

TALES
of the
BROTHERHOOD
OF THE COAST:
USA



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2010

HISTORY



*"I must go down to the sea again,
to the lonely sea and sky,
And all I ask is for a tall ship
and a star to steer her by..."*

Origins

(from notes by Kathy Thompson)

In general, they were without any habitation or fixed abode but rendezvoused where the animals were to be found.

In the early 1600s, thousands of defeated colonists, failed planters, and discharged or runaway servants who had suffered at the hand of the Spanish government in the Lesser Antilles gravitated north to the Spanish-owned but thinly populated islands of Hispaniola, Cuba, Jamaica, and Puerto Rico. Quickly adapting to the environment, they became hunters of game and, using a technique shown them by the native Arawak Indians, they smoked the meat over a slow fire or a grill of green wood called a *buccan*. The word proved a lasting trademark, and those small bands of men became known as *buccaneers*.

The buccaneers wore rawhide breeches that shielded them from the thorns of the island cacti, tunic-like shirts of coarse linen, pigskin boots, and broad-rimmed hats to keep off the tropical sun. Each had a pair of long butcher knives thrust into his waistband and a double-edged sword secured to his baldric (a belt that ran diagonally across the chest); some carried guns, usually muskets with spade-shaped stocks and four-foot barrels. These men were a fearsome lot, and even the French, English, and Dutch smugglers with whom they traded their smoked meats and hides approached them with considerable caution.

When the sea beckoned, as it often did, these men dispatched messengers all over the island calling for a rendezvous. Over a jovial cask of brandy, the buccaneers planned raids against

Spanish merchant ships that plied the waters off the coast. In this all-male society, each buccaneer had his partner. Partners traveled together, protected each other in combat, and shared strong bonds of companionship. Whether in small groups or in great concentrations, the buccaneers were fiercely independent and proud of their freedom, and they bowed to no government and no laws except their own. As they grew bolder and more numerous, they came to call themselves the "brothers of the coast."

Today, in countries all over the world, there exist small bands of men who share the same adventurous spirit, the same camaraderie, the same thirst for freedom, and the same love of the sea as did the buccaneers of long ago. These Brothers of the Coast, be they Chilean, Italian, Swiss, British, Polish, Irish, or American, are linked by these common bonds, and all who wish to be a part of the Brotherhood must cherish these same basic values.



(from correspondence with Bernard Lefevre)

It all started on June 7, 1494, when Pope Alexander VI forced Spain and Portugal to share the world between them by

signing the Treaty of Tordesillas. Everything west of a meridian 370 leagues west of Cape Verde Island (46 degrees 37 minutes west) was to go to Spain and everything east of that to Portugal. This treaty omitted Britain, France, and Holland, but those kingdoms were not in a position to fight the Spanish and Portuguese armadas. They had to turn to subcontractors, so to speak, to do the fighting. This was the beginning of the privateers (English), or *flibustiers* (French), or *vreebooters* (Dutch). They were issued "letters of *marque*" by their respective monarchs, which made them legal fighters and resulted in their not being hanged if caught but being taken back to Spain or Portugal. They were often later exchanged against Spanish or Portuguese nobles who had been held by Britain, France, or Holland.

Three major groups of French-speaking *flibustiers* established themselves on the Ile de la Tortue. (The English privateers gathered on Jamaica.) The first were the true *flibustiers*, who were based in Basse Terre. Second were the *boucaniers*, highly skilled hunters who sold the skins and meat of wild pigs and cattle to passing Dutch merchants. These men were so skilled as marksmen that the *flibustiers* would often enroll them on their ships to shoot Spanish gunners through the gun ports on the Spanish galleons. The third group included the settlers, *les habitants*, who settled on the island to cultivate tobacco and sugar cane.

The king of France appointed governors to deliver the letters of *marque* and to try ruling the unruly people of Hispaniola and La Tortue. On December 31, 1665, Bertrand d'Ogeron de Bouere became the governor with a mission to consolidate French power on the islands. He is the one who bound the three groups of French-speaking people on Ile de la Tortue into one group, which he called the "brothers of the coast."



Growth of the International Brotherhood

Imagine seven seasoned sailors sitting around a table after having competed in a local sailing regatta, enjoying a meal with some liquid libations and swapping stories of the sea and navigation. This scenario played out in 1951 in Valparaiso, Chile, when Dr. Alfonso Leng suggested that such gatherings become a tradition. On April 4 of that year, the seven sailors congregated in Santiago and created a sailing fraternity. They adopted a name several months later after one member, Dr. Anselmo Hammer, compared their association to the seventeenth-century Brothers of the Coast. The Spanish name of the group, *Hermandad de la Costa*, took hold, and the first table of the Brotherhood was established. On November 7, they laid down eight rules by which they and future members would abide. Known as the Octalog, this document clearly defined the duties and responsibilities of the members of the Brotherhood.

Thanks to the enthusiasm of those seven original brothers, and under the direction of Dr. Anselmo Hammer, the *Hermandad de la Costa* grew swiftly, relying on sailing competitions to recruit new members. In a short period of time, other tables of the *Hermandad* formed throughout Chile and spread to the rest of the world, as detailed below.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1952 - Great Britain* | 1953 - Argentina* and Italy |
| 1955 - Spain* and Belgium | 1957 - Uruguay |
| 1959 - United States | 1960 - Australia |
| 1963 - France | 1965 - Portugal* |
| 1966 - Poland | 1968 - Angola* |
| 1976 - Switzerland | 1977 - Germany |
| 1984 - Brazil* and Venezuela | 1985 - Greece |
| 1987 - Ireland | 1995 - Turkey* and Norway |
| 1997 - South Africa | 1998 - Hungary |
| 1999 - Bahamas and Netherlands | 2001 - New Zealand |
| 2003 - Malta | |

*These tables had to be refloated at later dates.

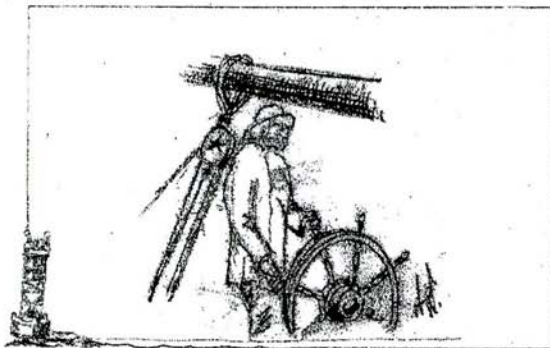
In 1986, the first international *zafarrancho* (clearing of the decks) was organized and hosted by the New York Table, in conjunction with OP/Sail 1986 and the rededication of the Statue of Liberty. More than three hundred Brothers from around the world attended.

