

STORM AT SEA IS GOOD FOR SLIMMING

The Cruise of The Caplin (II)

(By MARGUERITE GRAHAM)

This is the second part of an article in which Marguerite Graham describes how she and her father, Commander R. D. Graham (R.N., Retd.), have sailed half-way round the world from Ireland in a 35-foot yawl. Miss Graham has recently broadcast for the NBS.

AFTER spending four very delightful months in Bermuda, we decided to sail on to the West Indies. We were anxious to get to Trinidad by Christmas as we had friends there. We left at the end of October; not a very good day when we started, wet and blowy; but there was a fair wind, the meteorological report forecast an improvement, and we decided to go.

We made rather poor progress the first six days, as we had light winds and calms, and we were hard put to keep ourselves occupied. One day we saw some fish swimming round the ship. We hurriedly baited a hook with bacon and we caught one—to

our surprise and delight. It was a dolphin about 2ft. 6ins. long and brilliantly coloured in different shades of blue. We cooked some of it for supper and it made a pleasant change from our tinned food. Skipper hopefully towed a line all next day. I asked him what he hoped to catch, as he had an enormous hook on the line, and he said, "Tunny." I secretly hoped we shouldn't catch anything so large as I didn't know what on earth we should do with it. My ap-



Caplin's Galley

prehension was unnecessary. We have since towed a line many hundreds of miles but have never caught anything far from land.

Very Unpleasant Days

On looking through my log written on this trip I see there are several pages completely blank, the last entry being: "Alas, these few days of lovely weather do not last long. Soon a strong breeze gets up." This strong breeze quickly increased to gale force, and we were soon close reefed. We spent a number of very unpleasant days. The wind blew harder and harder and it came with drenching rain. From in my bunk in the fore cabin I could hear the wind screaming through the rigging, and occasionally a sea would hit the ship with a terrific crash. I was very seasick for the first time since leaving England. Perhaps it was fright; the seas really looked most angry and alarming, enormous great rollers with the tops breaking. The motion of the ship was extremely violent and we were tossed about like a cork. At great risk I took my camera on deck (risk to the camera, not myself) and took some photographs of the huge seas. The results were most disappointing. They looked as if they had been taken in a flat calm. We were hove to for about 36 hours during the worst of the gale. The wind then moderated a little and the ship was more comfortable, though the big seas continued until we reached Antigua, our first West Indian Island.

"Just Heaven"

We sailed into St. John, the capital, at night, and very thankful we were to get to an anchorage after 15 days at sea. It was just heaven to have the ship still and quiet. I might add here, for the

benefit of any women readers, that I can thoroughly recommend being seasick for a week or more as a certain way of slimming!

We employed a nigger boatman during our week's stay in Antigua. He had the picturesque name of O.K., which was written in large letters on his hat. Apparently he had really been christened this name after his parents had seen their first American movie! We sailed on towards Trinidad, and called in at St. Vincent and two of the Grenadine Islands on the way to arrive at Port of Spain, the main port of Trinidad, on November 26.

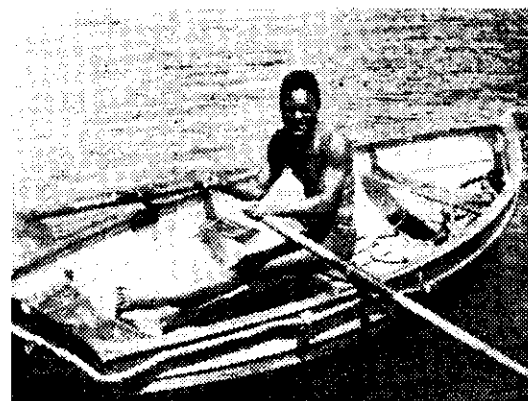
We spent two months on this island, and saw many interesting things. One was the famous Pitch Lake, a vast deposit of bituminous matter covering an area of 114 acres. The lake is being worked continuously. The pitch is dug out and shipped to all parts of the world. The lake looks rather like several hundred asphalt tennis courts gone to seed.

