

the winter charter season in Antigua, the Stanilands set off across the Atlantic. Ian had grown up on board beautiful *Carrina-except* for six winters spent in a private school in England. He had worked as first mate and at the age of nineteen took over as captain. Now he was buying *Carrina* from his parents so they could retire on board a thirty-eight-foot motor sailor. We learned that Ian had never worn a safety harness or a life jacket. Once he could crawl, his parents allowed him free run of the decks with their eight-inch-high bulwa-ks. They taught him to swim and were amazed at his innate sense of survival. After almost falling overboard once at the age of five months, Ian never again tried to go under the lifelines. Now Ian was lithe as a cat, and only once did we hear a near complaint from this successful charter skipper. One evening after a huge luxurious dinner prepared by his professional cook, Zillah, we sipped a fine bottle of sherry in the warmth of *Carrina's* burgundy velvet and mahogany paneled main salon. Ian sighed, "I wonder what it would be like to store the boat away in a covered shed then work in a London office for a year? You know, a whole year when I could go without worrying about anchors dragging, sails rotting, or varnish deteriorating."

Forty-five-year-old Tom Forrestal had a completely different story on the idea of children and cruising. He had a successful contracting business in New--York. But his doctor told him he had only two or three years to live due to a prematurely aging heart. He never told his wife or family about his health problem. Instead he said to his perky wife, Jo, and their nine daughters, "Some day I'd like to buy a bigger boat and go cruising." The memory of happy summers spent sailing along the coast of New York made this sound like a good idea and within a few weeks they had talked *him* into doing it right now. Tom ordered a Morgan 51 and spent four months and close to fifty thousand dollars modifying it. Then the family set off from New York with six of the daughters on board. A year and a half later we met Tom, Jo, and some of his girls-who range from eleven to twenty-four years old. The older girls had jobs or were in school so they could only join the boat for two or three months each year. Tom taught Jo and the five younger girls how to handle and maintain the boat themselves. One learned basic diesel mechanics, one studied about radios and electronics, and Jo varnished and painted like a professional. .

Eight months after we left Malta that winter, we sailed into a small Greek harbor and saw *Liberty* and several of her crew anchored just