- 1990 - Second World Zafarrancho, organized and hosted by the Belgium Brothers
- 1994 - Third World Zafarrancho, organized and hosted by the Chilean Brothers
- 1998 - Fourth World Zafarrancho, organized and hosted by the Italian Brothers

- 2002 – Fifth World Zafarrancho, organized and hosted by the British Brothers
- 2006 – Sixth World Zafarrancho, organized and hosted by the Argentinean Brothers
- 2010 – Seventh World Zafarrancho, organized and hosted by the Australian Brothers

For more than fifty years, the Chilean Hermandad, represented by its Captain General, has been considered the leader of the World Brotherhood. The complexity of international relationships, resulting from the growth of the Brotherhood in so many countries, required a rethinking of the initial structures of the organization. The World Zafarrancho in 1994 created an international body, SECOIN (Secretaria de Coordinacion Internacional), to help coordinate activities for each national Brotherhood. SECOIN was run by Chile (Miguel Torregrosa) from 1994 to 1998 and was transferred to Switzerland (Jacques Rial) in 1998 at the Fourth World Zafarrancho. In 2006 at the Sixth World Zafarrancho, the baton returned to Chile (Jorge Sapians).

Whatever weight the new institutions within the Brotherhood may carry, Chile's Hermandad retains its historical and moral ascendancy in the eyes of Brothers the world over.



Growth of the Brotherhood in the United States

The first table of the Brotherhood of the Coast in the United States was floated in New York City on November 20, 1959. In a letter bearing that date, John Pflieger, first captain of the New York Table, wrote:

In 1952 the HERMANDAD DE LA COSTA was born in Chile ... to emulate the brotherly understanding of the pirates and filibusters (sic) of the XVII century. Chile, having a long coast and ports of call far between, and the Chileans being of a most friendly nature, they decided to form a Brotherhood and take in prominent people whose love for the sea was an avocation, if not a business.

Richard Gordon McCloskey, the Honorary Secretary of the Slocum Society, was made an honorary member of the Hermandad and published an article in *The Rudder* suggesting that tables be formed in the U.S. to emulate those already established all over South America, Spain, Italy, England, Belgium, etc.

On October 23, 1959, we held a preliminary dinner at Whytes Restaurant, 344 West 57th Street, attended by some 14 sailing enthusiasts. Some disagreed about joining a Brotherhood, and as most were members of the Slocum Society, just wanted to meet once a month for dinner. But left to a vote, it was decided to petition Chile to join their Hermandad.

We held our first Table or Zafarrancho on November 20, 1959, at which the numbered insignias were given out to Bruce Robinson, Fred Simon, Jim Munro, Jean Lacombe, Dr. Ken Brown, Hugh Byfield, John F. Higgins, Hal Reiff, Reinhold Klemm, Richard P. Doran, Edgar du Prey, Fred Schlatter, Andrew Brunn

It was decided to hold our Tables regularly every 3rd Friday of each month during the off-sailing season, admit the ladies (slaves), and omit some of the formalities and incantations which are a tradition at the Zafarranchos held in most other countries. They usually only have Brethren present, except at the last Table of the season, during the equinox, when the slaves are admitted and new members initiated. Some tables have gone as far as chartering large boats for several days' run and capturing islands.

Joining the Brotherhood requires the following: 1) Being accepted by the others. 2) Payment of \$1.50 for the numbered insignia. 3) Paying another \$1.50 for ABOR-DAJES each year, the dues for the Brotherhood paper published in Chile. 4) Letting us have a thumbsketch history of yourself, nautical activities, etc.

John Pflieger served as captain until 1966, when he was lost at sea during a voyage from New York to Saint Martin in his twenty-six-foot gaff-rigged sloop. Jean Lacombe, a French single-hander whose first transatlantic voyage was on an eighteen-foot home-built sloop, succeeded him as captain. He eventually took residence on the island of Martinique, where he died in 1996.

In 1983 René Fichter took the captaincy of the New York Table. Under his leadership, the first World Zafarrancho took place in New York in July of 1986. That year also saw the birth of the first U.S. table outside of New York, the table of the Texas Triangle. In 1992 René Fichter initiated the first (and only to date) All-America Zafarrancho on board the sailing clipper *Star Flyer* in the Caribbean. On June 12, 2009, he joined many of his brothers on a most serene sea to eternity.

U.S. national captains have been René Fichter (1986–1995), Les Thompson (1995–1998), Sam Britton (1998–2003), and Tom Collier (2003–2010).

The history of tables of the Brotherhood of the Coast in the United States is as follows:

1959 – New York Table floated under the direction of John Pflieger, captain.

1986 – Texas Triangle Table floated in New York, under the direction of René Fichter, with the induction of Les Thompson (#88) as captain, and Charles Hankins (#89). The Table became official in September, 1986, with the induction in San Antonio of four additional Brothers.

1988 – Texas Triangle Table became two separate tables: Houston, with Tom Collier as captain, and San Antonio, with Charles Hankins as captain.

1989 – Sun Coast Table floated in Sarasota, Florida, under the direction of Les Thompson (Houston) and Jerry Jones (formerly Houston), with Jerry Jones as captain.

1991 - Gold Coast Table floated in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, under the direction of Jerry Jones (Sun Coast), with Mark Brown as captain.

1993 - Florida Keys Table floated in Marathon, under the direction of Rene Fichter (national captain), Tom Collier (Houston), and Bernard Lefevre (Haiti), with Larry Jones as captain.

1994 - Savannah Table floated under the direction of John Eberhardt (Great Britain) and Paul Anderson (Gold Coast), with Albert Seidl as captain.

1998 - Chesapeake Bay Table floated in Norfolk, Virginia, under the direction of Les Thompson (Houston) and Bernard Lefevre (Haiti and Florida Keys), with Stew Kauffman as captain.

2000 - Corpus Christi Table floated under the direction of Sam Britton (national captain), Larry Jones (Florida Keys) and David May (San Antonio), with John Gibson as captain.

2003 - Potomac Table floated off Nomini Creek and Potomac River in northern Virginia, under the direction of Tom Collier (national captain), Sam Britton (Sun Coast), Joe Horvath and Albert Seidl (Savannah), with Ron Reifstock as captain.

2004 - San Juan Table floated in Puerto Rico under the direction of Tom Collier (national captain) and Mike Cantu-Withoff (National Vigie, San Antonio), with Bill Butler as captain.

