

ROUND-THE-WORLD VOYAGE OF THE "SPEEJACKS" FULFILLED GIRL'S DREAM—BUT NEVER AGAIN!

Wealthy Young Couple Sailed Seven Seas in Yacht for Love of Out-of-Doors

WEIRD ADVENTURES 'MID EXOTIC TRIBES

Mr. and Mrs. A. Y. Gowen Slept With Cannibals and Rode Tail of Hurricane

TO EVERY girl there comes, at some time or other, the yearning to see what lies beyond the far horizons.

More often than not she is compelled to take it all in dreaming—dreaming that she is drifting under the mellow moon over South Seas or exploring the strange, beautiful places that her dreaming has pictured in far-off lands.

Mrs. A. Y. Gowen, wife of Commodore Gowen, owner of the ninety-eight-foot yacht Speejacks, had these dreams.

And for her they've all come true.

She has been to the far places, has walked where white people have seldom, if ever, walked before. She has slept in the midst of cannibals—potential or real—and she has held the hands of little black women who thought she was a goddess come to bless them.

The Speejacks, the first gasoline boat less than 100 feet long that ever went around the world, touched at Norfolk Thursday on the last lap of her 'round-the-world' cruise, and will arrive in New York, the starting place, at 11 o'clock Monday morning. She will have traveled 25,000 miles, and Mrs. Gowen will be, perhaps, the only woman in the world who has ever had such an experience.

"I wouldn't take anything in the world for the trip," she said, as she faced the last lap of the journey.

"In retrospect, it will be wonderful. Its educational advantages have been great. But I wouldn't take it again for anything.

"What I missed most during all the time was the presence of some other woman. The men on the boat left nothing undone at any time that would make for my comfort, but men don't understand as a woman does her need for the counsel and the companionship of some other woman. It has been a wonderful trip. But I don't want another like it."

This was not a honeymoon for Mr. and Mrs. Gowen. They had been married almost two years before the trip began. Mrs. Gowen is a Texan, and while she has loved the out-of-doors as much as any other woman has, she never has been a sports-woman of the extreme type.

And the adventure of cruising around the world in a little craft seemingly as frail as is the Speejacks was just as much a novelty and a thrill to her as it would have been to the average woman.

\$500,000 Yacht Has Double Equipment

Commodore Gowen—ex-commander of the Cleveland Yacht Club and a member of the Chicago Yacht Club—is a yachtsman of parts. He has always loved the water. He is a Harvard man of the class of 1907, and is vice president of the Lehigh Portland Cement Company. He has had the means to gratify his hobby—yachts—and is a good sailor.

But even he got a thrill from planning the trip around the globe. Since they were married in 1919 in New York Mr. and Mrs. Gowen have lived mostly in Chicago, where Mr. Gowen's business is. There they planned the Speejacks and the tour that would make them famous.

They didn't plan the trip for fame, however—they planned it because they wanted to see out-of-the-way places and to do something no one else had ever done before.

