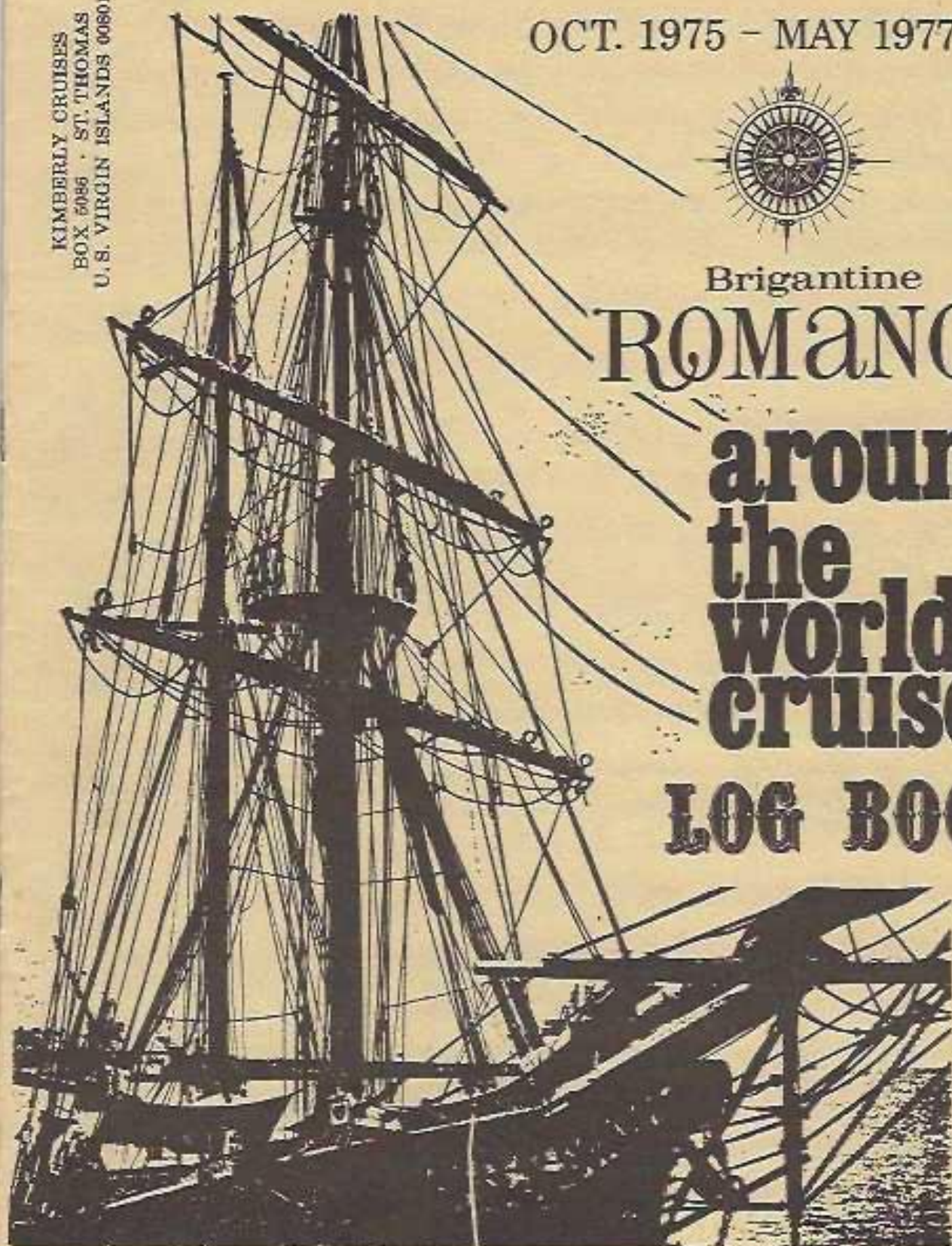


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OCT. 1975 - MAY 1977



Brigantine
ROMANCE
around
the
world
cruise
LOG BOOK





Greetings from the South Pacific! Romance's circumnavigation got off to a fast start October 1st from Grenada, reeling off the first thousand miles in 6 days of classic trade wind sailing. (At this point, we had only 39,000 more to go!) The San Blas Islands of Panama gave the crew their first dramatic sojourn into a primitive world, the ship surrounded by one-time headhunters in dugout canoes, rings in their noses and brandishing spears. The Cuna Indians, second smallest tribe on earth, are known for their many layered blouses, called "malas," sewn in reverse appliques of inspired designs and brilliant colors, much prized by collectors. We added to our own collections, and this year 'discovered' a picture perfect new group of islets, the Coco Banderas. Best bargain: a bamboo flute dance performed by the women of Wichub Huala for \$2.50--no audience limit, and all the pictures you can take.

A quick Panama Canal transit, 11 days of incredible fishing for dorado and tuna, then Cocos Island, somber guardian of ancient Peruvian treasures, including the lifesize Golden Madonna of Lima. Before you visit Cocos, you wonder why the treasures have never been found. One look, and you realize only a fool would try. Lonely, uninhabited Cocos is impenetrable jungle 10 feet from high water, icy streams, lovely ribbon waterfalls and dark green bays patrolled by sharks and rays in great numbers. The whalers wintered here, carving their ship's names in the rocks, a priceless record dating from the late 1600's. Mate Dan Moreland carved "Brigantine Romance, 1975," and a handsome profile of the ship, on a stream-polished boulder already bearing the legend, "Ship Susan P. Howland, 1851" One hundred twenty four years separate the two carvings.

With the Galapagos closed to all but Ecuadorian tour boats, Romance hurried on across 'The Line.' There, king Neptune boarded us in full regalia, to initiate our Pollywogs into the sovereign kingdom of the Sea. Now began the rollicking 3,000 mile tradewind passage to Pitcairn Island. Fletcher Christian's hideaway lies deep in what is--even today--one of the loneliest stretches of ocean on Earth. White sails and sparkling blue seas. We set stuns'ls for 640 miles, and watched the Southern Cross climb in the heavens. And in just under 24 days, a surf-torn rock rose majestically from the sea. . . Pitcairn Island. Longboats burst from the swells, and soon Romance was enveloped in that special warmth of Pitcairn friendship.

