

# Vagabond Adventurers Sail on Dream Voyage

"Ports of Call" For  
Thrilling Ocean Trip  
Scattered Over Pacific

THIS IS the story of the sort of adventure that millions dream about from their "crows nests" in city office buildings, visioning exotic lands—the sort of journey that boys plan to make when they grow up and that financiers wish they had taken time to accomplish.

It's a journey to be started this week by vagabond adventurers, scientists and writers who love the sea and ships and far places—a journey which will cover 31,000 miles of the earth's waterways, stopping at forgotten lands and islands unknown in the South Seas and South America.

It is the dream of Dr. Bernard Jensen, of Oakland, California, materialized! The crystallization of seven years of work from which he now takes a holiday in the interest of science.

For the long jaunt he has selected the three-masted schooner-yacht "Exalted", which will have as its master Captain Charles A. Watts.

IN THE PARTY will be Captain Oscar W. Schwartz, San Francisco nautical expert, who will cover the hydrographic and meteorological work for the Navy department; Mrs. Edith Shelton of Oakland, and Miss B. M. Harcourt, of Berkeley, writers, and several others.

The crew of 10 will include five University of California graduates, among them being Emil Jensen, William Hamilton, and Robert McCarthy.

Dr. Jensen plans to make an exhaustive study of the inhabitants of the islands of the group to be visited.

The first stop will be Hilo, Hawaii, then Honolulu and then south through a labyrinth of islands to Pago Pago and Apia.

From Samoa, the "Exalted" will sail to Niuafoou (Tin Can Island), then to Suva and Fiji.

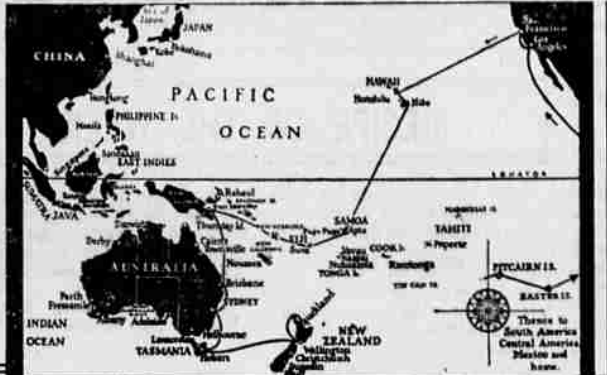
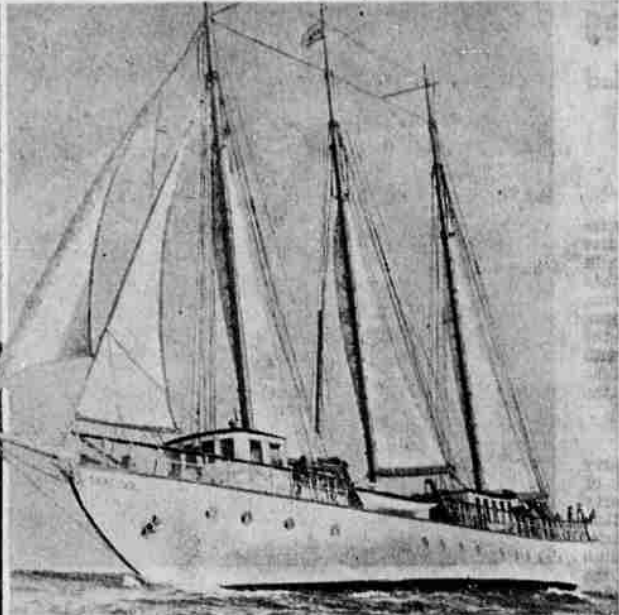
Also to be visited will be Pitcairn's Island, where live the descendants of the mutineers of the British frigate "Bounty"; and Easter Island, which still conceals the secret of the supposedly lost continent of Lemuria.

ANOTHER jump will bring them to the West Coast of South America, the first stopping place being at Callao in Peru, from where they will proceed to Guayaquil, Galapagos Islands, and other points of scientific interest.

Various stops will be made on the West Coast



Dream of seven years close to realization, Dr. Bernard Jensen of Oakland, Calif., shown in the above photo, is set to sail on thrilling 31,000-mile voyage of exploration in schooner-yacht "Exalted," top right. Map shows course of the voyage.



of Central America and on the West Coast of Mexico on the return.

Dr. Jensen is taking his wife and 15-months-old son, David. R. L. Hambleton will be chief engineer and Henry A. Ford, itinerary manager.