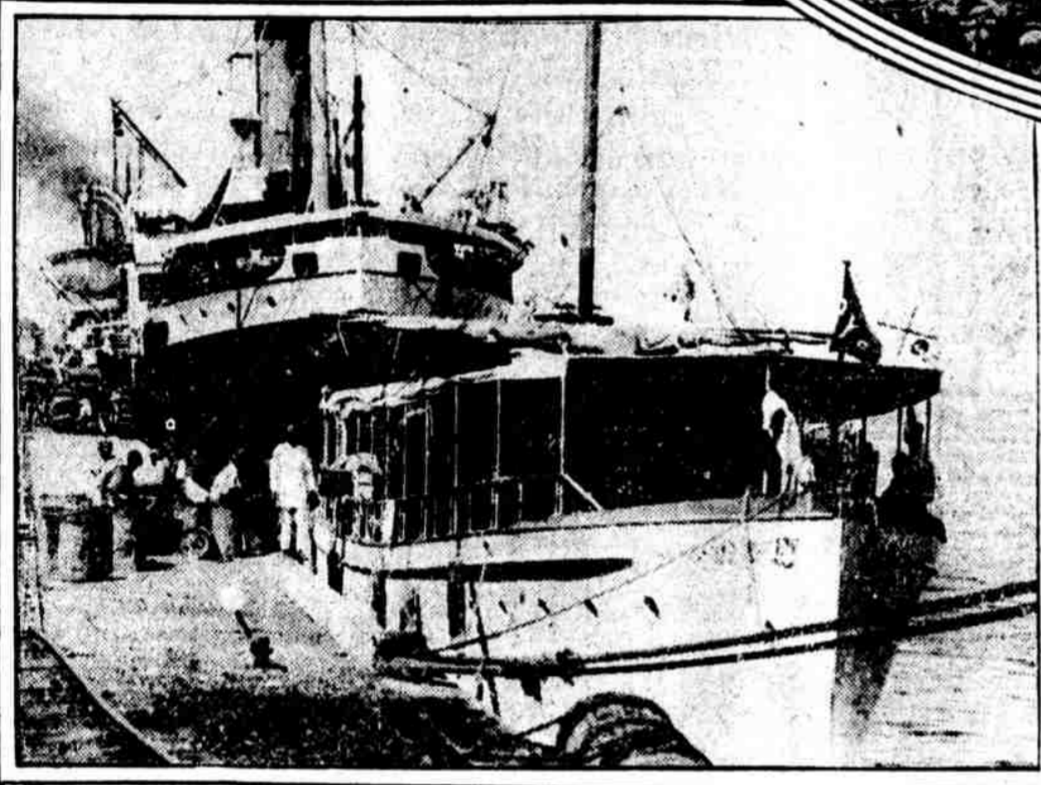
The Speejacks, before she was finally ready to start, cost more than \$500,000. Several times her specifications had to be changed. Everything was built "by twos"—two engines, two propellers and two sets of lighting apparatus—two of everything. This feature stood the little ship in good stead on at least one occasion—when she ran on an uncharted coral reef near the savage Solomon Islands and one of her engines expired. She was able to run on the other engine until she reached a drydock.

Outfitting the Speejacks was also a gigantic task, which cost, besides great time and trouble, some \$35,000. Mr. Gowen manned her largely with young college men, who were anxious to make the tour. But when she came back she had only two of the original crew, the others having been dropped by the wayside and their places taken by seamen of the particular nationality which happened to predominate in whatever port one of the crew decided to disembark.

Besides Mr. and Mrs. Gowen there was I. J. Ingraham, widely known motion-picture photographer, explorer and lecturer. He has taken



Commodore and Mrs. A. Y. Gowen, on their million-dollar voyage of the seven seas. Mrs. Gowen is shown in the luxurious sitting room of their boat tapping out her diary on the typewriter



The little Speejacks is shown docked at Macassar, Dutch East Indies

many pictures, some of which are expected to aid the study of some of the less civilized races of the Far South. There are the steward, Bill Souly, and Jack Lewis, chief engineer, both of whom left New York when the Speejacks sailed on August 21, 1921. The other seven members of the present crew represent as many different nationalities and their home ports are scattered over the world.

The Speejacks, leaving New York with a great ovation, but with a great deal of skepticism over the venture, reached Norfolk two days later and sailed the next day for Miami, where she took on her last supply of gasoline and set sail for the Unknown. It was her purpose to explore those lands where vessels had not touched before, and her logbook shows that she put into little coves and jetties, little shallow havens all over the face of the earth where only native canoes had preceded her.

"We always knew we were going to win out," Mrs. Gowen said. There came over her face a weary look as she remembered how hard it had been to win. Laughingly—for she can also look back on it now with a joke—she told of the great trip, of moonrises that seemed to take the very heart out of things; she told of rolling seas that threatened every minute to engulf the little yacht; and then she told of beautiful sunsets in rugged harbors of savage islands, of the burnished twilight of Arabia and the wealth of Singapore.