It's hard to imagine any port topping Pitcairn for this Romance crew. For two weeks, they became Pitcairners themselves, living and working with their adoptive families, in the gardens, preparing pandanus for baskets, chopping wood, grating coconut, baking bread sticks and learning the secrets of hearty Pitcairn open hearth cooking. Pitcairn homes are so lived-in-comfortable, one could never feel like a guest. We were happy just to share in the daily life of these very hard working, proud and kindly "Men of the Mutiny"--descendants of Bounty's band. In an effort to repay their hospitality, Romance went to Henderson Island, 100 miles to windward, to cut carving wood with the Pitcairn men. Our crew worked side by side with the Islanders, felling trees, dragging logs literally miles over soft sand and through the surf, and pulling oars with the world's best surfboatmen, on no less than 35 runs over the reef and through crashing, heel-jarring breakers. On the next to last run, the longboat broached, was thrown on the beach and nearly wrecked.

Piled high with miro and tou logs, Romance was back 'home,' and anchored off Bounty Bay for Christmas, a Christmas we'll long remember. Twenty freshly cut trees decorated the square, hung to collapsing with presents for every man, woman and child, including the Romance crew. Mostly simple homemade or home-grown gifts in keeping with the true spirit of Christmas, red ripe watermelons, strings of sunshine-sweet pineapples, woven baskets--and for us, the finest carvings the Islanders could produce--Romance and Bounty models, vases, birds, flying fish, turtles, and sharks with real teeth, so lifelike they seem to swim across the bulkhead. (You can order these exquisite baskets and carvings by writing Pitcairn Island, South Pacific Ocean. Baskets run \$3-5, carvings \$15 a foot, plus \$5 postage. The average 8 month delivery time is well worth the wait for mementos prized around the world.)

The Community Christmas dinner covered a 40 foot table with an eye-popping buffet, chicken baked in coconut cream, lamb, tender roast goat, crisp little fish, fresh greens, tropical fruit salads, sweet corn-on-the-cob, steamed puddings, moist banana cakes, fresh made strawberry ice cream--to name but a few of nearly a hundred mouth watering delights! We were intoxicated with typical Pitcairn feasting. Hymns, blessings and the tolling of Bounty's bell, marked our tearful parting.

Fair winds and fine weather, with New Years at sea, brought us to the Marquesas, new islands for Romance, Hiva Oa, Nuku Hiva, Ua Pou. Melville's Tyti, Tapi Voi, in Marquesian, spills out of the mountains lush and green, with singing streams and almost inextinguishable waterfalls, into a fjord-like finger of the sea. Here, in a stillness broken only by song birds, we anchored Romance. There are few visitors. The people pressed pound-sized mangos, 10 inch grapefruit and whole stalks of bananas into our hands. A small, neat village, full of flowers. Copra plantations, children riding the small, chestnut Marquesian horses. There are not many Marquesians, survivors of thousands. One comes upon silent villages, sunlight dappling on fine black stone foundations of homes and temples, on cobblestone roads through the jungle of palms, breadfruit and bamboo. An imposing stone temple in a sudden clearing, guarded by 13 stolid red tikis, tall as a man and twice as broad.

Between the Marquesas and Tuamotus, Romance hit a whale. We hardly felt the lump, but the poor whale bled all over the ocean. Happier was our encounter with at least a thousand Risso dolphins, 6 to 10 feet long, with blunt heads, and "lips" rather than long noses. They surfed by us in ranks of 25 to 30 in every wave, for 3 solid hours. A like encounter with 30 to 40 fin whales blowing all around the ship—these have been the highlights of our mammal study for the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration.

The greatest personal thrill for Skipper, is the "discovery" of the wreck of the 4 mast full rigged iron ship, County of Roxburgh, on the beach at Taharoa in the Tuamotus, or Dangerous Archipelago. The Roxburgh was wrecked in the 1905 killer hurricane which devastated the South Pacific, and inspired Nordhoff & Hall's great novel, "Hurricane." The ship was carried over the reef by a sea estimated at 75 feet high, and deposited high and dry on the beach, as if in drydock. She is 285 feet long, 43 foot beam, 24 foot depth, and with masts a full 8 feet around. We gained entrance to her cathedral-like hold through torn bottom plates, and climbed her tweendecks to after cabins and main deck. There the full significance of this important historical find staggered us. Here is a ship built in 1895, with deck houses, winches, boiler, capstans, steering gear, windlass, etc. in place; masts, yards and rigging rolling in the surf at her side. A priceless treasure for shiplovers and marine historians to study, measure and photograph. We spent two full days on the ship, Skipper preparing a full report available to shiplovers.

Taharoa is a pearling atoll. The divers train 5 years, gradually descending to 120 feet, and staying under 2 to 3 minutes. Shells are harvested mostly for mother-of-pearl. Few natural pearls are found, but cultured pearls are grown by implanting full or half seeds. It takes 2 to 3 years to form a pearl. Oh, yes, and the lagoon is full of sharks—and copra is a better cash crop anyway. We were given pearls on-the-half-shell, and entertained by lively Tuamotuan songs—and our scuba enthusiasts pronounced Taharoa the ultimate in diving, in spite of (or because of) the sharks.

Rangiroa was next, said to be the world's largest lagoon, 7 knots of tide and awesome "opape" (overfalls) in the pass. And on to Tahiti, rising majestic from the sea, rainbows in the mountains, and a lacy skirt of reefs curling about her feet. Papeete, yachts tethered to old cannon along a shady boulevard, noisy motor bikes, sidewalk cafes, Chinese shops, shell vendors, the sweet-heavy scent of Tiara-Tahiti in the moonlight, Hinano beer, French croissants and the early morning market filled with dew-fresh fruits and flowers, and identical silvery tuna all in a row. The shore road winding past black sand beaches, white surf and blow holes; waterfalls in the mountains. Fishtraps and nets and outriggers and flowers and children and bamboo lungalows with bright curtains fluttering in open windows.

Polynesia—soft lands of luminous lagoons, blue mountains rising from a cobalt sea, sun dappled palms against a brilliant trade wind sky. The pure magic of Moorea's deep, misty fjords, little wisps of cloud spilling through the fingers of her peaks. Long walks along the shore road under the palms, or up in the mountains among pines and coffee and waxy cashew trees. Sudden squalls in the night to send us racing on deck to put out a second anchor. Hua-

hini--exploring miles of coral lagoon in the longboat, copra and vanilla loading on the dock, pigs and kids and bicycles. The Marae of Lac Paeva, ancient open air temples of human sacrifice, sootier and brooding.