2005 - Orange Beach Table floated in Orange Beach, Alabama, under the direction of Tom Collier (national captain) and Doug Henkle (Corpus Christi), with Doug Henkle as captain.

2007 - Solomons Table floated in Solomons, Maryland, under the direction of Tom Collier (national captain), Bernie Dove (Florida Keys), and the Chesapeake Bay Table, with Pete Chabot as captain.

TALES



WARNING

The raft-up on Tortuga is pure fiction.
It did not happen, has not happened (yet).
I needed some way to present and tie together these tales.
The Tortuga raft-up was my invention for doing that.

CAUTION

No captives¹ appear in the telling of these Tales.
This is wholly unrealistic.
Without them, nothing happens in the Brotherhood,
Not even tales.

THE TRUTH

The Tales are true, the whole truth, nothing but the truth.
They were told to me by Brothers.

Listo

¹ See "Grrreatest Dictionary," page 12, for definition

CAST OF TALE TELLERS

- Blue Stache*, Stew Kauffman, #700, Chesapeake Bay
Brillo, Ed Loke, #201, Florida Keys
Brise-Galets,² Bernard Lefevre, #HT01, Chesapeake Bay
Cruz, Scott Ripley, #703, Chesapeake Bay
Dokwaes, Albert Seidl, #300, Savannah
Dry Rot, Art Steiner, #24, New York
Gimbal, Dan Sagan, #159, Sun Coast
Great Blue, Sam Britton, #164, Sun Coast
Gumbeaux, Jerry Jones, #111, Savannah
Jungle Jane, Jane Protzman, #28, New York
Listo, R. K. Ready, #169, Sun Coast
Oso, Charles Hankins, #89, San Antonio
El Pistolero, Mike Cantu-Withoff, #118, San Antonio
Rascal, Tony Olmer, #99, New York
El Rubio, Mark Brown, #153, Gold Coast
Ursa Major, Tom Collier, #119, Houston

² In absentia while circumnavigating the globe. His tales are reported by *Listo*.



Tortuga Raft-up

We rafted up in a harbor on the southeastern tip of Ile de la Tortue, having sailed with fair winds from New York, Houston, Marathon, and ports between, arriving, mirabile dictu, on the appointed day early in December. Warm Caribbean breezes welcomed us. A full moon just beginning to wane brightened the evening. Brother Gumbaux, with help from several captives, prepared a fantastic meal of ceviche and churrasco. We gathered on the aft deck of Casual Class with bottles of rum, wine, and beer. Tales flowed.

Jungle Jane: I'm remembering the last time some of us were here.

Ursa Major: What an incredible trip that was, in my view the best Brotherhood event ever.

Rascal: The All-America Zafarrancho of '92, organized by René Fichter. Some of us still call it the north-south Zaf. René was at

his best doing stuff like that, with the purpose of bettering relations between North and South America. The little things, on the other hand, like organizing daily activities, were something else.

Jungle Jane: Bless his heart. He was clearly in charge and the Zaf was a great one. Something like 170 of us from a dozen countries, maybe 45 from the U.S. We'd sailed around Hispaniola from Saint Martin, dropping anchor not far from where we are right now.

Rascal: The *Star Flyer*, a great barkentine, four masts, 360 feet, as I recall.

Ursa Major: I remember a monk, a Brother I believe, who took us around the island. We happened to be there on a religious holiday for both Christians and whatever they call the voodoo religion. The monk took a bunch of us in a pickup truck to see ruins up the hill, part of an old fort, and we passed a voodoo ceremony. The truck slowed down, the monk trying to be respectful, and Daniela Farioli, who was Italian, saw this witch doctor all dressed up and dancing and shaking rattles, and she jumped out of the truck and started dancing with them. Looking back, it was very funny, but we were afraid at the time that we might be offending the people. Anyway, Tortuga was very interesting. We went ashore to a little fishing village. The only electricity was from generators. The fishing boats were tied to cannons half buried in the bottom, barrels sticking up out of the water. Damnedest thing you ever saw. There were ruins around the village and more up the hill. On top of the island we had a great view and you could see why the buccaneers used that island. The harbor was protected. We also went to the Citadel on the Haitian mainland and took a tour of that fort. It was an amazing trip.

Rascal: The New York Brothers organized a rum-tasting event, and we decided that Barbancourt was the rum of choice. René had gotten all these cases of rum to be consumed on *Star Flyer*, but the ship's hotel manager insisted that we had to drink from the ship's stores, so when we got to the Saint Martin airport, René grabbed each one of us and said "you take this" and "you take this." When we got to the U.S.A., there were two customs lines. Half of us went in one and half the other, and depending on which customs officer you got you were fined or not. We laughed a lot about that.

Ursa Major: I remember that after we left Tortuga and started through the windward passage, the *Star Flyer* really got trucking. We were having a ball taking turns driving the thing. Then the crew started taking the sails down, and we said, "What are you doing? This is the best sailing we've had." The captain said the chef was getting ready for dinner, and we said "Screw the chef, we'll eat peanut butter and jelly sandwiches." The captain was a cruise ship captain second and a sailor first and he looked at us and said, "You really mean that?" We were all Brothers on the boat and assured him we could go without dinner to have a good sail. So he called down to the chef and told him to do what he could for dinner but we were sailing.

Rascal: We learned later that René had mortgaged his house to post bond for insurance coverage and expenses for our safe passage. He loved the Brotherhood that much. He wasn't a founder, but he deserves to be called the father of the U.S. Brotherhood.

Dry Rot: The founders were something else. Those guys were tough, hardened sailors, one hundred percent Slocum Society.

Sailed all over the world, not necessarily single-handed, but serious sailing that I held in awe. Somewhere in my archives there's a reference to Richard Gordon McCloskey as Perpetual Honorary Captain of the Brotherhood. He was founder of the Slocum Society. Those were the days of wooden boats. Many Brothers transited the Atlantic back and forth on home-made boats. John Pfleiger, our original captain and official founder of the New York Table, was an organizer, and the Table came close to seventy members by the mid-1960s.

Jungle Jane: John Pfleiger sailed off on his twenty-five-foot gaff-cutter, *Stella Maris*, and was lost at sea in 1966. Prior to his departure, New York Brothers made substantial repairs, as they were concerned about the seaworthiness of the boat. When he set forth in his little boat, everyone told him not to go, but he went anyway. Frankly, he didn't seem like he was very seaworthy, nor was *Stella Maris*, but he had a great love of the sea and its sailors. He always found interesting guests for the monthly Zafs.

