suggested another, and then the party started. It broke up at five o'clock, and we had got through five bottles of rum and six tins of cigarettes. We parted, swearing undying friendship, and I was invited to renew the good work at Señor Cobos' hacienda the following day.

I had a bath and, feeling dead tired, was just sitting down to eat some spaghetti when one of the party returned with a friend, both wanting a medical examination.

I complied; *spironeme pallida* was the culprit in one case, a *diplococcus* in the other.

When they left I swallowed the meal and fell asleep immediately after, but I was awakened about midnight by a most infernal racket: it was the A. D. C., very mellow. I was very angry at being wakened and told him to go away, but he went on staggering about and woke Mobile, who interpreted for me that he had lost his key. I think he was hoping for more drink and cigarettes, but he insisted on searching the whole ship, without any results. I got him away at last, without giving him a drink or a cigarette, though he kept on circling round them.

The following day, May 7th, after a good sleep, I removed seventeen days' growth of beard, weeping bitterly as I did it. Next I had a bath in the dinghy, the seams of which had opened, as I had been warned the bay was full of sharks.

On going ashore we found two horses waiting for us, with the sort of saddles that I thought were only seen in Wild West films: the high Mexican saddles with iron shoes instead of stirrups. I was taught to ride as a child, and had to ride a lot during the war, but since then I had always declined a mount when it was offered me: at the bottom of my heart I consider horses dangerous and uncertain creatures. However, there seemed to be quite a crowd watching, so I tried to mount with nonchalance, as if it were an everyday event, and, perched on my high saddle, felt I had ceased playing at sailors and was now playing at cowboys.

We rode up and up along a rough bridle path towards Progresso, the one settlement on the island. Our way led through bush and forest, and along this road alone there were enough guavas, oranges and lemons to feed a large population. As I remained stuck to my horse I became

more venturesome, tried galloping, and reined up outside Señor Cobos' house with quite a flourish.

I was introduced to Señora Cobos, a very beautiful Norwegian whose father had been one of the Norwegian settlers on the island, and after a cocktail or three sat down to a perfectly wonderful meal composed entirely of island products, without a single thing from a tin. When you have been at sea any length of time it is always fruit you crave for; we had tumblers of orange juice with the lunch, and melons, water-melons, and pawpaws to finish up with. I ate and ate and ate. We talked, in French and English, of my distinguished predecessors—Ralph Stock, Alain Gerbault, and others. The last yacht there had been the *Southern Cross*, about two months before, which Rab had seen building on the Clyde while looking for a boat for ourselves.

After lunch I rode over the hacienda with Señor Cobos. It was a sad sight; everywhere evidence of decay. A broken-down factory, acres and acres of sugar-cane going to waste, weed-grown tracks and derelict machinery. Señor Cobos explained that they found it impossible to get labour, and acres of sugar-cane had rotted for want of cutters and men to work his factory; but it was only later that I learnt the whole history of this tragic hacienda.

It was, in the exact meanings of the verbs, hewn and blasted out of the wilderness by Señor Cobos' father, and it became a very valuable property. The elder Cobos was apparently a man of great physical and mental force, overbearing and masterful, a slave-driver and a lover of cruelty for its own sake. He got convict labourers from the Ecuadorian Government and worked them unmercifully. The slaves swore to get him, but he was utterly fearless and had all the firearms. One revolt broke out, in which the old man was wounded, but he escaped into the bush

and was succoured by his body-servant. When he had recovered he returned and restored order. He used to flog the convicts, but one day, when yet again he had ordered a man twenty-five lashes, the convicts told their overseer that if he did not help them to kill Cobos they would kill him, the overseer. The overseer thereupon shot Cobos, but not fatally, and the old man put up a tremendous fight for his life, but was eventually hacked to pieces with machetes.

On his death the estate passed to his son-in-law, Señor Alvarados, who still owns it. The Señor Cobos who entertains the yachtsmen of all nations on their way to the South Seas is the son of another wife and is the manager of the plantation. The estate is supposed to be passing into the hands of a German company in Guayaquil, to whom Alvarados is reputed to owe a hundred thousand dollars.

On the Saturday we entertained four Norwegians; two of them had come over from Santa Cruz in a small open cutter to send their dried fish to Guayaquil by the Cobos schooner; the other two had settled at Chatham. They are remnants of the two Norwegian colonies which attempted to settle the islands of Santa Cruz and Chatham about five years ago. What exactly went wrong is rather hard to gather; I heard more of the story later. There certainly seems to have been financial knavery somewhere, everybody I have talked to is agreed on that point. They are likewise agreed that other causes of failure were: lack of regular transport for their produce, bad marketing, and above all the lack of a leader. The enterprise was co-operative, and decisions were only arrived at with difficulty and never stuck to.

It was good that night to sit down to a Nordic drinking party again, but it used up a lot of alcohol. Four bottles of rum went west, and it was only at the third that any-

one talked, except Louis. These four men were well content with their lot, and said they were gradually making headway. They live by fishing and are slowly making farms for themselves out of the wilderness. When it becomes comfortable enough they intend getting wives from Norway. They are badly hampered though by lack of transport, and cannot get their fish to Ecuador. They offered me the job of taking their fish to Guayaquil, and I was almost persuaded to abandon the South Seas, turn my saloon into a hold and spend the rest of my life transporting their dried cod. They suggested I should try it just once, and there would have been about a hundred dollars in the transaction, but it was not worth ruining the boat with the smell of dried fish. I was tempted though.

We had been invited to Señor Cobos' again next day, and I regretted that I had not realized that riding breeches and riding boots are an indispensable part of a deep sea sailor's equipment. I had come back from my last ride without any skin over the lower part of my sacrum or over the tuberosities of my ischium. This time I tried wearing a pair of shorts under my flannel trousers.

After another wonderful lunch we set out with a guide to ride to the two crater lakes, which are about two thousand feet up in the interior. It was a ride which will always remain in my memory as one of my most lovely experiences. I understood from Señor Cobos that none of the other people on yachts who had come to the island had ever bothered to do it. We rode up and up, first through sugar-cane and forest, then low bush and finally bare grass and on into utter desolation. We passed round two peaks, and just below the backbone of the island came upon a little lake, on the far side of which grazed wild horses and wild cattle. I wanted to stop, but the

guide urged me on, and about four hundred feet higher, let into the very crest of the ridge, we came upon the perfect lake. The old crater formed a complete circle about two thousand yards across and about a hundred feet deep. At the bottom was a little gem of a lake, emerald green and perfectly still. From the crest we could see the sea on every side, and to the north mile upon mile of undulating green desolation, broken by mountain peaks. Around us wild cattle and horses posed against the skyline.

As I gazed clouds began to roll up from the east. They did not settle in mist, but rolled about us, clearing and coming down again. It was really an enchanted spot, and we lingered and lingered, completely enthralled. The day died in red glory in the west, and as the sun went down it coloured the clouds round us every shade of rose and pink. I expected every minute to feel wings budding out from my shoulders and to find a harp in my hands.

As night came on I began to shiver and we started back. Then I had some excitement. I am sure I have never before ridden a horse faster than at a walk along so high a road. But we went two-thirds of the way down that mountain side at full gallop in the gathering dark. It was too exhilarating to feel much fear, but it was wildly exciting, and when I still found myself on my horse after half an hour of this going, I began to feel that perhaps I could ride a bit after all. Never will I forget that day; but I was dog-tired when I got back to the Cobos' for dinner, and the ride back to the ship was sheer torture. I had spent about eight hours in the saddle.

I lingered on at Chatham until Friday, May 15th, for no particular reason except that I liked the place. I thought then, and I still think, that the climate of the Galapagos Islands is the finest in the world. It is just warm enough to go about in shirts and shorts all day.

There is plenty of sun, but it has none of the fierce tropic quality, it is the kindly sun of temperate latitudes, and is often obscured. The atmosphere is dry and very definitely bracing; the nights have just a pleasant chill about them, so that you need a coat to sit in and a blanket to sleep under. You develop an enormous appetite and quite a lot of energy. It is completely a white man's country. There are no endemic diseases, no dangerous animals on land, no poisonous insects.

Señor Cobos and the inhabitants generally were very good to us, and we left Chatham loaded to the gunwale with oranges, lemons and bananas. But I should advise anybody going there to take an unlimited number of cigarettes, cigarette papers, matches and West Indian rum. These, with clothes or footwear of any description, tools, nails, screws, rope and string, empty bottles and empty tins, in fact any manufactured article, have all the greatest value. It takes a very long time for any one who has passed his life in a highly industrialized country to realize that cups and nails and pins and string and paper do not grow on trees. The islands provide their inhabitants with abundant good food in the way of fish, beef, pork, plantains, sweet potatoes, yucca, sugar, coffee and alcohol, and they have raw tobacco; but everything else has to be imported, and there are very few exports to pay for these imports. Tinned food, butter, wheaten flour or biscuits, bacon, ham, jam, honey or manufactured cigarettes are all wonderful luxuries.

While we stayed on at Chatham I kept on trying to get Louis to get the motor in working order, and with repeated urgings I did at last get him to put in a few hours' work on it. However, there was no result. It was completely seized and he could not move it. We put in lots of paraffin, but only succeeded in breaking the starting chain.

One's character is one's fate. My character hates engines, and thus I seem fated to sail without one. I admit their usefulness but, hating them, of course neglect them, and so they will not behave. It would be much better if this one were not there at all. One should either have a reliable engine and take care of it, or dispense with one altogether. With one like mine, twenty-four years old at that time, if you are not careful you get yourself into situations from which only the engine can extricate you, and then find the damned thing won't work.

We spent the last few days getting everything shipshape and taking water on board. The mizen and staysail, which had developed slight tears, were repaired; the foot of the mainsail re-roped, the sheave of the mizen bumkin re-bolted and the shrouds set up. I wanted to have the mizen as a working sail. My prejudice is all for cutters but I have learnt the value of a mizen. Rab has a moral prejudice against cutters, yet if left alone never sets the mizen. Every sail on board was new except the mizen, which was rotten when we started.

But the most arduous job was taking water aboard. We took it on board in great iron drums which had their bung in the middle. From the drums the water was emptied bucket by bucket, carried down below and then emptied into a ten-gallon container, and thence siphoned into the tank. It took six hours. Louis, as it was the soft job, arranged the siphon, and then complained it would not work, saying there was something wrong with the tube. I found he was trying to make the water run uphill. He tried to argue about it, saying—all the water he had ever known would, but I put him on to bucket carrying. The water reminded me of Tigris water, but I conclude it is uncontaminated for it did us no harm. It had the consistency and colour of cocoa and tasted like the smell of a pottery-shed.

The Chatham Islanders were more than good to us: I wished I had more rum and cigarettes to give them in return. Instead, I was myself forced to buy more drink and had to be very mean with cigarettes.

Rum was four shillings a gallon in Barbados. Rab wanted to buy four gallons. I wanted to buy fifty. We compromised on twelve. We gave it away with such a lavish hand in Panama that we were forced to buy two gallons there at the rate of twenty-four shillings a gallon. I bought another four gallons at Chatham Island at the rate of twenty-five shillings a gallon. Both the latter purchases were really inferior stuff.

CHATHAM ISLAND,
GALAPAGOS ISLANDS,
May 12th, 1931.

MOTHER DEAREST,

As you will see from the above address I am one stage further on my journey. I got across the Doldrums in sixteen days and into Wreck Bay under sail alone, as the motor won't work. I have now just 3,000 miles to do to the Marquesas, all in the Trade Winds, so all ought to be well.

I did not think I would be able to write to you from here, but Señor Cobos, the lord of the Isle, has been very good to me, and is going to send it to Guayaquil when his schooner goes and thence by aeroplane post.

As you will have heard from Rab I left Panama with a queer crew, a German ex-barman and a coloured boy from Barbados. The first is quite a good sort, but talks too much and is no sailor. He can steer a course when the squaresail is up, but gives me the cold shivers when the mainsail is set. Also he can learn nothing about gear, so Mobile and I have to handle all the sails. Mobile—the West Indian—is a wonderful sailor for the most part,

and seems to have perfect confidence in me and also to be quite devoted. We get on very well together, but he is amazingly childish, superstitious, excitable and irresponsible.

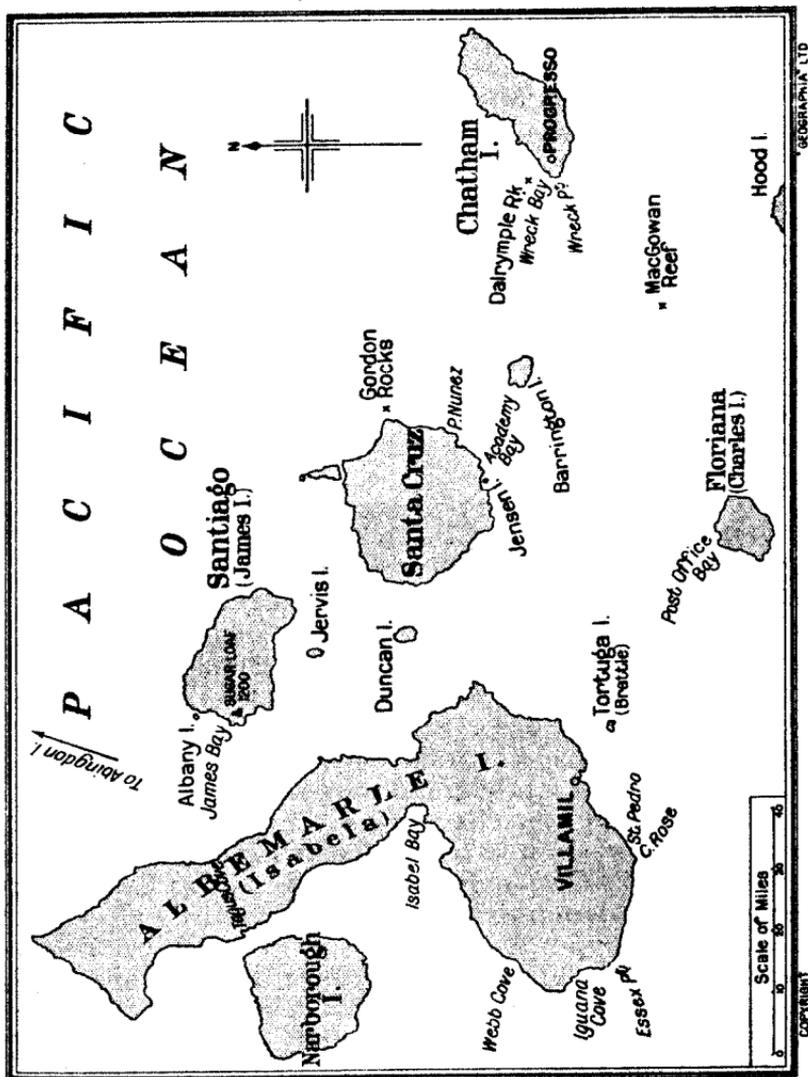
But I am enjoying myself, I think, more than ever before. I am lord, master and complete autocrat, and I will be quite impossible to live with soon! It is extraordinary how dependent these two are on me.

We did not do too badly getting down here. We got a north wind to start with and I crowded on every stitch and made 150 miles south in 36 hours. Then we got into the Doldrums, which behaved in the classic fashion—calms with unbearable heat, violent squalls, torrents of rain and thunderstorms. But I kept sail up and drove south with every squall. On the Sunday we got a really violent and prolonged one from the N.E., N. and N.W. It blew harder than I have ever known it, but I kept my headsails up and ran south. As soon as it moderated a little I set the squaresail, though the crew groaned, and then the rafee, and I made about seventy miles in eight hours.

It was the sort of blow in which Rab would have been thinking of the sea anchor. But I was well rewarded as I had got out of the Doldrums, and next day I got a gentle breeze from the south which, as the days went on, hauled round to the S.E. and I had no more squalls.

I tried the motor four days before getting here, with no result. Then the day before, after Louis had played with it all day, I had a go at it myself and was successful. Next morning I told Louis to start it, but again there was no result, and I had to get into here under sail.

Mother, these islands really are wonderful, and at last I have found the sort of thing I have been looking for. Beauty, desolation, remoteness, and with it all fertility and kindness of environment.



The climate is absolutely perfect—cold at night, dry, sunny and warm during the day, with a constant breeze and very bracing. It is amazing, only fifty miles from the Equator; the reason is that there is a cold current from the south. I have abandoned playing at being a sailor for the last few days and have been playing at being a cowboy! Señor Cobos has put horses at our disposal and we have had some wonderful rides. You should see me galloping about in a high Mexican saddle. Two days ago we rode into the interior, about 2,000 feet up, to see a crater lake. It was lovely beyond words and I will never forget that ride. Coming back we galloped full tilt down the mountain. I, who have not ridden a horse since 1918, and who have always refused a ride when Rab offered me a mount! I was too exhilarated to be very frightened, and after about half an hour began to feel I could ride. In spite of all temptation I never grasped the pommel once.

Well, I expect to leave here the day after to-morrow and I am going to put in at Charles Island, about fifty-five miles from here. A German doctor has lived there for the last two years with his mistress. They go about naked and live on what they catch and cultivate themselves. He is very happy, they say. He chucked a brilliant career in Germany at the age of forty.

I nearly decided to remain here myself, carrying salt from one island to another, and then fish to Guayaquil.

Well, my dear, I will come back I suppose, though I am more and more convinced that it is very silly. Emsy sent me Freud's *Civilisation and its Discontents* from New York, and he demonstrates quite conclusively that you must be unhappy in the present civilization. Freda demonstrates just as conclusively that the present one is going to bust up within the next few years, so why one should come back for the bust which will be extremely unpleasant god knows.

There are two things I think which will bring me back. *You*; and the fact that in spite of everything I remain a 'bloody intelligent'. I find I absolutely eat up a book about the things I am interested in, and would like sometimes futilely to make fun and laugh with other intellectual impotents at the futility I would have returned to. But that in itself would not bring me, I think, if you were not there. . . .

I cannot get along without a woman, and if there is not one attached to me I inevitably find another. When I have one I am quite faithful. The moment I am alone I go about like an unsaturated carbon atom and inevitably get attached.

From Charles Island I sail for the Marquesas which might only take a month, but it might take three.

I have written to-night as I felt, so show it to no one.

All my love.

TEMPLE.

I will try and spend two months in the Marquesas living as a native if it is still possible. Rab left me £40. Do try to find me a millionaire to send me £100 there! It seems very hard to get there and have to come back for want of cash. Very grateful to Rab, but he was a damned fool to go home. Also tell G and Walter they have lost a chance which is offered to few men.

2. CHARLES ISLAND

We sailed from Chatham just before sundown on May 15th. The night before I had written in my log: 'Well; to-morrow evening I intend to sail for Post Office Bay, Charles Island, where I hope to talk to the famous Dr.

Ritter. Then, with any luck, for Tagus Cove, Albemarle Island; and then for Hiva Oa. Have been poring over charts of South Seas. Must, must spend years there. If I have any trouble making Post Office Bay, I shall go straight on to the Marquesas.'

As I look at these last words and think of what subsequently happened, I smile.

I spent all the last night writing letters, went to sleep about three o'clock in the morning and woke at eleven. Knowing we were going off again I woke up with the usual sinking feeling. I mooned about all day while Louis worked at the motor. She was free again, but would not start.

I began to get ready at four o'clock. I got up the kedge which I had put out five days before, hoisted the dinghy on deck, and tried to get everything ready in a leisurely fashion.

I nearly ended my cruise there and then in Wreck Bay. The wind was blowing fresh directly out of the harbour, but I had taken bearings of my position and, knowing that I had plenty of room, I set the mainsail while still at anchor, for I had a beam wind to Floriana (Charles Island). Four times I asked Mobile if the jib was all ready to hoist and four times he said it was, but like a damned fool I did not see for myself. Louis and Mobile started to get up the anchor. I had to leave the wheel and help them, so the boat swung on to the port tack. The second we broke out the anchor I dashed back to the wheel, ordering Mobile to hoist the jib. Nothing happened, and we drifted quickly broadside on towards the south side of the anchorage. I nearly sobbed with rage, but dared not leave the wheel and could not see what was happening. We touched bottom, stuck, and I thought my cruise was over. Then the jib went up. She shivered, bore away, began to move, and I gave a great sigh of relief.

I went forward in a fury to see what had happened, and discovered Mobile had forgotten to secure the fall of the purchase. He had just gone on hauling at the halyard wondering what was the matter, and then, by the greatest of luck, the purchase had jammed.

I made a resolution then and there: ever in future to see for myself that the jib would hoist before I weighed anchor, and ever to see for myself that the anchor chain was free before making port. The second part of the resolution has already borne fruit.

That night, at eight o'clock, I wrote in my log: 'After this escape I am now hesitating about making Post Office Bay, as the open sea seems the safest place. But I rather want to explore this group a bit, as none of the other English small boat people seem to have been anywhere except Wreck Bay. On the other hand, now I am safe at sea again I feel disinclined to risk the perils of the land. It is about fifty-three miles from Dalrymple Rock to Post Office Bay. I have already done fourteen miles in two and a half hours with a beam wind under jib and main alone, which is a bit too fast. My course takes me seven miles to leeward of MacGowen Reef, with the current taking me away. It ought to be all right. I intend to sail about forty miles and then heave-to until dawn. The current should take me away from the island. If I can make it to-morrow, good. Otherwise, straight for the Marquesas.'

I had a sleepless night. At three in the morning, not allowing for current, I was eighteen miles north-west by west of Post Office Bay; allowing for current I was sixteen miles north-north-west. The Pilot Book stated that the currents were uncertain, so I split the difference and altered course to south-west by south. It was a thick night, and if I had allowed for the full force of the current and it had not operated, I might have gone ashore on the bad bit of coast to the east of the bay. At half-past

five I could just make out the island bearing south by east, and the wind had backed so that I could only sail south. If I had allowed the full amount for current I would have sailed straight into the bay.

The island looked very fine in the morning sun, and I continued on the same tack until I judged I could make Daylight Point. Then I went about, and as the wind freed us nearing the land we bore down on the point at a great pace.

As we approached we could see a small motor boat coming towards us and, just as we cleared the point and I could see that we had a dead beat into the bay, it came up to us.

It was flying the Ecuadorian flag and seemed full of natives, but as I could read the name *Norge*—without any premonitory shiver—and could see a blond, obvious Norseman at the helm, I accepted the offer of a tow without misgivings. I was taken right inshore in a masterly fashion and I dropped my anchor in five fathoms, about two hundred yards from the beach.

A tall, spare, blue-eyed Norwegian, with a quiet manner and a charming smile, came on board. It was Captain Paul Brun, and we took to one another instantly. I took him below for breakfast and, as he drank his coffee, laced with Barbados rum, he told me that he had not had any coffee for a month, as the schooner with his provisions from Guayaquil was six weeks overdue. He presented me with a fine yellow cod and asked us all to dinner that night.

We went ashore that afternoon and I was already in love with the place. Captain Brun met us and showed us round his estate; his drying sheds, workshop, salt store and condenser. We also saw his six tons of dried cod awaiting shipment to Guayaquil: a big fishing industry built up by one man out of nothing. His chief difficulties,

he told me, were lack of regular transport for his fish to Guayaquil, lack of a natural water supply, every drop of fresh water having to be condensed, and the trouble he had to get salt. He had either to buy salt at five sucres a quintal (100 lbs.), or get it from James Island, seventy miles away, where it had to be hauled up from a crater three miles inland, the lip of which was about six hundred feet above the salt deposit.

We then went up to his comfortable house and were introduced to Mr. Worm-Mueller, the Norwegian Vice-Consul from Guayaquil, who came out with the big Norwegian settlement to Chatham Island. He confirmed that this scheme had been hindered by graft and robbery, and that many of the settlers were not fitted for the game. But he said that the Ecuadorians had fulfilled their part. It was a better evening than I had had for a very long time. I went back to the boat laden with books, and I had invited them both to dine the following day, May 17th, Norway's Independence Day.

I woke the next morning to find the shore covered with Norwegian flags, and very much regretted that I had not got one to fly. I passed a peaceful day ashore reading the Consul's books, and at sundown we went on board to celebrate. That was a night of nights, and as I write this two months later I could weep. One cannot account for these things, but we three just took to one another, and from that night began my deep affection and admiration for Captain Brun.

I started them off with West Indian rum punch, and Mobile, who was also very taken with these two, surpassed himself as a cook. Then we settled down to some serious Norse drinking; seven bottles of rum went west. We parted at dawn, Captain Brun alone showing no signs of wear except perhaps for a slightly more pronounced twinkle in his eye. I was already booked to stay for

several days, and I had the idea that night of suggesting to Brun that I would go to Santiago (James Island) with him and carry back salt if it would be any help. But as I am a cautious Yorkshireman, also of Norse extraction, I waited until the sober morrow to think it over.

I remember thinking that night how curiously things work out. I have already mentioned how the first book I ever read was Nansen's *Farthest North*. This led to a demand for a Norwegian governess, which was granted. She was a dear and very beautiful, and she used to tell me tale after tale about the Vikings: Gunnar, Ganger Rolf and, above all, Kari the avenger of Njal and his sons, and Jarl Eric Hakonsson, the conqueror of Olaf Trigvisson whom I did not like. They superseded Diomedes and Ajax as the heroes of my childhood. I played nothing but Viking games, and my cup was full when my governess' father, himself a sea captain, sent me a perfect model of a Viking ship.

How careful parents should be about the first books their children read and the first tales they hear! Put Nansen's *Farthest North* into their hands, and thirty years later the child is celebrating Norway's Day in the Galapagos Islands instead of sticking to his job of looking after lunatics in Colney Hatch and paying income tax. If that book had only been Smiles' *Self Help* I might be a millionaire now.

Captain Brun, looking as fresh as a baby, woke me about noon the next day. We went and fished with the drag net in Patrick Cove for bait. This was a new game for me. One of the Indians walked diagonally out to sea with the net and, making a wide curve, came back towards the land. My job was to swim out and splash the fish towards the gap. It was great fun and the 'morning after' feeling disappeared.

The cove itself is a beautiful spot, really a shallow

lagoon entirely surrounded by a narrow belt of rocks on which cacti grow. It seemed like my imagined South Seas. As I hauled naked at one end of the net with an equally naked Indian hauling at the other, I felt I had really left civilization at last and was finding what I had come to seek.

Patrick's Cove, I am told, is named after an Irishman who lived there about a hundred and thirty years ago. He was very useful to the whalers as he cultivated fresh fruit and vegetables for them, and he collected quite a lot of money. But he was lonely without a woman and tried to buy a boat to go in search of one. However, none of the whalers would sell as they were afraid he would not return. He tried unsuccessfully to steal one, but was caught and robbed of his savings. Later he succeeded and got back to the mainland. He started again for the Galapagos with his woman, but came into conflict with some South American authorities and was imprisoned. His end I do not know.

The following day we went fishing on the *Norge*, starting at three in the morning and making a complete circuit of the island. As with all the other islands of this group, the leeward side is calm and peaceful, the windward disturbed and wild, with great rollers and breakers far out at sea. The fishing was good fun. With eight lines down we caught over a hundred and sixty big codfish, averaging about twenty-five to thirty pounds, and I managed to get twenty-seven. I had my line out over the stern. Each line was a thick piece of cord attached to an iron weight to which was fastened a large hook. The bait was bits of small fish netted the previous day. As soon as the engine stopped, over went the lines. When you felt the bottom you hauled up a foot or so and just let the weight touch. We were greatly bothered by sharks, which kept on taking our fish before we could haul them

in. For that reason it is impossible to use a long line in these waters. We actually landed and killed four sharks; one was a big one over ten feet long, which managed to get mixed up with four separate lines. Brun told me, though, that the sharks were less numerous round Floriania than anywhere else in the group. The worst place he knew was round Santa Cruz; the Norwegians there complained that sometimes half the catch was sharks.

We returned about one o'clock, tired, hungry and happy; and I thought there could be few better ways of spending one's life than earning one's living fishing in this gorgeous climate. The Norwegians I had met in Chatham had told me how happy and content they were, and Brun said how much happier he was leading this life than he had been when he commanded a big tourist steamer.

That day I decided definitely I would go with Brun to Santiago and help him to get salt. The only condition I made was that he should fill me up with water on my return. He gladly assented to this, and promised me smoked meat, dried fish, fowls and oranges in addition. He also said that if the schooner did not come before we got back he would take me to Chatham in the *Norge* to get supplies. That night we skoaled again.

We fished with the drag net the following day, but got very little bait except four large rays. But it was just as much fun. This sport is one of the great joys of the island. The day after that we went fishing again in the *Norge*, going out this time to three islands, which are simply three most extraordinary rocks. I was not so successful this time, only catching nine fish to Mobile's eleven. I had offered sixpence a fish for every one he caught more than I did. The ray bait was not very successful and we only got sixty-eight fish with eight lines. The next day, as Brun and I had decided that it was

almost time to go to Santiago, I made up my mind to set out and pay my call on Dr. Ritter.

3. A VISIT TO DR. RITTER

'On no account miss the Galapagos,' had said two friends of mine in Panama, but I had paid very little attention, for my heart was set on the South Seas, and all places between England and my heart's desire I had, up to then, regarded merely as a means to an end. 'The islands are more or less on our route to the Marquesas,' I thought; 'if it suits our convenience we will go into Chatham for a couple of days to get some fresh fruit, but there is not likely to be much to interest me as I am neither a naturalist nor a fisherman.'

Nevertheless, my interest had been piqued by the description in a Panama paper of an eccentric German physician who lived, with his wife, a hermit's life on one of the islands. All I knew about him then was that he had been a very successful physician, who had thrown up his practice and gone to live with the woman he loved on Floriana. I gathered it was another case of the present desire to flee from European civilization which I feel myself.

To the Panama paper the most interesting fact about the Ritters seemed to be that they went about naked. However, to me it was hardly surprising. The revoltés, eccentrics, intellectuals, high-brows, call them what you will, have their distinctive national mark when you read about them. The Russians neither bath, nor shave, nor eat, sleep nor change their clothes; they spend their lives talking god, and live on tea and vodka, occasionally rousing themselves to commit a murder or to have an epileptic fit. The French have charming mistresses, drink absinthe, but always remain lucid, and they alone appear

to have any time to work. The English sit about in saloon bars, full of chronic scorn and weak beer—they can afford nothing stronger—accompanied by mistresses who often, poor dears, have had to cut up a window curtain or a divan cover to clothe their nakedness. The men always have one low-brow passion, whose emblems they flaunt defiantly in the faces of their peers, 'penny dreadfuls', cricket, horse-racing, sailing. The Americans, better off than their English cousins, and thus able to buy stronger drink, appear to spend their lives in a state of complete intoxication, awaking for brief moments to hurl obscene oaths of amazing ingenuity and variety at the companion of their sorrows. But the Teuton's first gesture of revolt is always to throw off all his or her clothes.

The two universal stigmata of us all are—a taste for drink, and complicated sexual relationships.

I was very shy about calling on Dr. Ritter, as I gathered from the Panama paper that he was a fierce ogre, who detested visitors, resenting bitterly any intrusions on his privacy. However, I decided to brave him. I borrowed a horse and a guide from Brun and set out to pay my call; Louis and Mobile came on foot.

The Ritters live about three hours' journey from Post Office Bay, about a thousand feet up I should judge. There are usually two quite definite zones in these islands. From sea level to about eight hundred feet is a belt of nearly waterless, and on Floriana completely waterless, country, covered with almost impassable bush, the ground consisting of lava or cinders. Above this height is open parkland, with rare springs and on Floriana a small lake. There was a rough track leading into the interior, probably first cut out by the pirates, the earliest frequenters of the island, and afterwards kept open by the whalers.

When the guide told me that we were on the borders of the Ritters' domain, I fired the customary warning shot, so that they could clothe themselves, and waited. A very charming feminine voice called out to us in German to enter. We went into the garden and I introduced myself to Frau Ritter, a small, rather fragile, fair-haired and blue-eyed woman; very pretty and vivacious, with a quick smile, a whimsical expression and rather mocking eyes. I caught a glimpse of the garden, but was immediately taken to their house, which consisted of corrugated iron sheets laid on the branches of a large tree. I was seated on a home-made chair and given a delicious drink made from lemon and the juice of freshly-crushed sugarcane. I chatted with Frau Ritter as if I had been paying her a conventional call in, say, her flat in Berlin, and this added to the fantastic unreality of the moment. Coming upon this patch of cultivation in the Galapagos bush was startling enough. I kept on glancing round. The most prominent object was an immense double bed of massive construction. How it could have got up there was a mystery. The other thing which caught my eye was the large number of tools.

Dr. Ritter soon appeared—my first impression being of a very long beard and very long golden-brown hair through which flashed a pair of bright and restless eyes. He was not at all ogreish, but, on the contrary, gracious and hospitable, and they both gave me a warm welcome. We soon sat down to a vegetarian dinner. The first course was a very good stew, composed of at least a dozen different fruits and vegetables grown in their garden; next a sweet of pawpaws, oranges and bananas stewed in sugarcane juice; lastly fresh bananas, pawpaws and oranges as dessert. They explained that I was in luck as they only cook twice a week, living the other days on fresh fruit.

After dinner they showed me the garden they had

made out of the wilderness in three years. The site had been a small tract of marshy ground with a spring at the upper end, draining at the lower end into the ground. First they had had to clear it of bush and then of stones and boulders. They had had no help whatever, and it is a tremendous achievement. When I was shown the rocks they had dug up, pushed and levered away, I understood how simple it must have been to build the Pyramids with an unlimited army of slaves. They were not content with merely moving the boulders away: as soon as the garden really got going they had started to build a house with them, and they are engaged on this work at present. When I was there it had already risen about ten feet, from foundations calculated to last for eternity.

Altogether this strange oasis will be a rare puzzle to anthropologists about 10,000 A.D. They will find the temple of a sun-worshipping race with an advanced knowledge of pure mathematics. For with a German love of harmony the garden boundaries form a parabola, the path bisecting it runs true north and south, the trees are planted in harmonical series. These are just a few of the mathematical propositions embodied; there were many more.

My German is embryonic and the Ritters' English is the same, so though they were quite willing to talk about the impulse which had driven them there and their philosophical ideas, I was only able to understand them in a very sketchy fashion. I had been expecting everything that so often goes with vegetarianism: an arty-arty, sloppy, ineffectual humanitarianism of the Garden City type, Jean Jacques Rousseau-and-water, green clinging robes of a washed-out tint with complexions to match; but this was something quite different. Their predecessors were Lao T'se, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche—which is quite a different story.

The first, I am ashamed to say, I have never read, but I have read *The World as Will and Idea* and I am a bit of a Nietzschean myself. When I started reading History at Cambridge I produced for my director of studies a rather colourless essay on Frederick II of Hohenstaufen, one of his heroes. In a fury he threw *The Twilight of the Idols* at my head, and I immediately became a Nietzschean. My weekly two hours with Green, when we were supposed to be delving into the drier documents of English Constitutional History, became set debates on Nietzsche. Green was, and for all I know is, a wonderful man. I met him in August 1914 as a private in the Rifle Brigade, and again in 1918 in Alexandria as a Captain in the Rifle Brigade, covered with gold wound stripes, D.S.O.'s, M.C.'s and whatnot. He had served through every intermediate rank, including Q.C.S.M.

The Ritters are obviously very much in love with one another, and they have a mystical sanction for what they are doing. Of such a sanction I am not competent to judge. For the rest, I gathered that Dr. Ritter had dreamt from his boyhood of living by his hands on a desert island, that Frau Ritter had found no satisfaction in a conventional life in Berlin, that they had decided that another and more fully satisfying life was possible if they really willed, and they had willed it.

I told them what I had heard about them in the Panama papers and they laughed. However, they did complain that they had been misrepresented everywhere. Their private letters to friends had been hastily collected together into a book, and an awful hotch-potch, full of errors of every description, made. The man they kept on mentioning as having rendered them the greatest service was a certain American yachtsman, MacDonald. To him, I gather, they are very grateful. They also complained that letters and parcels from friends are always going astray in

Guayaquil. What they were most in need of when I was there were: a rifle and cartridges to shoot destructive animals, fats and oils—preferably vegetable, and a good tackle, Brun and I having managed to supply one—but with a single purchase only.

Well, we went on talking in a halting fashion, but by throwing various names of philosophers at one another, and most of all by the fact that they were there and I was there, we managed to understand one another. It was a case of 'Your way and my way, for *the* way does not exist.' But we both had a way.

I found great difficulty in tearing myself away; before I went I arranged to lend them Freud's *Civilisation and its Discontents* and Jeans' *Mysterious Universe*.

I will not forget that fragile figure of Frau Ritter standing against those immense boulders, the foundations of her house, and demonstrating her lovely garden with a wave of the arm: 'Yes. Both you and we, we do as we will, but we can will.'

I had stayed too long at the Ritters, and when we arrived at the other German settlement where I was to leave the horse it was already dusk. First I was hailed by Herr Schmidt, the latest settler, who invited me into his house, which still lacked a roof. It was neatly constructed of interwoven boughs, and was obviously going to be a very desirable residence. One wondered really if there was any necessity for it.

We were invited to spend the night, but there was not much room and no spare blankets. While I was hesitating I received a note from Herr Schimff, asking us to visit him before we went down, so the whole party moved along to his residence. This was another type of house—a stone cave, one of the many which had been hewn out by the old pirates. Here Herr Schimff and his partner lived in comparative luxury, and we ate an enormous

meal. Herr Schimff, a tall grave man who spoke perfect English, had once been a medical student, but just before he qualified he had bought a small plantation in Tahiti. Working before the mast, he had got as far as British Samoa in 1920, but while he was waiting for a boat to take him to Tahiti, we had deported him as an alien. Since then he had been wandering round South America, until the writings of Dr. Ritter had attracted him to the Galapagos.

Altogether, at that time, there were five Germans living on the island, and one had an Ecuadorian girl with him. They had all come as disciples of the Ritters, but it was obvious that the enthusiasm had burnt out. The Ritters were absorbed in one another and were sustained by a religious and metaphysical passion; they had become quite independent of the outside world. The others all lived on imported food and wild cattle; their plantations were not flourishing.

That night was one of the queerest I have ever spent. There we sat, the three Germans, Louis, Mobile and I, in this old pirates' cave where once perhaps the ransom of Guayaquil had been divided. Now the cave was littered with books on metaphysics and the more intellectual periodicals of Europe and America. Schimff and I sat up far into the night settling the universe. I offered to take him to Tahiti and he said he would think about it. I slept in another cave that night.

4. JAMES ISLAND

On May 25th, we left Post Office Bay, bound for Santiago to get salt. This was a most inglorious sail on our part.

We had a scrap meal ashore with Brun and the Vice-Consul and a little drink and went on board about six in the evening. There was not a breath of wind in the bay

and I waited with the cable straight up and down till I heard the sound of Brun's motor, then I started heaving the anchor and the *Norge* came alongside. But the anchor was inextricably fouled with about fifteen fathoms of cable looped round and hanging down. Mobile and Louis scrapped as usual, and when I sent Louis aft for some rope, he first brought me some about one foot long and then some lanyard. We struggled and struggled with it, but most foolishly I did not use the staysail halyard. I ought to have got a purchase on it straight away. Then Brun, with three of his crew, came on board and helped us. When we got it up, we took a tow-line from the *Norge* and set off. It was a perfect night, as smooth as glass, with a half moon. Steering was very trying and I set two hour watches. At about ten, during Mobile's watch, when I was in the bows looking out, he let her yaw. I cursed him and at the same moment the rope went slack, and I found we had torn off the cleat on the *Norge* to which we were made fast. Brun quickly picked up the line again.

All went well till dawn, when at last we got a breeze and Brun called out that we might start sailing. We were then opposite Duncan Island. I called to Louis to go to the helm and Mobile and I set the squaresail. We were just coiling down the halyards when Brun called out that our dinghy had filled, for I had been silly enough to tow it. Mobile and I tried to bale her with a bucket, but she turned over and one of the painters parted. Brun came alongside and said he would take her. I managed to give him the other painter—cutting my foot in the process—but that parted too. Then he shouted that he would find the dinghy and deal with it. I felt very small but I had no qualms about his dealing with the situation. During these manoeuvres I had mysteriously acquired one of his crew.

We continued to sail until about eleven on Tuesday morning. I had just hoisted the rafflee when the wind dropped light and Brun started his motor and gave us a line again, but we kept sail up and made over six knots. We dropped anchor at one in the afternoon of the twenty-sixth, in James Bay.

This is a lovely spot, one of the grandest bays in the Galapagos, uninhabited and completely desolate. The bay is a deep indentation, with shores of bare lava cliffs twisted into fantastic shapes. North and south are two high mountains, joined by a semi-circular wall, the half of a tremendous crater. To the west are the three northern peaks of Isabela, one an active volcano, about twenty miles away. Over them the sun gave a regular evening performance.

There is good holding ground in the anchorage and all strong winds are off shore. I was anchored in five fathoms, with the following bearings (magnetic): the east end of Albany Island 9° ; the summit of Sugar Loaf 154° ; the lefthand hut 112° ; the highest point of Red Rock (a reddish colour, some little way inland, towering up behind black lava cliffs) 49° . These bearings do not coincide on the British Admiralty charts, but Brun checked them and agreed. This anchorage is considerably to the south of the anchorage marked on the chart. The landing on the beach below the huts can be very bad, I understand, but it is always better than the landing to the north marked on the chart. Landing is always possible to the south-south-east under the shelter of the natural rocky breakwater.

Brun came on board after settling his crew on shore. he was still fresh and cheerful after nearly eighteen hours at the helm. After a skoal, he suggested cut-throat and we played till midnight: he was ashore and working next morning at four o'clock.

I went ashore at about ten o'clock and walked up the well-marked track to the salt lake. There was the usual thick scrub. This island seems drier than the others and the soil consists entirely of lava slabs or lava dust. The animal life is even tamer than elsewhere. You have to avoid treading on birds and lizards. The lake is at the bottom of a perfectly circular crater with perpendicular sides, exactly 600 feet deep. It is about two feet deep, composed of a saturated salt solution with a bottom of salt of unknown depth. That afternoon I descended into the crater and had a swim in the lake. It was an extraordinary sensation. You just sat down on it as if it were solid and floated in any position. We invented a great game of yacht racing, the idea being to so trim your body that you got the maximum sail area for the best underwater design. While we were there, the temperature of the water was never hotter than a comfortable bath, but Brun told me that sometimes it is too hot to work in, and he has to haul his dinghy up because his men get scalded.

