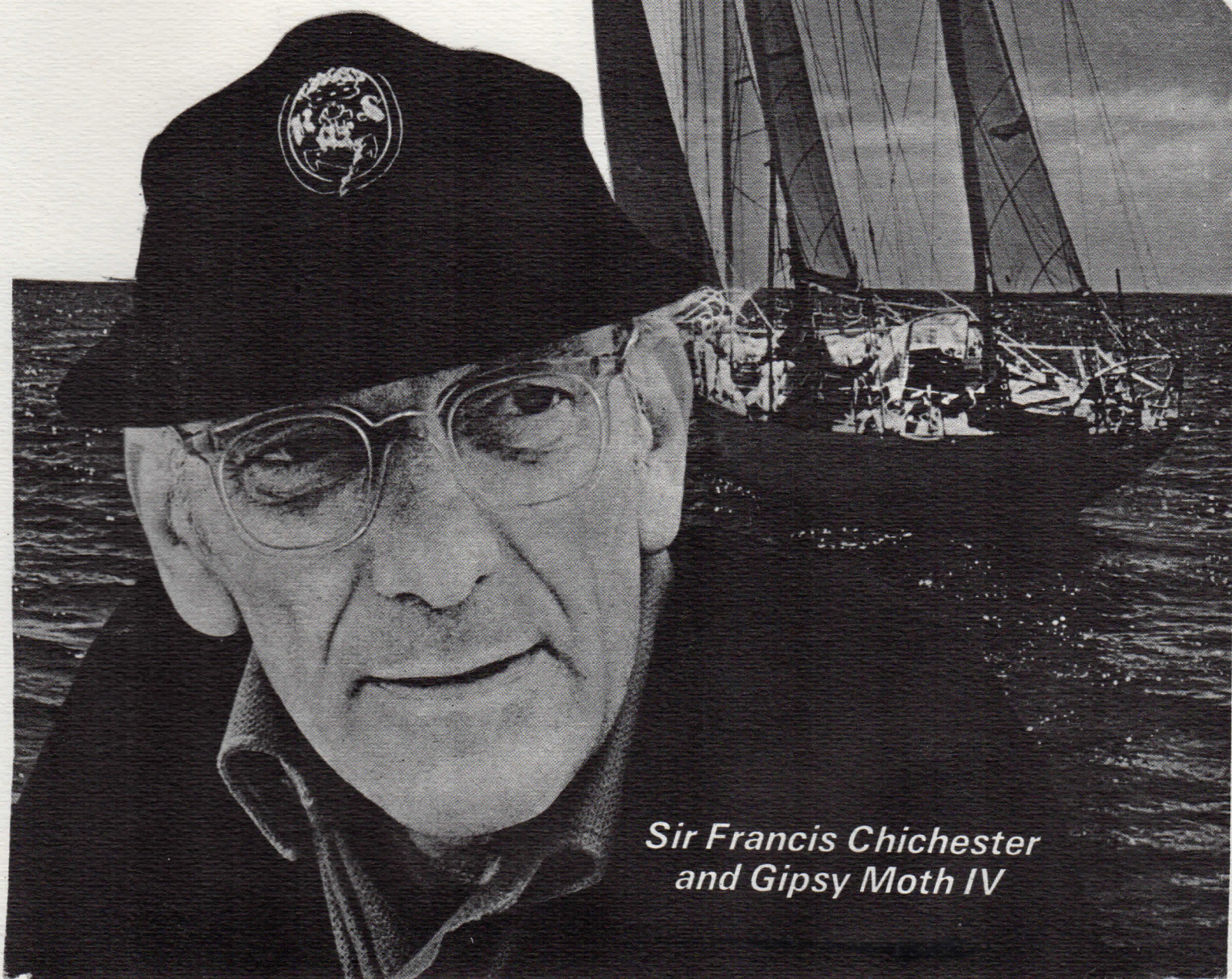


GREAT BRITAIN'S  
PHILATELIC TRIBUTE TO  
*One Man's Stirring  
Conquest of the Sea*



*Sir Francis Chichester  
and Gipsy Moth IV*

# GREAT BRITAIN'S PHILATELIC TRIBUTE TO SIR FRANCIS CHICHESTER

To commemorate his outstanding achievement  
in sailing single handed round the world.



## THE BRITISH CHICHESTER STAMP

Depicting the Gypsy Moth IV at sea,  
Sir Francis at mainmast.

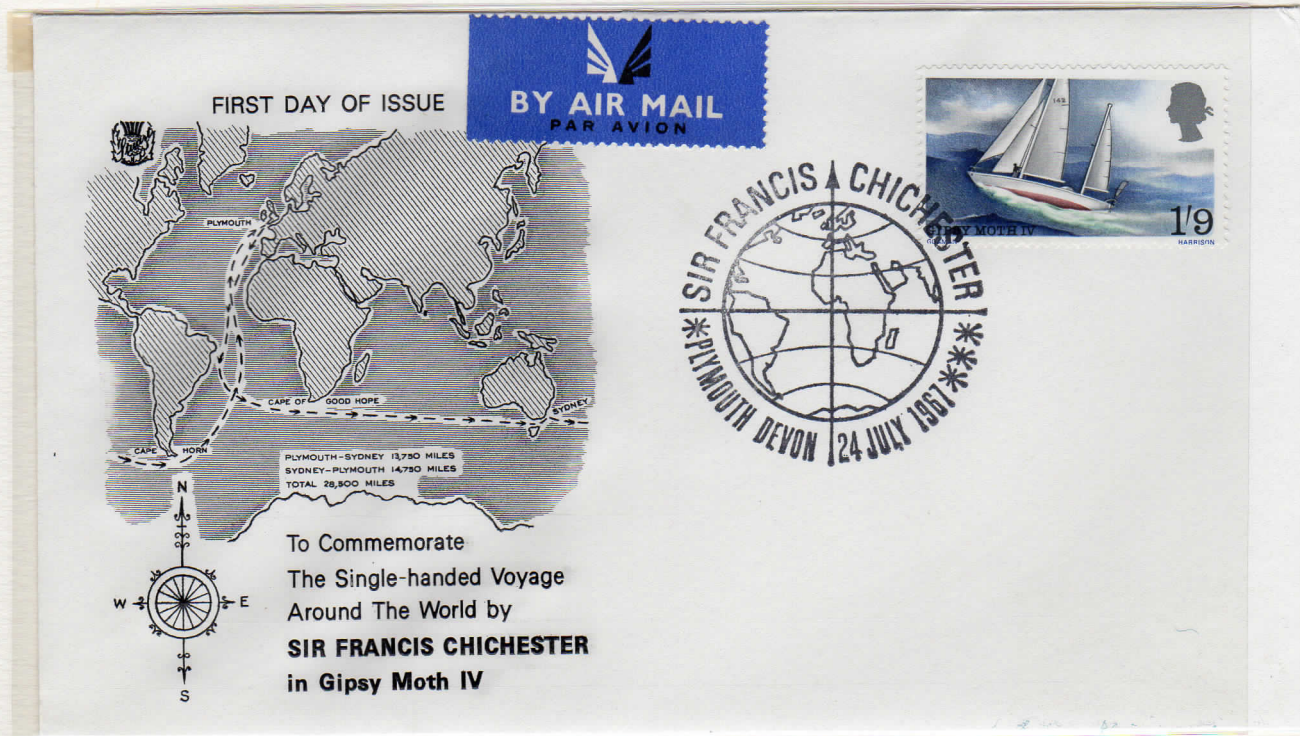
Gibbons No. 737 Scott No. 511

The 1/9 value is the basic Air Mail  
Charge, Gt. Britain to Australia.