The firewalkers of Raiatea: A pit 20' x 50' filled with sizzling volcanic rocks is first swept with palm fronds to remove live coals. Prayers are chanted to ancient gods; then a very old woman, the widow of a chief, steps into the pit carrying a torch. She crosses with measured steps, unscathed by fires still burning beneath the rocks. Then the whole troop marches across--rather quickly--several times. The ceremony is completed by traditional singing and dancing. After it was over, in about an hour, we braved the pit. I walked across barefoot--rather quickly. The rocks were HOT all right, but no longer scorching. Hot decks are good training for amateur firewalkers. In Raiatea, Tahitian friends gave Romance a traditional "Tama Ara A", a sumptuous earth-oven feast of tuna baked with hot rocks, poi, paupaw and pamplemouss, that huge perfumed Polynesian grapefruit; elegant raw fish in lime juice and coconut cream, yams, taro, baked bananas, sugary pineapple and hearts of palm, that millionaire's salad which sacrifices the tree--all eaten with the fingers like Adam and Eve. Tahitians and hospitality are synonymous.

Bora Bora was a milestone for Romance. Here in 1972, we reluctantly turned homeward to a lousy season in the Virgins, with a promise to ourselves to return, a promise now kept. Bora Bora vies with Moorea as the most beautiful island in all the Pacific; a brooding peak, cloud-crowned home of the gods; we climbed its flanks. And a halo of tiny emerald motus (islets) embracing the loveliest of lagoons. Ten pretty young vahinis in a log war canoe, upsetting near the ship--and very enthusiastically rescued by the brave Romance crew. A last luau, the deck festooned with rustling palm fronds, and everyone in their best bright paraus and shell leis--to mark our departure from French Polynesia.



The Cook Islands, Rarotonga and Palmerston Atoll flew by, then the Jamaas, Pago Pago

and Apia, and on March 14th, we celebrated 10 years of owning and sailing our beautiful and much loved Romance across the wide oceans of the world--stuns'l weather and turkey and all the trimmings.

We remembered the Tokelaus as a lost Eden. No yachts are allowed to call, but Romance carried medical supplies for a new clinic--and the chiefs were out of tobacco! We were welcome. Atafu is a small atoll, the motus (islets) thickly covered with palms and very green, with fine white sand beaches. The reefs are awash at low tide, strewn with huge black blocks of coral torn from the sea bed and hurled onto the reef during hurricanes. The deep blue of the open sea breaks with deceptive gentleness, smothering the bright orange of the coral wall in whitest foam. Beyond, the lagoon shimmers vibrant turquoise in the sun. The whole is a scene of dazzling beauty, this alone worth sailing half a world to see. Triangles of white appeared, sailing outriggers skimming like butterflies outside the reef. They quickly overtook Romance under full sail. The Tokelau dug-

out is an interesting type, 25' long; bow, midship and stern sections cut from separate logs and sewn together with sennit, and caulked with resin. Planks are added to give extra freeboard, and both ends covered like a kayak. When a man dies, he is buried in a section of his canoe--and a new log added on.

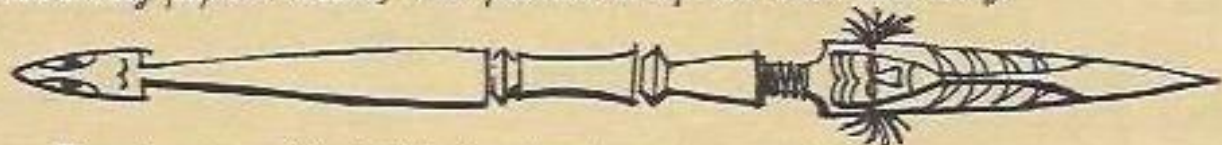
There are no western style homes in Atafu. The fale are attractive open walled thatch huts with palm mats to lower when it rains--very cool. The floor is usually elevated, covered with finely woven mats. There is no furniture, and one sits cross legged or reclines on the floor. Cooking is done over open fires and is excellent, in the finest Polynesian tradition. Our boys were adopted by several families, and the girls given a fale of their own just steps from the moon-washed lagoon, with the chief's daughters in attendance. There were dances every night, the Polynesians laughing uproariously at our efforts--and a grand festival of traditional dances, songs and chants the final afternoon. On Nukunono, the old tribal legends and songs have only recently been revived, and it is said the children sing for 8 hours at feasts and never repeat a number. On both these happy edens, we feasted royally, and did our best to reciprocate with parties aboard. Romance was swamped with revelers enjoying the novelty of American food, the laughter turning to laments on parting. And as Romance sheeted home her sunset-burnished sails, dark canoes trailed her into the golden ocean.

Monday, April 5, 1976, the day that never was, Romance crossed the International Date Line among the Fijis, passing also from the carefree isles of Polynesia, into the exciting unknown of the far Western Pacific--dark and primitive Melanesia, which was to thrill us beyond expectation.

New Hebrides: There are only about 150 bushmen, Small Nambus, still living in the unsurveyed interior of Malekula. Just 3 weeks before, the Small Nambus had split a Frenchman's skull open for entering the Nakamal, the sacred house. Now all the scattered mountain villages feared Government reprisals. No one had been up there since. We negotiated for guides among the coastal tribes. The expedition was impossible, on, then off again. In the end, they let us go unarmed and without cameras. Our 8 youngest and strongest constituted the largest party to attempt this 3 day forced march. Completely at the mercy of the bushmen, afraid to break some unknown tabu, these kids from American cities lived and ate with wildmen, living in a bush hut with pigs for company, and banana leaves for cover against the mountain cold.

The rest of us attempted a nearer village, but being closer to the coast, they were even more fearful, and would not consent to our visit. We did however, surprise a young man and 3 boys along the path. We impressed them with our cameras, as shy as jungle animals, wearing only a banana leaf 'nambus' and curved pig's tusks. They warily accepted our cigarettes; and on passing, flung a spear triumphantly into the jungle. We got the message.

The night off Ambrum we'll long remember, a wild night of racing clouds, surfing-curling seas, close dark cliffs, and the great volcano, Benbow, streaming a cherry red plume above us. Heroic black-fenn gods and brooding slit-gongs, hollow tree trunks with big eyed, long nosed, whimsical faces. We traded for drums, masks and dance sticks, half-figures with waving arms, resembling papier maché, but fashioned of cob webs and clay.

