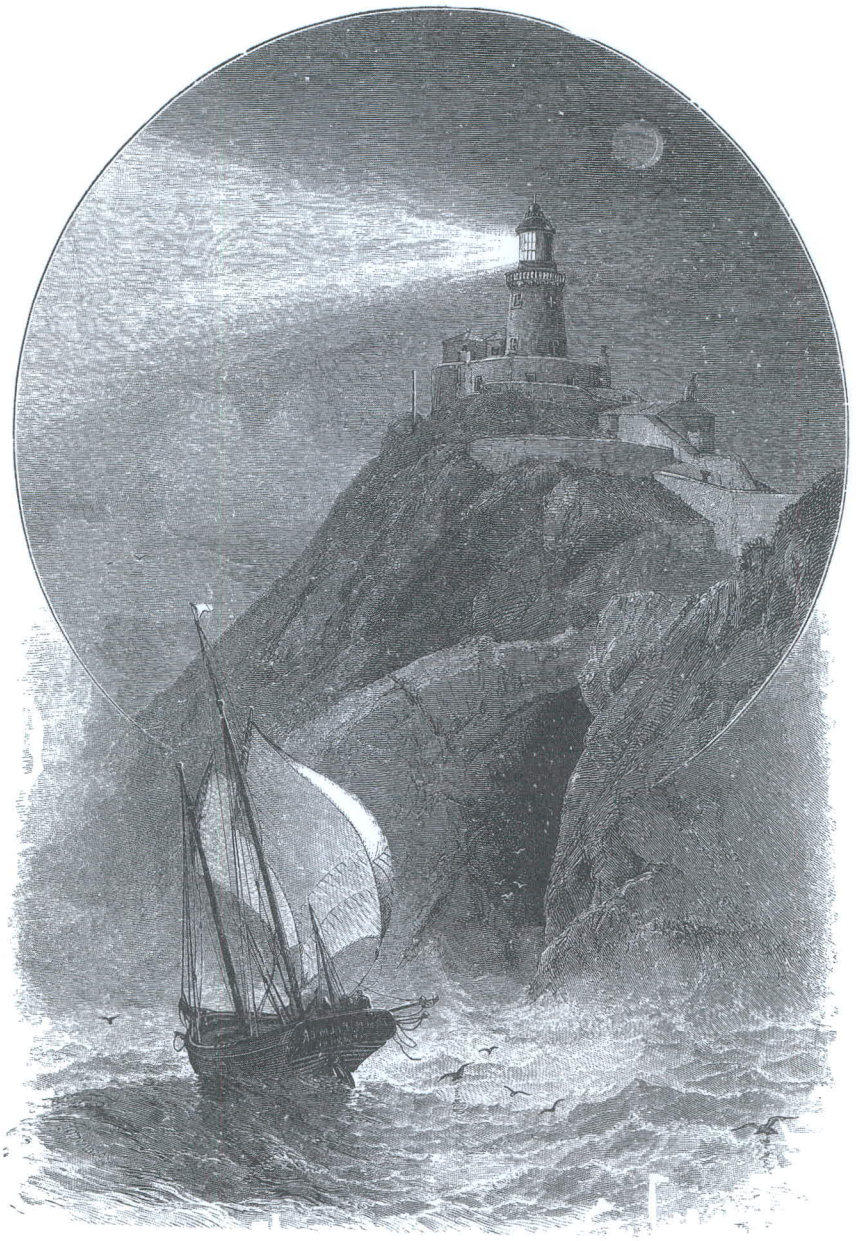

# Landfall!

In all the devious tracings the course of a sailing ship leaves upon the white paper of a chart she is always aiming for that one little spot — maybe a small island in the ocean, a single headland upon the long coast of a continent, a light-house on a bluff, or simply the peaked form of a mountain like an ant heap afloat upon the waters. But if you have sighted it on the expected bearing, then the landfall is good. Fogs, snowstorms, gales thick with clouds and rain — those are the enemies of good landfalls.