Dry Rot: The Coast Guard found his boat aground off of Antigua and figured he got up in the night to pee and fell overboard.

Dokwaes: That means he didn't even get a Brotherhood send-off. I don't know about those early days, but I want to tell you about how we, thirty years later in Savannah, said goodbye to the naval architect, Brother Ernie Brierley, who lost his life due to a tragic boating accident. We discharged his ashes from "*Barba Negra's*" starboard canon during outgoing tide at sunset while flying one of Ernie's specially-designed kites high above our masts. Then through the black, powder smoke, a screeching seagull ascended just as a large freighter named "*Bon Voyage*", Liverpool, passed toward the sea. That last

part was hardly planned, but it's too bad John Pfleiger couldn't have had a send-off like that.

Rascal: We didn't even have a "Barba Negra" in the Brotherhood then. After John Pfleiger, Jean Lacombe was captain.

Dry Rot: That was a mistake. He didn't attend to anything. During his turn as captain, it was Scott Smith who held the organization together. Jean Lacombe made god knows how many trips across the Atlantic. Turned out he was going back to France for medical treatments. His first transatlantic crossing was on an eighteen-foot home-made sloop. His largest boat was a twenty-four footer, again home-built. Finally, he discovered he could live on the island of Martinique and have all his medical problems taken care of there. Then he was killed in an automobile accident on Martinique.

Jungle Jane: I agree that Scott, my partner, did all the work, writing notices, arranging speakers or movies, getting people to come to the meetings the third Friday of every month. They would often be at French restaurants in Manhattan, still telling sea stories or having a guest speaker. In the summer, we'd rendezvous at various harbors in Long Island Sound. Scott made all that happen, but he didn't want to be captain. He was content as scribe; in fact he referred to himself as "acting scribe." In 1983 we had a rendezvous near Fred Simon's estate. That was when René was elected captain. René wasn't even there, but from then on we had an active captain.

Gumbeaux: I have to say here that Scott was an extraordinary person. He was of an older generation than most of us, but he had a flair and a *joie de vivre* that transcends all generations. And he had a pony tail. Scotty led us to understand that there was real substance and importance to the Brotherhood of the Coast far beyond our expectations.

Dry Rot: A major reason we chose René was that he had contacts with Brothers in Europe. We in New York were isolated. We didn't know anything about anybody else, but René traveled back and forth to Europe all the time and he knew the Brotherhood tables there. Before René we really had no idea what we were doing.

Jungle Jane: John Pfleiger was Belgian, but I have no idea what connection he had with the Belgium Brothers. His correspondence was with Chile. We got flags and notices we couldn't read because they were in Spanish, and we sent money to Chile, dues of three dollars a member. I don't know how we collected that money because we didn't have dues in the New York Table, but I think it was for flags, pins, and their newsletter. I remember a letter from René to Richard McClosky in which he mentioned imposing dues on any Brother who didn't sail 300 miles a year, but nothing came of it. Letters went back and forth with Chile until 1973, after which their government was undergoing revolutions, so that was the end of contact with Chile. From then on, we really were on our own.

Dry Rot: We read the Octalog at the start of the meetings but had no other formalities. Prior to becoming a member, you had to get up and give a little talk about your experience at sea. They didn't want Hudson River or Long Island Sound sailors. They wanted people who had been out to sea. I attended meetings for maybe three months, gave the little speech, and I was a member. We often had a topic for the meetings, blue-water topics, like what was the biggest wave you ever saw, or how far you had sailed without stopping.

Jungle Jane: I remember Edgard du Prey's interest in the use of sea anchors.

Dry Rot: That was another one of our topics. It's been my fascination with the people that held me to the Brotherhood through all these years. The guys were all better sailors than I was, a bunch of people who were doing things I was too chicken to do myself, but by my association with them I was eating up their experiences.

A waning full moon peeped into the star-strewn dome of the night sky, while Brother Cruz carried around a bottle of rum, refilling glasses. Not a sound disturbed the air but our voices and the lapping of sea against the hulls in our raft-up.



Jungle Jane: René almost single-handedly organized the World Zaf in New York in 1986. That was the first world gathering of the Brotherhood. I have a wonderful mental picture of the arrival of several hundred Brothers in their different regalia. This image has remained with me as the essence of the organization. The Chileans are big on ceremony, and the Chilean captain hosted a cocktail party aboard the *Esmeralda*. Anselmo Hammer, one of the founders, was there on deck with captains of all the tables represented.

Dry Rot: That '86 Zaf broke up the original Brothers of the New York Table. They were world sailors bound by their feelings for the water, but they were not organization people.

They were afraid of any financial stuff, and one by one they dropped out because they didn't want to be stuck with reservations here and there if the Zaf didn't work out. We were making arrangements for dinners, trips, and buses, traveling all over the place, and we incurred financial commitments that amounted to a lot of money in those days. New York was the only U.S. table and had been held together by John Pfleiger and Scott Smith. The original Brothers didn't trust what René was doing with that World Zaf. The rest of us certainly didn't know what to do or how to do it. I was treasurer at the time and spent six months working on that Zaf.

Jungle Jane: Fortunately, we had the wise financial guidance of Wen Chow. René would give people jobs and then, when he didn't like the way we were doing them, not his way, he'd step in and take over. Scott and I had arranged to have the final pirate event on City Island, but he didn't like our proposed American menu of hot dogs and hamburgers, so he stepped in and arranged an international catered buffet. That was his way of life. He had all sorts of strings he could pull. He knew a wealthy woman of Nestle fortune who arranged rooms at Pace University. He arranged for the first night's dinner to be at the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy. The Zaf was scheduled to be concurrent with the 1986 centennial celebration of the Statue of Liberty and Harbor Fest. We didn't have nearly enough sailboats for our guests, so René's friend Andre Galerne, who owned a large commercial diving company, broke a contract, brought one of his diving ships back to New York, and had it docked in the Hudson River to accommodate all the Brothers.

Dry Rot: Seventy-five to a hundred of us stayed in those dormitory rooms at Pace University. We needed every room we could get because there were about 350 of us Brothers from Chile, Uruguay, Argentina, France, England, Italy, and

Belgium. The Belgians complained about the way we handled the Zaf. We didn't know what we were doing, just doing the best we could. When the captains decided to have a World Zafarrancho every four years, they chose Belgium for the next one.

Rascal: The '86 World Zaf internationalized the U.S. Brotherhood. That has always interested me. From 1959 to '86, the New York Table was pretty much in a world of its own, but the international reach is really what the Brotherhood is all about.