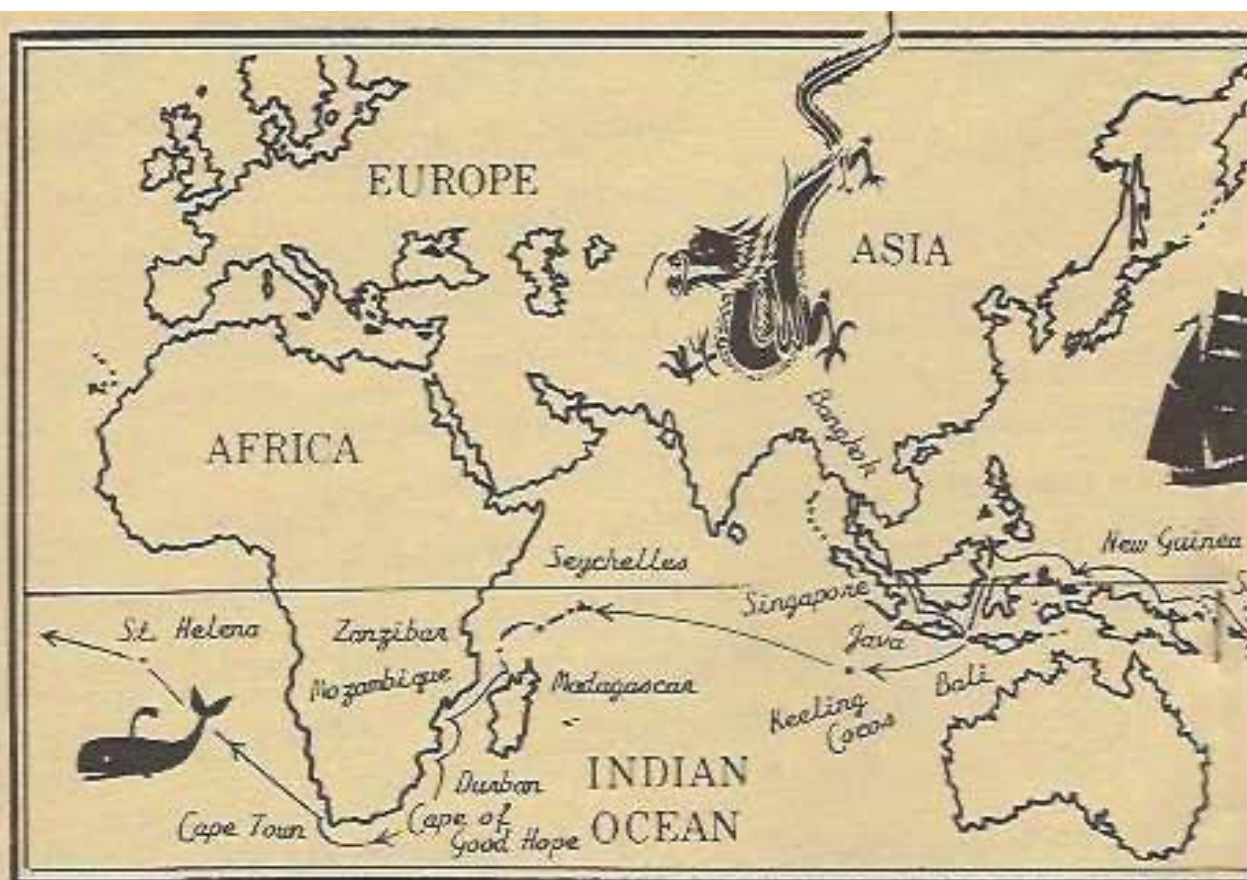


Ticopia is a 'forbidden' island, once considered hostile and excitable. Nobody goes there. It sounded interesting. Romance anchored in 15 fathoms off the fringing reef--the chain literally roared down--and was soon surrounded by canoes. The Ticopians are fierce looking fellows, tattooed all over, with a mop of kinky red hair, black teeth and mouths stained hideously red from betel nut chewing. They wear a loincloth of plain tapa (bark cloth.) The women wear nothing but tattoos above their tapa skirts, smoke pipes, chew betel and shave their heads. They wouldn't win any beauty prizes. The children however, are adorable, with big brown eyes, sweet smiles, and fresh flowers in their pierced ears and noses.

It is required that token gifts be presented to each of the 4 chiefs who rule Ticopia, the wildest, fiercest old men on the island. The 12 year old son of the youngest chief went along as aide to protocol. Skipper and I had to crawl on our hands and knees before the chiefs, then sit cross legged before these fierce countenanced buddhas, while an attendant translated pleasantries. Can you imagine our straight-laced New England Skipper in such a setting? Yet the people could not be more friendly.

The youngest chief invited us to a feast. We crawled into his low, dark hut, I in a tapa presented by his wife, as flexible and comfortable as a plaster cast. The villagers crowded in behind us and sat in the shadows, cuddly babies pressing sleepily against us. The light from a single precious lantern flickered on leaf wrapped packages hung from the rafters. Yams on skulls? Outside, the cook fire blazed beyond the low door. We sat and ate and thought about where we were, in a chief's hut in Ticopia. "A brigantine is a time machine," Randy Jones sang. Perhaps none of us would ever be more keenly aware of turning back the centuries.