Designed by Michael Goaman, F.S.I.A.

First Printing, 24,000,000, by Harrison & Sons.

Apart from the reigning monarch,  
Chichester is the first living person to appear  
on a British Stamp.



## THE FIRST DAY COVER

Cancelled, very specially, at Plymouth, Devon.

On the day the stamp was issued – July 24, 1967.

It was from Plymouth that Mr. Chichester sailed, August 27, 1966,  
and, to Plymouth, that Sir Francis returned, May 28, 1967.

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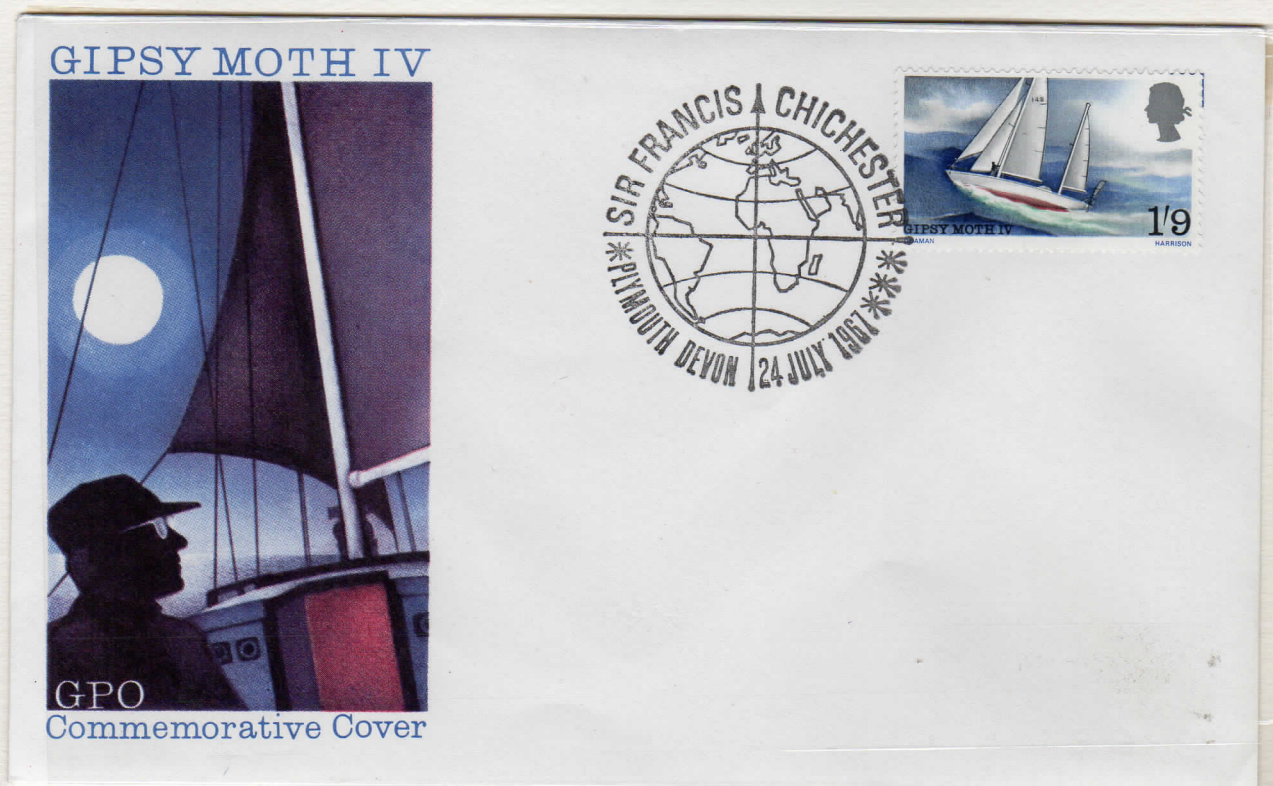
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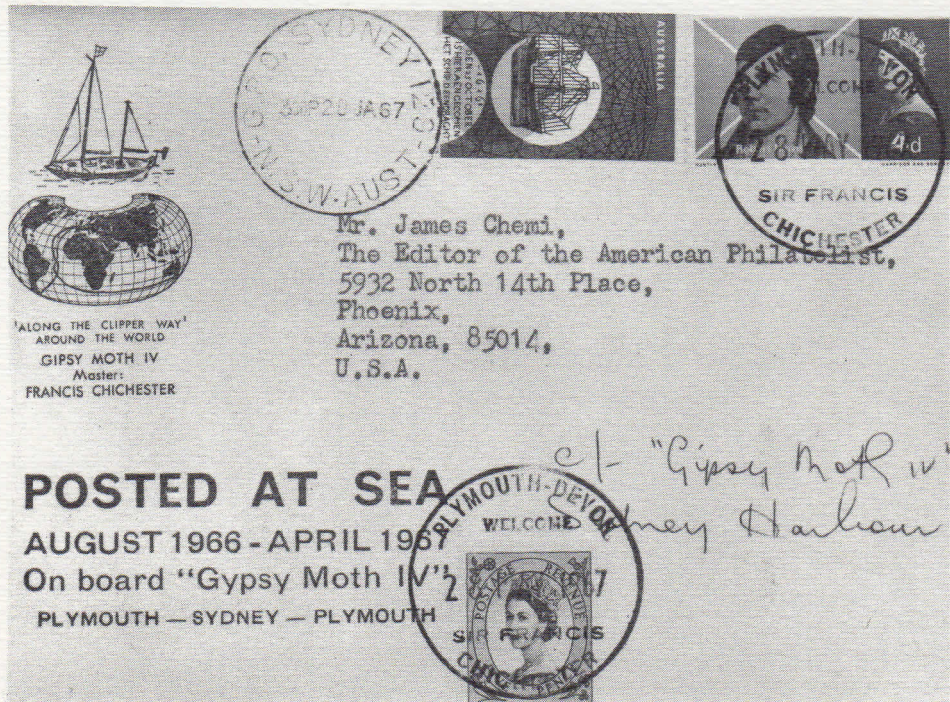
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**A COVER CANCELLED AT PLYMOUTH MAY 28th, THE DAY OF CHICHESTER'S RETURN.  
THIS SPECIAL POSTMARK WAS APPLIED TO MAIL ONLY BETWEEN 7 PM AND MIDNITE.**

*(He arrived at 7 PM, and the famous day ended at midnight!)*



**ONE OF JUST FIFTY SIMILAR COVERS CARRIED BY CHICHESTER**  
Designed and arranged by Robson Lowe of London Addressed to fifty Leading Editors.

# FRANCIS CHICHESTER'S CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF THE GLOBE, ALONE, IN HIS 53-FOOT KETCH, "GIPSY MOTH IV", THE FOLLOWING IS A DIGEST OF CHICHESTER'S OWN NARRATIVE AS RADIOED BY HIM, WHILE HE WAS AT SEA.