The Ship's First Birthday

We went over a huge cocoa plantation. Oranges were grown on the same estate, and it gave us quite a thrill to pick them off a tree, just as we do apples at home.

We celebrated the ship's first birthday in Trinidad. We invited everyone we had met and about 30 people came on board. Poor Caplin was several inches below her usual water line. It is amazing, though, how many people can get on the deck of a 35-foot yacht. In Bermuda, when we were visited by the sea-scouts, we had about 40 boys climbing over the ship.

The West Indian natives are an amusing people. It takes very little to make them laugh and they are always smiling. They can also be very irritating.



O.K.: Was the boatman's name

If you ask them a question they give an answer which they think will please you, quite regardless of whether it is the truth or not. I once went over to another yacht anchored in Port of Spain. No one was on board except the coloured boatman. The conversation went something like this:

I asked: "Is the Captain on board?"

"No, he has gone ashore."

"When will he be back?"

"Just now."

"Soon, you think?"

"Yes, soon."

"How long, one hour, two hours or more?"

"About that."

After this one gives up in despair.

We left Trinidad at the beginning of February, 1939, to continue our voyage by sailing to Venezuela.

NO DICTATOR IN OUR HOUSE!

Written for "The Listener"
by DORIAN SAKER

YOU may be a wrestling fan and you may not be; in either case it doesn't matter because you're a member of a democratic community and you'll want to see justice done. If Pop thinks he can dominate our house like a dictator he's wrong; nobody's going to. We're all going to have equal shares, and when two people want the radio, they should toss up, take it in turns, or switch off.

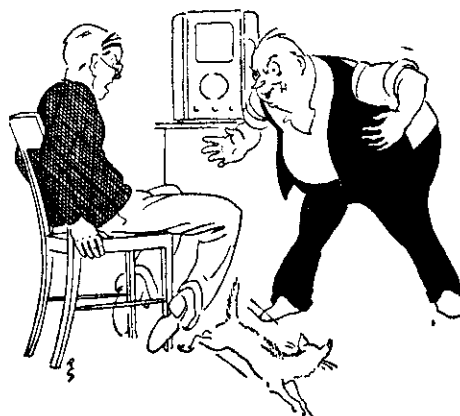
You see Pop suddenly developed a craze for wrestling or "rastling" as he calls it. It started when Earl McCready was here and some fool remarked that Pop was the dead spit of him, but not so big. The trouble was that Mum wouldn't give him the cash to go every night, so that he has to listen to the fight as broadcast, and, of course, you can't get the right "rastling" atmosphere unless the thumps can be heard two miles down the road. That's why I'm writing this—so that people can see I'm in the right. Pop isn't acting fair when he monopolises the radio and turns the place into a madhouse.

And in addition, Pop will

persist in getting worked up. Nobody's safe in the same room during one of the broadcast bouts. Aunt Emily was nearly strangled the other night when he was experimenting with a reverse Nelson that the announcer had described, and I'm sore and bruised all over. The furniture isn't safe either—he broke a lampshade and two pictures while demonstrating the flying tackle.

The result of it all was that we had a scrap. It sounds terrible for father and son to go for each other in the middle of the floor, but we were both so mad that it had to happen. I shoved him off the edge of a chair, he closed, and before I knew what had happened I was in an octopus clamp. Pop nearly bust himself laughing. He kept on chortling, "I never thought I could do it," and putting on the pressure a little harder. Meanwhile I was as white as a ghost, and Mum had to drag him off as I was about to faint.

Anyhow that settled it. The majority must rule, even if I'm arrested for it. The wireless is going to go—since I paid for most of it. There's a chap down the road wants a three-valve. Heaven only knows what will happen; I'm not going to be there when he finds out. But justice must be done, and we'll have no dictators in our house.



"... Pop will persist in getting worked up"