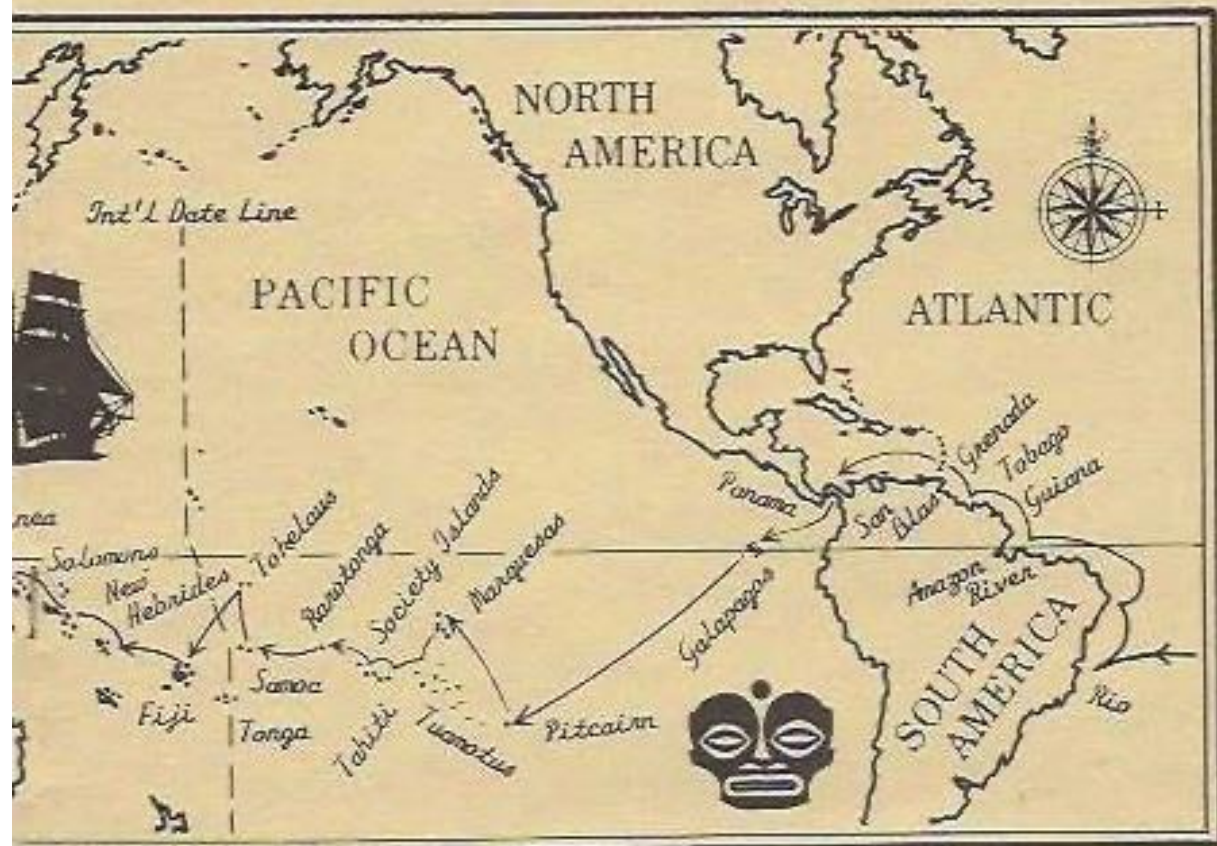
First came the traditional lap-lap, a sort of yam pudding with chunks of papaya and egg baked in a coconut shell, and best eaten in the dark. Then came 3 scrawny chickens from their meager supply, to be torn apart and shared, then casava roots, taro and more yams, all washed down with drinking nuts. Then in traditional Melanesian hospitality, we were offered and tried, betel nuts, chewed with a hot pepper leaf and caustic lime, 3 'awfuls' making a 'good' to them. This magical night ended with the chief himself leading his sons in an ancient chant, a slow dirge accompanied by measured swaying and sharp claps, well calculated to thrill the least adventurous.



Solomons--Langa Langa: Jack London once called Malaitia "the most savage island." Even today, there are elusive bushmen in the interior, naked and wild. Their age old enemies, the 'salt water people' still build their sago palm huts on coral-walled artificial islands out on the reefs of Langa Langa Lagoon. There they cling to their old customs, and worship the shark, BIANNA. The women are busy making money--literally--out of shell. For shell money--strings of tiny shell disks--is still legal tender in banks and stores throughout the Solomons. Believe it or not.

Shell fragments are first rough chipped into $3/8$ " disks, drilled and strung, then polished by endless rubbing between grooved planks. There are 3 denominations, white, orange and red, the highest, from a shell 10 fathoms deep. The current bank rate is \$20 Australian for a fathom (6 feet) of red shell money. The custom survives because a bride (or a pig) can only be purchased with shell money.

Gaua in the Marshall Bennets is another never-never island. Here we discovered 30 man war canoes with pandanus sails (no white man's canvas here!) still being used for long voyages. We saw four magnificent models, and sailed in one, with a high, ornately carved prow and streamers of white cowry shells flying in the wind. The outrigger was enormous, and decked over with bamboo. The rectangular sail is hoisted without blocks, and



AROUND THE WORLD!

set diagonally to the mast. As soon as this primitive thatch sail filled, the canoe seemed to leap out of the water, skimming like a sea bird. To tack, the yard is swung around the mast, bow becoming stern, and off she goes! The people of Gawa are supreme artists, everything they own, bowls, paddles, betel nut mortars, adzes, walking sticks are exquisitely carved.

On Kitava in the Trobriands, we had the incredibly good luck to arrive on the eve of Mila Mala, the yam festival celebrating the harvest and beginning of the new planting season, literally their New Year. Mila Mala is always held on the full moon. At new moon, ancestral spirits fly over from Tuma Island, and are welcomed back to the village by the oldsters. At Mila Mala, the youngsters parade to honor the spirits and bid them goodbye for another year, a parallel to our Father Time and Baby New Year. We left Romance at 4:30 AM, and marched silently up the dark jungle path to the village, tiny mushrooms luminous in the damp grass. We wondered if they were a form of 'flying witches', together with fire flies and shooting stars, in Trobriand belief. In the village, parents were painting their children's faces in charcoal and white lime, and Halloween excitement prevailed. The children's brown bodies gleamed with coconut oil, their hair dusted with lime and decorated with bright parrot feathers and flowers; and with garlands of betel nuts around their necks. The boys wore only a banana

leaf, the girls perky new grass skirts, so short and full, they looked like ballerinas. The most exciting lizard skin drums, and the wild notes of a conch horn accompanied the parade; and when it was over, we were graciously included in the feast. Here, Mary Robertson, the most dedicated doctor in Romance history, broke all records by seeing 186 patients in one day. Her reward? Number 187 threw up all over her cabin.

In the far Western Pacific, Romance had traveled about as far back in time as one can journey in this world. We saw man living a completely natural life, all his needs supplied by the abundant tropical flora, and the sea. The thatch dwelling, sometimes little more than an animal's lair, sometimes surprisingly attractive, became the norm. The versatile palm supplying posts and thatch for shelter, mats for sleeping, clothing, food, water, utensils, husks for fuel and oil for light. A few root staples are grown, fish are caught with shell and feather lures. A tree is hollowed for a canoe, and thatch provides a sail. Little do they dream that their brothers in a very different world have walked on the moon.

