

Across the Atlantic
New York — Brest via the Azores
11. October — 05. November 2001

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New York

Everything is piped down, the ship has gone to sleep. I am getting accustomed to my hammock. In the dark thoughts rise — How did I get here and what awaits me in the coming four weeks.

In February I watched a film about the German sail training ships that were built at the beginning of the twentieth century. They introduced a Norwegian barque — Stadsraad Lehmkuhl — that is still operating and takes trainees on board. She was launched in the German town Vegesack near Bremen in 1914. Then she was named "Grossherzog Friedrich August". In 1918 she was handed over to the British and sold to Norway in 1924. She was renamed Stadsraad Lehmkuhl. I searched around the internet and found the homepage of the Stadsraad Lehmkuhl. There were some voyages listed for the year 2001. The highlight was a trip from New York to Brest. Two weeks later I saw a film about a sailing trip from Bergen to Scotland on the Stadsraad Lehmkuhl. After seeing this report my mind was made up. In the following week I booked the trip and bought a flight ticket to New York, arranged the train ride from Brest back to Frankfurt. Fortunately I had saved up for a present to my exwife's fiftieth birthday. The reason of the saving gone, it paid up for the whole voyage.

This morning Ron took me to the airport in Frankfurt, I boarded a plane to Paris, and after a two hour stop for buying cigarettes I was on a plane bound for New York. Slowly Europe vanished behind us. I had time to take a nap and then we reached the North American coast. The first thing that took my notice was the different color of the landscape. In Europe the color was green and brown now the dominant color was a dark bright red. I had filled in the forms for the US Customs. For the lodging of the first night I wrote "SS Stadsraad Lehmkuhl".

When I reached the counter, the officer sent me to the office for professional seamen. There I waited for nearly two hours amidst seamen from Russia, the Philippines and other parts of the world. Then finally I was cleared to enter the US. Now my luggage had vanished and I searched for the Air France counter. When I introduced myself the clerk hurried off to fetch my luggage from a plane bound for Europe. At last everything was cleared away and by bus and taxi I reached the "Intrepid Sea, Air and Space Museum" in Manhattan, where the Stadsraad Lehmkuhl was moored.

When I got off the taxi I got the first sight of the ship. It was impressive. I carried my luggage to the pier and requested the permission to board ship. John, the ship's sergeant welcomed me aboard. He showed me around the trainees quarters and handed me my hammock, in which I was going to sleep for the next three and a half weeks. When I knew where to string up my hammock, I started clearing my things away and a short while later I was on deck again.

There Uwe, the boatswain asked me to give a hand in getting the leftover luggage of the former crew on shore, where it was stowed into a truck. He kept us busy, and soon everything was cleared away. I met the first other trainees, Ian, an Englishman, and Ben from the US. Since it was our last evening in New York we decided to take a walk to Times Square. There I bought some souvenirs and made a phonecall to my daughter Alexandra, telling her that I had arrived and everything was alright.

Then we searched for a pub to freshen the hawsers. We found a bar near the pier where they served Guinness and after some pints we walked back to our ship to get a good nights sleep.

Lines away

Early in the morning we are rised. In the hammock I have slept like a log. A cold shower clears the brain and after a hardy breakfast we are ready for the day and the things that await us.

Soon the other trainees arrive and are beeing showed to their quarters. John is making up the three watches. He tries to make everybody happy. He is a wonder of patience. At noon he gathers our passports for clearing with the customs. The trainees are distributed into three watches of thirty men each. "Red Watch" for the time from zero to four, "Green Watch" from four to eight and last but not least "Blue Watch" from eight to twelve. I'm member of the "Blue Watch" with the number eighteen. Everybody is given a number for the rollcall at the beginning and the end of each watch. Having a number makes the task of looking for everybody easier for the crew and the watchleaders. There are people of twelve nations aboard. The command language is English with the sails and ropes and some special commands in Norwegian. In my spare time I start to memorize the ropes and where they are made fast. It seems to be the right thing to do, because if you want to get along on a big sailingship the most important thing is "to know the ropes".

