

# The Liki Tiki Story

By Bob Webb

How I went from a credit card slave to a lifestyle of my dreams



# The Liki Tiki Story

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## Introduction

During my teen years and early twenties, I was pressured into adapting to a lifestyle that was socially acceptable to my parents and the people I associated with. My inner self wanted something else. This inner struggle created conflicts with parents and school as a teen. In my early twenties, this struggle was taken out with abuse of credit cards. The credit card companies owned me. I was pressured to work, adapt a lifestyle like everyone else and keep up payments to the credit card companies. With no money I could call my own, I had no choice. At the age of 25, I took drastic action to get back control of my life. By the age of 27 I paid off my debts and had a small surplus. The following stories tell what happened.

Taking action toward my dream brought many unique benefits. I had a wide variety of experiences that could not be achieved any other way. Carnival time in Panama, Fete in Tahiti, getting to meet unique people, to name a few.

About education: Every teen has a burning desire to learn and be somebody. For some, this desire is killed before they leave high school. Not everyone adapts to the classroom form of education. For me, classroom education was a disaster. Outside the classroom I was always working on projects, which taught me how to learn and educate myself. Projects also developed in me a lifetime love to learn, the ability to bounce back from failure and the persistence to succeed. These attributes created the opportunity that came my way. There is more on self-education at my website.



*Bob Webb at the age of 10 as Admiral of a fleet of ships with all female crews. This photo was taken during the summer of 1945. Notice the girls dresses, styles were beginning to change to shorts at recreation events.*

# How Dreams Come True

## Motivational Speech by Bob Webb

My story begins in Summit, NJ, at the age of sixteen, where I am sitting in a classroom staring out the window. Out this window I could see myself exploring the jungles of South America searching for gold. I could see myself drifting down the Amazon River on a raft, I could see monkeys swinging through the trees. I could see myself as Tarzan, swinging on a vine.



Through the next window I could see the bow of my sailboat plowing through the water, heading toward the South Pacific. I could see myself on a white sand beach chasing girls.

Then BANG! The teacher's yardstick hitting my desk brought me back to the real world where subjects did not relate to my interest and dreamers are related to dummies. In a loud voice the teacher said, "You are a failure! If you don't pay attention you will continue to be a failure!"

When the bell rang, instead of going to the next class I walked out of school never to return. I was tired of being called a failure. Right or wrong I took charge of my future. When I left school I carried the single most important element for success... A DREAM.

During the next twenty years, everyone of my teenage dreams came true.

You may be asking, "How does one make their dreams come true?"

There are three elements:

- First - We must have a dream that motivates us, learning how to dream. No one has ever achieved anything without a dream.
- Second - We must learn how-to-learn. In classrooms we learn how to memorize.
- Third - We must learn how to bounce back from failure. No one ever succeed without failure.

In my early teens I read the book *Kon Tiki*. This is a story about six Norwegians sailing across the Pacific Ocean on a raft. Their adventure inspired my dream of duplicating their raft voyage. As a teenager with normal parents, a dream like this was considered ridiculous. Not only did friends and family not support my dream, they told me to get serious. But the *Kon-Tiki* dream turned me on. I wanted to know more about the ocean world and how it could be challenged. I went to the public library looking for more books and I found plenty.

During the next few years I joined the seas scouts, read boating magazines, studied books, and went to boat shows. To help understand seamanship techniques for example, I made model charts, buoys, and boats. Turning text into objects made comprehension easy.

Unknowingly, I was learning the art of learning how-to-learn... Self-education. An education technique that would follow me the rest of my life. An education technique that would bring me success and make my wildest dreams come true.

At the age of nineteen, during the Korean War, I was in the Marine Corps and in Japan. On my first day of duty an officer told me, "You are a machinist and will be in charge of the machine shop."

As he gave me the shop keys he pointed to a trailer. In the Marine Corps everything is on wheels. When I opened the doors I had my first look ever at a machine shop. In the shop was one short instruction manual titled "How To Run A Lathe." When a job came in, I followed the manual's instructions. I was surprised at my ability to complete assigned tasks. The Marine Corps experience launched my machinist career. It also reinforced my skill at learning how-to-learn.

Every manmade object around us is the result of someone's dream and failures. The light bulb for example: Thomas Edison believed something could burn white hot and not burn up. A wild unrealistic dream? Everyone knows everything burns up in a short time. A thousand failures later Thomas Edison burned a steel wire white hot that never burned up.

Opportunity is attracted to people with a dream. They are the first to be hired, first to be offered opportunity, and first to be promoted. Bigger the dream the faster doors open.

People without a dream are last to be hired, last to be promoted, and first to be laid-off in a force reduction. For non-dreamers, doors remain closed. "WHY?" You may ask.

People with a dream act differently than non-dreamers. Dreamers develop an attitude that radiates energy, they have a sense of purpose and meaning to their lives. Radiant energy is an attitude that bosses like and to which bosses offer opportunity. This is how the impossible becomes possible.

When I was discharged from the Marine Corps I decided people were right, my wild teenage dream was ridiculous. Real people do not do this sort of thing. I am now an adult. I should think and act like one. The raft dream was dead.

For the next five years my life went nowhere. My ambition, hope, dreams were gone. Something else was also gone... Opportunity that came fast during my earlier years also dried up.



One day I dusted off the *Kon Tiki* book. My dream jumped off the pages and came to life. I said to myself, "I must find a way!"

Two years later I was in Hawaii and learned how the Polynesian people populated the Pacific Islands in dugout canoes 2,000 years ago. My dream was changed from a raft to a dugout canoe. At this time opportunity came even faster.