In New Guinea, we emerged on the other side of Eden, and saw primitive man slowly beginning the climb into the 20th century. The Highland native still lives in mud huts, but with tea and coffee booming as cash crops, he has adopted what he desires of western civilization. In the cool mountain air, it is common to see wool sweaters and stocking caps worn over a bare bottom and a bunch of leaves sticking out behind like a turkey tail. The effect is, to say the least, striking! The older generation still favor nose bones and a cus-cus fur collar, the animal's long golden tail hanging down between bare breasts. From Lea, we flew up the Markham Valley to Goroka and Mt. Hagen, over spectacular mountain ranges. Scattered villages poise on razorback ridges for defense, the round huts resembling a field of button mushrooms from the air. We had been warned that cars are still attacked on the road, but walked the muddy byways without fear. The Papua New Guinean is warm, friendly and courteous--perhaps because we came on foot, not in tour busses. Highland sing-sings are always going on in some remote mountain village; any excuse for parading Bird of Paradise head dresses and red face paint. We were invited to a wedding sing-sing, and brought traditional gifts of tobacco and salt.

From Madang to Wewak, Romance cruised between the snow peaked coast, and the offshore volcanic cones of Blip Blip, Blup Blup, Bam and Bagabag. The island of Kadovar was a chance visit, and a good one. Without a chart, we hove-to and made contact with the first canoes, handsomely carved and decorated with flowing pandanus streamers. We inquired after carvings and hit the jackpot! A flotilla appeared laden to sinking with huge crudely carved figures and heavy wooden masks, winsome, primitive, soot blackened and smelling pleasantly of charcoal fires. We indulged in an orgy of trading, and when we were exhausted, they continued to press their treasures on us, willing to take almost anything in trade. We saw only a few masks of the Kadovar type in a warehouse of Melanesian arts in Wewak, so were especially pleased with our discovery.

Up the dusty Maprik road on a pile of coffee sacks in the back of a bouncing truck. Bamboo, sago palms and tree ferns. Filmy nets stretched between tall trees to catch the succulent flying fox, a fruit bat with a 3 foot wingspread. Coastal huts on stilts giving way to thatch-to-the-ground hill villages grouped around spirit houses soaring into the hard blue sky. The famous Haus Tamboran, of thatch-Gothic, graceful as a Cathedral.

Calms, head winds and savage squalls made the 2,000 miles between New Guinea and Borneo a trying passage, but Sandakan, Sabah, our first Oriental city, provided ample R & R. Romance was the 6th visiting yacht in 9 years, and we were a real curiosity. The local Yacht Club, Malaysian Navy and 'our Chinese uncles,' Jung and Wei, adopted us and entertained us royally. Amidst this conviviality, Romance celebrated the half way mark in her world voyage, with a "Steamboat" at the Yacht Club.

A Steamboat is a bowl of broth kept bubbling over a hibachi, and surrounded by a delectable array of chicken, beef and pork, butterfly shrimp, eggs, fish and miniature ears of corn, all cooked in the broth in tiny baskets, and eaten on a bowl of Chinese noodles. A fun way to entertain we'll have to try back home in Black Lick, Gloucester or Way Cross. Sandakan is best known for exporting bird's nests (for soup) and for its Orang Utan Rehabilitation Center, where unwanted zoo animals and pets are retrained for the jungle. "Orang" means "man" in Malay, and "Utan," "of the jungle." One little man-of-the-jungle took Sharon Kalen by the hand for a walk, and Pete Damon had to be rescued from an admirer's knee-hug. "He had 4 hands to my 2," Pete complained, "No way could I pry him loose."

Bali is a magical name among the world's ports-o'-call, a small island where everything charms the visitor. The delicate beauty of mountain lakes and terraced rice paddys, pony carts and gentle water buffalo; the sky aflutter with a thousand kites. Temples without number, tiny shrines in every family compound, and countless demon-gods carved in soft grey stone. Temple processions of lovely Balinese and mornings scented with offerings of fresh flower petals and incense. The marvelous Legong dancing of the beautiful young women, the kris (knife) dancing of the men, the legendary Ramayana plays, and the Barong, with its wonderful monsters and witches, are part of the pagentry of everyday life.

In Bali, cremations are a joyous spectacle honoring the dead. We were fortunate to witness the largest cremation in 10 years, a member of the royal cast. In day long ceremonies, the body is transported atop a glittering '70 foot tower carried by 150 Balinese, accompanied by a 40' red plush dragon, and the bejeweled sacred bull, in which the honored one is actually reduced to ashes. The color, the excitement of the surging crowd of 5,000 Balinese, the clashing brass gongs of a 100 man marching gamelan orchestra, the final pyre consuming the golden tower, dragon and bull against a backdrop of tall palms and intense Balinese sky, is completely beyond the experience of western man.

The Molucca Sea, the Celebes & Sulu Seas, the Macassar, Java and South China Seas are a litany of wonderful names to conjure visions of racing tea clippers, junks, opium smugglers and piracy. The shallow pea-green Java sea is perhaps the last great stronghold of sail.



It is a singular feeling in today's computerized world to slip quietly along on a dark night knowing that every single vessel out there is an engineless sailing craft. The dark shape of a stately Macassar ketch, big as *Romance*, suddenly looming up without lights. A fleet of gaily painted fishing craft with striped lateen sails, like a flight of butterflies across the dawn sky. Trim turtle cutters and big, Biblical cargo craft with dhow rigs. The most interesting are the Macassar ketches, with their tripod masts, tall gaff tops'ls, trim hulls and massive double steering oars. We saw them by the hundreds, at sea and in Surabaya and Djakarta, loading cargos from picturesque ox carts.

We weren't quite prepared for Singapore. It rose above the mists one morning a glittering concrete and glass Manhattan, with seemingly half the world's merchantmen, super tankers and coasters anchored in a 4 mile wide swatch before the city. We crept in, feeling like an ant among giants, and anchored between a mammoth yellow crane and an aging Mississippi River showboat. Singapore is: skyscrapers and parks and intercontinental hotels and narrow side streets; dark swirling rivers full of blackened barges, junks and lighters; tri-shaws and food stalls, where you can lunch on Mei Goering (fried noodles), fresh fruit and sugarcane juice for a dollar. Singapore is: Tiger Balm Gardens, the old Victoria Theater and Raffles Hotel.

