



*Carrina* pushed her 35 tons into the Samos Strait as we headed down the coast, careful to stay in Turkish waters.

chor chain. It took 50 fathoms of heavy chain in 10 feet of water to hold *Carrina*.

Another day it was ancient Loryma, reached after a lazy day at sea with flying fish and porpoises sporting about us. We ran before the wind until our running slowed to a walk. Then Ian ordered all fore and aft sails stowed and he and Cally set the square sail. It pulled well, but to see if he could better the speed of 4 knots he set the starboard raffle as well. The speed increased noticeably. The day's excitement occurred when a small Turkish warship steamed out at full speed from the direction of Injah Point, apparently found us harmless and did a 180° turn.

Ancient Loryma was an old Rhodian settlement around Port Aplotheke, a sheltered inlet, quite deserted ashore, where yachts still seek shelter from the meltemi. We shared the vast anchorage with three other boats, one Yugoslavian and two Italian. It was as though we were in the bottom of a slightly filled bowl around which rose barren, rocky promontories.

And then came the day of days—ancient Caunus. Our captain said it was a sight-seeing must, and it was. While its ruins may not have been more amazing than others we had seen, certainly the approach to them was—2¼ miles up a meandering, shallow channel, which is all that's left of the silted Köycëgiz River, where in Strabo's time ships berthed at the port of Caunus.

As *Carrina* neared the mouth of the river, flat-bottomed guide boats raced out to intercept her. The custom seemed to be that the first guide to come alongside and grab a toe rail got the job. Unfortunately, our guide spoke no English, but he was handy enough at maneuvering his boat through a maze of reeds and bamboos, some of them 15 feet high. Kingfishers fed from their reed perches, cattle waded belly deep near the channel. This was the busiest spot since Bodrum. Boats followed us upriver past the ruins of the old city and the large Carian rock tombs which had been cut deeply into the steep rock face to represent temples with columns.

Our tour included a refreshment stop at Dalyan, a prosperous upriver village of nearly 1,000 people. On our way we passed lush green fields of low delta land,

well-kept houses with walled gardens, and barnyards alive with turkeys, bullocks and ducks. Three men were loading a bullock onto a boat, one pulling on a rope looped about the animal's horns, the other two pushing the hindquarters. Once they had all four of its hooves on the stern they pulled the horn line taut to a cleat on deck and proceeded ahead of us to the village where we saw them unload the beast and lead it off to market.

But when all was said and done, our most favored anchorage during the two-week sail was neither ancient Cnidus nor Loryma, not even ancient Caunus, but an unnamed medieval city on the small rocky island of Gemili. H.M. Denham, in *The Aegean, A Sea-Guide to Its Coasts and Islands*, says: "Continuing southwards along the Lycian shores you come to two small islands close off the peninsula of Ilbiz Burnu: Karaca Ören and Gemili. They are closely packed with the ruins of medieval buildings. There is no anchorage other than a small cove opposite Gemili."

The ideal way to take the rugged exploration of hilltop ruins on a warm day is a cooling swim beforehand and another afterwards. If it happens to be a private cove opposite Gemili, so much the better.

Never had we walked among ruins and felt such intimacy with the spirit of those who had gone before. *Who were they?* we asked ourselves as we climbed up and up to the top of the island some 500 feet above the anchored *Carrina*. What were their dreams? Their expectations? Why did they leave? An earthquake? Conquerors? Surely malaria was not the problem on this high, riverless land.

There were remnants of a church with traces of frescoes on its walls. A marble column decorated with a cross in bas relief had careened downhill. Nearby, a mosaic floor, once intricately and patiently set with tiny blue and red squares, tumbled slowly toward the sea. Small Mediterranean oak trees grew around a foundation, tiny cyclamen plants bloomed near a boulder. Along the shore were what appeared to be water storage cisterns cut from solid stone.

That night there was neither a breeze nor a ripple of water, only soft, cool, caressing air. Shooting stars set off silent fireworks.

The time had come to return, to reverse our southeasterly direction. Two miles east of Gemili lay the deep lake of Yörgun Köyü. Entering by a narrow channel 20-feet wide and 15-feet deep, we looked up at the steep green mountains and down into the clear deep waters. It was a place of awesome beauty. No wonder the Turkish people had adopted it as one of their favorite vacation spots. We circled and headed back through the channel. And there on the beach we saw the sight we had despaired of seeing. Holding the hands of their children while walking along the beach were three veiled women clad in somber-hued harem pants!

Our port of exit from Turkey was Marmaris, a thriving, busy harbor. There were native boats with lateen sails, naval patrol vessels, freighters, German yachts and a few Turkish bareboat charters. Turkish music filled the marketplace and shopkeepers served tea to any serious buyer. While the captain was occupied with the paperwork involved in leaving Turkey, Jerry and Dave were studying each vessel in the harbor. Nancy and I roamed the marketplace, and Cally stocked up on honey by the jar and honeycomb.

Our last day brought the most exciting sail. After we had cleared Marmaris for the island of Rhodes the wind began to build. Then it shifted. Meltemi, the captain declared. We had met the famed wind only once before on the trip when it blew all night in the harbor of ancient Cnidus. As wind and sea came on strong, we began to truly appreciate *Carrina's* heavy construction and over-designed fittings.

We thought Ian might break out the storm staysail, one of 12 sails on board and the only one we hadn't used on the trip. But it stayed in its bag, and we beat into 40-knot winds with all working sails except the jib topsail, pounding through 6 to 8-foot waves until at last Rhodes came into sight. We raced out of the meltemi toward the ancient harbor and entered beneath the imagined but welcome stride of the Colossus of Rhodes.

Libbie and Dave Johnson met at the University of Maryland while working on student publications and began sailing a 19-foot daysailer on the Chesapeake Bay. Libbie has written children's books and Dave is still engaged in printing and publishing.