CONDENSED FROM THE TIMES OF LONDON

## MY VOYAGE WAS LAUNCHED BY FEAR!

The voyage began because I was terrified of Cape Horn. I had read such terrible things about the old ogre by people who had made the passage. You've got all the water being squeezed between South America and the Antarctic through this narrow, shallow gap. You get waves 50 feet high; you get the fury of hell loose at times there. Wind will never go over a mountain range if it can go around the side, so it pours around the point of South America. All this really worked on me, because I hate having a thing frighten me. If anything terrifies me, I must try to conquer it.

I read up on the old clippers that used to round the Horn, and my plan took shape: I would follow the route of these magnificent sailing vessels from England to Australia around the Cape of Good Hope and back again around Cape Horn. Not only that, but I would try to equal their average sailing time for these voyages.

As it turned out, I did not succeed. I made mistakes. I did not go as fast as they did. But I did sail around the world alone, only putting into port once, and no one has ever done that before. It is always satisfying to do something that no one else has done.

Great Void. I sailed from Plymouth on August 27, 1966, and the first few days out I didn't feel any romance about the voyage -- seasickness is the most anti-romantic thing you can meet. I was a bit slow running from England, but on September 13, when I was 2390 miles out and almost in the tropics, I got the Trade breezes, and really knocked off distance -- 548 miles in three days.

On September 17, I celebrated my 65th birthday by dressing up in my green smoking jacket and having a champagne party in the cockpit. I opened presents from my wife Sheila, and friends, and drank toasts to absent loved ones. It was a great occasion. There was a lovely sunset, and I sat in the cockpit until dark.

Two hours after turning in, I was called out to find the yacht out of control in a violent squall. I had not time to put on my pants. It took me two hours' hard work to get all the sails down and make the yacht ship-shape again. It is possible that I wasn't as quick as usual after my party.

In October, I twice entered the Roaring Forties, those windy latitudes that begin at the southern end of Africa, and was driven out by gales and squalls. The second time I handled the boat badly, and it was damaged. One stanchion was uprooted from the deck, and all the battens of the mizzen sail were torn out and lost. The waves looked 100 feet high, so I dare say they were 40.



Chichester alone with the wind and the waves

I broke half a back tooth during a gale when I was crunching mint cake -- it ought to be called Arctic rock. My dentist had given me a repair kit before I left, and I tried three times to repair my tooth -- with no success. In the end, I picked the finest file from my toolbox and filed down the jagged edge of the tooth, which had been making my tongue sore.

In the South Atlantic, I felt cut off from the human race, the living and the dead. It is a dreary ocean. The North Atlantic seems to teem with spiritual atmosphere, but here there is a spiritual emptiness, a great void. I did not see a fish in the water -- only flying fish going by.

Loneliness, and the fear that goes with it, came at unexpected times. When the boat was going normally, every minute was full of work and things to do. But when we were becalmed and I had to force myself to work, loneliness would hit me. I could have picked up news broadcasts on my radio or listened to tapes of my favorite music, but somehow I couldn't bring myself to. I knew that the news would make me feel more lonely and frustrated. I did put on a tape one starry night off Africa. It was so pure, so beautiful -- I felt sad and far from home. I can't explain it: this was one of the worst moments of the voyage. I turned off the tape and did not play it again until I was on my way home.

I've thought a lot about this, and I suppose that when you set off on a venture of this sort you shut off a lot of things that make you a human being. You turn yourself into a machine for a particular purpose; something that reminds you that you are a human being like everyone else is unbearably sad. A man does not listen to music when he is trying to run a four-minute mile.

**CAPE OF GOOD HOPE** I was still almost 3000 miles from Sydney when the self-steering gear that kept the boat on course when I was not at the helm broke, irreparably. This was a disaster. My voyage was finished. It was November 15, and I had been at sea 80 days. I could never sail 3000 miles on schedule without a self-steering aid. I sat down and had a brandy, hot -- then I went to sleep.

When I awoke, I was depressed. Somehow Gipsy Moth had to be made to steer herself. All day I worked with tiller lines, shock cord and balancing of sails. That night I left her steering herself with a system I had rigged up -- and awoke to find her sailing back west instead of northeast. But even if she was headed the wrong way, sails aback, she was sticking firmly to her course. That gave me the clue. I deliberately backed one of my sails and harnessed it to the tiller.

The scheme worked. The boat steered herself and on course. Every day I improved the system until I was making 160 miles a day. A kind of elation came over me: some-



Sir Francis shoots the sun and takes his own picture by remote control

thing had gone wrong, and I had got around the obstacle all by myself. I could make Sydney after all, traveling 2750 miles on my own invented self-steering.

Yet, beating up the coast to Sydney -- I reached there on December 12, 107 days out of Plymouth -- I was at the lowest physical and mental ebb of my life. I think I was suffering from malnutrition. It took me two hours to do work which would normally have taken 20 minutes. I had to stop every few minutes to rest and get my breath back. Many times I would have given anything to have my young strength again. On the other hand, there are compensations in being 65. When you are young, you haven't got the will for a long, sustained effort like this.

## SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

I remained in Sydney 47 days, improvising the boat for the worst to come and restocking my larders with food more easily prepared, so I would be likely to eat more. Originally I had planned on cooking quite elaborately. Gipsy Moth demanded too much time and energy to allow for that.

## THE ROARING FORTIES

"Over She Goes!"

A day out of Sydney, I was bouncing around on the edge of a tropical cyclone. My log for January 30 reads: "About 2230 capsized." I was in my bunk when it happened, asleep. I had been there for some hours, because you could not stand up or do anything -- you got tossed about too much.

It must have been a giant wave, a freak. I woke up when we began to roll and said to myself, "Well, over she goes." It was pitch black, which always makes things more exciting. The episode seemed to last a long time, but I don't think it was more than 20 seconds, really. I could not do anything. I was on the downside, and the whole boat was above me. There was a terrific clatter. Everything showered onto me from across the cabin. (Later, I found a sharp cutting knife imbedded in woodwork close to my head. I was very lucky to escape with only a cut lip.)

There never seemed to be any question that Gipsy Moth IV would right herself. She is built to do so. The point was, which way would she come up? I was lying there wondering whether we might go all the way over and come up the other side. But she finally righted herself without going all the way around (I was later able to calculate that she had heeled over to at least 41 degrees below the horizontal), and I struggled out to survey the damage.

The shambles that boat was! Tools, containers and food were all over the cabin, which was sloshed with water from the forehatch falling open. You never saw so bloody much mess! I was frightened. I thought: If this can happen in an ordinary storm, what will it be like if I run into a real hurricane?

The capsizing left me in low spirits. My log for February 2 reads: "How sick I am of being bumped about, thrown, twisted, accelerated, jerked as if in a tiny boat in a mountain stream. Everything seems wrong about this voyage. I hate it, and I am frightened." But the experience kept me interested for weeks, working it out.

A Real Cape Horner. The traditional gale was blowing as I crossed into the Roaring Forties, and my log tells something of how my days were there. "February 25: Drank Sheila's health, as it is our 30th wedding anniversary. No dressing up on my part. It is too rough for fun and antics."