While a lucky few flew off to Bangkok, the rest of us were caught up in an unwanted drama. A derelict steamer swung into *Romance* during a sudden 3 AM squall, hooked a t'gallant backstay and snapped the mast. What followed was a week to be proud of. Skipper, Mate Van Moreland, Jim Brink, and the entire remaining crew, worked like demons to send down sails, rigging, yards and the broken t'gallant mast—and rerig everything again ready for sailing—ON TIME!!!

Romance was now sailing in company with VLCCs, the famous (or infamous) Very Large Crude Carriers—Superships—and oil rigs made a blazing inferno of the night sky. In the Bangka Straits, we came across a disabled wooden steamer, trying to make a sail from an old hatch cover. Her young Indonesian crew had been without food for 3 days. We wondered how they fared on our peanutbutter, Spam and beans. The sight of Krakatoa rising from the sea thrilled us—this volcano which erupted in 1883 in history's largest explosion, far greater than any atom bomb. In explosion heard 3,000 miles away, destroying 4 cubic miles of the island, and raising a tidal wave 100 feet high, which drowned 36,000 in Java and Sumatra. A plume of cloud

streaming from the cone, gave an illusion of steam as we hurried by.

Soon after, Romance left the Sunda Straits, and plunged into mountainous grey green Indian Ocean swells, beginning a wild, wet, boisterous slug to windward toward Cocos Keeling. Six mornings later, we were surfing down wild blue rolling seas. Tufts of palms rising and falling ahead on the swell. We hardened up on the wind, and went tearing in past the scary browns and greens of the reef off Direction Island, into a pool of brightest turquoise, rounded up and let go the heavy anchor in 5 fathoms. Cocos Keeling is the private kingdom of 6 generations of the John Clunes Ross family, and their Malay plantation workers. Like his predecessors, the present JCR quite rightfully insists on the complete privacy of Home Island, but allows yachtsmen the run of Direction. After the busy Orient, it was good to dig our toes in the sand again, and snorkle in the warm lagoon, while the monsoon heaped huge combers on the reef.

The Indian Ocean is wonderfully alive, and our catches leaving Cocos Keeling nearly rivaled that other Cocos far back in the Pacific. We landed our first shark, a murderous white tip, which scattered the crew like mirrors and made a bloody shambles of the deck even after we cut off its head and tail. Remembering mock scallops are stamped from shark, we deep fried tiny morsels and found them sweet, tender and juicy—such a delicacy that we attacked the next poor shark to come along in a complete reversal of "Jaws."

The Seychelles are a synthesis of every tropical island, a little bit Tahiti, a lot Carillean. Those who love the Baths of Virgin Gorda would be astonished to find them transplanted to the Indian Ocean and multiplied a hundred fold on several islands. The Vallee de Mai is thought to be the Garden of Eden, as it contains plants found nowhere else on this globe. The most bizarre is the Coco de Mer, with the largest fronds, and the largest nut, a 40lb double coconut which so resembles the female pelvis as to be downright indecent!

In the Indian Ocean we added to our collection of atoll types, plain, raised and 'world's largest' (2), with Desroches in the Amarantes, a sunken atoll. A ring of shallow reef encloses a cobalt lagoon, with only one thin strip of white sand and coco palms above the water. Aldabra is a "strict nature preserve" administered by the Royal Society of London. Among its many oddities, Aldabra is the last refuge, other than the Galapagos, of the giant land tortoise, 120,000 of them to approximately 8,000 in the Galapagos. Here we snorkled Johnny Pass, which Jacques Cousteau calls the world's most beautiful, a living kaleidoscope of corals, fish, and pink and orange sea anemones.

Moroni, Grand Camoro is a mystical city straight out of the Arabian Nights, dazzling whitewashed minarets set against ancient grey stone buildings, narrow alleys and bazaars, crowded with turlaned, white robed men, and dark women veiled in yards of red, gold and turquoise Arabic cloth. Hot rain in banana leaves, and vendors squatting beside mounds of steaming fruit under an Arab arch. Dhows in season, cloves, vanilla and spices, and

the shrieking wail of the Koran shattering the still harbor night.

Madagascar Channel weather: ominous cyclone swells from the south, force six and stuns'ls, oily calms and blue-black clouds dumping out a bagfull of snakes, wreathing, twisting waterspouts that formed and dissipated and formed again, churning the sea and sending Romance fleeing with her Alpha heart beating wildly.

Our arrival in South Africa was a tremendous thrill. Mary Robertson's parents waving from the Durban breakwater, were just the first of many friends old and new to make our stay so enjoyable--ex-Port Capt. Jimmy Deacon, Derek Chamberlain, "Mr. Magic," so many more. Carol Roehm and David Baker, both shipmates of many past deepsea voyages, came from Cape Town to join Romance for Christmas and the classic rounding of the Cape of Good Hope.

The 800 mile passage from Durban to Cape Town, around the dread "Cape of Storms" lived up to its reputation as the wildest stretch of ocean in the world voyage. The New Year came in with Romance hove to in a full gale, under double sheeled mainstays'l, and with 3 oil bags out. The little ship rode so well, what could have been a worrisome experience became instead one of pure enchantment. Never before had we seen Romance in such seas! An angry army on the march, grey-green mountains breaching dangerously with a long sustained roar--only to slide harmlessly under the hull as Romance rose to meet them. New Year's Day was one long orgy of picture taking, with many a camera soaked with spray. One more gale--and Cape of Good Hope itself was almost an afterthought. Romance flew by at 6:30 PM doing 4 knots under bare poles, resisting all efforts to slow her for a daylight arrival at Cape Town. Dawn colors tinting Lions Head and Table Mountain, a low fog bank obscuring the harbor, and sure enough, the famous "table cloth" spilling over to foretell a SE gale--Cape Town is an unforgettable sight from the sea.

Kaap Stad--Cape Town, has long been known to sailors as the "Tavern of the Seas," the friendliest port on any ocean. South Africans sailed their own big barques right through World War 2, carrying vital cargos to Australia and South America. Men who were young seamen then, are now the bulwarks of Cape Town's seafaring community, and Romance roused memories of their own adventures in sail.

