

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

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."

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, apunten ...*

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: OOOOORZAAAA!!!

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

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

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.

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.

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.

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

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.

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

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

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*.

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



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

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, *Gumbaux*, 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

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.

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

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

Rascal: We didn't even have a "Barba Negra" in the Brotherhood then. After John Pfeleger, 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.

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

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 Pfeleger 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