

# SAILED a Tiny Boat 3400 MILES across the PACIFIC to Help Her STEPSON



Mrs. Madden uses the dinghy for a boudoir on a calm day at sea. Later, the dinghy was carried away in a storm.

**W**RITE down Wilma Madden, 37-year-old widow, as living proof that the old tradition which calls stepmothers heartless and unfeeling is all wrong.

While you're about it, you might also write her down as one of the pluckiest young women on the face of the earth.

Mrs. Madden recently sailed across 3400 miles of stormy ocean in a boat smaller than the smallest of the "Queen Mary's" lifeboats. Nor did this attractive woman have any crew of husky sailors to maneuver her cockle-shell for her. The only person aboard beside herself was her 23-year-old stepson, Ward Madden, who would have lost his life during the voyage had it not been for Mrs. Madden's extraordinary courage.

The voyage began in Seattle, Wash. The Maddens sailed 1000 miles to San Francisco, then they sailed 2400 miles across the Pacific to Honolulu, Hawaii. They spent 14 days at sea between Seattle and San Francisco, and 33 days between San Francisco and Honolulu.

Alone in the vast ocean, the intrepid woman and her stepson spent that total of 47 days on a sailboat only 25 feet long!

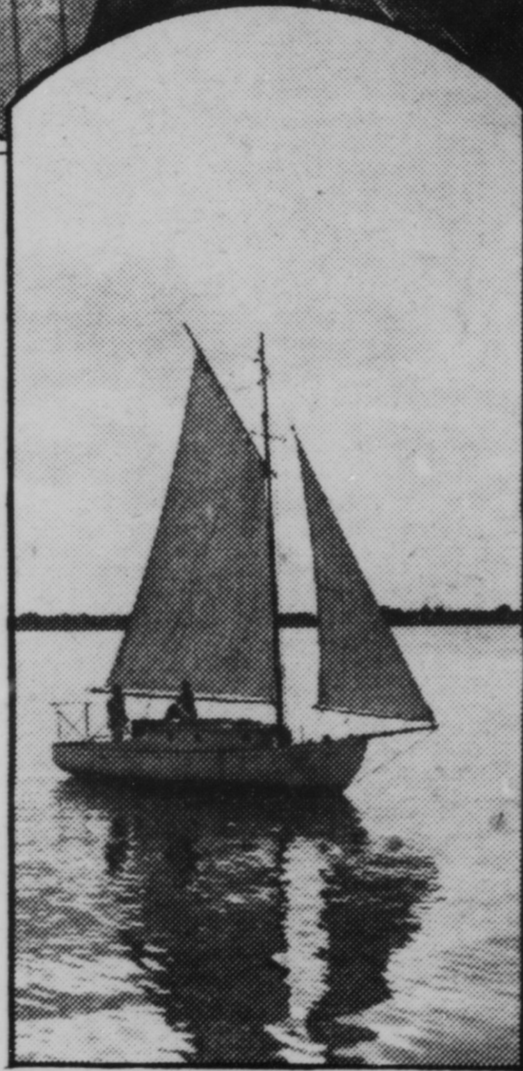
This youthful widow is feminine and small—she stands only 4 feet, 10 inches tall. She is petite, frail, even, which makes her daring all the more remarkable.

This amazing sea trip was started by the death of Ellis C. Madden, the boy's father and Mrs. Madden's husband. After expenses of settling the estate, stepmother and stepson needed to find something to do to assure a living the rest of their lives.

Mrs. Madden was willing to sacrifice everything that her stepson might find a good career. He had shown that with training and experience he might become a writer.

What could be better for him then, thought Mrs. Madden, than a life of travel? A trip to the South Seas and on into the Old World? That would be a life worth writing about. But how about steamship fares and hotel bills? How to pay for them?

She read about a man named William A. Robinson, who sailed a 32-foot boat around the world a few years ago. She also read about Harry Pigeon, who circled the globe alone in a 34-footer shortly after that. And she read about Joshua Slocum, who, in his 60's, sailed a 36-foot sloop around the world back in 1898.



Mrs. Wilma Madden at the tiller of her 25-foot sloop, Teeni. At left below, the tiny vessel in Honolulu harbor after its voyage from Seattle.

they were off northern California. They had been at sea two weeks. It wouldn't be long until they were safe in San Francisco . . . they thought.

Then, just as everything seemed at its best, came the worst storm of the voyage.

That storm of last autumn will be long remembered along the Pacific coast. It destroyed many fishing craft.

The "Teeni" was right in the worst of it. For a day and a half the two seafarers crouched, helpless, on the cabin floor, while gigantic waves tossed the boat about, and water forced its way through the hatches.

Somehow, the "Teeni" lived through the storm. A calm day finally came, and the pair sailed through the Golden Gate, to be heralded in San Francisco as heroes.

But their journey was only begun. They made preparations for the 2400-mile trip to Hawaii. The gasoline stove for cooking, the gasoline lantern for light, the radio for entertainment—all these things and many more had to be checked over to see that they would last throughout the weeks at sea.

**S**O these two adventurers found a sailboat, not too expensive, to suit them. It was only 25 feet long, but it was decked over, had good strong sails and rigging, and was sturdy and seaworthy.

The pair stocked their boat, which they named "Teeni," with supplies and water, and started out. Ward had enough training in mathematics to feel that he could do the navigating.

The "Teeni" was hardly out in the Pacific ocean, bound for San Francisco when she met a storm. Tremendous waves knocked the midget boat about violently. Part of the time Mrs. Madden and Ward dared not go on deck. They had to lie on the cabin floor, hoping the storm would end. It was so fierce that a small dinghy they had was torn loose and lost forever.

Then the fog settled down. They knew they were somewhere off the treacherous Oregon coast, but just where they could not be sure. They could see only a short distance. They sailed on for days, not knowing when a black, cruel rock might appear right in front of them, nor when a steamship might run them down.

One day it was clear, and they found



Wilma and Ward Madden, photographed in Honolulu after their amazing voyage.

**T**HE passage began pleasantly enough, and as they reached warmer waters it became really idyllic. Mrs. Madden fished and brought up great fish. They saw strange birds.

One day a waterproof coat was swept overboard. Mrs. Madden and Ward turned the boat quickly to recover it, but it was gone. It had not sunk, but the great waves had hidden it from sight. Mrs. Madden thought then of what would happen should she or Ward, not a coat, be swept overboard.

That very afternoon she was at the tiller, steering. Her stepson was below decks, working out some navigation. Suddenly she called. A small emergency—a rope needed adjusting. She could not leave the tiller to do it herself. Suddenly, he was swept overboard. He clutched frantically at a trailing rope—too late.

Mrs. Madden could not stop the boat at once. The rope Ward had been working at had to be retrieved and hauled into its proper place first. She made no outcry, but heaved silently on the heavy rope with all her might.

That made it possible to turn the boat around, and she did so. She could see nothing but white-crested waves. Her heart must have sunk then. Honolulu was 1200 miles ahead, San Francisco 1200 back. How could she have the heart to sail—alone and miserable—so far?

But she was not beaten yet. She climbed to the highest place she could find, clinging to any rope at hand, in the greatest danger of being knocked overboard herself. She looked and listened intently.

She heard a cry! Straight ahead! Skillfully she sailed the boat right up to her stepson. Safe and sound, he clambered over the side.

Fifteen days later they arrived in Honolulu. Mrs. Madden was hung with flower leis and heralded for the heroine that she is.