I helped crew a 36-foot sailboat from Hawaii to California. This provided my ocean sailing experience. Next, I was hired by the Panama Canal Company, Panama. Soon, my boss asked me to become a hard-hat diver. With this skill, money was no longer a problem.

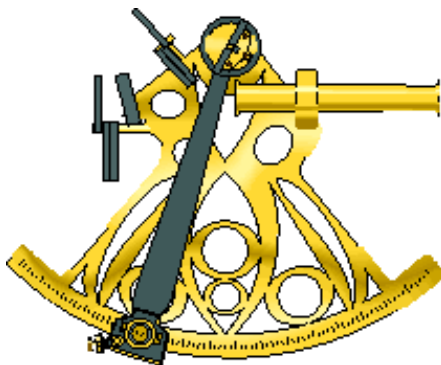
A short time later I was living on a beach in Tahiti building a Polynesian double-hull boat named *Liki Tiki*. I built the boat according to popular theory and information supplied by the Bishop Museum in Honolulu. Three days at sea convinced me the double-hull theory was wrong. The two hulls worked against each other in heavy seas and would soon breakup.

Back in Panama I took the problem to the Indians in the Darien Jungle. They said, "Outriggers is what works." I then succeed in sailing a outrigger dugout canoe, named *Liki Tiki Too*, from Panama, 5,000 miles, to Hawaii.

Opportunity never stopped. For the Navy Undersea Center Hawaii I help develop a two man Plexiglas submarine. In the Panama Canal Zone, I became Captain of their training schooner, *Chief Aptakisic* on which we took a group of teenagers to New York. My wife and I spent five years sailing the South Pacific Ocean in our own 50-foot sail boat, *Hunky-Dory*.

Opportunity came my way because I did not let a wild teenage dream die.

I am now writing about my experiences. Maybe my books will motivate you to stay focused on your dream.



# Foreword

**By Marvin C. Ward**

The high-spired verdant peaks of an island broke over the horizon with thrilling promise. A man on a foremast spar sang out, "Land! Hey- Oooh! Land!" For an instant all hands ceased their motions. An astonishing silence fell on their pose; then, almost simultaneously, each man scrambled to the railing-or topside-- or into the rigging. Hard by this action the ship's bell tolled 3:00 p.m.

Captain Samuel Wallis of the Royal British Navy and George Robertson, the Dolphin's master, grabbed their 'scopes and rushed out on deck. The Dolphin, running on the wind, closed the distance steadily. Captain Robertson ordered a positioning and returned to his cabin to log the sighting as 3:00 p.m., June 19, 1767. His comment, "...the country had the most beautiful appearance its possible to imagine..."

The promises soon became vistas of reality; jewel-blue and green waters divided on an irregular jag of; dazzling white spray; the reef opened narrowly and the jewel-blue ran on into the land, lush hills were roundabout; sparkling sweet-water ran down out of the mountains splitting the dark beaches; palms laden with coconuts clustered invitingly, offering nourishment and drink, comfort and rest. A wholesome fragrance was in the air. The seasalt-weary crew drank it in. And a darkly handsome people scrambled over the beaches and put to sea in fast little rickety boats.



In their mutual ignorance and shock, hostilities flared between the two strange races, but a few blasts of round shot from the Dolphin's guns sounded the changes to come in Polynesian culture.

*The first Polynesians arriving in Hawaii about 2,000 years ago. Painting is based on Polynesian chants and western theories. Original water color by Joseph Feher.*

This discovery of Otaheiti (Tahiti) was the beginning of the unraveling of the mysteries of the Pacific. But mysteries yet prevail. For each revelation has uncovered new areas of thought and challenge. Anthropologists and ethnologists today are keenly interested in the origin of the Polynesian race and culture. Expeditions continually arise to explore the possibilities of this origin, each hoping to supply a bit of proof toward an ultimate continuity of unshakable truths that will establish the progress of a people.



Wallis's discovery was indeed an impact upon the sophisticated attitude of civilization. The machine age was on its way and navigation was an established science. How ever-remote were the land masses from each other, communication was a world-wide institution. Yet the vast Pacific was unknown .

Theorists supposed a great continent must exist in the Pacific to give balance to the known land masses of Earth. Wallis's expedition was to seek this land mass. This venture and subsequent discoveries have given us Oceania thousands of small islands in three general classifications: Melanesia, Micronesia, and Polynesia.

Polynesia inscribes a great triangle with vertices at New Zealand in the south, Easter Island in the east and the Hawaiian Islands in the north. The western base passes through Samoa, the eastern base through the Marquesas. Within the triangle are such groups as the Tokelau Tuamotu Society, Austral, and the Line Islands. Tahiti, in the Society group, lies in the center of the triangle.

It seems fitting that these discoveries began with the magnificent Tahiti, Tahiti that Captain Bligh called, "...the finest island in the world..." Tahiti, the center of Polynesian culture. The joy of this discovery is a continuous thing. The thrill felt by the crew of the *Dolphin* is experienced each time a new person discovers Tahiti. After Wallis came Bouganville, then Cook and Bligh, and on they came, Melville, Loti, Stevenson, Gauguin, Frisbee, Calderon, Nordhoff and Hall. All sang its praises. All praised its song.

Eleven years after Wallis first saw Tahiti, Captain James Cook "raised" the Hawaiian Islands. It soon became apparent that the peoples of certain islands were of a particular race; the islands of this ethnology became known as Polynesia.

The native traffic in Wallis' and Cook's time was of a short island hopping nature. Large twin-hulled oceangoing sail-craft were in use, but long voyages requiring navigational method did not exist at the time of western discovery. Yet the fact remains that all the habitable islands, that are scattered over thousands of miles of water, had been settled by the Polynesians. The same people populating islands 5,000 miles apart are the result of an obvious system of navigation. How they did it has always baffled modern science. No less in this praise is the expedition *Liki Tiki*.

