

# ***Romance* 1966**

**A Diary from the Voyage of the Brigantine *Romance* to  
the Galapagos Islands during the summer of 1966**

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Haney, Romance 1966, p. 4.

The above photo shows the Brigantine Romance anchored in Tagus Cove, Galapagos Islands, August 16, 1966. The photo was taken by W. Haney from the rim of the volcanic crater which forms Tagus Cove.



## Preface

What follows is a diary I wrote during the summer of 1966, while sailing on the Brigantine *Romance*, with Capt. Arthur and Gloria Kimberly. We sailed from Long Beach, CA, down the coast of Mexico to Acapulco and then to the Galapagos Islands, then back east through the Panama Canal, across the Caribbean to Miami. It is probably the only extended period in my life of now 60+ years when I have kept a diary.

Last summer quite by chance I happened to discover the handwritten diary. Thanks very much to Lauren McGrath for typing up this version from my handwritten account. Then I happened to discover a slew of slides from that same voyage. So I have added a few illustrations to the diary. (For anyone interested, I have higher quality scans of these old slides, suitable for reproduction as photographs).

Before the details of diary are presented, two brief explanations may be helpful to provide some context for what follows; first, an account of how I came to be on this



voyage and an overview of the voyage itself; and, second, a brief overview of the career of the Brigantine *Romance*, alas now sunk in the Caribbean.

With affection and respect for Arthur and Gloria Kimberly, though I have not laid eyes on either of them in more than forty years. And alas, Gloria died in 2006, so I will never see her again. But after more than four decades I remember Gloria and Skipper with immense affection. I recall how Skipper offered me a permanent job. Instead I went off to Indochina. I cannot help but wonder how my life's course might have differed if I had stayed with Skipper and Gloria instead of going off, for three years to the Royal Kingdom of Laos, a landlocked country, which never saw a ship like the *Romance*.

-Walt Haney, February 1, 2007

### Overview of Voyage

In the fall of 1965 or maybe early 1966, I went to a "travelogue" at the old auditorium right by the Red Cedar River at Michigan State University. The program was by Art Ericksen, a lecture and photo presentation on his sailing with the Kimberlys. After the program I went up to speak with Art. He told me of the Kimberlys' upcoming voyage and suggested I write them. I did. I have no recollection of what I wrote, but somehow, sight unseen, they accepted me as a (paying) crewman on the maiden voyage of the *Romance*. The Kimberlys had recently bought the *Romance* and her maiden voyage under the Kimberlys was from Long Beach down the coast of Mexico, to Acapulco, then for ten days or so in the Galapagos Islands. We then sailed back east through the Panama Canal, north through the Caribbean to Grand Cayman Island for a day or two, then back through the Caribbean to Miami. My own bookends to this voyage of the *Romance* were car trips. At the start it was from East Lansing, Michigan across the country to Long Beach, and then at the other end, bus and car trips from Miami, back to Michigan.

The next summer Skipper offered me a job as a crewman on the *Romance* sailing out of Charlotte Amalia, St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands. So all that summer we took paying passengers on 8-10 day cruises through Virgin Islands, usually with stops at St. John, Tortola, and Virgin Gorda. That summer of 1967 I did not keep a diary, I suppose because as one of just five crewmen, I was kept too busy and tired. About half way through the summer I was promoted to Chief Bo' suns mate, after the previous mate drove a motorcycle into the swimming pool at the Chartotte Amalia Yacht Club. For the rest of the summer all of us *Romance* crewmen were banned from the Yacht Club.

### The Life of the *Romance*.

The Brigantine *Romance* was built in Svendborg, Denmark as the Grethe in 1936. In the 1960s the Grethe was re-rigged as a Brigantine to star in the movie Hawaii. The Kimberlys bought the ship from the movie company in 1966 and re-christened her as the *Romance*. For around three decades, she sailed the world under the Kimberlys.

The Kimberlys sold the *Romance* in 1989. Alas, she now lies submerged in the Caribbean, scuttled after being severely damaged by hurricane Luis.



Haney, *Romance* 1966, p. 6.

For more on the history of the *Romance*, her voyages and crew, see:

<http://www.squaresail.com/Romance1.html>

<http://sailtraining.org/contribute/Romance%20Reunion.htm>

**[The text that follows is the diary of Walt Haney from the summer of 1966 recounting his experience on the voyage of Brigantine *Romance* with Arthur and Gloria Kimberly. Thanks very much to Lauren McGrath for typing up these notes from Walt's handwritten account. The diary is exactly as written in 1966, except that in a few places explanatory comments have been added in brackets, and pictures have been added.]**

***Friday, June 17<sup>th</sup>, 2:30pm***

Sitting next to Forecastle hatch, I decided to move down to the small table in the Forecastle but it's covered with shelve makings. I'm waiting to run some errands with Captain Kimberly.

***Where to start? Monday 8:00 am***

It seems impossible that I was in E.L. [East Lansing] only five days ago. The trip out was very fast. We stopped the first night in Missouri and drove straight through, arriving Wednesday evening about seven-thirty. Dr. Shaver was certainly a good sport to drive straight through, although I can't say much for his driving. Part of our reasoning for driving straight through was that we would miss the desert; however the desert didn't stop in Needles, CA. as Dr. Shaver had thought, so we hit plenty of hot weather. We drove in the 110° temperature for about 3 hours.

Upon arrival in Long Beach we discovered that we really wanted to be in Wilmington, so we proceeded to Wilmington. There, after numerous false leads, we finally stumbled onto a couple of harbor police who had heard of Newmarks Yacht Center. It really felt great to get there.

***7:10 pm***

Sitting on Bowsprit I've been running errands with the Skipper all night, as he cannot drive on account of his glass eye. [Skipper lost an eye when sailing on the *Yankee* and a

halyard winch got away from him]. We haven't had supper yet because Gloria just got back with the food, and because we've lost a cook! Mike couldn't get his passport, so he returned to the ship, packed up his gear and evidently has left. He didn't talk to any one except Gloria and she didn't think that he was intending to leave.

Skipper and Gloria are acting quite blasé about Mike's sudden departure, although I think that they are hiding some of their concern for our benefit. Paying crewmembers shouldn't be disturbed. That dig wasn't really deserved but I do think they masked their concern.

Once again I find my self a dummy knowing absolutely nothing about sailing much less square-riggers. However I'm learning fast – I couldn't do otherwise. I've bent the main sail almost completely by myself, after good instruction by Skip and Gloria. I spent most of the morning at the sail makers' bench whipping ropes for the mainsail head lashings.

### **9:15 pm**

At the kitchen (I know it's not seaman-like) table, I can't believe how tired I am at 9:15 at night. Skipper suggested at dinner that some of us go talk to Mike in order to get him back. Stan and Art took off to his last known address. As Skipper said to Art, "you know I growl a lot". Also, "The kid's no master cook but he's trying to do his best".

We are anchored on one of the main channels of Los Angeles Harbor, so the traffic is most interesting- Freighters, passenger liners, tugs, yachts, cruisers, even a tourist side-wheeler.

I went aloft yesterday for the first time, all the way up the first mast (except shinnying).

### **Monday June 20<sup>th</sup>**

Friday evening I called everyone I knew in the LA area- The Stoutmeyers, Sullivans and Hamners. I don't think Dr. Stoutmeyer was quite sure who I was. I talked to Mary Sullivan, she said she hoped to come down to the ship, but evidently hasn't been able to. I also had a chat with Melinda Hamner. Saturday night we knocked off work around 3:30, so I decided to go up to west L.A. I barely made the bus at Avalon and Anaheim (.89 cents), which took me to the corner of 5<sup>th</sup> and Main. I then walked to the corner of Hill and 7<sup>th</sup> and caught a bus that went west on Olympic. I made the assumption that a bus "going west on Olympic" would stay on Olympic. However I ended up at the corner of Bundy and Santa Monica. I walked about 10 blocks south to Hamners house, which has a freeway about 70 yards in front of it.

Melinda, Lois and her husband Art were there. As they were kindly driving me back to the ship, we stopped at New Pike amusement center, there was quite a roller coaster there and we also rode on the double Ferris wheel.



Haney, Romance 1966, p. 8.

### **Sunday**

We bent square sails, I must have spent more than six hours up in the rigging, mostly keeping out of the way and following Skipper's directions. -end for ending gear, bending sail, etc.-

Skipper gave me \$150.00

Round trip plane fare 24.00

Bus in to San Francisco 1.10

Lunch .99

Airport Transport .25

Phone call 2.25

Milk shake (Hilton style) .63

Letters 2.50

Fare to and from Fisherman's wharf .30

Admission to Balclutha .75

Balclutha pamphlet .10

YMCA 3.25

Key deposit returned 1.00

Supper at steak house 1.50

phone call to Skipper 1.95

Breakfast .94

Fare r/t- Powell st. streetcar Market st. to Fisherman's wharf .30

Shrimp Cocktail .70

Air Terminal to San Francisco Airport 1.10

LA International Airport to Long Beach 2.40

Ecuadorian Consul 32.00

Long Beach to the corner of Anaheim and Henry Ford .25

R/T street carfare to Golden Gate Park .30

Jueves23, Junio 1966 10:15

Sitting in the Ecuadorian Consul General's office, while he types out 15 tourist permits for all our crewmembers.