Jungle Jane: Some of us had made our own Brotherhood friends across the ocean. Scott and I attended a Zaf on the Isle of Wight in 1985 and met John and Brenda Eberhardt in England and Toni Mattarucco from Venice and several Belgium Brothers. But you're right that the New York Zaf of '86 was the first truly international gathering of the Brotherhood of which we were aware.

Oso: That Zaf also came at the start of the Brotherhood in Texas.

Cruz: Which calls for another orza.

The bottle passes around and we have a broadside for the Brotherhood in New York and Texas, our shouts of "Oorrzzzzaa" rumbling over the heavily-wooded Tortuga hills.



Oso: Les Thompson and I attended the '86 Zaf, and I realized then that to grasp the full idea of the Brotherhood you have to meet the international people. Until I started doing that, I didn't have a clue.

Blue Stache: Tell us how the Brotherhood got started in Texas. That leap from New York to Texas after twenty five years had to be a major event.

Oso: Les Thompson and I were really close friends. One day, a friend of Les's, an Italian guy named Franco Nanni, showed up and Les and I picked him up and went sailing that night. Three or four other boats came out and we were passing around a Greek drink, grappa, which distills off just below diesel fuel, and having a really good time. I guess something about that impressed Nanni. About two months later, we received a copy of a letter written from Venice to Rome telling Rome to contact New York and to say that a Brother in Ravenna is asking New York to contact a couple of guys in Texas who would be ideal Brotherhood material. Of course, it was written in Italian and we had to get it translated. About seven months later, we received a copy of a letter from Rome to New York saying that a Brother in Ravenna had vouched for guys in Texas and that New York needed to get them up there and meet them and expand the Brotherhood to other parts of the U.S.

So we received a phone call from a guy named René Fichter. He was Swiss by birth and had a thick French accent. He said "I want you to come to New York and talk about the Brotherhood of the Coast." Well, Les and I had a couple of concerns. We were talking about Italy and New York, and that sounded like Mafia to us. We talked to René two or three times before we said "Okay, we'll get a hotel," but he said "No, you'll stay at my home." We said "Oooh kaaay" and flew to La Guardia. He met us and drove us to his house in his

Mercedes. We were still wondering about the Mafia. He sent the girls to bed, that's how he was, and we talked about this organization until about four in the morning. We had arrived on a Friday, and he said that on Saturday night they would have a little thing called a Zafarrancho. We messed around New York that day, and that evening met with ten or twelve other Brothers. We hadn't a clue what was going on. We talked some more, and they explained they had heard about us from Brothers in Europe. We were made Brothers of the New York Table and were told we had a year to go back to Texas and start a table. We were given a history of the Brotherhood and told we could call any of them for directions as needed. So we said "Okay" and went back to René's house.

Sunday morning early he gets up and we have breakfast, and he says there are some people coming by to pick you up. They want to get to know you and take you to lunch, and they'll take you to the airport. He said Jeanine, his wife, and he were going to church, but for us to make sure the dog was out and the cat was in, and when you leave lock the door. That just totally got me. This guy didn't know us from Adam and was leaving us in his house. He's got beautiful stuff there, and it just amazed me how this guy brought us to New York and introduced us to people and entertained us and treated us extremely well, and how other people were going to meet us and take us to their house for lunch and take us to the airport. That impressed me. From the get-go, this guy takes on a huge responsibility: not only am I vouching for these guys in my house but I'm vouching for them in yours, and all this based on a letter from a guy in Rome so that they fully trusted us to go into anybody's house.

Since then I've traveled extensively; I've been to every international Zaf since the first one in 1986, when I didn't have a clue what was going on, but I met the international people and got to realize that, until you travel to other tables out of your area, you really don't have a grasp of what this thing is

all about. The camaraderie of being able to walk into a room and feel instantly comfortable and relaxed and know I have something in common with everybody here. To me that's an unbelievably good feeling. That's the most important lesson that I think portrays to people what the organization is about.

Gumbeaux: Jill and I knew Les and Kathy and got to be sailing buddies with them on Canyon Lake, and it may have been about the time you and he went to New York that we moved our boat down to Houston. I knew you and he had stayed with René, but Les didn't tell us a whole lot about the Brotherhood.

Oso: We didn't have a lot to tell.

Jungle Jane: Scott and I attended the first Zaf in Houston. We were guests on a Brother's sailboat and given the "best bunks." They had organized a fantastic treasure hunt on Redfish Island in Galveston Bay. It was the Houston Table that later coined my name *Jungle Jane*.

Gumbeaux: Jack Youngblood was inducted into the Brotherhood on Redfish. That Zaf came in November of 1986 after we'd officially established a table in San Antonio. Les lived in Houston but still kept his boat on Canyon Lake. He called one day and said Jill and I needed to come to San Antonio, where a small group of us formed the San Antonio Table, except we called it the Table of the Texas Triangle, including Houston, San Antonio, and Corpus Christi. Of course, there was nobody from Corpus and only a few from Houston.

Oso: René came up with the original concept of the Texas Triangle, because he didn't have a clue how far it was from Houston to San Antonio to Corpus. He was thinking Hoboken to Newark to Manhattan. None of us knew if we'd have

enough Brothers for more than one table. I don't think even Les or I realized that Houston-Galveston is the second or third largest concentration of private yachts in the world. So when it started, San Antonio and Houston were one table with Les Thompson as captain, and that went on for a few years, when Houston expanded incredibly.

Gumbeaux: I don't remember a lot about the induction in San Antonio, but I was inducted then along with John Montgomery, Morris Hilton, and Joseph Scherm. We had the book from New York and the Octalog, and we followed whatever rites of passage they had. I do remember Kathy made up some vile mixture and we slept under the pool table that night. Maybe all this was September of 1986.

Oso: In San Antonio, we got to about fourteen. We're an inland lake and don't have a huge base to draw from. The first people were ones we'd known for years and years. We got turned down by some people. They couldn't grasp the concept of trusting just anybody in the organization. The Brotherhood's not for everybody.

