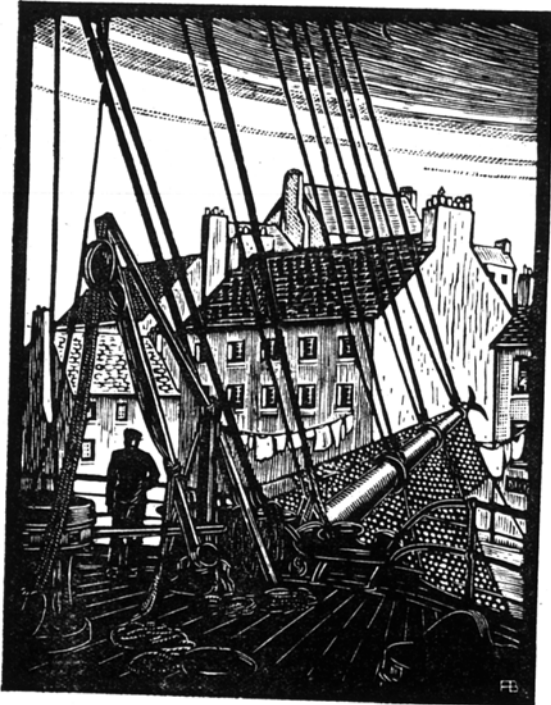


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The illustrations on this page are reproduced from Freda Bone's woodcuts for Alexander Bone's "Bowsprit Ashore"

Bowsprit Ashore. By Alexander Bone (with a preface by H. M. Tomlinson). (Cape. 7s. 6d. net.)

Deep Water and Shoal. By William Albert Robinson (with a preface by Weston Martyr). (Cape. 10s. 6d. net.)

ALL those who must—or who think they must—catch the 8.35 every morning for the rest of their lives should be careful of these two books. Mr. Tomlinson himself once used to catch the 8.35, just as Mr. Robinson, in America, used to catch the 9.15.

"At least," says Mr. Weston Martyr, "he thought he had to catch it. And then, one day, he saw a great light, and he let the 9.15 steam off without him. He refused to make that journey any more. Instead he made another. He bought a tiny boat and sailed her all around this world. It took him three and a half years and cost him every cent of his money. It cost him in all £1,000, but it will surprise me if he regrets it."

That boat was thirty feet long, about as long as any coach on the 8.35 or the 9.15, and she was built, not specially to go round the world, but simply for off-shore use, with a little auxiliary motor under the narrow deck between her two cabins. She could carry 500-600 square feet of sail and a crew of one.

Her owner had acquired his knowledge of navigation in the New York Public Library in his spare evenings and with that knowledge and in that boat he hoped "to live out my dreams of sailing round the world in my own boat in search of remote islands, strange peoples, and the beauty of new landfalls."

He saw more and experienced more than he had ever dreamed, and his luck was endless. His navigation was such that he never missed a landfall, never failed to keep his appointments at remote ports and was never wrecked. He sailed the boat night and day, and often averaged 170 miles from noon to noon across the Southern Pacific and once accomplished a day's run of 190 miles and a passage of 1,282 miles in nine days—"an astounding feat," says Weston Martyr, "and I know what I'm talking about." Apart from the pleasure of his

Wide Seas and Many Lands

By H. E. BATES

own experiences he proved that any boat of the same size, carefully handled and driven hard, could sail round the world as quickly and safely.

All this, of course, he could not have accomplished without a crew, and he picked up the oddest one-man crew in the world, a Polynesian named Etera, French-speaking, only five feet high, as ugly as sin, who when asked how long it would take him to get ready to go round the world said "Five minutes."

He proved to be not only a good sailor, but to have all the incidental traits of the traditional sailor, not merely keeping a wife in every port but several wives even in ports he had never touched before. He landed himself in every gaol from his native Tahiti to the Canary Islands. He was constantly quitting the ship and being sacked, but repentance always followed and he always came back.

"At sea he was a splendid sailor, afraid of nothing. When he had the wheel at night I could turn in and sleep, confident that everything would be all right. Never once did he fail to produce regular meals. His originality, in port, brought on some difficult situations, and some amusing ones. The pathetic letters he wrote from the various jails he got into were themselves worth his keep. I never knew what to expect next."

It would have been a very different journey without Etera, but with any sort of crew it must inevitably have been full of rich and strange adventures. The beauty and excitement of new landfalls, the loveliness of the South Sea Islands, the charm and hospitality of people everywhere, all these things made it memorable.

It was made thrilling and dangerous by hurricanes and high seas, by Robin-



son's being captured by Arabs and hunted by dragon-lizards, by his dining with cannibals—unwittingly—on human flesh. Robinson once met a man with a wife, a daughter older than the wife, and a granddaughter older than either of

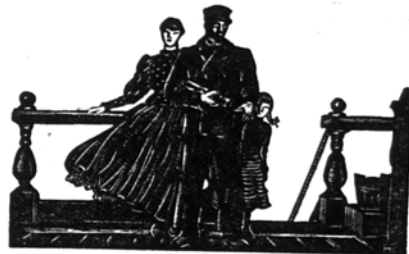
them. Such things are common in his narrative. But what must give him, today, most pleasure, is the thought of having sailed *Svaap*, irrespective of her adventures, round the world by his own hand.

Both Mr. Tomlinson and Mr. Bone will welcome the story of his journey. Like Mr. Martyr they deplore deeply the passing of the sailing ship and the coming of the luxury liner from which the passenger "is protected by reality and deliberately insulated from nature."

Mr. Tomlinson writes ironically of such ships, whose owners offer to escort one, sumptuously accommodated, royally dined and brilliantly diverted to coral islands and primeval jungles, and whose captains get their bearings by wireless and set their courses by a mechanical device said to be infallible. Mr. Robinson navigated by the stars, and so did Mr. Bone before him, and neither missed their landfalls.

It was a picture in a daily newspaper, "a barque's name, a bowsprit photograph," that made Mr. Bone turn his thoughts to those days when he had sailed with shellbacks in ships that had been navigated by the stars. It happened to be that very bowsprit to which "he had nailed the first shark's tail that had ever adorned it on the boom end. I caught my first bonito, my first albocore, from that boom. I was trusted to bind my first sail on it."

"It's a long time ago," he goes on, "but the bowsprit brings back many



memories of old ships and shipmates." And there is the reason for his book. There is no better reason for any book, and all he does is to go back and bring out of the hold of his memory the treasures of his seafaring past, setting them down in a series of short sketches, half-essays, half-stories, all having the sharp authentic smack of the sea.

There is nothing cheap-jack or made-up about a single line of his book. He never brags because he often went round the Horn "as though it were round the mulberry-bush." To tell of it, just as to have done it, is all in the day's work.

There are even more incredible things in his book than in *Deep Water and Shoal*, but like those things they happened. He tells of things which one might never see in a thousand trips on a luxury liner.

He has been rum-running, mine-sweeping, "black-birding," and he can tell of the old boarding-masters and Shanghaiing days and sailors' pubs of the last century tales that even Mr. Robinson, with all his wonders, could never tell. He makes one half as envious again as the man who sailed *Svaap*, and anyone who reads *Deep Water and Shoal* will know what that means.