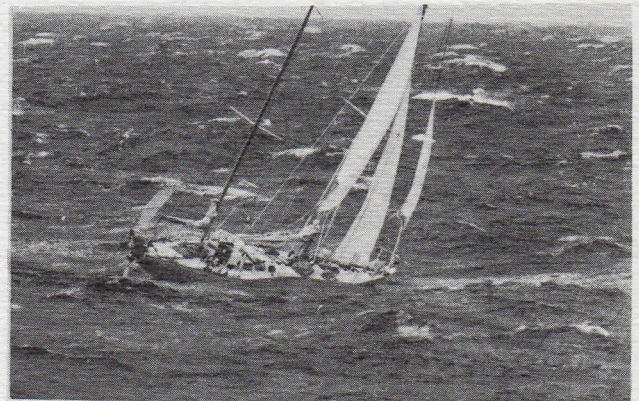
Gales blew now for seven days on end -- winds up to 67 knots -- and I found it difficult to stand upright. I finished up with only a tiny sail of 60 square feet, and began to wonder if I was in for something like Drake met when he ran for three weeks before northeast gales after the Magellan Strait. When the wind gets up to a certain note, you are frightened. This term, Roaring Forties, is no myth. You get a kind of soft roar. It's an absolutely distinctive

note, really -- different in these seas than in any other part of the world where I've been. We had this sort of weather for 30 days.

As I approached Cape Horn, the weather got steadily worse. I could not get a fix on either the sun or the stars, and had to rely completely on dead reckoning. I was steering for the relatively narrow Drake Passage, which is stuffed with islands, and I had seen no land since Sydney Heads 50 days before. I had a nagging fear that I might have a persistent error in my calculations.

I spent one of the most anxious nights of my life, Sunday, March 19. Every few minutes I peered ahead, but I doubt that I would have seen an island 300 yards away on that violent, pitch-black night.

Monday's dawn was a magnificent and terrifying sight. Across the heaving seas, with black clouds low overhead and bursts of rain falling, I made out, 30 miles to the north-east, the landfall I was looking for -- Cape Horn itself. Just where it should have been. It was shrouded in rain, but as unmistakable as the Rock of Gibraltar. I have an un-failing sense of humility and amazement whenever I successfully put my trust in the mysterious and lifesaving art of navigation. To me the most important achievement of my voyage was navigation. I went around the world seeing land at only four places.



### ROUNDING CAPE HORN

*Sailing through the perilous Horn passage, Sir Francis at times set storm jib, stay and trysails. Stores and ballast had been shifted amidships in Sydney, reducing "hobby horsing" in the heavy seas.*

The waves were tremendous. They varied each time, but all were like great, sloping walls towering behind you. The kind I liked least were like a bank of gray-green earth, 50 feet high and very steep. Imagine yourself at the bottom of one. It was eerie.

## PLYMOUTH MAY 28th

A real Cape Horner was blowing. My cockpit filled up five times, and once it took more than 15 minutes to drain. I was caught once, and before I could jump out onto the deck the water forced its way under my tight-fitting deckwear and filled my boots. I do not think my feet have ever been so cold. My wind-reading machine stopped recording at 60 knots. My self-steering could not cope with the buffeting.

I got very little sleep, and I didn't eat for four days. I finally sailed out of the Roaring Forties on March 31. To be candid, I think that anyone who sails in those latitudes a lot is a fool -- but I knew that before I started. On the other hand, it is one of life's great-experiences, and I would feel unsatisfied if I had not done it. I tried to celebrate the event with a bottle of fizz, but this was a flop by myself. It's always the same with any big effort. If you succeed, it seems slack at the time. You've made so much effort that success at the end means nothing. It's the effort that counts, not the success.

**Friendly Waters.** After Cape Horn I could follow no established daily routine. I never slept more than four hours at a stretch that I can remember. I watched my dwindling supply of drink with alarm. I carried plenty with me from Australia -- gin, brandy, rum and a keg of Whitbread's beer -- under the floorboards. Unfortunately the keg had no gauge on it. Every time I drew a glass of beer from the keg I had the agonizing fear that it might be my last. What torture!

Some Americans I used to sail with were amazed at my taking a good stiff drink on board. I told them that anybody could sail when he was stone sober, but it took a seaman to do it well with a few inside. On Gipsy Moth IV there was nothing like a good drink to bring on the wind. A stiff drink was almost always followed by a schemozzle.

I filleted through the Doldrums in late April as if I had a passage reserved for me by Father Neptune. As I got into the North Atlantic, I felt I was in friendly waters. I began playing my taped music again. But on May 8, when I was hailed by the Esso Winchester, I found to my disgust that contact with people was making me tremble. It reminded me that three months of solitude is strong medicine.

On May 27, the day before I reached Plymouth harbor, a naval escort picked me up and press boats began converging. More and more airplanes circled Gipsy Moth. An officer on one of the warships radioed me that a quarter of a million people would be waiting to see me arrive. I asked him to please tell me no more about it. I went below and stayed as much as I could. I still had to finish the job I was doing.

## IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC



## SAFE, FRIENDLY WATERS

After a voyage like this, one of the first questions I get asked is why I did it. While alone at sea, I decided what I think is the real answer:

Our ancestors got far more out of successfully hunting a meal or warming their backsides in the sun than we do now living a life completely controlled by the brain. I have tried the intellectual life. I have devised a successful navigational system and have written several best-selling books. I have tried a completely physical life, but it had a sadness and loneliness about it. The only way to live to the full is to do something that depends on both the man-developed part of the brain and on physical sense and action. That's what I do on these sea voyages, and if I am lucky I end up enjoying the sun on my back, the most satisfying sensation of all.



## SIR FRANCIS CHICHESTER C.B.E. O.B.E.

### A MODERN DRAKE

Francis Chichester was born at Shirley, in England's "West Countrie", on September 17, 1901, son of the local Rector. For about four years he attended Marlborough, one of England's fine Public Schools. (A private school, in the American sense.) He was a good student, and captained the rugby team. But, he came to despise the English Public School life. He wrote "It must be 150 years out of date. There must be something wrong with this set-up. We're all mentally, morally and physically constipated."

In 1919, when he was barely eighteen, he dropped out and emigrated to New Zealand. His total capital was £ 10., and he worked his way out as a toker, vowing that he would never return until he had saved £ 20,000.

In New Zealand, during the next ten years, he did many things: gold digging, coal mining, farming, selling farm magazines, real estate trading, and mastered the science of aforestation. It is said that there are a million trees which have been, or will be harvested, as a result of his planting activities during the 1920s.



At Marlborough school Chichester (seated far left) captained a rugby team (above). "We were all mentally, morally and physically constipated," he wrote.

### A LIFETIME OF ADVENTURE

He returned to England in 1929, at the age of 28, reputed to be worth £ 100,000, seeking new worlds to conquer. Aviation, while not exactly in its infancy, was still a very youthful industry. To Chichester, it offered great possibilities of development, both in manufacture and service. Of more importance, to him, personally - adventure. Fresh in his mind were two great solo flights - Lindbergh, non-stop from New York to Paris; Bert Hinkler, the first from England to Australia.

With New Zealand partners, he founded a flying service - The Godwins Chichester Aviation Co. Ltd. But, he became so dissatisfied with his pilots, he bought a single engine plane for himself, learned to fly and navigate it. He named it the GIPSY MOTH. After only three months practice as a qualified pilot, he set out to beat Hinkler's record - the first flight, solo, England to Australia. But, in Africa, he broke his propeller! He did complete the flight, despite hair-raising crack-ups and forced landings, the second man to do so solo. He failed, however, to equal Hinkler's flying time.