The "Exalted" was built as a private yacht by Robert Moran, the well known ship builder of

Seattle, for off-shore cruising, and is an ideal vessel for that purpose. She has accommodations aboard for 18 passengers, a special cooling and refrigeration system and is equipped with engines which have a cruising radius of 10,000 miles at between 8 and 10 knots speed. The craft is 132 feet long with a beam of 25 feet.

"Wildcats" of the West  
**BRIDGET GRANT**  
Oregon's "Waterfront Lady"  
Who Shanghaied Sailors

STRANGE, almost incomprehensible, is the life of Bridget Grant, one of the most moral of the "Wildcats of the West." Bridget was no less a personage than the avowed controller of seamen's employment problems, until the United States government took it up. She was oddly confused with questionable officers dealing in the profits of shanghaiing and the taking of "Blood Money" from sea captains—yet she established an honorable name, an honorable family of sons and daughters, and was one of the wealthiest women of the West when she died in 1923 at the age of 92, "straight as a spear and handsome as a king's mother in a Gaelic saga."

Bridget was introduced to her work dealing with seamen in Astoria, Oregon, when her husband, a grand Irishman, was drowned, and she started a sailors' boarding house in order to support the nine Grant children.

Astoria and Portland in those days were far from the ends of the world according to sailors and often captains were hard put to it to keep crews.

Since Bridget had a boarding house right on the water's edge, she found that good Captains could be aided by furnishing sailors for their voyages. Thereby both the Captain, the sailor, and Bridget profited.

HER power grew by leaps and bounds and she eventually established a farm where the supplies for her house were grown and sailors could relax in the Oregon climate. At one time or another, she owned every hotel or boarding house in that port of call.

When the boys were completely grown and trained, they opened similar establishments in Portland and continued in friendly rivalry with the matriarch directing the policy.

Although Bridget could be counted upon to completely staff a ship with sailors, and was paid handsomely for it, there were never any shady dealings which would not stand the light of day. The price for a sailor at such times ranged from \$170 down to \$50.

When the \$170 became a scandal and foreign consuls interfered, and when His British Majesty's



service threatened to make international issue of it, Bridget herself encouraged the reduction of it to \$50.

This game, in crude hands, was known as shanghaiing, but Bridget Grant was always sure that no harm came to any one involved, so that her method of procedure was open and above board and hundreds of sailors mourned her passing in 1923. Her later days were spent on her farm with her children and grandchildren visiting her, but it is said that the great Grant fortune was directed by her until the end.

**JUST A MOMENT**  
with  
**BUD LANDIS**

BACK in the 90's the bicycle craze spread over the country—and so did many who tried to ride one.

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However, after the turn of the century, bicycles were relegated to the suburbs of oblivion along with bustles and other back numbers.

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And for years street pedaling was unknown on these fertile shores.

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People suddenly found out that it was fine fun to take their setting-up exercises setting down.

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So back came the two-wheeled scooter. The return of the bicycle was most propitious because:

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The going is so much easier now on our present hardened arteries.

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There are no longer any scared horses to climb fences nor to pass hurriedly through plate glass windows.

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There are no garage worries, either. Just bring the thing in at night and park it under the bed.

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There would be no traffic problem. In case of a jam each rider could throw his mount out in the open.

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Bicycling would promote safety in traffic. No rider would ever use a plump pedestrian as a best temporary route, because the impact would break both his own neck and his wheel.

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Maybe the whole idea is too practical for modern acceptance.

# No One All Good or All Bad, Famous Reno Preacher Finds

BREWSTER ADAMS, Reno's kindly Baptist pastor, believes that our choices must be made "between light gray and dark gray," since people and circumstances are never completely good nor bad. We are inclined to judge according to our prejudices rather than our reason—and more tolerance and understanding would alter the most decided opinion. He gives herein his personal experiences with human problems. Brewster Adams' articles will be regular features in Five Star Weekly.

By BREWSTER ADAMS  
For 25 Years Reno's Baptist Preacher

Luke 15, 3: And He spake unto them this parable, saying, What man of you having a hundred sheep and having lost one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it. And when he hath found it he layeth it upon his shoulders, rejoicing.

John 10, 16: And other sheep I have which are not of this fold.

LIFE shakes our judgments. In the sheltered home of our youth, with what facility we divided the sheep! A remark dropped at the family table, "He is the black sheep of that family," was received with awe and accepted with quick condemnation. There was no question. He was gone—beyond the pale, no good, no use, the shame and sorrow of his family, no hopes of recovery. He bore the mark of Cain, to be forgotten rather than forgiven, to be shunned rather than saved. He was condemned already.

