

CLASSIC CRUISES



PHOTO 19



PHOTO 20



▲ PHOTO 21



▲ PHOTO 23

▼ PHOTO 22



New Guinea is a country of contrasts and beauty, misty peaks, steaming jungles and stone-age tribes on inaccessible mountains. It is also a cruising yachtman's paradise of untouched archipelagoes, sun drenched tropical islands, coral lagoons, forgotten bays and the warm waters of the South Pacific.

With the Kuhners, we spent two weeks port hopping up the coast of New Guinea to Port Moresby. This anchorage (Photo 19) is near South Cape, New Guinea. Kitty Kuhner is trading with some Papuan boys for fresh limes and fruit.

Since Kristi is a schoolteacher, we always seemed to visit the local schools. This group (Photo 20) was at Sewa Bay, Normanby Island, and the Papuan children were only too happy to have their picture taken . . .

We tramped around in the remote New Guinea anchorages as we worked our way west to the Indian Ocean, our biggest challenge.

From Port Moresby, New Guinea, SKYLARK and BEBINKA successfully navigated the treacherous Torres Strait heading for Thursday Island, their port of entry into the Indian Ocean. From Thursday, they set a course straight for the Indonesian island of Bali and enjoyed "our best passage ever."

On a sunny morning, ten days and 1,637 miles after leaving Thursday Island, SKYLARK threaded her way up the twisting pass leading through the coral reef protecting the Balinese lagoon and the harbor on Benoa Udjang. We dropped anchor in a deep spot near a shallow coral shelf. The mountain the Balinese refer to as the navel of their world, the lofty and majestic volcano Gunung Agung, looked down on the anchorage . . .

Soon we were ashore at the customhouse, cleared into Bali, and free to see the sights. First, we had some shopping to do.

From the port of Benoa Udjang, it is a 20-minute ride in one of the small, unscheduled little trucks called bimo buses. We jumped on the first one to come along, which we were surprised to find was loaded with sea turtles on their own way to market. Since arriving at Benoa Udjang, we had seen many small vessels coming in and unloading huge sea turtles, (Photo 21) which perplexed us since we had not seen any at sea. It turns out that they are raised, much like cattle, in pens on the outlying islands of the large lagoon. When they grow to full size, they are