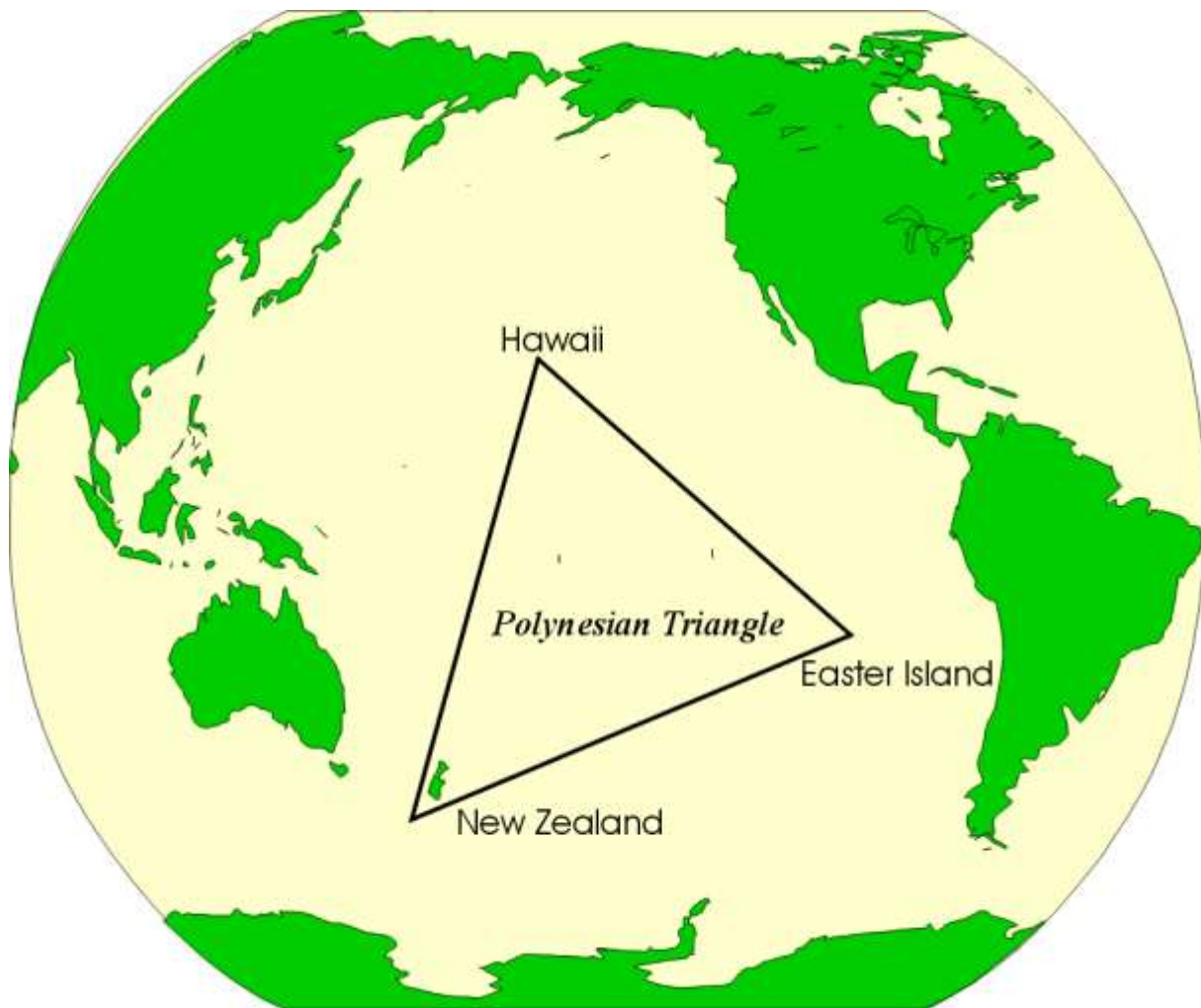
While working in the Hawaiian pineapple fields, Bob Webb became exposed to discussions of Polynesians and their ocean voyaging. He concluded that the northern route from Tahiti theory reasonable. Bob decided to try to duplicate the supposed voyage of the Tahitians for his own satisfaction.

Bob's attempt to sail in Polynesian fashion began in reverse-- he went to Tahiti from Hawaii via Panama. The adventure sailed out of Honolulu as a crewman aboard a 36' sailboat for Los Angeles. From there he hitchhiked down through Central America to Panama. For amusement Bob made a few side trips into Panama's jungles, gold-prospecting. Another digression was a trip across the Andes Mountains from Lima, Peru, to the headwaters of the Amazon River. Bob and a party went down the river for 1,200 miles by riverboat, raft, and canoe.

To finance the *Liki Tiki* project, Bob hired on as a machinist at the Miraflores Locks of the Panama Canal Company. This established the home base necessary to get the expedition sailing.

## Polynesian Triangle

About 2,000 years ago, Polynesians populated all the habitable islands from Hawaii, 5,000 miles south to New Zealand and Tonga, 5,000 miles east to Easter Island. Dugout canoes with outriggers were the vessels used for these fantastic voyages. Today, people are still traveling between islands in dugout canoes. In 1989, an Argentina man sailed an open 18-foot dugout canoe from Panama, 10,000 miles to the Philippines.





**Mission**

**To Inspire a Dream  
and  
Fulfill it**

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**Without a Dream  
Nothing Will Happen**

Below: Building the *LIKI TIKI* on the beach in Tahiti 1964. The two 40-foot dugout canoes were built by the Choco Indians in the Darien Providence of Panama and then shipped to Tahiti. The goal was to duplicate Polynesian voyages between Tahiti and Hawaii 2,000 years ago in boats that they may have used.