The way Brun gathered salt was real hard labour. He had six men. First, they dug salt from the lake bottom and shovelled it on to a raft. When the raft was laden, they pushed it ashore. Then they carried the salt for a hundred yards on hurdles up a very bad path to the foot of a rude platform about fifteen feet high and left it to drain. From this platform a steel cable (the relic of an old enterprise, of which more later) extended to the top of the crater. When sufficient salt had been collected at the foot of the platform, it was loaded into sandbags and hauled by a tackle on to the top. Then it was hauled, five quintals at a time, by means of a home-made winch, to the top of the crater. There was a primitive handcart to transport the sacks down to the sea, but the first quarter of a mile was uphill. It was impossible to push the cart up

this incline laden with more than ten quintals, but the rest of the way fifteen quintals could just be moved. So each time five quintals had to be carried to the top of the slope by hand and then put on the cart which, laden with fifteen quintals, started on the downhill journey. But downhill is not quite the right word; it describes the general grade but the road really resembles a switch-back, so there was plenty of sweating, uphill work, the last half mile being all uphill and just heartbreaking. When we got the salt to the beach, it had to be taken off through quite a surf. To make matters worse, we intended to carry back two hundred quintals, and we had only sacks enough for a hundred and twenty.

I had taken Mobile and Louis up to the crater that first morning and told them to go away and shoot goats. I said we must contribute our fair share of game and not to let me see them without a goat apiece.

Before I started up again with Brun, on a second climb to the lake, Mobile arrived, saying he had shot three goats with the rifle. On our way up, we encountered Louis, clothed mostly in blood and sweat, with a goat across his shoulder which he had killed with the twelve-bore.

After my swim I went after Mobile and one of Brun's people to help them deal with the goats. I found them in the bush with the first just skinned. I then set off with Mobile to find the other two. He led off with complete confidence. I was not worrying much but, remembering the story of the German at Santa Cruz, kept on glancing back and noticed that we were bearing directly away from the sun. After about twenty minutes, I noticed Mobile's confidence was oozing, and after a little I forced him to admit that he couldn't find the goats. He was quite confident, however, that he knew the way back. I followed him for a quarter of an hour, but noticed that what he was really doing was to take the easiest way,

which was downhill to the right and at right angles to the sun. I had a vague idea of the configuration and knew that going downhill was wrong, so I took command, went towards the sun, and, in spite of all temptations, bore to the left. After three quarters of an hour hard going, we struck the crater about one mile to the right of our point of departure.

It is queer how uneducated people will jeopardize everything because of their passion for being right and their reluctance to admit that they do not know. The less people know the more certain they are. With my crew I suffered from this more than anything else. Louis and Mobile spent their lives scoring off one another and trying to prove unfounded statements.

I spent a very pleasant time at Santiago; at first a very lazy one but later a very strenuous one. Brun and his men worked like slaves, and we helped them a little in a desultory fashion. Until towards the end of our stay most of our time was spent supplying the party with goat flesh. Mobile turned out to be by far the best hunter and seldom returned without meat.

The best food to be found in the island is a species of wild dove which makes most delicious eating. They swarm about a certain water-hole, and once one acquires the knack one can knock down as many as one likes with a stick. The water-hole lies to the south of the huts at the foot of Sugar Loaf and there is now a well-marked track leading to it. The hole is at the lower end of a shallow gorge, really a subterranean water-course, and the water is sweet and good. The gorge itself is unmistakable, it runs straight down the lower slopes of Sugar Loaf and bright green vegetation marks it. The water-hole is quite a recent discovery. Some years ago, an Ecuadorian contracted with his government to deliver salt from the lake. He arrived there with an oil engine and about seventy

labourers. They constructed the track up to the lake, erected the oil engine and the steel cable and started to haul salt. But they had omitted to make sufficient provision for water, so the men mutinied. Brun, who was then in command of the *Cobos*, arrived to find the contractor and a few others defending the huts with pistols against an infuriated crowd of peons armed with machetes. Brun landed with an armed party and restored order, eventually supplying water; but the enterprise collapsed a little later. Brun got nothing for his services. I think he said he was still owed some money by the contractor.

Brun dined with me each night and slept on board. After dinner we usually played two handed cut-throat, but however late he went to bed, he always got on shore for work at four in the morning. We became better and better friends, and I got fonder of him and admired him more every day. I have a note about him written in my log at this time: 'My affection for Brun keeps on increasing. It is impossible to describe him properly or to lay bare the secret of his charm. He is tall, spare and fair, of iron physique, his face showing his age but with the body of a young man. He is very quiet, with sceptical blue eyes, an ironical sense of humour and a very gentle manner. He never raises his voice or says a bitter word. He is one of those people with whom one is happy in silence. Yet he is quite the *grand seigneur* and commands amazing confidence and complete obedience from his men. He gets about four times as much work out of the peons as anyone else in the Galapagos, yet I have never heard him raise his voice.'

Bit by bit, over our skool, he told me his history. His father, grandfather and great-grandfather had all been sea captains. He had gone to sea at the age of twelve and was mate of a schooner at sixteen. At that age he

had once crossed from Newfoundland to Liverpool in twelve days; the captain was over seventy, the rest of the crew under eighteen. After many years in sail he became captain of a passenger boat between Bergen, his native town, and Newcastle. He was on this route during the war, and he told me that he had once saved the British Government I think it was £500,000 in gold by refusing to stop when ordered to by a German submarine.

After the war he owned two steamers, and for a bit was a millionaire in kroner; but the post-war slump in shipping ruined him. For a time he commanded a tourist liner. Then, at the time of the settlement of the two Norwegian colonies in the Galapagos, he heard that a ten-ton boat was being sent out there for their use and that a skipper was wanted. He asked for the job and sailed with her within twenty-four hours. When he arrived at Guayaquil, he found that the colonies had collapsed. He took one voyage round the islands in the service of the Ecuadorian Government, looking for the crew of a vessel which had caught fire to the north. Then there was a lawsuit about his boat—it is not settled yet—and he was without a job. He then commanded the Cobos schooner for twenty dollars a month. Later when she passed temporarily into the hands of a German company, he got a hundred dollars. When it passed back again to Alvarados, he gave up the job.

He was determined to start cod fishing at Floriana and prepared a rowing boat to go out there single-handed. However, a friend of his came to the rescue and he bought the *Norge* on credit. When I first met him his affairs were just beginning to take a turn for the better, although the price of salt cod was steadily falling.

On May 29th, Edwardson Stampa, one of the Santa Cruz Norwegians whom I had met in Wreck Bay, also

put in. He came aboard a couple of nights to play bridge and we became very friendly. He insisted that I should come along to Santa Cruz before I left the islands, and Brun promised to take me in there on our way back from Chatham if Stampa would guarantee to give us tortoise liver, which is the great delicacy there.

On Sunday, May 31st, Brun and I set off with Mobile and Louis in the dinghy to have a look at the salt lakes which are about three miles to the north, opposite the anchorage on the British Admiralty chart. The anchorage, Brun told me, was quite good, but the landing is definitely bad compared with the landing by the huts.

It was that day, I think, that I unconsciously made up my mind I could not stand Louis any longer.

We had a great business getting there. First we sailed, then the wind got dead ahead. Neither Louis nor Mobile was much good at rowing. Louis, as usual, blamed everything and made excuses. He said he could not row properly 'because his muscles were too strong for his body and he was afraid of doing himself an injury'. Mobile and I rowed half way, making heavy weather of it. Brun rowed the other half in an effortless fashion. We had some slight difficulty in landing and I sat down in the water with the camera.

I went off with Brun to look for possibilities of salt, but all the lakes were too full. Meanwhile, Louis and Mobile went off with gun and rifle. We heard a lot of shots and eventually found that Louis, who had been boasting the whole way from Panama about his skill with a shot gun, had only got two ducks for seven shots. Very poor shooting for an 'expert'. The birds were completely tame, the lakes swarmed with them, in couples, every shot a sitter at about five yards. He said he had killed another, but both he and Mobile were too scared to wade out for it. I went back with Brun to retrieve it,

but it had vanished. To show how tame the birds were, Brun killed one with a stick; it was a long-necked and long-beaked bird, resembling a greenshank.

This place was a lovely bit of desolation. As we rowed towards it there was first a length of lava cliffs, and where we landed mangroves separated the salt lagoons from the sea. As well as the swarms of tame birds, we saw turtle beds everywhere. Coming back, we first sailed, but then the wind dropped and Louis and Mobile rowed. We made poor progress while they indulged in recriminations. Eventually Brun and I took an oar apiece and rowed the whole way back in style.

The next day I managed to get Louis off after goats and enjoyed some peace. But at dinner time he commented on Mobile's wearing no clothes. I told him off and said that Mobile could go about as naked as he liked. My note book reads; 'I am sorry for Louis but he is a fool and so useless. I have definitely told him that he must not tell Mobile off. If he has any complaints he must make them to me. Without my protection, he does not stand a ghost of a chance against Mobile. He gets on my nerves beyond endurance and I suppose I treat him badly. But whatever resolutions I make to curb my tongue are of no avail, for he always rouses me by his treatment of Mobile. He doesn't realize how useless he is at sea and that Mobile is indispensable. Also, Mobile cooks, cleans and looks after things, while he does nothing. Poor devil though. It must be difficult for him. I am deliberately rude to him to stop him talking and you have to be very rude to succeed in this. I never before knew anybody talk so much and so much rot.'

On Tuesday, June 2nd, Brun had got all the salt he thought he could carry stacked at the bottom of the platform. But we had been there much longer than we expected, and the food situation was getting serious. We

were still shooting goats, but Brun had run out of everything else. I lent him twenty-five pounds of rice and about ten pounds of beans, but I was running short of coffee, sugar and potatoes. Brun had been using a herb called Yava-Lusisa in place of coffee for some time. It is a wild plant found in the mountains, with a mint-like taste, slightly stimulating.

Because of our shortage of supplies, it became a race against time. On the day we had seventy quintals of salt on the beach, we started loading the *Inyala*. I had brought with me from Post Office Bay four great iron drums, one on each side of the mainmast and one on each side of the mizen. We ran two boats. Brun took one and I took the other, with a man apiece; on shore were Louis and three men; on board were Mobile and one other. We took five sacks at a time in each boat and managed to store forty quintals loose on board. There were thirty-two quintals in the drums on deck and another eight quintals in the store cupboard.

Then, as there was still an hour's light left, Brun decided we could get another load down from the crater, so we all set off, hauling the cart. He had an even better idea; he suggested that if he and I harnessed ourselves tandem to the cart we could set the pace. We did it and it worked, but I lost pounds and I now know something about coolie labour. We all continued to work, winching up salt from the crater and hauling it down, until July 7th, when we got short of meat, so next day I went after goat with Mobile, starting about an hour before dawn.

We decided to climb the Sugar Loaf Mountain, twelve hundred feet high, where Mobile had been once before with Alberto, one of Brun's men, and where they had seen large herds of goats. We first made the water-hole I have mentioned and then struck up straight from there, making for a point about fifty yards to the right

of the summit. The first third of the ascent was through loose volcanic dust, which slid back two paces for every three we made. This gave way to hard lava, but the strata sloped downward and the rock was completely rotten. We took our shoes off, but it was very difficult to negotiate for there were no safe foot-holds or hand-holds. However, the last third consisted of firm lava with the strata sloping upwards. I arrived at the top very exhausted, but felt well repaid. It was magnificent. What appears as a mountain from below is just the thin rim of a crater about four miles in diameter and about one thousand feet deep. The sides are almost perpendicular; the floor was covered with bright green vegetation and on the far side was a waterfall.

There was a wonderful view of the whole group of islands. To the west was Isabela, a series of peaks shrouded in pink mist; to the north, the bare rock of Abington Island; to the east and north-east, this island, Salvador, appeared as an enormous semi-circle, the half of a tremendous crater, the interior covered with thick bush, cut across by a river of frozen lava. To the south and south-east were Duncan and Jervis Islands, black rocks set in an azure sea, and in the distance Santa Cruz. At our feet, the tortured black cliffs of Salvador were dark against the calm blue of the sea.

I stayed where I was while Mobile went after goats. About an hour later I heard a shot, and thinking it was about time I coped with things again, set off round the rim of the crater. There was a well marked goat track. Almost exactly on the opposite side I found Mobile, but he had not found any goats. However, we could hear some on the plain below. I had had quite enough, but as it was essential to get meat, we started down. It was very bad going. The first part was rotten rock which collapsed at the slightest touch; the second part was the same rock,

covered with thick bush which broke if you put any trust in it, but which was obdurate if you tried to break through it. At the bottom, we got our reward, for Mobile shot a fine billy-goat and he gave me a lesson in cutting it up.

We had thought that we could make our way round Sugar Loaf back to the anchorage, but the bush was very thick. So, bearing in mind the fate of the German who attempted to follow a well marked track in Santa Cruz and who was never heard of again, we decided to retrace our steps. It was a really bad climb, laden with the rifle and the meat, and except that it had to be done I could never have managed it. We diverged from our path down and just below the summit were confronted by thirty feet of perpendicular rock. Mobile just hauled me up it.

Going down, the loose lava was very difficult, but we arrived safely at the water-hole, where we drank gallons and felt a bit better. We stayed long enough to kill thirty-four doves as additional food. We got back to the huts just before dusk, feeling very tired. We had done eleven hours on a cup of cocoa and one biscuit. In the light of subsequent events it was a picnic, but it was our first introduction to real Galapagos bush. Yet I advise anybody who goes to Salvador to climb the Sugar Loaf.

We had hoped to sail the following day, but the axle of the cart began to bend and the job of getting the sacks down from the crater became harder and harder. The last load we got down before sunset was sledged down. The wheels jammed and we just dragged it down by main force, the whole ten of us.

This was the position that night; we each had forty quintals of salt loose on board and Brun had sixty sacks. There were sixty for me to ship, forty-five on shore and fifteen by the crater. Brun said that night that he would

abandon those fifteen sacks but I remember confiding to Mobile that he would not. Sure enough, he got up long before dawn, dismounted the axle, made a fire, beat it straight and had got the fifteen sacks down by eight in the morning. The *Inyala* was loaded by eleven o'clock. She looked a strange sort of yacht. My cabin was loaded to the deck beams, the saloon was nearly full and an overflow of six sacks was stowed in the lavatory.

The engineer could not start Brun's Diesel but, after cooking us an excellent lunch, Mobile went aboard and did the trick within five minutes. He was in great pain that day from a tremendous aveolar abscess, on the starboard side this time, but he carried on valiantly.

We weighed anchor at three o'clock, having wasted two hours in getting the Diesel started. I hoped to be in Post Office Bay the next day to celebrate my birthday, but feared there would be no skoal to celebrate it with.

The wind was light and dead ahead, so the *Norge* towed us. She had a list to port and barely three inches freeboard on that side, nevertheless we made three knots. We were towed until dawn, when we got a fresh breeze which just let us sail closehailed, so we cast off the tow rope. Two hours later the wind dropped so we were towed again. At three in the afternoon when we were about fourteen miles from Floriana the wind rose, blowing about a point free and kicking up a nasty sea, which began to slop over the heavily loaded *Norge*. Brun cast off the tow rope, came alongside, and said he was short of fuel and that his salt was getting spoilt, so he would have to leave us, but that he would come back for us when he had got fresh fuel. We set all plain sail and in spite of the ten tons of salt and the windage of those four drums managed to make four knots.

At four o'clock, the wind fell light and by sunset we were completely becalmed about six miles from Floriana.

There was a slight mist and not a breath of a wind; we drifted I know not where. This didn't seem the right way to celebrate my birthday. I knew my mother would be thinking of me and I thought of all my birthday parties of the past. There was not a drop of drink on board.

Just after midnight Louis said he could see a light. I said 'Rot! I have been caught that way before; it is a planet'. But he was right, for it gradually got larger, so I lit the saloon lamp and brought it on deck. A few minutes later we heard the motor and then Brun's voice, wishing me many happy returns. We got the towline on board the *Norge* and got into Post Office Bay just as dawn was breaking. We had drifted about twelve miles to the south-west. Brun had calculated our drift and made straight for us without hesitation. When he sighted us, we were dead ahead. I can confirm this, for his light had borne east by south and our course back was the same. A very good piece of work. Brun had got into Post Office Bay, eaten a hurried meal—the first they had had for thirty-six hours—and come straight back for me.

I was tired, but it was very lovely entering Post Office Bay. The last quarter of the moon rose just before we started to go in, and the sea was glass calm. I will not forget that morning.

When we were both safely at anchor, Brun came on board and Mobile produced a bottle of Barbados rum he had carefully hidden for the occasion. So, though the first part of the night had been a bit unorthodox, I managed to enjoy the tail end of my birthday in my usual fashion, for it is my habit to give a party lasting till dawn on this day, and I greeted the sun of my thirty-sixth year with a glass in my hand.

5. WITH BRUN ON THE 'NORGE'

Brun got the salt off the *Inyala* in a couple of days, and I prepared to sail with him in the *Norge* for Chatham Island to get provisions. I still had about a hundred pounds of biscuits left on the *Inyala*, but beyond the biscuits no farinaceous food. I had also eighteen tins of bully beef, thirty-six tins of sardines, six pound-pots of jam and the same of honey, fourteen pounds of butter and about three dozen tins of fruit. I had no milk, sugar, fat, onions or alcohol. I had a thousand cigarettes and twenty boxes of matches, also two hams.

Louis had been slightly ill the last two days and had been groaning about all over the place. I diagnosed constipation and gave him calomel which seemed to do the trick. Then there was great trouble, for I arranged that he should live ashore with the Consul and left Mobile in charge of the ship. Louis was furious, but I dared not leave them together. Louis would just have sat about trying to play the heavy white man, and there might have been murder. Louis had made friends with Brun's peons and was toying with the idea of staying in the Galapagos. I was toying with the idea of leaving him. He was only useful for steering, and I was likely to have trouble with the French authorities at the other end on account of his German nationality. The steering would be a bit of a strain going across the Pacific with only Mobile, but it could be done, and I would save food.

Louis had been living aft with me and I tried treating him as an equal, but it was impossible. He was really a barman by profession and had that type of mentality. Superimposed on this was the influence of the American 'he-man' and 'roughneck'. He spoke to Mobile in a tone I would not use to a dog, but had no idea of keeping his dignity and always descended to wrangling. I thought on

the whole I would leave him there if I could arrange it, but realized it might be difficult. Brun would have taken him as a labourer before we went to Santiago, but I doubted if he would still be willing to do so. Also Louis had worked for him there for a couple of days and did not like it. At the bottom of my heart I knew I would rather like to cross the Pacific with one man, and that I would be much less tied when I got to the Marquesas.

About nine o'clock on June 13th we got under way for Chatham. Brun had hoped to sail all the way, but there was a dead calm, so we motored. I had announced firmly that I was a passenger and I most shamefully spent the night in my bunk. It seemed very pleasant to be at sea without any responsibilities. Nevertheless, my super-ego was too strong for me and I took the tiller at dawn. We were abreast Dalrymple Rock at 11.00 a.m. Going into Wreck Bay under the motor was a very simple affair; I wondered what I had made such a fuss about. There is really plenty of room. The wreck marks the starboard-hand side of the channel beautifully. The chief thing is to make Dalrymple Rock before working in.

We were met on the pier by the Governor and his wife and by the two Chatham Norwegians, who gave us lunch. Everyone was surprised to see me on the *Norge* and thought I had been wrecked. Afterwards, declining an offer of horses from the Governor, we walked up to the Cobos' hacienda.

We found Señor Cobos outside his office: he, too, was surprised to see me again. I pretended that I had been wrecked, and he immediately put his hacienda and himself at my disposal, inviting me to stay with him until I could get away. It was very charming of him. We explained the joke, but he insisted on our dining with him and spending the night. But we could not get the provisions we wanted, for the *Cobos*, which was already over-

due when I had put in five weeks before, had not yet arrived from Guayaquil. I managed to buy ten pounds of lard (a personal favour on Señor Cobos' part), one quintal of otoi, some bananas, coffee, sugar and drink. Matches, tobacco, flour, eggs, onions, plantains and paraffin were unobtainable.

We dined that night in the usual Cobos fashion, a delicious meal: the first really good one I had had since I had dined with them five weeks before. It consisted of chicken soup, pork with tomatoes and otoi, eggs and local sausages, and a wonderful compote made from oranges and paw-paws. As I sipped my coffee and liqueur, and watched the afterglow of the sunset over the sea to the west, I remember feeling wonderfully content. I had overeaten myself and felt a slight abdominal discomfort, but I was happy in my company. Brun was the perfect friend and companion, Cobos had been kindness itself to me, and his wife was very beautiful. Thinking of these things, I suggested to Cobos that he only needed one thing more, an avenue of trees leading from his house to the hillside so that he could see the sea between them; but he spoke guardedly of the present ruin.

The following day, Sunday, after lunching in the same sumptuous fashion, we went back to the beach and spent the night with the two Norwegians, Jenssen and Kuygerud. We got through a bottle of skoal, and played bridge with the dirtiest and stickiest pack of cards I have ever come across. These two are fine types of men; silent, pleasant mannered, hospitable, independent and resolute; and I have a very pleasant memory of the time I spent with them. They are quite happy in the life they lead, although things were then rather bad for them. The non-arrival of the *Cobos* meant that they had no petrol for fishing, that the dried fish awaiting transport was deteriorating, and that they were short of all provisions.

On the night of June 16th we sailed for Santa Cruz, with the Governor as passenger. We had dropped two men at Chatham and not picked up any fresh ones, so there were only Brun, the engineer and myself. Brun asked if I would mind hoisting the sails, and I replied, 'Right, but from now on I am mate of the *Norge*.' He said, 'I officially appoint you mate,' and we had a skoal on it. This joking compact was to have a queer sequel.

We sailed out under the jib, and when we judged we were clear of all dangers we hoisted the mainsail, which immediately collapsed on our heads. The peak halyard had parted and the gaff jaws were broken. Brun repaired the gaff in an incredibly short time; tied a third knot in the peak halyard and hoisted the mainsail again. I celebrated my reversion from passenger to mate by taking the first watch. At eleven o'clock the next morning we were off Point Nunez and we started the motor. The south coast of Santa Cruz is very grim and forbidding and should be given a wide berth. Round the South Cape to the Gordon Rocks the breakers appear to stretch five miles out to sea, and off every little point the sea breaks a long way out. Here, as on the windward side of the other islands, you get occasional breakers far out to sea in what is usually smooth water. One such breaker drowned two members of the former Norwegian colony, just to the west of Academy Bay.

We approached the anchorage in Academy Bay between Jensen Island and the south-east shore, and this passage is free from danger, bearing in mind that the island itself is surrounded by reefs. But in the passage between the island and the north-west shore Brun told me there are many reefs, and I noticed the sea breaking in two places. We went right into the harbour and dropped anchor in three fathoms, about two hundred yards from the huts. It is the best sheltered anchorage in

the Galapagos for small boats, and quite different from all the others in type, since it is quiet, enclosed and pretty rather than grand.

We landed on the stone pier which had been constructed by the Norwegian settlers, and were greeted by my old acquaintance, Edwardson Stampa. His partner, Wold, was away fishing. We were desperately hungry, as we had had nothing but coffee and two biscuits since five o'clock the afternoon before. While we were waiting for dinner I had an excellent fresh-water bath, for there is good water right down on the beach, and afterwards we explored the remains of the settlement.

It is a rather melancholy sight, for you can see how much Northern energy and intelligence have been put into it. You feel it has been built for permanence. There are four houses still standing—the remainder have been removed—and they are now inhabited by the two Norwegians, two peons and a female cook. Around were scattered rails, piping, and a derelict Ford tractor; there were also properly constructed latrines, and three orderly graves. The original settlement consisted of forty-five Norwegians, men and women, of whom only Stampa and his partner remain. I amused myself going through the remains of a medical store, and I stole a tooth extractor and a tube of Novocaine: the latter I lost immediately.

At last the longed-for meal arrived, and it was excellent. Soup, roast pork with otoi, whole plantains boiled in tortoise oil, finely shaved green plantains boiled in the same oil—tasting very like chipped potatoes—fried eggs and coffee. Everything was local produce. These two men were really much better situated than either Brun or the two Chatham Norwegians, for except for tobacco and rice they were completely self-supporting. I was so taken with the meal that I made up my mind to visit the plantation next day.

After dinner I was able to do a useful bit of minor surgery on Stampa, who had a septic wrist and a streptococcal lymphangitis which was just beginning to infect the axilla. I lanced it with a razor and dressed it with hot saturated salt solution, and the following morning it had cleared up.

The next day I got up at dawn and, after a good breakfast, which finished up with some delicious cakes made of banana flour boiled in tortoise oil, set off with a peon and two donkeys for the plantation.

The ascent was very gradual and the track quite fair, but we took eight hours there and back. It was interesting, but there were no fine views as there are at Floriana. The bush is extraordinarily thick. Some time ago a young German, who was staying with the Norwegians, announced his intention of exploring the interior. They begged him not to go alone, but when he insisted they suggested that at least he ought to take a compass. He replied that he carried a compass in his head; he went off and was never heard of again.

The plantation is very large; acres and acres of plantains, also bananas, coffee, pawpaws, sugar-cane, otoi and yuccas. They keep a lot of pigs, and there are plenty of tortoises on the island. Altogether this little colony, with fresh water available at the harbour, is much the most self-supporting one I visited during my stay. In times of scarcity they lived better than anyone else, except Señor Cobos, of course.

For lunch I had the promised tortoise liver at last. I noted in my log: '. . . It is delicious. I have never tasted anything better; I bring it to the notice of all epicures, fried in tortoise oil and served with either rice or fried plantains.' If I had known what was in store for me —.

As a reward for this meal I had to make a medical examination of the cook; it was rather amusing, for I had

to address my questions in English to Brun, who translated them into Norwegian for Stampa, who translated them into Spanish for the cook; as the questions had to be very intimate and personal it was slightly embarrassing. I diagnosed chronic salpingitis.

I should certainly advise anybody visiting the Galapagos to go into Academy Bay. Stampa and Wold are delightful people; it is a lovely little place and very interesting. Also it is quite a good place to get fresh provisions, though the water is rather too brackish for most tastes. With a small boat and a motor the way in is quite simple if you take the eastern passage between Jensen Island and the shore. Keep a good lookout and avoid going too close to any point. If I had a large boat I would take one of the Chatham Norwegians as a pilot. Whether there is a chart of the bay I do not know. My general chart plus my large scale chart of Wreck Bay give many anchorages in the islands, but not Academy Bay.

We taxied out of Academy Bay at about two o'clock that afternoon, going this time between the island and the south-west shore. Tremendous breakers could be seen right away to the west, sometimes a mile out to sea. It was on this coast that the two Norwegians were drowned. They were caught by a roller breaking unexpectedly far out and their boat was swamped; although they were good swimmers, only their bodies were recovered. This coast is no place to approach at night.

We got into Floriana about eight o'clock and found the whole German colony, including Dr. Ritter, on the verandah of the house. I had brought a couple of bottles of drink ashore and we had a very merry party. It was much more like Bloomsbury than anything else. I finally made up my mind that night to part with Louis. I was strongly advised to by Brun, who offered to take him into Guayaquil for me.

Brun and Dr. Ritter came on board with me, and I spent half the night drinking with Brun and discussing with Dr. Ritter, a strict teetotaler, Freud's *Civilisation and its Discontents* and Jeans' *Mysterious Universe*, which I had lent to him.

Brun and I went fishing with the seine that afternoon and we got a good catch. I had invited the Governor, Brun and Herr Schmidt to dinner that night, but it turned out a complete fiasco. Mobile blued a month's wages on a gramophone, stole a bottle of drink and got very drunk. When I came on board with my guests he had managed to cook the dinner but had eaten most of it. We got about a half ounce of fish each. He improved matters by putting his arm round the Governor's neck and starting to give him a short history of his life.

I managed to put him to bed and arranged a pail. The Governor and Herr Schmidt pretended to notice nothing, but before we left Brun went in to see if Mobile was all right and also got embraced: the pail was filling then. It was the first time Mobile had behaved like this, and I had only seen him drunk once before, in Colon where he was perfectly entitled to be. Usually I left my liquor about without a thought, and I was annoyed at his letting me down in this fashion. That, of course, was his trouble. You could depend on him for long periods, then suddenly get let down. It was the same with his steering and his seamanship. He had developed into an excellent helmsman, but you could never be quite sure that something would not distract his attention, and then—good-bye.

From the time of the incident of the jib failing to hoist I had learnt to oversee everything myself. I developed an attention to detail which would have delighted Rab's heart. Nevertheless, Mobile was a good boy, and I grew more and more fond of him. He was quite willing to cross the Pacific alone with me; in fact, he said he would much

prefer to. He even informed me, after overhearing me talk about finances, firstly that he would stay with me as long as I could keep going, without pay; secondly that if he only had some money he would give it to me.

That night, Friday, June 20th, we sailed for Isabela on the *Norge* with the Governor and Herr Schmidt as passengers. We motored out of Post Office Bay and then set sail; the wind was light and on the port quarter. I did my five hours watch that night, and by dawn we were off Tortuga Island. There we started the motor again and fished. The island was a fine sight that morning with a heavy sea breaking on it. It towers three hundred feet straight up from the sea, and is formed of a third of a circular volcanic crater, then a gap, and another eighth. The rest is missing. Brun was even more daring than usual that day: time and again we went into the backwash of the breakers and fished about two yards from destruction. The skill with which he handled the boat was a revelation. We were rewarded by sixty very large cod, but we had used the motor for three hours.

We hoisted sail again and made for Villamil. This is a very bad harbour to approach, the worst in the Galapagos, and I should not advise anybody to go in there without local knowledge. But if they have to, they should get right over to the western point of the bay, then steer towards the northern shore, and when well inside the line of breakers which stretch westward from the eastern point, steer for the anchorage, which is a deep indentation in the eastern shore.

There was an unusually heavy sea that day, and there appeared to be an unbroken line of breakers stretching from Tortuga to the mainland, though I believe there is really quite a wide passage of deep water. However, it is safer to keep well to the west of a line joining Tortuga with the eastern point of the bay. We went in too near

the eastern point and, looking back, saw a complete circle of breakers where we had passed thirty seconds before. There were scores of enormous mantae about that day. As the *Norge* only draws three feet we passed the usual anchorage, which I did not like the look of, and threaded our way in a series of zigzags between the two reefs to within twenty-five yards of the shore.

We had barely dropped anchor when Señor Gil, the lord of the island, arrived on a sort of raft and invited all four of us to dine with him: Brun, the Governor, Schmidt and me, although we were all, except Brun, unknown to him. I was very relieved at the invitation, as I was desperately hungry—my usual state on arriving anywhere. The way Brun and I used to go visiting was to go off with some coffee and a couple of biscuits inside us, and trust to getting a good meal off somebody ashore. But I had grown accustomed to having biscuits and coffee at dawn and going the whole day without anything to eat, then having one good meal. It seems to be a matter of habit, and I believe one could live quite well on one full meal a day. But one could never learn this living with English people who consider three full meals at regular hours the absolute minimum.

Señor Gil entertained us royally, and seemed to think nothing of having three strangers planted on him without warning.

His father had come out from Ecuador to settle in the islands. His first attempt was in Post Office Bay, but he eventually decided that the lack of water on the sea coast there made any hope of a large settlement impossible, so he moved to Villamil, where there is fair but slightly brackish water on the coast. He planted coconuts, the only ones I saw in the islands, and established his first plantations, then when these prospered he gradually blasted his way up the mountain to the fertile uplands.

Villamil now has about eighty inhabitants, living in scattered houses. The country near the settlement is low-lying, covered with mangroves, and at spring tide is flooded far inland. The houses are built on piles, and the spring tides wash the place clean, which is lucky, as there are no sanitary arrangements. The spring tide also enables Señor Gil to collect a large quantity of salt, but when I was there he was not able to sell any. Brun had collected it with me at the cost of 1.70 sucres a quintal in Santiago; Gil would not sell it at less than five sucres. As the Norwegians were his only possible customers, and as they refused to buy at his price, he had ceased collecting it.

6. DISASTER

On Sunday, June 22nd, we sailed from Villamil for Floriania about an hour before sunset. We shipped a new hand, a double murderer but a fine and cheerful-looking fellow. We had five fowls and half a dozen tortoises on board, and the Governor, to my disgust, brought a small puppy. We had ten gallons of water and a few coconuts. I had succeeded in buying otoi and sweet potatoes, four bottles of tortoise oil, four bottles of syrup, two small cheeses, some alcohol and a thousand cigars. Brun had sweet potatoes, plantains and a hundred cigars. The Governor and Schmidt each had two thousand cigars.

As it was from this time that my adventures really started, I will take the account straight from my log.

'*St. Pedro, June 26th.* . . . With the new hand we shipped in Isabela, there were eight of us on board. The distance to Post Office Bay was about forty miles. The engineer judged we had enough petroleum for four hours, about twenty-eight miles. The wind had been from the south for the last three weeks, and Brun thought

we would have no trouble in making Post Office Bay, which was east by south.

'There was a glorious crimson sunset as we taxied out of the bay. The two cloud covered volcanoes, the black rock of the coastline showing up against the frantic surf, the almost complete circle of the seaward breakers crashing, crashing, and the utter desolation threatened and overbore one. But beauty without fear or sadness is not beauty.

'We motored south and west first, so that when we started sailing we should clear Tortuga. After about three quarters of an hour we hoisted sail, and our course was east by north. I took the first watch that night, and the wind gradually dropped until I had no steerage way. At two in the morning when Brun relieved me there was again a faint breeze.

'The following morning we appeared to have drifted south, but had made a little easting. Floriana was visible about thirty-five miles away. That day and the following night what little wind we had was from the north of east, and all Tuesday was a dead calm. Floriana and Tortuga were out of sight; all we could see was the great southwest mass of Isabela, five thousand feet high, anything up to forty miles away. I was beginning to get worried, for we were obviously drifting west and south, and it looked to me as if we were going off to the Marquesas in a half-decked boat with a couple of gallons of water between eight people. The others did not realize the danger, except Brun, of course, who was very anxious; but he thought we were nearer Villamil than I did.

'We sailed north when we had any wind, and when Brun relieved me at midnight he said he would turn on the motor at dawn and try to make Villamil. I asked if he thought we had enough petrol. He smiled and shrugged his shoulders, said he hoped so, but anyway there was nothing else to be done, and we had a large drink.

'I was wakened at dawn by the sound of the motor, and went out to have a look at things. We had drifted more to the west but also nearer the Isabela coast, and we were steering north-east in the direction of Villamil. I could see Brun was worried, and I personally did not think we had the chance of a snowball in hell of making it. We discussed our probable position, and I was still more pessimistic than Brun as to our distance away. We had one biscuit apiece and what we thought was the last of the coffee, and went out to look at things. We were closer to land, it was clearer and everything looked very forbidding. Just a line of low lava cliffs with a very heavy surf breaking on it, relieved at intervals by surf breaking on rocks far out at sea. I wondered what we could do when the motor stopped. With our coconuts we had enough to drink for about twenty-four hours. There was no wind and there did not appear to be a landing anywhere. The ship's boat would not hold all of us, and even if we did get in, I thought I knew enough of the island to be sure we would not find water.

'Brun, I was certain, would not leave his boat, which is uninsured and his sole livelihood, while the slenderest hope remained. There seemed to be just a remote chance that if we got some wind we might work round the island to Iguana Cove, but, what then? There was no water there. I reckoned we would just drift off to the south-west and die of thirst. Our Indians would cut up rough in the process, I thought. Brun was armed and so was the Governor, and I wondered how the latter would face it; well, I thought. There was nothing to be done, so I went back to my bunk and tried to immerse myself in an adventure story called *Honey of Danger*. Later Brun came in and we talked over possibilities. He told me there was a cove, St. Pedro, fifteen to twenty miles west of Villamil, and that we might make that. I had not known of this before.

'Well, that was that. Everybody else was standing outside looking with longing intensity at the land, but I decided that this was too painful a way of passing the time so I went back to *Honey of Danger*—a good tale. I read for about an hour, I suppose, when Brun came in and said that there was only half-an-hour's petroleum left. I went on deck with him and he pointed out approximately where the cove lay. I estimated the distance, said to myself, "Not an earthly," looked at the time, which was ten o'clock, and murmured to Brun, "Let's have a small drink." We had one, and I read a tale about a New York beauty parlour. It was continued in our next, and as the half-hour's grace was then up I went out again. We were near the entrance to the cove and the motor was still going—we got nearer—we were in the entrance—I saw the obviously snug anchorage—we were in. Brun gave the order to stand by the anchor, and as he gave it the motor coughed and stopped.

'Even then things did not look too good. The murderer, Garcia and Alberto seized the boat and went ashore. Alberto came back alone, bringing water which was better than we had dared to hope. He said he thought the other two had sloped off, but they came back six hours later, laden with tortoise flesh, and we had our first proper meal for three days. Then, what to do? Brun decided to try to get petroleum.

'That evening the engineer, Alberto and the murderer offered to row the dinghy to Villamil and if necessary to Floriana to get some. Next morning, with the exception of the engineer, they thought better of it and refused to go. Meanwhile it was low tide and the water-hole was empty. Then the Governor decided that he would set out on foot for Villamil with the murderer. He, I gathered, was sighing for a bed on dry land and was very sick of the discomfort. But I wonder now if he realized what he was

in for. I did not myself till the following day, but I had learnt something in Santiago about the Galapagos Bush, and I had to smile when he appeared ready for the journey with all his belongings in a big brown leather suitcase. The murderer explained gently that this would not do, so the Governor smiled cheerfully and exchanged the suitcase for a bottle of water, a bottle of spirit and some food; but he insisted on two blankets.

'After he left, Brun and I discussed ways and means. We decided that one of us must go with the boat and the other stay here with the ship. I managed to say that I would go, although in my heart I funk'd it badly, but Brun decided that if I were willing to stay it would be better if he went, as he knew the coast between here and Villamil. Also, though he did not say so, he knew he was a much better oarsman than I am. So it was decided that I should stay behind with Garcia and the engineer, and that Brun, Schmidt and Alberto should go to Villamil and then make Floriana, get fuel there and bring it back in my sailing dinghy. I offered to let Brun sail the *Inyala* over to Villamil, but he thought it was too risky without a motor among those rocks. He is so grateful to me for staying—and there is so little to it. Waiting in this cove is just an amusing experience; taking that sieve of a boat to Floriana is a heroic enterprise.

'We spent the morning making a raft so that we could get backwards and forwards from the shore after the dinghy had gone. There are big sharks cruising about all the time, so we did not like the idea of swimming. We found a great V-shaped piece of mangrove from the stem of which projected a mass of gnarled wood exactly like a dragon's head. This caught the eye of the two descendants of the Vikings, and we chose it for the stem of the raft. To this Brun lashed a long board like a tea tray, about eight feet long and two feet wide, on which he cuts

up his fish. Then at intervals along the tea tray we lashed three logs at right angles. It serves its purpose, but is impossible to paddle, so we have fixed up a double series of lines.

'To my joy the Governor left word that we could destroy the puppy. I hate animals on ships, and this little beast let loose on a cabin floor, six feet by three, was a pest. It naturally dirtied everywhere, and it had one of the "I-must-be-loved" temperaments. It whined all night and all day to be taken notice of, and was very smelly. Incidentally about the first time I ever told Louis off was over the matter of keeping a pet on board. He expressed a desire to keep a kitten or a puppy, and I said he might if he would promise to clean up all faeces as soon as they were made. He replied quite calmly that "the boy" meaning Mobile, could do that. I got quite furious at that and let him have all I had been saving up. I told him that Mobile had quite enough to do in his triple role of cook, bo'sun and A.B. I also said that he was to go about bare-foot, so that he would not be so clumsy on his feet and would be more careful about the filth, fish hooks, nails, tools and broken glass he left about. I also asked him to refrain from spitting out pips and pulp on the saloon floor.

'Well, Brun objected to the puppy as much as I did, but the Governor, who went about in field boots, did not seem to mind the mess. I kept up a ceaseless indirect agitation by calling one of the men to clean it up as soon as it was made. They did not like this and I suppose their murmurs were heard by the Governor.

'Brun woke up at four o'clock and got everything ready to start as soon as it was light. We breakfasted off tortoise liver and tea, and we had a farewell skool. This is a desperate venture of Brun's. He has an old flat-bottomed boat, about twelve feet long, triangular in shape and three

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feet wide in the stern. It is about eighteen inches deep, and with three men in it has not more than six inches freeboard. Moreover, it is completely rotten and leaks badly. One man has to bale all the time. It was given to him by Governor Pinchot, who ought to be interested if ever he reads about this. Its official name is *Sigfrid*, but it goes by the name of "the submarine".

'I felt more than a little emotion when I said good-bye to Brun. We have been living together day after day for about six weeks now, the last ten days or so sharing a bunk—Box and Cox—and we get on perfectly. He is one of the nicest, kindest, most lovable and efficient people I have ever come across. He is a man in whom you have complete confidence, a genius with his hands, a born leader of infinite resource who is never rattled or assertive or at a loss. He commands without effort, gently and with a smile.

'They went off in the twilight. I have mentioned that the entrance to the cove is very shallow and from time to time the seas break right across it. It had been one more piece of luck that we had arrived two days before at high water.

'As they rowed out we could dimly see a big sea rolling in. It appeared in the half light to be breaking right over them, and I held my breath as they disappeared, but a moment later I caught sight of them still steadily rowing and then they were lost in the gloom.

'That was Friday, June 26th. As I write this it is about six o'clock Sunday evening, June 28th, and I do not expect them back before Thursday, although Brun thought Wednesday.

'I was left with two cigarettes, five thousand cigars, two boxes of matches, no paraffin, one rooster, two small cheeses, a sack of sweet potatoes and a large number of plantains, which are rapidly rotting. For reading matter I have two ancient magazines, and *The Golden Centipede*

and *Piccadilly Jim*, both of which I have already read. I find the crew have a large quantity of privately-owned coffee and I have three bottles of alcohol. Thus, except for books, I have all my necessary drugs.

