



All about Bodrum were mountains and towers from which the Turks could keep their eyes on the Greek island of Kos.

H.M. Surveying Ship *Beacon*, with corrections to 1950, they are preferred by *Carrina's* captain over the more modern charts and are infinitely more interesting. Hand-engraved, they are works of graphic art which show the contours of the land back from the shoreline and are marked with such tantalizing notations as "ancient port," "acropolis," "Hellenic ruins," "flat hill," "huts," "medieval ruins," "rock sepulchre," "sepulchres," and "good water."

It was necessary to familiarize ourselves with a sprinkling of Turkish words if we were to enjoy Commander Graves's works of art. We soon learned that *körfezi*, *adasi*, and *bükü* mean gulf, island, and bay; while *nehir* is river, *banklari* are shoals, and *burnu* means point.

Chart by chart and anchorage by anchorage we sliced on down the coast, often with strong winds. Sometimes we were disappointed with light air, but at least it gave us the occasion to become acquainted with the light weather sails aboard *Carrina*. We tacked under the main, the high-clewed Yankee jib flown from the forestay, and the "quad," which the captain had named for its shape, a quadrilateral, loose-footed sail which replaces the foresail in the wishbone. There was even a chartreuse balloon staysail of nylon which we would try before finally resorting to the trusty 62-hp. Gardner diesel. Utterly dependable and trouble-free, the slow-turning engine seemed always to be loafing even at hull speed in high winds and rough water.

We kept our eyes open for interesting native boats. On a few occasions it was apparent that they did the same for us, drawing near in an anchorage with a one-lunger or looking up from their search for sponges. One lazy day, after a swim behind the island of Salih where we spotted our own sponges, we sailed on a close beat, making 4 or 5 knots. As the evening approached the wind died, and we ghosted into Büyük Farilya Bükü. Five stone windmills stood sentinel on a high ridge overlooking a village so tiny that while its bay was marked on the chart the village was not.

A mosque rose above the low line of houses along the waterfront, and as the sun dipped toward the horizon, chants

from the minaret called the people to prayer. We were a curiosity as we rode at anchor some distance from the village. A man walking among his olive trees paused to study us. A family, with the father at the tiller and the mother with a baby cradled in her lap and child by her side, circled their boat quite deliberately around ours, smiled shyly, waved and returned to the village. Before we raised anchor the next morning, we once again heard the muezzin call the faithful to prayer.

As we approached Bodrum, our second sizable port, we were treated to occasional activity in the sea lanes. To port, spikey mountains rose in layers one behind the other and fell away into the mist. There was the occasional metal lookout tower from which the Turks could keep their eyes peeled to the west toward the Greek island of Kos. And all about, on most every shore, were ancient bits of masonry, stonework and stone arches that had collapsed.

Clusters of modern, concrete apartment houses began to appear, the wind freshened, and we swept into the port of Bodrum under our full complement of sails. People gathered on the waterfront and watched from their native craft or yachts as our sails came down and the captain, with great aplomb—and the confidence that comes only with much knowledge—moved *Carrina's* 35 tons stern to the dock in a narrow slot between two other yachts more neatly than most of us park the family sedan.

Unlike Ephesus, which is a ghost of its former self, Bodrum, as the ancient Halicarnassus is now known, continues to be a busy center. Many things are in ruins, to be sure, and some are layered over, but the town is still gathered around the same bay. Its sheltered port is protected by the original Greek breakwaters and the well-preserved walls of a large, medieval castle, built by the Knights of St. John.

It is flourishing, not merely because it is the site of the Tomb of Mausolus, another of the famous seven wonders of the ancient world. Despite some tensions between Greece and Turkey, people arrived on scheduled steamers from the Greek island of Kos. Buses connect to Istanbul, scientists gather for the study and explora-

tion of shipwreck treasures, and tourists flock about the castle. Tucked within its walls are beguiling and beautifully maintained rooms which the museum booklet claims contain "the largest collection of underwater finds in the world." The note on a display of bronze ingots in the form of oxhides reads: "Bronze goods from a shipwreck 1200 B.C." and another, "Underwater excavations at Cape Geli-donya 1960."

The Turks seem much less casual about their underwater treasures than those which tumble down the remote hillsides. First at Kusadasi and now at Bodrum the harbor police were careful to check the seals on the scuba equipment aboard *Carrina*. They could not be broken for us to engage in our own underwater archaeological play.

Bodrum is like a vast amphitheater with its harbor the orchestra pit. The Mausoleum, centrally located partway up the slope which surrounds the harbor, had once faced the harbor and dominated the city.

We ambled up through back alleys to the site of the Mausoleum. Pomegranates, oleanders, and fig trees spread their branches from a nearby walled garden, a few well-fed cattle and chickens browsed and pecked about the small stone-enclosed yards. Women with covered heads gathered with bareheaded ones. We walked along the waterfront toward the public square. Awnings covered the markets, and the most popular booths were selling cotton shirts, sandals, belts, replicas of ancient statuary and gaily colored harem pants.

That evening a full moon rose over the harbor. Almost simultaneously three meuzzins began the call to worship from nearby minarets, then a fourth chanted across the soft night air.

Each day brought forth the most favored anchorage or ruin until the following day came along. One day it was ancient Cnidus at the tip of Cape Krio with ruins of the city rising above its two harbors, one of which had been designated exclusively for naval galleys. Cnidus was memorable to us not only for its history but for its poor holding ground. As luck would have it, this was one of the unusual occasions when the meltemi blew all night. We were awakened at midnight by the rattle of an-