Thrilling Adventures Start in Fiji Islands

The Speejacks sailed from Miami early in September, 1921 and soon arrived at Kingston, Jamaica. She was sold up there for four days because of heavy seas which prevented her crossing the Caribbean Sea to Panama. It must be remembered that the yacht is only ninety-eight feet long and weighs sixty-four tons.

After that four-day wait she proceeded to Panama, went through the canal and then was towed by the American steamer Eastern Queen to Tokyo, about 500 miles from Tahiti. There she got under her own power, and for more than fifteen months she cruised without outside assistance.

Nothing unusual occurred at Tahiti, and the party sailed on to the Samoa and the Fiji Islands, where adventure, real, thrilling and astonishing, began. There they met Batu Eppell, a huge black man who wore a garb somewhat similar to that affected by Gunga Din. He was very proud of his great black, kinky black hair.

Eppell, it developed, was a graduate of Oxford come back to live among his own people. He was the son of the old king of the Fijis, and his father had been a cannibal. "He was very proud of that," Mrs.

Gowen said as she told of her friendship with this man. He was chief of the island tribe, and while the travelers were in his care they were given the benefit of every courtesy of the island.

"Once we went inland and were traveling in native canoes," she continued, "which persisted in turning over now and then. We were terribly drenched. "When we reached a camping place in the interior we had no dry clothing except an extra pair of pajamas. There was a little white girl with me, and we went into a sort of hut to change our clothes. Word went around that white people were there and the natives came running. They thought our undressing was a most marvelous sign, and all efforts to secure a little privacy were futile.

"When we stood behind each other, the natives thought we were playing a game and began to imitate us. Then we began to do calisthenics to get our blood circulating again. This threw them into paroxysms of delight."

Chosen Natives Stage Wild-Fire Dance

The next day, through the influence exerted by Mr. Ingraham, who had traveled that way before, and through the party's friendship with Eppell, the natives staged for them the fire-walking dance, which had been performed for white people only three times in twenty-two years, the last time for the Prince of Wales.

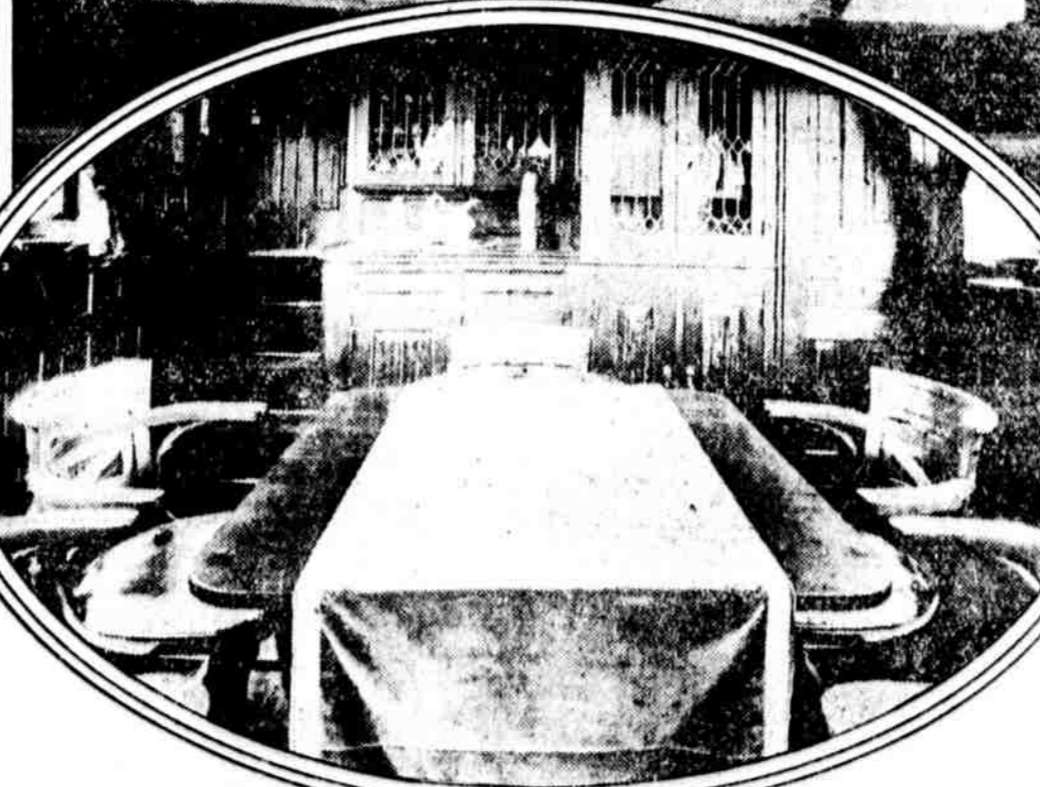
In this dance the natives heat a pile of stones to white heat by a fire that burns for twenty-four hours. Then, after exhorting their gods, chosen natives dance upon the fire. They are never burned.