'As soon as it was light my crew conveyed by signs that they wanted to go tortoise hunting and would I like to go with them. I assented light-heartedly, and getting ashore one by one we set out. We plunged into the bush in a westerly direction and in a few minutes I wished I had not come. The ground consisted of loose volcanic rock, piled up in little hills and valleys, planted with such dense cactus that I soon resembled a pin-cushion, especially about the head. I had on shorts, no hat, and the heels and half the soles of my shoes were flapping loose. I did not mind the thorns in my limbs so much, but I kept on hitting my head against cacti and getting thorns mixed up in my hair. I managed to ask if the way to Villamil was like this, and they replied "malo"; they made me understand that it would take the Governor at least two days. I am afraid he is in for a bad time. I hope he is all right, for I like him. The murderer, his guide, had said on one occasion that he knew the way, on another that he did not.

'We eventually came out at a small cove where there was another large water hole, with a dead cow beside it. It is a peculiar fact, and I do not quite understand the reason for it, but here at our cove a mound of volcanic boulders rises steeply from the sea for about fifteen or twenty feet, then the mound slopes down again on the opposite side to about sea level and here is a pool of fresh water, only full when the tide is up. At low water it can often be found trickling down the beach. From the hole we struck inland, along a well-marked cattle track, making for a four-toothed hill about two hundred feet high, by far the most conspicuous object in the surrounding

country. It is the seaward mark for St. Pedro, and you cannot miss it after rounding Cape Rose from the eastward. Here the going was easier. The hill is a favourite haunt for tortoises. We killed a giant one measuring three and a half feet along the shell and I watched the dissection. It is turned on its back and the ventral part of the shell chopped round the margin with an axe. This is removed, exposing the organs. The liver and windpipe are removed, and then the great pads of fat lining the dorsal shell. Lastly the limbs are cut off.

'We killed four in all and came back laden with meat. The presence of tortoise is betrayed by their distinctive white droppings. They take no interest in man and are quite defenceless, but I do not see how any other animal can deal with them.

'Coming back we skirted along the seashore after reaching the coast, which is much the better way. I got on board just in time to witness an amazing performance on the part of the cove sea lion, which usually passes the day fishing, diving and coming to the surface in a most languid fashion a few yards from the shore. I had just got on board when it tore at express speed towards the boat. About ten yards ahead of it was a large pink fish with a long head and a triangular dorsal fin. They darted round the bows, the sea lion gaining and then losing as it shot out of the water for a gulp of air. Back to the shore they went in a wide curve, then round the bows again, the sea lion nearer this time. Then about fifty yards further on the sea lion rose to the surface with the fish in its jaws.

'Watching the animal life here keeps me amused for hours. The gulls, a mole-coloured species, have dropped all their ordinary ways of earning a living and now depend entirely on us. They eat everything, plantains, sweet potatoes, coconut, filth and cigars. Also we cannot keep them off the drying salt fish, with which the boat is

festooned. The other inhabitants take no notice of our presence, but go on living their own lives.

There are five pelicans attached to the cove and seven fisher gulls, brown and white birds about the same size as our greater black-backed gull. Pelicans strike me as one of the most archaic of all animals; something left over from another age. A pterodactyl must have looked very like one. They are built so differently from the fisher gulls, whose way of living is superficially so similar, and they dive quite differently. The pelican always works on its own, it flies slowly without twists or swerves, it always dives at approximately the same angle from the same position, and does not appear to immerse more than its head and neck. The fisher gulls often work together five or six at a time, wheeling and swooping simultaneously like a well-drilled squad, hitting the water at the same instant. They dive from any position, often making extraordinary turns at the start of the dive, the leader giving the signal by a joyous squeak. They dive quite deep and are often immersed for five to ten seconds. Both the pelicans and the gulls keep their wings half-spread when they dive. It is a great sight to see the sea lion, the pelicans and the fisher gulls all working one corner of the cove and never interfering with one another. The frigate birds are visitors from the wide open spaces and not permanent residents of the cove, and what they live on is a mystery to me. I seem to have read of them feeding on flying fish, but there are practically no flying fish here. I have only seen one during my stay in the islands. I do not think there is a more beautiful flier than the frigate bird with its great stretch of wing and long tail. What family it belongs to I do not know, but it appears to be built on the same lines as the falcon, though I judge they are not related. You see them planing at great heights for hours, then they drift out of view, but I have never seen one

feeding. Other permanent inhabitants of the cove are a large number of turtles, which make our mouths water, but which we have no means of catching. Ashore I have seen wild dogs.

'Monday, June 29th. Four days have gone since Brun left, and strange as it may seem they have been very happy ones. I have spent my time writing this journal and the account of my experiences to send home, lying in the sun watching the animal life and bathing. Time has just slipped by. My two men are quite good and feed me three times a day. We can only communicate by signs. The disadvantages of the life are the swarms of flies by day, the mosquitoes at night, the straight tortoise and sweet potato diet and the absence of any light after sunset. Last night was clear for the first time since we have been here, and I had a little drinking party all by myself with the moon and thoroughly enjoyed myself. My crew seemed fascinated, too, and I left them on deck at eleven o'clock still gazing at the moon.

'Thursday, July 2nd. On Tuesday I explored the country to the east along the sea coast after trying to wash my clothes in a fresh water trickle on the beach. The clothes were certainly improved and I had a good bath. The coast to the east was the wildest desolation, naked lava with a few cacti. The sea was alive with turtles. I saw two stork-like birds and found two more water-holes, with cattle droppings near by. My crew went tortoise hunting, and returned at dusk with four.

'That night the boat tossed about quite differently, and at dawn there was a tremendous sea breaking the whole way across the entrance to the cove. After breakfast Garcia took the raft ashore for firewood. About nine o'clock, while I was in the cabin getting a cigar I heard the engineer shout, "Capitano! Capitano!"

'I rushed out, and saw a small boat, seemingly laden

with men, and an enormous breaker rearing up behind it. It broke and overwhelmed them, but as the foam subsided they seemed to be all in the boat and still rowing. Then almost immediately another breaker crashed over them, and this time the sea was strewn with objects. There was a temporary lull, and I could see two men swim first to the boat and then shoreward, two others clambered into it, the fifth, whom I made out to be Brun, did not appear to have been thrown out. I could see him trying to paddle from the stern with one oar. I decided to gather up the line we used for the raft, to get to the east point of the cove and to try and swim out to the boat with the line.

'However, the line was tangled in the bottom and Garcia was some distance away strolling along in a leisurely fashion with a bundle of firewood. I yelled at him, but he merely shrugged his shoulders. The engineer understood what I wanted, and shouted explanations to Garcia. We got one line coiled, and I swam ashore with it while Garcia coiled the other. I then made my way to the point; but all this had taken time.

'Meanwhile I could see Brun still trying to paddle, but losing ground. Every two or three minutes three or four seas would break over the boat. I started to wade off from the rocks with the line round my waist. The boat was still about the middle of the cove.

'Just as I started to swim there came a series of tremendous breakers, larger than any that had come before, ten or twelve in succession. I was swept off my feet and submerged and floated among the rocks. When I got to my feet again I saw the boat had been carried right over to the far side of the cove.

'There was a short lull, then another series of great breakers, and the boat went on the rocks with some black figures beside it.

'I made my way round to the other side of the cove, but it took time as the going was very bad. First I came across a very shaken man, Colon, Señor Gil's brother-in-law. I demanded Brun, and he replied, "Morta", banging himself on the head. He wanted sympathy, but I wanted Brun.

'Next I found Alberto, who was very badly bruised and shaken and obviously all in. Again I asked for Brun, and again got "Morta" in reply, with the gesture of banging himself on the head. However, there seemed no reason why he should be dead yet if he could be found, so I went further.

'Next I found the murderer waving a flag. I could not understand what he was doing until he pointed to a schooner about three miles away. Once more I asked for Brun, and once more got the same reply.

'I went further along to the west, outside the cove, but could not find Brun. Then I came back and saw a body caught in the rocks some way out in the cove. I swam out to it, and found Brun. There was no sign of life. I yelled for Garcia and I got Brun's body some way ashore. Then Garcia brought the boat, which had drifted in, one side half missing, and we got him into it. The boat was awash, but we managed by swimming with it to get ashore at last. I did not think there was much hope, but I emptied the water out of him and did artificial respiration for more than half-an-hour without any result. He was slightly bruised over his right cheek-bone and had two ribs broken, but he died of drowning. I feel completely heart-broken.

'On going back on board Herr Schmidt, who had managed to swim straight back to the *Norge*, told me what had happened. They got to Villamil all right late on Friday evening. Brun spent Saturday morning caulking the boat and making a mast and sails. On the Saturday

afternoon he set out for Floriana with Alberto and a volunteer from Villamil. They spent three days and nights in that leaky tea tray trying to row against the wind, sea and current, but were eventually driven back to Villamil by exhaustion on the Tuesday afternoon.

'As soon as they got back Brun started making some alterations in the boat with the intention of trying again the following day. However, the long-expected Cobos schooner arrived that evening, and Alvarados agreed to give them fuel and to drop them at the entrance to St. Pedro. He first said he would sail that night with the full moon, but afterwards postponed the start till the following morning. He promised he would wait and see them safely in. As they approached the entrance they noticed there was a bad sea, but Brun thought they could go in as they had gone out.

'When they upset Brun told the murderer to swim ashore if he could and signal the schooner. Schmidt tried to persuade Brun to swim ashore with him, but Brun replied he wanted to save the boat, also he did not think Alberto and Colon could make it. In the last few moments when everything became quite hopeless he told them to swim, but noticing that Alberto was done, stuck by him.

'This morning we buried Brun. We scraped a hole among the lava boulders with our hands, laid him in it, and then made a great mound of stones over him. It would have been more fitting to have burnt the old Viking on a funeral pyre. I have seldom felt so upset as I do now. While we were burying him I felt just as I did when I heard of my father's death, that horrible feeling of wanting to cry and not being able to. Just in these weeks I had got to love the man, and would have followed him anywhere. There are not many like him in this world.

'I keep on cudgelling my brains about how I could have saved him. If only I had been on the other side of the cove

when he went ashore I might have dragged him out. But the side I went to was five times as near, and I could not know that they would drift to the other. Yet I know that if I had been in that boat and Brun had been ashore he would have saved me somehow. I am utterly miserable.

'We are not in a very good position ourselves. This afternoon the cable attached to the big patent anchor I had lent Brun parted, and the boat is hanging on to a little home-made affair by a bit of rusty iron wire. I have got her moored to one shore by the old peak halyard, the new one, and the jib halyard; to the other by a doubled fishing line. There is not an inch of rope left on the ship. The swell inside is increasing hourly. How to prevent her going ashore when the other anchor goes I do not know. Yet again I say to myself, Brun would think of something.

'We are hoping that Alvarados will come to-morrow. Brun had promised to meet him without fail yesterday evening, so he must realize there is something seriously wrong. He is not only on a trading voyage, but is also representing the Government bi-annual ship. Also we have the Governor's suitcase which contains, I understand, his full dress uniform.

'If the schooner does not come I will try and get Colon, Garcia and the murderer away, and stick it here with Schmidt, the engineer and Alberto in hope of eventual relief. Schmidt is a very good fellow and game for anything, though he has no experience of the sea. Brun's partner, Arnts, came out on the *Cobos* and is at Floriana. He ought to get something done.

'I cannot bear to abandon the boat Brun left me in charge of. It is worth about four hundred pounds and Brun leaves a widow and two daughters. It is getting too dark to write now. I am feeling very depressed.

7. A DESPERATE JOURNEY

'Friday, July 3rd. It is now two o'clock in the afternoon, but there are no signs of Alvarados. We have given up all hope of him.

'We are properly marooned now and where relief can come from I do not know. Arnts is at Floriana with three men, plenty of fuel and a launch with a broken magneto. A new one had been ordered from Guayaquil and should have arrived with the schooner. Anyway, the launch has been rowed to Villamil before, but Schmidt does not think Arnts could do it.

'There are signs of trouble with the crew. Alberto and the engineer are quite good, but there is trouble with the murderer and Garcia. I know no Spanish and have to talk through Schmidt by means of very indifferent German, so I cannot find out what is the matter. I have appointed myself Captain, though I have no *locus standi*, except that Brun left me in charge of the ship. But, of course, I don't pay the men and cannot be quite sure that anyone ever will. Colon, who goes about with an automatic day and night—he came ashore with it—summoned Schmidt and me to a conference. He was sure there was going to be trouble and wanted me to wear Brun's pistol. I thought this was too provocative, but consented to clean it. The engineer and the murderer found me at the task and did it for me.

'I am thinking of trying to row the *Norge* back. I seem to be getting more adventures than I ever bargained for, this time—in fact, going through the whole of the *Boy's Own Paper* bit by bit.

'Saturday, July 4th. We look at the sea with little hope. We are building on the chance that Arnts went off to Floriana on the *Cobos* to ask the Chatham Norwegians to look for us. They would, I am sure.

'I decided to-day to make oars and to try to row the boat to Villamil. Colon and Garcia refused, so I packed them off to Villamil with a note to Señor Gil asking for three volunteers to make the attempt. The Governor took five days getting to Villamil and arrived, I understand, half dead. I hope those two will only take three days. The murderer is quite willing to come with me.

'The sea is much quieter.

'*Tuesday, July 7th.* We are still in St. Pedro. We have made oars, cut rowlocks and constructed rowers' benches. I would like to get out with four oarsmen, but know it would be impossible against wind and current. Our course to Villamil is first east, and then to Floriana, east by south. The wind is persistently from the east and the current runs westward at about two knots.

'We will have to do something soon for there are only a few sweet potatoes left. We have never had any sugar, but have used syrup, which is nearly finished. We have coffee and unlimited cigars. The murderer and the engineer got a lot of tortoise flesh yesterday. The crew have been very good since Colon and his pistol left. Ovendo, the murderer, the most willing of the lot.

'If it were not for Brun's death, it would not be so bad, for it is amazing how one settles down to things. The world outside has become quite faded and unreal, the cove and the horizon mark the limit of the universe. It would be easy just to dream your life away like this.

'I have dammed up the stream which trickles down the rocks at low tide and have a beautiful fresh water bath. I wash one of my two shirts in it each day by hitting it with a boulder and then leave it to dry in the sun. They don't look up to much but they smell clean. I made my last bottle of alcohol go a long way, but finished off the last thimbleful the day before yesterday. The one thing I am worried about is that Mobile may come looking for

me in the *Inyala* and wreck her, and stop my trip to the South Seas.

'The cove is as smooth as glass.

'*Wednesday, July 8th.* I was disturbed in my bath at noon by seven men arriving from Villamil. They brought me as a gift from Señor Gil two bottles of alcohol, one bottle of coffee, two boxes of matches and some plantains. Three of these men are willing to come with us, and I propose to start at dawn to-morrow, making for Floriana or Villamil. I will take as much water as possible. Two men went off this morning for tortoise.

'I hope for the best, but it is rather a desperate undertaking against wind and currents. The other alternatives are: one, to abandon the boat and go to Villamil, but this goes too much against the grain; the other, to stay where we are, but this is impossible for food is running out and the anchor may go at any minute. The mooring lines parted days ago.

'*Later.* Only two of the men will come. I have cleaned out an old fish tub and filled it with water. It is very foul, but we will drink it if we get thirsty enough; it would last for a week or ten days.

'I am starting at dawn to-morrow if the crew don't change their minds. Only Schmidt's eloquence persuaded the two men. We are becoming great friends, he is very game and resolute.

'*Thursday, July 9th.* We started off at seven o'clock this morning, six men rowing. I have with me the engineer, Ovendo, Schmidt, Alberto and the two reinforcements. We lost ground steadily to the west. The wind was dead ahead of our course to clear Cape Rose, and the high fore-castle of the boat swung her off the wind, so it was impossible to steer within four points of our course. When the crew were exhausted, we hoisted sail and tried to beat, but the ship would only point seven points off the

wind, so we went steadily away with the current. We are now about halfway to Essex Point, the southward extremity of Isabela. It is a poor look-out. We may be able to get up the western side of the island to Iguana Cove but the case for the boat seems hopeless. Probably we will just drift helplessly out into the Pacific. If we had not gone willingly this morning we would have gone willy-nilly later, for the anchor was hanging by one strand.

'Friday, July 10th. About noon. After sunset yesterday evening, the wind went round to the north and we were able to steer east at last. I steered all night and kept to that course without tacking inland. There was a free wind and I had to take the chance. At dawn there was a flat calm and we were twelve miles to the south-west of Essex Point.

'I told Schmidt we were in a very bad position and unless we got a strong wind we were for it. The crew were in excellent spirits and drew lots for the first to be eaten. Alberto lost. We continued to drift west until two hours ago when it suddenly started blowing hard from the south. We are sailing east-north-east at about four knots, but we cannot hope to do anything better than to get round Essex Point into Iguana Cove. However, this wind has probably saved our lives.

'Saturday, July 11th. We got round Essex Point about three in the afternoon and then got a really stiff breeze from the south-south-west. We went up the coast like a train and lamented that we had not got this breeze the day before, but probably it was not blowing on the south coast. I only have with me an old small-scale American chart, which does not give plans of the anchorages, and the coast does not resemble the chart at all. Brun had once told me the chart was wrong hereabouts. We ran up the coast for two hours, doing four knots, without seeing anything that looked like a cove at all. Then we came to a very forbidding indentation which the engineer, who

had been round here once before, thought was Iguana Cove. It did not look inviting, so I decided to push on to Webb Cove. When we were about half a mile away from a point round which I hoped the cove lay the wind suddenly fell to nothing.

'Then just before sunset it started to blow furiously from the east-north-east. I held on for a few minutes close-hauled, but she was sliding off to leeward like a crab, then a blast heeled her over and she dipped her gunwale under, taking in some water. This decided me, and going about with the help of an oar, we made for the cove we had passed earlier. In the gathering gloom I steered a course to shave the north-east point of the cove so as to lose nothing that I had in hand to windward. We shaved a rock and twice more she dipped her gunwale, forcing me to luff and so to lose ground to leeward. We tore across the bay always sliding off to leeward. I could see surf everywhere, but in the dusk the south-east corner seemed the quietest—I doubt if I could have made any other spot—so I made for that. It was almost dark, but we tore on, ignoring rocks, the engineer shouting the soundings, and we brought up safely in two fathoms, about fifty yards from the shore, just outside a little cove.

'The prospect was not inviting. It was blowing really hard off shore, and we were clinging to the land by the little home-made anchor, attached to its rusty wire, knotted where it had frayed through in Saint Pedro. If it parted, the next land was the Marquesas, three thousand miles away. Even if we were not blown out to sea, there seemed no prospect of saving the boat without an anchor. There were two more anchorages on that coast, Isabel Bay to the east-north-east, which was impossible to make, Tagus Cove to the north.

'Tagus Cove, as far as I remembered, was a good anchorage with water, but it was forty miles away and

also, I recollected, had precipitous sides rising straight from the sea, so there was no chance of beaching the boat. Moreover, Tagus Cove was sixty miles as the crow flies from Villamil. To get back, we would have had to traverse unknown, mountainous country which was probably nearly waterless.

'Our surroundings were intimidating. Just bare black lava boulders rising to the south into the great mass of the Blue Mountain—the western volcano of Isabela, five thousand feet high. It was starkly desolate, but very beautiful. All the time the wind howled. The two new recruits wanted to sleep ashore but I refused, and Ovendo and the engineer backed me up. I made up my mind if the anchor parted to try beating up and down the coast and to wait upon events.

'Ovendo cooked an excellent meal of the eternal tortoise and sweet potatoes. Over a drink, I laughed with Schmidt about the situation which had arisen out of our week-end in Isabela.

'I said I had begun to feel rather like Odysseus, whose efforts to get home only got him further and further away. My crew, both in physique and in temperament, probably resemble his Aegeans and are led, as his were, by a sprinkling of blue-eyed blonds. Mine are a cheerful, lazy lot of rascals whose only concern is that their bellies should be full. Like his, mine would cheerfully and without a qualm murder the Sun God's cattle for a meal. His boat was probably just as handy to windward as the *Norge* and about the same build. The number of years he took going home always seemed to me rather excessive, but now I consider that with a boat that would not go to windward he did rather well. I wonder when I will meet Circe and Calypso.

'Let me describe this bitch of a *Norge*. She is about twenty-five feet long, has eleven feet beam and three

feet draft and is almost flat bottomed. Forward she has a great house with full head room, containing four bunks in two tiers, aft she is undecked with two feet freeboard. Brun had recently put weatherboards on her and these we had pierced for oar holes, but the port one snapped off six inches above the gunwale and that was the side she dipped under last night. All the running rigging is rotten, not a length without a few knots in it, and the only spare rope we have are two dubious looking coils Señor Gil sent me as mooring lines. All the spars and sails are home-made by Brun. With the wind on the quarter, she gripes terribly and needs two men at the tiller. We actually split the tiller yesterday. She won't go about without the help of an oar and, queerly enough, it is almost impossible to gybe her. On the other hand she has a very good Diesel engine capable of driving her at seven knots. That is what she is, a motor boat. Brun had made sails for her and used them for running in the open. I never saw him manoeuvre her under sail. But somehow or other he thought when we left Villamil that she was a sailing boat; and now he lies in St. Pedro.

'I spent an unhappy few hours listening to her tugging at that wire while the wind howled outside. There was no steady pull; on account of her high bows she lay five points off the wind, first to one side, then to the other. She jerked and snapped at her anchor and at each shift the wire slackened and then suddenly jerked taut. For a couple of hours I went on worrying, but at last persuaded myself that I could do nothing and went to sleep, without the slightest hope that we should still be there next morning. However, I woke at seven this morning to find that we were.

'The wind had moderated but was still blowing hard from the east, so it was impossible to make Isabel Bay, where the engineer had a vague idea there was a beach.

I decided therefore to go ashore and examine the cove for possibilities. It was better than we had dared to hope. The cove itself was very quiet, but at the extreme end of it, and at an angle to it, was a little natural basin, absolutely still, with a narrow entrance between sunken rocks. I decided to manoeuvre the *Norge* in here. We explored the country a little. It is just another splendid bit of desolation, but the vastest and grandest I have yet seen. To the south-east the Blue Mountain rises five thousand feet, an immense volcano, completely bare of vegetation; to the south-west is another volcano, four thousand feet high, and between, rising gradually to about two thousand feet is an enormous waste of lava and cinders. The whole area is honeycombed with craters, great and small. It is as if this had been some great battlefield of Titans who had been using eighteen foot shells. There were plenty of salt lakes but no fresh water. The place swarmed with turtles and there were a lot of iguana, completely tame. I had only seen wild ones before. Weird beasts, obvious survivors from another epoch, the iguana give just the final archaic touch to a completely archaic scene. For the surrounding country is as something left over from the youth of the world. We killed a big iguana and are eating it to-morrow. The engineer and I have now lived on a straight reptilian diet for three weeks.

'At noon the wind dropped and then blew gently from the west, so I brought the *Norge* into the basin under the jib, with four men rowing, and got her in without touching. She now lies with land on three sides of her, in two fathoms of water. She has the anchor out ahead, is moored amidships on both sides at right angles, and has two mooring ropes astern. Moreover, there is a reef across the entrance, with a gap to one side which was just wide enough to get her through. There is not the

slightest movement of the water and if the mooring ropes hold—they are all rotten—she should be safe for months. I feel greatly relieved.

‘We now have probably two day’s journey before us over terrible country which is quite waterless. No one, as far as any of the crew knows, has ever crossed it before. Ovendo and Alberto both know of a water-hole on the far side of the Blue Mountain, which they judge to be a day and a half away. From thence it is another day’s journey to Alemania, a small hut where there is meat, plantains, milk and water.

‘We are starting to-morrow because we must, for want of water. We shall leave in the afternoon, after the heat of the day, and hope to make the water-hole the following evening. It should be rather a good experience, but I am afraid it will be difficult for me to keep up with the others because the only shoes I have are a thin pair of gym shoes which belonged to Brun, and they are two sizes too big for me.

‘I am finishing this at seven o’clock, by the light of a bit of hide floating in tortoise fat. I have a drink beside me, and when I finish writing Schmidt and I will have another and then we will go to sleep. He is a great man.

‘It is queer; the only thing civilized about my life is that I manage to keep my body clean. For the rest, I have a beard and a mane of hair, I wear no shoes and am clothed in rags. I live on tortoise flesh and sweet potatoes which I eat with my fingers, and I sleep on straw with a coat for a pillow. I live a precarious life and have been near disaster in the last few weeks, yet I am thoroughly contented and happy. I cannot bear the thought of returning to civilization, which only seems to make life safe at the cost of making it damned dull.

‘I wonder if I will have to come here again and take the *Norge* back to Floriania. If I am asked I suppose I will. I

seem to have an affection for this bitch, into the command of which I have been forced willy-nilly.

'Monday, July 13th. About five hundred feet below summit of western volcano of Isabela. We left the ship on Saturday afternoon at 2.00 p.m. We put all the good water that remained into sixteen bottles, each carrying two, and also took some iguana. I wanted to take more, but it was impossible to organize anything; the expedition was more in the nature of a "sauve qui peut".

'I got Ovendo to carry this notebook and my razor and a pair of flannel trousers for me, for the sum of three sucres. I was very much afraid, for myself, whether I could do the climb with my one lung; everybody else seemed fit. Schmidt, who is a big man, said that he had walked all over South America and that two bottles of water would last him four days easily.

'We started off over smooth lava, which continued for two hours, but we were forced all the time up the mountainside by impassable craters. Then the smooth lava ended and we had to clamber over the loose coke-like stuff. It was terrible going, but I managed to keep up. To my surprise Schmidt cracked up first. He collapsed, asked for alcohol, of which I had a little, drank half a bottle of water and sat down for a time. The others went on, but Ovendo and the engineer waited for us. We halted at nightfall, and everyone except Schmidt managed to chew some cold iguana. I slept well but Schmidt moaned and groaned all night.

'We started again at dawn up those hellish loose cinders. My shoes were cut to ribbons in a couple of hours and so were Schmidt's leather ones. Schmidt began to crack again, moaning, refusing to go any further and asking me to shoot him. He drank all his water straight off, got an acute bellyache and vomited it all up again. It broke my heart to see good water wasted so.

'The others went on and this time deserted us, but Ovendo and the engineer stuck to us. Schmidt lay down and refused to move at more and more frequent intervals, taking longer to recover each time. All the while he was praying to be put out of his misery. At what I judge was about 2.00 p.m. Ovendo said we must go on and leave Schmidt and come back for him.

'Then this situation arose: I had a full bottle of water, Schmidt had none, the other two just a little. I felt dead beat but could have staggered on. However, I did not like to leave Schmidt. Ovendo and the engineer were willing to leave all their baggage here and travel with the empty bottles to the water-hole; Ovendo was sure he could bring back water by nine the following morning. I thought I might delay them, so I decided to stop and share my bottle with Schmidt. It is always the way, if you conserve water you find you have to share it.

'We lay in a stupor for about two hours under a scorching sun, which turned the rocks into a furnace. Then I tried to eat a flat cactus. Schmidt could not manage it, but I persevered and felt better. Schmidt kept on moaning for water, but I was stern and refused. At nightfall we each had a generous dose, leaving about a third of the bottle. I managed to sleep all right. This morning Schmidt begged and prayed for water, but I am going to try and keep it till nightfall. However, I have found a great, fat, round species of cactus which we have eaten and I feel better. I believe we can keep alive on these for several days.

'It is now about midday, and there are no signs of Ovendo. I believe myself that the water is much further off than he thought. I think he will come back if he possibly can. I know he is fond of me and only the day before yesterday he was saying how he liked going about with me. He has committed two murders, both over

women, and has served two gaol sentences of five and seven years respectively. He and the engineer are the only ones I have any trust in. Nevertheless, if the water is so very far away he will be done in too, and they have no food.

'I will cling on to life as long as I bloody well can, and hope if I have to die that I will manage it without making a fuss. Like most people with a pessimistic philosophy, I have a sanguine temperament and a zest for life. On the other hand, if I have got to die I have had a very fine time and thoroughly enjoyed myself. I have tried everything under the sun and experienced most things, and my last experience is being thirsty, which, as I remarked to Brun when it was a toss-up whether we made St. Pedro or not, was an experience I had not yet had. (I have never been in gaol either.)

'Well, here I lie waiting and Ovendo does not come. I am feeling very weak and will find it difficult to walk much further. This is no sort of a game for a man with one lung. I have had nothing to eat except cactus since the evening of the day before yesterday and that was precious little. Schmidt is semi-delirious.

'*Wednesday, July 16th.* Things got worse and worse with the terrific heat. When it was about one o'clock, I judged it was later and decided that Ovendo was not coming. Thirst is certainly a most unpleasant sensation. I kept my mind off things by scribbling in my log and turning over past memories. It is very true that you do not regret the things you have done but only the things you did not do. I made lists of the people and books which have influenced me and lists of the persons whom I have loved and who have loved me, and although the lists were nearly similar, the order was very different. All the time Schmidt moaned and raved. Then I went to get another cactus and fell twice in 200 yards bringing it

back. I kept on looking at the water bottle but refrained. I ate half the cactus, eating this time only the inside, which is not bitter, and I got some relief.

'To our joy, at about three o'clock, we heard Ovendo calling, and about a quarter of an hour later he appeared, smiling as ever. He brought three full bottles of water and a two quart oil tin, which had just started to leak. There was no way of conserving this, beyond filling our empty bottle, so we drank our fill. It was sheer delight, and amazing how our strength returned.

'Ovendo told us that after they left us they had vainly tried to get round the mountain, but were repeatedly held up by deep chasms as we had been earlier in the day. Eventually they decided to climb straight up it. They had spent the night below the summit, gone on at dawn and reached the water-hole at nine in the morning. They saw signs that the others had passed by. Ovendo must have started back at once.

'When Ovendo had rested, we started to climb the mountain over those hellish cinders. I call them cinders, but they were exactly like lumps of coke, varying in size from about that of an apple—not too bad—to bits several times higher than a man. They were very light and very sharp, and the whole mass slithered and collapsed as one climbed. With heavy boots, it would not have been so bad, but we had not gone a hundred yards when my shoes literally fell to pieces and Ovendo fitted me with a spare pair of sandals which the crew had made from a hide we had on board. Luckily I had worn sandals as a child and had been going about barefoot a lot in the last few months, so I managed to get along. With this kind you have to learn to lift your foot higher and put it down flat, but there is no protection for your ankles and mine got rather cut about.

'We went up that mountainside in a series of section

rushes which got shorter and shorter. I stuck to Ovendo like his shadow, and the signal for the section to throw itself down was whenever Schmidt gave a moan and collapsed. It was awful. My heart pounded, my temples throbbed and the world kept spinning round me, but I noted with interest and relief that however much I panted, the right side of my chest scarcely moved. This I considered meant that I was not doing myself any permanent harm. I kept on saying to myself: "This is my chance to live. I am bloody well going to live".

'We went on till it was quite dark and made about one thousand five hundred feet. I had misjudged the distance before. When I thought we were only five hundred feet from the summit, we had been only about two thousand feet up. We had about another one thousand five hundred feet to climb, but Ovendo said there was only about another couple of hours of coke.

'There was a little oasis of earth and trees and here we lit a fire and lay down. As our bellies were full of water, we remembered we had not eaten for two and a half days, but the sensation was not acute and I felt strangely happy. There is always something exhilarating about a night in the mountains under the sky. The sea and the islands looked very beautiful through the stunted trees, whose leaves reflected the fire. We still had a hard time before us with little hope of any food for another two days, but the thirst was over and unless anything unforeseen occurred we were going to live. That beauty made life seem very good and I wanted very much to live.

'I slept soundly, but all night I dreamt of food, whereas the previous night my dreams had consisted entirely of drinks. I woke with the first light and saw Ovendo already stirring. I said to him, 'Mas café?' and thereby perpetuated a joke which seems to delight these people. On the *Norge*, after I had had my share I used to say,

"Mas café, Ovendo?" and he always found me some. He roared with joy that morning.

'All the valleys and the sea were covered with clouds looking like snow, over which the sun rose in a dull crimson dawn. It was very lovely, but all landmarks were obscured.

'We set off immediately and endured our two promised hours of inferno. After that, the going gradually got better, longer and longer spaces of dust and earth were interposed between the coke fields, and we reached the summit about ten o'clock, utterly exhausted.

'The summit is oval, and I should judge it to be about five miles across from north to south, and about seven miles from east to west. It consists of two main craters, an eastern one long extinct and composed of black dust, and a western one which looked very deep and rocky, and which Ovendo said is still active. The eastern crater was the one we were crossing; Ovendo asked if I would like to go and look at the other, but it was a mile out of our way.

'We started down the eastern side of the mountain and were in another world. We plunged into the clouds and were soon soaking in a steady drizzle. There were no more cinders but earth, grass, thick moss, bracken and the smell of moist vegetation. Cattle were everywhere and we might have been coming down a Highland glen. Here I found it impossible to keep on my feet in sandals. After falling down several times I followed Ovendo's example and went barefoot. Through the mist I could vaguely make out many small valleys leading into a main one, and in this main one what I had learnt to distinguish as a watercourse in these islands; a dry ditch of hard lava in which the rain collects in puddles, beneath which water can usually be obtained by digging. At the first puddle we drank our fill, joyously but guiltily, for we could not

really believe the supply was unlimited. Nevertheless, we soaked ourselves with it, and I immediately felt much stronger.

'When we got to the regular water-hole we found a most miserable-looking engineer hunched up in the rain, shivering, soaked and hungry. He had been there alone for thirty hours without fire or food. We rested and considered the situation. It was about twelve hours journey to Alemania and we had rather hoped that our advance guard, the deserters, realizing that we had now been three days without food, would have managed to send some here, for they knew we were making for this point. Coming up the mountain I had thought to let the men go on and wait with Schmidt at the water-hole for food. However, I felt much better and so did Schmidt, so I decided to struggle on. We filled our bottles once more, for there was no more water to be had till we got to Alemania. I also handed a small bottle to Ovendo, which had contained alcohol and had been corked with toilet paper; the paper had fallen inside and soaked up a fair quantity of drink. Ovendo extracted the paper, squeezed part of the alcohol into a cup for me, and then put the paper into his mouth and chewed it up.

'It was about half past two when we started again. For a time the way led through open grass country, but as we descended, the trees grew thicker and we were soon in thick forest. The ground was very hard on my bare feet. Then Ovendo lost the way and went back to get his bearings. We spent an unhappy time waiting for him, wondering if he would lose us too, but he turned up in an hour, saying he knew the way now. We pushed on till nightfall. Then Ovendo, with great skill, killed a bird with a stone. It was about the size of a plover and had a bill like a duck and quacked like one, but its feet were unwebbed and it had quite twelve inches of neck.

'It was still raining steadily, so we collected an immense pile of firewood and roasted our bird. There fell to my share half the breast—one mouthful—and the neck, which I chewed up completely, bone and all. It tasted very good, but the morsel only roused our hunger. However, it had a very good psychological effect. I sat on the woodpile, roasting my front while water poured down my back; I lit a cigar and felt well content. The expedition has lacked food and water, but never cigars—we left five thousand on the *Norge*. I amused myself by thinking of the adjectives to fit my condition: unshorn, unshaven, dirty, ragged, barefoot, lacerated, muscle-sore, cold, wet, starved and worn. They all applied, yet I was quite happy. How often had I been shaved, bathed, well-dressed, well-wined, well-dined, yet bored and discontented.

'We pushed on again with the first light at a good pace, though we were all obviously weaker, and Schmidt collapsed several times. Moreover, the way was extremely rocky and our feet got very cut about. After six hours going, at about eleven in the morning, Ovendo calculated that we were three hours from Alemania. We were just getting up from a short rest when we heard the sound of some mounted men, and a fine-looking Indian, wearing a red poncho and waving a tremendous machete, reined up. There were cries of "Ho, Ovendo!" It was a rescue party.

'In a few minutes they had a blazing fire lit and very soon produced grilled beef, plantains and, best of all, hot coffee and milk. That is the advantage of being rescued by the inhabitants of nearly every country except my own: you are sure to be provided with good coffee. Curiously enough, I was not conscious of any unusual hunger, I just thoroughly enjoyed that first meal for four days. The "Mas café" joke served me well. It was quickly explained to our rescuers by Ovendo and I got six cups.

'Our troubles were over. The rescuers had even brought me a pair of boots which fitted; so with these on my feet, a full belly, a cigar in my mouth and mounted on a donkey, I completed the remaining three hours journey to Alemania.

'All this happened to-day. I am writing this to-night by the light of a bit of rawhide stuck in beef fat, in the one rude hut which is all there is to Alemania. The walls are constructed of poles, with gaps between which are wider than the poles; the roof is made of hides, with many holes through which the water drips incessantly. Raw meat and hides in various stages of curing hang everywhere; hens, dogs, cats, pigs, fleas and other domestic animals wander about; but here is food, water and warmth.

'Our rescuers have been more than kind and are unremitting in their attentions. They cook us a full meal at hourly intervals and between times Ovendo, who looks after me like a mother, beats up eggs and milk and forces me to drink them.

'I am suffering from the usual reaction, and feel cold and shocked. My feelings are very mixed. In one way I am rather pleased with myself. I managed to behave as I would have liked to behave: I kept my control quite tight, I stopped behind with Schmidt, I conserved my water and shared what I had saved equally, I never called a halt or exclaimed when I fell or hurt my feet.

'On the other hand, I have twice failed in these last weeks to do what I set out to do. I failed to save Brun's life, and I have failed to get the boat he had confided to me safely back to Floriana. I can make plenty of excuses but they give me no satisfaction; results are the only things that ever do.

'The man in the story is Ovendo, the murderer, to whom we undoubtedly owe our lives. If he had not come back we would have died of thirst on that mountain, for

I had not the remotest idea where the water-hole was. To retrace his steps as he did was very fine.

'Thirst is a most unpleasant experience; it weakens one with the greatest rapidity and it is very hard to keep one's mental balance intact while undergoing it. One realizes acutely that it is only a matter of time.

'I have starved before for forty-eight hours and for the first twenty-four felt acute discomfort; I remember, though, this began to wear off. On this occasion, the first hours of hunger were unnoticed because of our thirst. When we had drunk, we wanted food, but there was no acute discomfort and the want became if anything less. I imagine that, given sufficient water, we could have lasted ten to twelve days without food—getting weaker and weaker, of course.

'*St. Thomas, Friday, July 18th.* I slept worse at Alemania than during all the previous nights. I lay on a wooden bed, which is much worse than rock, and shared it with Schmidt, who tossed and groaned and scratched all night, for, as usual, when there is anybody else to feed on the fleas refused to feed on me.

'At dawn, we set out on horseback for St. Thomas, the other hacienda in the uplands, and arrived about one o'clock. It should have been a glorious ride across the ridge connecting the two peaks of the southern portion of Isabela, but the whole land was shrouded in clouds so we could see nothing and moreover were soaked through and through. Here we have been most hospitably received into the house of Señor Aristobulo Cordoba, the leader of our rescuers;

'The house has open planked walls and a thatched roof and is divided roughly into three compartments with open passages between. Schmidt, Ovendo and I sleep in the centre one, which is also the living room; Señor Cordoba and his wife and child in the right-hand one;

another couple in the left-hand one, which is also the kitchen. We get wonderful food and wonderful cooking.

'I gave Ovendo fifteen sucres (three dollars) yesterday as the price of my life, which I consider was valuing it moderately; he seemed to think I was conceited, for he was very pleased.

'In the afternoon, Ovendo, who, besides being a mother, has also become my valet and bodyguard, cut my hair and shaved off a month's growth. For the latter operation I should have had a general anaesthetic. He struggled on and on and one by one the inhabitants of the hacienda strolled on to the verandah and offered advice and razors. The latter they sat down and stropped and proffered to Ovendo. At last this major operation was complete and I looked at myself in the mirror. I got quite a shock, for my face seemed to have altered. I said nothing, but Schmidt suddenly exclaimed in German that I looked ten years older. I asked him to ask Señor Cordoba how old he thought I was, and he too said forty-five.

'That evening Señora Cordoba offered to attend to my feet. I protested, but she insisted. She tended them with the gentlest hands I have ever known. When she had got the dirt away, they did look a mess; rather as if I had tried to kick a cucumber frame to pieces with my bare feet. After her care, they were much more comfortable.

'Ovendo immediately blued two thirds of my blood money on alcohol that morning, which he and his pals consumed. I insisted on paying for this and sent for another couple of bottles which quickly disappeared. He went out and Schmidt and I went thankfully to the first dry, clean, soft and warm beds we had had for weeks. It was delicious: then I began dreaming that I had found Brun alone in the *Norge*, hungry and thirsty, somewhere off the western coast of Isabela. He was alone, because, though his crew had stuck to him manfully at first, they

had been decoyed away by Alvarados, who played Spanish music to them, to remind them of their loves.

'I woke with great reluctance, to find a very drunken Ovendo holding a glass of alcohol to my lips, the room full of people and a gramophone playing. There was nothing for it, so I put on my glasses, sat up in bed and from there joined the party. Except that it was conducted with rather more decorum, it was like any Bloomsbury party, or for that matter, like any party anywhere in the world. The proportion of couples dancing, of couples making love, of unattached men talking—presumably philosophy—in corners, was in about the usual ratio. The setting, though, did not look real; there was something so fantastic about the interior of that hut, lit up by tallow flares that you felt it must be some "Cabaret Parisien".

'*St. Thomas, Saturday, July 19th.* We are still here, feasting and resting, but are going down to Villamil tomorrow. Señor Gil sent me an invitation and a bottle of drink yesterday. I wonder how long I am going to be kept in Isabela. I am worried about the *Inyala* and Mobile.'

8. SALVING THE 'NORGE': AND DEPARTURE

Here I will stop quoting from my log. We lingered on at St. Thomas for a few more days because we were so comfortable there. Whenever we made an attempt to go Señor Cordoba would not hear of it. I have never had more lavish hospitality. I even got a bath every day without asking for it, and the water had to be transported a mile on donkeys. Then on the evening of the 22nd I received the following letter from Mobile, brought by a messenger from Villamil.

'DEAR CAPTAIN,

I am writing you these few lines to let you know I am here. Captain Brun's partner, myself and three

others came looking for you. We lost the boat and I had six days' walking to get here. I have lost all my clothes and was nearly drowned. The yacht is all right; moored with three anchors and in charge of the Consul.