I was three days at sea and realized double-hull boats was not the way to go, the coconut lashings would soon brake apart. Six years later I succeed sailing a single hull with outriggers 5,000 miles from Panama to Hawaii named *LIKI TIKI TOO*.



# Turning Dreams Into Reality

## Daydreams

I stood at the helm maneuvering my boat through an opening in the treacherous reef into the mirror-still lagoon. Ahead, on the tropical island, native girls in grass skirts ran to the beach to welcome me. I smiled and waved a greeting as I dropped sail. My boat slid onto the silver sand and I stepped ashore. A Polynesian beauty draped her flowered lei around my neck, and kissed me and.....

Crash! The ruler broke across the top of my desk shattering my reverie.

“Robert Webb, you haven’t heard a word I’ve said during this entire period!”

“Yes, ma’am. Sorry, ma’am.”

My tropical island and native girls slowly faded from memory. Reality took over. I opened my textbook and feigned interest in diagramming sentences.

The South Seas daydream is the result of reading *Kon Tiki* and wishing I could live it. I guess you could say “I’ve always had my head in the clouds and my feet planted firmly in the sea.”

Although my body was marked present, my mind wandered from adventure to adventure. Thinking about cruising the Pacific and exploring strange lands was a lot more interesting than English. No wonder my teachers threw up their hands in despair.

My parents finally sent me off to a privet high school which I never finished. Instead, at the age of 15 I worked on a farm in upper New York State. At the age of 17 I was working on an automobile assembly line in Michigan. At he the age of 18, a friend and I drove to Alaska. We found a job in a gold mining company in Fairbanks for the



*This was my favorite picture in the Kon-Tiki book. A relaxed atmosphere with huge waves rolling by. I dreamed of having an experience like this.*



summer. The recruitment posters looked like a way out of Alaska, so in Kodiak I joined the Marines and they sent me to see the rest of the world - Japan. At the age of 19 I was working in a machine shop in Japan. These experiences wet my appetite for adventure. They were a far cry from my home town in New Jersey.

After my discharge, I found myself working in Oklahoma City machine shops. The dreams



*The Sea Explorers Scouts of Millburn, New Jersey 1949. Bob is back row, third from left. Age 14.*

*This group of people inspired my direction as a teenager. I wanted to learn everything about the marine and maritime world.*

of the South Seas were still there, but easy credit has now taken all of my paycheck. It seemed like I was working to support everyone but myself. The real world and my dreams were clashing. I wanted to cross the ocean in a small boat, go over the Andes Mountains and down the Amazon River. I wanted to turn dreams into reality.

To break out of this trap I developed a plan of action. I changed jobs to a company that paid better and gave lots of overtime. Returned all credit cards, opened a savings account of \$10 and started planning for a one way trip to Hawaii. Eighteen months later I was free of debt, money in the bank and a one way plane ticket in my hand.



*Twenty years later, at the age of 35, my teenage dream became reality. I am sitting at the stern of Liki Tiki Too watching huge waves roll by.*



# Hawaii

## January 1962

In Hawaii, the story of the Polynesian migration by dugout boats was repeated over and over. This is when a new dream was added to my list. Duplicate a Polynesian sailing craft and sail it between Tahiti and Hawaii. One problem, there were no trees the size that were available 1,000 years ago. The dream would have to be filed away for now.

## Learning to Sail

First day in Honolulu, I found myself at the Ala Wai Yacht Harbor. I had never seen so many sailboats before and surprised to see so many people living on them. Everyone in yacht harbors was friendly and easy to talk to. On the dock I talked to Jim about his boat. I learned that he and his partner, Ted, were planning to sail to Tahiti and were willing to take on another partner to help meet expenses. So a deal was made. I became part-owner of a 25' sail boat named the *Venture*. I knew nothing about boats and never did any sailing, this would be a good way to learn. Jim sounded like he knew all there was about sailing. I was hired by Dole Pineapple Corporation where I earn enough money to finance my part of the project. I also moved on board to save rent money. I soon learned that my two partners knew little more about boats or sailing than I did. We could not take the *Venture* out sailing because it had no engine, this was our next item to buy.

One evening the three of us were below in the cabin excitedly making plans for our trip to Tahiti. Jim was playing with an ice pick. He threw it trying to make it stick into the hull. He was over successful, it went through the hull up to the handle. We were afraid to pull it out for fear we would have an uncontrolled leak. We did not know solid wood from rotten wood. We called a friend and asked if this was normal for boats. We didn't want to believe what we feared, if so, that would be our dream down the drain. Our friend poked around some more with the ice pick. The wood was soft like a sponge. The boat was completely rotten. One slam into a large wave and the hull would burst open and sink.

We went to our yacht broker and demanded to know why he sold us a rotten boat. He did not seem surprised, but being a salesman through and through, he went into his pitch: "What you need for your trip to Tahiti is a bigger and heavier boat. The *Kualoa* in the berth across from your boat is for sale. The planking is sound and it



*Getting hooked on the Hawaiian way of life was fast.*



*The story of how the first Hawaiians came to the islands in double hull boats is told in a verity of ways.*



*Ala Wai Yacht Harbor, 1962*

has a copper bottom. The engine runs and you can take it out sailing now. I will take the *Venture* on trade for it”.

We told him we didn't have that kind of money. He suggested we take on more partners. This was a much larger boat and we would need more people to handle it. He was really a high-pressure salesman, he knows how to sell boats and he knew our dreams of Tahiti would never come true. But he was in business to sell boats and not make peoples' dreams come true if they didn't have the money.