"There was no doubt of the nervousness of it," Mrs. Gowen said. "They offered to take my hand and lead me barefooted, as they were across the hot stones, and I would have gone, but Mr. Gowen wouldn't let me. "I am firmly convinced that I could have walked across, holding the hands of those black men, and not been scorched. That was the most wonderful thing I ever saw. I saw them, too, take burning logs from the fire, with flames leaping from them, and hold them in their hands and never get burned."

The party made a detour to New Zealand and then went back to the Fiji Islands. There they spent Christmas. At Christmas time, however, which became accentuated later on, began to touch the party. There was a great deal of trouble, but they made the best of it and with some savage food prepared a little Christmas dinner and imagined they were back at home eating turkey and mince pie.

Shortly after Christmas they left for New Caledonia, despite advice not to go. They received hurricane warnings wherever they went, but they pushed on and did touch the tail of a hurricane, but weathered the storm. New Caledonia is about 1000 miles from Australia, and they paid only a brief visit, going on to Sydney, where a royal welcome awaited them from the Sydney Yacht Club.

There Mrs. Gowen had an opportunity to spend several weeks with "white folks." On every hand they were entertained and she had time to recuperate somewhat from her arduous voyage.



Above—The rich young couple as they were sailing down East River at the start of their cruise
Below—Here is shown the owner's private dining room

Arabian wedding, and if I should tell you of the wonder, the mystery and the weariness of it, you wouldn't believe me.

"There was no flower nor shrub in Aden. It seemed that the houses just sprung from the hills. Every foot of the place was filled with legends, which the natives were eager to impart—for a price. It was a most picturesque place and I shall long remember it."

The Speejacks headed toward the Red Sea. In telling of this passage, Mrs. Gowen could not refrain from a ship.