Yours,

WINSTON CHEESEMAN.'

Disaster seemed to follow on disaster. As far as I could make out from the messenger they had come over in the *Pinta* and capsized in St. Pedro as Brun had done. I gathered that Mobile was in Villamil, Arnts half-way between Villamil and St. Pedro, and the three others left at St. Pedro—all old men over eighty years of age. Señor Gil had immediately sent an expedition along the coast and we sent off two, one to St. Pedro and one to Cape Rose.

At daybreak we rode down to Villamil. My horse fell on the way, but I managed to throw myself clear and was only shaken. I found Mobile looking about twenty years older—a complete wreck. He told me a pathetic tale of a gallant effort undertaken by people without the least knowledge of seamanship. I did not get the complete story out of him then, but have gradually pieced it together bit by bit, though there are still gaps.

Arnts, Brun's partner in Guayaquil, a young Dane with no knowledge of the sea, had come on the *Cobos* to visit Brun, and had brought a new outboard motor from Guayaquil. They waited and waited, hoping we would turn up, but the Consul was convinced that either Brun or I was dead. They could not understand what was the matter, for Alvarados had said that he had seen Brun safely into St. Pedro, and even that he had seen the engineer and me greeting Brun. At last they set out to look for us on Sunday, July 12th, the day we left the *Norge*. Arnts, Mobile, Colonel the blacksmith, the cook and another old man.

They arrived off Villamil about dawn on Sunday, but instead of going in there for news and to get a reliable pilot they continued on down the coast looking for St. Pedro. They missed it, of course, and went on and on. About four-thirty in the afternoon they were just to the east of Essex Point, a most desolate bit of coast where the rollers come up straight from the Antarctic. They had plenty of petrol, food and water; but they felt rather tired, so they just went in near the coast, dropped their anchor and went to sleep. They were awakened half an hour later by the boat capsizing in a breaker. They all got ashore with difficulty, and, when the boat followed them, managed to salvage the motor, a demi-john of water and some matches.

They found a large tortoise that night but did not eat it, and the following day set out for Alemania, the direction of which one of the men said he knew. They spent one day getting some way up the Blue Mountain, then decided to make the coast again and to try for Villamil. One by one the old men dropped out, and Arnts and Mobile alone got to St. Pedro on the afternoon of the third day. Here they stumbled on the grave. They both rushed to see whether it was Brun or me. Arnts wept and wept when he saw the name. He only got a few yards further, and then told Mobile to go on alone and to try to get help. Mobile got to Villamil on the sixth day. He lived on crabs and had only found fresh water twice, but had drunk sea water. It was, I think, a magnificent piece of endurance, but he said if he had had the means he would have killed himself.

When I heard the tale I thought Brun must have turned in his grave.

It was the same old story: nine out of ten disasters at sea come from breaking the rule, when in doubt keep to sea. There was nothing to force them to land. They had

ample fuel, water and food, they had only been at sea twenty-four hours, the weather was good and there was no fear of gales. Yet they went inshore and anchored in the open on what must be one of the most savage coasts in the world.

Señor Gil had immediately sent a rescue party along the coast and we had sent one off from St. Thomas. Ovendo was away, but he came back on Tuesday morning, and immediately went off with Alberto to look for them. On Tuesday evening the first rescue party came back saying they had found no trace of anyone, and we gave them up for dead. However, we got news on Wednesday night that Arnts and Colonel had been found alive by Alberto and Ovendo. They got in on Thursday afternoon; Colonel had passed Arnts unawares. Colonel was completely broken up and Arnts had a very bad septic foot pouring pus from five places. Nothing yet had been heard of the other two. One got into Alemania three days later, but the other was never heard of again.

We then all sat down in Señor Gil's house—he was hospitality itself—on a weary wait for some boat to come in and take us off. We knew it might be many months. Mobile had given me reassuring news about the *Inyala*. He said she was ready to sail, and that he had not touched any of the preserved provisions. He also told me that Arnts and the Consul, who could not stand Louis any longer, had given him ten dollars and paid his fare to Guayaquil.

However, to our great joy we saw a sail on the morning of Friday, July 24th. It was the Santa Cruz Norwegians. They had paid a friendly call at Floriana and had found a distracted Consul quite alone, so they had come to Villamil to look for us. We sailed for Floriana the following day, Señor Gil with us. We did not get there without a last effort on the part of the gods to gainsay us. Some little

way out of Villamil the motor broke down, and we started drifting off to the west in the old familiar fashion. The Norwegians had to dismantle the motor completely, but got it going again after three hours' hard work.

It was a heart-breaking business announcing to the Consul that Brun was dead. I took him on board that night with the two Norwegians and told him all about it over several bottles of skool. I found the *Inyala* was all right, but Mobile had broken into a cupboard where I had locked up the last eight hundred cigarettes of the seven thousand I had brought from Panama, and had smoked all but three hundred.

I stayed one day at Floriana and then set out with the two Norwegians back to Webb Cove to get the *Norge*. We went into Villamil for one night to drop Señor Gil and to enable me to get some provisions. I was quite terrified at going and felt distinctly 'fey' about the expedition; just an unreasoning terror. Mobile begged me not to go, as he was sure there was going to be a disaster. Feeling like that it was absolutely necessary to do it. But I spent a rotten night in Villamil before we set out at eight in the morning of Tuesday, July 28th. The Norwegians had a fine little double-ended open boat, imported from Norway, and we went down the coast in style with a fresh easterly wind and the current. I realized anew what a bad coast this is, and how impossible it was to beat against wind and a two and a half knot current. For the last ten miles before Essex Point it blew really hard and we tore along. The chart is definitely incorrect round this portion of the coast, the distances are a good deal longer than are marked and Essex Point is much sharper and more prominent than is shown.

We got to Webb Cove just before sunset, and to my extreme disgust found that the *Norge* was full of water and had sunk by the stern. Two of the mooring ropes had

parted on the port side, and she had gone aground to starboard on one tide and filled on the following one. I felt frightfully upset, but at least she was quite undamaged, and the Norwegians assured me she could be floated again with drums and tackle. We stayed there two days while we salvaged what we could out of the cabin and the Norwegians worked out how to raise her. We saved a good deal of stuff, but the Governor's suitcase, containing his full dress uniform and some ledgers which comprised the dossiers of everyone on the islands, had floated away. Also the whole coast was littered with ruined cigars.

We motored back the whole way to Floriana and got there safely on the night of Friday, July 31st, having taken about thirty hours to do sixty miles against the current, the motor giving five knots. So much for premonitions and 'feeling fey'. I mention this because one is always hearing of premonitions which come off, never of those which don't.

At Floriana we found the Chatham Island Norwegians, Kuygerud and Jenssen. They had paid a friendly call at Santa Cruz only to find that Stampa and Wold had disappeared in the direction of Floriana. So they had come along to investigate. We arranged that our three boats should go to Webb Cove, the Norwegians to raise the *Norge*, the *Inyala* to carry empty drums, a gallows and tackle and water for them. Thence I was going straight on to the Marquesas.

I stipulated for three days' rest before we started as I wanted to write letters. Arnts went off to Santa Cruz to see two Danish friends of his who had come out on the last boat with about ten thousand dollars capital to reopen the old canning factory there. They wanted a boat to fish with and to ply between the Islands and Guayaquil, and Arnts wanted me to see them with the idea of going into partnership. The suggestion was either to use the

Inyala or to get another boat of which I was to be the skipper. The Norwegians, with whom I had struck up a firm friendship, were all in favour of the scheme—it was one of several others which meant my remaining in the islands—but much as I loved this Galapagos life I wanted to go to my long-dreamed-of South Seas.

Instead of writing letters I developed a virulent streptococcal infection of the ring finger of my right hand, which gave rise to a lymphangitis and an adenitis of my axilla. I was completely knocked over for three days. Then the infection ceased to spread, but nearly the whole of the proximal joint was an open sore. I then developed a less vicious infection of my left foot and left arm.

I was in no condition to sail, but everyone was waiting for me, so we sailed from Floriana on Friday, August 7th, in company with the Santa Cruz Norwegians. It was rather like leaving home, and I said good-bye to the Consul with the deepest regret. Arnts had given me oranges, flour, matches, a hundred and forty cigarettes, some onions and a little salted beef. But there was no smoked meat available, and most of the animal he had shot for me had gone bad owing to delay in bringing it down. I had bought five hens, four small tortoises, four bags of sweet potatoes, one bag of plantains and four bottles of tortoise oil. I had in addition four tins of biscuits, twenty pounds of rice, a hundred pounds of sugar, and thought I had twenty-eight tins of bully beef, thirty tins of sardines and thirty-six tins of fruit. The Chatham Norwegians had gone to Villamil the day before and were bringing me ten pounds of lard and two thousand cigars, I hoped. Schmidt had left with them. He was going to try to start a chicken farm there. We had grown rather intimate and had quite a sorrowful farewell.

It was about five in the afternoon when we left Post Office Bay, and although the night was nearly a calm we

were off Essex Point at seven the next morning. Then the wind dropped and we spent all day working up the coast. The Santa Cruz Norwegians had passed us long before, and at four in the afternoon it looked as if we were going to spend the night drifting about the coast. We had Ovendo on board, who, ever since we got off the Blue Mountain, had been trying to persuade me to take him with me to the Marquesas. Mobile had objected violently to coming up this way, he never wanted to see that bit of coast again, he was convinced that if he did he would leave his bones there, and he tried to persuade me to jettison our cargo and go off, plus Ovendo, to the Marquesas. However, the Chatham Norwegians came up behind us and gave us a tow into the cove. The *Norge* was in just the same state as we had left her, and the Norwegians were quite sure they could float her. I stayed for three days at Webb Cove. The four Norwegians slept on board with me, and each night we had a party. As I was very short of meat they caught several turtles, which lay belly upwards on the deck. They also caught and salted about fifty pounds of cod for me.

I continue to call this anchorage Webb Cove, but I am rather doubtful about it. Bearings taken on four points on Isabela and one from Narborough Island all coincide at the position of Webb Cove. On the other hand, it does not look like the plan of Webb Cove I have on my chart, but like the plan I have of Iguana Cove. Moreover, I have come up the coast three times now and have never spotted Iguana Cove, which ought to lie to the south if this is Webb Cove. I leave the mystery unsolved.

I lingered on at anchor, thinking that I probably would not have a full night's sleep for many weeks. I reckoned that with only two of us it would take at least forty days to cross the three thousand miles to the Marquesas, or even two months. I had taken thirty-five days

to cross the Atlantic, and the Pacific Trades were not supposed to be as consistent as the Atlantic. Moreover, as there were only two of us this time I thought that after a week or ten days we would get so weary that we would let her drift at night. However, I decided to sail on Tuesday, August 11th. We had a great farewell party on the Monday night, and the invitation to go to Santa Cruz and live with Stampa and Wold was repeated and confirmed. I was to fish with them and they would supply me with food, drink and cigars.

My sores were no longer acute, but they showed no signs of healing and I was swathed in bandages. So the Norwegians came on board to help me get under way at four o'clock, an hour before the light sea breeze usually turns into a strong land one from the east. They got the dinghy on board—one they had given me, for my own had been smashed up while I was marooned in Isabela—weighed the kedge, made everything secure and hoisted the mainsail. When we all went below for a final drink there was a nice easterly wind blowing. I said good-bye to them with the greatest regret; they are four of the very best.

When we went on deck again the wind had dropped, so they offered to give me a tow out, which I accepted gladly. Two went off and got their boat while the other two got my anchor up. They towed me a couple of miles, and as the sun set cast off the line. We were off.

IX

GALAPAGOS TO THE MARQUESAS

Going across the Atlantic I had kept an elaborate journal, but on this voyage, which was really much more interesting, I was so busy that I was only able to scribble a few lines in pencil every day. When I look at these I find it is more like a medical case-sheet than a ship's log.

This voyage was obviously going to be very different from the former ones. For food we had the provisions previously mentioned. For drink I had only one bottle and that of local stuff, very potent but rather poisonous tasting. For smoking I had, I thought, the three hundred cigarettes—my usual ration is fifty a day. For crew there were just the two of us, and I was ill and both of us had shaken nerves.

After the Norwegians cast off, we drifted about in calms and light airs until four in the morning. It was a most unpleasant night, for the currents were unknown and we could not get away from the coast. We were both, I think, very conscious of our loneliness. Also Mobile had a superstitious horror of this coast, and was quite certain that Isabela's Blue Mountain, on opposite sides of which we had each nearly perished, would get him yet. But at four o'clock we got a fresh breeze from the south-south-east, and by midday Mobile was making gestures of derision at the rapidly vanishing mountain.

Then started a strenuous life. Mobile cooked two meals a day; one, about eleven in the morning, consisting of coffee and flour balls fried in lard and drenched with molasses; another, about seven o'clock, which was the heavy meal of the day. I insisted upon taking half an hour for breakfast and one hour for dinner and writing up my

log, and, when possible, two hours in the afternoon for navigation and sleep. The rest of the day I steered. The night was divided into two watches of six hours each. My usual watch was from 8.00 p.m. to 2.00 a.m., and Mobile's from 2.00 a.m. to 8.00 a.m.

That was the arrangement, but it was exceedingly difficult to keep Mobile at the wheel for any length of time by himself. He fidgeted like a child when made to sit still, and got panic-stricken when left by himself in the dark. He would invent any excuse to call me. At the beginning I never got more than an hour's uninterrupted sleep, and this wore me out very quickly. But, as I got wearier and wearier, the quality of my scornful invective improved, whenever I considered I had been awakened unnecessarily, so that in the end Mobile became more afraid of my tongue than of the evil spirits and so I got some peace.

Nevertheless, he was very good. The cooking remained first class throughout the voyage, and he had to handle all the gear himself, for I was nearly helpless. Among his other duties was dressing my septic places while I sat at the wheel.

I set a course south-west. I wanted to get south as quickly as possible, for the wind chart showed stronger and more easterly winds the more south you got, up to 10° - 15° south. For the first twenty-four hours we had a light wind just forward of the beam and only made ninety miles, but as we went south the wind gradually increased and drew more easterly.

The first entry in my log is dated Saturday, August 15th, four days out, and the log read three hundred and twenty miles at 3.00 p.m. It does not sound as if I had been enjoying myself very much, in fact, I think the day before was the worst part of the trip. It runs as follows: 'Winds moderate to strong, increasing at night;

constant succession of rain squalls. Nights bitterly cold. Last night was absolutely bloody. I had steered from 7.00 a.m. to 6.00 p.m. with a two hours' break. Went below for a meal. After getting about two mouthfuls called up by Mobile, who said there was a squall coming, what about lowering the mainsail? Said it was all right and went below again. Five minutes later called again. Found Mobile with morale completely gone, shivering with fright. He complained that he was unable to steer. Steered her myself until 10.30 p.m. Nothing exceptional, only moderate squalls, but a very large beam sea. Called Mobile to take over. He woke me at 2.00 a.m. to say jib sheet was loose. Woke me again at 2.30. "Better take the mainsail down, I can't steer her." Steered till dawn, when I went below. Slept until 8.00 a.m. with one call from Mobile, but he got no satisfaction. Then slept from 9.00 a.m. to 1.00 p.m. and then steered till six o'clock. Now 7.30 p.m. Have had an excellent meal on our last chicken and feel better. Going on watch now for six hours. Have been taunting Mobile savagely all day, so may get some sleep. Blowing really hard, boat doing seven knots.'

That night I started to enjoy myself again for we had a wonderful night's sailing, doing eighty-four miles between sunset and sunrise. Mobile did not disturb me, although he was very nervous when I left him. It was blowing hard, with squall after squall, but they were not vicious.

He woke me at 8.00 a.m., and I found the saloon floor two inches deep in water. I said to myself, 'We are sailing with a beam wind, the boat has her gunwale under most of the time, she has always leaked from her topsides on going to sea, and her topsides have been drying for three months in Post Office Bay.' Yes. I kept on saying these things to myself, but—she had been pumped dry one day before. Yes. I was trying to deceive myself. She was leak-

ing badly, and the two of us would not be able to sail her and to keep her afloat. I took the helm and told Mobile to pump her. The pump was free, but no water came.

The wind got up to gale force and the squalls, following each other in ever closer succession, began to acquire some vice. Steering became a whole-time occupation, as I had to run her dead off before every squall, each of which shifted a point or two.

I had told Mobile to take the pump to pieces, but he suddenly appeared with a bucket and said he would empty the bilge that way as there was no time to put the pump in order. However, I insisted; and he found both valves held up with matches. The bilge came out dirty.

It blew harder and harder, and as it became dangerous to sail anything except dead before it, I decided to get the mainsail down on deck and set our square rig. We waited our chance, brought her round in a smooth and got the mainsail down on deck at 11.00 a.m. We left her hove-to, under jib and mizen, and had a really good meal. The relaxation was sheer joy. We had a short doze, a salt water bath, and Mobile dressed my septic places. At 4.00 p.m. we hoisted the trysail and bore away on a course of west by south (true). Mobile hoisted the squaresail and raffee.

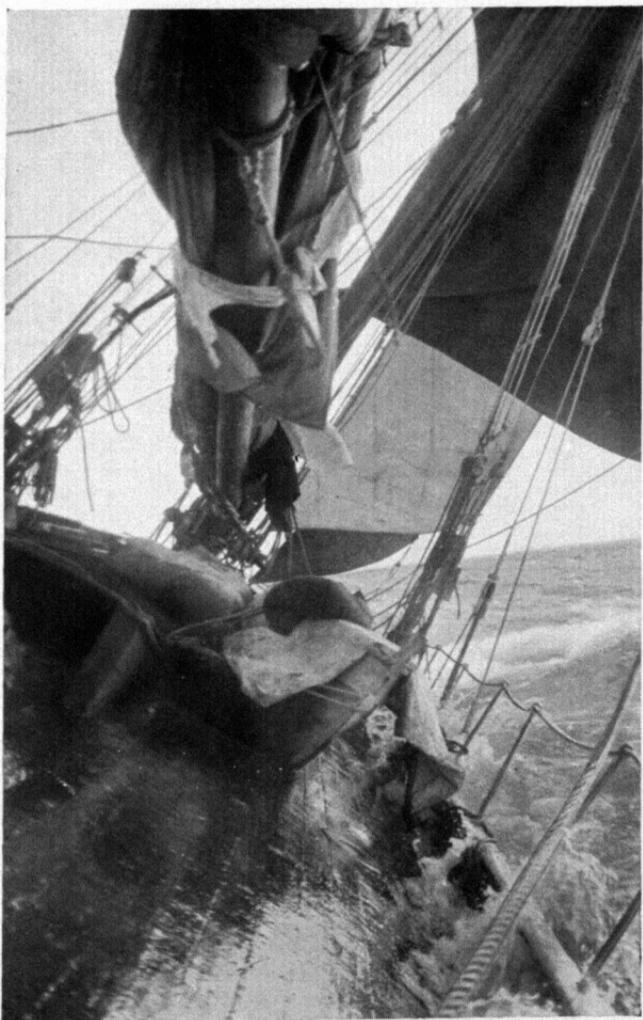
Taking the mainsail down had gone very much against the grain. We could have had a glorious sail with a full crew. I turned my ideal crew over in my mind and decided, in addition to ourselves, on any two of: Brun, the four Galapagos Norwegians, a certain Major Jack Foreshaw and Ronnie Smith, my old skipper on the Norwegian voyage, all men who love carrying on for its own sake. However, even under this reduced sail we rolled off over a hundred and fifty miles a day, and we could get every stitch off her in about ten minutes. The wind con-

inued to blow Force 6 or 7, and the seas grew larger, but the squalls became rarer and rarer. On Wednesday, August 19th, I took my first observation, and our position at noon was $7^{\circ} 14'$ South, $106^{\circ} 14'$ West, which was about one thousand and eighty miles in eight days.

That day I had two shattering blows. I found that the last of my drink was gone, and I found that the last two tins of cigarettes were empty duds. I have already related how, whilst I was marooned in Albemarle, Mobile had broken open the cupboard and on my return I had found only six tins left. When I now found that of these six two were duds I could have slaughtered Mobile. He eventually confessed that he had placed the two empty tins under the others before my return, hoping to mitigate my wrath when I should discover his theft. He escaped instant death on this occasion only because I could not afford to slaughter *all* my crew at one blow.

Next day I woke up to find my left arm almost immovable. One of the old septic places had suddenly flared up again, and my axilla was very swollen. Mobile fomented the sore all day, but I had a temperature of 103° that evening with a series of rigors. The weather got wilder and wilder, and I had a most unhappy time steering that night. At 10.00 p.m. I took the rafflee off. Mobile woke me twice, asking me to take off even more sail. I was kind the first time, in gratitude for his unremitting attentions during the day, but was furious the second time. I told him I would not take another square inch off her for a hurricane. I succeeded in blasting his vanity so badly that I was not disturbed again.

I felt better next morning as I was getting a free discharge of pus. We reset the rafflee as soon as I woke. That night we killed the first turtle, and Mobile made a stew of it fit for the gods. Then the wind blew up again and the seas began to get really large. I took the rafflee down for



By kind permission of Mr. H. T. Mapes

The *Inyala*, lee rail awash

Mobile's watch. Nevertheless, he woke me, asking me to reduce sail. I just coldly hurt his vanity to the utmost and went to sleep again.

On Monday, August 24th, thirteen days at sea, we had done 1760 miles, by observation. I was feeling very much better and enjoying myself once more. The day before the wind had drawn dead aft and we had taken the try-sail down. That day we had the first trouble with our gear. The jib out-haul, which I personally had replaced after putting back into Brixham after our first abortive start, parted; and so, a little later, did the strop of the block through which the starboard raffee sheet ran. Mobile repaired the latter in a masterly fashion, dangling at the yardarm.

Without much increase in wind the seas became larger than I had ever seen them, except once off the Cape of Good Hope when I was on a 12,000-ton steamer. The usual run was about twenty-five feet high, with about seventy-five yards between seas, I should judge. But every now and again we got three or four which were well over thirty feet. We just went up one side of the hill and down the other. In the valley the squaresail flapped. The crests were breaking and a good deal of water slopped on board, but there was no weight in it. Two or three times a day something would happen to a wave and it would partly collapse; then we would just slide down it in a smother of foam as if the boat were a surf-board. The sensation was that perfect mixture of exaltation and fear. Mobile would keep on looking behind at the seas instead of keeping the boat on her course. One morning I was sitting chatting to him, just before relieving him at the wheel, when I saw a tremendous sea half-breaking. Mobile looked over his shoulder, gave one horrified glance at it and ran away from the wheel. I just managed to save her from broaching to.

Nevertheless, that week of sailing was the most perfect I have ever experienced. More than that, it had been a seaman's dream. When one thought of painfully beating down Channel and then perhaps, with luck, getting a fifty miles run or so, and then realized that one was running 150 or 160 miles a day, day after day—If only I had been feeling well and had had a third good man with me. As it was, we were both too tired. Moreover, there was no tobacco and no alcohol.

On Wednesday, August 26th, we had only 940 miles to go to Hiva Oa which, at our rate, was about one week's sailing. The day before, the force of the wind and the size of the seas had attained their maximum; the seas were really tremendous. From then onward both diminished, and also our pace. That Wednesday was marked by three events: Mobile gybed the boat and carried away the mizen bumpkin. He then dropped my stop-watch overboard, so that henceforth I had to steer with one hand and take sights with the other while Mobile clocked. He, like Jenkins, was never sure about the minutes. Then I developed three new septic places on my arm and the old places flared up again.

For a bit there was very little to record. The wind gradually dropped and somehow or other we still always seemed to be about a week away from our destination. Up to then we had been living on our fresh food, plus rice and flour and sweet potatoes, but when now I asked Mobile for a tin of sardines he could not produce them, so I investigated the tinned provisions which Mobile had assured me had been untouched while I was away at Albemarle. I found that there was no ham and no tinned stuff, except four tins of bully beef. While I had been away (in spite of the fact that he had been fed on shore at my expense and had also fired 200 cartridges in, as he told me, shooting cattle), he had managed to consume or,

more likely, give away almost my entire stock of tinned provisions in a little over a month.

Of course, under ordinary circumstances I should naturally have checked these stores myself before departure, but I had spent the last days before leaving Post Office Bay ill in bed, and had just crawled on board at the last moment; also, up to this time, and in spite of the theft of the cigarettes, which I had known to be Mobile's great weakness, I had never suspected him of tampering with the stores. Even now I cannot understand how he was such an utter idiot as to let us set out on this voyage with no reserves.

On Monday, August 31st, our observed position was $9^{\circ} 54'$ South, $133^{\circ} 7'$ West, at 4.00 p.m. S.A.T. The wind had drawn round to the east-north-east and as it was falling lighter and lighter we got up the mainsail, and guyed it out. With the squaresail, raffee and jib, she seemed to be carrying a lot of canvas and she began to move. We were then 320 miles away from land.

Next day, (this does sound more like a medical history than the log of a voyage) I felt very ill again; swollen glands under my armpits, temperature, burning eyes, rigors and sweats. Also the day was very hot, the first really hot weather we had had since the Doldrums. All during this voyage from the Galapagos, my fear had been that my eyes might get infected, and then—?

Wednesday, September 22nd, an extract from my log, written at 7.00 p.m., reads; 'Observed position at 4.35 p.m. $9^{\circ} 42'$ South, $136^{\circ} 49'$ West, 112 miles in twenty-four hours. At observed position had 110 miles to go. Should sight land at dawn to-morrow. Hoisted topsail as well, just before sunset, as we had quartering wind. Amount of sail would give Rab fits. Glorious day. Feeling better. Hope to get in to-morrow.'

That night we began to get rain squalls and calms, and

at dawn, when, by dead reckoning from the day before's observed position, we were seventy miles away from Hiva Oa, we were becalmed in pouring rain. We continued, with all sails set, to drift in calms or run furiously before squalls, with no visibility until eleven in the morning, when, for a space of thirty seconds between squalls, I saw land from the masthead. This put an end to my great anxiety, for if my chronometer had been wrong (I had corrected it from a known position in the Galapagos) we could easily, with that poor visibility, have either missed the islands or perhaps hit one of them the following night. Or at least, so I thought then, but now I know that you could not possibly hit any Marquesan island without noticing it.

At midday everything suddenly cleared and I recognized the land I had glimpsed as Mohotani and saw Hiva Oa on my starboard bow, just where it should have been. Once more I patted the chronometer and myself on the back. We had now forty-two miles to go, and six hours to do it in before nightfall. The wind increased in force and Mobile had a bright idea. He found that he could set a reefed staysail underneath the squaresail; and also we had a spare staysail hung in some sort of fashion from the mizen.

We moved, and at last I saw real South sea islands, which I had dreamed of for twenty-five years, and towards which I had been sailing for so long.

I was not disappointed. They were just as they should have been. I will not try to describe them. Stevenson has described his first sight of the Marquesas. I will not try to improve where I cannot. Sufficient to say that he did not exaggerate and that my dreams, derived in parts from his writings, came true.

Made as we are, however, the dominant thoughts in my mind were, 'Can we get a night's sleep to-night? Can we

get a smoke? Can we get a drink? Or must we spend another night at sea?’

I took bearings and bearings, estimated the distance run by the log, and always it seemed as if we would arrive at nightfall with the end of the sea breeze. The great peak that overhangs Atuona became dimmer and dimmer in the fading light.

We arrived off the entrance to Tahuku Bay at 6.00 p.m., twenty-two days from the Galapagos, 3,200 miles away.

The wind was falling lighter and lighter, but both Mobile and I were still hoping against hope for a quiet night's rest, so I kept everything up, having given Mobile instructions to be ready to get the square rig off her at a moment's notice. We had actually got into the entrance of Tahuku when the wind dropped to nothing. We threshed about and threshed about. Mobile got the square rig off, but a few minutes later a puff of wind off the land took us aback and we started to drift towards the evil looking breakers off the eastern point of the entrance. I was frantic. To have reached the South Sea islands and to be wrecked before landing. I looked at the breakers and thought of Brun, drowned in breakers before my eyes. Mobile, who is a fine swimmer, did not console me. He was sure that there was no place where we could swim ashore. But we got the boat about at last and worked our way off. Then there was a flat calm and we rolled about, still in the entrance.

I had an idea that Atuona was a fairly populous place, for it is the residence of the French Administrator of this southern group of the Marquesas. Therefore I expected that there would be at least two or three motor-boats about, which would give us a tow in, so I burnt a flare, but nothing happened. We had an impression of complete desolation, and wondered if the island were really inhabited. Then the lighthouse began to flash feebly,

which reassured us, and then we saw one more light, but that was all.

We launched our small boat, not my dinghy, for that had been smashed up in the Galapagos, but a crude coffin-like thing which had been given to me by the Norwegians there. It immediately filled with water and sank and we had the greatest difficulty in getting it on board again. Meanwhile we drifted out to sea. By then it was pitch dark, and when at last we got some wind I decided it was unsafe to try to get in that night and that we would have to go out to sea and spend the night hove-to. Soon it began to blow really hard from the south-east and the *Inyala*, with a full mainsail and a strong breeze, does about three knots to windward hove-to. We spent a wretched night. It blew harder and harder and neither of us slept a wink. The shattering of our hopes had been too much for Mobile and he almost collapsed. We dodged about between the south coast of Hiva Oa and the uninhabited island of Mohotani. Actually, of course, there was no danger, and the distance between the two islands is about twelve miles, but they are both so high that at night, and especially when unfamiliar, you seem always to be going ashore on one or the other, they seem to loom so near. I had kept up to windward, and with the first light put the helm up and bore away once again for Tahuku. But the wind dropped again and we rolled about off that south coast of Hiva Oa, about three miles from our destination.

Somehow or other, we worked down the coast and into Tahuku; how, I don't quite know. This time I did not feel as desperate as I had done the night before. Hiva Oa was so amazingly lovely in the morning sun.

As we drifted into Tahuku, we saw natives waving to us from the shore, and shouting greetings to us. For a moment I hoped that, as in the days of Melville, beautiful girls

would swim out to meet us, but that did not happen then, though later at another island it was indeed to happen.

We dropped anchor in five fathoms, and sitting back simultaneously we gave a gasp—a gasp expressing too many emotions to enumerate, but relief predominant. This time, though, we had no drink on board to celebrate with. After a bit Mobile swam ashore, with instructions from me to bring back drink and cigarettes at all costs. What exactly happened to him I don't quite know, but I do know that he astonished Bob MacKittrick—a one-time English sailor, now a storekeeper for the New Zealand firm of Donald and Co.—by telling him when asked where we came from, 'We come from Brixton, Suh.' Bob thought this the oddest port from which a yacht had ever sailed, and also Mobile, a West Indian quadron, hardly had the colouring or the intonation of an inhabitant of that suburb.

After a long wait, a boat at last put off from the shore and I was greeted by René, the local policeman. I said 'Bonjour, monsieur. Est-ce-que vous pouvez me donner une cigarette?'

Without the least expression of astonishment at my abrupt request, he immediately produced tobacco and paper and rolled me one. This was the beginning of an affectionate bond between us. I filled in the necessary papers while René continued to roll cigarettes for me.

Then Mobile arrived back with several natives in a pirogue, the native out-rigger canoe. He came without drink or cigarettes but with an invitation to lunch with Dr. Benoit, the Administrator of the group. Preparing to dress for the occasion I stripped myself unthinkingly in front of all the natives. This, I afterwards learnt, was a terrible thing to do, for since the advent of the missionaries no Marquesan ever does such a thing.

I went ashore: bearded, thin and worn. Bob afterwards

told me that he thought on first seeing me that day that I was about sixty years old.

I was met on the beach by Dr. Benoit and he kept on apologizing for the bad lunch he was going to give me. Acutally, it was, to me, the best meal I have ever eaten. There was bread, which I had not tasted since leaving Panama. There was butter. There was pâté de foie gras. There was a rum punch before the meal, wine with it and liqueurs after. And—there were cigarettes.

That luncheon was the beginning of what became an intimate friendship between Dr. Benoit and myself, which friendship was probably the real reason why, nine months later, my address was still 'c/o Dr. Benoit', and why the *Inyala* was laughingly referred to as 'the new island in the Marquesas'.

* * *

Letter from the Marquesas

HIVA OA.

September 7th.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

As you see, I am in my dream islands at last. Queer what a little persistence will do. Well, dear, they are dream islands of a most incredible beauty. Things do not usually come up to one's imagination, but this place is much, much more beautiful than I had ever dreamt. I am very happy. Of course, the old days when a few hundred naked women swam to your boat before you could drop anchor have gone for ever, but there are still a few natives left and they are very charming.

I am living at present with 'Bob the Trader', whom Gerbault mentions as the man who loves natives and whom the natives love—he has a native wife—and we are becoming very good friends. I have not got a Marquesan girl yet, but it can probably be arranged later.

We had an amazing run here—3,000 miles in twenty-

three days. It was the most wonderful sailing I have ever known. After the first two days we never logged less than a hundred miles in twenty-four hours. Unfortunately, I was rather ill most of the time. My hand did not heal, I developed another septic spot on my left foot and a whole series on my left arm. The arm used to settle down and then flare up again, giving me a swollen axilla and a temperature. Mobile used to cook twice a day and handle all the gear, and I used to steer fifteen hours a day. For about five days it blew very hard and one day I did 147 miles under the squaresail alone, but I only took the raffle down twice, one period of twenty-four hours and one other night. The seas for a time were tremendous, about twenty-five feet high with about seventy-five yards between each, the crests breaking. The only time I have ever seen bigger ones was going round the Cape of Good Hope. However, the boat behaved beautifully. The only casualty was that Mobile gybed her once and carried away the mizen bumpkin.

We got here last Thursday, Sept. 3rd, almost a year to the day from leaving England. Do you remember that last drink in Newlyn? I nearly got in that night, but just at the mouth of the anchorage the wind dropped and about five minutes later caught her aback. I bore away but the mainsheet jammed in the blocks and before we could drag enough through we nearly went on the rocks. I then went out to sea again and spent the night hove-to while it blew a gale. Somehow or other I got in next morning, how I do not quite know.

The Governor of these islands is a French doctor and we seem to be going to be very good friends. He is an *intelligent* of the kind I like. He took me home to lunch when I first arrived, to a real French meal, and within a few minutes we were discussing Villon, Baudelaire, Communism, Mussolini, Bergson, Nietzsche.

My sores have taken a turn for the better, but I must have about a month or six weeks' rest. I seem to have been living at concert pitch ever since I left Panama. My T.B. seems completely cured in spite of everything and I have no trace of a cough, even in the morning.

You will be pleased to hear I can get nothing to drink here except wine. I crossed the Pacific without anything either to drink or *smoke*! Mobile ate all the tinned stuff while I was marooned, and we lived on four chickens, four tortoises, turtles and salt cod, plus flapjacks and molasses.

Before I left the Galapagos, I took salvaging material to Webb Cove for the Norwegians to try to raise the *Norge*. They had not raised her when I left, but they were sure they were going to. Those four Norwegians were very good to me. They caught turtles for me, and cod. When I left, as I was almost helpless, they got up my anchor, set the mainsail, made everything shipshape and finally gave me a tow. Brun and those four men were a fine lot. Arnts, the Dane, was not quite the same. The Consul more or less made him give me what Brun had promised for carrying the salt, but for the rest he did not even thank me, until the Norwegians drummed it into him how much I had done for him. What I did about the *Norge* was done because I could not do otherwise, and I did not expect anything for it. Nevertheless, I thought he might have put himself out a bit more to fulfil Brun's wishes.

Mobile is half angel and half ——? You simply cannot trust him with food or cigarettes. While I was marooned, he broke open a cupboard, smoked most of my cigarettes, and ate three dozen tins of sardines, three dozen tins of fruit, one ham, twenty tins of beef, four bottles of honey and the same of jam. All this time he was getting two meals a day on shore.

On the other hand, he is completely devoted to me and looks after me like a mother. He never grumbles, never complains, he has a genius for handling gear and is a wonderful cook. He picks up anything very quickly, and it must have been a great sight to see him fomenting my sores with strict attention to asepsis, while I steered the boat before a gale. He has now completely indentified himself with the adventure and tells me that when I run out of money, it does not matter in the least about his wages! He wants me to promise that I will keep him with me for ever. The only flaw in his seamanship is that he cannot steer by the wind and that he is apt to get rattled at night. On three occasions I had to steer all night coming across.

Well, dear, this is not going to be a very long letter, for the boat which is taking it goes to-morrow.

I got your letters here addressed to Hiva Oa, the one with a note from Freda. I will try and get your letters at Tahiti sent on here. If there is anything doing in the way of a job I will stay out here. Europe seems to be going rapidly to destruction and there seems to be no work there.

Once you have seen these islands, it seems absurd to live anywhere else. I just got a note from Rab about Commander Worsley trying to get me a job, but I know no details. If I get a decent one, I would have you out to stay with me. Really, dear, I have left a lot unsaid because I cannot put it quite clearly.

I will just state a lot of rather disconnected propositions. (1) Freda is right: the old world is falling to pieces rapidly. This means that it is no good piling up treasure, either of money or position. (2) To live saturated with beauty has a tremendous effect on one's well-being. (3) The sea is in my bones. (4) A good life consists of fight and struggle and anxiety; working twenty-four hours out of twenty-four, with every nerve on strain and

death round the corner, varied by periods of complete rest and idleness. (5) More and more I love complete solitude. (6) I believe I have changed a lot. (7) I am becoming more and more self-reliant and have more and more confidence in myself. Not confidence that all will be well, but confident that I will do all that can be done, calmly. (8) My zest for life has returned completely.

I wrote Emsy from Webb Cove to say that I was not going to marry her or anyone else, at present. I have had some wonderful letters from her here and, as I have told you before, I know I would be wise to marry her. But—well, I am free and I want to be responsible for no one. If she had only grabbed me when she could have done. If she had had the courage to send her aunts and uncles to hell and sail alone with me across the Pacific, I would have stuck to her for ever and ever. I cannot think of any woman who would have done so, except Freda—the older I get the more I realize her greatness at a distance.

I wish, though, you had told me something of B. I wrote her from Chatham three weeks after I wrote her from Panama, but, of course, the letter did not go for three months.

I am going to stay here for a month or six weeks, or until my sores dry up. It is impossible to sell the boat anywhere in the Eastern Pacific, I am told. The only chance is Fiji or Tonga, and by the time I am fit to leave here it will be getting too near the hurricane season.

I will probably have to knock about until the hurricanes are over and then make a dash for Fiji and eventually New Zealand. Really, in the end it would probably pay Rab to let me take the boat right round the world. She might fetch a fancy price in England then.

Write to me, dear, to Tahiti.

All greetings to Freda. My very best love,

TEMPLE.

P.S. Show part of letter to Rab. Give G and David my love. Be nice to B for me.

I have not heard if *Yachting* have taken my story. I will send them my further adventures and a copy to you. Will you try and sell the story in England if they have not taken it? Also, if they have taken the first part, will you send them copies of the photos you will get from Guayaquil? Please send any money to Tahiti, as I will be desperately short. If I make any money your end, I want *The Worm Ouroboros*; the last book by the same author, viz. Eddison, *The Egil Saga*, and Butcher, Leaf and Lang's *Iliad*.

PART II

LIFE IN THE SOUTH SEAS

(1931 to 1935)

*(From MSS., letters and log-books left by
Temple Utley)*

‘. . . We think there is something on the other side of the furthest ridge—there is not, but a further one. However, let us go looking for something we know is silly from all the viewpoints of others. . . .’

(From a letter of Temple Utley’s)

THE MARQUESAS

After those twenty-two days from the Galapagos to the Marquesas, I had had enough of the sea for the time being. I was very tired and my septic sores nearly incapacitated me.

I settled down with Bob MacKittrick at Atuona and slept, waking up from time to time to have my sores dressed by Dr. Benoit. I was happy; added to that great physical contentment that follows on strenuous physical effort was the extreme beauty of the island, the charm of the Marquesans and the kindness of Dr. Benoit, of Bob and of another Frenchman with whom I made friends, M. Le Bronnec.

When I began to feel more energetic I rode with Dr. Benoit on his tours of inspection through the lovely wilderness which Hiva Oa now is. There are no roads and what tracks exist are only just passable to the sure-footed island horses. The beauty of the place is beyond my powers of description or anybody's.

In October, I arranged with Dr. Benoit to take him on a tour of the islands of Tahuata and Fatuhiva. We decided to sail at seven in the morning with the best of the land breeze. Getting off the baggage was a long and tedious process: it all had to be embarked into native outrigger canoes from some stone steps which were very steep and slippery at the base, and there was a heavy swell running. Dr. Benoit had a lot of baggage, some of it really valuable, especially his microscope and medical supplies, so that we did not start to get up the kedge until 9.30 by which time the land breeze had degenerated into faint puffs.

Then we had trouble with the kedge, of which the

hawser was hopelessly entangled with the cable. It was my fault. I had wanted to be quite certain of the safety of the boat while I lived on shore, so had put down the kedge and then ceased to bother. I found out later that, in spite of the perpetual alteration of land breezes, calms and sea breezes, a boat is quite safe in Tahuku anchorage with only one anchor down and plenty of chain, for the holding ground is very good, and the anchor soon buries itself deeply. On the other hand though it is, with the exception of Haukari, probably the one safe anchorage in the Marquesas, it is one of the most uncomfortable. The south-easterly rollers, being reflected from the north-west side of the bay, give a most unrhythmical swell.

After we had succeeded in getting up the kedge, we started to raise the anchor. I had four enormous Marquesan prisoners toiling at the windlass, but at first they could not gain an inch of chain. Spurred on, they managed to get it in, inch by inch, straining to the limit of their strength. After about half an hour the anchor appeared. Then I understood what the trouble had been. The chain was tangled round the flukes, so that they had been lifting about twenty fathoms of chain at the same time as the anchor.

For that last quarter of an hour, there had been no wind and, although we had hoisted the headsails and rafee, and then the mainsail and the mizen, in order to be able to take advantage of the slightest movement of air, by the time the cable had been disentangled from the anchor we had slowly drifted until the *Inyala* was almost bumping the same old reef that we had so nearly struck on coming in. It would have been useless to let the anchor go until the cable was disentangled; I had no dinghy to tow us off and, moreover, the water was deep right up to the reef. It seemed as if I were going to lose the *Inyala*, and in a very silly fashion.

