



On September 5th, the Cutter Wachusett entered the Domain of the Golden Dragon at twenty degrees, thirty minutes north latitude, and one hundred eighty degrees west longitude, where she was boarded by members of the Golden Dragon's Royal Court who inspected her crew and passed every last man—but not without testing him first . . .

The test ranged from an appointment with the Royal Barber, whose haircuts, according to the latest mod-fashion, left something to be desired, to rolling an olive down the grease-slickened main deck with the nose. It included tasting the Royal Brew, an ingenious concoction of whatever wasn't on the galley's menu for the day, and a mock trial before the Royal Court.



To show that it was all in good, clean fun, each newly initiated Golden Dragon received a saltwater washdown by fire hose, and was allowed to trim his hair. The "skinhead" that was left was to remind each man of his trials for several weeks to come.