We bought the *Kualoa* and discovered too late that the deck was rotten and it leaked every time it rained. We went out sailing and I realized none of us knew how to sail it properly. A friend said he would go out with us and show us how to sail. On sail day we could not start the engine and we never got our lesson.

Living in the Ala Wai Yacht Harbor on the *Kualoa*, I found my kind of people. I found others who had far out dreams of adventure and were not afraid to talk about them. I felt I belonged in this place and could make plans with an open mind, not worrying what others might think. Jim was even talking about making a trip down the Amazon River some day. I told him I was thinking about doing the same thing too. I also said I wanted to make some kind of raft or dugout canoe trip across the Pacific. We spent hours sitting around the cabin of the *Kualoa* telling each other of our dreams of adventure. From that time on I was not afraid to talk about my ideas.



*Kualoa under sail.*



*My first experience aboard a sailboat, the Kualoa.*

# Vamanos

One day I was in a Waikiki restaurant reading a newspaper while eating breakfast. One article told of how a crew of five had started to sail for California in a 36' sailboat. After one week at sea they were hit by a black squall. While trying to take down the sail the mast broke and left them helpless. They managed to limp back to Hawaii.

The thought suddenly struck me, if I wanted the experience of an ocean voyage I needed to get on that boat. After inquiring I learned that the old crew refused to go back to sea with this captain. But, still wanting to make an ocean voyage, I looked up Dr. Sturges. (He was a retired eye surgeon.) I told him of my experience on the *Kualoa* and that I was studying navigation. I was accepted a few days later. I quit my job, gave up my share of the *Kualoa* and began making preparations for the voyage, including the building of a new mast. When we were at sea I would find out why the old crew would not sail with Dr. Sturges.

## September 1962

The first night at sea I lay in my bunk wishing I were dead. Why did I come out here on this voyage? Why would anyone want to make such a voyage? Tom and Herald, the other crew members just laughed at me. If they were seasick they did not show it. Because of the heavy pounding seas, they were talking about reducing sail. I said, "That's not for me. I can't move out of his bunk."

Well, Herald forced me out on deck to change sails. I had the dry heaves, there was nothing left in me to come up. The crew made me work harder and faster, I wanted them to leave me alone. Then I wished I would fall over the side, that would end it all. It was night and they would never find me, so I thought. I did not know it at the time, but the crew was forcing me to get over my sea sickness. After changing the sails I went back to my bunk and began to feel better. A few hours later I was able to take in some food and a couple of days later I was over the seasickness and was able to carry my share of the work load. In time I was able to enjoy the voyage.

There were five of us on the *Vamanos*. The captain was a retired eye surgeon. Tom and Herald had sailed in the Trans-pac race from Los Angeles a few months earlier. The fifth member of our crew was Joyce. She was a Canadian from



*Vamanos as she returned to Honolulu with a jured rigged broken mast.*





Vancouver, B.C. She spent the last two years traveling around the world, mostly by bus and train. This was her last leg of her wanderings. Being the only woman on board, and a pretty one at that, we all spent a lot of time trying to please her. *(The large crew was the result of not understanding self-steering systems. The tiller was manned twenty-four a day. Today, most ocean cruising yachts are handled by a couple.)*

The first week we beat to the north to reach the favorable winds that would carry us east to California. The Pacific waves were mountainous. High on the crest of a wave it seemed like we were on top of the world. Then *Vamanos* would plunge down the back side of the wave, hit bottom, and our little boat would bury its bow into the next on-coming wave. The deck would be awash as our little boat would break its way to the surface again.

It was during heavy seas that we had to reduce sail. From the safety of the cockpit, I looked out over the deck and saw what looked like a wall of water coming at us. The wave exploded against the hull filling the air with spray. Next the bow pointed up to the low black angry sky and then dive back into the wild sea. The wind was blowing hard against the sails and put a tremendous strain on all the rigging. We had to reduce sail quickly before our little boat snapped another mast. *(Safety at sea relied on physical strength with the motto "One hand for ourselves and one hand for the boat." Lifelines around the deck and safety harnesses were rarely used. Today this is standard equipment.)*

Two of us would work our way along the deck, out to the bow, always holding onto something solid and keeping our bodies low so an oncoming wave would not throw us off



*Joyce taking her turn at the tiller.*

balance. I sat on the bow scared to death as the waves washed over me, but too proud to go back to the safety of the cockpit. I was trying to build up courage to finish the work. We tried to get the jib down without dropping it in the water which might drag us overboard. As the bow plunged under a wave, we held on with all the strength we had. When the bow came up we brought in as much of the jib as we could before the next wave hit. With the jib down and bagged we raised the small storm jib. Now the boat did not plunge as much and sailing was easier.

When I got my sea legs I enjoyed being out on deck working the sails during stormy weather. This being my first voyage, I thought the seas were always rough like this. When we reached the horse latitudes, it was a different story.

The horse Latitudes is an area of calm that divides the tropics from the temperate zone. In the olden days, sailing ships would be becalmed for weeks at a time. The ship would start to run out of drinking water. The first to perish on board would be the horses.

We sat in these calm waters for ten days. I



*Skipper with our catch of the day.*



*Joyce preparing the catch for the crew.*

thought this could be used for a time of rest, but calm seas is a time of strained nerves. Sitting in the middle of an ocean and not going anywhere tends to make one very uneasy. There was just too much free time to think of problems and time to take our frustrations out on each other. In stormy weather we were too busy for all of that.

The first personality clash came in a power play between the captain and the other two men. Each one accused the other of not knowing how to sail the boat. As tempers flared the captain said, "I have the legal right to throw a man overboard. I am captain and can do whatever necessary for the safety of the ship."

Tom replied, "You are crazy! We should lock you up in the bow section and take over the ship."