When Dr. Benoit, Mobile and I had almost completely lost hope in our several fashions, the back-wash of a swell took us a few yards away just as we were about to bump. Then, by luck, we got a faint puff off the land by which we gained several yards of safety. We lost some of that safety but not as much as we had gained and gradually managed to claw off. Half an hour later, we had a full breeze and were doing six knots through the channel.

Our luck had changed.

Just after midday we were off Resolution Bay and tacked in in magnificent style, having a strong breeze and smooth water. We dropped anchor in five fathoms on the north side of the bay, directly in line with a well-marked copra shed on the beach of Vaitahu village, and I let out fifteen fathoms of chain.

I accepted an invitation to lunch from Néofitu, the Chief of this island, Tahuata. I left the boat in a hurry, telling Mobile, on the advice of Néó, to let out another fifteen fathoms of chain just as soon as she had taken up the slack.

That night, in spite of the pressing invitations of Néó to sleep in his house ashore, I went back on board. About 2 a.m., I woke up feeling something was wrong. There was much too much motion. I went on deck. Tahuata was a faint smudge in the distance. We were once again at sea. But this time the order of labour had been reversed. The anchor had yet to be got in.

It was a heart-breaking task, but only half as bad as I had expected, for Mobile had not let out the extra fifteen fathoms although he had assured me before we turned in that he had done so. Once we had the anchor at the bows we hoisted sail and started to tack back again.

We dropped anchor at about eight in the morning to the vast amusement of the population. But we are neither the first nor the last boat to have provided them

with this diversion. It is a stock performance, repeated since the days of the first whalers. For Vaitahu has always been famed for its good water supply, its bad holding ground and its sudden furious squalls from the valley, which squalls, however, are always kind enough to blow you out to sea; so that as far as I could find out no disaster has ever occurred to mar the comedy.

This time I personally superintended the letting out of thirty fathoms of cable, although we were only in six fathoms when I let the anchor go. Subsequent experience taught me what Néó had told me, that with sufficient cable let out the holding becomes secure. The chief trouble seems to be the rapid deepening of the bottom. In other respects the anchorage is good and so is the landing on the beach.

During my stay at Tahuata I became very friendly with Néó. He is the Chief referred to by Frederick O'Brien as having the name meaning, 'The Seventh Chief, who was so Angry that He Wallowed in the Mire'. When I looked up the name in the Marquesan Dictionary I found it did mean 'to be so angry that you wallow in the mud', but Néó told me, when I asked him, that the true translation of his name is 'a belch'.

That morning, after I had seen the boat safely anchored, I went ashore and climbed up to the ancient fort with Dr. Benoit. From the fort, we had a lovely view over the valleys and out to sea. The next day we went in an outrigger pirogue managed by Néó and his grandson, Kahuanui, to see another village. We sailed there before a series of squalls, it was very exciting and the outrigger went at a tremendous pace. It requires great skill to manage these craft. The village was almost deserted, but showed signs of a former large population. Later we paddled the pirogue back, just shaving the coast all the way. The coastline between the two villages was magnificent.

The next afternoon, at five o'clock, we sailed for Fatuhiva. We had to tack seven times in the Canal, the channel that separates Tahuata from Hiva Oa and it was nine o'clock before we got clear. The wind was light during the first part of the night, then we had a series of rain squalls. At seven o'clock in the morning, when we were about ten miles from Fatuhiva, the inhaul of the bobstay broke, and we hove-to while Mobile repaired it. By ten o'clock we were within two miles of the anchorage at Omoa, but then the wind dropped again, and as we only got puffs after that, it took us until twelve-thirty to get in.

This anchorage is rather exposed, but I understand it gets few squalls. Omoa itself is beautiful beyond all dreams; I thought that given a woman, unlimited books and some drink I could happily pass my life there.

At this time, Mobile was giving me a lot of trouble; perhaps it was the result of leading an easy shore life after our strenuous days at sea, but it was none the less annoying. One day while we were at Omoa, I sent him on board to get my rifle to lend Dr. Benoit, so that we could go hunting. He came back and said it had disappeared. I raised hell. Later he confessed that he had left it at Atuona, at T——'s. There was also a hundred francs of my money unaccounted for.

I had one particularly good day when I rode over from Omoa to the village of Hanavave with the doctor and the two chiefs, Néo, whom we had brought with us from Tahuata, and M. Bouyer, the half-French Chief of Omoa. The distance is only about ten miles but we had to ascend over 3,000 feet to cross the ridge between the valleys. It was magnificent; I think the most beautiful scene I have ever known. Hanavave valley is as lovely as Omoa, and the inhabitants were very friendly. I met the old priest, Père Olivier—a dear old man, happy and com-

placent amid the ruin he has helped to create. Afterwards I saw several cases of elephantiasis with the doctor. It is very prevalent in these islands and Fatuhiva in particular is grossly afflicted. The doctor was making a special research into elephantiasis, which is considered a form of filaria, and I was greatly interested.

Instead of riding back, we returned to Omoa in an outrigger. From the sea, the Baie des Vierges is lovely beyond words and so is the whole coast. The bay is where the valley of Hanavave meets the sea and the 'Vierges' are seven peaks that rise round the valley and make striking landmarks, easily recognizable. They are ironically referred to as the only virgins in the Marquesas, but this is not quite the truth.

Later, when we were alone, Néó, who was born at Hanavave and who remembers the last intertribal war there when he was a boy, confided to me that the old days were much better than the new. 'Life was gay then,' he said. It was a very fair thing that the whites have destroyed.

I found Dr. Benoit very 'sympathique'. His sympathies were entirely with the natives and he did his best to save them from the traders and from diseases. Traders of all nationalities exploit them shamefully, if they get the chance. From what I have seen of many colonies, the French seem to me to get on with natives better than any other European race, for they have no race superiority complex and treat them as equals. This however, does not mean that they do not exploit them like everyone else.

I had enjoyed my days in Fatuhiva so much that I was delighted when later in October, a party of Americans who had arrived at Atuona in their yacht, the *Katedna*, invited me to go there again with them. They took Dr Benoit also and we had a wonderful time.

When I returned, I had more trouble with Mobile. I

had to fine him a week's wages, for I found he had gone over to Tahuata while I was away, after I had expressly forbidden him to do so. He had also arranged with T. to go on board to light the riding light for him each night, while he was in Tahuata, though I had forbidden him to have T. on board, as the latter was a convicted thief. Then a Czecho-Slovakian called Klima with whom I had made friends, came to me and complained that Mobile had hired his boat, promising to paint and putty it as the price of hire. Not only had he not done this, but he had made matters worse by losing one of Klima's oars. My wrath was not mitigated when, on investigating the story, I discovered that one of my own oars was missing as well.

These repeated lapses annoyed me considerably. In December, there is in my note book the record of what was, I think, his final offence. The following statement was formally written by me and signed by him in a chastened mood:

'On December 26th, 1931, on going aboard I found the hasp of the store cupboard had been tampered with. Mobile admitted he had unscrewed it and stolen four bottles of wine. Stated he was drunk. On his promising to replace wine I agreed to take no further action but warned him if it ever happened again I would send him to prison.

(Signed) WINSTON CHEESEMAN.'

My severe tone is rather amusing, but it shows that I was losing patience.

However, in January, Mobile came to me and said he had been offered work in the Marquesas; he was very happy there and wished to remain, so when I had found out that the authorities were willing to allow him to stay I signed him off and we parted company on friendly terms.

TAIOHAE, NUKUHIVA,
MARQUESAS

11th November, 1931.

MOTHER DEAR,

I have so much to say and in other ways so little that is definite. To begin with, my first impressions of the South Seas have been confirmed, truly they are Islands of the Blessed. All I ask is to pass my life here, but how I am going to do it I can't think. Their beauty has not been exaggerated, there is nothing to compare with them in the world. Beyond their beauty there is something else; something which soothes and contents one, making all else seem of little worth. Stevenson says: 'That I should thus have reversed the verdict of Lord Tennyson's hero is less eccentric than appears. Few men who come to the islands leave them; they grow grey where they alighted; the palm shades and the trade-wind fans them till they die, perhaps cherishing to the last the fancy of a visit home, which is rarely made, more rarely enjoyed, and yet more rarely repeated. No part of the world exerts the same attractive power. . . . The axes of my boys are already clearing the foundations of my future house. . . .'

Of course, the old days are over and only a small remnant of the people remain. They are beginning to increase again at last, but ninety years of Catholicism and white occupation have not made the women chaste nor persuaded the men that there is any dignity in labour. The missionaries have suppressed the old frank ways, but underneath the people have changed but little. A man still marries all his sisters-in-law, a woman all her brothers-in-law. Sexual jealousy is almost unknown. There is one queer thing, an excess of males in the proportion of five to three. It makes for happiness. As old Néó, the chief of Tahuata, an old man born in Fatuhiva—

the least civilized and the last occupied of the islands—said to me: 'One man no good for a woman, no satisfy. Woman needs three men, take turn. One sleep, one fish, one gather *poi-poi*. Woman want (a Marquesan word, which was explained to me as meaning both making love and playing) every night many times. One man not strong enough.' His three grandsons were living happily with one woman and they also accommodated Mobile whilst he was there.

The few white people here are very interesting and have been very good to me. I have struck up a firm friendship with the governor, Dr. Benoit. He is the first civilized person I have met since I left London. He loves the natives and spends his life in a desperate fight to protect them from traders, missionaries, T.B. bacilli, filarial worms and other parasites. He is a man after my own heart. Then there is a certain Le Bronnec, a Breton, who has been out here twenty-five years and has eight children by a native wife. He is better informed and better read in the affairs of the world than anyone I met in Barbados. He is a mine of information about the natives. He keeps me amused for hours with his tales, especially those about Gauguin who died about five years before he came here. Gauguin waged a most successful war against the missionaries.

I lived at Atuona with Bob, the trader mentioned by Gerbault as a lover of the natives and a born storyteller. He is an ex-squarerigger sailor, who is just putting in a little time as a trader until the coconuts begin to bear. I only paid ten francs a day for my keep.

I was rather ill for the first five weeks of my stay at Atuona and could not possibly have moved on. I was utterly exhausted and almost completely helpless on account of my septic sores. Then I caught a local 'flu, which just added the finishing touch. I just lay on Bob's balcony. I got better gradually and then went over to

Tahuata and Fatuhiva with the Governor for ten days, and lived with him. I came back and made friends with an American millionaire from Los Angeles who had come here in a lovely little schooner with all modern conveniences. I went off again with him for a week, together with the Governor. The millionaire, affected by the islands and my philosophy, is trying to buy an estate in Atuona and is going to give up the pursuit of further millions. I could have gone on with him to Los Angeles and then sailed back here again if I had been free. But I have come up here to paint and prepare the boat, as there was too much swell in Atuona to do anything.

I do not know what to do now. Rab has wired me to sell the boat in Tahiti, which, according to the schooner captains, Le Bronnec, the Governor, Bob and everyone else, is quite impossible. They say I would not get fifty pounds for her, which would be barely enough to send Mobile home. I am told that Samoa, Fiji or New Zealand are the only possible places. I do not want to go west of Tahiti in the hurricane season if I can help it, with things as they are. If I had a crew of three, with one really good seaman, and could afford to renew all the rigging I would not mind. Mobile is apt to lose his nerve and his head and is not to be trusted as a helmsman. On the other hand, if I go to Tahiti and cannot sell the boat I shall be in an awful mess. Living there is very dear and I could not possibly live there and look after the boat and keep Mobile for three months. Whereas round here, or in the Tuamotus, I can live for practically nothing. To add to my troubles, there is the fall of the pound, which has apparently been as low as sixty francs. What I have actually got for my pension I do not yet know. If sixty, it means I have got just half what I thought. I have been foretelling the end of the British Empire and of our present civilization with it for some time, but it appears

to be happening too quickly for my convenience. I have been declaring that I was running away to the South Seas to avoid the mess, but it is all too sudden.

If I had about 120,000 francs, once about £1,000, I would buy a plantation out here. You work them on half-shares, the people who work them for you getting half the profit. No supervision is necessary. You can make about 12,000 francs a year in cash, which is ample for luxuries, and you get your house and living from the land. In addition I should have a boat and buy copra all round the islands. Rab ought to do this. There are no expenses: no clothes to buy, no motor cars, no theatres, no cinemas, no broadcasting, no night clubs, no restaurants, yet life is very full. The one thing one would need to buy is books.

The scheme I have on hand at present is to try to sell the boat to the American 'Pacific Entomological Survey'. Le Bronnec is employed by them and is all in favour of the scheme. He has written and wired them, but it will be a month at least before he gets a reply. I have asked £400. I have also suggested that I should remain as skipper and help with their work. If this comes off, it will suit me down to the ground; it is also about the only chance there is of getting something here for the boat. It is all quite sudden; two American zoologists who were here some time ago wired to say they were coming again for a couple of years.

On my present cruise I am to bring back with me a mistress for X. from another island called Ua Huka. I may have to bring a missionary at the same time. A mistress and a missionary. I like the idea. Moreover, X. is a Catholic.

Well, dear, I have gone where my curiosity, my love of beauty and adventure have driven me; seeking my

heart's desire, I have found it many times, gaining much joy and complete satisfaction. How can I stop? Why should I seek those solid things which give me no satisfaction and which, as far as I can see, give no satisfaction to anybody? If I say that the intoxicating emotion one feels when one crawls about No-Man's Land with a pistol in one hand and a Mills bomb in the other, or when one finds a woman one can clothe with one's dreams, or when one runs a boat dead before a gale with every stitch she will carry in mid-Pacific, or when one first sees the Traitors' Bay at Atuona, or better, the Bai des Vierges at Fatuhiva, or when you read a poem of Swinburne or Flecker, or a new novel by Huxley or Norman Douglas, or Freud or Bertrand Russell's latest, or hit land just as you calculated, or catch the reflection of the moon on a breaking sea—if I say that these emotions are the only things worth seeking, who can contradict me? I know I may come to a sticky end; that, if I go on living, my old age may perhaps be lonely and poverty-stricken. But what then? I am capable of experiencing much joy yet if the luck holds; if it does not, few people have ever lived as fully as I have in twice the number of years. So why worry? What I have had cannot be taken away; if I don't like the future I can always get out.

I am writing to New Zealand for a job, but I understand none of the islands equal these. You should read Herman Melville's *Typee* to get an idea of what they once were, a perfectly true account from what I gather. The other good books are French: Dr. Louis Rollin's *Les Iles Marquises*; Radiguet's *Les Derniers Sauvages*.

I have broken out in sores again, though my general health is good. My left foot has three enormous ulcers and I am quite helpless.

November 15th. The sores are improving. I had been concerned that they might be spirochetal in origin.

Benoit would not agree, but the doctor here has been giving me injections of suprarenal intra-muscularly. I have been having rather a bad time with them and have been completely knocked up for twelve hours. I have got to stay here till the end of next week to finish the course. These ulcers were endemic in the Galapagos but mine seem to be rather more virulent than usual. They are probably insect borne. Otherwise I am quite well as to my lungs and have not even got a morning cough. Well, dear, I will again leave the letter open.

November 17th. No further news except that I am much better. Have been eating *en luxe*—the best French bourgeois cuisine with Dr. Quéry, Governor of this group, and his wife. To-morrow I am taking the heir of the last King of Nukahiva back to his ancestral valley a few miles down the coast. Shall probably go off into the blue in about three weeks time.

* * *

ATUONA,
3rd March, 1932.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I will try and write you a long letter, in spasms, which seems to be the best method. I got about ten days ago, in Fatuhiva, *The Worm Ouroboros*, Freda's *Lancashire and the Far East*, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and the *New Statesmans*. Thank you ever so much. I was more than delighted, but, dear, I did not mean you to do it like that. I meant if there were any profits from any more of my writings. When I asked I was still thinking that *Yachting* would take my stuff, and that you might also get some decent sum for the English rights. My later letter meant that I was bitterly disappointed that *Yachting* had not taken my stuff, but there was too much shore life in it for them. I was only too glad you got that

money. I received a letter by last mail from *Yachting*, to whom I had sent the Panama-Galapagos adventures. They said that they enclosed a copy of a letter sent to you; however, there was no enclosure! What it means I don't know, but as usual I have hopes. If there is any cash, let me have it to Tahiti by radio. It is doubtful whether I will be able to get beyond Tahiti. It would be really shameful to let the *Inyala* go for ten thousand francs, which is about my passage home. If I am not forced to sell, I will get a good price for her somewhere.

I am very fit and well and Emsy* and I have just spent a wonderful month at Fatuhiva with Dr. Benoit. A funny thing happened there. I got mail off a schooner with no time to reply, and you had said in your letter that you thought G might join me if I wrote to him. Well, a few days later we heard there was an American boat in Hanavave, the other harbour. Benoit and I were lazy about going over there, but Emsy persuaded us. We had to go by canoe. Thinking it a good chance to write to G, I asked Benoit to bring me a sheet of paper, but he forgot. So the only thing I had to write on was some toilet paper. When we got to the boat, we found a most magnificent yacht, the *Nourmahal*, instead of the steamer we had been expecting. We boarded it, however, and the steward, looking askance at our *tenue*, informed us the owner was sleeping. I said that the Governor of the islands was paying an official visit and he must inform his owner. He looked doubtful, but went off and a few minutes later a very charming man was greeting us with many apologies. He was Vincent Astor. The people on the boat gave us a very good time and we arranged a native dance for them. In the middle of the festivities I managed to acquire an envelope and surreptitiously thrust the crumpled piece of paper into it.

*Emily Phillips had arrived in the Marquesas in December, 1931.

When we were going, Astor said to me, 'You have been a long time in these islands where you can't get whisky, wouldn't you like a bottle?' You can imagine my answer. As I went down the gangway, a large package was handed to me which on getting back to Omoa I found contained *six* bottles of Black Label. More, as I was going, he said he wanted very much to see me again, and would send a radio from Tahiti, so as not to miss me on his return. I am in a state of lively anticipation of further favours to come.

A few days before, Emsy and I had ridden over to Hanavave and spent the night there in the chief's house. They had given us a glorious reception and a private dance in our honour. The ride is, I should think, the most wonderful one in the world. I have done it three times now. Coming back this time in pouring rain, my saddle girth broke. The saddles are all tied up with bits of string—and I found myself very suddenly on the ground.

I wish I could give you some idea of the beauty of Fatuhiva: it is just a dream. Gerbault thinks it is the most beautiful place in the world and I agree with him.

Sailing back here, we took two days and two nights to do forty-five miles. Emsy is a wonderful companion and game for anything; to ride off with me into the wilds or to be given the tiller for three hours at night. I have been in these islands for six months now and never want to leave. Emsy and I are seriously thinking, if I am forced to sell in Tahiti, of coming back and living here for six months or a year. I would then try and write a book. The trouble as usual is money. If my pension continues all right we could nearly live, but it is at the present rate of exchange only 840 francs a month, if it had been at the old rate of 1,220 francs a month it would have been quite good.

I have read Freda's book with the greatest interest; it

really is a magnificent achievement and the amount of work that has gone into it is amazing. She has developed a style which is quite her own. There is a clarity and maturity about it which is very impressive. Her restraint and humour too—. The books were altogether a great event. The *New Statesmans* were a great boon, too; it is the first time since I left England I have been able to read anything intelligent about politics.

The Worm Ouroboros has given us great joy. I have been reading it aloud to Emsy, who loves it. That makes it three who do, I think. Emsy, Hilaire Belloc and myself. I am looking very anxiously for the *Egil Saga*, which you really ought not to have bought. What I have not got are the two further copies of *The Yachting Monthly*.

I am writing to Freda and enclosing her letter in yours. Read it if you like.

By the way, we might go to China. Could Freda find me a revolutionary general who wants a combined physician, bombing officer, machine-gun officer and deep water skipper? Can you let me have a telegraphic address in London? Your bank, *faute de mieux*. Well, dear, I think that is all, but I will leave the letter open. Dear, I love you very much and I wish I could see you. Thank you again ever so much for the books.

11th March, 1932

Still flourishing and very fit.

This is going off to-day on a returned rum-runner.

There was no rum left!

Have you ever got any photographs from Arnts or Cobos, from the Galapagos?

All my love,

TEMPLE.

ATUONA,
15th March, 1932.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

This is just a chance letter. The Astor yacht came back, and will be in San Francisco in eight days, so this will probably reach you much sooner than my last letter by mail. We have had a marvellous time on the yacht, and champagne and the best liqueur brandy I have ever drunk. . . .

We are sailing for Ua Huka in two days' time in order to deliver some wine to a village, in return for their help to me after hitting the rock. Then we are going to bring the doctor back from Fatuhiva. We will sail for Tahiti at the beginning of April. Astor has strongly advised me not to leave before then, as they were hit by a minor cyclone in the Tuamotus.

I wrote G. a long letter asking him to join me, and asking him to cable at once to Tahiti if he were going to.

I am very fit still and very happy, but I hate most desperately leaving the Marquesas. Everyone says they are *the spot*.

I hope my pension is arranged, otherwise I will be in a real fix.

Dear, thank you ever so much for the books. I have thanked you in my other letter. They were a great joy. Also I have explained that I only meant I was bitterly disappointed that *Yachting* had not taken my story. Concerning my manuscript, I got a letter from them saying they had written to you and that they were enclosing a copy of the letter, but they had forgotten the enclosure, so I know nothing.

Also I have written Freda, telling her how much I admire her book and giving her good advice about the baby. I feel very definitely she should not have it, but I am afraid it will be too late by the time you get this. It is one of the things healed T.B.'s should not do.

Dearest, again thank you so much for the books. I got the *Worm Ouroboros*, Freda's book, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* and a pile of *New Statesmans*. But you should not have done it. I only meant if there was some real money.

I have only received the first *Yachting Monthly*. I had a nice letter from Brander, saying he had sent me a testimonial to New Zealand, but I have not heard anything from New Zealand.

I think I did not tell you that several Americans off the *Stella Polaris* may call on you. Go on writing to Tahiti and I will get letters forwarded from there. Also let me have a telegraphic address.

My very best love, my dear, and thank you very much. I miss you very much.

Your

TEMPLE.

ATUONA,
6th May, 1932.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

These posts are the limit. Your last letter reached me a fortnight ago, dated February 26th and sent to Rapa; a fortnight before, I got a letter dated February 28th; by the last mail from Europe, forwarded by the British Consul, nothing at all, though Emsy got letters from New York dated the middle of April.

We are leaving Atuona in the next few days for Tahiti—calling at Tahuata for water, and at Nukahiva.

We are going to have a good look at the Tuamotus, and may not get to Tahiti till the middle or end of June. From there I am going on as far as I can get—first the Cook Islands, then Tonga, then Samoa, then New

Zealand or Australia if possible. Wherever I get a good offer for the boat I will sell. You need not worry about me—these seas, except in the hurricane season, are very mild. My seaman, Haputu, is first class, the only real seaman who has ever been aboard, except Jenkins. I am also taking another man as cook and paying him very little; and Emsy is a first-class hand.

Now dear, will you try and raise me some money in the following ways:

(1) See the Pensions again. They have sent me forms until the end of June with instructions to have a Medical Board at Tahiti. Will you let them know that I shan't be in Tahiti till June and will they please let me have another six months of forms by return? You should get this letter about the middle of June and if you write by return you should catch the mail leaving San Francisco on July 6th, arriving at Tahiti July 16th. If I have left there, the same mail will go on to Raratonga, Cook Islands. Write c/o British Consul, Tahiti, who will then forward letters. The next mail after that leaves 'Frisco August 3rd, arriving August 13th, but I ought to be well away by then.

(2) See Editor of *Yachting Monthly* and find out if anybody will finance things a bit. Some wealthy yachtsman might like to join me or finance me round the world? Try anyway.

The great thing, though, is some Pensions forms, and I think the British Consul, Tahiti, with whom I can always communicate, is the best person to send them to. So much for business.

We have had a glorious time in these islands and are completely heartbroken at leaving them. I do not believe there is anywhere like them in the world. If I had not got a boat, I think I would just stay here. We have lingered on a bit, because we have been lent a house here for

nothing. At Fatuhiva, we more or less lived on the Governor both times, and the last time we were at Ua Huka we had the Residency for nothing. Otherwise, of course we could not have gone on so long. Everyone has been wonderfully kind, but, of course, it has been the Governor who has made all the difference, 'a bloody intelligent' after my own heart. But we are leaving; and one day I must come back again. I wish I could describe the charm. It is impossible; but read Stevenson's *South Seas*. I am so glad I came.

Dear, I feel unhappy about you. . . . It was so silly of me to upset you, and you there by yourself. It is so true what Freda said, that you are a very gallant person, and by the way B. was always saying the same thing about you. . . .

Dear, will you be sure to send that telegraphic address; also send it to Emsy's mother or aunt. At present your address alone would cost about half a month's income.

I would like to know how Freda is.

By the way, I have still so far only received one *Yachting Monthly*.

May 7th.

This should go to-morrow. All my love, my dear. Really I love you very much.

All my love to Freda,

Your

TEMPLE.

TAIOHAE, NUKAHIVA,
ISLES MARQUISES.

16th June, 1932.

MOTHER DEAREST,

You will be tired of hearing that we are leaving the Marquesas, but I think we are really leaving to-

morrow. We started putting the boat in repair and, of course, found more and more to do.

Haputu, my Marquesan seaman, is a first-class workman and really knows how to do the things which I want done and do not know how to do. With him on board, things are very different. We have been delayed a little by an injury to his eye and by four days' rain, after we had scrubbed the boat preparatory to painting.

This letter will reach you, I think, about the middle of August when we should be on our way to Raratonga, Cook Islands. However, I hope you have continued writing c/o the British Consul, Tahiti. Also that you have raised some cash for me on my last manuscript and that I will find it at Tahiti.

I will have to buy a new main boom at Tahiti, for my present one is badly sprung and is now fished. Also I want a lot of ordinary rope and new iron wire. My mainmast standing rigging is still good, but all the rest is rotten and has been spliced time and again. Our topping-lift has three splices in it. The wire rope Rab bought in Panama is no good at all. Also I will have to put the boat on the dock and see if the keel is still there, and what happened when we bumped.

My pension is frightfully important. If they do not catch the mail arriving in Tahiti the middle of July still make them send it c/o British Consul, Tahiti; and I will arrange where to have it sent. We will probably be in Tahiti in a month's time.

We are both very well and very happy, and Emsy sends you her best love.

Well, we are off into the unknown again. I intend to try to get into Makemo, where Gerbault went, also Takaroa and Apataki. If I had an engine, it would be simple, but without—if I have trouble I will just go on.

Try and stir up Worsley again about a job. Also, I

understand the Tonga Islands are *not* under the New Zealand Govt. If not, they would be either under the Foreign Office or the Colonial Office. Would you see if anything could be done there for me? If so, I will arrive there looking for a job.

My dear—I have had a most wonderful time—a time I suppose, which falls to very few. These islands are a paradise.

Don't worry about me. Haputu is a really excellent seaman, the only one besides Jenkins who has ever been aboard. He has about nine years' experience, and also the local knowledge.

I have another very good boy as cook at twenty-five shillings a month!

All love, my dearest, from us both.

Your,

TEMPLE.

P.S. Still the last letter received was dated February 26th. Had a jolly birthday. Show this to Rab.

MARQUESAS TO TAHITI

(FROM LOG-BOOK.)

Crew: TEMPLE UTLEY, Skipper.
EMILY PHILLIPS.
HAPUTU KÉKÉLA.
PORUTU.

Vaitahu (Tahuata), Thursday, May 26th.

We have spent the last three days getting stores on board at Atuona, with a bad sea running. Haputu's brother-in-law, Johnny, lent us his big pirogue and it got slightly damaged.

Arranged to leave at 8.00 a.m., left eventually at 2.00 p.m. Very heartbreaking saying good-bye to Dr. Benoit. Enormous amount of extra luggage, including bicycle belonging to Haputu.

Porutu's mother tried to stop his coming at the last moment, but relented after being reassured by Dr. Benoit.

Got off at last, and for first time since last December, had a good wind. Arrived Vaitahu at 4.30. Dined with Néó, the chief.

Suppose in some ways that this is the most risky voyage I have yet undertaken.

Hull leaks, probably rotten with worm by now. All running rigging rotten, except peak and throat. Pump has got a hole in it and is working imperfectly. Boom has got a great split in it and looks to me to be very dirty.

The boat really needs about £200 spent on her.

However, I have got a first-class crew; Emsy a great help and Haputu first-class.

If luck holds it will be all right, but the dear goddess is holding a lot.

However, although I hate leaving these islands I feel rather bucked at setting out again. We shall certainly try to get as far as possible.

Vaitahu, May 27th. Tried to get boat a bit in order. Haputu sewed rent in mainsail and replaced the old wire sling of the peak halyard with rope.

We had a bad night. In spite of eighty fathoms of cable, we dragged. Sailed in close this afternoon; got extra crew of two for two bottles of wine.

Took meals with Néó. A 'brave type', but beginning to fail physically.

Less wind to-night.

Attended a *Hymani* to-night. Fat pastor. Natives got great enjoyment. Singing a mixture of chanting and shrieking, with body movements.

Idea: Religion strong in Marquesas as community expression—compare (sneer) Daily Mail—no connection with morals—any special religion of no importance—Protestants tend to rally old feeling, for pastors are natives and worship reverts. Protestants unpopular with authorities—they are poor and are an entirely native movement. Catholic music is very rich and priests on the whole b—— intelligent.

May 28th. Spent morning setting up standing rigging. Found one strand of starboard aft lanyard chafed through. Replaced it with manila. Discovered there was no tar—chucked away by Mobile. Repaired sail and filled up with water. Said good-bye to Néó with great regret and sent word to Dr. Benoit, hinting that the old man is far from well. Feel sure Benoit will see he gets looked after. Sailed at 4.30 p.m. Strong breeze until 6.30, did six knots, wind first abeam and then on starboard quarter (course N.W., magnetic). Then wind dropped.

Now we are banging about (time 7.30 p.m.) off west coast of Hiva Oa. Crew excellent.

Given a lot of oranges and bananas by Néó, also tapa cloth by Kahuani's woman.

Wrote Benoit, thanking him for wonderful time. Feel very sad at saying farewell to this southern group. Has been perfect. Wonder if I will ever come back again. Hope so. Would like to spend my life in Marquesas—with books, small estate and a five tonner. Need about 3,000 francs a month as maximum.

Taiohae (Nukahiva), Saturday, June 4th. Banged about night of 28th till ten, Emsy steering, while I played with sheets. Wind began at ten from S.E.—dead aft. Blowing hard at midnight. Handed over at 1.00 a.m. to Haputu. Emsy nervous and would not let me sleep. Strong breezes. Took over again at 6.30 a.m. Had to keep going on other gybe as boat would not steer with wind aft, davit being immovable. Tore mainsail on it. Boat letting in a lot of water and main boom badly sprung. Stayed her round each time.

Got into Taiohae at 11.00 a.m., May 29th. Found two yachts here: large Danish schooner of 250 tons, the *White Shadow*, owner a Mr. Wessel, and a tiny eight-ton cutter from England, the *Pacific Moon*, with Johnson and Howard aboard. Met the Danes first—charming people. They gave me iced drinks, two bottles of whisky and sent mechanician to repair pump, fresh water pump and stove. They also checked my chronometer. Visited us in parties. Bristow, rescued from Galapagos, told me the *Norge* had been raised. Arnts—sold up. *Norge* now belongs to a German firm.

The Englishmen came aboard that night at our invitation. Got slightly drunk. Wonderful achievement on Howard's part to get all the way from England with only one man as crew.

We went on foregathering each day. Johnson severely critical of my boat. He fished my boom for me in a masterly fashion. Very condescending; but they are both thoroughly good sorts, and Johnson is a first-class seaman.

Still lingering on here.

Sea very bad yesterday. Kedged *Inyala* out. Haputu upset the canoe day before yesterday; Porutu yesterday. To-day, Haputu, Emsy and I went ashore, and while getting in through the breakers it filled. I swam ashore while Haputu pushed Emsy off in the water-logged canoe. She started swimming but was sternly ordered back into the canoe by Haputu. Emsy was very worried about Haputu on account of sharks. Porutu swam after them while I waited on the beach for my glasses, so that I might give an anaesthetic at the local hospital for Dr. Quéry.

June 17th, 7.0 p.m. Left Taiohae at 1.00 p.m. Before leaving, had farewell visit from the old priest, Père Siméon—dear old man. Pleased me very much by giving me an autographed copy of his book, *La Religion ou Le Paganisme des Marquisiens*. He must know I am a pagan, but he has always been very friendly.

Only faint puffs of wind. At entrance at 2.00 p.m. Trailed log—doubtful if it is registering right. Had good wind up to an hour ago. Now blanketed by Ua Pou.

Sunset yellow, changing later to a wonderful rose. A lot of rain about. Have all plain sail set and the gaff top-sail. Have done a lot of work on the boat at Taiohae, and caulked two places in bow and one astern. She is now making much less water. Topmast forestay and bowsprit whiskers rotten and topping lifts doubtful.

Had the usual sinking feeling this morning. Have not been to sea for a long time. Excellent crew.

Home-made red ensign a great success.

Saturday, June 18th. Log 112. Lat. 10° 59' S. O.P. 4.30 p.m. (S.A.T.) 11° 22' S. 140° 30' W.

Wind about force 6 last night, one point forward of the beam. Moderated to about 5 with daybreak, where it has remained. Perfect day and night.

Porutu rather seasick to-day. Boat making much less water since caulking.

Feeling very happy again to be at sea. Made heavy weather of calculations after long time ashore.

Sunday, June 19th. O.P. 7.54 a.m. (S.A.T.) 140° 55' W. 12° 30' S. O.P. 4.50 p.m. (S.A.T.) 140° 59' W. 13° 11' S.

Another lovely day, sailing with light breeze. Quite perfect. Full moon last night and clear sky.

Expect to sight Disappointment Islands to-morrow morning.

Had good meals to-day. Porutu better. Boat now making very little water. The pig given us as a farewell present by Madame Quéry, is a frightful nuisance. We try to protect it from the sun by putting up a canvas cover, but it is not happy.

To-night one of the most perfect I have ever known.

Monday, June 20th. About 7.0 p.m. At 6.30 a.m., wind shifted to the S. and it was only possible to sail S.S.W., instead of our course, S. $\frac{1}{4}$ W. Was then twenty-four miles from Tepotu, one of the Disappointment Islands. Had been steering for gap between the two islands, but hoped new course would put me just on to Tepotu.

At 8.30 a.m. saw Tepotu from the riggings, bearing 165° true; about eight miles away.

Decided we would like to try and land. Spent all day beating up to it. Wind constantly heading us. At sunset were still about a mile and a half away. Decided to heave-to on the starboard tack for the night and try to make it in the morning. Natives ashore had evidently sighted us, as they were burning fires to guide us in.

Sky ominous to leeward, but good sunset.

Now comfortably hove-to awaiting events—pointing E, log 310. Will try and anchor to-morrow. Feeling very tired to-day and find this Tuamotu navigation rather worrying. Want to make Makemo badly, but afraid of its entrance.

Fakarava, Friday, July 1st. 8 p.m. Remained hove-to night of Monday, June 20th; Emsy and I taking first watch. Saw nothing. At 2.00 a.m. when Haputu came on deck log had registered five miles. He saw land quite close, on starboard beam. Rather puzzled, as it did not seem possible that we could have made fourteen miles to windward, hove-to. Bore away N.N.W. Anxious night. At dawn heavy rain squalls.

(*Tuesday, 21st.*) When weather cleared temporarily made out Napuka about three miles due S. Ran down for Tepoto before series of squalls, wind dead aft. When about two miles away wind dropped to nothing, and we tossed about in a heavy swell. Got mainsail down, and slowly drifted towards the northern point under headsails and mizen. About 12.30, we got a gentle breeze from north; we rounded the north point, keeping some way out to sea, as there is a reef partly above water, partly submerged, stretching about a half-mile from the northern point. Between north and north-western points we saw several people, and a French flag mounted on a large rock on the beach.

We drew in closer, but I hesitated to anchor, as we could find no bottom, and I did not like to go too near, as a reef was visible off the north-western point down to leeward. We luffed up to windward, out to sea, while Haputu and Porutu shouted in Tahitian to the natives, asking where the anchorage was. We then saw a pirogue putting out to us. It soon reached us as we went slowly up to windward.

They piloted us up to within fifty yards of the rocks fringing the beach, about one hundred yards from the flagstaff. There I found my first bottom at twenty fathoms, and I hastily dropped anchor. We let out sixty fathoms of cable, and got our sails down.

Our anchor held; but from the bows of the ship I failed to find bottom at fifty fathoms.

We regarded the shore anxiously for about a quarter of an hour. Finding that we did not move, we decided we could risk going ashore. Meanwhile, natives kept on arriving from the shore: adults and youths in canoes, the children swimming. One thought of the old days when crowds of nymphs swam off to meet the whalers. I noted that the population is very different from that of the Marquesas, both physically and temperamentally.

We went ashore, and were received by the entire population. Emsy was seized by the hand and led to the only wooden house we could see; the remaining habitations were just low huts constructed of coconut leaves.

We were made to sit in state on two chairs on the verandah of the house and given coconuts to drink, while the entire village gathered around watching every movement. Communication was very difficult, as we were separated from our crew who are our usual interpreters and no one in the group spoke a word of French, and the few Marquesan words we knew did not seem to help us much. However, we managed to convey by smiles and signs that we all loved one another, and obviously the people were extremely friendly. They are very much maligned by the English Pilot Book, which states that they are an inferior race, little removed from complete savagery. The children particularly struck us as beautiful, smiling, healthy and completely fearless. In one moment they appeared to have adopted us as friends. They alone—with apologies to the Pilot Book—were

almost completely naked; but they, as I found later when I wanted to photograph them, did own shirts which they all tried to put on for the picture. In fact, Emsy had forcibly to remove these beforehand, in order that we should get them as they had been.

Next we asked for a bath; so a little procession wended its way to the interior of the island, consisting of the old lady, who had first greeted Emsy, carrying a bucket and a tin tub, and ourselves with pareus and towels and soap.

There appeared to be many water-holes; we passed close beside one big one, but the old lady shook her head at that as if it were not good enough for us, and led us along a side path to a smaller hole. She put the tub in a secluded spot behind some bushes and filled it. It was a good bath, but the water was full of mosquito larvae.

We did not have an opportunity of really exploring the island, which differs from almost all the Tuamotus in not having a central lagoon. We did not see any signs of the fresh water lake spoken of in the Pilot Book, but did notice a sort of central depression. The island is very thickly planted with coconut trees.

The inhabitants live on fish, and have many fowls and a few pigs. They exchange their copra for flour and clothing. A schooner calls there twice a year.

After our bath I had to decide whether we would risk spending the night at this anchorage. We were greatly tempted, because we had fallen in love with the place, but the wind was already in the N. and anywhere to the W. of N., through W. to S., the anchorage would have been very dangerous. Moreover, the sky looked very ominous. Haputu was all against it, so after photographing the whole village, we returned on board, bearing a fowl and coconuts and shells as presents.

We weighed anchor just before sunset.

It seemed as if there had been no need to worry

about the holding ground, for our crew, plus two enormous natives, had great difficulty in breaking out the anchor.

We went off under headsails and mizen, there being a light breeze from the N. Our course was about S.S.W. for Makemo, so I decided to set the squaresail, but by the time we had got it up there was a dead calm and we were about a mile from the island. This was much too near for our comfort, especially as the rain blotted out everything. The wind came in puffs from every direction, so I took down the squaresail and we gradually edged westward, away from land. About 10.00 p.m., it began to blow very hard from the E. with a series of very heavy squalls, accompanied by torrential rains, and there was soon a big sea running. The sky looked as if anything might happen, so I decided to keep her under headsails and mizen for the night. She was just managing to keep on her course, but we had to bear her away before the squalls.

(*June 22nd.*) On Wednesday morning it was still blowing fairly hard, but the sea had got up out of proportion to the wind and I hesitated to bear up for Makemo (which would have brought the sea nearly abeam) with my gear in its present rotten condition. Moreover, the weather whisker had parted during the night. So I decided to run west before the seas, under the headsails alone.

We continued so all day and the following night. It was a very uncomfortable time; a big sea and increasing rain squalls which were uncomfortably cold.

(*June 23rd.*) On Thursday the weather began to moderate, but there was still a big sea running. My observed position at 8.00 a.m. that morning was $14^{\circ} 3' S.$, $103^{\circ} 14' W.$ Our course to Makemo was now due S. (true) with the wind a little to the S. of E. It would have meant getting wind and sea a little forward of the beam and I

did not consider the boat was in a fit state to attempt this. Moreover, the seam in the counter had opened again, and she was making a lot of water. So I reluctantly, and with much heart-burning, gave up the idea of Makemo and bore away for Fakarava, putting up our squaresail again.

Our course was S. W. by S. to strike Kauehi. The wind and sea gradually moderated and the night was not unpleasant. I set the raffee just before sunset and we made about four knots.

(*June 24th.*) Friday was a glorious day and sailing became a pleasure again. I spent most of the day calculating, as I was very anxious to be sure of my exact position at any given time. At 3.25 p.m., my O.P. was $15^{\circ} 30' S.$, $144^{\circ} 51' W.$, making me about twenty-five miles from Kauehi, which should have been dead ahead. In order to pass between that island and Aratika, I changed course to S.W. by W., intending when my D.R. made me clear of Kauehi to steer S.W. by S. again, which would take me directly to Fakarava.

Just before sunset, I caught sight of Kauehi from the rigging, on the port bow just where it should have been.

During the night, the wind gradually dropped. We kept double watches: Emsy and Haputu, Porutu and myself.

(*Saturday, June 25th.*) At half-past four, Emsy called me to take over. The wind was very light, and a great mass of black clouds was piled up on each side of us. Suddenly we saw a dark object to starboard. We took it for a ship without lights. We brought lamps on deck, and flashed our torch, but got no answer. Then Haputu suddenly decided that it was land. At the same instant the wind changed, and took us on the port bow, making the supposed land a lee shore one hundred yards away. A minute later there was a deluge of rain making the

visibility almost nil. We got the squaresail down and mainsail raised in frantic haste, only to discover that it was a ship after all. Nevertheless, it was very unpleasant. It poured and poured, chilling and soaking us, and we could only sail W.S.W., though my course was now S.W. by S.