I flew up to San Francisco yesterday morning, hoping to get all the work done, but I needed the birthplaces of all our crew. I called back to Wilmington and made arrangements to call again at 9:00pm when they would have the needed information.

Since Newark's isn't open after 5:00pm, Skipper had to simply pick up the phone repeatedly. But we never succeeded making connection never the less.

11:15 Back in Consul I went sightseeing while his dignity prepared the permits.

I walked down to Powell Street and took a cable car down (and up) to Fisherman's Wharf. I sat down in Grotto #5 but after seeing the prices, I went outside and purchased a .70 cent walk-away cocktail-cup of shrimp with a lemon wedge and tomato sauce.

### **Monday June 27<sup>th</sup>**

### Skipper's Birthday

It's a real battle to force myself to write this thing. I'm lying in my bunk in the foc'sle with the slapping of waves against the bow a couple feet from my head.

We sailed from Newmark's about 4:00am, Friday June 24<sup>th</sup>, as Nurse Pat said "I feel like a pirate slipping away in the darkness".

Evidently Skipper wanted a full day of light to get us underway. Up until just this afternoon we have had very poor sailing wind. We motored all yesterday but sailed last night.

I'm just too tired tonight so I'll just write down phrases to remind myself and then elaborate in the morning.

Seasickness

Overhauling Buntlines

Seal, Whale, Porpoise, Birds

Standing watch

B.S. Ericksen

Sleeping on deck

Helen

Personalities

Purchases

### **June 28, 1966**

Lounging in the sail pile last evening about 5 pm, we started to furl sail so that we could motor, but then the wind picked up so we sailed all night. Undoubtedly the best sailing we have had so far. This morning around 10:00 am we started up the big diesel and have motored since then.

Art and I bent the main mid top stay sail from about 9:00 to 11:00. Some of the watch crew just now spotted Guadalupe Island.

### **Seasickness**

My mind had been firmly made up weeks ago that I was not going to become seasick.

The matter was settled and I didn't think about it naturally. I found many reassurances that my notion was right. Such as someone's theory that seasickness is very similar to air sickness and if one weren't bothered by the latter he also wouldn't become sick from the former.

However as we cleared the breakwater of Wilmington harbor, the swells began to give us a gentle roll. Shortly I began to feel a little uneasy – but certainly not seasick. I lay down a spell and even this seemed to help make the feeling disappear. I just rotated on the sail so that I will bake evenly.

I heard Art and Skipper bending the jib and flying jib so I jumped up from my sleeping bag, which lies in the bow right next to the foc'sle hatch. I assisted in bending the jib sails and very shortly there after my stomach started floating. But I knew I wasn't seasick because I simply wasn't going to get seasick. I had scorned Dramamine since I knew that seasickness was largely a psychological phenomenon.

Haney, Romance 1966, p. 10.

Again I laid down expecting my uneasiness to disappear. However the tempo of my floating stomach increased to a strong rumba, I jumped up to the rail and dry wretched and began to feel better again. "At least, I hadn't puked", thought I.

Finally an hour later in the final destruction of my feeble theories, I threw up for five minutes. I repeated the performance three more times and ate nothing but crackers for almost the first two days. On the evening of the second day Skipper suggested that I try to eat a little food. I was happy to stick with saltines but having learned that Skipper's suggestions ought not to be ignored; I quickly went below and obtained a plate with a small portion of ham.

The third day (Sunday) I started to feel better although I still kept time both above and below the decks to a minimum since both were further from our center of roll than the main deck.

Now, I am feeling fine, working in rigging and eating like a horse and at the moment basking in the sunshine. The powers that be have reprimanded my impertinent hubris. I am told to expect a similar sickness the first time I go back on land.

## **June 30<sup>th</sup>, 1966**

Dear Uschi,

Right now I am sitting in the rigging of a Brigantine sailing ship, *The Romance*, about 60 miles off the coast of Mexican Baja California Peninsula. We sailed from Los Angeles on June 24<sup>th</sup> and will probably reach Acapulco, Mexico in another 10 to 12 days.

Finally I have resolved the question of whether to write letters or to write in my log. I simply write the first draft of the letter in my log. I can't remember when I last wrote to you so I'm not sure where I should start. Probably the last you heard was that I was planning to work on the West Coast, and up until three months ago, I was. I had a summer job all lined up in the state of Oregon but then I heard about this sailing expedition and applied. So here I am sailing off the coast of Mexico, with out any land in sight.

It's so pleasant up here that I have to force myself to write. My mind tends to wander and I seem to doze off about every five minutes. There are sixteen of us on board ranging from a white-bearded eighty five year old to a sixteen year old girl. Each of us stands two four-hour watches. I am on the four to eight watch, which is really quite pleasant. We see all the sunrises and sunsets. The only bad part of watch is crawling out of my sleeping bag at 3:45am; it's surprising how cold it gets.

## **"7-3-66 (Sunday)"**

I find myself in the too familiar position of not having recorded thoughts and happenings on the day in which they occurred. Therefore my recollection of the exact date of an occurrence may be imprecise.



Two days ago Skipper (9am) received a report of a possible hurricane building up inland. We were just abreast of the last protected harbor so we tacked and headed in. We were just approaching land about 6 pm, and since we wouldn't have time to get in and anchor, we tacked back out. We ran before the best wind we had had and actually we went off shore too fast. Skipper wanted to get bearings off two beacons. We were fast getting too far off shore to see them so about 8:45 (just after my watch) we tacked (with all hands on deck.)

At this time we were carrying the square sail, mainsail, main staysail and jibs. The gaff-topsail was furled. Since then Art and I have bent the mid and upper staysails and are in the process of bending the storm jib.

The next morning after the initial storm report, we heard it had cleared up, so we headed southeast.

Since then we have made three jibes - one of which while I was at the wheel (Shudder, shudder). Yesterday we saw two tuna boats, so the interest in fishing has increased markedly.

Yesterday morning, 2 lures were lost almost simultaneously. About 4:00 pm Skipper latched on to something, as it approached the boat, we could see it flashing thru wave crests, but not until he fought it alongside. It was a tuna, weighing in at about 12 pounds. We had delicious fresh tuna this afternoon cooked by Gloria, since today is Ed's birthday. Right now I am on the Galley bench pestering Sue while she prepares dinner. I just ate a tidbit of marble cake, which had stuck to the pan.

We are eating fantastically well, so well in fact, that prior to today I had been skipping lunches. Ed hadn't made many of the things we have eaten and doesn't believe in recipes, but his meals have been turning out remarkably well. We have run out of store bread and so he has started baking under Art's tutelage. Two batches of bread so far and a couple of baking's of rolls.

The generator has burnt out so the refrigerator has no juice. There is sixty pounds of meat in it, so our carnivorousity would increase greatly in the next couple days!

### **July 4<sup>th</sup>, 1966**

5:35 pm, sitting on the spare spritsail spar waiting for second chow. Today has been fantastically beautiful. We had a full moon last night and only scudding clouds most of the evening. This morning we had a beautiful sunrise. At one point the full moon and a couple morning stars shone off the starboard beam and the sun brightened the sky with an orange glow off the port beam. The sun shined all day, almost everyone was in short pants and short sleeves or less most of the night. Nurse Pat will probably be busy treating sun burnt victims this evening.

This night Gloria and Skipper spotted a large turtle from the main mast rigging, then a 10 ft. sand shark, that promptly sent anglers to the fishing gear. First the shark wouldn't touch the lures, although he investigated them thoroughly. Then we stole some Hamburg and a hook and didn't see him thereafter, but we did notice a dolphin, which followed a shark line Mick had rigged. Later Roger hooked into a 5-pound dolphin and although he obviously hadn't fished a great deal, he landed him without much trouble.

Haney, Romance 1966, p. 12.

This morning we had steak for breakfast, due to the lack of electricity. I had 3 and a half pieces with spuds, tomato juice and applesauce, on the side. Boy was I stuffed. I had to nap on the main hatch grating for an hour before I felt like doing anything.

I spent a couple hours reading and napping this morning on the main mast top-not real large or comfortable but very peaceful and a beautiful view. Then there was the excitement of turtle, shark and dolphin, followed by a bucket shower. One first pours a couple of cold buckets of cold water over oneself.

Art fired his cannon twice this evening and we've been flying the American flag all day.

### **July 7<sup>th</sup>, 1966**

(Thursday 9:00 pm Galley) Tomorrow marks 2 weeks at sea, yet it seems like only yesterday that we pulled out of Wilmington. Today has been simply beautiful, a picture book sunrise (3 or 4 pictures taken).