Chichester, now a dedicated flier, set himself another challenging assignment - to be the first to fly solo over the 1200 mile Tasman Sea which stretches between Australia and New Zealand. For this perilous journey, he fitted his Gipsy with pontoons, converting it into a seaplane. Now, he had to prove his ability as a navigator! So, he armed himself with an 1839 manual on navigation, and a pocket sextant which was donated by an Anzac friend who'd captured it from a German officer in World War I! He attained his objective - a second great achievement, in his very first year as an amateur flying man!

## FLYING

This involved him in a very near fatal disaster. Flying over Lord Howe Island, about 500 miles N.E. of Sydney, to quote Chichester, "the idea of blowing in, and settling on the lagoon, caught my fancy." But, a sudden gale turned the plane upside down and sank it! It took him, with the help of 120 islanders, ten weeks to raise and rebuild it!



Chichester airborne: In 1930, a daring solo to Australia

It was mid-1931 when he got back to Australia from this little adventure with his GIPSY, and decided that it was time to do something really worthwhile. That was to fly, solo, round the world! His first stop would be Japan. A retired port captain, who knew Japan well, recommended that he put down in Katsuura Harbour. But, he forgot to tell him that telephone cables were stretched at medium height over the water! Chichester, unsuspecting, flew right into them! One float was cut off. He and the plane were catapulted into the concrete harbour wall, completely wrecked. Chichester suffered terrible injuries; 13 bones broken. Miraculously, his life was spared, and, in due course, he was flown home to England. Nearly five years until mid-1936, elapsed before he had fully recovered.

The next year - February 25, 1937 - Chichester married, Sheila Mary Craven. This has proved a most happy and successful union; they have one son, Giles, aged 21.

## SAILING

In September, 1939, World War II broke, and Chichester volunteered for service in the R.A.F., only to be turned down because of bad eyesight. He made two other attempts to get into action, but failed. However, he was finally accepted as Senior Navigation Officer, and did a magnificent job, devising and teaching new navigational techniques to Britain's flying men.

After the war, he established his own firm, Francis Chichester Ltd., making maps. The company has gained world renown with its small pocket maps.

Francis Charles Chichester is the author of a number of important books on the sea, navigation and seafaring activities of this and past generations. Our New York Public Library lists fourteen. His writings range from important scientific studies to adventure. Here are a few - ASTRO NAVIGATION, ALONE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC, STAR COMPASS LONGITUDE FINDER, ALONG THE CLIPPER WAY, ATLANTIC ADVENTURE, PLANISPHERE OF AIR NAVIGATIONAL STARS.



## NAVIGATION

Until 1953, he had never done any sailing. At the age of 52, he felt the urge to get out on the water and do some racing. So, he bought and rebuilt a sloop, naming it the "GIPSY MOTH II". Thus began his education as a sailor. But, his racing with this "GIPSY" was undistinguished.

In 1957 Chichester appeared to have come, once again, to the "Stygian Shore". He developed a serious, chronic cough. His doctors confirmed it. All urged immediate surgery. This, his wife, Sheila, opposed. Instead, she moved him to a "nature cure" hospital. For a time he was close to death. Then, slowly, inexplicably, he began to recover! Sheila took him to the South of France, for months in the sun. There, complete recovery was effected.

In 1959, once again in good health, and, now, 58, the indefatigable Chichester resumed his maritime activities, determined to master sailing technique and marine navigation. He acquired another offshore racer and named it "GIPSY MOTH III". In 1960 he entered the first solo race across the Atlantic and made the trip to New York in 40 days - a full week ahead of his closest rival. Two years later, in 1962, he set a new record for the East-West crossing, making it in 33 days.

One more solo trans-Atlantic trip, apparently, satisfied him that he was a competent navigator and expert in handling sail. He might, now justifiably embark upon a more ambitious venture. Extensive reading of the romantic voyages of the great mariners of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, making their oft uncharted, hazardous way to those vast areas, south and west of the Horn, fired his imagination. He absorbed all he could root out of the voyages of Drake, Tasman, Hartog, Bass & Flinders, and "Bully" Forbes. He accepted as a challenge the speed records made in the highly competitive passages of the great clippers, Cutty Sark and Thermopylae, in 1868 and 69. So, it was into these areas that Chichester, a modern Drake would steer his course.

He was ready, now, for a solo trip round the world! Aided by friends, relatives and prominent business firms whose products would go into the construction and outfitting of a new "GIPSY", the project was launched. The services of Britain's finest naval architects were made available. Designers, John Illingworth & Associates. Builders, Camper & Nicholsons. By mid-1966, at a cost of about £30,000. "GIPSY MOTH IV" was ready. He sailed from Plymouth, Saturday forenoon, the 27th August, 1966. Arrived at Sydney, Australia, Monday evening, the 12th December, a 107 day voyage. Sailed for home again, at noon, Sunday the 29th January, 1967. Arrived at Plymouth, Monday evening, the 28th May, this passage taking 119 days. Total time at sea, 226 days. (Repairs and re-outfitting, Sydney, 48 days.)

Just before he sailed from Sydney, on the return voyage, Queen Elizabeth cabled congratulations and best wishes and advised him that the accolade of Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire had been conferred. The ceremony - the actual "Dubbing" - by the Queen, in confirmation, took place Friday, July 7th, 1967, at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, out-of-doors, on the bank of the Thames, close to where "GIPSY MOTH IV" was anchored! Her Majesty used the same sword that Queen Elizabeth I had used when she conferred the accolade of Knighthood upon Sir Francis Drake, 400 years ago.

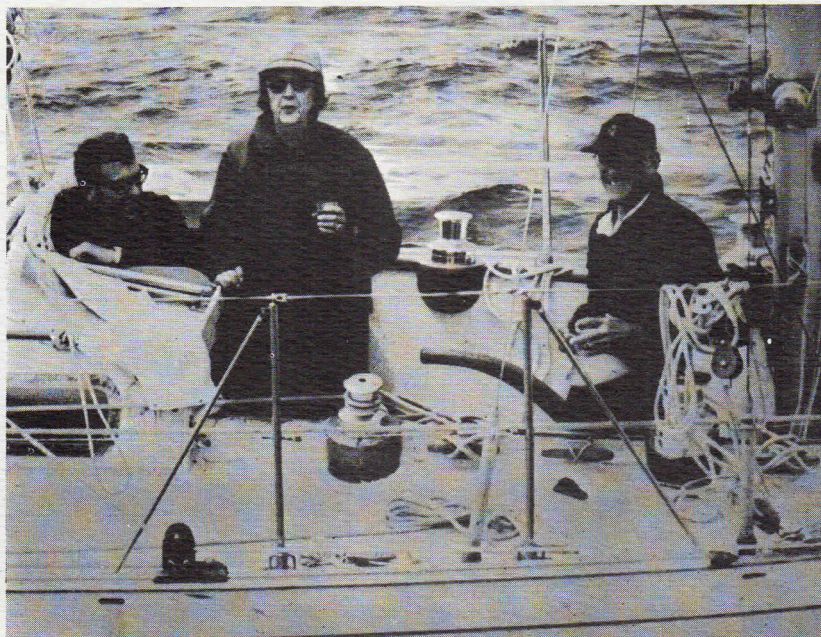


*Sir Francis Drake took almost three years to complete the voyage on The Golden Hind. In 1581 Queen Elizabeth I knighted him aboard ship.*