It poured for two hours, without a single intermission, the wind sometimes dropping to nothing. Sometimes we could steer S.W., sometimes only W. by S.

About 7.30, the weather cleared a little, and Haputu, from the masthead, saw land S.W. by S., which we concluded was Fakarava. Everything was quickly blotted out again by another rain squall. We sailed and drifted on the whole I guessed S.W. It was bitterly cold, and we were coming to the end of all our dry working clothes. We were utterly miserable. Also it was very worrying, as we did not exactly know our position and the visibility was nil; but we knew we were very near land and in the Tuamotus that is not pleasant under such circumstances.

About 10.30, we could very dimly see land ahead, to port, and to starboard, but how far away we could not judge. We continued to steer on it, making about half a mile per hour.

About 12.30, the weather cleared somewhat and we saw a long line of coast, to the S.W. by S. I was very puzzled, because I could not understand how we had got so far to the north that Toau had this bearing; nor how it was possible that we could be far enough to the south for it to be Fakarava. Nevertheless I had to decide quickly, so I bore away to the north, hoping, as it cleared more, to see enough of the land to get sufficient range of bearings to determine my position.

By 1.30, I had made up my mind that we were just to the east of Amyot Bay on Toau Island; so I went about and, as there was a fair breeze at the time, I decided to

try to get into the lagoon, through the Otune Pass at the S.E. end of the island. But once again we were disappointed, for the breeze fell to nothing, and at sunset we were still three miles from the pass. We were very disappointed, for we were all dead beat and dreaded another night of strain. I made up my mind to sail E. by S. till I was clear of Toau and to then heave-to for the night; but, as it happened, there was no wind, and dawn found us about five miles off the S.E. of Toau. The wind then came up lightly from the south, making our course once again dead to windward. I went below at 5.30, leaving Emsy and Porutu sailing E.N.E., completely away from everywhere once again, and with little hope of making Fakarava that day.

(*Sunday, June 26th.*) However, about nine I woke, went on deck and found the boat on the other tack, sailing a point free direct for Fakarava, which was in sight.

The sun was shining and all seemed good. We reached the Ngarue Pass about midday, which we reckoned would be slack tide. (It had really been running out for two hours.) We managed to get through. It was a dead beat to Rotoava anchorage which lies approximately N.E. of the pass and about six miles distant.

I held on the port tack well into the lagoon, the wind gradually freeing us; and then when Rotoava Residency bore north-north-east and should have been two and a half miles away, went about. This time we had luck, for the wind shifted again, freeing us, and we were able to make our course. Emsy steered under protest and I had Haputu at the mast-head, looking for coral heads, for Astor had told me that they were not buoyed. (This was true at the time of his visit, but they were rebuoyed last May.)

Coral heads made us bear away to leeward on two

occasions, and in the end we had to tack about four times when quite near the anchorage.

A canoe came out and met us and took charge of our boat and we dropped anchor in seven fathoms, directly in line with the wharf and about one hundred yards from it.

The Chief came on board almost immediately, greeted us very cordially, examined our *papier de santé*, drank a glass of wine, and told us we could have as much fresh water as we wanted. This is one of the few Tuamotu Islands where it is possible to get water. It is stored in a large tank near the wharf.

We spent ten days at Rotoava, living on board, but going ashore each day and enjoying fresh water baths at the Chief's each morning. In the evenings we went ashore again to watch the contrasting colours of the waters of the lagoon and the sea as the sun set. Fakarava was the first coral atoll complete with lagoon that we had seen. It was very lovely.

There is a doctor who visits the islands of the Tuamotus but none resident in Fakarava and the Chief asked if I would see some people who were ill. So every day, after my bath, I stayed to examine and prescribe for my new patients. It was amusing to see the Government Buildings quickly take on the appearance of the Out Patients' Department of a hospital. Fortunately, there was a small stock of medical supplies kept on the island. The people were very grateful and used to bring presents of shells, fowls, coconuts and fish.

The boat was generally full of visitors, some the friends of Haputu and Porutu, some calling on us, all eager to be allowed to see over the boat. One afternoon, we had a party of about twenty children. It is remarkable that although neither Emsy nor I locked away our possessions and the natives both here and in the Marquesas frequently wandered all over the boat, we never lost any-

thing belonging either to ourselves or to the ship. On the contrary, our possessions seemed to increase; we were shown hospitality and given presents which they knew we could not return.

The Chief twice presented us with the heart of a coconut tree, with which we made the famous 'millionaire's salad.' It is excellent. The name is given because to get the coconut heart, the whole tree must be destroyed. It is considered a great honour to be given one. The natives also put on a dance for us. It was similar to those we had seen in the Marquesas and they gave a good performance. The costumes they wore were decorated with long, many-coloured leaves from the croton shrubs.

Apataki. 8th July, 1932. 9.30 a.m. We sailed from Rotoava, Fakarava, at four o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, July 6th. The boat seemed in better condition as a good deal of work had been done on it in Fakarava; the hole in the counter recaulked, the hull painted, a new topmast forestay fitted, and new bowsprit whiskers; and our torn sails repaired. We had been asked to take a Tahitian, named Teri, who had offered to work his passage. I took him. A nice boy.

We said good-bye to the Chief and the inhabitants with great regret. We saluted one another with our respective flags on parting.

We had a pleasant run down to the Pass before a fair breeze; and were outside the lagoon at 5.15, although the current still had two hours to run in. Outside I streamed the log. There was a heavy swell from the east, and the breeze freshened considerably, coming from the east. We were soon doing five and a half knots under plain sail, even with the main boom right in.

I wanted to pick up the north-eastern point of Toau (the one about five miles to the northward of the Otune

Pass), and follow the coast along to the west-north-west. However, we only saw the south-eastern point, just before sunset. Emsy explained this by saying that when she was steering she was constantly bearing up to the north as she found steering difficult, owing to the main boom being right in. The moon set without our seeing land, and I did not want to go looking for it in the dark. We were going much too fast, the one time we did not want to; and after the many times we had been becalmed, it was rather annoying.

At 11.00 p.m., by D.R., I was at a point from which a course followed due west for twenty miles should have taken me five miles to the south of the southernmost point of Apataki. So I took the mainsail down, hoping to drift to the west at about one mile per hour. Instead of that we logged three. The mizen took itself off by tearing in half, and we took down the staysail; but we still continued to log two knots, and were probably doing more. Also I suspected the current to be going north, and to the northward of us lay the coast of Apataki, which bulges ten miles to the eastward. All was well for the moment, if I was where I thought I was. But this was doubtful to say the least, and as I looked at the chart I read once again that charming little note which runs—'The native name 'Tuamotus' signifies Distant Islands. The appellation 'Dangerous' has also been applied to this archipelago by seamen, and deservedly so, for numerous coral islets, all low, and some extensive, obstruct the navigation; while unknown currents and heavy squalls, and a total want of soundings, add to the risk of sailing, especially at night.

'Singular interruptions to the trade winds are caused by these low lagoon islands; not only does the customary wind often fail among them, but heavy squalls come from the opposite direction and more frequently by night

than by day; this is especially the case from November to March.

'The details have been collected from the voyages of various navigators, extending over a long series of years, the relative positions therefore may not, in all cases, be exactly given, while there may be others still undiscovered, rendering extreme caution necessary on the part of the navigator while sailing among these low reefy islands.'

Going on deck, there was every indication of some of the 'heavy squalls' arriving at any moment.

Going below, I opened the Pilot Book. I noticed once again, but with a much deeper appreciation of the import of the words, that currents here are 'strong and uncertain' and that just to the south of where we were the French vessel *Taravao* had once been set thirty miles to the eastward. Further on, describing the atoll of Apataki, it states of the southern side, (for which we were perhaps heading) 'the reef is under water; this part is especially dangerous at night . . . when the breakers do not show; the currents are also very strong'.

The more I thought, the more I worried. There seemed no absolutely safe course, for we were really surrounded by atolls, and none in sight; Apataki to the north and north-west; Kaukura to the west and south-west; Toau to the south and south-east; Aratika to the east and east-north-east; the last, however, should have been twenty-five miles away.

I decided to ignore the remoter danger of Aratika, and to get up the mainsail and heave-to on the starboard tack. This we did at 2.45 a.m. She lay between north-east and north-east by north, which was safe if we were not ten miles too far to the westward or, like the French vessel, thirty miles to the eastward.

I have never had a more anxious night at sea.

July 7th. Just after we got the mainsail up last night we got the threatened rain squall, but it did not amount to much. At 4.45 a.m. I put her about, hove-to on the port tack, pointing south-east and at 5.45, with the dawn, got under way, heading west-north-west with the wind almost aft. At six a.m. we could make out from the masthead land in front of us, on the port bow, on the starboard bow and astern. I felt my fears had not been unjustified. We soon made out the south-eastern point of Apataki. It lay about five miles away, west-north-west. Really, my dead reckoning had been about correct the previous night.

It was a beautiful morning and we followed the south-eastern side of the atoll at a distance of about a mile. It is a most fearsome coast. Miles of submerged reef are marked only by breakers. After that there are a couple of islets with trees, but these also are very deceptive for they are right inside the line of the submerged reef.

At 10.00 a.m., we were off the entrance to the pass, but as the current would be running out until 1.00 p.m. and the wind was dead ahead through the pass, which is only one cable wide, we decided to follow the advice of the Pilot Book, and heave-to until the tide turned.

About half-an-hour later, we saw a sailing canoe coming towards us.

When she got nearer we were lost in admiration for the way she was being sailed and handled. They are beautiful craft and I have never seen anything sailed closer to the wind.

We were boarded by three Tuamotuans, who offered to take us in, current or no current, undaunted by the fact that we had no motor and drew three metres.

However, the wind dropped completely and we lay becalmed for about half-an-hour. At 11.30, we got a breeze, still dead ahead, and started to make the pass.

Our helmsman and pilot handled the boat in the most

masterly fashion it has ever been my fortune to see. I would like to see this man at the helm of a racing class boat. We tacked over twenty times, and at each tack appeared to be about six inches from disaster. Each time I watched with bated breath the bottom get clearer and clearer. I personally would have judged that we had about a foot of water below us. However, all went well, and my crew also handled the fore sheets with perfect certainty and timing. We drew up at the wharf at mid-day. The entire village, having watched our arrival, all came on board at once.

Emsy made some efforts to be polite, but I frankly abandoned the effort after five minutes; interested in nothing but sleep, I went below, leaving Emsy tactfully to get rid of the crowd.

Saturday, July 9th. 8.00 p.m. Sailed from Apataki at 8.15 a.m. to-day. Cast off forward warps, hoisted jib and staysail, cast off stern warp when she was athwart the channel and hoisted mainsail. Drifted down pass gently without mishap. Hoisted topsail outside and steered south by east (magnetic) to clear Kaukura. Light breeze from east-north-east and calm sea. Abreast the east point of Kaukura at 1.15 p.m. Log 16. Hoisted raffee and square-sail. The south coast of Kaukura is another very bad bit of coast. Sunken reef and tremendous breakers. Green colour of lagoon, contrasted with blue of sea and white foam, very lovely. Clouds of spray visible ten miles away.

Wind has fallen light. Have averaged three knots. Lovely night. Very big swell from south, but so long that it is scarcely noticeable.

Monday, July 11th. About thirty miles from Venus Point.

Wind light from north-east all yesterday. O.P. yesterday 16° 59' South, 147° 46' West. (Had been put ten miles to south, eleven to east.) At 4.37 p.m., log 118.

Poor going. Wind fell lighter and lighter and at midnight got faint puffs only from west of north. Put mainsail down.

This morning Tahiti visible at dawn. Fifty-five miles away. Poor progress. At 1.30, spoke *Pacific Moon*, which had been in sight since 8.00 a.m. They passed us, being towed. Wind went round to north-west at same moment. Got square rig down and mainsail and topsail hoisted. Very faint wind from north-north-west. Heavy rain this afternoon and no wind. We are becalmed at the time of writing, 8.00 p.m. About thirty-two miles from Venus Point.

* * *

TAHITI,
18th July, 1932.

MOTHER DEAREST,

We got here safely five days ago and I found a great mail waiting for me, including pension forms, your letters of June, the *Yachting Monthly*, and the *Egil Saga*. Thank you ever so much. It was good of you. Also I have been Medically Boarded, and I know the recommendation was to continue at 60% disability pension.

We had a very good trip through the Tuamotus, calling at Tepotu in the Disappointment Islands, Fakarava, and Apataki. They are very lovely, the atolls, but navigating among them is beyond words. I think I acquired some grey hairs one night. They are bad enough when they have trees on them, but sometimes parts of them are just sunken reefs. We had some fairly bad weather for a couple of days and I ran under the jib only. We got too far to the west to make Makemo, which greatly disappointed me.

The coral islands are quite different from the Marquesas. Just a narrow strip of coral surrounding a lagoon, with the sea on the outside; the lagoon calm, the sea usually breaking.

Tahiti is lovely; most amazingly beautiful, but not more beautiful than Fatuhiva. We arrived just in time for the French national fête and have had a very hectic few days. There was also a British warship in, to honour the occasion, and the officers have been very good to us. Of course, this is the first civilization I have been near for about eighteen months. The old Tahiti is dead long ago, but even the new is rather fun. I do not intend to stay long because money goes too quickly. I am going on to Moorea and Bora Bora in this group, and then on to Raratonga in the Cook Islands and then to the Tonga Islands where I should arrive, I think, in September.

So will you write c/o Poste Restante, Nukualofa, Tongatabu, Tonga Islands? But please also send me a short letter to Raratonga, Cook Islands. If you write by return you will probably catch me there.

My dear, it does seem extraordinary writing to you in Moscow from me in Tahiti. Moreover, they must be about the two extremes, intellectually and morally. I should imagine this is the most perfect place in the world to decompose in, or rather, deliquesce in. I must say I would rather like to.

It must be wonderful for you, though, being in Moscow. Tell Freda she owes me a letter and to let me know how things are going, also a few prophecies. Rab says he is still a Communist after having been in Russia, but that life is very much like London; talk, drink, women and parties. However, I want to know what is happening in the world.

I have some hopes (not many) of getting a job in the Tongas, which are an independent State, with a queen who is reputed to weigh twenty stone and to be six feet seven inches high. The society is a communal one. A strong king refused to sell any land to the whites and now it all belongs to the state from which, at the age

of eighteen, you lease a tract for life, on conditions. At least, this is what I have heard. Anyway, it is the only country in the world without a national debt, but with a surplus.

I have had a very nice letter from Rab and Jean. Rab has given me the *Inyala*! But that alone won't get me home. I was surprised to hear about J. I really did think he was settled for life. I can't believe that D. and D. will ever separate; what would happen about the child?

My dear, I am afraid I must have given you rather a wrong impression about Emsy. We are really very happy together and I get more and more fond of her. She is a darling and everything that is fine and kind. I know very well I would be a bloody fool to lose her. Also, she adores me—Why, god knows.

Well, dear, I must end now, for the mail is closing. All my love to you and Freda, my dear, and all good things to Arcadi too.

TEMPLE.

TAHITI,
19th July, 1932.

MOTHER DEAREST,

I have written you to the Bank in London but am just sending this note by one of your Moscow addressed envelopes, to let you know I am alive and well. We got here a few days ago.

I will be c/o British Consul, Nukualofa, Tonga islands in September, I think.

Please write me a short letter by return to Raratonga, Cook Islands, though.

All's well and very happy.

All love to you both.

TEMPLE.

TAHITI,
15th August, 1932.

MOTHER DEAREST,

We are still here and very well. I am trying to marry Emsy, but as the papers have not been sent it is very difficult. Perhaps we will manage it. We have wired Mr. Edwards to confirm the decree to the British Consul here. If you have the papers will you send them to the Consul personally? We will not be here more than another three weeks I think, but we could always refer to him by radio if he had the papers.

My dear, Emsy has been with me for eight months now and I have got to love her more and more. I really have hopes this time that it will be permanent. Emsy is really a darling of darlings, and she wants me to tell you that she is frightfully happy.

Now for plans. Rab has given me the boat. I pulled her out of the water and found her badly wormed. A man named Sidney Howard, who sailed a small cutter here from England, is coming on with me. . . . He is a delightful man, a journalist. He has put his engine in my boat, and sold his cutter.

I am going to try to get a job somewhere in the South Seas. If I don't succeed, we will perhaps try to sail round the world—but that I don't know. I want to stay out here a bit, at any rate.

Forgive this scrappy letter, dear, but I am in a very bad writing mood.

Write to Tonga.

I have your letter of July 6th, just before you left for Russia, also I got a dear letter from Freda. Tell her I will reply soon, but please to write to me again. It is good she is so happy. You were happy, Freda is happy, perhaps also I shall be. Funny, I know for sure you will both love Emsy.

Also give my love to Arcadi and tell him he must be very wonderful.

All my love, mother,

TEMPLE.

TAHITI,

12th September, 1932.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

You will be surprised to know I am still here, but we have had to do a lot of work on the boat. However, we really expect to get off soon. I got your letter from Russia, dated the beginning of August, three days ago. I was awfully pleased, for I expected nothing, thinking you would have written to Tonga.

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I am so glad you have been enjoying Russia. It is a wonderful journey for you at your age. It is a great pity you cannot see Tahiti too. It is a dream of a place, and life is great fun; it reminds me more of Napenthe in *South Wind* than anywhere else. However, my cash is nearly at an end and what exactly is going to happen I do not know. At any rate, I have had over my two years now and have spent a year in the South Seas. I wish I could stay here for good, or until Freda's revolution comes and finishes everything off. It seems to me it may not come, but that society will just disintegrate. I see lots of Americans here and from all accounts this disintegration has already gone a long way there; the really rich are not touched, but the middle classes are half wiped out already.

Perhaps I will find a safe refuge in Tonga.

Emsy sends you her love; we have not yet succeeded in getting married, but probably will in the next few days.

She would have written but is ill with flu. I am very fit and well.

All my love, dear,

TEMPLE.

P.S. Asked Rab to send me a new pair of glasses to Tonga, the money to come from the *Yachting Monthly*. Will you see he does it?

TAHITI,
9th October, 1932.

MOTHER DEAR,

I have made a complete change of plans. A French doctor has made me an offer to work here as his assistant, so I am staying for a bit. The contract is for a year. He is a very brilliant man, but was too successful and has got some of the medical authorities up against him. I cannot work here, by French law, but can be his assistant. The position is decidedly precarious, but I may be able to save enough money in a year to sail again. There is a great demand for an English doctor here. Anyway I will learn a lot and I do so want to stay here a bit. It is a heavenly place and, as you know, I like the French. Dr. Y. is an amazing man.

Continue to write to me care of the British Consul.

I have sent you two people with letters of introduction. Jack Pitcairn, who used to be proprietor of the best hotel here and who has put us up sometimes for weeks, free of charge. He has been everything under the sun—among other things, the Colonel in the film of *Journey's End*. . . . Do what you can for him and introduce him to Bohemia. The other is Sidney Howard. He is a dear. I have let him down rather badly, for we intended to sail on together and he sank most of the proceeds of the sale of his boat in helping to refit the *Inyala*. Also I have his engine. He is a journalist by profession and has been on the *Daily Mail*,

Chronicle, and *Daily Mirror*. Will you see what you can do for him? I have given him a letter to Carson but do something yourself, and make sure he meets Carson. Also make sure he is introduced to Rab.

About my marriage. I received a letter from Edwards the day before yesterday, saying that the Foreign Office would radio permission in a few days. They have never done so. Will you please get in touch with them for me and make sure the permission is wired here—if they have not already done it.

I wrote the Ministry of Pensions to ask them to send my forms to Tonga. I wired Tonga two days ago to send everything on here. Will you find out for me if they went there?

Well, dear, so the world goes on. I am very happy to be staying here and should learn a lot, but my position is difficult, vis-à-vis the authorities.

Anyway, I still have the boat.

I am so glad, dear, you had such a good time in Russia. Give me all the news you can of political events. I love to get *New Statesmans* when you have them.

I love you, my dear, and only wish I could see you. Otherwise, the South Seas for me. When I think of fogs and the Kingsland Road and then look at the sunset over Moorea, sipping a large rum punch—which costs me sixpence—!

Again my love, my dear; and, once more, do whatever you can for Howard.

TEMPLE.

PAPEETE,

7th November, 1932.

MOTHER DEAREST,

I will be staying here until at least the end of January, and probably longer, but I am too utterly exhausted to explain very much.

My Dr. Y. turned out to be a morphomaniac. Acting under his own instructions, I tried to reduce him down, and we have had a terrible time. He was taking thirty grains of morphia and five grains of cocaine a day and I got it reduced to a fifth of the quantity, but then he became maniacal. It is a very sad case: he is young and most intelligent. As usual, it's the result of ill-health—he was terribly wounded in the war—and when he recovers from his manias, he is distressed and apologetic about his behaviour. He chased Emsy and me out of the house once, with a revolver, when I would not let him have more dope and once he struck me in the face, nearly breaking my glasses. Then he decided to leave for France and began to take fantastic doses; he had opium delusions, with suspicions, illusions and delusions. We have had an awful time in the last days, for he is very strong. My contract has fallen through, but, at his request, we are staying on to look after his place, in return for our living here, with food in the best French hotel and 300 francs a month.

Will you please find out when and where my pension forms were sent?

My other news is that Emsy and I were married on the 17th. She is a dear, Mother, and you will love her. She has all the courage.

This is to wish you all good wishes for Christmas. All my love, my dear.

TEMPLE.

TAHITI,
5th December, 1932.

MOTHER DEAREST,

It is a very long time since I have heard from you. I was hoping to get something back from Tonga, but nothing has arrived.

Will you do something for me, as usual?

After all, they have reduced my pension to 40% and I have not been so well lately: I have applied for a new Medical Board, and had it. The papers are going off by the same mail as this letter. Will you go to the Ministry of Pensions and get them to hurry things up as quickly as possible? Also tell them that I have not had the forms back from Tonga. I will be staying here until April, I am almost sure.

News there is very little to send you. I am very happy and we have been having a very good time. This is a dream place. People are very good to us.

What is going to happen to us eventually I don't know. If only the French would let me practise here, I could make quite a good living, but that is quite impossible. Making a living anywhere is very difficult these days. In New Zealand, doctors are working in the Labour camps, I am told.

Let me know some news of things in England and of my old friends. I really do expect to hear from you by the next mail. I am hoping this will reach you by Christmas. So a very happy Christmas, Mother dear, and also a happy New Year. I wish I were spending it with you.

All my love,

TEMPLE.

TAHITI,

3rd January, 1933.

MOTHER DEAREST,

Talk of faithless sons, but what about faithless mothers! I have not heard from you for months. I wrote to you at the beginning of October, saying I was probably staying in Tahiti and wired you confirming this at the beginning of November. However, I am really only teasing you—something must have missed. Nevertheless,

I am slightly worried, for nothing has come back from the Tongas either.

I have a lot for you to do for me. You will have had my last letter explaining about what I wanted you to do for me, about the Ministry of Pensions, but there is much more.

J. sent me on an application form for a Colonial Office medical appointment. I have filled it up and returned it by the same mail as this.

Now. They wanted two references. I gave J. and Dr. Waitheman, but I am not sure of his address and so gave St. Mary's Hospital. So, (1) Please give them Waitheman's correct address.

Next, I have sent them a testimonial I got from Dr. Brander and one from Dr. Linnell, both copies and originals. But they want four more. I have stated on the application form that you will send them copies and originals, the latter they will return to you. Please send them therefore the

(2) Testimonial from Col. Feilding.

(3) Testimonial from—Read, Reader in English, King's College, University of London.

(4) Testimonial from Shirres, Tutor, Trinity Hall. If any of these cannot be found, ask to see somebody in the Colonial Office and give them what you can find.

(5) Also I enclose a copy of a testimonial from Dr. Shore. If you cannot find the original, will you send it to him and ask him if he would make it out again for me?

That is all, I think, but if you can find anybody with any influence try them.

Now for myself, dear. I am just hanging on here and we will probably leave at the beginning of April, first for Tonga and then for Fiji. Then, if something does not turn up—?

Otherwise, we have been having a very good time and are extraordinarily happy together; and I do so love these South Seas. But I wish I had some news of you.

If you can acquire some *New Statesmans*, please let me have them.

All my love, my dearest,

TEMPLE.

PAPEETE, TAHITI,
30th January, 1933.

(Dictated)

MOTHER DARLING,

As I gather from your letters, you seem to have the impression that I have a rather nice wife, but, would you ever have believed it possible that I could have found one who would take down my letters by dictation? However, don't believe she is really a docile creature; she is quite worthy of the name of Emily! Whether she is exactly of the Utlely-Williamson tribe I don't know, but her pugnacity is quite up to the Williamson standard.

(Interjection by the younger Emily: I don't know whether we Emilys set our pugnacity against Williamson or Utlely obstinacy, but I imagine in every case we 'pugnace' with equal non-effect; isn't that true?)

Dear, I was awfully glad to get three letters from you, the last dated January 2nd. I had also by the last mail (but delivered after the departure of my letter to you) received two letters forwarded from the Tonga Islands. Before that, I had been without news of you for three months. I also got a letter from Freda, who seems rather discouraged. Tell me what she really feels about things in Russia. To me, at this far end of the world, from the news I get it appears to be one of the few spots where there is any hope for the future. Everywhere else

things seem to be getting worse, at an accelerated pace. If there are any lying about, please send me some more *New Statesmans*, and tell me what my friends think of things.

Ask G. to write to me. Where is Johnny? Tell somebody to ask Walter to write to me—I wrote a letter of conciliation from the Galapagos and a post card this Christmas.

For ourselves, what is going to happen is uncertain. I think we will probably clear out of here in April, at the end of the hurricane season, and go on to Tonga and Fiji looking for a job. Do what you can about stirring up everybody we know for a Colonial Office job.

For myself, I am much better. But I do not want to come back to England just yet. The descriptions in your letters don't encourage me and I love these South Seas. The only two reasons I would like to come back for are you and books. Continue to write to us here.

(Written by himself)

MY DEAR,

I dictated the first part because I am dead tired. Have got a probably dying child in the place, salvaged from the hospital. It has one chance in a thousand.

I am sending the account of my voyage from the Galapagos to the Marquesas to *Yachting Monthly* by the next mail. The money should pay the balance to Edwards, and to Rab for the glasses.

Be good to Howard. He has been goodness itself to me.

Will write Rab and Jean by next mail. Emsy's a darling and looks after me like an angel.

All my love, my dear,

TEMPLE.

TAHITI,
27th February, 1933.

MOTHER DEAR,

Thanks very much for the papers and letters, four in all, which I got the day before yesterday, the latest dated January 27th.

You must have gone to an awful lot of trouble for me over the testimonials, etc. I wish they would give me a job in Fiji.

We have been having a very good time here lately. Four Englishmen arrived on a ninety-six ton yacht, the *Vanora*. They are delightful people and we have got two of them staying with us now. They, too, arrived for ten days and have been here over six weeks. We are going on another adventure I think, next month. An American is going to spend a bit of money on the *Inyala* and is going to provision her and pay for a hand and we are going to cruise to Rapa, Mangaravia, and back to the Marquesas! Then we will come back here for a few weeks and then go west.

Continue, though, to write me c/o the British Consul. There is only a mail every twenty-eight days from Tahiti, and the same from San Francisco.

In many ways I wish that we could stay here for I love the place, but I don't think the French would ever let me practise properly. I have done a bit of medical bootlegging and have operated a couple of times with another French surgeon since Dr. Y. left, but in one case, through making a correct diagnosis and saving the life of a child where another doctor had made a wrong one, I have roused the latter's virulent animosity.

So, it will be some more sailing.

I have also managed to get an X-ray picture and a medical report for my Medical Board from the English doctor on the *Stella Polaris*. It has been forwarded by this mail.

Dear, see if you can get anybody to do something for Howard. He is one of the best natured people I have ever known and he is intelligent. I feel under a great obligation to him. I hope a couple of the men off *Vanora* will come to see you too when they reach England.

Well, my dear, what will the future be? The breakdown of civilization, I suppose. For the moment, life is good fun, only I wish I could see you. But, life in England at the moment—ough!

All my love to you, my dearest, and much love from Emsy.

Your,

TEMPLE.

TAHITI,

30th March, 1933.

MOTHER DEAR,

Once again our plans are completely doubtful. The American, once a multi-millionaire and reputed the richest man in Los Angeles, started to refit the *Inyala* for the expedition to Rapa. He cleaned her up, repainted her inside and out, and bought me a new boom and a new mizen.

Our agreement was that he should pay for Haputu, provision the boat, and that we should sail for about three months. However, I have just learnt to-day that, because one of the women of his party refuses to sail, the whole trip is off. I am certain necessary repairs to the good, but, on the other hand, I resigned this place, whereas I could have been kept here for another month at least, and I have been making a certain income from my bootleg doctoring. There is a brilliant but erratic French surgeon who works with me. But as he has exactly the same opinion as I have about the future of the world he is not inclined to settle down. He has the highest possible French

qualifications, but having made a competence as a *chef de clinique* in Paris, he decided it was not worth piling up worthless money, and came out here. He has bought a small boat and spends his time sailing in the islands.

At present we do not quite know what we are going to do. If we can find someone to finance a cruise, we will sail round a bit longer—if we cannot we will sail on to Tonga and further, looking for a job. Though quite uncertain of our fates, we are still very happy.

All my love, my dear,

TEMPLE.

TAHITI,

23rd April, 1933.

MOTHER DEAR,

This is going to be a very short note, because we are half dead with fatigue.

To-day we left Dr. Y's and handed over to his attorney; and life—getting things ready—has been just too much for us. We worked until four this morning and got up and started again at seven.

Just facts then:

The original trip, as you know, fell through. I had resigned my free food ticket because I expected to sail and so was very fed up. We tried to arrange all sorts of other cruises but none of them came off. Meanwhile the money dwindled. However, I had got a new boom and lots of paint out of my American friend.

Then another American and his daughter turned up, who had sailed before. They wanted me to promise to sail round the world, as far as Panama again; but I did not like to promise because what I really want is a job in these islands. In the end we decided to sail quickly to Suva, Fiji. They are giving me a hundred dollars towards expenses. If there is no job in Fiji, I may quite probably go on round and round.

So, write to me: Yacht *Inyala*, c/o Poste Restante, Suva, Fiji.

I cannot understand about the Ministry of Pensions. My second official Board was sent to them in December last, and I have had no reply. Another report was sent in by the doctor on the *Stella Polaris*. I am worried because firstly, I am convinced I am entitled to a larger percentage than 40%, and secondly, because the vouchers in my possession only go up to the end of June. Will you please stir them up? And make sure that at least I get another six months' supply of vouchers sent to Fiji in the quickest possible time.

I do not want to stay at Suva, which is probably much too civilized and expensive.

All my love, dear,

TEMPLE.

P.S. I am half dead with fatigue and Emsy also, but the ailment is only temporary and not as bad as it looks!

T. U.

TAHITI TO FIJI

FROM LOGBOOK

Crew: TEMPLE UTLEY
EMILY UTLEY
HAPUTU KÉKÉLA
HAROLD MAPES
LOUISE MAPES

Passenger: DR. SWIFT

April 30th. 9.00 p.m.

Got away from Tahiti at last about 10.00 a.m. yesterday, with one of Haputu's friends on board but with Haputu himself hidden in Moorea.* At last moment, Customs bothered us about engine put in nine months before; also Police, because one of us owed four francs. Had Peters and Fuller from the *Pilgrim* with us, also Mr. White. Got out of pass all right, with motor running merrily. Set all plain sail, and *Pilgrim's* crew left us. Wind light and all over the place. Sailed on course for Raiatea for a bit, to baffle the authorities. Then straight for Moorea.

About 1.00 p.m. motor stopped. Immovable. Sailed, hopeless of getting there before nightfall, before light breezes. The wind freshened about 3.00 p.m. and we were opposite the entrance to the pass just at nightfall. We were debating whether to attempt entrance when, to our joy, saw a pirogue coming off. Hove-to off entrance and soon I was shaking hands with Haputu. Ought to have sent his friend off then but had not the heart. Decided all places in the group would now be dangerous but

*The French authorities had refused Temple Utley permission to sign on Haputu; they wished him to take *Mobile* but could not compel this as *Mobile* had been officially signed off.

would risk making for Huahine. Wind being dead aft all night, we feared gybing and found ourselves at dawn far to windward. This morning light breeze dead aft, with heavy swell. Impossible to keep mainsail quiet. All my crew refused to steer with wind aft of beam.

About ten miles to east of Huahine at dawn. Spent all day drifting towards it before light airs. Were off Fare entrance at 3.00 p.m. Decided to drop Haputu's friend off here, hoping to be ahead of hue and cry. We hove-to off entrance while Haputu rowed him ashore in the dinghy. It was a long pull, with a heavy sea running. We got carried too far to the north with the current but redeemed him all right. Very thankful all was settled. Got mainsail down and hoisted square rig. Were under way by 6.00 p.m. Wind very light. Drifted comfortably.

May 1st. 11.00 a.m. Course west-south-west. Wind light. Position at 7.00 a.m., 17° 3' South, 151° 18' West. Log 18.

Wednesday, 3rd May. 8.20 p.m. Drifted along all day Monday. Began to get rain squalls that night. Made good progress during the night and the following day but the wind drew steadily northward, ending in a wild night with continuous rain squalls. The raffee head blew away in a squall, during a sudden extra vicious puff. Wind was from every direction and I had to get Haputu to take Emsy's watch.

This morning there was a constant succession of squalls.

At about 9.00 a.m. wind suddenly shifted to west-north-west, with an evil-looking sky. We got the squaresail off and brought her to under mizen and headsails. While getting the jib off, a vicious squall hit us. Haputu, working on the end of the bowsprit, got constant baths up to his neck. Boat lay nicely under mizen and staysail, sheeted amidships. Have lain-to all day as wind is dead ahead. There is a constant succession of squalls but they are not too fierce.

Wind is still west-north-west, so am lying to and am turning in for the night. Position—?

Thursday, May 4th. 8.30 p.m. O.P. 4.40 p.m.—? ($18^{\circ} 10'$ South, $153^{\circ} 25'$ West?) Log 153. Hove-to all last night. Continual torrential rain, with squalls. Little force in wind, which came from every direction. Boat rocked on every axis. Still no wind this morning, except odd puffs from west. Superimposed swells from every direction.

Got breeze from north-north-west at 2.00 p.m., after torrential rain. Hoisted mainsail. Wind dropped to nothing at sunset. Everything was slamming about, so we took down mainsail. At time of writing dead calm. No squalls in sight, but sky cloudy with enormous halo round the moon.

Friday, May 5th. 8.30 p.m. O.P. 4.58 p.m. S.A.T. $18^{\circ} 20'$ South, $154^{\circ} 4'$ West. Log 181.

Remained hove-to under mizen and headsails in almost complete calm for entire night. Very light breeze from south-east at daybreak. Hoisted main and new topsail—which is too small. Made some progress under light winds from south-east. Log 190 at 8.00 p.m. Sky overcast since 11.00 a.m. but no real rain.

This evening, there was a very evil-looking squall to windward which dispersed just as we came up with it. Have had no Meridian Altitude for three days. Mapes has been busy repairing raffle which tore at head day before yesterday. Progress very poor. Mapes a very good seaman. Haputu as ever. Mapes and Louise, and Emsy and I, divide the night between us: eight to two and two to eight alternate nights. Haputu cooking, so no night watches; but he and Emsy good friends and share each other's work.

Monday, May 8th. O.P. 4.26 p.m. S.A.T. Log 427. $18^{\circ} 38'$ South, $157^{\circ} 28'$ West.

We have continued to drift onwards before light winds, never able to sail our course, as wherever we go wind is always dead aft. Have had to keep mainsail up, owing

both to light airs and torn raffee. Raffee renovated to-day and set at 2.00 p.m.

Weather lovely on the whole but no wind. We were 120 miles from Aitutaki when I took observed position. We have been tacking before a dead aft wind.

Mapes is a first-class sailor, sailmaker and bos'n. He has repaired the raffee, putting in two new cloths and rebolting her.

We had a lovely wind last night from one o'clock till three. To-night just drifting, but perfect, with almost full moon. Life is very good and it is lovely to be at sea again. Feel a different man and would be glad to go on for ever.

Ship is pretty fair, but needs even more money spent on her. Before leaving Tahiti, spent—3,600 francs plus 1,000 francs plus £10 plus 1,250 francs, plus—?

May 16th. We sighted Aitutaki on Wednesday, May 11th, just after noon. On working out my observed positions, I seemed to have put myself about ten miles to west. Winds became light and we only got by the North Point at sunset. Wind north-north-east. We drifted south down the coast in gathering gloom about 200 yards from a reef. Kept bearing away to west as we saw big breakers ahead and no signs of anchorage. Carried on till dark, then got square rig off and hove-to on starboard tack under head-sails and mizen. A solitary fisherman came out and boarded us, announcing that a Government boat was coming off. Boat eventually arrived with A. A. Luckham, Resident Administrator, and a trader called Drury Low, to whom I had been given a letter of introduction. There were about a dozen natives with them, all prisoners but two. The only crimes on the island are drinking and fornication.

We had a party till ten o'clock. By then we were about seven miles off shore. Got up mainsail and reached back near to the pass. Visitors left, promising to send pilot early in the morning. We hove-to and had an uncom-

fortable night. *Inyala*, as usual when hove-to, went off to windward like a bird. Went to sleep for two hours and woke to find we were nearly out of sight of the island.

At daylight we ran down to the anchorage, marked by four beacons. The anchorage for large boats is marked by the interception of the lines joining each couple. We were too early for the promised pilot, so hove-to once again, and had breakfast.

Saw boat about 7.30 and ran down to it. Pilot came aboard and we went in, under mizen and headsails, to anchorage in ten fathoms.

Not very inviting. Constant swirl and whirl of current, breakers ahead and breakers to starboard stretching back a quarter of a mile. It would have been nearly impossible to get out if wind had shifted to north-west or west.

Left Haputu with two natives on board and went ashore. The pass would have been practicable with an engine and a pilot, and there is a completely safe anchorage inside for boats up to about fifty feet waterline. Was told that the *Svaap* had lain there happily.

We spent a pleasant time at Aitutaki. On landing, having made my usual enquiry about the possibility of a bath, was led to a communal wash house where Emsy and I revelled in a fresh-water shower. The natives followed us about and were very friendly. A dance was arranged for us that night, but Emsy and I went back on board at 5.00 p.m. as the weather looked uncertain. The anchorage looked very wild but we had a peaceful night, looked after by three natives, whilst the others went off to the dance.

We went ashore again next morning. The island is very different from the French ones. Neat, clean, cultivated, provincial, pious, and lower middle-class—British Empire of suburban Colonial brand. The village elders, very dignified natives, were assembled to welcome us and presented us with gifts of oranges, coconuts, yams, pumpkins and

other local produce. Most generous and touching. I made grateful speech. Was doubtful in my own mind how all the stuff was to be stowed away, but fresh provisions most welcome.

Swift announced he was going to remain at Aitutaki. He wasn't used to our kind of sailing and, in any case, wanted to stay and go on with his study of Polynesian types.

Whilst having lunch with the schoolmaster and his wife, I got a message from Haputu that something was wrong; gathered eventually that chain had burst hawser pipe and carried away part of forward bulwarks. Decided to sail at once. Collected crew and eighty gallons of water and were rowed off in whale boat by prisoners, along with the Police and Captain McCullough. The latter seems to know all there is to be known about the islands in the Cook Group and takes a paternal interest in every ship that calls.

On getting on board, found Swift had gone off with our trunk keys, by mistake. Had to send native ashore for these. Eventually got off about 5.30 p.m., natives getting up the anchor for us.

Went off under headsails, then got mizen, squaresail and raffle up in succession.

We had a fair wind from north-east. By 4.30 p.m. next day (May 13th) had logged 105 miles. Decided to sight Palmerston Island, since the check I had got at Aitutaki was wrong. Chronometer rate had been about 0.8 loss per day since leaving Panama. When I left Tahiti it was sixteen minutes, twenty-two seconds slow. Had been given what was said to be New Zealand time, but as this made me only thirteen minutes, thirty-two seconds slow it was obviously wrong and so I wanted to get a check.

However, the wind slowly dropped and my meridian altitude on Sunday put me to south of dead reckoning.

At nightfall, steered south-west and south-south-west. Rather anxious. Wind dropped to nothing.

(No record in log for a week.)

Sunday, May 28th. Went on deck at 8.00 a.m. on 20th May. Niue should have been in sight fifteen miles away. (Had been hove-to during night when estimated distance was twenty miles.) Sky overcast, rain squalls and light airs. No sign of land. Felt depressed, wondering where on earth I was and what to do. Ten minutes later, Haputu spotted land dead ahead, just where it should have been. Greatly relieved. Chronometer rate as usual, and time given me at Aitutaki all wrong.

Confirmed this later from known position.

Drifted down coast under headsails and mizen. Crowds of canoes came out to meet us. Quite distinctive shape, narrow and fine pointed at both ends. The men in them chattered and laughed and asked questions. Very lively crowd. Had bodyguard of canoes all the way in. Got outside Alopi anchorage about 4.00 p.m. when wind dropped. After a hundred-yard tow by Government boat, dropped anchor in twelve fathoms, in line with wharf. Good anchorage if wind is east of north-north-east, or east of south. Went ashore. Great reception. Captain Bell, the Administrator, invited us up to the Residency and asked all the Europeans to come over and meet us. Each brought some contribution to the feast.

As the preparations were not quite complete, left the Mapes with our host and accepted an invitation from the doctor. He had come on board with the port authorities and asked if I would like to see the hospital. A keen man. I was very interested to see some of the cases he was treating. He showed me some patients suffering from yaws. I have now reached the part of the world where this disease is common. We discussed the strange similarities and differences between it and syphilis.

While there, met the Matron, who was one of the few people who could not get away to come to the party. Returned to the Residency and we all over-ate shamelessly, but that seemed the right thing to do. After the feast, Captain Bell took us for a drive in his car to see another village. Seemed a progressive administrator, interested in his work.

There was a big crowd at the wharf to see us off. We wished we could have stayed longer.

Got under way at 1.00 a.m., Sunday. Faint breeze. hoisted headsails and squaresail. All dead beat. Drifted out. Roused Haputu at 3.00 a.m. and went to sleep. Mapes found boat unattended at 5.30.