#### ***Wild life***

Mick saw a couple of Tuna, and a whale was spotted from the foremast. Yesterday Roger spotted a shark, so Skip baited up with salt pork and about 15 minutes later had a strike. As he fought it in I spotted it from the aft whaleboat, but when someone shined a light on it, it appeared more like 6 or 8. Pat Feeney, who was out with our miniature gaff, came flying back. After a thirty-minute fight the beast finally sawed off the line on the corner of the whaleboat. Yesterday I was on galley duty; thank God it's only once every twelve days.

Time out to take a shit off the bowsprit, and a little singing centered around Sue on the guitar.

I arose at 4:00 AM for watch – which I really didn't need to do. I cat napped 'til Five o'clock when Art asked me to take the helm. When I told him I'd only be able to stay a half hour he cursed me out for not telling him sooner. I again hit the sack until 5:30 am when I went to help Ed. I cooked pancakes for breakfast using Ed's recipe, Mick kindly commended me on them. Lunch was hamburgers and soup and Dinner was pork roast (the last of the pork). I made up some oatmeal cookie dough during some free time in the morning, but didn't get a chance to bake them until after dinner. Those that weren't eaten immediately were gobbled up between 3:30 and 4:30 in the morning by the two corresponding watches.

Haney, Romance 1966, p. 13.

I really learned a lot from Eddie- Bread making and general hints- but dishwashing was a pain. Although the Ericksen method does help, which is spreading out all the dishes on deck and sloshing them down with buckets of water.

The Gold toe plague broke out, Art has been painting the leaf on the bow and has also been gold polishing the toenails of anyone he finds sleeping on deck.

### **Today**

Potato salad, steak, cold cereal and bacon with toast for Lunch. Pot roast potatoes and a good Cherry pie of Sue's for supper.

This morning I worked with the Skipper on the new wire halyard for the gaff boom. I learned how to splice 6 string hemp core wires. Start with three on each side, start with lowest strand tuck it under three, the next up under two. Thereafter, tuck under one with lay of wire. Also I learned to use the serving board early PM. I napped on the main hold grating and just about boiled. Later Roge and I put a chain on the main sail sheet.

Then after a big dinner I worked with Rodger to furl the gaut sail. Then Stan and I furled the upper staysail. Sunset was gorgeous, fun up in the rigging. I then posed going over the main mast fuhocks for Stan. All sails but the main staysail are furled as were motoring to make up lost time.

### **July 19<sup>th</sup>, 1966**

“Where to start?”

Big squall last night, lightning and thunder, even the main stay sail was taken in. I was sleeping (?) up on the foretop because Mick and Eileen swiped my place on the watch cover. I had rigged a sling out of an old potato sack so I lay with my torso on the top and my feet in the sling. I must have been quite a site climbing down the rigging in bare feet wearing only shorts and a blanket, if a blanket may be worn.

### **Tuesday July 12<sup>th</sup>, 1966**

We closed in on Acapulco in the morning and dropped anchor at 11:00 AM our time 12-noon Acapulco. Red tape was thick as expected, yet faster than it might have been. First we sat at anchor for a couple of hours then a kind gentleman stopped by in a motor boat and advised us to go to shore and dig up the customs people. Skipper proceeded to do this after Lunch, and had us cleared, but after a boatload and we had gone in on the second trip, we were boarded by a group of officials. I had been working on rerigging so I didn't even bother coming down on deck while they were here. I was moving the clue lines on the foreyard from the center to the ends of the yard. This involved changing the position of the footropes and while switching the port footrope, I dropped it leaving my self-stranded until Stan tossed it back to me. I stayed on board all night although Bob and I decided to swim into shore, we found it much further than it looked. Once when Bob was ahead of me about 15 yards (he was usually ahead of me), a sail boat approached, I yelled to him a half dozen times but he couldn't hear me and from my

vantage, it looked like the boat was going to part his scalp. It flashed through my mind that as tired as I was, it would take too long for me to reach him, even if he were hit. Finally I started waving to the boat and pointing at Bob. When the boatman finally got the message he ran up to the bow with a paddle in his hand. I'm not certain what he yelled at Bob but I'm sure it wasn't "Buenos Dias"; needless to say we were both tired from the swim, which was about a half a mile.

### **July 13<sup>th</sup>, 1966**

I went into town with the first boatload. First I went with Barbara to change some money (\$10.00). Then I went with Art while he rented a jeep. Then to "telegramos" where Art cabled home to get Sandy's address in Mexico City. (M.C)

Then we spent the night trying to get tourist permits to go more than 20 kilometers outside Acapulco. They are free, yet involve much red tape, after that we got that settled, under Art's organization.

#### Expenses in Mexico City

Art

5@25.....\$175.00

2@50.....\$100.00

Walt

Gas.....\$21.00

3 tolls.....\$21.00

Parking.....\$2.00

Food.....\$22.00...\$66.00

Big Pat---

Little Pat-----

Stan

Gas = toll.....\$80.00

TOTAL 421.00 @85 each

We rented 2 rooms at Lin Limba (?) for \$10.00 so that we could get away faster in the morning. We then started exploring in the jeep, which Art had, long since stripped of its top. Since he also had the windshield down we had a couple of brackets flopping, so I looped my belt in order to hold them fast.

First we went to a small bay north of the main harbor. The water looked so inviting that Art and I took a plunge with our pants on. We took turns climbing in to a glass bottom boat while the others swam underneath. We spent the rest of the day in damp trousers.

Then on the beach we (Pat, Pat, Bob, Art and I) all drank limejuice out of coconuts.

Bob and I went to take some things back to the jeep and became separated from the group. Shortly, however, we heard a shrill caw, caw, caw and had no trouble locating Art.



We then set out to find the trained Acapulco divers, after a couple of false starts, we found the place. Art soon discovered that we could get a private dive for 150 pesos. We adjourned to the bar where we met Ingi and Bridgette, two Deutsch girls who needed to get to Mexico City quickly and cheaply. Art tried to persuade them to come with us and stay in our hotel so that we could get an early start in the morning. They couldn't quite accept this idea since they couldn't get any money back on their room. It was decided that Pat (nurse) would stay with them for the night. Ingi was enthusiastic from the word "Go" but Bridgette to put it mildly was undecided. Ingi- blonde, 18 yr., 5 ft. 4 in. extrovert, no-makeup. Bridgette- dark, conservative, hesitant, 5 ft 7 in, the richer of the two, used too much make-up for my taste.

We went back to the ship to pack. (I had lost my belt at the divers after paying three urchins a peso each to guard our things.)

Then we went back to see the divers at night. First we went up to the girls' room and went for a dip in the pool. We toured the hotel which is quite something because it is so well constructed, each room seems isolated and with two balconies a piece. After seeing the 10:30pm dive we ate some dinner, by this time Bridgette had left us to go to bed. I ate chili con carne (\$7.00) Coke (\$1.00) and Lemon pie (\$4.50). When it came time for the fellows to return to the hotel it was pouring rain (Stan, Pat, Art and I). Naturally the top of the jeep was still down but after much discussion we decided against a taxi. We bundled our shirts and dashed for our vehicle. Not quite sure of our way we raced through the streets mostly the wrong way on one-way streets.

(Singing and Shouting) Cutting corners all the way we finally made it drenching-wet, laughing and very tired.

Next day we started out bright and early 8:00 am (We had told the girls 6). It really was nice to have real beds and hot showers. We stopped on the way to their hotel and bought 7 bottles each of Orange, coke and 7 bananas. When we got to the divers we found that Bridgette had finked out like Pat said "to hell with her" It was about the 7<sup>th</sup> time she'd changed her mind. After lashing all the language on the tailgate, the six of us piled in and made a quick stop at the Tastee Freeze and headed for Mexico.



We started with Art, Pat and Pat in front and myself, Ingi and Stan in back. We saw beautiful scenery and needless to say had an absolute panic. At one point I exclaimed, "Hey look, a tunnel" Someone responded "Oh No" The road doesn't go through it but we did!. Art may have let up on the accelerator, but I'm sure he didn't hit the brake. We wheeled off to the left, bounced down a rock-strewn lane and through the tunnel. Art gunned her up an embankment to the highway as the three of us in the back held on for dear life. We regained the highway and all waved to a farmer gazing quite amazedly at our antics.

We were much gawked at the whole trip. We made many short stops along the way, but our major one was Taxco. Taxco is a small mountain village famous for its silver making. Our guide through Taxco was Joe (which made seven in the jeep). He flagged us down shortly after we entered the town.

After 8 or 10 blocks along Taxco's cobblestone streets we came to the square and a magnificent Cathedral. The others went in but Ingi and I waited outside. We then explored the immediate vicinity and had some drinks in a small second story café overlooking the square.

