



*Carrina* shared this lovely, well-sheltered anchorage on the northwest coast of Tersani Island in the Gulf of Fethiye.

had come on bicycle to give approval for our docking.

Over the years, Nancy, Jerry, Dave and I have concocted some passable meals while cruising the Chesapeake Bay—canned beef stew, Rice-a-roni, baked tuna and noodle casserole, all served with wine and eaten by citronella candlelight. The meals served up by *Carrina's* lone crewmember, Cally Bagshaw, were not in the same category. She was a creative chef and always used a dash of unique seasonings and a dollop of unknown sauces.

We ate by candlelight, which cast

shadows on the French polished mahogany paneling of the saloon. Textured linen and silver graced the table. Before jet lag finally claimed us, we had dined on roast leg of lamb served with mint sauce, oven-browned potatoes, and fresh carrots, broad beans, bread, peaches and figs purchased that morning in Pythagorion.

By 8:30 the next morning, after the captain had cleared customs, we were free to leave the boat and wander about the town. The place had a pleasant and relaxed bustle. A man with a donkey hawked the vegetables loaded on the animal's back.

ceded all contiguous locations to the mosquitoes, the silt, archaeologists, and the New Testament scholars of a future era.

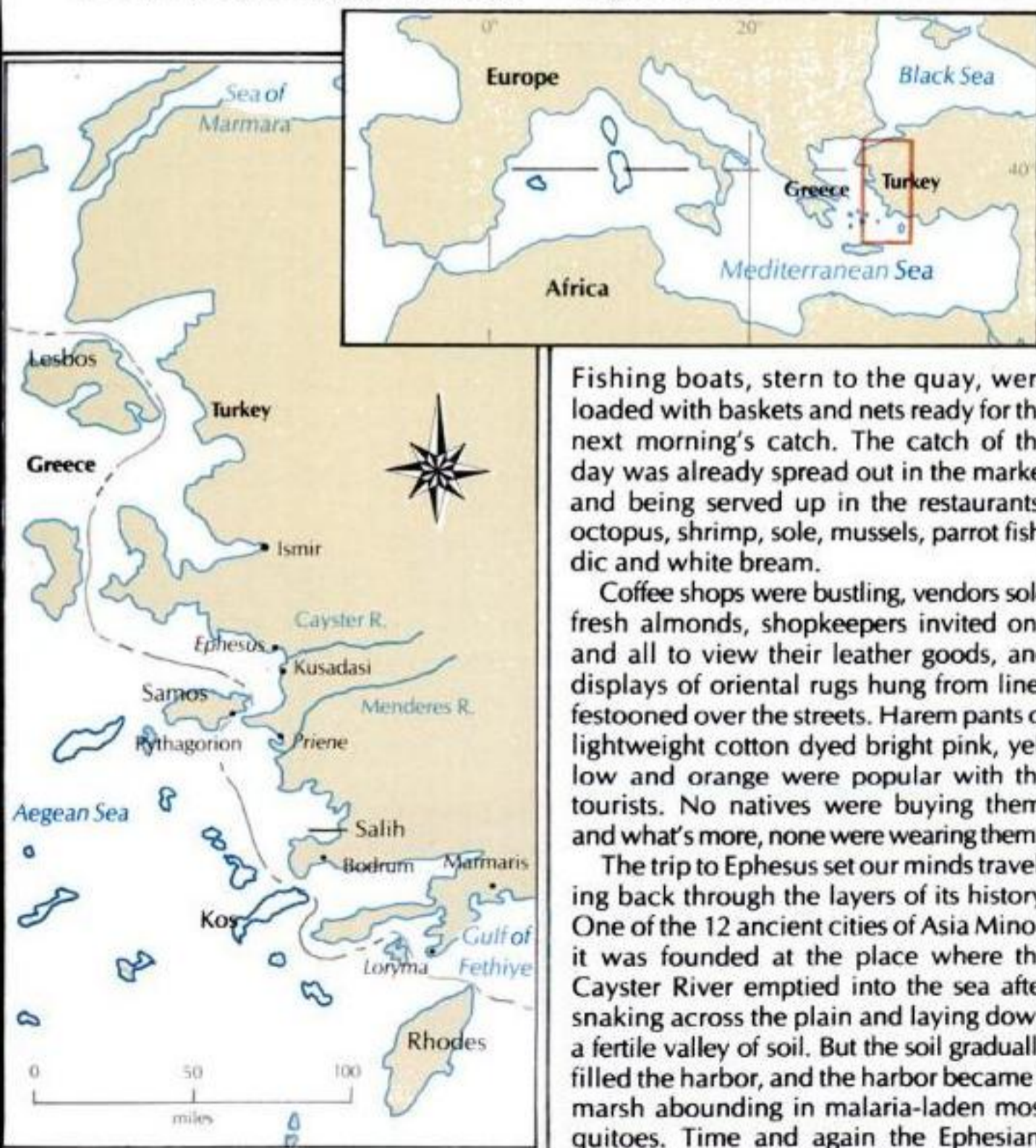
It took longer for the captain to "clear the port" of Kusadasi than it did to enter for he had to explain his itinerary in detail and get permission to go ashore at remote spots down the coast. On the way out of port Dave and Jerry handled the sails under the watchful eye of Cally. By the time we swept past the Greek liner *Daphne*, they had *Carrina* under full sail: main and main staysail, foresail, forestaysail, jib and jib topsail. Then they stood back to catch their breath and admire their handiwork.

We were on our way—on a broad reach south—back through Samos Strait, this time careful to stay in Turkish waters. The wind rose and we sped along the Turkish Coast at speeds up to 9½ knots. This was exactly what we had traveled across the Atlantic for. One minute we admired the sails and the sturdiness of the flying *Carrina*, the next we studied the unfamiliar landscape.

This section of the coastline lies at the present mouth of the Menderes River. In early Greek times its waters emptied into what was then the Gulf of Latmos 20 miles to the east but like the Cayster River to the north the Menderes had silted, meandered, and silted again, always spilling out to sea and gradually changing the face of the coastline.

As we worked down the coast we passed many points of land with little vegetation or habitation. The estuaries are backed by denuded hills, mountains, and jagged peaks whose rocky, harsh dryness is clothed in a soft and beautifying mist. In pleasant contrast to the muted browns and beiges of the landscape was the blue of the water through which we plowed a deep furrow, an indigo that matched the rinse water in which my mother once stirred cubes of bluing to whiten the weekly wash on our farm in Virginia.

The appropriate charts of the day were soon the most popular reading on *Carrina*. These British Admiralty charts are now collectors' items and have been carefully used aboard *Carrina* for 20 years. Originally surveyed between 1840 and 1842 by Commander T. Graves, R.N., on



Fishing boats, stern to the quay, were loaded with baskets and nets ready for the next morning's catch. The catch of the day was already spread out in the market and being served up in the restaurants: octopus, shrimp, sole, mussels, parrot fish, dic and white bream.

Coffee shops were bustling, vendors sold fresh almonds, shopkeepers invited one and all to view their leather goods, and displays of oriental rugs hung from lines festooned over the streets. Harem pants of lightweight cotton dyed bright pink, yellow and orange were popular with the tourists. No natives were buying them, and what's more, none were wearing them.

The trip to Ephesus set our minds traveling back through the layers of its history. One of the 12 ancient cities of Asia Minor, it was founded at the place where the Cayster River emptied into the sea after snaking across the plain and laying down a fertile valley of soil. But the soil gradually filled the harbor, and the harbor became a marsh abounding in malaria-laden mosquitoes. Time and again the Ephesians moved to a new harbor in the vicinity until at last, in the 15th century, they con-