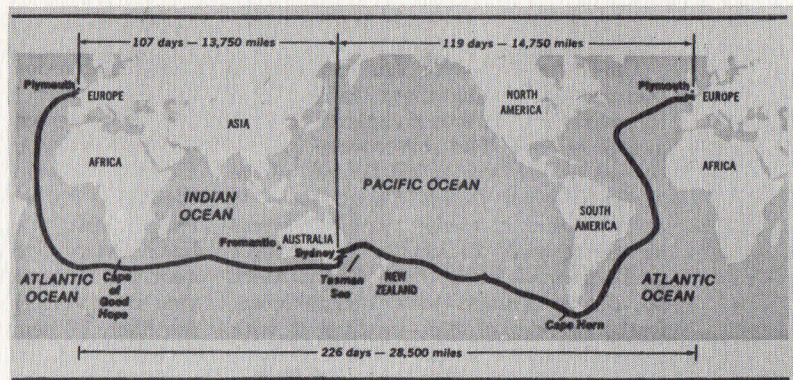
## HONOURED BY HIS COUNTRYMEN AND HIS SOVEREIGN



**GIPSY MOTH IV**



**SIR FRANCIS SAILS FOR GREENWICH:** Accompanied by his wife and son, Sir Francis Chichester set sail in *Gipsy Moth IV* on July 2 to Greenwich, where he will be knighted by the Queen on July 7. The dubbing was postponed from June 13, when Sir Francis became ill with a duodenal ulcer. He has since been recovering from the illness at the Royal Naval Hospital in Plymouth.



## THE VOYAGE AT A GLANCE

This map shows the route followed by Sir Francis on his 28,500 mile voyage round the world. The numbered days at sea mark progress, and some of the high points.

Sailing from Plymouth, August 27, 1966, "21 Days" finds him practically on the Equator. It was at about this point, on September 17th, that he celebrated, in formal attire, his 65th birthday!

It will be noted that, about thirty days later, he was rounding Cape of Good Hope, the southern tip of South Africa.

At "80 Days", his position was approx. Lat. 40° S. and Long. 80° E., in the Indian Ocean, midway between Africa and Australia. It was here while he was still 2800 miles from Sydney, that the self-steering gear broke, irreparably, nearly compelling him to abandon hope of reaching Sydney. But, he contrived to effect a partial repair and at "107 Days", made his first landfall - Sydney, Australia.

There, he stopped for 48 days for repairs, and to re-fit, and take on stores for the return journey. During this period he was rejoined by his devoted wife Sheila, and their son, Giles. He received a frenzied welcome from the Australians, and they took him right into their hearts and homes.

Most important of all was the invaluable assistance proffered by Australia's leading Naval Architects - Warwick Hood, and Alan Payne. These men designed Australia's challengers in the forthcoming America Cup races at Newport - The "Dame Pattie", by Hood; the "Gretel", by Payne.

They knew well the terrible dangers Chichester faced in charting his course through "The Roaring Forties" and around Cape Horn, on the return journey. They, and many others pleaded with him to pack his "Gipsy" aboard a freighter, and fly home. But, he was determined to press on. Hood and Payne saw to it that everything was done to the craft to ensure the safety and comfort of this remarkable man. The keel was enlarged by 14 sq. ft. of 12 gauge mild steel; the self-steering gear was repaired and strengthened, winches and other fittings replaced, etc.

He set out for home, Sunday at 11 A.M., January 29, from the R.S.Y.S. wharf, Kirribilli; Lady Chichester at the helm! Hood, Payne and others who had contributed so much to his stay in Australia, were also aboard, but, an hour later, launches had taken off all of his helpers, Hood, the last to leave. Now, nearly two miles off shore, jib and mainsail were broken out, and the hazardous voyage of the brave mariner had begun. Said he, "This is not a superhuman feat - it's been done before. No doubt, I'll be scared stiff during the passage, but that is normal." Hoped to arrive at Plymouth in 109 days.

Within 24 hours, Gipsy was in a tropical cyclone, and, at 8:30 P.M., capsized! However, she soon righted herself, and plowed bravely on for days and weeks of very rough weather, winds up to 67 knots.

On February 25th, he drank Sheila's health. It was their 30th anniversary!

The approach to Cape Horn, when about 50 days out from Sydney, was the most anxious time. The weather was terrible; no sun and no stars on which to get a fix. "The waves tremendous, some, 50 ft. high and very steep." But, great navigator as he proved himself, Chichester's dead reckoning was accurate, and, on March 20th, at dawn, he sighted the Horn. He, and "Gipsy" were just where they ought to be.

For another 11 days, he had to battle real Cape Horn blows. His wind reading machine stopped recording at 60 knots; his self-steering couldn't cope with the buffeting. Finally, on April 1st, he was out of the Roaring Forties, and heading North. Late that month, he got through the always worrisome Doldrums, "as if Father Neptune had reserved a passage for me!"

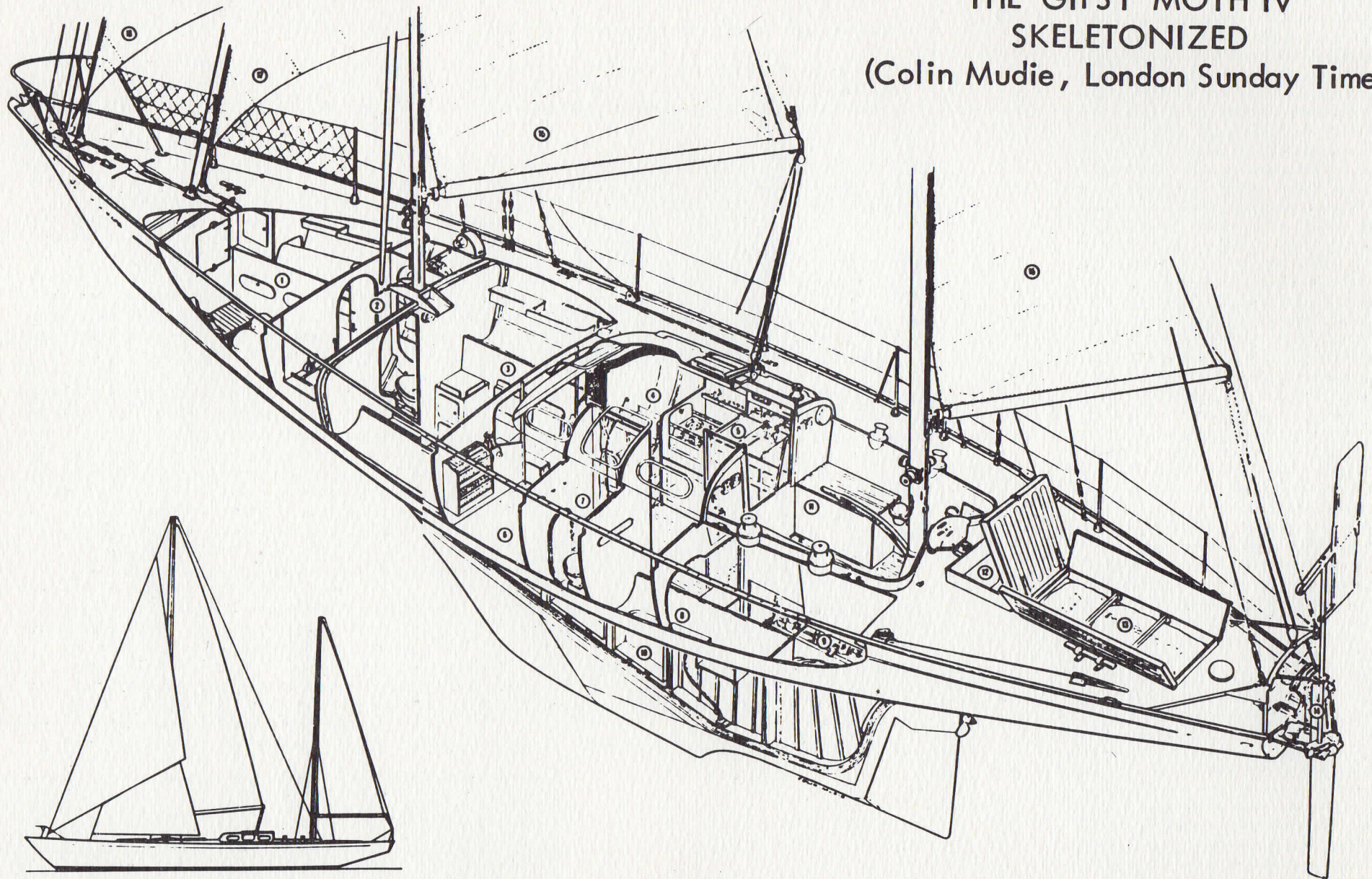
On May 8th he was hailed by the Esso Winchester. On May 27th a naval escort picked him up, press boats began converging, and many planes circled above.

