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ATLANTIC RAFT ARRIVES.

A primitive raft, thirty feet long with a ten-foot plywood cabin, rides at anchor in Falmouth harbour. She looks frail and peaceful now - but she's just drifted more than 2,000 miles, crossing the wide Atlantic from Nova Scotia in 87 days. Her ship's company - three Frenchmen and two kittens.

Skipper Henri Beaudot, and his crew Marc Modena and Gaston Vanacker, make for the immigration office. Vanacker is a draughtsman; the skipper is an electrician - ordinary men of extraordinary achievement. But they have to go through the ordinary channels, just the same. Meanwhile curious crowds give their craft the once-over. From her masts fly the flags of Quebec, Great Britain and Nova Scotia. She's called L'Egare, the Second - in English, "The Lost One". And certainly, with her lashed timbers, her Heath Robinson rudder, and her simple navigation aids, it's a wonder she wasn't.

For 30 days even the cats had less than enough to eat; but with a fishing spear and a lot of luck, the crew of The Lost One kept themselves going. But once ashore, it's bacon and eggs at the British Sailors' Society Hostel - their first square meal for nearly three months. Would they do it again? "No", they say, "It's was not too unpleasant - except for the worst of the gales. But we have done what we set out to do" And what was that? "To cross the Atlantic on a dozen legs. Just to show it could be done". Men are like that!