Joe then took us to a large hotel from which we could get a good view of the town. Joe then took us Silver shopping. He led us to the "best place". They certainly had some beautiful silver. Coke and rum was served free, very refreshing, but I'm sure it served as a wallet lubricant. (We spent a couple hours there and had quite a problem regrouping. We always knew where Feeny was- right close to the rum). While waiting Art broke out his accordion and drew quite a crowd. As further entertainment Ingi and I Teaberry shuffled up and down the street. One Mexican, referring to us, said to Pat, "Oh you mean the commotion".

After getting underway again we counted our casualties;

- 1.) Feeny plastered silly.
- 2.) Art in very high spirits.
- 3.) Many fractured wallets.

I, therefore, took over driving...

The terrain was very mountainous and the steering was loose so driving was quite exciting. A couple of occasions I was accused of imbibing too much rum.

A half hour out of Taxco our engine started acting up. I couldn't figure out what was wrong 'til I noticed the gas gauge. Whew!, what nasty comments. I simply told my skeptics that the tank was half filled when we left town. (Although I was really wondering if I had seen it right). We tried to flag down a car and then started pushing. Most fortunately the road leads down a hill 3 kilometers to a small settlement where after 30 minutes we scrounged up a half gallon of gas and almost picked up an Iguana. I was vindicated much to my relief when the gas gauge read half full. We gingerly proceeded to the next gas station.

We passed over a mountain range as we approached Mexico City. The sun was set and it felt like 30 degrees, the three of us in the back were freezing and finally buried ourselves beneath the canvas top (for the jeep it was still off). The scene as we descended from the

mountain was breathtaking. All of Mexico City lit up and spread before us like a carpet in the valley floor. We fumbled our way to the airport about 8:30 where we found a distraught Bridgette and two friends. She, "I-told-you so'd" Ingi, but Pat and Art returned the niceties in full measure. We left Ingi after short goodbyes and as Pat referred to her, as a "temporary acquaintance".

After much discussion we went to the airport restaurant for dinner. Surprisingly they let us in. Stan was wearing dirty Levis, and a t-shirt covered by Pat's yellow rain gear. I was in Levis and sandals – both of us with beards. The others were comparatively well dressed. After dinner Pat called his friends and we parked ourselves in the airport to wait. Art and I sitting on the floor were politely told that we were welcome to sit on chairs just around the corner.

Shortly John arrived. He immediately suggested that we go somewhere for drinks. We first tried a place up in the mountains pines and waterfall, but it was closed. Most of us were dead tired and ready to forego the expedition, but John's enthusiasm swept us on. We proceeded to another small place, overlooking the lights of Mexico City. We each had a couple drinks. I had a couple "rum y lemonada."

Again surprisingly they had let us in. After picking up the jeep where we had dropped it in the city we proceeded out to the farm where we each most gratefully found a bed awaiting us.

Next A.M: We arose late, (9:00 AM), and showered, (Ah! Warm water), then proceeded to a delicious breakfast, cold milk, potato omelet, frijoles and rolls mm! mm! good! We then went for a tour of the farm. 540 milk cows, a couple horses, 7 dogs and 2 Rhodesian Ridgebacks. We also were shown a demonstration of Fernandez dog's mastery and rule over the Indians dogs. They reflected remarkably their masters' attitude toward the Indians.

About 12, Art, Stan, and I took off into town in the jeep. First stop after moderate confusion – no map – was the U.S. embassy where Art found a message from home with Sandy's address. We then proceeded to locate Sandy. There were two streets by the same name of the one on which she lived, we discovered from the embassy map. After making a quite arbitrary choice we proceeded without a map to locate it.

We spent a full 2 ½ hours searching. We had countless contradictory, though well-intentioned, directions from passers-by. After almost despairing we found the address and despite our, by-that-time pessimistic attitudes, she was there.

She was most surprised to see Art. She left a note for one date she was canceling and an explanation for another.

She then took us on a tour including old Chapultepec Park and Maximilian's Castle. After a most pleasant afternoon, which ended with a late lunch at a sidewalk café, we returned to her home. We picked up Jil and talked with the other American girls while Sandy, changed clothes. We then proceeded to guess our way out to the ranch in a cold drizzle, while Stan and I froze in the back of the open jeep.

Much to our surprise we made it back to the ranch without too much delay. We changed clothes and then chatted over drinks (rum and lemonade) til about 9 when we started out for a most memorable dinner. We drove into Mexico City in two cars (neither of which was the jeep, thank God!)



Haney, Romance 1966, p. 19.

Our scrubby group invaded one of Mexico City's most fashionable restaurants, so I'm told. Stan and I in half grown beards. Myself in sandals and horribly wrinkled shirt. Art in tennis shoes. We started with two boron's full of wine. They were refilled countless times through the evening. Everyone learned to drink from them and most of the fellows tried dribbling the wine down the face into an open mouth, very difficult with a moustache.

Dinner was delicious, the best steak I've ever eaten, filet mignon, crepe suzette for desert. Art was stoned cold and made a real ass of himself. The girls all tried to swipe boron's but were foiled by the eagle-eyed management. I managed to lift a candleholder for Sandy. Jill and Stan arrived home 2 hours after poor Art got sick on the ride back to the ranch during which we hit speeds of 150 kilos/hr.

Chepultepec

Lunch at corner stand

½ hour at Anthropological Museum

Lunch at Panchos Mucho

Lunch on top of Sun temple

Banana peels in Stan's pocket

### **July 22, 1966, 8:00 P.M.**

I was helping Mick in the engine room when we heard three blasts on the Frenchman's whistle. Mick said they were leaving and very kindly insisted that I go see them off.

There was a group from the *Romance* all in swim suits or ragged cut-offs.

Art knew the first couple bars to the French National Anthem and kept repeating them throughout the proceedings. Maurice and our other friend shook hands with all, including me, even though we'd never really met.

Shortly thereafter Maurice called Pat over to the side of the ship and from behind his back produced a pom-pom – with beanie attached. He had observed that Pat was the only girl in our party without a pom-pom.

We returned to the ship to find that we were departing in 10 minutes, so we all jumped aboard. At 8:30 P.M. we were underway. We motored dead slow out of the bay, encircled by the night-lights of Acapulco.

It really felt good to be out to sea again. I'm, now on the 8-12 watch (Eileen's so I get plenty of "sympathy" from my former mates). I stood 10-11 helm and 11-12 bow watch and then slung my hammock in the starboard bow.

### **July 23, 1966**

Still feeling quite low from Montezuma's revenge, so I ate nothing for breakfast or lunch except bug juice. By dinner I thought I had it licked so I ate up – tuna casserole, potato salad, and bug juice, watermelon for dessert. Hot generator busted. Gloria was sick.

### **July 24, 1966**

Art's birthday.



### Man Overboard

Robert was tightening a knot on the awning when – splash. Barbara yelled, “Man overboard.” “Who is it?” responded Skipper.

Stan grabbed the topsail halyard line.

I had the port main staysail sheet.

Mick had I line at engine hatch and Skipper had the mainsail sheet.

Bob grabbed the channels however and with a hand from Stan was back on board wet and quite surprised, within half a minute.

### July 25, 1966

Booby birds

KP duty

Skipper asked me last night if I would switch places in galley duty with Art so that he (Skip) wouldn't have to stand watch for Eileen and Art consecutively.

Eileen had galley yesterday, and her version of galley duty is quite a joke. She sets the table and washes the dishes and that is all. She is really getting on my nerves. I have known people as bitchy and people as lazy, but never both as lazy and bitchy in one person. I think that the greatest respect I have for her is as Mick's wife. I wonder if he ever imagines his marriage to be a bad dream. But he's too nice a guy.

I guess Eileen serves as a focus for all my aggravations, so she's good for something.

I survived galley duty, although by 9:30, I was really pooped out. After lunch I had enough energy to start oatmeal cookies, but by 9:00PM, I wish I hadn't. I made about 8 dozen with candied fruit at Gloria's suggestion.

Booby birds on the bowsprit all day. They gathered in numbers until nightfall when there were 17. Earlier in the day I went out to see how close I could get. I tried to feed them crackers, but although they pecked at it, none ate any. I found I could pet them and get them to perch on my arm. Later in the P.M. Art captured one and brought him on deck. Boobies have trouble taking off from flat surfaces so this one fluttered and hopped around deck for 10 minutes before finally hopping up to the pin rail (with fresh varnish) and taking off.

Haney, Romance 1966, p. 21.



**July 26, 1966**

It's almost time for night watch so I'll have to make it short.

Early morning I was awakened to take in sail on account of approaching storm. It was quite a feeling on the royal in choppy seas, and pitch black with flashes of lightning up ahead.

We turned and motored around the storm. I had been sleeping in my hammock, but after the storm I moved to the main hatch. I couldn't sleep, so I watched with Bob N., the porpoises at the bow. I tried to hang from the bow chain and touch them with my feet but only succeeded in getting my pants wet.

The pattern lately has been to furl and unfurl twice a day. We only sail with the best winds since we need to make as much speed as possible. So we fellows are getting plenty of exercise.