Dr. Sturges said, "That would be mutiny."

There was one person that kept a level head through all this, Joyce. She became a mediator. She suggested that the captain finish his watch and the others go below and sleep to get ready for their watch. They could discuss it later. She never entered into their disagreements, but when the crew was tired of arguing, they would ask her for advice. Everyone seemed to want to please her, so they took her word as final.

I didn't know enough about sailing to have an opinion one way or another. So I usually did not take part in these disputes.

The third day into the calm, Dr. Sturges suggested we go on food rationing. He told us that things were not going too well and for safety reasons we should cut down on our food. We thought there was enough food for the trip, but we agreed to try it. For the first light breakfast Joyce made thin soup. Lunch and dinner were sandwiches. The second day was the same. The third day we were so hungry we found ourselves eating more than we were before we went on rations. The captain tried to convince us to stay on rations, saying, "What if a storm comes up and blows us back out to sea?" Tom told him he should have thought of that before we left. Rations were stopped and we ate well for the rest of the trip.



One day in the calm, the air was hot and the ocean was glass smooth. Joyce and I decided to go swimming. The sails were hanging limp, so we jumped in. The cool water felt refreshing. The others on deck wanted to come also, but as usual, there was a disagreement. Tom and Herald said they could not come in because the captain might start the engine and leave us. Dr. Sturges, just as paranoid, wouldn't come in because the others might steal his boat. They finally came to an agreement. All three went below, removed the rotor from the distributor cap and stow it away. Then they came on deck and jumped in the water together.

There we were, five of us swimming around a small boat in the middle of the Pacific Ocean with all its sails up. I suddenly realized that this is how ghost ships are made. Everyone gets off the ship for some reason, then a sudden gust of wind fills the sails and the ship is gone. There would be no way we could get back to it. The boat would be found months later with all of its emergency and safety equipment in order and in place. Then reporters would write about the strange disappearance of the crew. "What strange force made them get off the ship?" And it was only that we were hot and wanted to cool off. Joyce must have thought of that too, she got back on board while the rest of us played.



*My turn at the tiller.*

When the winds picked up, tempers calmed down. It was a down wind run and our boat seemed to fly along. We were surfing down giant swells trying to ride them as far as possible. The waves always went faster than we could go. We wished we could stay on one wave all the way to California. Then we would get there in no time. We were beginning to tire of the voyage and of each other.

During this time, Joyce kept us fascinated with her stories of her adventures around the world. Hitchhiking was her favorite means of getting around Europe. She also traveled by train in the Arab countries and by bus in India and other parts of Asia. She even rode with a camel caravan once. Her rules were to travel around the world by any means used by the local population. This usually meant traveling in ways not common to the typical tourist. Sailing on a 35' sail boat is not a common way to travel the Pacific. A guy really had to respect a girl like that.

I did not have much respect for Dr. Sturges and never did understand why. It may have been because Tom and Herald had no respect and I considered them to be experienced seamen. But the



*A following breaking wave.*

Captain was an excellent sailor and navigator. He spent hours showing me how to set sails correctly which would make the boat easier to steer and move faster. He showed me little tricks to make the steering easier, making use of the waves themselves to make the boat sail faster. Dr. Sturges showed me how easy it was to navigate on the open seas. He took sun sights with a sextant every day and we knew exactly where we were. He taught me little tricks for accurate navigation from a small bouncing boat, things I would later use on my own voyages.

One thing I received from this voyage was self-confidence. A year earlier I was afraid to say anything about my dreams. Now, I not only feel free to talk about them, I feel I could carry them out.

Twenty-seven days after leaving Honolulu, we arrived in Long Beach Harbor after dark. The winds were light and the sea was calm. This made maneuvering through the breakwater very easy. The boat batteries were dead and we had no running lights. There was no engine because we could not find the rotor cap that was removed when the crew went swimming. We had a flash light with weak batteries to wave off other ships. This was clearly the most dangerous part of the voyage, trying to keep from getting run over by another ship. Not having much sailing experience, I didn't understand navigation lights or running lights at night. At one point I asked, "What does red, green and two white lights mean?"

Tom cried, "A ship is going to run us down!"

We waved our flashlights but they didn't see us. The small amount of wind in our sails carried us just outside the ship's path. It seemed like we could reach out and touch its hull as it went by.

By dawn, we were tied up at the captain's home dock. Joyce and I left the boat and all hostilities behind us

During the voyage, I was making plans to travel to South America and make a trip down the Amazon River. I asked Joyce to come with me, but she said she was tired of traveling and wanted to spend some time with her folks. Her travels were over, mine were just beginning. At the bus station in Los Angeles, Joyce took the bus to Vancouver and I took another bus headed for Central America and employment by the Panama Canal Company, Panama.

# Central America

I traveled through Mexico by bus and Central America by bus and hitchhiking. Oaxaca, Mexico was my most dramatic stop. It was typical of many towns and villages in Latin America.

## Oaxaca, Mexico, December 6, 1962

At 4 AM, after an all night bus ride from Mexico City, our bus driver stop on a dark back street in Oaxaca. Before we could get off the bus, cab drivers were forcing their way on the bus saying "Taxi, Taxi."

I and others were wanting off and had to shove the cab drivers out of the way. There were no lights in the bus or on the street. It was hard to tell what was going on. Outside, the baggage man was trying to find the passengers baggage. He was lighting matches trying to read the numbers on the claim tickets. The cab drivers were shouting to the passengers, the passengers were shouting to the baggage man, the baggage man shouting to everyone. Total confusion. I finally got my bags and hired a taxi to take me away from this madness. I said, "Take me to a bus station."