Sunday evening, May 28th, he sailed into Plymouth Harbour, 119 days after sailing from Sydney, greeted by hundreds of small craft, launches, naval vessels, etc. plus 250,000 cheering citizens who lined the shore, and covered the hills.

## OUTBOUND PROVISIONS

*Biscuits:* 4 doz. pkts. Ryvita; 15 ½-lb. pkts. digestive; 15 pkts. ginger nut; 6 pkts. dark chocolate digestive; 4 pkts. cream crackers; 6 pkts. Kendal biscuits (survival). *Barmene:* 3 screw-top jars. *Beer:* 1 barrel Whitbread. *Bread:* 8 small loaves. *Butter:* 3 lbs. English fresh; 2 doz. tins. *Brandy:* 6 bottles. *Cake:* 3½ lbs. and 1 Dundee. *Cheese:* 3 lbs. Cheddar; 5 lbs. small Dutch midget; 8 tins Parmesan. *Candles:* 1 doz. *Chocolate:* 8 lbs. *Chocolate drink:* 3 2-lb. tins Cadbury. *Chutney:* 6 jars mango. *Curry:* 15 vegetable; 15 prawn. *Coffee:* 2 tins Pioneer. *Eggs:* 13 doz. fresh; 6 doz. powdered. *Flour:* 24 lbs. wholemeal, wholly self-raising; 12 lbs. wholemeal, partly self-raising. *Frugrains:* 2 pkts. *Fruit, fresh:* 9 lbs. apples; 28 grapefruits; 20 lemons; 20 oranges. *Fruit, dried:* 12 12-oz. pkts. bananas; 2 lbs. currants; 9 lbs. dates; 12 pkts. prunes; 12 pkts. raisins; 3 lbs. sultanas. *Fruit, tinned:* 10 small grapefruits; 10 small Bartlett pears; 10 small pineapples. *Garbage bags:* 1 pkt. *Garlic:* 12 bulbs. *Gin:* 6 bottles Squire's. *Honey:* 3 jars thin Acaia; 3 thin English; 3 thick New Zealand; 3 thick English. *Herbs:* 2 jars mixed. *Jam:* 5 lbs. blackcurrant and Swiss cherry; 2 lbs. Golden Syrup. *Lime juice:* 2 half bottles. *Matches:* 6 large boxes. *Marmalade:* 6 lbs. Rose's West Indian and Rose's Lime. *Milk:* 10 jars and 3 tins Marvel. *Nescafé:* 5 jars Continental. *Nuts:* 5 lbs.—1 lb. almonds; 1 lb. walnuts; 1 lb. hazel nuts; 2 lbs. Brazil; 7½ lbs. milled nuts (mixed, but no walnuts); 2 pkts. Nutter. *Oil:* 4 26½-oz. bottles olive oil; 1 20-oz. tin olive oil; 2 bottles corn oil; 2 20-oz. tins maize oil. *Pudding:* 6 tins treacle pudding; 2 Christmas puddings. *Pepper:* 4 oz. *Red Currant Jelly:* 4 lbs. *Rum:* 1 bottle Bacardi. *Rice:* 10 lbs. brown; 5 lbs. Patna; 5 lbs. round. *Salad Cream:* 5 large bottles. *Salt:* 1 tin Vegesal. *Sardines:* 15 tins. *Salm-on:* 14 small tins. *Sauces:* 6 pkts. mushroom mix; 6 pkts. onion; 6 pkts. tomato. *Sausalatas:* 24 tins. *Soup:* 24 tins minestrone; 16 pea; 20 tomato, plus soup pkts. *Spaghetti:* 5 lbs. *Sugar:* 10 lbs. brown; 5 lbs. lump. *Tea:* 6 pkts. Earl Grey Tea bags. *Tomatoes, tinned:* 6 small tins. *Tomato ketchup:* 6 bottles. *Vegetables, fresh:* 5 lbs. carrots; 20 lbs. onions; 60 lbs. potatoes—all handpicked. *Vegetables, dried:* 15 pkts. onions; 16 pkts. lentils; 30 pkts. peas; 14 pkts. powdered potatoes. *Whisky:* 3 bottles. *Wine:* Rudesheimer Roengarten 1962; 4 bottles sherry. *Yeast:* 30 1-oz. pkts.

THE GIPSY MOTH IV  
SKELETONIZED  
(Colin Mudie, London Sunday Times)



**G**ipsy Moth's hull, 38½ feet long at the waterline, is laminated wood. She is ketch rigged (rudder post is aft of the mizzen) for easy handling by one man. Drawing shows: 1 Cabin and sail store; 2 Head; 3 Two-bunk compartment; 4 Stove and folding table and seat; 5 Gal-

ley; 6 Chart table; 7 Head; 8 Main berth; 9 Diesel engine; 10 Fuel and water tanks; 11 Cockpit; 12 Aft storage; 13 Rubber dinghies; 14 Self-steering gear; 15 Mizzen sail; 16 Main sail; 17 Stay sail; 18 Jib sail.

Item 14, the self-steering gear, is

operated by a large fanlike weather vane which responds to wind changes and turns a shaft which actuates a system of servo gears. These operate a trim tab on the aft edge of the rudder. This automatically keeps the boat at the proper angle to wind and on course for

given wind and trim conditions. West of Sydney, the gear was disabled. Chichester devised an ingenious jury-rig and made it to Sydney. There, Warwick Hood, designer of Australia's Dame Pattie, suggested repairs that made the return to Plymouth possible.

## CAPE HORN

### CABO DE HORNOS

At the tip of South America

Approx Lat. 57° South

Approx Long. 67° West

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Some notes, and a few historic facts, from Dizer's research in the preparing of Chichester Story.