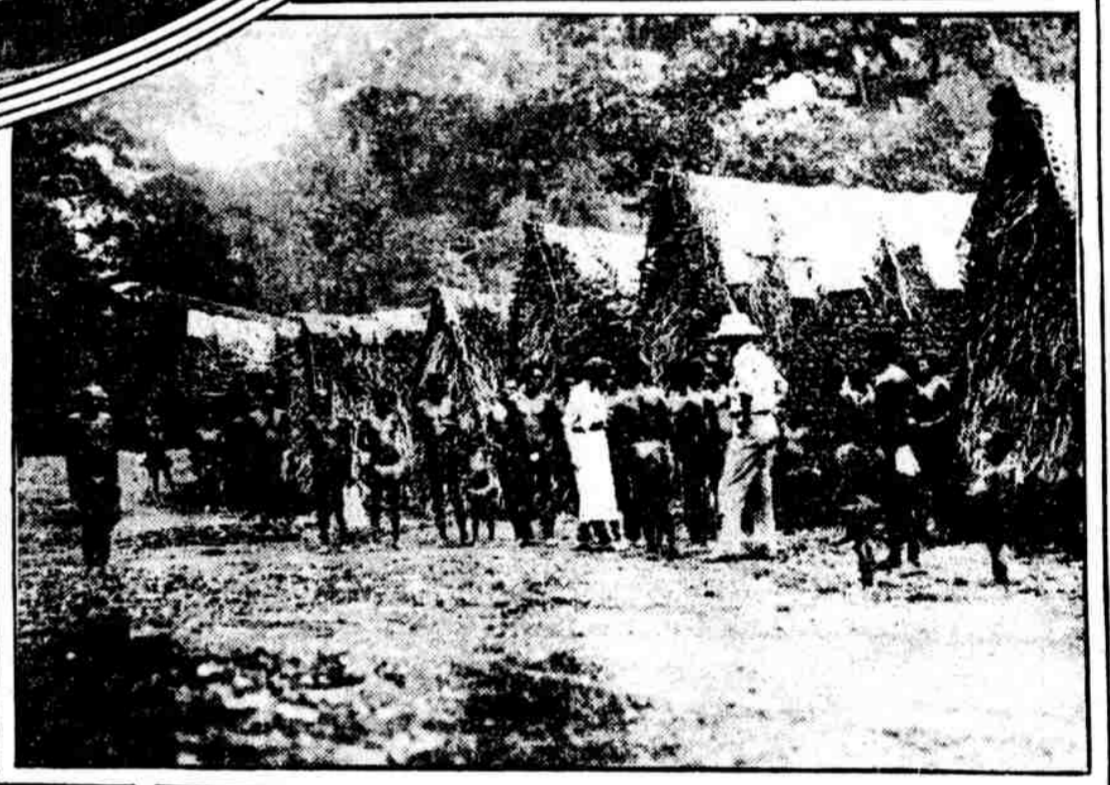
"I know, now, where Dante got inspiration for his 'Inferno,'" she said, in recounting the horrors of that trip.

"It was deathly hot and stormy, and sometimes we could not make more than one mile an hour. It was there that I fainted at the wheel, you know. I always stood my share of the watch. I had to be relieved of duty until we reached Alexandria.

"I love Alexandria and Cairo. We got white camels and rode into the desert, far past the pyramids. It was gay in Alexandria and we met many famous persons. We were guests at a big dinner at the Hotel San Stefano and regretted when the time came for us to leave.

"We were on our way to Athens, where within a day and a half of port we ran into a storm and had to put into the Island of Crete for shelter. Crete is a horrible place. We were there for three interminable days. Then we got to Athens after the storm in time to see thousands of refugees from Smyrna coming in. We were there, too, when Constantinople abdicated.

From Athens the party sailed through the Corinth Canal to Naples, by way of Messina, Sicily. They saw Naples at sunset, with Pompeii covered with twilight. They didn't tarry long in Naples, but bought an automobile and began a tour of the inland. They went



Mr. and Mrs. Gowen visited the scantily clad natives of New Guinea. Few white people have touched at the little village shown here

But not for long. After a few weeks they journeyed up the coast as far as Cooktown, where they learned their mail connections had missed and they would get no letters and papers from home for many months. They sailed around the Southern coast of New Guinea and made for the Solomons.

To reach the islands they had to pass through the Tokelau group, uncharted and untraveled. The little boat ran on a reef and smashed a propeller.

They continued on to the Solomon Islands, where they traded with the natives. Trading parties, consisting of armed guards, met in an open field, much as if a trace of war had been declared.

Mrs. Gowen Yearned to Be Captured

"Mrs. Gowen was terribly disappointed," Commodore Gowen said, "because some of the canoes failed to carry her off. She wanted to be rescued and all that sort of thing."

