



PHOTO 3

only when daysailing with a lot of willing hands aboard.

Once cruising became a way of life, and sailing became a job — work if you will — we stopped daysailing.

From Acapulco, we departed for the Polynesian islands of the Marquesas, a voyage which would be the longest non-stop passage (2,984 miles) of our circumnavigation.

Our first major ocean crossing took slightly less than 22 days and can best be described as a frustrating yet educational experience which included almost all of the weather conditions that we would experience in the next 2½ years. The

first half of the voyage was spent looking for the elusive Northeast Tradewinds; the middle part evidenced some fluky sailing through the still but yet sometimes stormy doldrums; and during the last part, we were flying before the boisterous Southeast Trades . . .

"Land Ho!" I thrilled to shout one afternoon while alone on watch. The tall peaks of Ua Huka rose above the distant horizon, nearly hidden by trade-wind clouds, and the others joined me to catch their first glimpse of the island, still far away. At sunset, we sailed into the lee of the precipitous volcanic cliffs. As *SKYLARK* sailed slowly to a stop in the calm waters of the lee, the sweet

smell of Polynesia, the fragrance of Tiare Tahiti was lifted from the land by the tradewinds and carried seaward to us, thrilling our crew with the success of completing our first long ocean passage.

A white horse, high on an emerald bluff, looked down on us as the skies purpled overhead with the coming of our first nightfall in the Marquesas. A twinkling Orion, his leg thrown up over the Eastern horizon, took credit for showing us the way and the Southern Cross glittered to the south . . .

The next morning, we were in French Polynesia and a dream had come true. The Marquesas are spectacular and unspoiled and worth a long visit, but a round-the-world yacht has a schedule to keep and I was still looking forward to re-visiting my longtime Mecca: Tahiti. After three weeks in Nuka Hiva, we weighed anchor for Tahiti by way of the Tuamotu Island of Takaroa, where we spent a week.

*After a short but idyllic three-week stay in Tahiti, the Hanelts reluctantly weighed anchor for Papetoai Bay, Moorea, where they witnessed the internationally celebrated Bali Hai Yacht Race.*

The prelude to this famous racing event is a Tahitian feast and festival. These dancers (Photo 3) are part of a Tahitian dance troupe made up from an entire village in Moorea. Everyone — young and old alike — participates in the dance and song.

The race rules are fairly simple. All crew members of the racing boats assemble around a long bar at the Bali Hai Hotel on Moorea, each with a full Mai-tai rum drink placed in front of him. At the gun, all must down the drink, run to the beach, dive in, swim to their boats, climb aboard and get the boat underway. The boats may power out of the lagoon, but as soon as they clear the coral reef, they must secure their engines. The first boat putting ashore a crewmember at the Bali Hai Hotel at Huahine (some 100 miles distant), where he must down another Mai-tai, is declared the winning yacht. The photograph (Photo 4 on the next page) is *MIN SETTE* of Portland setting her chute just after clearing the pass.