Made good progress all day and had logged seventy-five miles by 4.00 p.m., Sunday, 21st. Hoisted mainsail that morning.

On Monday at 8.00 a.m. had logged 176 miles and hoisted rafee. Wind on quarter, about force 6-7. Big beam sea, magnificent sailing. Made 151 miles between 4.00 p.m. 21st and 4.00 p.m. 22nd.

As we were approaching the Tonga Islands and were going too fast, I took the rafee and squaresail off at 8.00 p.m. and hauled the mainsheet in. I had calculated things nicely and picked up Eua at dawn and Eua iti from the masthead, twelve miles away.

Tried to sail directly on north point of Eua iti, but wind was dead aft with big sea. Mapes steered magnificently but eventually gybed the boat; continued on the other gybe. Then went about and shot across between the islands till north end of Eua iti bore 93° true, when we altered course to 273° true. This brought wind dead aft again. I followed Pilot Book instructions to the letter, having transformed all the true bearings to magnetic the day before. I was very anxious though, as I had been warned in Tahiti against this passage, by

the Navigating Officer of the *Diomedé*. Steering was very difficult, as whichever tack we were on we seemed to be sailing by the lee. Mapes was magnificent at the helm.

I recognized all the islands, but confused Monu ape with Maha haa and was thinking of going to south of latter. Found out my mistake in time and swung round to north into Narrows. Went through them like a train. Too quick to recognize landmarks, in spite of current.

Got mainsail down and steered for Nukualofa under headsails and mizen, avoiding reefs by conning from the masthead.

Dropped anchor just to north-west of wharf, about 11.30 a.m. Had been frightfully anxious. Passage all right if you know it, but very difficult for the first time, with only a small scale chart. A pilot costs £10!

We had a very good time at Nukualofa, staying there two nights. The Medical Officer, Dr. Dawson, came on board the first day and took us ashore. Had a meal at his house and then went by car to see what is considered one of the wonders of the world: a massive platform made of immense slabs of rock, which it is difficult to believe was set up by human hands. The platform is extremely ancient and must have been used for worship or sacrifice. That night, we dined with the Commissioner and Mrs. Neil. Discovered that she is a cousin of one of my senior officers in the Connaught Rangers during the war. Later met the Chief Justice, Mr. Murray Aynsley. Dined with him and his wife the next night. Could only stay at Nukualofa those two days as the Mapes planned to catch a northbound steamer on June 2nd at Suva.

Set sail about 9.00 a.m. Thursday, May 25th.

Wind had been blowing hard from the east for forty-eight hours, but as we sailed it drew gradually northwards.

Our course was about north-west by west. As we sailed, the wind gradually went north and then to the west of north. Was afraid of getting to south and we tacked three times. Eventually actually got a little too much to the north and I saw the Nautilus Shoal just on the starboard bow. However, we picked up the line of buoys—four starboard and four port hand buoys which guide you round Atatá Island. We should have been gradually freed going round, but the wind headed us and we had to make a quick decision. We had been pinching her, but nevertheless had drifted on to the second lee buoy. Question, would she go about? Mapes, at the tiller, said, 'Give her more way'. So we bore away, well to leeward of the line between the two leeward buoys. From the mast-head, in an agony, I watched the water shoaling. However, when our counter was beyond the line she had plenty of way and we went about. Barely had she got way on the other tack when we were on the port buoy and we could see another shoal ahead. We went about again and found we were free.

Leaving the last buoy, we steered south-west by west (magnetic) until the two leading beacons came into line. Then we beat up for the pass. We made it in five tacks.

We felt enormous relief on getting clear. Once again Mapes had steered the whole way out.

The wind, as usual, was not according to plan. Our course was west by north a quarter north (magnetic) and the wind was north-west by north (magnetic)—'winds west of north are unknown at this time of year'.

Wind gradually dropped to nothing. Had rotten watch Friday, from 2.00 a.m. to 6.30—torrents of rain with no wind.

Since then have drifted, until this morning when we got light wind from east-south-east. Since Friday have had almost complete calms, sleeping each night. On 27th,

passed large quantities of volcanic ash. On 28th, a large patch of greenish-grey, slimey, stringy stuff. The water around was discoloured and dirty; the same red colour as the ash. To-day, Tuesday, we got a light wind from east-north-east as above. Sailed all day with all sails set: plainsail plus squaresail and raffle. Mainsail banging about all day—wind always dead aft—poor progress so got it down at 8.00 p.m. There is a light wind, dead aft, a heavy swell from the south and a threatening sky. Do not want to go south of course, north of it dangerous.

(After the above, no entries were made in the log since there was nothing to note but dead calm.)

As we watched the sky daily and could see no sign of wind, the Mapes became philosophical about missing their steamer. The calm was remarkable; Mapes, who has done more sailing than I, agreed with me that he had never known such peace at sea for so long a time. We might have been lying in a dock.

The days took on a pleasant routine. Each evening, we gathered on deck to drink a rum punch at sundown. Louise played her violin, Mapes his guitar, and they both sang American cowboy songs as though at home on their ranch in Wyoming. After dinner, we would usually come on deck again and Haputu would play his accordion.

After Swift's departure, Haputu moved into the forward cabin on the starboard side. Though it was little more than a store room, he was very proud of it and it was always the neatest part of the ship. The Mapes had the aft cabin and Emsy and I the bunks in the saloon, so we all had enough room below to be comfortable.

When finally the wind came, it came with force and suddenness and our days of leisure ended with a day and night of toil. It was about noon on Sunday, June 4th (Pacific Time) when we dropped anchor in the harbour of

Suva, and met the curious gaze of fuzzy-headed natives on the cutters and trading schooners which lay at anchor in the bay.

The *Inyala* had got safely half-way round the world.

* * *

YACHT 'INYALA'

POSTE RESTANTE,

SUVA,

Monday, 5th June, 1933.

MOTHER DEAR,

We arrived here safely yesterday, having eventually left Tahiti on April 30th.

We hurried all the time as the Mapes wanted to be here on the 2nd of June to catch a boat—which they missed after all. However, we succeeded in stopping at Aitutaki, in the Cook Group, at Niuc or Savage Island, and at Nukualofa. We had calms and light winds most of the time, but in between times some wonderful sailing. The Mapes were good companions and first-class sailors. The father just loves sewing sails. They rather wanted me in Tahiti to bind myself to sail on round the world with them, but I wouldn't absolutely promise. I rather wish I had now, for I do not much care for the look of the English or New Zealand islands. Suva looks very much like Golder's Green and yesterday when we arrived—it was Sunday—amazingly like Oban. Of course I have only been here for twenty-four hours, and I may change my mind, but it seems middle class at its very worst. You have to wear coats and collars and ties. It seems a bit hard to come exactly half-way round the world to find another suburb of London. Tahiti was a very different matter, but that is probably very like Capri.

What is going to happen to us I do not quite know. I

will try and get a job here for a bit, but the prospects are not very bright. We have at the moment about thirty pounds, a ship and a seaman, our priceless Haputu. We stole him, incidentally. The French authorities refused to let us take him, so we sent him over in the dead of night to another island, and then picked him up at sea in a canoe.

A queer thing happened about Dr. Y. I handed the place over to his attorney one day, and on the following day the attorney had a wire from Paris to say he was dead. How or why we do not know.

Well, will you write here, dear: Yacht *Inyala*, P.O. Suva?—and if we go anywhere else we will have things forwarded.

By the way, I had a ticket in the Irish Derby Sweep, A.N. 80932. Do wire me and tell me I have won a million or so.

Dear, thank you so much for the Shaw book and the Russell. I liked Shaw's book very much—quite different. Nothing new, but delightfully and urbanely written.

It is rather amusing to think of Shaw ending up in Voltaire's garden. Voltaire would certainly have liked it, but what he would have thought of *St. Joan* or *Back to Methuselah*? It is a pity Shaw cannot meet a few of the illustrious shades who have influenced him. Tchechov would certainly approve of *Heartbreak House*; Nietzsche would like *Caesar and Cleopatra*—with reservations—but on the whole, cold-shoulder him as a renegade, classing him with Wagner. What Wagner or Ibsen would say to him? Karl Marx would probably receive him as a sort of faithful husband, who had spent most of his life running after exotic mistresses, but who, nevertheless, had always explained to them that he was really true to his rather plain wife.

I liked Russell's book but I think it is time he started

doing some serious stuff again. The ratio used to be one solid book to one popular one; now they are all popular.

I had some luck in Tahiti. An Englishman there gave me a lot of new stuff, including *Brave New World* by Aldous Huxley.

I read a lot of American books and magazines in Tahiti. Whenever you can get hold of it read *The American Mercury*. Also John dos Passos' *1919* and *Manhattan Transfer* are very fine. He is a Communist by the way. Also get hold of *Sanctuary*.

Please send me *New Statesmans*, *Weekly Reviews*, and *New English Weeklies* when you can—they are a joy. *The Egil Saga* is a masterpiece. Do read it. The beginning is difficult, but as you get on with it you are enthralled. More and more I think that the only possible attitude is that which is implicit in the Norse Sagas and in Homer. The characters in the Norse Sagas are much more completely objective and real than Homer's even. Gunnar, Njal and his three sons, Kari, Grettir, in their Sagas are people. Egil is perhaps the most interesting of them all. He has most of the 'pas sympathique' qualities and yet compels your sympathy. You feel this about him, and then you notice that time and time again he is saved by the devotion of his friends. His end is very different from that of all the other Norse heroes, too.

Well, dear, for myself I don't know. One month's sailing has made me completely fit again. I feel a different man. But, what I am going to do—? If I could get a job here I would stay for a bit for the sake of the money, but think I would probably loathe it in the long run. Of course it might be different outside Suva.

I would have liked to have stayed indefinitely in the Galapagos, specially if Brun had lived. I left the Marquesas with the greatest regret and also Tahiti. The latter is really a wonderful place: French, all nationali-

ties, no moral prejudices, cheap rum, and a joyous population.

What I would really like would be to go on sailing eternally. So far of the possible places to live in, I have found: London, Paris, Portofino (for a few months of the year), Tenerife, Galapagos, the Marquesas, Tahiti.

However, I expect something amusing will turn up soon. The last sailing was really enjoyable. I have never had such an efficient crew. Mapes could of course be left with the boat entirely, and, *tell Rab*, he thought I was much too cautious about carrying sail! Of course the boat is a bit otherwise. Nowadays we don't look at rope before we start and wonder if it is in first class condition. We just leave it on till it parts. Nevertheless, the hull and spars and standing-rigging and working sails are sound.

As usual we had no engine. One paid engineer and one volunteer worked on it for two days before we left Tahiti. It got us out of the lagoon and then stopped for good: bust up armature and stripped sprockets.

Tuesday. I have just got some mail to-day forwarded from Tahiti. No letter from you, but some *New Statesmans*, a letter from J. saying there is no hope of a Colonial Office appointment, and a letter from the Ministry of Pensions saying that my pension has been raised again to 60%. However, I have only got forms until the end of this month. They have sent me vouchers for the increased pension so all that is due is paid up to June 30th. Will you see that the Paymaster sends me further forms c/o Colonial Secretary, Suva?

But write yourself to the address I gave: c/o P.O., Suva.

Dear, thank you very much for all the trouble you have taken about the Colonial Office and pensions.

All my love to you, dearest,

TEMPLE.

YACHT 'INYALA',
POSTE RESTANTE,
SUVA,
3rd July, 1933.

MOTHER DEAR,

I have had in the last month, letters from you written on April 21st, May 8th, May 23rd, May 24th; and I have hopes of getting another from you within the next few days, but by then the northbound mail will have gone. As I am almost exactly on the opposite side of the world to you, the quickest way home is always a question—either via U.S.A. or N.Z.

I do so hope to hear that you are definitely all right. I am worried although I feel that medically it is not serious, on the data you gave me. What is your blood pressure, dear? The absence of albumen seems the most cheerful part.

Dear, you always accuse me of not answering your questions, but I think it is often a question of time. I thanked you for the Shaw and Russell in my last letter—the first opportunity. Also I am sure I have told you several times what a joy the *New Statesmans* were.

I got a letter here forwarded on from Tahiti about my pension—60% again—but I have no warrants now after June last. I am better again myself and while at sea was wonderfully well. It would seem as if I ought to spend my life on the open sea.

As usual, I don't know what is going to happen. The Mapes have gone back to the U.S.A. but are thinking of sailing again next Spring. If only I had decided 'Yes', definitely, in Tahiti we would be on our way round the world now. We are very nearly broke and don't quite know what to do. I am hoping to get some temporary job here. In the meantime life is fun. The *Vanora* is here, but is leaving in a few days. Her owners are some of the most delightful people in the world. Otherwise, Suva is *not*

Tahiti. I think Tahiti and the Marquesas are the only two real bits of the South Seas.

I am sending you some pictures, not to be published. They were taken by the Mapes. I am writing another article and will send it to you with other pictures taken by the Mapes which may be published.

Dear, will you let me know if Carson can suggest any sort of article which might go down? I will continue writing to Jessel House until you definitely tell me to write to Russia. You can continue to write to Suva.

All my love, my dear,

Your

TEMPLE.

P.O. SUVA,
27th July, 1933.

MOTHER DARLING,

I am now living in a Greek temple. The High Priest happens to be a fanatical Christian, a genius, and a very good doctor. We seem to get on very well together. The job is only as *locum tenens* for a fortnight, but meanwhile I luxuriate in my temple, medical work and hot baths.

It is really the perfection of a house and the only one I have ever yet met which was really built for the tropics. The proportions are perfect. It is built in pure Doric style round a central courtyard, and just living in it is sheer pleasure.

Dr. Beattie, the owner, is an Anglo-Catholic; a lover of Indians and Chinese; a scholar of Corpus Christi, Oxford; a First in Physics, Maths., and Physiology at Oxford; a qualified surveyor; an archaeologist; an architect; a one-time lecturer on physiology at Oxford; an ex-surgeon in the Navy—where he was relieved of medical duties to be made an Intelligence and Wireless Officer—and a George's man. He eats and drinks Christ's body with conviction,

but thinks that Bertrand Russell, who wrote *Principia Mathematica*, is one of the greatest names in the history of human thought.

Well, here I am, dear, with no further definite news. Nearly half our two weeks of luxury is over. Somehow or other I think I will probably find something to do here. But I do not want to stay indefinitely. What I said when I first arrived is much, much more so. These little English Colonial places are an abomination. For freedom of life compared with England there is no comparison. So far, from what I have seen, the South Seas consist of the Galapagos, the Marquesas and Tahiti. All very different, but with the authentic note.

The bay of Suva does not even look like the South Seas, but reminds one of Oban.

What I want to do is to stay here until next April and collect enough money to sail the *Inyala* on once again. I think that the Mapes would come on again and they are by far the best people I have ever had on the boat. Haputu is still with me and I will hang on to him as long as I possibly can—he is the perfect seaman.

I don't think, really, you need worry about the boat. I think she is all right as I treat her. I study her now, for I never replace anything until it goes. To bring her back home round the Cape as she is now would be risky, but if I can collect some money to spend on her it might be quite feasible.

Someday or other we might sail into Brixham again. But, well, I do not want to settle in England. I often regret I did not stay in the Galapagos. That was really the life I had been looking for. However, I would not have missed the Marquesas or Tahiti; nevertheless, if Brun had not been drowned I wonder what would have happened.

I wish I knew how you were, but expect to do so within the next few days. Somehow or other I feel it is all right.

Well, dear, for the rest I believe Emsy has written you most of the real news.

All my love,
TEMPLE.

SUVA,
1st August, 1933.

MOTHER DARLING,

Just a line to let you know that I got your letters of June 13th, and 23rd just a few days ago. Also a bundle of *New Statesmans*. Thank you ever so much.

I was awfully relieved to hear that it was not necessary to operate on you. Also that it was Cecil Joll who was treating you. Have you had any really acute pain or has it always been a dull nagging one?

I suppose now you will be in Russia again. The German news is horrible. The world seems to be sinking into barbarism most rapidly.

I have no farther news about myself; nothing is decided yet. As far as my agreement goes I will be leaving my Greek Temple in three days' time. I hope to have some pictures of it to send you next mail.

Anyway, we are both feeling rather rested, and wallow in hot baths. The first one I had here was the first since leaving England! Before we came to stay with the Beatties we had a very tiring time saying 'Good-bye' to the *Vanora* and the Navy. We are always on the best of terms with the Navy. Did I tell you that after we had been only a day or two in Suva, I heard that the *Vanora* was at an island about twenty miles away? I hopped on a small cutter and visited them. I got into the middle of a Fijian feast—fire-walkers and all. I cannot understand how that fire-walking is done.

Well, darling, I hope you will be better now. All my love to you and Freda.

TEMPLE.

SUVA,
25th August, 1933.

MOTHER DEAR,

Emsy I think has given you the details, but for the moment I am a general practitioner in Suva. I have more or less been given the practice by Dr. Beattie. He and his wife have been more than good to us.

Something had to be done, and I had to find a job soon. How it will pan out I am not sure, but I have hopes. What I want to do is to collect enough cash to sail the *Inyala* home again. There was no possibility of doing this with the money I had in hand. At present I am really enjoying working again, also the comfort of this life. We are moving from the Beatties' house on the 15th of next month and renting a house of our own. Of course, it is a really wonderful piece of luck getting a practice thrown at one's head in this fashion, only I wish it were in Tahiti instead of Suva. The practice here is interesting enough—Indians, Chinese, Europeans, Fijians, Solomon Islanders. Dr. Beattie has no colour prejudices and nor have I, of course.

I had a very amusing letter from Walter and also from Rab, by the last mail. I should think it is a really sound scheme for Rab, the yachting business. Perhaps I will sail the *Inyala* to his yard. . . . You told me of B's marriage but not who she married. . . . I hope she will be very happy. . . . Do you know anything about Robert? Neither Rab nor anybody mentions her in their letters.

I will try and send you some cash as soon as things settle down, but at the moment am not too happily placed—as Emsy has explained. There is just a chance, though, that this practice might develop into a good thing.

All my love, my dear. I wish I could see you.

TEMPLE.

Box 277,
SUVA,
FIJI.

MOTHER DEAR,

I have joined the bourgeoisie and become a general practitioner in Suva. So are the mighty fallen. Half round the world for this. However, it is rather fun doing some medicine again, but, as always, one seems to spend most of the money one earns on keeping up appearances and buying things one doesn't want. Also getting paid is very difficult; the whites seem to be the worst.

The society seems pretty bloody, but I don't know very many people as yet; nevertheless I have a fairly good idea.

However, I still have the *Inyala* and the hope of moving on again. As the world is at present, I suppose I am damned lucky. People do not usually present you with practices for nothing; also life is easy-going here. Whenever I feel like cursing, I think of London in winter, of the Out-Patients' at the Metropolitan and of Colney Hatch.

Now, what about you, dear? As soon as I possibly can I will send you some cash; but things are very difficult at the moment.

After all, Freda did more or less promise to have upset the whole silly system by now. It may be collapsing rapidly into barbarism but nothing very pleasing seems to be arising anywhere.

I am feeling disgruntled. Life is not at the moment quite as I like it. I think my adventures in the Galapagos were about the high-water mark. Probably I am getting older and the old zest is going a bit—nevertheless, I felt the same before I left England and it came back again.

What to say to you, darling, I don't know. Life I do realize is very miserable for you. Perhaps if I stay here we

could arrange to get you out for a time. I do so want to see you again, dear—on the other hand, I don't think I can bear being a bourgeois for long. In some ways the opportunities here are good but there is really not much money in the place although the economic situation is not desperate. There was actually a budget surplus of £60,000 last year. However, as everywhere else—retrenchment. The chief product is copra, which has fallen from £40 to £5 a ton.

All my love, my dear.

TEMPLE.

SUVA,
FIJI,
September 26th, 1933

(Note written under a letter from Emsy)

MOTHER DEAR,

Emsy's letter about accounts for things. Business is good but nobody pays. I am fairly well, but always tired.

People here are deadly dull.

However, we are lucky to live at all these days.

I do hope you are keeping all right.

All my love,

TEMPLE.

SUVA,
23rd October, 1933.

MOTHER DEAR,

I was awfully glad to get your letter of September 13th telling me that Freda was out of hospital. Also you sounded much more cheerful. I got Freda's letter too.

Things are not too easy at present. I am making a little money, largely on paper, but the overhead eats up most.

I have unfortunately got to keep up some sort of an appearance—which makes me wild, but I would earn nothing if I did not. I owe Dr. Beattie for instruments and must get some more things. As it is he has been extraordinarily generous to me.

I am not feeling particularly pleased with life at present. I am enjoying working, but for the rest—? Nevertheless, I know I am very lucky and life is not lived here at break-neck speed, nor is it fiercely competitive. But life as I like it is a nicely blended mixture of books, adventures and orgies.

Freda's letter was very, very interesting and—I chuckled—and wept—and remembered that Shelley used to be her favourite poet.

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Thank Eleana for her letter. Do you know anything about Robert?

I am keeping fit, but Emsy is in bed with a bad bout of 'flu—better to-day at last.

Do they expect Freda's hearing to get better after this antrum operation? She seems to have had a horrid time. Public wards—. She would have been better off in George's or the Metropolitan, I think.

I am worried about her having the child. Hope she is being sensible about the calcium and Vitamins A and D? I hope it is a boy. It will be an UTLEY, won't it? Nice to think of one more! Tell her to be sure it has fair hair and blue eyes. It should be registered at the British Legation.

If Freda is really writing my book for me we will try and send another article by the next mail, also more photographs.

Forgive this scrappy letter but I am rather tired.

All my love, my dear,

TEMPLE.

Surgery: 'Talisker', Toorak Road.
 9 a.m. to 10 a.m.
 2 p.m. to 3 p.m.
 Sunday noon.

Phones: Surgery 132
 Residence 225

From DR. TEMPLE UTLEY

SUVA STREET,
 SUVA, FIJI,
 22nd Dec., 1933.

MOTHER DEAR,

This paper, with its printed heading, looks very bourgeois and settled, doesn't it? That I should come to this in my old age! However, in many ways my work is very interesting. If I got what I earned on paper I would be quite well off. But between the people who can't pay, and the people who won't pay—

Last night, just when I was going to write you a long letter, I was called out to a case of palpitation and nerves, by people I know cannot possibly pay.

I am keeping fairly well, and in fact have been better this last month. But I don't think I can stay here indefinitely. This may become a prosperous place for they have struck gold—it is thought in really vast quantities. Even now the Government manages to balance its budget. Sugar, which can still be produced at a profit by cheap Indian labour, is the mainstay. All the primary producers, the owners of copra or banana estates, etc., are completely ruined. They keep an enormous Government Service, most of which is entirely unnecessary, but not enough doctors or nurses. I tell them all they need to run the country are ten policemen, one tax-collector and an efficient medical service. Really the Civil Service is almost duplicated so that half can be in England on leave.

There are quite a few pleasant people here, but very few intelligent ones. On the other hand, life is comparatively easy, if you are one of the exploiters and take full advantage of British Imperialism. We all live, of course, on the hard physical labour of the Indian. The Fijian,

with few exceptions, does not work and for the most part lives still in his ancient communist society. A primitive communist society where the chiefs are almost worshipped and get a large rake-off. The chiefs are the descendants of conquering Polynesian invaders. One of them, the nephew of the titular Chief Paramount, I know. He took his degree at Oxford, served in the Foreign Legion during the war, and got the Médaille Militaire—the French V.C. He is the District Commissioner of a whole group of little islands. He is one of the few people in the place who speaks cultivated English, or who has a mind.

Well, dear, by the time this letter reaches you I suppose I will be almost an uncle. I hope myself it is a boy. What does Freda want, I wonder?

Queer, as I write this we are sweltering with the thermometer at 85°-90° and you are freezing, I suppose. We are trying to believe it is Christmas.

I am afraid, my dear, that my letters are pretty dull, but I feel pretty dull myself. You do, I think, without the stimulus of other peoples' minds.

I will try and send you some cash next mail. I had forty-seven pounds in the bank when I took over the practice. I have four pounds now. I pay seven for a house, seven as rent to Beattie (surgery, car, etc.), and three to Haputu. This, plus taxis when the car is not available, plus light, plus telephone, means about twenty-five pounds a month before I start. My drug bill is always six pounds a month as well. I make no profit on drugs, and of course get bad debts.

All my love to you both, my darling,

TEMPLE.

SUVA,

16th January, 1934.

MOTHER DEAR,

Thanks most awfully for the cable at Christmas
We would have replied, but did not know where. Also we

are beautifully broke. As it is Christmas no one has bothered to pay us, and this month we cannot pay our bills. At the moment of writing, I owe about £40 and am owed over £100,—and have £5. Quite solvent on paper, and probably so in fact, but awkward for the time being.

For news there is very little. The *White Shadow*, chartered to our friends from Tahiti, is still here and in trouble. They cannot raise enough money to get away from the place although they have already spent over £2,000 here.

Our chief friend has got off the ship after a quarrel and is quite broke. To add to his troubles, he has just had a wire to say that his wife is divorcing him; they have been married for fifteen years.

I am still keeping fairly fit and the work is interesting, but the whites are dreadfully dull. Yet I do realize that I can probably make a living here more easily than most places. The outside competition is not very formidable; if ever a really good Indian doctor settled here and started cutting prices it would make a difference.

Have you read any good books lately? I have read one which I think might amuse you, *My First Two Thousand Years*, about the Wandering Jew. I am told that the library committee here ordered it to be burnt! Also try to get a book called *Four Frightened People*, by Arnot Robertson. You would enjoy it.

I am beginning to feel quite excited about Freda's baby. I expect a boy, and hope it is. Also blond and blue-eyed.

At present we are having the real hot weather. Hotter than anywhere I have been, except Barbados. Nevertheless, I seem to feel it less than Emsy. If one lived in the country in a bathing costume it would be all right. There is not much decent swimming here, because of sharks.

All good wishes to Freda for the event, and to the proud father.

All my love,

TEMPLE.

SUVA,
12th February, 1934.

MOTHER DEAR,

Another month has gone by and there seems nothing new to tell you since last time I wrote. One month is like another except that I am still richer on paper and poorer in cash. In three days time I have to find £14 and I have £6 in the bank. Last month I sent out £125 in bills owing up to date and my practice is steadily increasing!

Events are not exciting, but I have read a few books which I have enjoyed. Richard Aldington's (I met him in Newhaven in '17) *Death of a Hero* and *All Men are Enemies*; Lytton Strachey's *Portraits in Miniature*; Belloc's *Cranmer*.

Nevertheless, I probably do not describe my life quite fairly. Most of it consists of patients, and they as ever are interesting, as patients. But what a mess there is! The economics of medicine? Yes, it does seem to come down to that. Yet, although one feels with one's poorer patients that a little cash would cure their troubles, the richer ones seem to have even more and can indulge in them more. The women seem the worst off. The poorest, ground down with work; the fairly comfortable, bitterly envious of the well-to-do—all time on their hands, owing to cheap labour, but no money to spend during their infinite leisure; the very comfortable, in much the same plight. Either that, or, what should be a comfortable income reduced to subsistence by a swarm of unwanted children. Birth control is frowned on, and the present methods sold very uncertain. And I am constantly amazed by finding people who do not even know it is possible.

There are a few people here with incomes of £1,000 a year, and five or six with incomes of over £2,000 but the average 'well-off' person has about £600. On that, they

attempt the sort of life which people with about £1,000 a year used to live in Victorian days. The primary producers now make nothing at all, but luckily the majority are self supporting, living on their land. The young white people are terribly placed. There is no higher education and no white child educated in Fiji is fit for anything except a minor Government post in Fiji, and in spite of an enormous redundance of Government officials there are not enough jobs to go round. Now the Governor is cheerfully saying that they will have to seek jobs in the outside world, and that the lower paid jobs will be filled by Indians.

The Indians are the great controversy (incidentally they and the Chinese are the people who pay me cash). They were imported under the indenture system to work sugar and since then have remained and flourished. Now they are about equal in number to the Fijians. The big sugar company is the one flourishing concern here, and its profits depend on Indian labour. Likewise nobody else can do without them; yet as workers they undersell all other labour and when they acquire capital they do the same thing as capitalists. As individuals I like them and their 'mœurs' give them that tenacity of existence, and racial persistence, which they share with the French and Italian peasant, with the Jew and the Chinese. But all these races which believe the greater the number of male children the greater the glory of the parents, are a menace to any sort of civilized society. Daughters are just unavoidable by-products. What will happen if science ever discovers a way of determining the sex of children I don't know. All these races which would not take contraceptives as a gift, would sell their souls for the means to produce complete families of males. Perhaps that will be the solution. Then I ask myself, the solution of what? I doubt whether the poor Indian ever asks whether he or she is

happy or unhappy. They struggle and if they have enough to eat, good. A woman looks after the house and suckles the baby, and time goes on. But we, the white population, who live on the exploitation of each other, and all of us on the exploitation of the native, are a miserable lot. If the dominant class were intelligent, joyous, beautiful, cultivated and free—well, be damned to the slaves. Instead, they are stupid and uneducated, dull and discontented, ugly, narrow and slaves of convention.

The great game is playing that the Governor is king; that he holds a court and that everything is just a little kingdom in miniature. We have a Lord Bishop (one of our best friends, by the way), a Chief Justice, a Commander of the Army—with compulsory military service, etc. If the Governor's wife were here there would probably be the equivalent of some maids of honour.

However, why grouse? Human society is everywhere an absurdity, and at least I am a hanger-on of the exploiters for the moment. Tell Freda to make quite sure in the education of the child to consider which way the cat is going to jump. Let her leave phrases aside and get at the outward man. If the future exploiters are going to wear Bond Street clothes and talk with an Oxford accent let him learn the manner; if on the other hand they are going to be rugged sons of the proletariat, let him call himself Hutley, and learn to wear a loud check cap and blue blouse with the right air—or a black, brown, pink or yellow shirt, as the case may be. For it would seem as if the twentieth century were going to be the century of shirts.

The more I see and experience, and the more I read of history or think about the history I know, the less societies seem to differ from Lunatic Asylums, and to live in them we have to become lunatics. At Colney Hatch I was told that in former days when they had succeeded in turning

a patient into a dement, they were happy; he gave no more trouble. So it is with society—the production of dements, i.e. good citizens.

Well, dear, I will end my tirade now. All this does not mean that I am unhappy, but I miss some free spirits to mock at things and laugh with, impersonally.

Give my very best love to Freda and all hopes for her. We are expecting a cable every minute—‘Boy. Mother doing well.’

Emsy thanks you very much for your letter and sends her love. She is feeling rather rotten with an impacted wisdom tooth—the impenetrable object and the irresistible force. She will have to lose both, I am afraid.

All my love,

TEMPLE.

SUVA,

13th February, 1934.

MOTHER DEAR,

I was awfully glad to get your last letter, dated December 20th. It has just come, and I wrote to you only yesterday but will write now and send this in the other direction. I don't know which will reach you quickest.

I wonder whether you went to Odessa—I suppose you did. Emsy is writing you about an offer for your flat from next November, for six months or a year. The people are the Government bacteriologist and his wife—some of our best friends here, . . . and you would certainly like them.

For myself, I have written the Mapes asking them to sail again next July, hoping to be able to keep this practice as a bolt hole. Whether they will or not depends, I think, on their circumstances. Reading in the local rag that Byrd wanted a doctor for his Antarctic Expedition I wired a long application—thirty-two shillings! Had a reply to say the

post had already been filled. I did think I might have realised my other earliest dream.

My life still goes on in the same way. Each month I owe a little more and am owed considerably more. To-day I have £15 in the bank and must pay £14 on the 15th—rent and Dr. Beattie. I will then owe about £40 dating from the end of last month, and I sent out bills at the end of last month for over £120. Of that £120, £45 was what I had earned the month before. Up to date I have received six! Yet my practice grows and grows.

I am not getting worse, but have not been really fit since I stopped sailing. That is why I feel inclined to start again. But I don't want to lose the bolt hole. Here life is relatively easy and I am my own master. The alternative is an assistantship in some industrial town in England at £350 a year, which would kill me in a year, or as a last alternative, if I could raise the fare, there is living on tortoise liver in the Galapagos. However, if I can adventure again I think I will.

All my love dear, and to my new nephew.

Tell Freda to call him EGIL. A good bold type for the future. Nothing bourgeois or Christian about him.

Love again,

TEMPLE.

'TALISKER',
TOORAK ROAD,
SUVA, FIJI,
10th April, 1934.

MOTHER DEAR,

I am rather anxious about Freda, since your last letter in which you said you would wire and that the baby was expected early in March. However, I know how these things do not always follow the time-table. I found myself delivering an Indian baby at 2.00 a.m. the other night I was called out for a stomach-ache.

There is little news. I had an attack of flu some time ago, and am gradually recovering from it.

The weather here is gradually getting cooler. The climate from May to November is very nice, but there is too much rain always.

My practice seems to be increasing, and a few people have paid this month, but the debts still mount.

As Emsy has told you, Alan Cross, our best friend in Suva, is leaving to-day. Make a point of getting in touch with him. He is a damned good sort, with a nice taste in food and drink. . . .

I wish I could see those four men from the *Vanora* float in here again. I like *intelligents*, English and French, the latter perhaps the only civilized people left in the world. But also I like what David calls the barbarian Englishman from the best schools, and also Naval Officers. Of course Freda does too, really. For they are barbarians in fact and they get on with other barbarians, who are *de jure* barbarians as well as *de facto* ones. Australians, New Zealanders, and the average type of English Civil Servant you get here, have none of the graces of life. They are kind among themselves, but ignorant, rough, self-opinionated, uncouth and completely limited. Their attitude to natives, Indians and half-castes is disgusting. But I suppose it is wonderful for them to feel really superior to anything. They have got grey and greasy souls.

One thing which is amusing here is that I, the atheist, seem to have been appointed physician to the various religious orders. I sewed up the Mother Superior of the Convent a few days ago. I told her about the last time I was in a convent—you remember, at Loire: 'Mon enfant, tu est blessé,' then two bottles of champagne.

Give me some news of people and things. I am always interested.

All my love,

TEMPLE.

SUVA,
3rd June, 1934.

MY DEAR MOTHER AND GRANDMOTHER,

Queer to think of you as the latter, for I see you more as the Mother I remember, carousing with Lochoff and Madame von Klockler at Arosa, or drinking Chartreuse—French, pre-expulsion of the monks—at Ken Court, Christmas 1912. Those days when we were young and rich, when property was so secure that people laid down wine cellars and the 'lower orders knew their places'. Little did you think then that twenty-two years later you would be grandmother to a little revolutionary in Moscow. It is a pity Dada cannot see the joke, it would have stirred his sense of irony. Well, dear, you have had a life; but really, on the whole, it must have been good. I don't think that at the age of sixty-nine I will be having a little revolutionary grandchild, in what capital shall I suggest?—say, Chicago.

For, as I remember; once I was a child and you were young, then I was young and you were young; now I am old and you are still young.

As for myself, I continued up to the end of last month to be a very successful general practitioner, on paper. However, I cannot get the money in, and we are completely broke. What is rather worse is that I broke a needle in a young child's chest a few days ago. A rotten needle of a rotten batch, which I could not know, but I suppose I shall be blamed. . . .

The practice is very interesting and very absorbing, and I rather enjoy it. On the other hand, from the point of view of scientific medicine, it is terrible.

I struggle, but when I try to treat a patient honestly I lose him; when I, what the Americans call sell him (or mostly her) my personality, plus a pink mixture, I hear

I have saved their lives. It is a queer business. I have a fatal facility if I let myself go of curing patients by me, plus a pink mixture. But I know that the improvement is only temporary and either let the cat out of the bag or dislike myself.

Of course, there is always the complete opposite between one's medical education and what the public wants. In a hospital, and scientifically, one diagnoses the condition and has finished. If there is a definite remedy, one administers it; if not, one refers the patient to the General Practitioner. The patient, however, has quite a different point of view: he, in a most illogical fashion, wants to feel better. He isn't in the least interested in an erudite diagnosis, but wants to be cured.

The trouble is, of course, that sixty years ago, one could not cure anything; thus, personality, plus pink water. Nowadays, we know that if we make a correct diagnosis there are just a few conditions we can cure, and that rather spoils our technique for dealing with all the ones we cannot.

Here, it is even more complicated. Tropical diseases, on the whole, are diseases which can be cured, thus people here have an idea that all other diseases should be cured as easily. Then the races have their own ideas. Indians only believe in a liquid medicine taken by mouth. Injections or operations are anathema. Fijians, on the other hand, only believe in injections, but not in surgery, and so it goes.

One thing that might interest Freda and Arcadi: *Santonin is finished*. Once it was the best, but often ineffectual, remedy for 'round worms', otherwise *ascaris lumbacoides*. It was difficult to give, unpleasant, gave subjective sensations sometimes, left ova, and was not effective against other worms. Now we have 'Oil of Chenopodium', 100% effective against 'round worms' for which Santonin used to be the specific; 70% effective

against 'Hook-worm', also effective against 'Tape-worm'. Combined with Try-chlor-ethylene, 85% effective against hookworm and 100% against tape-worm. So I think the day of Santonin is over, and with it a Russian monopoly.

In the line of Tropical Medicine, there are two great things that have been done here, which have altered the whole character of the peoples. One, the treatment of yaws with 606. Yaws is a non-venereal disease caused by a spirochæte indistinguishable from that of syphilis and giving the same symptoms. Two, the treatment of hookworm. Hookworm, according to the degree of infestation, produces anæmia, sometimes profound. There is no loss of weight, but a great loss of energy; and it is now recognized that the so-called laziness of the Indian and Fijian is often due to this infestation alone.

The Rockefeller Institute, either—take your choice—from the desire to increase the output of the proletariat, or from pure scientific interest, or as philanthropists, or in order to embarrass the British Government, or depending on their ideology, which depends on their economic circumstances, wages a ceaseless campaign against the hookworm.

Well, dear, that is that. The last paragraph has got completely involved and I find it difficult to read myself. It would be a good example for a twelve-year old child to pick out the faults in grammar, spelling and syntax. Query: who, where, which and what is the subject? For advanced students: Dissect this sentence; substitute symbols and state whether it *means* anything. Give your definition of *meaning*. Do you believe that Ogden and Richards ever existed? Define existence. Define Ogden. Define yourself. Define an examiner.

Well, dear, once again the explanation seems worse than the explained. On the whole, James Joyce or Colney Hatch. But I feel like fooling: this morning I went to the

Governor's Levée, and this afternoon, all dressed up, to his garden-party. Some little time ago, I dined at Government House, complete in my pre-war 'tails'! So, you see, I have become an 'Empire builder', one who carries the 'white man's burden'. So be it. Gather your flesh-pots while you may, and hail to the Revolution that will extinguish all the good bourgeois such as myself.

All my love,

TEMPLE.

SUVA,
June 4th.

FREDA DEAR,

So there is another Utley! Sentiment appropriate to Kathy! I am so glad, and feel quite sentimental about it too. Well, well. Often have I had pictures of you as the wise mother bringing up her children really properly, but as the Madonna with her babe at the breast—? I remember you perhaps, more, arriving back at mid-day on Sunday morning at Westfield in full evening dress, or winning me that ice-axe at Champex, or even cleaning up the galley at Newlyn. But, dear, I am very glad that you have got what you wanted. I wish I could think that I should have enough mind left in twenty years' time to appreciate what you and Arcadi have produced, and will create. However, of course, neither of you will either; he will consider you reactionary bourgeois—if you bring him up properly, which of course you will.

Once again, dear, though. I am awfully happy about it. Now for some good advice. See Jon gets registered at the British Embassy. According to English law, if you do that, the boy can make his own choice of citizenship at the age of twenty-one. It will do him no harm, but will mean that if you want to spend a few months in England at any time, you will have no trouble about bringing him with

you. There is nothing against it and—as you may remember, who once got a prize for divinity—St. Paul found his Roman citizenship useful in his task of overturning the Roman Empire. You, of course, will query this last statement; you will say: the Roman Empire fell from Economic Causes; Christianity was but a symptom of the underlying disease.

Now for some more advice; don't feed Jon too long. When you wean him, see that he gets cod liver oil, fresh orange and tomato juice. Give him meat and butter early, and don't give him *boiled* milk.

Well, dear, it is nearly four years since we have seen one another: eighteen months has been the most before.

All my love to you, Arcadi and Jon.

TEMPLE.

SUVA,
3rd July, 1934.

MOTHER DEAR,

I hope the £45 has eased things. It was just by chance we had it (Emsy had a small legacy). We never, in the ordinary way, have a penny.

Our debts continue to increase, and our credits at a greater rate. I am still doing well on paper, but only on paper. Things here, like everywhere else, are just going to hell—but slightly more slowly.

I think we will try and get away next April or May and make a dash for home. I don't want to raise your hopes too much, but there is a good chance. I have just had the *Inyala* out of the water and she is still in perfect condition—the opinion of two qualified ship surveyors. It depends rather on whether we can acquire someone to help finance things. I know it is foolish to throw up a living these days, but both of us are rather sick of the place and there is the other half of the world to do. I

might try to get somebody to keep the practice going for me for eighteen months. I think I will have to go to sea again soon for my health's sake.

Life has been more amusing lately, owing to an Italian journalist, Dr. Paresce, but he leaves to-day. He is half Italian and half Russian and used to be a friend of Trotsky—before the revolution. He is a doctor of Science—Physics, a painter by choice, and earns his living as a journalist. He is the English correspondent of the *Stampa* of Turin. I shall give you his address. . . .

Write to him as soon as you get back. You will find him delightful, and he found us a little oasis in Fiji, I think.

I went with him last Sunday to Bau to call on Ratu Pope, the grandson of the last king of Fiji. We had an amusing time. Ratu Pope showed where his grandfather had eaten the livers of the chiefs of Bau who had revolted.

We have also had a good time with a British cruiser that was in last week. The Doctor and the Engineer Commander, who introduced me to Beattie last year and thus got me the practice, came back and we celebrated. And so things go on. I have begun to get used to wearing 'tails' again. At a dance on the cruiser, the grandson of the cannibal conqueror was also there in tails, but with a 'sulu' instead of trousers. I suppose he has fallen further than I have.

Do try and keep the flat. The Campbells will definitely rent it for at least six, and probably nine, months from the date of their arrival in March, and would be terribly disappointed not to get it. Their leave had to be put off.