Ursa Major: I had my sailboat in Waterford Harbor, and when Les Thompson moved his boat from Canyon Lake to be on the Gulf, he came to Waterford. That must have been shortly after he started the Brotherhood. Bill James developed that harbor and he introduced Sue and me to Les and Kathy. Bill became a Brother. Les and I and Kathy and Sue got to be friends and started sailing together on weekends. During those weekends, Les told me about the Brotherhood, how he got involved, and he wanted to make me an *engagé*. Actually, I got more information about the Brotherhood from Kathy than from Les or anybody else. She really did a good job of researching. Having been around the water and sailing for a lot of years, I understood the kind of free spirit, self-reliant, very capable people

Les and she talked about. Then one day the San Antonio Brothers came down and that's when I got inducted. We were all one table. Things happened real fast after that. I think it was December of '87 when Kathy had her aneurysm and passed away. That was a real loss for all of us. I think you, *Gumbeaux*, had just moved to Florida. After Kathy passed, Les came to me and asked if I would take over as captain of the table. The Brothers in Houston at that time almost all had boats in Waterford. Most of them lived on their boats, all hard-core sailors. There was so much difference between the San Antonio group and the Houston group that we really needed to split the table. I worked with both Les and René to do that. We tried a couple of times to get a table going in Corpus, but it wasn't until Larry Jones moved down there that we really formed that table many years later.

Brillo: Nancy and I had our sailboat at the Waterford marina and found ourselves surrounded by Brotherhood folks, almost all of whom lived aboard their boats. At the time we didn't and kind of observed from the sidelines for a couple of years. Then we sold our condo in the city and moved aboard, I think it was in '93. At that point we became part of the community and I was made an *engagé* and then a Brother. Les Thompson was captain again by then. We had a terrific lifestyle. I'd come home at six or seven o'clock, be walking down the dock, and there were all my friends out. It was a rush to change into boat shoes and have another "safety" meeting on the dock.

That was one of the funny stories. The marina management people didn't have a great sense of humor, and we had these dock parties, basically Brothers, but the parties got a little raucous at times. At one point, the management sent out a letter or posted something on a board saying the dock parties and alcohol consumption had to stop. So we came up with the idea of safety meetings and never had a dock party again. On

Fridays we'd gather, get smashed, and have a lot of fun discussing "safety" matters. Steve and Lili Wolfson were among the live-boards, and Sunday mornings Steve would cook up a huge bucket of bloody Marys, bang on everybody's boat, and feed us bloody Marys. There were always adventures. Several weekends a bunch of us would go down to Offat's Bayou, a marvelous, calm, land-locked area, where we would anchor and have dinghy races. Port Aransas was a popular place to go to down the coast. And of course we did a lot of sailing in Galveston Bay.

Ursa Major: Les and I sailed primarily in Galveston Bay, but every chance we got we'd get outside and sail down to Matagorda and other places. In the early days of the Houston Table, we took at least one or two trips offshore a year. We'd go to Port O'Connor, and for a couple of years we went down to Brownsville. One year, that was in '93, we took fourteen boats and sailed four hundred miles down to what was called La Pesca, about a hundred miles south of Brownsville. We must have had twenty Brothers in the table by then. La Pesca was a little bitty village, but we made arrangements with a guy who runs a hunting and fishing lodge there. His dad owned a ranch and was prominent politically. We told them a party on the beach would be nice. They had a big tent and a bar set up by a beer company, and the cultural society from that state in Mexico came with a bus load of native dancers to entertain us—damnedest thing you ever saw. They had an open charcoal grill and grilled snapper. Les and Steve Pruitt and someone else had driven down there to check the place out and to check the inlet, which was not charted. It had been dredged some years before but wasn't maintained. We had all planned to leave for there on Saturday morning, but I looked at the weather and thought, hell, I'm not going to sleep anyway tonight, so Sue and I left twelve hours ahead of everybody. We had perfect weather and got there well ahead of the others.

With the hand-drawn chart, I had no trouble going in, and someone had marked the channel, which kind of meandered, with plastic milk jugs. When I got to where we were all anchoring, I put the dinghy in the water and was going back to guide the others in, and some fisherman had picked up all the milk jugs. Anyway I led three of them in and then went back and led the rest in. That was really a fun trip.

Gimbal: We've had some absolutely fantastic raft-ups where there were boats from all over, from Texas, Florida, and Chesapeake, and also international boats. We've had many people from different lands sail with us and stay on our boats during raft-ups, people from Chile, Uruguay, Puerto Rico, France, England, Germany, Haiti, and the Bahamas. Some of us actually consider Texas to be a foreign land. I think the raft-ups are what I've enjoyed most in the Brotherhood, raft-ups we've had in the Gold Coast area around Fort Lauderdale, Miami, the Keys, and the Sun Coast. It's a great way to meet Brothers from other tables and other lands.

Listo: Tell us about the Goofy Award, *Gimbal*.

Gimbal: That's an invention of Bob *Rumbeaux* Hadley of the Sun Coast table. I believe I was the first recipient. I had a barbecue grill that I had rebuilt on the stern of my boat. When I put the new burner in, I didn't remove the shrink-wrap it came in, so when I first lit the grill we had flames flying all over from the shrink-wrap. That how I got the Goofy Award. It's for silly things like that that we do. It's not for boating errors. We all go off course, go aground, and other stupid things. They're embarrassing enough in themselves. The Goofy Award is for more silly things. If you want to know more, ask *Rumbeaux*.

El Rubio: I remember the raft-up in '92 at Elliott Key. We had to pick up Paul and Erika Anderson, who had flown in from England, and we didn't realize how far it was from Elliott Key to Miami, where they flew in late. We took a fifteen-foot run-about which we had tied to my boat to get them and ran onto a shoal on the way, which delayed us a bit. By the time we got them and were racing on the way back, it was dark and chilly and everybody was getting wet, and we wondered if we could find the raft-up. But we lucked out and became close friends and nobody died. That was also the year the New York Brothers hosted the Zaf around the tall ships parade in New York harbor. The Brotherhood has been the focus of my social life.

Brillo: Les Thompson talked a lot about the need for Brothers to jump in to help each other. I remember numerous occasions when Brothers would run aground, have breakdowns, or whatever. I recall occasions when Nancy and I pulled people off a sandbar or came to the rescue in some other way. It sort of sets a path for people to say that these are our folks.

When I moved my sailboat from Houston to Tampa, several Brothers of the Houston Table stepped up to crew with me. Among the chaps were Howell *Sleeper* Ponton, Mike *Pookey* Kneale, Jim *Ernest* Vick, and Don *Big Dog* Peterson, and Bob *Stogie* Wills. We left Galveston on Halloween day in 1998 for the 750-nautical-mile voyage to Tampa Bay. One of the wives, Peggy Peterson I think, cooked an incredible chicken gumbo for all these hungry lads, and she had frozen it into a huge block. Of course, on the sailboat I had nothing close to a freezer big enough to contain it. I did have an Igloo, and we put this frozen block of chicken gumbo in the cooler surrounded by ice, and we lashed all that to the aft deck and set off on our way. In the night, we hit some rough seas and all night long the gumbo in its sea of melting ice cubes was gyrating back and forth. The ice cubes proved to be a bit abrasive, so when ultimately someone went to check the Igloo we

discovered that we had melted gumbo cubes. It was a huge mess, but good enough to eat for a day or two.