At four in the afternoon we are cleared to leave port. The pilot comes aboard and a harbortug tows us into the middle of the river. The ship turns and now our bow points to the open sea. On our port side we see the skyline of New York and realize deeply the gap where the towers of the WTC are missing. Soon the Satue of Liberty comes in sight on starboard ahead. It is a marvellous view with the already setting sun. As we pass, there is a gaffrigged schooner heading up river. That should make a good picture. Then we pass underneath a big bridge. At "Ambrose Light" the pilot is picked up. Finally we are under way. Astern we can see the masts of the following "Christian Radich". Slowly America fades in the light of the setting sun, this will be our last glimpse of land for the next weeks.

Now the watchduty begins for real. After diner at eight the blue watch takes over. Our watchleader Ramond introduces himself and his team. We are directed to some ropes and start to set sail. At first we set some staysails and the foresail, mainsail, then lower and upper topsails on the fore and the main mast. In Norwegian they are called "Fokk", "Storeseil", "Forrestump", "Storestump" "Forremars" and "Storemars". We start to learn the names of the ropes, like buntline or clewline and the places where every rope is made fast on deck. It turns out it is hard work to set the sails. For instance we must heave up the yards of the uppertopsails. Each yard weighs three tons. When at twelve we are released I am really fagged out.

I take my time for a last cigarette and sit myself down on a bunk on the

windward side of the ship. I look up to the stars. It is a moonless night, the sky is clear and the stars are shining so bright like I never saw before. On our portside I can see the lights of some distant lighthouses. The engines are shut down and for the first time we are sailing. Everything is quiet and calm, it seems as if we are sailing right through the stars. Here I will find some peace of mind again, I am sure.

Eastward, to the rising of the sun

12.10.2001

I get on deck as soon as we are awakened in the morning. A sunrise in all kinds of red awaits me.

Red sky in the morning
Sailor take warning
Red sky at night
Sailor's delight.

We are making just enough speed to give her steerageway. The morning watch brings the usual trimming and bracing of the sails and more practice in ropes and sailhandling. Some go aloft and learn how to fasten and loosen the sails from the yards. It is my first turn on the bridge watch. There are five special posts that have to be manned on an hourly basis by each watch:

lookout posted on the forecastle and in heavy weather on the poopdeck. Has to sing out objects in the ships way. To signal the helmsman we have to use the ship's bell.

- One bell — object starboard ahead
- Two bells — object port ahead
- Three bells — object straight ahead

Helmsman has to steer the ship according to officers orders.

Man over board watch posted on the astern part of the poopdeck, has to keep a keen eye on everybody. If somebody falls overboard, he has to throw a lifebuoy and sing out loud "Man over board". So that the proper manoeuvres are started to get the man aboard again.

Firewatch Has to patrol the ship on a given route, and report fire or water or every other hazard inside the ship.

Bridgeward Posted on the bridge, listens for incoming radio and telephone calls

The "Stadsraad Lehmkuhl" is equipped with the latest gimmicks like GPS and Radar. The course and position are monitored on a computer and besides ships you can even see rainsqualls on the radar screen. When there are motorized ships approaching, the officer of the watch calls them on the radio and tells them, that we are a sail training ship, and that they have to give way, and usually they are doing so. At twelve we are relieved by the red watch and after lunch we sit on deck and take a rest after the unfamiliar work of sailhandling. The wind is lessening and in the evening we give up the sails and start the engine to keep our schedule. I realize that my brain starts working in the right fashion, I remember the things I learned as a youth in a boarding school near the "Bodensee". I realize that my sealegs haven't left me. At night I enjoy the sight of the autumn sky again.

13.10.2001

We are under sail again, The green watch has set some sails and now it is our job to get the rest of the sails set. The wind is now blowing with force five. We are sailing close hauled on the starbord bow. The sea is building up. The remains of the hurricane "Karen" are 190 nms ahead of us, now calmed down to a normal tropical storm. The captain wants to take the southwesterly and southern part of this deep pressure area to give us a shove in the direction of the Azores.

The ship lists to starboard and crashes through waves of eight meters height. The wind is constantly rising and on the windward side we take over some squalls of water. On deck thick ropes are strung out, so that we can take a hold when we have to move and might lose our balance. Some of the trainees have a hard time, since their stomach is not yet accustomed to the ship's movement, so they are seasick and go through a very hard time.

This night is my first turn as a lookout. From eleven to twelve I am out there on the forecabin. The night is pitchdark and the ship is climbing over the waves. I feel like I am driving in a rollercoaster. There is absolutely nothing to see.