Her impressions of the savage people in the Solomon Islands, where she said to dwell the fiercest head-hunters existent, are not of fear or horror. As a matter of fact, she believes these savages could teach their white mentors a great deal. The party got many interesting pictures of the savages, who seemed pleased to pose.

They visited the Heian and Admiralty Islands and others of that group which lies to the north of New Guinea. The gasoline supply went low and they found themselves in Hainbold Bay with a threatened shortage of fuel.

They visited Macassar and the Celebes Islands, which they found more rugged than the hills of Borneo.

Down to Bali, where the little naked girls staged a queer, beautiful dance for them, and on to picturesque Java, where the Speejacks went into drydock to have her propeller repaired. Some plates fixed on her hull and to be overhauled.

"I was glad, almost that she had trouble," Mrs. Gowen said, "because we had a chance to tour the place. Java is beautiful. All my dreams of it were true and more. It began to toy up for all the homeliness and sea-sickness hardship of our travels up to this time."

Then they went to Singapore—that strange port, filled with commerce, riches and Chinese. They were entertained in royal style by Chinese millionaires, whose wives wore jewels that almost dazzled the sun.

to Rome, Florence, Genoa, along the Riviera and the Mont Carlo, where Mr. Gowen, with the same sort of good luck that accompanied him on the entire voyage, was good enough at roulette to handle some of the enormous bills for gasoline.

Mrs. Gowen had a chance to rush to Paris to do some belated shopping. It was not her first visit to that fair city. The plan was to tour through the Spain, but it was found that the Spanish highways were not passable, so Mrs. Gowen was shipped to America from Marseilles, and the party went by rail to Barcelona.

In Barcelona they attended a bull fight in which Dol Monte, the famous torero from Madrid, participated. Mr. and Mrs. Gowen and Mrs. Ingraham had special seats next to the dignitaries of the city. The members of the Speejacks crew were honored as well.

When Dol Monte entered the arena he came to the American's box and bowed. He then sent up his yellow robe for Mrs. Gowen to lean over and guard as the highest honor he could pay and one usually tendered only to royalty.

When time came for him to kill his first bull, he stepped in front of the visitors' box again and threw his hat to Mrs. Gowen. She pinned a hundred custom—and threw it back. The next torero did the same thing. Then the American party left.

"I despise that sort of sport," Mrs. Gowen explained. "I had seen bull fights before in Mexico City and London and both times, I was glad to get away. But this experience served to make the trip a little more bizarre."

Get Home in Time For Thanksgiving Day

The Speejacks sailed from Barcelona to Gibraltar and ran into a storm. The vessel was reported lost but came into port with all flags flying and no harm done. Next the party sailed to the Canary Islands, the most hazardous part of the entire voyage. Again storms held up the yacht and its passengers were reported lost. But they came through without injury. Then it was fairly clear sailing to Porto Rico, then to Miami, where they arrived on Thanksgiving Day, to be acclaimed by hundreds of friends awaiting them.

"I want to tell you it was a real Thanksgiving Day for us," Mrs. Gowen asserted.

"I want to get back home and settle down for a while. I would like nothing better than the cozy little white house with the green blinds, to get into the Christmas shopping crowds and be crashed and jostled and have my hair fall down in strands about my face. America is the most beautiful place in the world, and Chicago, I know, is going to be the most beautiful place in the world to me."

Mrs. Gowen has gratified the greatest ambition of his life. He has sailed around the world in a little boat that the appearance of nothing more than a frail shallow-water craft. And he is so proud of his little ship that he almost caresses her sides as she speaks of her.

She flies the flag of the Adventurers' Club, the flag that is flown out by mariners who are making a trip that has never been undertaken before. This flag has gone to both the Poles, and into other fastnesses where dauntless men and women carry the conquest of the far spaces.