Then somewhere below New Orleans we learned that hurricane Mitch was doing crazy things across the Caribbean and nosing its way into the Gulf. We never got the full brunt of it, but we did get thirty-six hours of 40 to 50 mile-an-hour wind and the kind of chopping seas the Gulf is capable of putting up. The beautiful varnished teak in the main salon proved to be extraordinarily slippery when slimed up with chicken gumbo and salt water. But we did indeed make it into Tampa Bay, one exhausted bunch of guys. It really was a great trip and proved that when you've got Brothers you've got help to deliver boats.

Listo: Brother *Brise Galets* has written to me about some notable rescues in his Brotherhood experience. One September, while he was in a marina in Vilamoura on the south coast of Portugal, he had his purse stolen, with his passport, credit cards, and most of his cash in it. He checked the Brotherhood roster on his computer and saw that a French Brother, Francois Salle, a.k.a. *Oeil de Larynx*, lived in Vilamoura. They had never met, but when *Brise Galets* called him, he immediately came to the marina, took him to the various authorities where he needed to report the theft, and welcomed him and his crew to his home for several days. The crew was his dog, Buddy, and Eric Beaulieu. *Oeil de Larynx* then lent him a significant amount of money with no receipt or paper signed, only "whenever you can, send the money back to me," which enabled him to sail to the U.S. Consulate in Marseille without stress and settle the situation.

Another time, when political turmoil in Haiti forced him to leave the country with a threat to his life, he was checking into a hotel in Sarasota when he was hijacked by a group of Brothers from the Sun Coast Table. Jill and you, *Gumbeaux*, took him to your home with an open invitation to stay until he

was ready to leave. He had just been uprooted and threatened with death, and he feared that his job was in jeopardy. This show of hospitality and solidarity touched him greatly.

For a reciprocal of those experiences, *Brise Galets* received a phone call at his home in Miami in June of 1993 from a Philippe de Pradier d'Agrain, a Brother from the table in Provence, whom he did not know at all. Philippe had developed a fever while cruising in the Bahamas and was then in a North Miami Beach hospital. *Brise Galets* drove to North Miami Beach, picked him and his sister up, and brought them to his home. They stayed for three weeks before Philippe was able to fly back to France.

Right now *Brise Galet* is in New Zealand, but he e-mailed these tales to me from Tahiti. He's sailing to the World Zaf in Sydney, Australia come March, and from there on around the globe. He left Fort Lauderdale last June and has met Brothers at ports I never heard of across the Pacific. That's what's great about the Brotherhood, finding Brothers at ports all around the world.

Dokwaes: That's how I found the Brotherhood long before I knew there was a brotherhood of the Coast. While "*Barba Negra*", the 110 foot barkentine Gerhard Schwisow and I owned, was in Portsmouth, England, I got curious about the black flags flown by some of the welcoming yachts. Finding nothing like them in the flag dictionary, I hoisted Rackham's Jolly Roger that the British liked quite well. That drew one of the hospitality chaps to "*Barba Negra*". He invited us to his house and helped us with many things essential to provisioning a tall ship.

Turned out that the man was "*Gonefleur*" a.k.a. John Eberhardt. We also met his daughter, Erika, but we still knew nothing about those strange black flags. Then the following summer, 1974, anchored at South Street Seaport in lower Manhattan, we saw on some of the yachts outside the museum

the same black flags. A Jamaican fishmonger warned me “stay clear of da yachties wit black flags, no good man, secret society man, you never know who’s who on de docks here.” I thanked him for the warning.

The “*Barba Negra*” and crew ere then invited to visit the City of Savannah. While docked in the River Street district one night a sweet voice called “Albert and Alise”, and there was Erika Eberhardt from Portsmouth, Great Britain. She introduced us to her fiancé, Captain Paul Anderson. They were on board the *M/V Majic* and planned to get married on board a Chilean navy ship, then sail around Cape Horn, partially organized by the Hermandad de la Costa. Visit the */Majic/* the next day, I saw the mysterious black flag flying from her crosstrees. Erika explained it was the flag of the Brotherhood of the Coast, or Hermandad de la Costa, and she exclaimed, “No, not pirates, buccaneers. I’ll tell you all about it after we get back to Savannah.”

A few weeks later, John Eberhardt of Great Britain and Paul Anderson of the Gold Coast and their captives were busy rounding up seven prospective souls and explaining the meaning of the Brotherhood of the Coast and the Octalog to every one of us. On a clear December evening, three days before Christmas, on board our good ship “*Barba Negra*”, the keel for the Savannah Table was laid with three sailors initiated into the Brotherhood that night and more inductions to come shortly after.

Blue Stache: I like that story of finding the Brotherhood through the flag. The Chesapeake Table has assisted many Brothers as they came through the bay by offering housing, an escort up the bay, and by going over charts and highlighting places they need to see. Members of our table have had anchors down in over three hundred locations in the Chesapeake Bay, from the very head of the bay on the C&B canal to our

local area. We very much believe in visiting other tables and welcoming Brothers into our homes.

Cruz: One of my favorite experiences was when Ann and I stayed at the home of Brother *Lobster Man* and Sandy for a Lauderdale Zaf one October. *Lobster Man* could not be there and Saturday was a free day for that Zaf. Sandy greeted us in the morning with the keys to their Boston Whaler and told us that *Lobster Man* wanted us to take it out and explore the many canals of Fort Lauderdale. Then she opened the cooler on the boat to reveal it packed full of ice-cold beer. That was like throwing us into the briar patch. We drove that little boat all over Fort Lauderdale and managed to stop at every bar along the way. I'm not sure how we got back but we must have made it okay and without any appreciable damage to the boat. It was a great Brotherhood day that will never be forgotten.

Brillo: I think some of the tables have adopted the concept that you don't have a true sense of what the Brotherhood is about until you go to other tables and stay in other Brothers' homes, be it boat or condo or house or whatever. Only then do you get a real feel of the camaraderie that makes the Brotherhood, and that just expands when you go international.

Gumbeaux: I don't think many of us knew what the Brotherhood was until after the Zaf in Belgium. Before then it appeared to be an international disorganization with no redeeming social value or agenda other than fun and "What do you want to drink?"