The hammock is really comforting, since it doesn't move.

14.10.2001

The wind has calmed down a little, we have all sails set, except the mizzen. The wind is shifting to north west. Some of us are still seasick. But everything seems to brighten up as we feel more and more at home in our new surroundings.

In the evening watch I have to take the helm, she is very hard to handle. The wind is now from right astern so the "Stadsraad Lehmkuhl" is constantly trying to turn to one side or the other. I have to get accustomed fast to the hydraulic rudder to keep her on the given course.

15.10.2001

The wind has calmed down to force three, again the sun is shining and we enjoy the beautiful weather. I never expected such warm temperatures in the middle

of october, but we are sailing on a southerly course on the greatcircle to the Azores. In the afternoon we take a lesson about the atlantic by John. Also we practice for the shanty contest. In the night we set our watches one hour ahead. We have one quart of our voyage to the Azores behind us.

16.10.2001

Karen is finally gone. In the afternoon we sight some flying fish. The wind is almost gone and in the evening we give up all sails and commence under engine. Some old rhymes about the weather come to my mind, here is just a small sampling:

Sea-gull, sea-gull sit on the sand!
It's never good weather when you're on the land.

Trace the sky with painter's brush,
The winds around you will soon rush.

Sound travelling far and wide
A stormy day will betide.

At sea with low or falling glass
Soundly sleeps the careless ass,
Only when its high and risin',
Safely rests the careful wise'un.

17.10.2001

Today I took over the duty in the cafeteria, because Fiona took too much sun yesterday. We are still operating under engine. In the afternoon we take a lesson in astronomical navigation, held by the first officer. The wind freshens and we set sail again. In the evening she is running with twelve knots, it can't get much better. At night I sit on deck and watch the beautiful night.

18.10.2001

She is moving with thirteen knots under sail, the weather is fair, mild temperatures and the sun shines bright, some white patches of cloud in a deep blue sky and a blue, white speckled sea around us. Who needs anything more.

Phillip, the sailmaker is teaching how to sew sails and those who want get the chance to sew a ditty bag from old used sails.

The moon shows up for the first time in this night. The stars are so bright, that I have difficulties to distinguish a star, rising over the horizon, from a sternlight of another ship. We are sailing in a sea of stars, right trough heaven. I have never seen a night like this before. In a night like this I realize witch things are really important. The rest I leave behind. Deep thoughts and feelings drift through my mind, for the first time in years I feel really free and at rest.

19.10.2001

Light rain greets us in the morning. At nine the wind shifts hundred degrees in a rainsquall. The free watches are called to duty and in one big effort we brace all yardarms around. Then we shift all staysails and the mizzen to the other side. When the work is done we are all fagged out, but proud because we did a rather good job, according to the boatswain. We are getting better with every day at sea.

In the night again mild temperatures and a bright sky. A ship crosses our course a mile ahead.

20.10.2001

In the morning we sight the masts of the "Christian Radich" starboard ahead of us. Her hull is still under the horizon. We will pass her in the late afternoon. On the starboard side a big tanker passes us hull-down on an opposite course.

We have closed the gap to the "Christian Radich". Everybody is watching. We pass in a distance of five hundred meters. The sun is setting astern of us. Two sailing ships meeting in the middle of the Atlantic, that happens less and less in our days. I hope the photographs will show parts of this great scenery.

21. — 22.10.2001

She is running with eleven to fourteen knots. The weather is still at its best. In the afternoon we take lessons in navigation and sewing. Aside the usual trimming of the sails we lay at our leisure and enjoy the fast and beautiful voyage under sail. We will reach the Azores well ahead of our schedule.

23.10.2001

Land ho. In the morning we sighted Pico, the first island of the Azores. We have about a hundred miles to go for São Miguel. We are four days early, so we will anchor at Baía da Capella.

24.10.2001

Finally we are at anchor. In the rising sun lies the small town of Baía da Capella. We start polishing the brass on the ship. She is an old lady and there is much brass to work on. In the late afternoon, everything is shipshape again. The brass is shining in the sun. The work done, we take a swim in the Atlantic ocean. In the evening we have a party on deck and for the first time some beers are served. We sing along under the command of our captain and enjoy the ending of the first part of our voyage.