Stan and I have just now been sitting here watching the colorful sunset. Yellows, oranges and reds grow and fade as if someone were painting in slow motion.

**July 27, 1966 7:07 PM**

I started in to write about 6:30 but then Skipper came by and in that, "you-know-you're-gonna-do-something" tone, said "Walt would you help take in the jibs." So I helped take in the jibs. Then Stan and I went out and furled them.

Many showers around us all day with cooler weather except for one spell of hot sun. I've been lazy most of the day. Sanded while on watch and then in P.M. finished African Witch then slept in the focsle, then just before supper took a bath in the outlet from the engine cooling system. I lie on the channels and let the Hot salt water pour over me just like a hot bath. It's starting to rain so I'll have to stop.

**July 29, 1966 3:30 PM**

Sitting in whaleboat. We had a big rainstorm night before last. I started out in just a bathing suit but became chilly so slipped out on channel in water from engine. Eileen soon came and insisted it was too dangerous so, to keep peace, I acquiesced and came in. Yesterday the major project was end-for-ending the jib halyards. I was up above the foremast cross trees for almost two hours in rough seas and by the end of the job was well ready to come down. I think if I had eaten any breakfast it would have beat me down. In the P.M. I slept and washed clothes, which didn't get dry on the account of rain. Today has been gorgeous and by far the best sailing day yet. A good trade-wind from south or south by west and we've been doing 5 knots all day with blue skies surrounding us.

People were scurrying around all A.M. taking pictures. About 1 P.M. a yell went up "Micks got a tuna." It turned out to be nothing more than a quite dead booby. It had evidently dived on the fishing lure. It was photographed and then Art, with taps on his accordion buried the booby at sea. Also, (although it is actually of primary importance) today is Mr. C's 84<sup>th</sup> birthday. We covered 120 miles today.





### July 30, 1966

Beautiful sailing again today although we furled sail about 9 in order to motor on a more westerly course. If we get too far east the Humbolt current will sweep us right past the Isles. When we came on watch at 8, Skipper asked Roge and me to furl the to gallant. We let go the sheets and clued her in. Then braced her up tight. Roge didn't feel like going aloft so Bob started up with me. Skipper soon called him down however so I was left to furl alone. It turned out to be quite a job. At that height the yard was rolling a good 30 or 35 feet and the wind was force 4 or 5. The wind seemed to breath life into the sail. It would kick and fight back every step of the way. I had to strangle the wind out before I could furl. First I lamed the sail by shoddily furling the port side. Then executed the coup de grace on the starboard side. Only after the sail was thoroughly dead was I able to furl it neatly.

P.M. has been lazy. First I bathed leisurely in the engine water. It's just hot enough that it must be eased into gradually but then!! One must force oneself to get out. After my endorsement both Pat F. and Stan tried bathing on the channel and both found it just as pleasant except that Pat is too big to lie down on the channel.

Later Pat F., Stan Art and I conversed delightfully for an hour and a half covering such topics as homosexuality, morality and anthropology.

5:45 I just fixed Barbara's flashlight and am now awaiting 2<sup>nd</sup> chow.

Figured some distances with Stan this P.M.

L.A. to Acapulco 1500

Acapulco to Isls 1300

Unfortunately it now seems we will only be able to spend 9 or 10 days in the Galapagos.

### July 31, 1966

This A.M. sanded and scraped deckhouse which was painted this P.M. This P.M. I read a little Kafka, slept and then study some Ichthy.

Interrupted on two counts bowsprit shift and chow which was very good as Art, made it. At last the spaghetti sauce has evolved and delicious garlic bread. The butterscotch pudding was also good but could have used some shredded coconut or fruit or something. I came down to my bunk after chow because the spray was making the whaleboat too uncomfortable. I had a remarkably fruitful meditation followed by a very frustrating discussion with Nursy and a satisfactory communication with Ed although not too full.

9:30 PM

I have rigged a lantern in the foc'sle hatch because I wanted to record my thoughts before they leave me. I stood my bow watch lying on the spritsail yard. Bow waves crashing and spraying beneath me. An almost full moon playing tag with the clouds and the Southern Cross directly before me. My poetic surroundings must have penetrated my mind because I've been composing. Thus follows what demanded immediate recording.

- 7 Prithee tell me if you would
- 6 The answer to my guests
- 8 No move than this for me you could
- 6 Than set my mind at rest



(No move your mettle test)  
7 My path is steep, few bridges stand  
6 Save those you might provide  
8 Your answer true my spark is  
    Tanned (way is lit)  
    My journey ne'er to end  
    Save those, which you might build  
    Your measure true the crevice  
        Spanned  
    My longing e'er unfilled  
(No move your mettle test)

### **August 2<sup>nd</sup>**

A day out of Acapulco

We have been motoring the last few days trying to keep south enough so that the Humboldt Current won't sweep us too far east when we reach it.

### **Yesterday**

I sanded the wooden galley hatch cover- helped Skipper replace rope around the mast on gaff boom, which holds beads. Skipper showed me the Matthew Walker knot three times. Each time it looked remarkably simple yet when I tried I couldn't tie it. Finally I resorted to Ed's Sea Scout book from which I learned the wall and crown knots. In the PM I slept and worked on Itchy and practiced knots.

Last night after watch I couldn't sleep because I had sacked out in a whaleboat from 9-11. Therefore I scrounged around in kitchen and decided to make cookies, which took 'till 3:30 am.

All morning except for my helm trick and bilge pump, I puzzled over Rossetten til matten from Skippers Danish sailing book. I had to make due from the pictures because my Danish isn't too good. Skipper sent me to work on the mask in order to protect the mainsail sheets and keep them from banging. Needless to say I made many false starts and haven't yet finished one correctly.

(Stan and I made a wire shark noose this PM under Mick's tutelage)

This morning's frustration was compounded after two tedious and time-consuming mistakes. I spliced a beauty. Beautifully tapered but then when I was trimming it with cold chisel I accidentally cut a strand of wire. Arggh!! What a pain!

Tomorrow I'll probably turn shell back.

### **August 4<sup>th</sup> 1966**

Prithee tell me if you would the answer to my quest

no more than this fore me you could no more your mettle test.

The way is rough, few markers stand save those, which you might new  
your measure true, the distance spanned my journey e'er renew.

**August 5<sup>th</sup> 8:30 a.m.**

On watch sitting on sail bench just aft of foremast. We are now about 15-20 NW of Tower 1. We are motoring into a headwind and also in to the current.

Mileage to Tower

Noon 8/2 160miles

Noon 8/3 80 miles

Noon 8/4 27 miles

Last night we had to sail for 7 to 8 hours and probably lost ground. I read the Galapagos portion of Darwin's Beagle and discovered much to Art's chagrin that there are no Iguanas on the Galapagos. The only genus of Lizard there is Amblyhynchus and peculiar to the Galapagos.

Yesterday I was on galley duty, "what a pain"! Besides the normal duties of setting tables, serving meals, washing dishes and preparing the meal. Ed had me help clean the cupboard in the morning. Then in the evening I suggested cobbler for dessert. We proceeded to make it and found we had mixed too much dough so we decided to make boysenberry tarts, which took a hell of a long time. All in all it was a very long and tiring day.

**August 5<sup>th</sup>**

We sailed in to Darwin bay about 3 but we had a hell of a time finding anchorage. We sailed and motored for at least an hour and a half looking for a narrow shelf where we could drop our hook. We must have raised and lowered the flying Jib four times in order to get steerageway.

We finally dropped a shackle of chain and started fishing. I was paying out the chain in my bare feet and almost smashed my big toe. No luck on the first circle so we put out another shackle and tried again. Foretopmast Skipper yelled to me from the "watch" for any change in direction of the anchor chain. I was what appeared to be a jerk of the anchor hooking and shouted my observation (what I thought was my observation) to Skipper.

Immediately the chain slackened and I thought to my self, "well you goofed up again". But I was redeemed by a good solid crunch of the ship pulling against the anchor.

Skipper then prepared swizzles, which are made up of Rum and fruit juice.

Stan and I started preparing the whaleboat for departure and before we knew it we were ready to go ashore. Nobody else wanted to go until we were in the water, and then it was only Bradley so Stan and I made the first landing by ourselves.

We became so carried away with our explorations – Iguana catching, attempted crab catching, screeching back at boobies and cliff scaling that we had to row back after dark to a cold dinner.





### **August 6<sup>th</sup>, 1966**

Next day we all went ashore with packed lunches, potato salad in some of my fish jars, sandwiches and hot dogs. I went with Stan, Bob and the two Pat's.

We walked, climbed and scrambled out to the western point of the bay during the morning hours seeing seals, many species of birds, plant life and taking pictures. At Lunch we all sat down (except Bob who after eating started smashing crabs with rocks) on a rocky ledge where we were occasionally bathed with a salt spray.

