



# The Log Of The Romance

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## TAHITI BULLETIN

After Romance's first, most enjoyable Circumnavigation, we longed to return to the South Seas. The 1978 Expedition sailed June 18th, a rollicking 166 mile tradewind day, swiftly dropping the blue mountains of Grenada below the horizon astern; and a new crew of adventurers learning port clew garnet from starboard main sheet. We were soon in whales, three Fins rearing a third of their great bulk out of the water. Our first landfall: Bonaire, low and windswept, miles of salt pans evaporating seawater under a glaring sun, a pink cloud of flamingos flashing past turquoise shallows, and a quaint Dutch town. Our girls 'Guest crewed' on a McAllister tug bringing in a super-tanker, before sailing Romance off the dock in Kralendijk.

Past Curacao and Aruba she flew, down where the Caribbean trades are strongest, and on June 26th, a record run for Romance . . . 199 nautical miles noon to noon! Grand going for the little square rigger--and though the magical 200 we have sought for 12 years still challenges us, we were thrilled! Combined with 150 miles on the 25th, Romance reeled off 349 miles in 48 hours, an average 24 hour run of 174.5 N.M. at a speed of 7.27 knots.

Cartagena: ancient walled city, red tile roofs and ornately carved balconies over the narrowest of streets, Moorish doors open to cool courtyards. Cathedrals and fountains, horse drawn carts and raw oyster stands. A Festival of Lights at San Felipe Fortress, reawakening long ago battles, with the sound of cavalry storming the ramparts, the clash of swords, the cries of battle, and the thunder of cannonades across the silent harbor.

Approaching the San Blas, we caught a dorado which went off the scales at 30 lbs. Delicious! Revisiting all our favorite anchorages in this lovely archipelago of tiny islets, thatch villages and colorful Cuna Indians, we traded for lobsters, and bought bread from a sailing bakery, a dugout canoe. The Indians took us

miles through the reefs in their dugouts, to the newly wrecked schooner Freelance. She lay shuddering in the breakers, broken, dismasted, gutted, a tragic sight. We made our usual cayuca trip up the lush, jungle bordered Cardi River, and acquired some unusually fine molas, the prized reverse-applique art of the Gunas.

The Panama Canal, and a quick run to uninhabited Cocos Island, legendary cache of Peruvian gold. There we found an encampment, not of treasure hunters, but shark fishermen, and a small force of Costa Rican National Guard. The Guardia took the crew pig hunting with semi-automatics, and gorged them with wild bacon smoked over an open fire. The shark hunters took us--shark hunting. And caught 25 on a "poor day."

For the first time since 1972, Romance was granted a full cruising permit for the Galapagos, through the fine work of Mr. Michael Cotter of the American Embassy in Quito; and longtime friends the Angermeyers of Academy Bay. This, our sixth visit to the Enchanted Isles, held new thrills. The great volcano, Fernandina, had staged a minor eruption, and a few nights later, favored us with a cherry red cloud. Romance lay anchored in Tagus Cove, a dead end facing the caldera across the narrowest of channels. It was not at all difficult to imagine a new flow bottling us up forever in the cove! At midnight, with the erie scene bathed in moonlight, and birds shrieking like lost souls, we made preparations to slip the anchor. And left a watchman to ponder the pulsing volcano.

Elizabeth Bay--perhaps the only spot on earth where sealions climb trees--had this year been partially blocked by a new flow of black lava cinders. We polled our way silently beneath tumbled mangroves. Turtles shot from under the boat, and penguins popped up to stare at us. And deep in that enchanted pool--the sealions, curled up in the branches. They rolled over, roared half heartedly at the intrusion, and went back to sleep. We picked buckets of mangrove oysters off the trees, for the most delicious of Galapagos stews. Wreck Bay, Kicker Rock, Plazas, Bartholome, James Bay, Seymour, Mosquera, Turtle Cove, Punta Espanoza, Post Office Bay. The herd of tour boats comes and goes, and we all march behind our guides on staked paths. Not the Galapagos we once knew, but we are grateful for the visit.

The 3,000 mile passage from the Galapagos to Pitcairn Island began with a fine, fair wind which promised a record passage--until the last 40 miles. Then we were hit with a gale from ahead, the strongest winds since the World Voyage (off the notorious Cape of Good Hope.) It took us 3 hard days to make the last 40 miles to Adamstown, where we anchored at sunset of the Sabbath off Bounty

Bay. Soon the longboat was alongside, and Romance enveloped in that special warmth of Pitcairn friendship. My family, the Jacob Warrens, had gone to New Zealand on a medical emergency--yet there was a grinning Jacob leaping aboard. "We heard you were coming, so we caught the next ship home. We wanted to plant a garden of new potatoes for the Romance. They're coming fine!" New potatoes! Unheard of in the tropics! How we feasted on these and all the good Spring greens growing in Pitcairn's red volcanic soil! Cabbages 15 inches across, cucumbers, lettuce, tomatoes and onions, and the first tender sweetcorn.