25.10.2001

11

25.10.2001

Early in the morning the anchor is heaved aboard. The last miles to Ponta Delgada we drive under engine. At ten the lines are made fast and we are looking forward to our first shore leave. The local ships agent and the Portugese customs officer come aboard. At two we are cleared in and ready to have a look at the town.

The Azores — Terra Incognita

Some facts about the Azores

Açores , islands (1991 pop. 241,592), 905 sq mi (2,344 sq km), in the Atlantic Ocean, c.900 mi (1,448 km) W of mainland Portugal. Administratively an autonomous region of Portugal, they are divided into three districts named after their capitals:

- Ponta Delgada on São Miguel
- Angra do Herosmo on Terceira
- Horta on Faial

The nine main islands are São Miguel (the largest) and Santa Maria in the southeast; Terceira, Pico, Faial, São Jorge, and Graciosa in the center; and Flores and Corvo in the northwest. Ponta Delgada is the largest city. The fertile soil yields many crops and supports vineyards. The islands are also a resort area, although there is volcanic activity. The United States maintains a NATO air base in the islands. The Azores may have been known to the ancients and were included on a map in 1351. Portuguese sailors reached them in 1427 or 1431, but colonization did not begin until 1445 under Diogo de Sevilha or Gonalo Velho Cabral (who may have been there in 1431). During the colonial period, the Azores were a stopover point for treasure fleets returning from the New World, and many ships were lost there due to hurricanes or pirates. The islands were used as a place of exile and were also the site of naval battles between the English and the Spanish. In the 19th century they were used by supporters of Maria II against Dom Miguel. In the 20th century, there has been a large outmigration to the United States.

Shore Leave

Finally we are ready for a walk around Ponta Delgada. We enter the pier and suddenly the world starts moving. The solid concrete building seem to list over. After two weeks in a constantly moving world we are not accustomed to the motionless land any more. It takes some time to readjust. We walk along the pier and at the end we reach an old fortification, still in use by the Portugese

Navy. There two routes to get into town. Nils, a shipmate, takes the shortcut, and we wait for ten minutes for him to catch up. We reach the town and change some money to the local currency. We start to have a look at the town. Except one large tourist center at the waterfront, everything is in the original state. There are narrow streets and sometimes it is hard to escape the cars. Soon we reach an area, where there are no cars allowed. Meanwhile we have lost Nils.

We enter a cafeteria and get us some cups of coffee. For the first time in two weeks our chairs don't move. We just stroll around the town. Soon the evening arrives. We are looking for a place to have diner. Finally we stop in a small restaurant. After two weeks aboard we long for real piece of meet, so we order a "Supersteak" with chips and salad. With the help of a bottle of wine we are able to eat all. After some coffee and added pineapple liqueur we are finished and walk back to our ship.

Tour around São Miquel

Early in the next morning we rent a small car to take a trip around the island. The "subsbench", Nils, Christof, Rolf and me, is off to discover the new country. We enter the coastal highway, but at the end of the town, the highway changes to a narrow winding road along the beautiful coast of São Miguel. Soon we turn left into the mountains, and soon we reach the lake near Furnas with its warm wells. Nils insists to take a swim in the lake. The weather is constantly changing, sometimes we drive right through the clouds, that surround the mountains, then the sun is shining bright. We visit the only tea plantation in Europe, where we buy some local tea for souvenirs. Late in the evening we return to Ponta Delgada, for another supersteak. When we reach the ship, everything is in a turmoil. It has been decided, that we leave port tomorrow and not on sunday. The feas for the harborpilot are outrageous on sundays. John has to find everybody and tell them about that change of plans.

Farewell

We return the rented car and buy some last souvenirs. Then we return to the ship and make everything ready to leave. At four o'clock we are towed from the pier by a harbortug. We are underway again.

Bound for Brest

27.11.2001

The watchduty starts immediately after we have left port. In a fresh northeasterly wind we start to set sail again. Soon the engine is turned off and we are sailing. The royals and topgallant we left made fast, as well as the upper staysails. To windward lies the island São Miguel, that shields us from the waves. When we will leave this shelter, there is more to come. When we reach the open sea, waves and wind start to build up. The ship is prepared for rough weather. The wind is blowing from northeasterly directions and increasing. We are in for a hard time.

It takes a considerable effort to keep the footing and not to stumble around the deck. Some shipmates are already seasick.