### **Evening**

We started off through the interior to find the Crater. Very rough going and at about 2:30 pm the Pat's left for the ship on account of Nursys sore feet. About twenty minutes later we came out upon this rocky ledge overlooking the magnificent site. Rocky cliffs descending about 150 feet down to the blue-green of the Crater Lake. Bright green bushes encircled the water and on the far side a strip of sand showed distinctly pink, hundreds of birds floated in the air beneath us and others called back and forth from the craters cliffs. Stan suggested going for a swim and after overcoming our initial skepticism both Bob and I concurred. We climbed down widely separated so that we wouldn't pelt the person below us with huge cinders.

Surprisingly we arrived at waters edge in about 15 minutes although we had to scramble 100 yards along the bush level until we could find a clear path to the water. We swam in the briny water with ease. It was no trouble at all to float. I swam for 15 minutes and then I found that Stan had decided to swim across the crater, I headed for shore. I wanted to ascend the crater in order to get a picture of his return.

Later while waiting for Bob and Stan to dry off and don their clothes, I noticed that hundreds of birds were scared into flight when a person rolled a boulder down the cliff side, not just birds in the immediate path of the boulder but for 75 yards on either side. I think they must have experienced landslides previously.

We made straight although not fast for the ship. A 45 minute hike with out stopping, probably about 1 and a half miles. The whaleboat was out at the ship so while waiting for its return I took a dip in a tidal pool. I had a small friendly seal for a bath mate. He was curious and cautious. When I was above water he would only come within 4 or 5 feet yet when I submerged he would swim by with in a foot. We returned to the ship very tired, I had 10 – 11 pm anchor watch and Barb said it took 20 minutes to waken me.

### **August 7<sup>th</sup>**

Next morning we found Stan's much worked on shark hook and leader gone and Mike's 200 pound test line broken. After breakfast we up anchored for 2 hours, we only had 3 shackles out as compared to 5 shackles each on two anchors, plus tangle at Acapulco but we seemed to work just as hard getting it up. As I said to Skipper, "Its times like these we have too damn many women on board".



**August 8<sup>th</sup>, 1966**

(7:30) We are housed to in site of the San Cristobel and are awaiting invitation at 10. Why we can't get it done with and go in is beyond me.

**(8/16/66)**

We landed in San Cristobel at Wreck Bay. A very interesting community- the largest in the Isles (600).

**8/9/66**

All buildings unpainted, the commandant appeared to have supreme power, at least while the civilian gour was away. The commandant obviously changed the money exchange rate on us. The store keeper said it was 20 sucres to the dollar but the commandant told him "That is the quito rate here it is 18 sucres to the dollar."

Oranges were in season 6 sucres per huge burlap bag it almost had me crawling by the time I carried it out to the dock. People were very hospitable but many were also out after American money.

Wholly Ecuadorian community, Stan and I were shown around a little by Joseph a personable 20 year old with one arm amputated studying economics. I went diving in very cold water, which I ignored for about 45 minutes but then decided I had to get out of the water and found a 15-minute swim back to the boat. I shivered for 30 minutes after I dried off.

**8/10/1966**

We left at break of day for Flore Anna. Shortly after 11 pm Skipper came up from below looked around and low and behold there was Flore Anna. As Roger who was on bow watch said this morning I had just looked around and didn't see anything on the horizon.

**8/11/66**

It seemed like a long row in to Black Beach. Mrs. Wittmer and her sister are the matriarchs of this community. Wittmers daughter lives 8 miles back in the hills at the family farm, married to an Ecuadorian. We hiked back up to the farm with a remarkable change in environment from the beach up to the farm. From a rocky sandy dry lowlands up 8 miles to a seemingly fertile moist valley, thick with vegetation.

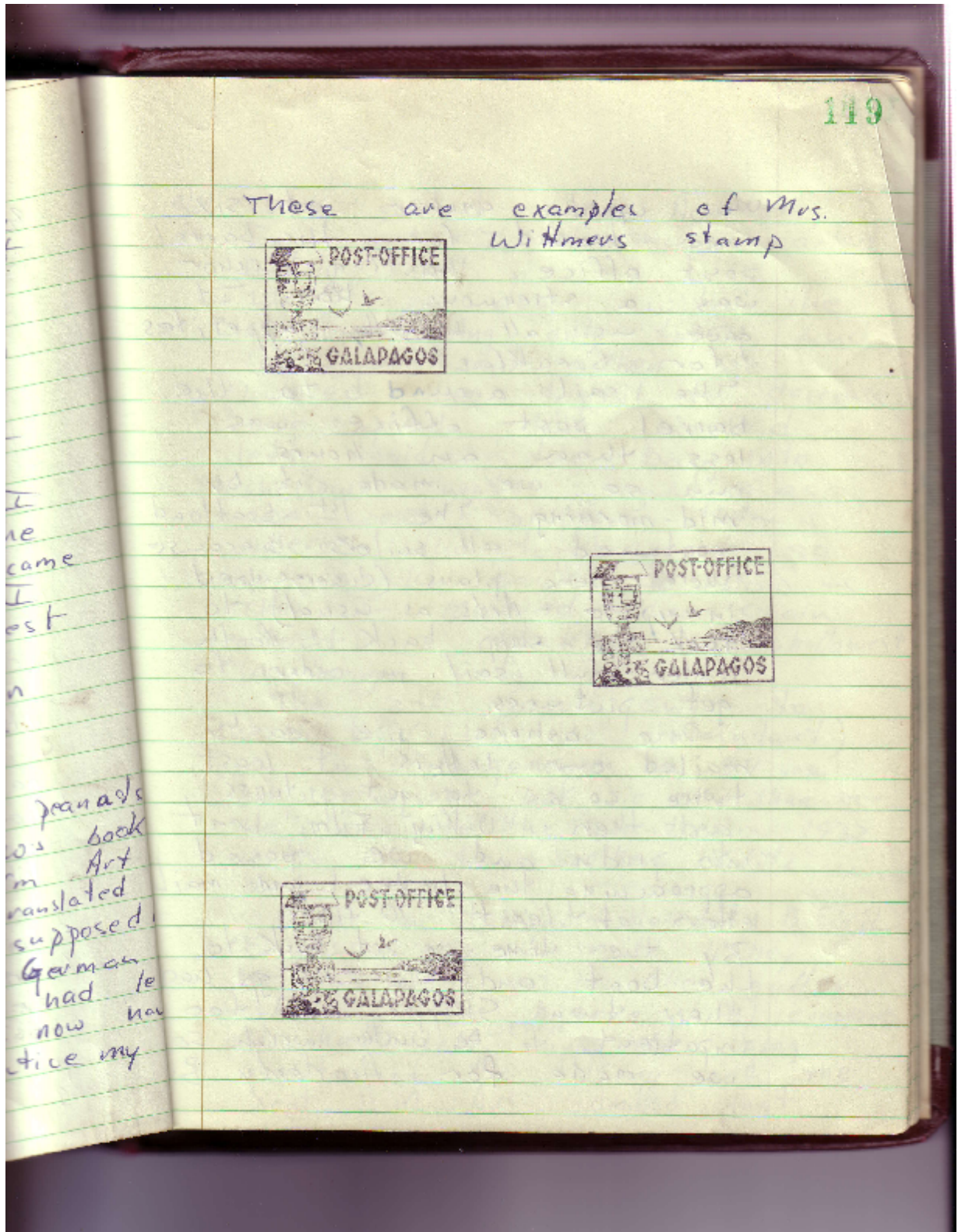
Quite a large farm has been carved out, oranges, guava, lemons, pineapple, goats, cows, hemp and much more.

When we first arrived no one was there but the Wittmer daughter, soon arrived leading a donkey carrying her two young daughters. She shortly produced a huge platter of spare ribs and delicious orange juice.

We saw the pirate cave where the Wittmers first lived when they came to Flore Anne in 1933. We walked back down until about 4 and it took about two hours. My blisters (like an idiot I didn't wear any socks) were bothering me so I barefooted it out of the valley until the rocks became too thick. Then Bob and I jogged ahead of the rest of the group. When we arrived down at the beach Mrs. Wittmer had Kola and dried cakes for us and later just before we left wine and peanuts. I purchased Mrs. Wittmers book with money borrowed from Art (\$3.00). Her book has been translated in to 13 different languages, all supposedly better than her original German one. The only copies she had left were in Spanish, so I now have a good reason to practice my Espanola.







These are examples of Mrs. Wittmers stamps:



We upped anchor at six and headed for the barrel post office. Hoisting anchor was a strenuous chore; it gave us all a healthy appetite for Breakfast. The sail around the barrel post office was less than an hour's run so we made it by mid-morning. The first boatload contained all sailors because there were plans (Disorganized incomplete and Arts as usual) to tack the ship back and forth under full sail in order to get pictures. Once ashore we each mailed our letters at least twice so as to get pictures and then "Viking Films" went in to prod'n and we posed approaching the barrel and mailing letters at least 10 times. By the time we got back to the boat and the 2<sup>nd</sup> group had their turn, Skipper was too impatient to be under weigh so we made for Academy Bay.