With the sea too rough for a wood cutting expedition to Henderson, we had the longest and best visit ever ashore. We went out in the longboats to barter with a passing steamer, descended the terrifying cliffs at Down Rope, to see prehistoric rock carvings, and went sandhill tobogganing on a banana stalk. Body surfing, barbecues and concerts, and just the fun of being Pitcairners for a while.

Surf conditions continued very bad throughout our stay. Romance was compelled to shift anchorages repeatedly, and parted her windlass in heavy swells off Tedside (T'other side, in Pitcairneese.) Steve Christian and Nig Brown welded it good as new. For days and nights, the ship lay to at sea, exchanging crews, each trip a remarkable demonstration of longboat handling in the wild surf of Bounty Bay. That alone an adventure of a lifetime!

Leaving Pitcairn, this Romance crew consumed 10 stalks of bananas in 9 days, which proves we can always try harder. The Marquesas: Hiva Oa, Taohae and Typee, Ua Pou, and this year a new island, Fatu Hiva. The beauty of Hana Vave, Virgin's Bay, has been described as "almost physically shocking." It is entered between perpendicular black cliffs which rise from the deep, dark waters of the bay, and funnel toward a small black beach. There are no soundings (no bottom) until the ship is almost ashore, and the black cliffs tower very close above you. Let her go! The anchor splashes down, and the ship swings in under the cliffs, and there you are. Above the mastheads, a fringe of very green, waving palms, and rising out of them, a brood of volcanic stone statues, each several hundred feet tall, and resembling hooded virgins. A trio of white goats frolic in the greenery which cloaks the tallest. The effect is, to say the least, overpowering. Ahead between cliffs, a compressed slice of green valley above black beach, and mountains beyond. An outrigger appears, bringing tapa and pomepumus, huge perfumed grapefruit. We go ashore, and climb above the valley, and sit down and drink in the beauty of ribbon waterfalls far below us, a natural arch through the peaks, and fairy terns soaring overhead. By full moonlight, the scene from the anchorage is magically transformed into--snow. Snow on the slopes and

in the valley, and on the hoods of the Virgins. Enchanting!

During a calm near the Tuamotus, we were followed by a magnificently ugly white tip shark. While we ran around looking for bait, the brute surfaced and scratched himself against the hull. This was too much for Philip Lloyd, who grabbed a barbed fish gaff, and leaning overboard, rammed it into the surprised creature. Phil now had a 6 foot shark on a 5 foot pole--and only Phil could have wrestled him, snapping and thrashing, to the deck. Millie made a good shark of him, baked in a delectable cheese sauce.

At Takaroa, we introduced Halloween into the Tuamotus. The crew, led by two ghosts and a headless man carrying his coconut head under his arm, roamed through the village with lanterns, thoroughly frightening children and dogs. We invited the whole village back for popcorn and refreshments, and a hilarious dockside dance to wild and wonderful homemade Tuamotuan ukuleles.

Armistice Day in Papeete, a 21 gun salute, war canoes and sailing outrigger races. Pineapples in season, a sugar-sweet string of 6 for 100 F, about \$1.33. Imagine! We ate 14 in the first 24 hours. Within 48 hours, the crew were wearing Tahitian pareus, & strumming ukuleles, with flowers in their hair. In Moorea, we attended a Tamaaraa, an earth-oven feast with traditional dancing--just a rehearsal for Saturday night at the One Chicken, where the vahinis wiggle a torrid Tahitian hula, and the men dance with fire and machettes. Cool off with a plunge into Moorea's fairyland reefs, where the underwater world's a lilac garden of butterfly fish and irradescant clams in lovely fluted shells. Good chowder! Moorea's tiger-tooth mountains and lovely quiet bays--a vision of every South Pacific dream come true.

The sacred Maraes of Huahini, coral stone altars of human sacrifices by the sea, are somber places of strong mana; tabu. We were astonished when our Tahitian guide set aside an altar stone, revealing parts of 3 skulls and other human bones. In Bora Bora, Dino de Laurentis tried to film scenes for "Hurricane" in the Queen's Marae, the most sacred of temples, and so disastrous were the results, that the scenes had to be reshot in a less holy site.

Raiatea, Tahaa, Bora Bora. The Queen's Marae is before me as I write, in this lovely lagoon; mountain, motus and a golden sunset mirrored in the sea. Soon Romance will sail in the wake of the bold navigators of Bora Bora, who first colonized Hawaii in fragile double canoes. A last great sea voyage into Diamond Head. But Lord willing, she will return to this lagoon. Next year, on her second voyage around the world.