In the night a cold moon shines on a stormy sea, clouds are racing across the sky, the wind is hawling and shrieking in the rigging, on the windward side we are taking over some water. The work on the braces gets really rough and exhausting. When the watch is over we stumble to our hammocks and when we get into are happy, that the movement stops for a while.

28.10.2001

Still galeforce winds and rough sea. At eleven I am called to the bridge, my daughter calls me on the phone and informs me, that at home the kitchen is burnt down. First things first, nothing happened to my daughter, she is okay. The rest has to wait till I return and will be taken over by the insurance. In this surroundings the whole thing seems not to be so important.

Now it is too dangerous to use the showers. The meals are now taken from cardboard plates. It is too dangerous to wash the porcelain dishes, too much cracks. The decks are always moving. I have the feeling, that I am constantly walking uphill.

29. — 31.10.2001

The direction of the wind is most unfavourable, we have no chance to set a direct course for Brest. If the wind doesn't change we will have to start the engines. We are down to stormsails.

The wind has shifted to northeast. We have to give up the sails and go on under engine, if we want to keep our schedule. When we operate under engine,

there is not much work to be done. So we take lessons in navigation and watch some videos about sailingships in former times. Very impressing is the film about a voyage of the German ship "Pamir" around the horn to Chile, filmed in 1952. This is the last document of this fourmasted barque. She was lost in a storm in 1957 sixhundred miles off the Azores. Only six seamen survived.

The Halloween night is rather impressing. The full moon bathes the waves in a cold silvery light. Astern a rainsquall passes and suddenly there is a silverwhite rainbow showing up in the middle of the night. The only sound is the wind shrieking in the rigging. Some strange thoughts drift through my mind. I'm thinking of generations of seamen, that fought their ways to distant shores on the big sailing ships of the past. I get a little glimpse of the life they lived and endured on their long and lonely voyages to distant ports.

01.— 05.11.2001

We still operate under engine. The wind has calmed down, but blows from the wrong direction. In the morning we are visited by a whale. He follows us for five minutes only five meters off the port side. He dives and surfaces again. Then as if his curiosity is satisfied he gives a big shove with his tail and vanishes in the wide atlantic ocean.

As we approach Brest the traffic is building up. Like on a highway the ships drive in and out of the English Channel. At eight in the evening of October 4th we drop anchor near Brest. The whole afternoon we have prepared the ship for harbor. Now we wait to get into Brest on the following morning.

Early in the morning the pilot comes aboard and we are towed to the pier. For most of the trainees the voyage is over. After three and a half weeks we prepare to leave the "Stadsraad Lehmkuhl".

daily positions at 08:00 am					
Date	ϕ	λ	Wind		Remarks
	Latitude	Longitude	Dir.	Bf.	
11.10.	<i>N40°27'</i>	<i>W73°51'</i>	<i>SW</i>	4	Leaving New York at 16:00 h
12.10.	<i>N40°07'</i>	<i>W71°56'</i>	<i>SW</i>	2	
13.10.	<i>N39°49'</i>	<i>W70°23'</i>	<i>NW</i>	5	
14.10.	<i>N38°43'</i>	<i>W67°32'</i>	<i>NW</i>	6	
15.10.	<i>N39°13'</i>	<i>W63°43'</i>	<i>W</i>	4	
16.10.	<i>N39°23'</i>	<i>W61°04'</i>	<i>SW</i>	3	
17.10.	<i>N39°50'</i>	<i>W56°49'</i>	<i>SSE</i>	2	
18.10.	<i>N40°03'</i>	<i>W51°25'</i>	<i>SSW</i>	3	
19.10.	<i>N39°58'</i>	<i>W46°30'</i>	<i>SW</i>	5	
20.10.	<i>N39°28'</i>	<i>W42°01'</i>	<i>WNW</i>	5	
21.10.	<i>N38°53'</i>	<i>W37°06'</i>	<i>NNW</i>	5	
22.10.	<i>N38°50'</i>	<i>W34°30'</i>	<i>SW</i>	3	
23.10.	<i>N38°17'</i>	<i>W28°27'</i>	<i>SW</i>	6	
24.10.	<i>N37°55'</i>	<i>W25°42'</i>	<i>SW</i>	2	
24.10.	<i>N37°50'</i>	<i>W25°41'</i>			Anchorage at Baia da Capella
25.10.	<i>N37°47'</i>	<i>W25°48'</i>	<i>SSW</i>	1	
27.10.	<i>N37°42'</i>	<i>W25°36'</i>	<i>N</i>	8	Leaving Punta Delgado at 16:00 h
28.10.	<i>N37°49'</i>	<i>W24°01'</i>	<i>NNW</i>	9	
29.10.	<i>N38°22'</i>	<i>W21°47'</i>	<i>NNE</i>	8	
30.10.	<i>N39°08'</i>	<i>W19°43'</i>	<i>NNE</i>	4	
31.10.	<i>N40°59'</i>	<i>W16°29'</i>	<i>NE</i>	6	
01.11.	<i>N42°18'</i>	<i>W15°02'</i>	<i>ENE</i>	6	
02.11.	<i>N44°26'</i>	<i>W14°23'</i>	<i>ENE</i>	7	
03.11.	<i>N45°59'</i>	<i>W11°47'</i>	<i>ENE</i>	7	
04.11.	<i>N47°32'</i>	<i>W07°12'</i>	<i>NE</i>	3	Anchorage at Brest