Well, there is little more to tell you. The *Inyala* is now officially registered in my name and I am a yacht owner! Rab said he was afraid I might ram the *Bremen* and he would have to pay for it.

All my love, my dear,

TEMPLE.

SUVA,
30th July, 1934.

MOTHER DEAR,

As usual, before the mail goes, life has been rather hard and I think to-day has been the busiest day I have ever had. I seem to be successful, but as ever more on paper than in cash. I am making more money gross than I have ever made before, but net is very different.

We have just been working it out: our overhead is about £30 a month before we start to eat. It, really, is silly. I don't have the fun I used to when all the money I had to spend as I pleased was the twenty-five shillings a week from teaching Dohalsky. Thus the life of the 'bourgeoisie'. On the other hand, judging from things, the life of the 'class conscious proletariat' seems as trying or even worse. At least, we have space here. I have a complete change of clothes every day, a hot bath followed by a cold shower in the morning and a cold shower at night. What I am going to do I do not quite know. I left England to get away entirely from the idiocy of things and in the end I arrive in Fiji and live in a greater idiocy, from which there is no escape. Yet, I live here in comfort and I doubt if ever I would find myself so well off again. To buy the equivalent of this practice in the ordinary way would cost about £1,200. Yet I have not even been able to afford to join a club here. To come home and find a job, I think, is impossible. I have now lived four years in the tropics—I am nearly forty!—and I have T.B. I feel the strenuous Western World would be too much for me.

Yet, we have definitely decided, if possible, and providing we can get a crew who will contribute, to sail again next year.

I want to try and get someone to keep the place warm for me and thus to know I have somewhere to return to.

But, do not count for certain on our coming. I am not quite—much less—the man I was four years ago. I know what I would like to get in life: a free gift from the gods of £800 a year. I would then go on sailing the *Inyala* for ever. Failing that, perhaps another war. But although I realize I belong to the one millionth of people in the world who are dry, warm, well fed and well drunk, I do not care much for my way of life. Personally, it is worse. As a doctor, I belong to a past generation, and in any intelligent society would be superseded. As a general practitioner, I am probably a success, and yet, my greatest successes are equivalent to the successes of a witch doctor and give me no satisfaction. Whenever I am thoroughly honest I lose prestige. Patients whom I know I can treat better than anybody, insist on going to hospital; others that I know should be in hospital refuse to go, and survive somehow. Moreover, I have not the right sort of economic mind for General Practice. Like other people, I am greedy of money when it can be grabbed, but with the individual I cannot bear to demand 'cash down' or if he is badly off to demand full rates.

The whole thing is very silly and I was really very badly brought up. I cannot bear selling things. I hate selling what I know over the counter and, much worse, selling medicines. The latter, especially, makes me feel a bloody tradesman. The result is that although 'dispensing' is a skilled profession I seem to lose on it.

It is so absurd. You brought me up to have no intellectual prejudices, but the habits that were inculcated into me about buying and selling—? On the other hand, where I learnt the gentle art of living on Rab, etc., I do not know.

Well, so much for to-night. I will add a word or two of facts to-morrow morning.

Freda's letter to me was in tone and spirit very sweet.

We neither of us quite seem to have found our new world. Moral—do not read your children romantic tales in their infancy. However hard-boiled they may become afterwards, the original taint remains. Tell Freda to teach Jon to lisp the *Maxims of La Rochefoucauld* as his first primer; Freda, at eleven, and I, at fourteen, learnt them too late.

Well, dear, I will finish this. Emsy is giving only a tiny letter this time. I hope the money has made things a little easier.

All my love,

Your,

TEMPLE.

SUVA STREET,
SUVA, FIJI,
28th August, 1934.

MOTHER DEAR,

I spent yesterday evening, when I had intended writing to you, getting a woman into hospital who had drunk Lysol in a fit of remorse after having drunk too much alcohol. It took me a couple of hours, and then the hospital objected strongly. Then from 8.00 p.m. to 11.00 p.m. was spent tending a woman with a miscarriage. All alone in a house three miles from anywhere! Had to boil up the water and give her vaginal douches on my own.

Now, just as I start to write this, I hear there is someone in the Surgery.

Well, the practice continues to prosper, but the people continue to have less and less money.

The climate of Suva is delightful during the cool season and I have been feeling much better lately, except that I had an abscess under a tooth.

I think there is scarcely any news.

If you get a chance to read any of Eric Linklater's things, do. *White Maa's Saga*, *The Man of Ness*, *Juan in America*.

Will write properly next mail.

My very best love,

TEMPLE.

SUVA,

23rd September, 1934.

MOTHER DEAR

For once I got a letter via N.Z., to which I can reply. Dear, if you are really happy in Moscow, giving lessons, do stay there for the time being. It is really wonderful that you should be doing that. Please do not depend on us, or alter your plans. If it can be managed, I will sail the *Inyala* home next year—but that would take nine months to a year. And there are many 'buts'. The only way I can state them are as contradictory propositions: (1) I love sailing. (2) I would like, having sailed just half-way round the world, to sail the other half. (3) Sailing with the object of getting home is not the same as getting as far as possible from Europe. (4) Sailing away from London is merely sailing backward into that particular past which one has always hated. (5) The Galapagos were the high water mark of my adventures, and that was just chance. Brun is dead, and I believe the other four Norwegians have left. The life I lived there was the new life I had been looking for, and if Brun had not been drowned I would probably be there still or be dead. (6) At present, contrary to the past, I do not know quite what I want—I have a house,

home, servants, service, food and drink. I am, I suppose, though I can never realize it, somebody in the community—yet the whole thing is bunk. (7) I do not really think much of myself as a doctor—I started too late and did not spend enough time in the special departments before I got qualified. Then, after I got qualified, I ought to have taken that job at the Prince of Wales Hospital.

I really doubt very much if I could make a living in London.

However, if it is financially possible, I will try to sail home and back again. The *Inyala* is quite sound—she has been surveyed by two qualified surveyors—and work is being done on her all the time by Haputu. Really, she is in better condition than at any time since I left England. At the moment, all the old paint has been scraped off her, and she is being repainted and her decks recaulked.

Well, once again, as I hear the surgery is full.

Very best love, dear,

TEMPLE.

SUVA,

22nd October, 1934.

MOTHER DEAR,

The next letter you get from me will be from New Zealand, I hope.

I am sailing, all being well, at the beginning of November, on a ten-ton cutter, the *Seafarer*, for New Zealand. We hope to get there in a fortnight. I will spend about a fortnight in New Zealand and then return.

The boat has already gone there once and come back safely. The skipper is a professional seaman; I am taking Haputu, and two other men are coming, one of whom went on the last trip. So all ought to be well. I need a

holiday badly, as I have had a bad dose of flu and also have been working very hard 'curing' other people's. The *Seafarer* is staying in New Zealand for some months but Haputu and I are coming back on a steamer.

Do not worry about me; by the time you get this all will be over and I shall be safely back, a 'good bourgeois' once more.

Well dear, as to the future, I don't quite know. We have had no reply from the Mapes and this trip is going to make a great hole in our finances, but sometime or other we are going to sail the *Inyala* home. All the time we are improving her. In about another year, Rab will not recognize her.

The practice is going very well and I am really very loath to give it up now; I still feel that I am one of the lucky men of the world economically.

Also tell Freda that these Fijians, plus Indians, plus half-castes, plus Poor Whites, are about the most subservient proletariat in the world. The men from 'the wide open spaces', viz. Australians and New Zealanders, are essentially the same! As long as they have a poor coloured man to be superior about they don't care.

Well, dear, good-night.

All my love. We drank your health on October 11th.

TEMPLE.

R.M.M.S. 'AORANGI',
13th December, 1934.

MOTHER DEAR,

Here I am safely on board a large steamer, twenty-four hours away from Suva.

We had quite a good trip down on the *Seafarer*, taking thirteen days. The boat was smaller than anything I have yet been to sea in, five tons, not ten as I first told you, but she behaved very well. The trouble was that

she leaked rather badly at first and as there was no pump, she had to be baled. Also we had a lot of rain and all our spare clothes were soaked with bilge. We had head winds most of the way, and only just made North Cape. Then we got a spell of really bad weather: wind (official 7-8), heavy sea and thick weather. The last was the worst as we could see nothing, and our log had been taken by a shark. However, we got in safely.

Haputu cooked three hot meals a day, and I put on seven pounds in weight.

I had intended going out into the country for a quiet holiday but found myself wedded to a dentist. I knew my teeth wanted seeing to, but they found an awful mess. They took a week to scale them and then removed five under gas and oxygen. Unfortunately, four of the cavities went septic and I had a bad time. I also had six fillings. All the septic cavities except one have cleared up now.

I did not like New Zealand very much until a Naval officer, Commander Fletcher, turned up. I had known him well before. His wife and I also took to one another, so we and another 'girl friend' had a glorious time. They are all three slightly mad, and I was able to let myself go as I have not since the *Vanora* sailed from Suva.

They motored me up to the Thermal district and we spent a morning seeing the sights—geysers, steam blow-holes, etc.—but for the rest we chased bathes in hot waterfalls! The place we liked best was where you float down a boiling hot river into an ice cold one. We stayed the last night there from 10.00 p.m. to 5.00 a.m.

Then another time they took me to an island in the gulf; afterwards I stayed with them until I left. Queer, how I enjoyed myself; but I have not been free with the 'aristocrats who do not care a damn' for a long time.

Well, here I am, going back to the grid once more,

and I don't want to. I wish some one would give me a thousand a year to sail for ever.

I am just reading two rather wonderful books together and no two views of life could be more opposite. *The Fool of Venus* and the *Journey to the End of the Night*. Get hold of them and read them together.

Dear, I very much doubt whether we will be able to sail home this year. This trip has taken a lot of money and I had to have it, as I was completely done in. Also, the Mapes are doubtful too, but I hope to do it in 1936. If any miracles happen, we will make it this year.

All my love, my dear,

Your

TEMPLE.

SUVA,

20th December, 1934.

MOTHER DEAR,

This is just a short note. Once again on mail day I have been out on cases from 8.00 to 10.00 p.m. I am back at work again and up to the eyes in work—must say I much prefer doing nothing. However, I am feeling very much better for the holiday.

I forgot to enclose this remarkable letter from Dr. Jenkins, who used to know you and Dada when you lived in the Temple. I went out to see him and he was very nice to me. He is quite young looking and also young in mind . . . He has been in New Zealand for nearly thirty years. He was full of stories of the old days. Don't you think it would be a good idea if you wrote to him?

I also enclose an article about the *Seafarer* from a N.Z. paper. It is mostly rot, but it might amuse you.

With regard to the Campbells. Mrs. Campbell definitely expects to go straight into the flat somewhere about April 3rd or 4th, when she is due to arrive. Will

you keep a look out in the papers for the arrival of the *Rotorua*? We are going on the assumption that Mrs. Campbell can have the flat; she is coming with her child three months ahead of her husband. If she cannot have the flat will you wireless the *Rotorua* (New Zealand Shipping Co.). If she does not receive a wireless she will expect to have the flat. Just wireless 'No flat, Utley.' If she can have it, will you see that somebody is there to receive her; you for choice? You will like her, I think, and she is very fond of me. She will give you lots of news.

Emsy sends you her best love.

Very best love, my dear,

Your

TEMPLE.

SUVA,

18th January, 1935.

MOTHER DEAR,

The usual excuse; I was called out last night after dinner. This morning ten patients to visit. Also trouble about getting the car as Beattie was busy receiving some sort of Papal Legate.

Footling activities are the mode in Suva. The Duke of Gloucester is coming here soon and the whole place is in a turmoil about it. We will have to go to the Grand Ball to meet him, just as we are expected to call on the Governor. God knows why these things happen in the colonies. Fancy if the whole population of London were expected to call at Buckingham Palace. The result is that no one will be able to pay me next month because of the Duke—no one could pay last month because it was Christmas.

I have been too busy lately to do anything but work, so also as the result of getting away for a bit, have not felt so bad about the place. But it is a bloody place, though from some angles, damned amusing.

Some of the people who are the greatest subjects of scandal have gravitated towards us; the great joy is to hear them finding even greater scandals to tell about everybody else.

By the way, be nice to Topsy; she has always been a dear to us. Also her husband has helped me enormously.

A book I am reading at present pleases me very much—the Autobiography of H. G. Wells.

Emsy will add a few lines, and explain why I must dash off now.

All my love,

TEMPLE.

SUVA,

11th February, 1935.

MOTHER DEAR,

I got your letter of December 3rd to 15th two days ago via New Zealand, the first for two months!

My dear, I shouldn't worry much about Laborde's book. The hurricane season is only from December to March, with January and February the real months. Moreover, they do not ever hit Suva with full force. If ever we have one we will retire to Beattie's stronghold, which would withstand a bombardment with 11.2's.

They do get in the islands, every century or so, something outside in the way of storms, but they call everything about force 9—what we call a strong gale—a hurricane.

At present it is really hot, but it does not last very long; January, February and March are the bad months, and

compared with India or Mesopotamia it is nothing. I do not say it is the best of climates for me, but there are many worse.

The European population here are not unhealthy and the really bad tropical diseases, malaria, yellow fever, plague, do not happen.

What I dislike is the complete lack of people with any intellectual interests, the complete narrowness of outlook. The people here have their points as a background. I wouldn't mind in the least working away, if only there was a society of my own to live my private life with. And to have some private life.

The practice still seems to be going well and I am very busy. That part of life is amusing. But what I really want, of course, is a millionaire to give me enough money to go on sailing forever.

I did taste real freedom for a long time after I left you and Freda waving good-bye to me from Newlyn, and those years were very sweet. Now I am earning bread and butter again, which is very dull, not the earning of it, but the life I have to lead to earn it, especially as I have never had any let up, except my sail to New Zealand and my time there. Also that was pure chance, the chance of finding such people after my own heart as the Fletchers. Just for a time I lived as they lived, entirely on impulse.

Well, dear, looking through this letter it seems as usual a grouse. Actually, of course, I am as usual fairly happy. I have plenty to eat, drink, and smoke, and am waited on. I have not to get up on a freezing, foggy London morning and light the copper before I can get a bath. I have not got to go dashing about all over London to earn five shillings an hour giving English lessons. I am not a pauper patient in the Brompton. I am probably a 'spoilt child of fortune' as I tell Zarathustra, my half-caste Persian kitten, he is. I remember well that I have now got everything material

I used to think I wanted when we could get nothing in Jessel House. Nevertheless, it was more fun in the Galapagos with Brun.

Rather a tragedy has happened about Langdale, our skipper of the New Zealand trip, whom I am fond of. He has had to have his leg amputated below the knee. We only heard the news the day before yesterday. He had a bad ankle which he would never let me see. It flared up, and had to be removed.

I cannot think of any news since I wrote last, except that Haputu has left us for six months, sailing to Mexico, U.S.A., and Canada. He is coming back.

Dear, if you like Moscow stay there for the time and let the Campbells have the flat. There is no chance of our sailing until April twelve months. Unless a miracle happens.

If I knew how, there is a fortune to be made out of gold here, but I don't know the ropes.

My very best love,

TEMPLE.

This is the last letter written by Temple Utley to his mother. When the next mail left in March he was in hospital and he died on 2nd April, 1935.

AN INTRODUCTION WILFULLY MISPLACED

being

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF TEMPLE UTLEY
[By Emsy Utley]

'I saluted him and said, "Not so far only, . . . but to burning Hell so thou but lead us." "Come on," saith he, "'tis a better gate I shall lead thee" . . . And for every man he had a jest or a merry look, so as 'twas meat and drink but to hear or behold him. . . .

'You'd say his arm must fail at last for weariness, of a man so lithe and jimp to look at. Yet I think his last stroke i' the battle was not lighter than the first.'

The Worm Ouroboros: E. R. EDDISON.

'They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you
were dead;
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter
tears to shed;
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him
down the sky.'—CORY.

* * *

*'Here is perhaps the one man in the world whom you might leave alone without a penny, in the centre of an unknown town of a million inhabitants, and he would not come to harm, he would not die of cold and hunger, for he would be fed and sheltered at once; and, if he were not, he would find a shelter for himself, and it would cost him no effort or humiliation. And to shelter him would be no burden, but, on the contrary, would probably be looked on as a pleasure.'—DOSTOYEVSKY.

Basil Temple Utley was born in London on 10th June, 1895; at 1, King's Bench Walk, the Temple.

His father, Willie Utley, came from Skipton-in-Craven, Yorkshire. The son of a blacksmith (whose predilections

*These words were read, together with Swinburne's *Song of the Years* and Cory's *Heraclitus*, at Temple Utley's grave—who died, as he had lived, a confirmed atheist. They were quoted again in description of him by the Secretary of the Fiji Branch of the Medical Association in the obituary notice published in the *British Medical Journal*.

for painting and playing the fiddle engrossed much time, but brought in no money to his family), he had obtained his education entirely on scholarships. He won his first scholarship to a Technical School and from there proceeded to Owen's College, Manchester, when only sixteen. After leaving the University he went to Greece as tutor in a wealthy family and subsequently travelled extensively in the Balkans. A man of exceptional ability and wide and diverse interests, whose versatility and literary talent enabled him to write on political, scientific, literary and financial subjects, he became a successful journalist in London while still in his twenties. His interest in mathematics, which he regarded as a hobby, led him to the discovery of a new curve and to the invention of the Utley Rotary Pump shortly before his death in January, 1918.

Willie Utley played a prominent part in the Socialist movement in the 'eighties and 'nineties and was one of the early members of the Fabian Society and a friend of William Morris. He married Emily Williamson, the daughter of a Manchester family with radical and non-conformist traditions. In an earlier day it had been one of Emily Williamson's ancestors who had sheltered O'Connor, the Chartist leader, when there was a price on his head and, at the time when Willie Utley was introduced to the family, the Williamsons counted among their friends Bradlaugh, Annie Besant and Dr. Aveling, the husband of Eleanor Marx.

With parents who were Radicals and Free Thinkers it was not strange that Temple Utley and his only sister, Freda, born some three years after him, should early have acquired socialist and anti-religious views. They also had a very different upbringing from that of most English children. When they were still young their father was found to have tuberculosis. He was ordered to Switzerland and the whole family went with him. After two years in

Arosa, with each spring spent in Italy, the children were sent to school on the Lake of Geneva. There they remained for another two years. This education in Switzerland gave them a good knowledge of French, a familiarity with French classics and a grounding in German. But reaching beyond these in influence was the basis they then acquired for a cosmopolitan outlook.

During their childhood their father was a prosperous man. With improved health he had returned to England and when Temple Utley came back from Geneva the family was settled in a comfortable home in Kent. He was sent to a tutor's to be prepared for entrance to a University and in 1913 he entered Trinity Hall, Cambridge, but left to enlist in August 1914. His year at Cambridge was a very happy one and in later years he looked back on it with a delight that was not unmingled with amusement at himself. He ranked it as the time when he was most influenced by the literature of the Period of Decadence. He gave full sway to his love of beauty, enjoyed the extravagance of choosing fine textures in clothes and furnishings, and indulged in a fastidious choice of wines. At the same time he was among the fortunate men who find enjoyment in reading, and in work as well as in play, and the atmosphere of Cambridge was congenial to him and gave impetus to his powers of critical thought.

This period was abruptly broken into by the outbreak of war. He enlisted in the Universities' and Public Schools' Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, but a less 'patriotic' soldier can never have enlisted. Already, in theory, he disapproved of war in general and he was too much of a heretic and a cosmopolitan to believe that this was a holy national war. However, in practice, he was determined that nothing should make him lose his chance of adventure, the greatest the years had yet brought to him.

He was soon given a commission, being appointed to

the 4th Battalion of the Connaught Rangers. Knowing nothing of Irishmen he joined the regiment with some misgivings but soon found the Irish very much to his liking. In after years he retained very warm feelings for his Commanding Officer, Colonel Feilding. He knew that few C.O.'s would have shown so much consideration for a subaltern whose keenness as a soldier was unmatched by any keenness to exhibit on parade.

After he had been for some time with the regiment in France, Temple was wounded and sent back to England. When he recovered he was ordered to join another battalion of the regiment in Mesopotamia as the battalions were being merged and re-formed. He was sorry at first, but found going to the East an interesting experience and one which he enjoyed. It is typical of him that among his most treasured memories of the time was a visit he made to the tomb of Julian the Apostate. It was a sentimental tryst with the past and he quoted Swinburne at the tomb.

Meanwhile at home things had been changing rapidly in the Utley family. Mr. Utley had become more and more ill and, unable to work any longer, his money had dwindled to nothing. After Temple had been in Mesopotamia for some months he received the news of his father's death. He had been on terms of most intimate understanding with his father and he was heart-broken. He immediately obtained permission to return home. After a short leave spent with his mother and sister he rejoined the regiment in France. At the second Battle of Le Cateau he was gassed and again wounded. Once more he was invalided home, where he was convalescing when the Armistice was signed.

Following his demobilisation there came a most difficult time. There was no money for Temple to return to Cambridge; his mother was in fact now entirely dependent



Temple Utley at the wheel of the *Inyala*

on his sister and himself. He obtained a Bursary from the Ex-Officers' fund which enabled him to live at home and take the two years' Journalism Course at London University. While taking the course he developed a great interest in psychology and attended the full Honours Course in that subject. Deciding that a knowledge of psychology was of little use without medical training he then determined to try to take a medical degree. He managed to obtain a loan from the Kitchener Fund. With this money and whatever he could earn by giving lessons in English to foreigners, and living at home on the barest necessities, he started on his medical course at King's College.

From there Temple went as a student to St. George's Hospital. While at St. George's it was discovered that as a result of having been gassed he too had developed tuberculosis. He was sent to the Brompton Hospital and, under the care of Dr. Thomas Nelson, a pneumo-thorax was induced on the right side. He responded quickly to this treatment and was sent on to the convalescent hospital at Frimley. Finally he was able to return to his work as cured, but with his right lung almost useless and with the warning that in future he must avoid any life entailing great strain or exertion. He was also forbidden certain forms of exercise, of which mountain climbing was one.

After he had qualified, Temple was appointed Junior, and then Senior, Resident Physician at the Metropolitan Hospital in the Kingsland Road, London. As his own medical advisers would not allow him to undertake a strenuous post as surgeon on the staff of another hospital which he was then offered, he decided instead to continue his study of nervous diseases and psychology, and obtained a post on the staff of the London Mental Hospital at Colney Hatch.

It was while he was there that the suggestion was made that led to the events related in this book. The original suggestion was that he and two of his friends should sail to the South Seas with Rab Buchanan; that they should have two years of sailing and then sell the boat, probably in New Zealand where Rab thought he would like to buy a farm and settle.

The book tells how completely this original plan of skipper and crew was changed, how Temple alone of the four men reached the South Seas and of some of his adventures and experiences on the way. It covers with varying degree of detail the years from September 1930, when his voyage began, to the time of his death at the age of thirty-nine, in April 1935.

By the winter of 1930 he had crossed the Atlantic and reached the West Indies. By September 1931, after his great adventure in the Galapagos and the magnificent feat of crossing over 5,000 miles of the Pacific in twenty-two days while incapacitated by illness and with only one man as crew, he had reached the Marquesas and his life in the South Seas had begun.

As it was shortly after this that I joined him, and as I am mentioned (as 'Emsy') rather frequently in the latter part of the book, it is perhaps here that a brief account should be given of another side of his personal affairs.

While still a student, Temple had fallen in love with and married a sister-in-law of the man who was to become his great friend, Rab Buchanan. (She is referred to in his letters as 'Robert'.) Although they retained their affection for one another the marriage itself was not a success. When Temple developed tuberculosis a temporary separation was necessary. This was prolonged into a permanent one and some time before he made his plans for going to the South Seas it was decided to start divorce proceedings. Before Temple sailed, their lawyers were given all the evidence

that is required by a Court that is in the strange position of having to uphold these two tenets: that a man and woman must, in law, show mutual consent if they desire to marry but must not, in law, show mutual consent if they desire to part.

In Barbados when Temple and I became friends he told me all this, and many other things. I knew of his history of tuberculosis, of his marriage and the divorce proceedings, and even of his love for another woman (the 'B——' of the letters), with whom, for reasons that are not germane, there could be no hope of a permanent relationship. I also knew that he regarded with horror the thought of ever marrying again. When after this we fell in love we had to make a difficult decision. We had a strange conviction that if we parted then it would be final, and that if I sailed with him it would lead to a permanent attachment—in other words to Temple's abhorred marriage. We neither of us wanted to part; the thought of the permanent attachment not only terrified Temple but very much troubled me, because I understood how he felt about it. It was therefore only after very anxious and grave consideration of the two alternatives that we decided we would risk facing the future together. However, when I announced my decision to sail with Temple, the way was not made easier for us by those who, with the best intentions in the world, desired to save me from 'hasty impulse' and 'unconsidered action'. (I was then twenty-nine years old.) The result was that I broke my promise to sail with him from Barbados, then I met him in Panama and broke another to sail with him from there, and when eventually I did join him in the Marquesas it was no longer with any expectation of remaining with him permanently but only for a friendly cruise round the islands. This was accepted and understood between us before I finally left America to meet him in the South

Seas. But later we changed our plans once more. Finding that we really wanted our companionship to continue I remained with him and we were married in Tahiti in 1932.

Of our months in the Marquesas there is little record. They were very happy. Of those in Tahiti the same is true. As some references in the letters written from there are somewhat puzzling a short explanation may be useful.

Temple, as his letters show, had always hoped that somewhere in the South Seas a job would turn up so that he could make enough money to be able to stay for some years and then sail on again. In Tahiti he could not practise as a doctor because he had not the French qualifications that are necessary, but he was made a very good offer, which the Governor allowed him to accept, to become the assistant of a brilliant French surgeon who had started a private practice in Papeete. Unfortunately this surgeon became very ill and shortly after Temple had started working with him he had to return to France on sick leave. He asked Temple to remain and try to keep his place open, but the position became more and more difficult. Temple's permit entitled him to treat minor cases, but for any serious ones he had to work under the 'direction' of some French doctor. Most of his patients were British and American visitors or residents; many of these could not afford fees for two doctors and others wanted Temple in sole control. It became a question either of having to what he calls 'bootleg' in his practice or of having to refuse to treat these patients. Eventually Temple decided the position was impossible. He wrote and resigned his post, offering to return when the surgeon came back from France if he wished him to do so. This was never possible as, to our great sorrow, we heard soon afterwards of the surgeon's death.

Temple's log of the voyage from Tahiti to Fiji is given

in the book but, as there are only letters to cover the time after that, I shall try to fill in some details.

It was in June 1935 that we reached Suva. When we had been there for a few weeks Temple was introduced to Dr. Ivor Hamilton Beattie, a general practitioner who had like himself been a student at St. George's Hospital. At that time Dr. Beattie was in poor health and he was thinking of retiring from the main part of his practice. He offered to hand this over to Temple, retaining for himself only his specialty—gynaecology. Temple gladly accepted his kind offer. He was still hoping to remain longer in the South Seas and then to sail the *Inyala* home—'to show those Brixham sailors that she *can* go to sea,' as he would say.

Dr. and Mrs. Beattie had originally invited us to stay with them for a fortnight while Temple worked as *locum tenens*. When the further offer of the practice was made they asked us to stay on with them for another month while Temple got to know the practice. They were exceedingly kind to us, both then and all the time we were in Suva, and we had a happy time in their wonderful home, to which Temple has referred as his 'Greek Temple'. We then rented a small house in Suva; it was very unpretentious, but had a pleasant garden and was conveniently near the Beatties. Temple also 'rented' the use of Dr. Beattie's surgery, his car and his chauffeur-dispensary assistant, a remarkable Indian called Bruin, between whom and Temple there was a sincere affection and confidence.

Temple found his work very interesting and he was encouraged by the good will of all the doctors in Suva, by the friendliness of the people and by the general appreciation of his work. For fifteen months he worked without sparing himself and without a break. He won a good reputation both for his ability and for his consideration to his patients, whether European, Indian, Chinese or

Fijian. He frequently showed signs of complete exhaustion and his general health was not improved by three short but severe attacks of influenza. I was very anxious about him and we both longed for the day when we might sail again. We hoped it could be managed by the spring of 1936. He thought after sailing home he would try to sail all the way back to Fiji and then resume the practice.

Towards the end of 1934 Mr. Langdale, the wireless officer of the Government patrol ship, H.M.C.S. *Pioneer*, asked Temple if he would like to sail with him and two other men on a thirty-four-foot yawl to New Zealand. Temple jumped at the chance. He knew he must have a holiday; that it should be a sailing holiday made it perfect. He arranged for five weeks absence from his work, which gave him time to return on the regular mail steamer from Auckland. He asked if he might take Haputu also, partly because he thought he would be a valuable addition to the crew but even more because we felt that at this time Haputu was having a very dull life. He was living with us ashore and had become almost our 'house-boy', which was not at all what we thought he deserved.

They sailed early in November. The boat, the *Seafarer*, was a copy of Pigeon's *Islander* and had been built locally. Mr. Langdale, who was one of her part owners, was skipper for the voyage. They took thirteen days to reach Auckland; most of the time they were cold, wet and yet thoroughly happy. So great was Temple's invariable response to life at sea that he put on his usual half stone in weight. He enjoyed the holiday immensely and returned in the middle of December looking and feeling in splendid health and with greatly increased energy.

He at once resumed work. It was a very busy period; there was a great amount of illness in Suva and his practice had grown considerably. Within a few weeks he was again suffering from over-fatigue and looking very weary.

Early in March an infection developed in one of the fingers of his right hand. It immediately showed signs of being most serious. He was moved to the Colonial War Memorial Hospital where for four weeks he was given the greatest care and attention. Everything possible was done in the effort to save his life but he died of general streptococcal infection on 2nd April, 1935.

From the first day of his illness he had known the seriousness of his condition, but he never lost courage. Without fuss, without resignation, as simply and bravely as he lived, he died.

He lies, in an as yet unnamed grave, in the unconsecrated part of Suva cemetery that looks out over the sea.

* * *

I believe it is impossible to write dispassionately of anyone whom one has loved and that here it would be unnecessary to attempt it, when from Temple's own words so much is revealed. Instead, I am allowing myself to try to pay some part of the tribute I owe him. Reading the book I have felt that no one can doubt Temple's courage, his humorous intelligence and gaiety of heart, and his hatred of humbug. But of his other qualities, well known to his patients, to his intimate friends and to those of us who have lived with him, there is less evidence. I refer to his sympathetic understanding, his gentleness, his simplicity, and to his tolerance and consideration for other people. These combined their strength with those others; they made him easy to live with and loved by people of the most different types.

A tale was told me of one of his patients, a most devout old lady. She was an old resident of Suva and while she was ill in hospital many of the doctors would go in to see her. One day she said to her daughter, 'I do like seeing my doctors; I've been lying here thinking to myself that I could give them each a new name; Dr. X—, he's Faith;

Dr. Y—, he's Hope; but Dr. Utley, he is Charity.' Another remark made during the days in Suva gives an equally true picture, from a quite different angle. One friend exclaimed to another, 'I enjoy going to the Utleys' house; you never know who you'll find there, from the Bishop to a "bum"!' Though I am proud that at the time this was said I was his wife, yet I cannot imagine Temple ever having a home of his own where that kind of remark would not have been true.

I have purposely quoted these two remarks, both made in Suva, both made during his lifetime and neither of them made by an intimate friend, because from his letters it will have been apparent that Temple was not happy in Suva. But these remarks show the friendly relationship that existed between Temple and the people, which his letters alone cannot show. I introduce them to lead up to an important explanation that must be made.

His sister and I have taken the responsibility for publishing throughout this book extracts from his private notes which Temple had removed from his material prepared for publication, and we have published letters of his which we know he would not have published himself. We have only been willing to do this because we believe that all who knew Temple will have known how entirely he was without personal malice, and because to those who did not know him we have this opportunity of drawing attention to what was one of his most pronounced characteristics: the clear distinction he made between his critical analyses and his personal affections. Temple's closest friends would be among the first to be either amused or horrified should we allow his own words to seem to represent him as a man who only gave his friendship to those who passed some high intelligence test.

He could, and he did, suffer considerably—even, I believe, to the detriment of his general health—when he

was hedged in by a community whose basis of thought was so different from his own that no verbal vocabulary could bridge the gap. The unhappiness he experienced when he was living where he could seldom give expression to his thoughts, because they could not have been understood, was so great that no attempt should be made to minimise it. But it is necessary to point out that his hatred of the restrictions of a conventional social order did not detract from his feeling of sympathy and affection for a great number of those who made up the society—some unconscious of its limitation, others (like himself, as he most readily admits) forced unwillingly to accept its constraint.

In the letters from Suva, it must therefore be understood that his general expressions of intolerance referred to the whole social order and bore no relation to the personal tolerance he felt for its individual members. On the contrary, many of these won their own places in his affection; he gave them always his compassionate sympathy and understanding. Though there may have been few persons in Suva who really knew him, there were even fewer who did not intuitively recognise in him the man he was, and he was given in return a sincere love and trust. For Temple had the rare and lovable gift of being able to find in almost everyone some common denominator of mutual interest, by means of which he was able to establish most happy personal relationships. He never adopted moral attitudes, and people quickly found themselves, sometimes to their own amazement, telling him the truth about themselves without pretence, deception or fear. Psychologists may find in this the explanation of his successful 'witch-doctoring', as he has referred to it. I do not pretend to know, but there may have been a connection. In any event, his influence was much more striking than he has acknowledged and it was the result

of no mere medical technique but of an indefinable quality in himself. His friends and those of us who were most closely in contact with him knew, as well as did his official patients, how successfully he was able to remove the tension of anxieties and to restore confidence and calm. Not only did people lose, when with him, their fear of themselves, and their dismay at their own actions, but, what was even more noticeable, they found that they became 'their best selves'.

If I have seemed to dwell at disproportionate length on this side of Temple's character it is because I have considered it my special duty, and one which I believe he would have wished me to fulfil, that in publishing his private comments on Suva and its inhabitants to a wider public than they were meant to reach, I should give for him the other equally true side of the picture. I alone, who shared his life there, can do this. I can testify to the fact that there was no other place where more kindness was shown to Temple, that nowhere was he more conscious of this; that he not only keenly appreciated the kindness he was shown, but also that for many of the individual persons he had an affectionate personal regard.

Had Temple himself lived to write the book that he planned of these years I do not doubt that much that has been printed here would also have been said or implied, but I am certain that the manner of its presentation would have been quite different and that much, which is not presented at all, would have been included to make the drawing true. This, of course, does not apply only to Suva. There are, for instance, many names omitted of people living in the French islands who, in any narrative giving a full account of the time, would have taken their proper places among those who added to Temple's happiness. That their names are here omitted does not mean they were forgotten, but a superficial glance at the structure of

this book will reveal the reason for many omissions. Part I, which tells the story from the time that Temple left England until he arrived in the Marquesas, is one straight tale. This could have been taken entirely from the manuscripts which he had himself prepared for publication and we have, in fact, only added to them certain comments and observations from his private notes, and letters. But Part II contains nothing that Temple had written for publication (except the one short unfinished manuscript that he had never revised). Instead, it is a collection of short notes written in his log book during two voyages, and letters written to his mother, his most intimate correspondent. These were never meant to tell a consecutive tale in correct perspective, but were written under varying circumstances of time, and mood, and place. Incidents that were important are sometimes entirely omitted, sometimes barely referred to; others of no greater importance, but occurring when there were better circumstances for writing, find more adequate treatment. Indeed, the second part of the book must not be regarded as a planned and balanced structure. It has two definite functions: for those who have read Temple's own story in Part I with pleasure and interest it is to satisfy the desire to know from himself something further of his subsequent life; for those who take an interest in the personality of a man of courage and character it is to give a series of pictures that may be said to have been taken unawares.

The title of this book is the one that Temple was expecting to use when he should write his adventures. The reference is to the old Sea Beggars who used to hold up ships at sea, not from any enmity, nor the desire for fame or glory, but to take from them such things as they wanted. Having got what they wanted, the Sea Beggars would sail on their way content. Temple used to say that

in the same way he had held up his friends and his acquaintances, forcing them to contribute to his desires and the material comfort of his cruise.

It was his intention in his dedication, or perhaps in a foreword, to record his thanks to the many people who had helped him to achieve his great desire. To his mother and to Rab Buchanan this book has now been dedicated because they stand pre-eminent among the many. His mother by a devotion so comprehending and so rare that instead of trying to hold him back from his adventure she encouraged him to attempt it and, later, in every effort he made to prolong it. This is the more wonderful because she was never in any doubt as to the risks; and what her son meant to her only they two could know. It is easy to read through and between the lines of his letters to her to see with what love and understanding he responded to her devotion.

Rab Buchanan of all people was the one who most contributed to the material realization of Temple's dream. The boat was his; he provided most of the money; and he was always ready to give help and advice. And with Rab's there must now be included the name of his wife, Jean Buchanan. She abetted him in his generosity to Temple and herself provided things that only a woman would have thought of that added greatly to the comfort of the cruise. His knowledge that the friendship of the Buchanans and the affection of his mother and sister would remain as unchanging constants in his life was one of Temple's greatest satisfactions, and a source of strength.

To the many others whom Temple had wished to thank by name I can only regretfully admit that I have found it impossible to make, without him, the comprehensive list he planned.

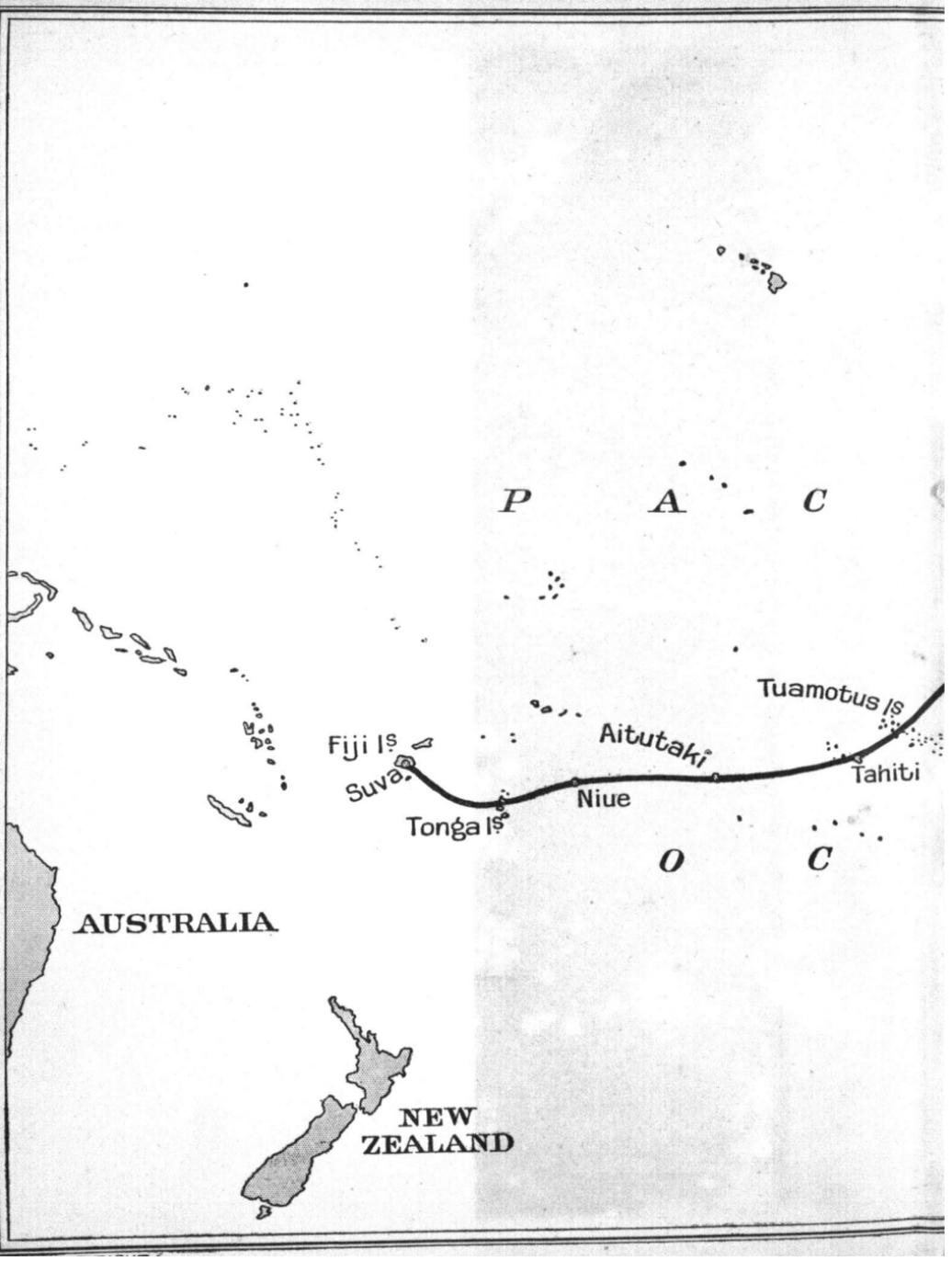
On his behalf I should like, however, specifically to thank the owners and the crews of the ships that Temple

felt he had 'held up' in his part as a Sea-Beggar: the *Nourmahal*, *White Shadow*, *Pacific Moon*, *Valkyrie*, *Vanora*, *Pilgrim* and the trading schooner, *Tereora*. That their gifts-in-kind and their practical help were voluntarily contributed made them yet more appreciated.

In conclusion I should like to repeat the words that seem to me more expressive of thanks-giving than any repetition of the hundreds of 'thank you's' which underlie their meaning. They are the words that Temple scribbled in pencil in his note book on that day in the Galapagos when he believed death might be at hand. I am convinced that they represent what he felt up to his last moment of feeling, and I hope they will be accepted by all who gave him happiness, not only in his last five years but throughout his life, as being what to me they are, the perfect words of thanks:

'If I have got to die I have had a very fine time and thoroughly enjoyed myself.'

EMILY I. C. UTLEY



P A C

Tuamotus Is

Fiji Is

Aitutaki

Suva

Tahiti

Tonga Is

Niue

O C

AUSTRALIA

NEW
ZEALAND

N O R T H
A M E R I C A

Balboa

F I C

Galapagos Is.

S O U T H
A M E R I C A

Marquesas Is.

A N