Malcolm C. Dizer

New York 1967

During the six weeks Chichester spent in Australia repairing and re-fitting his Gipsy Moth IV for the return journey, he seemingly won the full admiration and affection of that entire nation. They gave him a frenzied welcome on his arrival. To them the epic solo voyage of 107 days, in his 66th year, was magnificent - unprecedented. They **IMPLORED** him to rest on his laurels, put his little craft on a freighter, and fly home. "But, if you **MUST** sail your Gipsy back, put out of your mind any plan to return via Cape Horn - the very gullet of death."

Both in Australia and England great anxiety was expressed that Chichester, brave and skillful though he is, might be setting sail to his doom, if he persisted in the Cape Horn route. Awaiting him in England was a welcome and fame such as no modern seafarer has known. But, between Chichester and that glory lay the most awful journey across the world's most treacherous sea. The waves of Cape Horn, crashing from as high as 100 feet, have broken the boats and hearts of adventurers for centuries.

Cape Horn is a steep, rocky headland on Horn Island in the Tierra del Fuego archipelago, in Magellanes Province, Chile, at the tip of South America. It was named Hoorn by the 17th century Dutch navigator, William Schouten, who rounded it in 1616. He was born in Hoorn, Netherlands!

This Tierra del Fuego is separated from the mainland by Magellan's Strait. It is approximately 27,476 square miles in area, has a population of about 16,000 natives. It is two-thirds Chilean, one-third Argentine.

The Cape seas have a history of terror, tragedy and misery. Chichester's loyal friends and admirers felt that he was twenty years too old to tackle them.

Following is part of the frightening record of Cape Horn, and the men who have tried to master that infamous passageway.

1911. The ill-fated "Pandora", en voyage from America's west coast to Europe, disappeared. No trace of boat or crew. This was manned by two sea captains - the Australian, Peter Arapakis; the Englishman, George Blythe. Theirs was a 37 ft. yacht. Before contact with them was lost, they reported battling a hurricane for six days. Water flowed over the deck continuously, so that they seemed to be submerged. The mast crashed down, carrying away the rigging, then the boom broke; the dinghy washed away.

1925. The Saorsie, a stout 42 footer, sailed by Irishman, Conor O'Brien, and a crew of four, made the first really successful crossing south of the Cape.



1934. Tragedy struck Norwegian sailor, Al Hansen, the first man to try a solo crossing, east to west. Hansen and his pet dog disappeared. The wreckage of his 36 ft. cutter was washed up on the coast of Chile.

1943. Argentinian, Vito Dumas, made the first successful SOLO rounding of the Cape in his 32 ft. ketch, *Lehg II*, again from west to east. He became a national hero, and lived to write a gripping account of his conflict with the great seas. At one stage, he was hurled across his cabin with such force, "my face crashed near the deadlight, my nose was broken, the pain terrible." In the morning, as the gale still raged, no land was visible - only a huge black cloud to the north indicating the Horn's presence.

1952. A Frenchman, Marcel Bardiaux, succeeded in a solo attempt. In his fantastic voyage, his small boat twice capsized - a 30 ft. yacht which he called "*Les Quatre Vents*". A force 12 gale struck his little craft broadside; water poured through the hatch, and over he went. It righted, only to capsize the second time, and again coming up, with Bardiaux still clinging on, in spite of the icy waters. He managed, somehow, to shelter for two days in a small bay. His fingers were chapped raw, his face and ears covered with chilblains from the fierce winds. Had he sheltered longer, he would have perished. So he set sail again, and pushed on around the Cape to safety.

1957. My final account is of the memorable voyage of the Smeetons and their friend, John Guzzwell. They made two attempts, from west to east, in their 46 ft. ketch, *Tzu Hang*, and twice were capsized. On the first, they ran into a wave

so steep and so high, their little boat couldn't ride it. Both masts were snapped and Beryl Smeeton was hurled into the sea. The "doghouse" had been wiped off at deck level and both dinghies were gone. Beryl, in bright yellow oilskin and life preserver miraculously managed to swim to the side of the boat and was hauled aboard.

Frenziedly the three companions baled out water throughout that day and the next night. They improvised a mast, used a steering oar and managed to get their vessel going again. After thirty-four days they sighted Mocha Island off the Chile Coast. Guzzwell wrote of the ordeal in his book "Trek around the World"; the Smeetons, in their narrative, "Once is Enough", The London "Daily Express" commented, "When all of us are long since forgotten, seamen will still be talking of the Smeetons, remembering how they fell down the gullet of death, and how they clawed their way out."

Chichester, an avid student of maritime exploration and adventure, was completely familiar with these facts, more so, probably, than any of his friends who would restrain him! So, he laughed at the prophets of doom, asserting, "It is not a super-human feat. After all, it has been done before. I am regarding it as nothing more than an arduous sail, and hoping for a very good sail. I've no doubt that I will be scared stiff during the passage, but that's only normal." Before leaving England he wrote, "Cape Horn is certainly one of the greatest challenges left me. I have my own ideas on what will be the most suitable tactics."

From his own account of his passage, mid-March, 1967, we now know how he fared, and thank God that he was spared.

## WORLD TRIBUTE

### HOW PEOPLE, THE WORLD OVER, FELT ABOUT THIS.

FROM THE QUEEN: A "Welcome Home" telegram and the accolade of knighthood.

FROM PRIME MINISTER WILSON: "Heartiest congratulations on a superb achievement. Your epic voyage will long be remembered as a triumph of human skill and courage."

THE TIMES OF LONDON: The long, magnificent journey. A great physical achievement, and a great venture of the spirit. Chichester, a genuine hero in an age of false idols. He has shown that tenacity, courage and dignity still have the power to move and inspire.

LORD MAYOR OF PLYMOUTH: We bid you a warm and hearty welcome home. You have lit a beacon to inspire the youth of the land.

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON: You personify all that is best in Britain - the spirit of initiative, adventure and determination. You have commanded the respect of the world. Your voyage has shown that Britons still have something that everyone needs - courage and resolution in the face of seemingly insurmountable odds.

NEWSWEEK, NEW YORK: Sorely diminished in power, and unsure of their future role, the British like to be reminded they can still produce men of daring and resource. Sir Francis has grandly filled the need. He has re-awakened them to one man's capacity to seek and endure.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS - Sir Arthur Bryant: By his achievement Sir Francis Chichester has made all Englishmen feel a little taller. His courage, resolution and magnificent competence remind us what an Englishman is still capable of doing, at a time when so much seems to emphasize our country's impotence. As for rounding Cape Horn, Chichester said, "Only good luck can enable a small boat to survive there." Yes, good luck and courage, tireless preparation, unremitting concentration, and the faith of a man who reposes his trust in a Power greater than himself.

CHARLES COLLINGWOOD (from London) C.B.S. NEWS: Sir Francis Chichester brought his little Gipsy Moth IV to the Greenwich dock today, to the sound of trumpets and the accents of history. Queen Elizabeth was there to greet him - this man who, at an age when most men are retired, was reminding the British that their ancient virtue still lives.

It was a special day for Sir Francis, and a special day for England, too. For, what he had done; old, sick, tired and alone, helped renew British faith, that for Britain, there were still great deeds to be done.

#### THE AUSTRALIANS

THE SYDNEY SUN (Cable): "Thanks, Sir Francis. You've taught us much - that there is, and always will be, a chance for the spirit to triumph over the most malevolent elements. Also, that man still responds to such a victory, with warmth and emotion. Thanks for reminding us, and God Bless You, Sir!"

PERHAPS THE GREATEST SEAFARING TRIUMPH OF ALL TIME.