Figure 1: some nautical facts

Impressions

At last I'm ashore again. I'm riding on a train back to Germany. As I sit, I think about the voyage. For three and a half weeks, I have lived on board of real squarerigged ship. Only a few of them are still sailing the sea. The rest silently passed away. They just vanished, without many people even taking notice. With them the art of sailing is passing away. The knowledge generations of seafaring men gathered over the centuries is fading away. It is not possible to preserve the expertise of the old masters, since few wrote anything aside their official or deck logs. They were graduates of a hard and demanding life they gladly accepted, handed on to them by generations reaching back into antiquity, which was for centuries the only way upon the seas for Man at all. They learned the hard way: They fitted in and they accepted hardships, traditions, a great ability, and a way of life now discarded.

The leg from the Azores to Brest gave me an impression, how it must have been, to sail in unfavorable winds. Joseph Conrad wrote in one of his books that in one time there were twohundred ships cruising to and fro in the mouth of the Channel, but were not able to make their way to port for seventy days. Now I think I can imagine parts of the hardships on board sailingships in the past.

There is an ancient belief that waves occur in a pattern, becoming progressively higher and stronger, culminating in the ninth (or seventh) wave, after which the progression begins again. The classic expression of this belief is found in *The Idylls of the King*, in which Alfred Lord Tennyson described the coming of King Arthur on a thunderous ninth wave:

... And then the two
Dropt into the cove, and watch'd the great sea fall,
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was a flame;
And down the wave and in the flame was bourne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
Who stoopt and caught the babe, and cried,
"The King!"...

In the last weeks I caught just a glimpse of this life. I remembered the retired captain, who taught me the first things about sailing on boats and yachts. For thirtyfive years now I've been in touch with sailing, sometimes in the Baltics or the Mediterranean, few times on the Northsea. Most sailing I did on the "Bodensee" in southern Germany. I've gone through all kinds of weather and learned that you can't quit the game. If you are out there sailing, you have

to keep on going, sometimes it was a rather narrow escape. But only now I understand what my old teacher always told us: **"The sea is not only a place, it is a state of mind, a condition of the soul"**.

On this voyage I have seen nights so clear and bright like seldom before, I have seen nights, when "white horses" were chasing along, under a cold silvery moon, with the wind hawling and singing in the rigging. And the main thing I realized is: "we leave no trace on the everlasting sea".

This voyage changed many things for me, I learned to let go of all the thoughts and habits, that made the path of my life narrow and dull, hanging around my neck like a dead albatros. When I relax and close my eyes, it is very easy to remember the sounds and smells of the ship. I almost can imagine her movement.

On a ship you always have to be aware of everything around you. The changes in her movement and the changes in the different sounds. You have to look for yourself. Never ignore the advice of an old experienced sailor, like the captain in the following verses:

Then up spoke an old sailor
Who had sailed the Spanish Main,
I pray thee put in yonder port,
For I feel a hurricane.

Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And tonight we no moon see!
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

These lines are part of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poem *The Wreck of the Hesperus*

I experienced a wonderful voyage on board the "Stadsraad Lehmkuhl". I had nice and friendly shipmates. The trip exceeded all my expectations. It was one of the most impressing experiences in my life.