

CLASSIC CRUISES

Living with and from the deep for the past two years, Bob and Kristi had long since adopted a seafaring lifestyle and appetite.

Success! A nice Mahi Mahi, (Photo 28) just right for supper. There will be nothing wasted. We felt guilty about catching fish which were too big and then partially wasted, so we kept changing hooks, smaller and smaller, until we started catching the right size fish.

Keeping both skipper and crew especially happy during long hours afloat were the treats which were produced daily in *SKYLARK's* galley. Besides standing her three two-hour watches each day, Kristi (Photo 29), provided us with three hearty meals, proving herself the most valuable crewmember aboard. Fresh bread, pies, and other delights, often difficult to manage in a galley which just wouldn't hold still, were prepared almost daily. (Only kneading bread dough on the gimballed main salon table was allowed to interrupt the perpetual domino game) . . .

After a wonderful visit to the West Indies, we found ourselves between two more oceans, working our way through the Panama Canal. To transit the canal in a small boat, one must have four line handlers, a helmsman and four lines of at least 100 feet in length. Since most cruising yachts do not have these kinds of resources, they usually double up with another boat, passing one boat through at a time. We did this with an English yacht. Here, (Photo 30), we have been lowered down one level and are leading the big freighter, with which we were sharing the 1,000-foot long lock, out of the lock and into the Pacific.

The last four months of our journey — sailing west across the Caribbean to the Panama Canal, through the Canal into the Pacific, and then up the Central American, Mexican and Californian coasts to the Golden Gate — were representative of the total effort. The good times were tempered with bad, like losing the steering in a gale off Baranquilla, Colombia, or the small hurricane in Manzanillo, which put *SKYLARK* on the rocks, or just the rough thrash up Baja, which tested our skills, perseverance and fortitude.

More than anything, it was concentration on completing one step at a time, which brought us home . . . of not allowing ourselves to think of all the effort that might lay ahead, similar to Captain Bligh's philosophy as he sailed

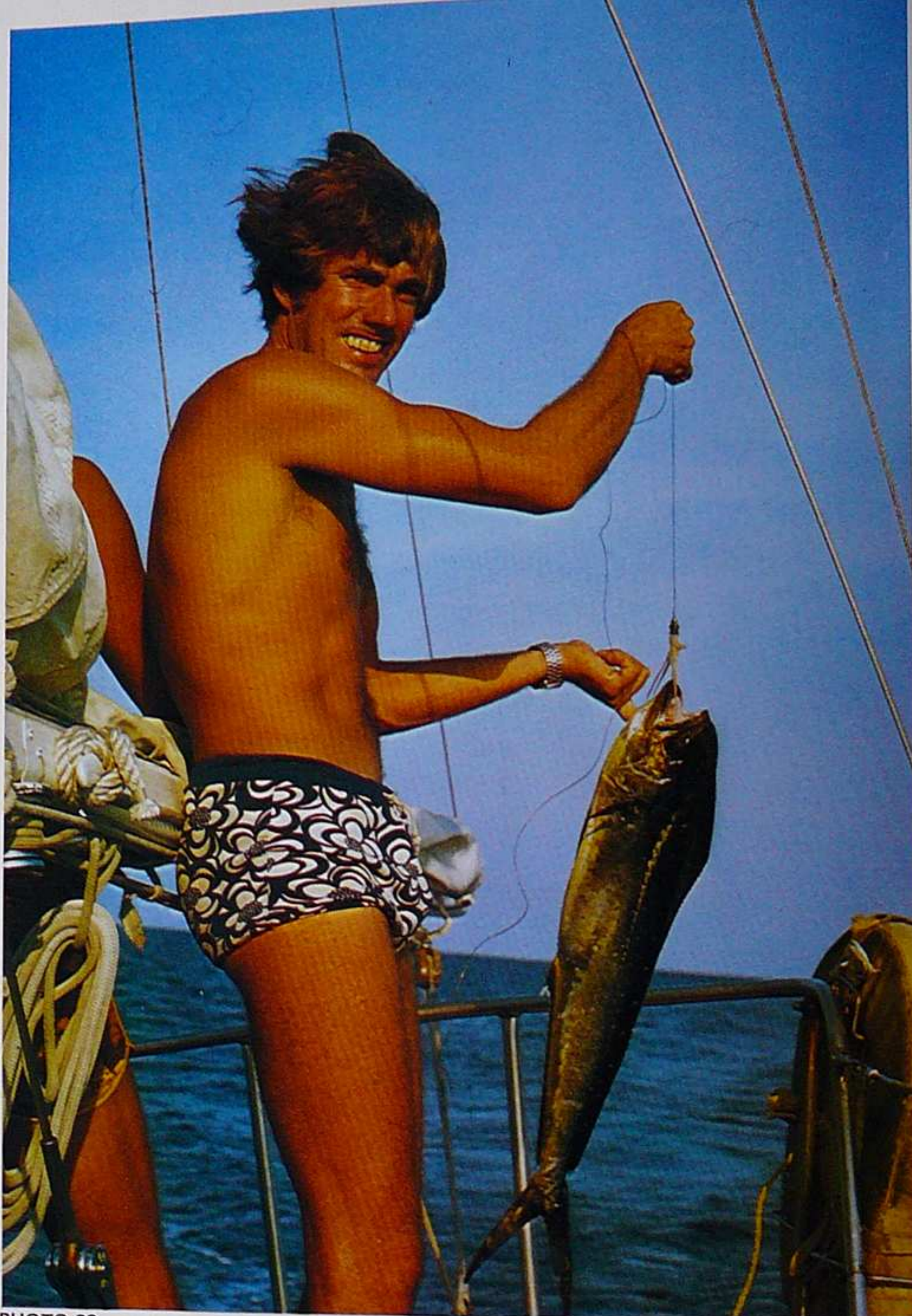


PHOTO 28

the *BOUNTY* lifeboat to Timor. Speaking to a young midshipman who inquired how much further they had to go (something even Bligh wasn't sure of), the Captain said, "Think if you like of the distance we have come, but never let your mind run forward faster than your vessel."

And so it is with us, even today, as we reflect on our circumnavigation and remember the accomplishment and excitement of our arrival under the Golden Gate Bridge on August 27, 1974 (Photo 31). It was a great experience of our lives which we would never do again, yet we will always think back on it with a sense of great accomplishment and gratitude for having had the opportunity to have those worst and those best times of our lives.



PHOTO 29