The cab driver drove around the corner and there it was. I felt like fool but paid the fair anyhow. In the bus station, I tried to buy a ticket to Tuxtla. The ticket agent would not sell a ticket. I did not speak Spanish, so I did not understand what the problem was. He finally had me write my name on a piece of paper and said "manana." To look for a hotel, I stepped outside the bus station only to have cab drivers swarm around me saying "taxi." I said I wanted to get o a hotel. A boy grabbed my bags and started running down the street. I followed close behind. Around the corner was an inexpensive clean hotel. I tipped the boy and checked in.

The life of the town is in the plaza which is the center of town. That evening I went to one of the sidewalk cafes and sat a table with another American. I found he was going to Panama by bus also. At the next table sat an American couple who said they were driving to Panama. They said they had no room for passengers now, but were delivering some supplies to Guatemala City. Should I find them there, they would take me to Panama. I never saw them again.

While we were eating, a band was playing Spanish music from the pavilion. At the same time, shoe shine boys kept coming around wanting to shine my shoes. Peddlers of different kinds kept offering their weirs. One had a large board around his neck that almost touched the ground. Tied to it were knives of all shapes and kinds. Small pocket knives



*Mule drinking soda in Mexico.*



*One of many parks in Mexico City.*



*Changing busses at the Mexican, Guatemala boarder.*



to machete. Others sold hats, shirts and Mexican souvenirs. At the cafe, life was like an instant family. Everyone had information and advice, including interesting sights to see. The syncopated water fountain with color lights on the edge of town was a “must” to see. I decided to walk to it. The road was dark and lonely except for the dogs. They all seemed to bark at me. Twice a dog was on a roof over my head and I thought it was going to jump. They reminded me of the Rin-Tin-Tin movie where the dog is always attacking the bad guy. The short walk turned out to be about three miles. When I arrived, the water fountain was not working. It was a big let down. I took a bus back.

At midnight, within a few blocks of my hotel, I was stopped by hundreds of people milling around in the street. Church bells were ringing, fire works were going off, band was playing, people carrying giant paper lanterns with lit candles inside. Woman carrying flower arrangements on their heads and one float all decked with flowers and three small girls dressed as angels riding on it. The procession was in honor of one of their saints, as I found out later. Village festivals are typical of Central America. It was an eventful day and I liked this town the best in all of all.

I told the hotel desk clerk about my problem of buying a bus ticket. He said, “Not to worry, I will take care of it for you.”

I sat next to a cookie salesman who spoke English. He said he makes this run often and told me about points of interest along the way. The country was very rugged and mountains. The narrow two lane road twisted up one mountain range and down the other side, only to see another mountain range.

### Typical Town

Every town in central America has a plaza no mater how small. One plaza I saw was about the same size of the town. The church is almost always at one end. The doors are always open. People can come in and meditate or just get out of the rain. A water fountain at the other end of the plaza offers a relaxing sight to watch. The parks are always lined with shade trees and people always sitting on the benches relaxing. Every morning at 6 A.M. the church bells would ring which seemed to start the day. Some of the larger towns would have a band by the flag pole playing while raising colors. Latin’s are very friendly people and seem to like to talk to Americans. One reason is, they study English and want to practice it. It is easy to learn about people and the country.



*Church in Guatemala City.*



*Policeman direction traffic in Managua, Nicaragua.*

## Panama

**December 15, 1962**

I was almost out of money. The choice was to find a job or return to the states. I went to the employment office of the Panama Canal Company and they said there are no jobs available for Americans. I was standing around the entrance of the attached personnel office wondering what to do. The manager of the office, Mr. Petterson, asked if he could help me. I said "I am a machinist and there are no positions available."

He said, "Come in my office." He made a phone call and told me to see Mr. Hinki at Pedro Miguel Locks. During the job interview, locomotives built in 1912 were pulling 900 foot long ships past the window. I was told that skilled craftsmen operated the locomotives. When there are no transiting ships, craftsmen perform maintenance on the locomotives along with other locks' equipment. The pay was twice my last job. I was in opportunity heaven. Two weeks later I started my twenty year career with the Panama Canal Company.

I was hired on my word that I was a machinist and was given 90 days to prove that I could do the work. I was assigned to the machine shop and assigned a mentor. I felt free to ask any kind of question. All the other craftsmen worked on equipment somewhere on the mile long Miraflores Locks.

Coworkers were the friendliest I have ever met. They introduced themselves and told me what they were doing. Some asked me to work in their group and asked the supervisor if I could and he said "no."



*Left: Taboga Island*

*Right: Balboa, the first European to see the Pacific Ocean..*

*Below left: Bus (Chieva, which means goat.)*

*Below right: Politics*





# Panama Canal

*The towing locomotives in the below photos were put in service in 1965.*





*My first assignment was the Miraflores Locks overhaul. The above photo shows the east chamber dry while ships transit the west lane. Photos on the right has views of construction.*



*After the overhaul, I was assigned to towing locomotives, pulling ships through the locks. The below photos are the original 1914 locomotives. In 1965, more powerful were put in service.*





## Down Amazon River by Riverboat and Raft

The four of us crouch tensely on our floating balsa raft. It was 2 AM when we heard something splash gently in the water ahead of us. The Amazon jungle looms around and above us like a canapé in the darkness. I search the waters with my flashlight, the beam falls on a dark object.

Joe cries out, "It's a big snake" He reaches for his machete.

Lander yells, "No, it's too big for a snake. It has to be a crocodile swimming our way."

With sticks and paddles ready to defend ourselves, we watch intensely as the object splashes towards us. As it moves closer, we see waves splashing on a drifting log.