A Cape Horner's Party had been planned for us even before the world voyage began. Seventeen ex-Cape Horn seamen from twelve ships, nearly all huge 4 mast barques: Lashill, Passat, Padua, Parma, Herzogin Cecilie, Abraham Rydberg (Skipper's ship), Commodore, Calluco, Grief, Danmark, Olivebank, Humphreyshire, gathered aboard Romance to yarn and reminisce. Among distinguished Captains--Phil Nankin, Commander of SA's Merchant Naval Academy; renowned marine artist-author Guenther Schulz, and three seafaring women: Mrs. Alice Soderlund and Doris, widow and daughter of Lashill's long time Master, and the exciting Paa Erichsen, author and world's best known woman Cape Horner. For us, it was the truly one chance in a lifetime--that overworked phrase--to meet Cape Horners in such numbers (or to meet them at all!) We roamed from group to

group, soaking up sea lore, and the still fresh enthusiasm of this spirited, vital group of men and women the big cargo carrying square riggers, long gone from the seas, still mark as their own. Commodore Allan Grey, topped off a night to remember by presenting Romance with the Royal Cape Yacht Club burgee-plaque, a treasured memento of this city of shiplovers.

Oh, yes, and for those interested in other things, there were trips to the spectacular Cape Peninsula, the top of Table Mountain, the lovely old Cape Dutch town of Stellenbosch, and through the beautiful Estate Vineyards, which produce South Africa's elegant wines. The countryside is lovely up through orchards and pine clad mountains to breathtaking Fransch Hoek Pass, High Noon and the game parks. Our bus mired in a muddy track and we had to walk out--fortunately not through the lion preserve. Braais (barbeques), parties, dinners and the company of good friends made Cape Town the hardest of all ports to leave.

Romance was down to her last ocean--3,890 beautiful sparkling blue miles across the lonely South Atlantic in 36 days to Rio de Janeiro. With a rollicking fair wind, Romance reeled off 26 straight days under slurs'ls--perhaps a modern record, which may stand for years to come.

Rio, the "River of January" is a city of 8.3 million people, all of whom go to her famous beaches, Copacabana and Ipanema on Sunday. Christ looks down in benediction from Corcovado, on Solings racing beneath the Sugarloaf, and along wide Avenidas of Portuguese mosaics, glittering highrise apartments, parks and multi-lane tunnels through mountain spurs which divide the city. Rio, the most beautiful harbor in the world, looks just the way you picture it. Colorful, exciting, very rich, and very poor.

Romance now beat her way around the fat bulge of South America, Cabo Sao Roque, 1,700 miles to windward against the strong Brazilian current. We were pleased to raise Fernando de Noronha in 21 days, an island of curious volcanic pinnacles and tremendous surf. Our Pitcairn trained boatcrew came to grief, as a towering swell upended the longboat, soaking outboard, passports and cameras. Undaunted, the crew swam the surf, while the boat stood by prudently beyond the surf. Fernando has a neat 18th century cliff-top fort where the surf booms a subterranean roar of compressed air and water--and World War I howitzers still oiled and polished awaiting an attack on the town.

With only 2,000 miles to go, we really felt we were homeward bound. Our 6th and last Equator crossing of the voyage, back in the old familiar North Atlantic. Easter Sunday at sea, far from hens, the Bunny man-naged only jellybeans, a frozen omelet and a braided Easter bread with South African candied fruit. Killer whales about.

Devil's Island--we got only a close look, instead of a visit to this infamous ex-prison colony. Silted sand bars blocked the anchorage and rendered the 'newest' coastal charts useless. Muddy brown shallows, strong currents and steep, breaking seas extended many miles from the coast, and we were glad next day to have blue water under us again.



Soon Romance was in the Caribbean again, and every Trade Wind sea an old friend. Tobago, one last new island for Romance, and in Trinidad, the final celebration: Menu: South African Lobster Bisque in coconut cream, Tahitian raw fish, and Bali turtle, Rio hearts-of-palm salad, All American turkey, Minnesota Gold wild rice stuffing, Trinidad fresh vegetables, cold tropical fruit, West Indian coconut-rum sauce; iced champagne.

April 29th, Romance sailed from Trinidad, bound for--Grenada. The champagne went on the ice at 4 AM, Grenada in sight at dawn, squalls in the mountains and out at sea, a blustery welcome . . . and at exactly 1242 $\frac{1}{2}$, Pt. Saline came abeam. Romance had crossed her outward track, and the circumnavigation was over!

All over but the shouting, the champagne, and throw-everybody-in-the lagoon. As fine a crew of swashbuckling, tar-blooded, salt-crusted shell-backs as ever sailed a tall ship around the world.

Summary of Summaries

Total Distance: 33,369 nautical miles. Total Time: 329 days, 07 hours.
Total Av. Speed: 4.222 K. Total ports visited: 66
Longest day's run, Noon-noon: 172 NM, So. Atlantic. Shortest: 54 NM, Pacific.
Longest passage: Cape Town-Rio, 3,890 NM in 36 D, 06 H, Av. Speed 4.47 K.
Shortest passage: Azucar Village-Rio Diablo, 3 NM in 45 min. (San Blas).
Best 6 day's run: 159, 150, 166, 166, 144, 140: Total: 925 NM (Caribbean).
Best measured speed: 11 K, light abeam to light abeam off Cape Elizabeth, So. Africa. Longest stuns'l run: 26 straight days, So. Atlantic Ocean.
Heaviest gale: Indian Ocean, off East London, So. Africa (C. of Good Hope.)
Meals cooked: 27,659. Fish caught: 722 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Took water 11 times, fuel 6 times in 19 months. Major stoning: St. Thomas, Fiji (shipped from USA), Cape Town. 87 gallons peanut butter consumed during Night Watches!



2ND ROMANCE WORLD VOYAGE SAILS OCT. 15, 1979.

ROMANCE'S WORLD VOYAGE is open to single young men and women of good character. Sailing experience is not essential, for under Captain Kimberly, ROMANCE herself is a fine teacher of the ways of the sea. But you must be able to contribute needed skills to the team effort, and be willing to do your fair share in this working expedition. If the challenge of sailing around the world excites you, write in detail about yourself, enclosing a recent snapshot. We will be happy to send you a formal application.

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