Gimbal: And no dues.

Gumbeaux: Right. In the spring of 1990, several of us met in Queens, New York, at René Fichter's house, that's when we met *Brise Galets*, and we all flew to Brussels together. The Belgium Zaf was an amazing event. We had no idea what we were getting into, but we were picked up and taken to a hotel that was owned by a Brother in downtown Brussels. They had amazing transportation arranged for us. We went to some Holy Grail event in a stadium like the Rose Bowl, and the Belgium Brotherhood had arranged for us to have front and center seats.

Jungle Jane: It was the "Procession of the Holy Blood" in Bruges, a parade of local citizens presenting the story of the Bible.

Gumbeaux: After the program, we had lunch there. When we came away from the Belgium Zaf, we knew the Brotherhood of the Coast was way bigger than those little tables in Texas and Florida. We were newcomers to something like the United Nations. They had translators with earphones. We talked about a lot of things we still talk about—trademarks, and who we are and what we do. Nineteen years later, nothing has changed, but after Brussels we realized we had friends around the world. All it takes is an e-mail or a telephone call.

Great Blue: I wasn't in the Brotherhood then, but in 1994 Roselyn and I attended the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration of the founding of the Brotherhood in Chile. That was fantastic. A side trip after the Zaf to the glaciers in southernmost Chile aboard a pocket cruise ship with a German Brother and his captive, as well as one from Uruguay, was unbelievable.

Jungle Jane: I agree that the couple of days we had on the Chilean Naval Transport ship for the sail to Cape Horn was one of the great trips. We rode buses to Bariloche, Argentina, then cruised on those *Skorpios* boats to the glacier. That was a wonderful experience. Back in Santiago, there was a review at the Naval Academy and a final gala in Vina del Mar. Anyone with the opportunity should visit the home of the Brotherhood of the Coast in Chile. It's a wonderful country.

Gumbeaux: Bill *Cubiche* Butler had sailed to Chile, and we raced at the Zaf. That was several years after his boat, *Siboney*, was attacked and sunk by whales in the Pacific, leaving him and Simone, his captive, adrift on a raft for sixty-six days.³ After the Chilean Zaf, some of us from Florida went on an overnight bus with the Chileans to a little town in the mountains and spent a few days with the Brothers in that table and had a tremendous time. That's how it is in the Brotherhood. We trust one another, have a good time, and share.

El Pistolero: I'm glad you mentioned Brother *Cubiche*. Helen and I stayed on his sailboat when we officially formed the Puerto Rico Table. I was national *vigie* at the time and sponsored that table. Bill had a steel-hull boat then that he said had been built from the metal of a German submarine. In the middle of the night I heard sounds, footsteps, like someone walking on deck, and I've kidded Bill that his boat was haunted by Germans.

I've had Brothers from England, Germany, France, Spain, Belgium, Chile, and Uruguay as guests in my home. They all came with their captives and provided me with many happy memories and treasured friendships. I'll also say that you haven't boated until you experience the tides of England.

³ See William Butler (*Cubiche* of the San Juan Table), *66 Days Afloat* (New York: McGraw Hill, 2005).

When leaving the marina of a Brother in the Portsmouth area, we had to go into a lock and down fifteen to twenty feet because the tide had taken that much water out. I now understand what authors in old sailing books meant when they wrote of ships going out with the tide.

Great Blue: Another great experience for me was crewing on the Norwegian tall ship the *Staatsrad Lehmkuhl*, in the last leg of the 2001 Cutty Sark Race off Germany, Denmark, and Norway. And I'll never forget the World Zafarranchos in Italy in '98 and England in '02. You'll never know the true meaning of the Brotherhood until you have visited other Brotherhood countries and tables.

Jungle Jane: We may not see each other that often, maybe only once every four years, but the conversation and camaraderie just picks up where we left off when we last got together.

Oso: I recall sitting on Fred Bentley's back porch in England overlooking a river with a German and a French Brother, and maybe also a Belgian, and I said, "You know, this is one hell of an organization. I never thought I'd be sitting on the back porch of a truly good friend's house with a Brit and a Kraut and a Frog enjoying life together." This is something you just don't find in other organizations, but it happens all the time in the Brotherhood. That's why it's so important to me to travel and go to all these Brotherhood functions.

A memorable sail I had was traveling down to Belize with Jim Paterson, who lived there at the time. He tried to put together a Belize table but could never get it going. He was originally from Houston. He said he wanted to go to Guatemala and get his boat. I'd never been to Guatemala, so we went down there, took a four-hour ferry ride across some bay, and then boated up a river to his boat. We had to take everything out of the boat to find out if there were any animals

in there, then put it all back, and sail down the river and back to Belize. Those kinds of adventures happen all the time.

Dry Rot: My feeling about the Brotherhood is it's not a boat or yacht club. It's a philosophical organization. We look to the Octalog as a way of life we are bound to; but what we have above all is our love of the sea, our love of getting out there on the water between heaven and earth, where you have that great feeling of being part of the whole universe.

On that positive note, Brother Cruz made sure we each had at least a shot of rum left in our glasses for a final broadside and reciting of the Octalog. Tomorrow promised to be a day of exploring Ile de la Tortue.

Broadside

*A custom to celebrate a feat. In practice, a "Toast."
The ritual is usually performed in Spanish
and ends with a chorus of
ORZA!*

Captain orders:

*Tripulación cargar baterias ...
Cañones de proa, apuntan ...*

Brothers slamming the table: FUEGO!!!

Cañones de babor, apunten ...

Brothers slamming the table: FUEGO!!!

Cañones de estribor, apunten

Brothers slamming the table: FUEGO!!!

All together shout: OOOOORZAAA!!!

Octalog

- I Execute with respect the orders of the captain as if they were those of your spiritual father or your older brother.
- II Never bear arms or attack with bad words the Brother of the same Bay or those of the Littoral.
- III Receive in your boat the Brother who visits you; offer him the food from your table and the best hammock in your cabin.
- IV As you treat your Brethren so will you be treated and the Captain will celebrate your fraternity, or will punish you.
- V Do not envy the ship of your Brother, nor his sail, nor his motor.
- VI Bring the Brother without harbor to your Bay, and should he own no other riches than his heart, take him aboard your yacht and consider him your brother.
- VII Do not be conceited or violent; if you are, you will cause your Brethren to keep away from you, and you will be quarantined with your plague.
- VIII Love of the sea must be the Cult of your days; make sacrifices for her and observe her laws.