### **8/14/66**

We sailed into Academy Bay and I do mean sailed, it was really fun! We ran down with the wind carrying only tops'l and for and aft sails. Then we lowered the topsail to decrease our speed. We circled left inside the bay into shallower water sounding as we went. Skipper then ordered the tops'l reset so it would back to stop us then I lowered the chain (about 2 shackles, the shallowest anchorage yet)

The second person out to the boat (after the commander) was Gus Uugemeyer, a 54 year old German who looked no more than 35; he came to the Islands in '39 with his two brothers Fritz and Carl. What a talker! He about bull shitted Ericksen by about a mile. They both stayed out in the galley shooting the breeze until everyone else had left. We heard Gus doing most of the talking and the next morning Art admitted that he finally had to beg for bedtime in order to get Gus to leave.

Next morning we went first to Gus' home very ingeniously made from native materials. Cinderblocks mortared together and beams hewn from driftwood. He also had a small curio shop with driftwood, lava, skins and some tortoise shells.

Gus had arisen at daybreak that morning in order to hunt down a goat. Fortunately for us he was successful. Mrs. Ungemeyer (an Ecuadorian) although under the weather showed us around her home and served us crackers and chocolate. Most of us took off for town about Noon.

The main part of town os almost entirely an Ecuadorian community. One main path runs around the bay. It is lined with homes and various shops. Stan and I wandered thru town visiting various shops. In one shop a fellow asked us for our address and as we soon ascertained he hoped to use us as sponsors for his immigration into the United States.

After meeting some of our group and making arrangements to return to the boat at 3:00pm we walked up to the UNESCO station. We met an elderly Swede who turned out to be the caretaker of the station. He kindly offered to show us the tortoises kept there. He proceeded to give us a complete tour of the tortoise pens and cages. Individuals from different islands were kept segregated. We saw individuals from Santa Cruz, Isabella, Pizon and Hood islands. Tortoises from Hood are called saddle backed; they have a raised portion of their shell over their necks.

We later met 5 college fellows working at the station for the summer. They were all looking for a way out. Plane transportation had been cancelled indefinitely and the Cristobal Carniea's overhaul wasn't even due to be completed for another month. They showed us around the labs, which were very interesting, and I must say it gave me ideas.





**Charles Darwin Research Center, Academy Bay.**

We left about 4:00 with 2 new passengers. Will a sophomore at Duke and Erno a graduate of Yale. Gus U. escorted us out in Karl's boat. Gloria and Art went along in order to take pictures of us under full sail.

After pictures and boarding mid ocean we headed for Sullivan Bay (and my galley duty). Sullivan Bay is undoubtedly the most striking anchorage in the Galapagos-small blue green bay with a huge pinnacle rock to the right and a towering crater rising to the left, these enclose a sandy beach backed by shrubbery with Sea Lions all over the place.

Due to galley duty and blisters remaining from the hike up Flore Anna, I forsook the hike up the crater for diving in the bay. It has turned out to be easily the best diving I've encountered although I'm told I missed the Galapagos' most beautiful scenery.

We really had a fun Lunch Lobster, Potato salad, hot dogs, bug juice and marshmallows beside a driftwood fire on the beach. The same idea took hold as we had dinner half way prepared and was abandoned again after we had most dinner for the on shore crew boxed up. All this contributed to a very tardy (although very good) dinner and a major hassle between Ed and Skipper. Between the hassle and dinner dishes in the dark I was quite grim before the evening was over. My outlook was softened however by Stan's kind assistance with the dishes.

We pulled up to the Espinosa Point about mid morning. The ship stood off while the longboat went in to a rock-surrounded cove. It was an easy row in except for navigating around rocks and shoals. Stan and I rowed back for the 2<sup>nd</sup> load against the wind but as Skipper said "You put her right where I wanted her" and so came along ship very easily after having seen the point. I fetched my diving stuff and also Stan's telephoto lens.

There was no trouble in on the second trip, we made fast and started exploring.

I got within 10 feet of a flightless Cormorant preening itself and Arts telephoto brought him right up close. I tried to sneak up on two soundly sleeping seals but their compatriot in the water warned them of my approach. I had better luck with a pair sleeping under some bushes. I lay down between them pretending to join their slumber while Stan snapped a picture. Later we discovered some baby seals, which would allow us to stroke them and pick them up if we put them back in their original "crib".

I then went back to the original beach in order to go skin-diving. I watched a marine Iguana below water for at least 8 minutes. I discovered a 4" sand dollar and speared a couple of fish, the largest of which wiggled free of the spear and hid in the rocks. The other joined the fish fry for dinner.

Unfortunately Skipper has set 12 noon as latest departure time for first boat so I cut short my diving. (Or it was cut short by Art's need of assistance) He had me chase marine igs into the water so that he could photograph them under water. It would have been hard enough chasing them on the lava rocks normally but in swim Flipper it was quite impossible, I finally got one into the water. As usual Art delayed the 2<sup>nd</sup> boats departure. Stan carried back a huge chunk of wood.

While gobbling lunch we ran across the channel to Tagus Cove, which was a special stop for Skipper and Gloria. They were engaged there in 1961, the cove is a volcanic crater so

we were very close to shore before dropping hook. Mick immediately started catching fish and was joined by others and together caught about 20 good size fish for Dinner. 8/17 Also one for bottle, a green, red-fringed fork tail. I went diving finding the water murkiest in the islands, also too deep. I went ashore and climbed the bank to the south of the cove. What a climb!! Charts said 500 feet but it sure seemed like more; loose cinder almost 55 degrees but good pictures from up top thanks to Stan. I had dropped an exposed role accidentally.

That night I was shanghaied in to 2-3 bow watch by Will when I went up to take a leak. 8/18/1966 Easy up anchor next morning and we sailed away from the enchanted Isles. Mainly slept for the 17<sup>th</sup> catching up for the previous 10 days.

### **8/19/1966**

Washed my long put off laundry and changed sheets (for the second time).

### **8/20/1966**

Carved mainly, worked a sight with sextant and discovered Ernos a good notebook on the islands.

12:30 this morning I shot the breeze with Will while carving and at noon had another navigation lesson.

#### Navigation Instruction      Nautical Almanac

1. Look up date and find the closest longitude (G.H.A) listed to our rough longitude (RL)
2. Find difference between G.H.A. and R.L.
3. Find correction for GHA and RL in "increments and corrections"
4. Add or Subtract correction to Greenwich mean time GMT corresponding to already used GHA giving true noon time in GMT.
5. Subtract from true noontime the time zones we are away from Greenwich giving our true noontime in local time.

#### To find Latitude

1. Take noon sextant reading
2. Correct noon sextant reading
  - a) Index correction (in instrument)
  - b) Dip adjustment for height above water level
  - c) Radius of sun (upper or lower limb)
3. Subtract corrected readings from 90 degrees giving apparent declination.
4. Subtract apparent declination from declination listed for noon of that date giving latitude.

August 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1966

Skipper asked me if I thought I'd be able to sail with him this winter. I told him I would like to but I thought I should go back to school. I inquired if he's be interested in hiring one of us for a short period as 3 months (a year) and he said he'd have a spot whenever I wanted to come down.

August 24<sup>th</sup>, 1966



Haney, Romance 1966, p. 37.

Skipper had me repair the lashing on the topgallant footrope. I had to crawl out on the yard cut off the old lashing and tie on the new.

We ran into a beautiful squall yesterday. Skipper sent me up to furl the royal and it was really fun.

August 25<sup>th</sup>, 1966

Galley duty seems to get grimmer all the time, partly that we are out of tea flower, sugar, crabmeat, bacon, eggs and more. It makes meals not too varied although it's not really enough excuse for the grim chows that we've been having recently.

August 26<sup>th</sup>, 1966

Squalls all morning, about eight we ran into one so heavy that I started standing bow-watch. It was so thick and coming from the south directly ahead that I couldn't see anything. So I asked some of the foxholers to pass up my facemask.

First they just laughed but after I persuaded them that I was serious, it really helped when we approached Panama. Skipper had me sight on some islands in order to plot our noon position. On the first try some of my intersections were obviously off but 2<sup>nd</sup> try they all matched 17.5 miles out.

We anchored outside the main harbor until cleared by the quarantine officer. Then we upped anchor and took on harbor pilot who turned out to be an old classmate of Skippers from Kings point. The Pilot was talkative, overweight and supremely capable. We have no reverse engine but he lay us up as gentle as could be right along side of dock.

September 2nd, 1966

We are back at sea after losing four crewmembers – Sue, Barbara, Erno and Will. The first evening in Balboa we walked up town and found a soda fountain where we treated ourselves to milkshakes, banana splits and sundaes etc.