So with easy judgment we divided the sheep. Of course we are white and the offender is black. Yet sometimes, like children who peep through their fingers when saying their prayers, we wondered. The ice man was rough and swore, but he used to let us kids grab a handful of ice off the back of the wagon. Old Charlie was "a nigger" and black as coal, but he risked his life pulling us out of the river.

We were camping in the Yosemite during the war with our small boys. One night a lonely figure came into the light of our campfire. In a broken, foreign tongue he asked if we minded him visiting a little while. "Maybe you boys would like some beechnuts," he said, pouring a generous handful in the waiting hands of two eager boys.

"That's a good guy," said the boys after he had left. "What is he?"



Brewster Adams

"He is a German," we replied, at a time when even the children had been taught to hate.

"WHY didn't he kill us? Maybe the nuts are poisoned." For hours into the night we heard them argue, with the final judgment, "Well, he's a good guy even if he is a German." And I thought of that lonely old man out in the woods, hungering for a little human fellowship and coming in at the risk that we might also divide the

**WEST OF THE DATE LINE**  
by **THE OLD SALT**

ON BOMBS

ACCORDIN' to the manifest, the most valuable cargo I ever shipped with was in the old tramp, Woolworth Castle. She was loaded to the marks with silver fox furs, and the owners carried insurance runnin' to many times the value of the old packet herself.

Well, one black night in the middle of the North Atlantic, the whole ship was shook by a sort of grunt far down in her hold. The carpenter discovered four feet of water a minute later, and the ship sunk whilst he was a-makin' his report.

When dawn come, I see that the only other feller on the hatch cover beside myself was the Skipper. We was in the steamer lanes, so we knowed we had a good chance of bein' picked up; meanwhile we tried to guess what had blowed the bottom out of the ship. We finally blamed it onto the electric wirin', like the fire chiefs ashore do when they're shy an explanation. But we was powerful cold and uncomfortable, so when we see a case of furs floatin' nearby we got it. "It's a shame," says the Skipper, who was a business man, "to drag them furs out an' ruin 'em. I know they're insured, but no policy can grow fur like a silver fox." Howsomever, when we got the case open it was full of horse collars, made in 1911.

The Skipper set a-thinkin' a long time, and then he says, says he, "When ship owners trade in furs I'd call the transaction business," says he. "But when they plant a time bomb in their ship so's they can collect insurance for furs on old horse collars," says he, "I reckon it ain't nothin' in the world but finance."

—Gilbert Wright.

sheep and the goats, to share his pocketful of nuts with a couple of lads.

Snug in the complex of our own virtue, and imbued with the narrow judgment of the east which separated the sheep with such satisfaction and sureness, we beheld our first band of western sheep. Some of you can appreciate the consternation of seeing that moving cloud of white spotted with black.

"Them is markers," said the shepherd. "We've just got to have them. One for every fifty. Count 'em and I know they're all in."

Right there, the colors and distinctions that were so set in youth began to fade. Not that black is white, or white is black, but that the colors ran through. There is virtue in the world and vice—good and evil. But the virtue is not all in the good, and the vice is not all in the evil. The white may only be in the wool, not in the heart—a surface showing we call respectability.

A MAN is bad either because he thinks he is bad, or somebody thinks he is bad. You may challenge that statement and say, "I don't know much about the delinquent and deficient. At least I ought to, having been a member of the Rotary club for 20 years. Down in the old Tombs court in New York, Judge Poole used to give me his toughest on probation, and out here on the frontier I have known a few "bad men."

Our judgments are so partial, so prejudiced, so partisan that they have little value. "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye. Judgment belongs to Him who understands the heart, who knoweth all things and who looketh with mercy and understanding."

FEW people seem to realize the fairness and simplicity of our Master's teaching. All that He asked as to human conduct was that we do to others as we would like them to do unto us. A child could get that. Very simple it is. Yet it would change this old world into the Kingdom of Heaven. There would be a new deal—a world recovery which all the theologians, the scientists, the economists could never deliver or even dream.

Can you take it? You that say it is necessary to pass judgment. All right, remember His words, "For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured onto you." You will get as you give. You will obtain mercy as you render mercy. As and how we judge determines what we shall receive.

Some men claim to be broad-minded, when it is really evident that they have no mind at all. They spread out so thin that they have no depth. They are tolerant of other's opinions because they have none of their own to conflict. The only charity is the man who has convictions and still gives consideration to those who differ. Liberality is a term used to cover monopoly, not opportunity.

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