The first day Stan, Bob and I took a walk. A whore latched on to us when we stopped in a café for Bob to get a coke. She quickly homed in on Bob who with out ceremony admonished her to "Flake off". I can't imagine a more repulsive whore. Knocked-Kneed, streak of bleached hair, unkempt and as Bob said "man she must have been hit by the ugly stick". She finally abandoned the cause after we simply ignored her. Next Bob was latched onto a drunk whom he handled beautifully.

"Hey fellas, let me buy you some drinks"

"Sorry buddy we don't drink" said Bob "well let me buy you something" "I don't believe you have the money" Bob replied. "Sure I do, right here" patting his pocket.

"Well I don't believe you let me see it," said Bob. "Right here buddy" again patting his pocket. "Say fella where did you get all this money?" Bob asked "Me, I just had it" Did you steal it?" Bob asked "Yea, Heh heh I stole it" "Where's the nearest cops fella were gonna turn you in" The drunk just laughed and after a little more exchange we walked away and left him.

**September 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1966**

Next day, Pat, Bob, Stan and I drove north to some beaches in a hertz VW 1500. We thought at first we would be frustrated because when we first arrived at the Hilton the

Hertz office didn't have our reservation. However, after Stan cabled his father for \$200.00 (he wanted to buy a pentax spotmatic) we found that a VW had been returned. We spent a most pleasant day at a beach about 40 miles north of Balboa, cost for the day was \$4.55.

Monday I spent all day working on the jib boom project of which I was nominally in charge. Skipper wanted the jib boom and spritsail yard seat in for canal passage. It was really quite interesting work. I learned a great deal, like not to take off 4 wire seizings un-necessarily.

Tuesday morning Stan and I went shopping, I bought a carving set for Dick and Sally (\$3.75). Also a set of noodle dishes for \$1.80. Stan bought the Pentax Spotmatic electronic flash release cable and an adaptor for flash (something like \$239.00).

In the evening we took a train ride across isthmus (\$2.00 round trip) not too worthwhile although probably would have seemed more so if we had had more than 20 minutes in color.

Wednesday we passed thru the canal. First two locks we had work boat and tug Hugh Rodman. Third lock up we had only workboat and so had to be real careful of surge. Head and stern lines were carefully manned. Thru Gateau Lake we made almost 10 knots, we make 1 to 1 ½ knots better in fresh water and work boat assisted a knot or two.

Thursday morning we (Stan, Art, Skipper and I) reset jib and spritsail yd.

By 12 Noon on Friday we had made 144 miles. Noon Friday to Noon Saturday we made only 118 due to heavy seas. We have been heading about 10 or 15 today. There's a chance we may skip Grand Cayman and run into Jamaica if a low-pressure area east of Windward Passage develops in to a hurricane.

Galley Duty today what's why I'm not on watch (I'm on Art's watch 8-12) It's more rewarding when we fix a meal like we had tonight. Steak, baked potatoes, vinegar, slaw, corn and pineapple pie. The meal really drew compliments

Friday September 9, 1966 S. of Cape

We anchored at Georgetown, Grand Cayman Islands Tuesday night after an exasperating 2 hours. First we tried to anchor in water that was too deep and had to crank up 3 shackles of chain. 2<sup>nd</sup> try with local help (or from Skippers view because of it) we missed again. Before the 3<sup>rd</sup> try we sounded from longboat and then attempted to tow the ship by rowing long boat. It was good exercise but nothing else.

Next morning Art and I dove off the ship, I reached bottom at least 35 feet and crystal clear. I was also stung by a jellyfish. Before going in to shore we moved the ship in to better anchorage. Stan, Mick, Eileen and I then visited the pilgrim (Formerly the Tiki of TV's "Adventures in Paradise") Skipped by Bruce Martin, with wife and son. Then back to *Romance* for lunch.

I found out that Art had rented a Jeep so we headed east on the Island eventually to Gun Bay where we found Marshall. He agreed to take us out to see a ship wreck for 35 shillings. A real Island character, he was 50 ish slow speech with a heavy Island accent. We met 3 of his sons; one only 3 years old and yet insisted on carrying a bucket back to his house that was 2/3's his size. Marshall knew Gun bay like the back of his hand. He first took us out to the shipwreck Ridgefield formerly of Monrovia. She went up on the

reef in '63 and according to Marshall it was during clear weather, while the lighthouse light was burning. She had been ransacked but it was still fun to crawl around on. Marshall then took us to a wreck of an old ailing ship where I found what I easily imagined to be a sword hilt! (I left it in Marshall's boat however.) He then showed us three cannons partially buried in the sand.

Lastly he took us to a good area for conch. Although Art, Bob and I were the only ones bringing up conch, (Stan and Roger couldn't clear their ears) we quickly had 60 in the boat. We decided that was enough so we went in while transferring things to the boat. We found a note from Pat and Pat. After changing in to dry clothing we headed along a one-lane dirt road after Pat and Pat. At the end of the road we came to the Tortuga Club and their Honda. The club turned out to be a gorgeous place and Art's piano playing certainly sounded pleasant. This gave music for the two Pat's to dance by. Art the organizer then went to work. I had told him that I was not hungry and that I was broke anyway so I wasn't going to eat anything. He proceeded to order for seven however. Despite accusations of rudeness and stubbornness and idiocy I stayed away from the table and just read a book (Up the down staircase) very amusing. I am toying with the idea of sending a copy to each teacher at ELHS [East Lansing High School].. We had a very pleasant drive home in the dark. Although it was distinctly unpleasant waiting for the longboat to come in mosquitoes. Finally Stan and Roge rowed out in a borrowed boat. Stan and I stayed up to ferry Pat's in when they arrived about 2:00am.

At 6:00 am the next morning Stan and I after over hearing some very disparaging and condescending remarks from Skipper about our Conch, arose and started cleaning conch. We showed them we had them all shelled and 3 quarters of the way clean before breakfast. Mid morning we took off again in the jeep Roge, Bob, Stan, Bruce Martin and I, heading for Rum point and diving on the reef. Two hundred yards from one destination Roge noticed that most of our gear had fallen off the jeep. We retraced our steps and found our belongings in six places clear across the island.

At gunpoint we found beautiful diving. It was hard to get across the reef (which was  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile from shore) but even the crawl across coral was worth it. Gorgeous coral formations, brain coral sea fans, rainbow parrot fish, yellow tails, groupers and innumerable other kinds of sea life. Art and I played tag through the coral arches.

After returning to town I went with Feeny to get refreshments. We ended up in the back room of a wooden shack along with a huge pile of empty gin bottles with well-preserved labels (Hmmm?). We had a pleasant talk as we sat in the shade drinking beer and ginger ale.

Back on the ship we sailed off anchorage about 4:00, I was stationed on foremast to overhaul buntlines so I had a gorgeous view of our departure. Turquoise blue water in toward land and deeper blue seaward, sails being set and the island slipping away.

After we were under weigh Bruce Martin pulled along side in a motorboat in order to take on passengers. At first only Eileen and Art went but Skipper called him back and insisted that Stan and I go. What a view I should really have some good pictures.

I felt embarrassed because Art kept giving Bruce directions and was paying no attention to the fact that Bruce was getting a long way out to sea.

Since then we have headed northwest and then a little jog west and last night we rounded the west cape of Cuba. We are now in shipping lanes again and I saw a US destroyer

Haney, Romance 1966, p. 40.

yesterday. Also last night we saw the alternating glow in the horizon of a Cuban lighthouse.

We sailed the first hour and a half from Grand Cayman but we cranked up the engine yesterday morning at 4:00 (Saturday, 9/10/66) and probably will motor here on in. Anticipated arrival in Miami is Tuesday or Wednesday.

## HOME

We arrived in Miami at 1:30pm on Tuesday the 13<sup>th</sup> of September, I called home that evening. In downtown Miami we received many curious stares and one drunk remarked "we don't want any beatniks here".

Inquired a couple places about work but because of off-season and abundance of Cuban refugees 'no success'. I walked to the bus station about 11:00 pm. My bus to Wauchula didn't leave until 4:45 am but I had no way to get my self up so I went down to the bus station. I got no sleep at all because they put dividers along the benches- undoubtedly in order to prevent just that. On one stop along the way I discovered a new edition of Hawaii with pictures of the *Romance*. I arrived in Wauchula at 10 and Granddad didn't recognize me. I had a good chat with Granddad and he introduced me to some friends. I had a good steak dinner with all the Florida Haney's that evening and about 9:00pm I received phone call from Art who was in town. That it would be easier if I just went with Art so Steve drove me down to meet them.

Nature Feb. 19 1966 Vol. 209

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## **FOODS**

- 1.) Chilled Oatmeal sliced thing and fried in butter
- 2.) Bread (Oatmeal) and (Raisin)
- 3.) Cinnamon Rolls
- 4.) Cook rice 12 minutes in water with little limejuice. Drain put in boiling water 2 minutes more fry in onions and bacon





Haney, Romance 1966, p. 44.