I was on the Amazon River to study construction methods, using resources available from the jungle. This is a dying art. We in the industrial world are in the habit of purchasing what we want because we have money and goods are readily available. People who do not have money or access to industrial supplies, must rely on their ingenuity, craftsmanship, and knowledge of the land to supply their needs in life. If they want a house, they gather logs and palm branches. In a few days they have a thatched dwelling that cost nothing in the form of money. If they want a boat, they go into the jungle, fall a tree, and carve a dugout canoe. In one to five days they have a boat that cost nothing. If they have some money, they might buy an outboard motor or a shotgun. These people know the jungle and know how to make it work for them.

Purpose 2: I am planning to sail a dugout canoe across the Pacific Ocean, duplicating the Polynesians migration of the Pacific Ocean 2,000 years ago. This trip is to help me think the way people did back then.

My adventure starts in Lima , Peru.

### Wednesday — October 1, 1963

In Lima my first choice of transportation was to take the steam train up into the Andes Mountains. I found the train depot closed due to a labor strike. My ambitions were big and time limited. I had to stay on the move. Near the train station was the bus station where two buses a day left for the Andes Mountains.

Riding behind the bus driver, the mountains looked like piles of dried mud that climbed into the clouds. There is little rain on this side so hardly anything grows. The bus slowly snakes its way up the narrow road. As we gain altitude, the dull looking mountains take on a little life, brown grass.

At 11,000 feet the road hugs the side of a canyon cliff with no guard rails. Looking down into the canyon, I could see a car or truck that had gone off the cliff. They were so





*In route bus stop.*

deep I wondered if the bodies were ever recovered. I did not see any busses in the canyon, which was encouraging. At one point, the bus met a truck on a very narrow section of the road. The truck driver pulled to the safe side of the road and got out to give our bus driver directions for passing between his truck and the steep drop-off. With much maneuvering and with inches to spare, I wondered how we stayed on the road. Looking out the side window, all I could see was the deep canyon below. The road crested at 15,000 feet. The snowcapped mountains towered even higher.



*The summit, 15,000 + feet.*

By sunset, we arrived in a copper mining town, Oroya, 12,000 feet above sea level. The bus driver let me off in front of a hotel. Inside, there was a roaring fire in the fireplace and deep soft seats around it. I thought, this is for me because it was cold.

### **October 2**

The train to Cerro de Passo was running and steam locomotives were still used. The coach had kerosene lamps on the walls and a wood burning potbelly stove at each end of the car. I felt like I had gone back fifty years in time. At stops along the way, hundreds of Inca Indians in their bowler-type hats were milling around on the streets. There was no vegetation at this altitude and I wondered how large groups of people could survive in a barren land. Otherwise the train ride was uneventful.

I arrived at Cerro de Passo at dusk where the altitude is over 14,000 feet. Because of the lack of oxygen in the thin air at high altitudes, I was aching and shaking all over. The pain was becoming unbearable.

### **October 3**

I was on the noon bus going down the back side of the Andes Mountains. We lost altitude quickly and my aches and pains eased almost as fast. At 12,000 feet, green vegetation appeared. The more we dropped



*Copper mining town, Oroya,*



*Train to Cerro de Passo*



*Market in the center of Cerro de Passo*



*Passing on a one lane dirt road.*



*Sleeping beauty on the road to Pucallap*

the denser the vegetation. This side of the mountains gets the rain. The road is a one lane dirt track. To drive here, one needs to have nerves of steel. When two vehicles meet, both race toward each other slamming on the brakes at the last minute. It is a game of “chicken.” If one doesn’t back down or pull over, both drivers get out and argue about who is going to back up to where it is wide enough to pass. When driving near a cliff, our driver would cross himself. I held onto my seat, hoping that would help. Somehow I felt lucky to arrive at the next town. Busses only traveled during the day, which was a good thing. By evening we arrived in a small jungle village where the driver dropped me off at a hotel.

I sat in the lobby where people were overly friendly. They wanted me in their card game or other games of chance. I felt I better stay in my room if I want to have money when I leave this town.

#### **October 4 — 5**

The bus left at 5 a.m. I had a little trouble getting out of the hotel when the time came. There were two large barn doors closed across the exit. I did not remember barn doors, I was keeping an eye on people not doors. Two men slept next to the doors on bunks. I’m not sure what the purpose of this arrangement was. It was dark and I felt around for the way out but could not find it. I shook one of the sleepers, trying to wake him. He would not wake up. If they were guards, they were not very alert. I felt around some more and found a small door in the large one behind one of the bunks. It was locked closed with a two-by-four across it. I removed the wood and the door swung open to the outside. I picked up my bags, stepped over the sleeping guard, and wedged the door closed from the outside with the two-by-four. By that time, my bus pulled up and I was off.

I was now in the Amazon Basin where the land is flat. The jungle around us was hard to comprehend. It seemed very tame, not like the tales I had read, but then, I was looking at it from a bus window. That night I arrived in Pucallap, Peru, which is on the Ucayali River, 3,000 miles from the Atlantic Ocean. This would be the start of my river adventure.





*Out of the mountains and onto the flat Amazon basin.*



*Shoe repair in Pucallap.*



*Street vendors in Pucallap.*

## October 6

I went down to the water front to inquire about boats heading down river. A double-decked river boat was arriving, *Amazonas II*. As it pulled up, two fellows dove off the boat and swam to shore. On shore the ship's lines were thrown to them and made fast to stakes, driven in the mud. Then a gang plank was lowered but it was too short to reach to shore. They found some more boards to bridge the last gap. A large crowd of people stood along the river watching the operation, but no one offered to help tie-up the ship.

Further down river there was a very old looking boat, *Elisa*, that was fully loaded and seemed like it was ready to leave port. It was also double-decked but smaller than the first one. I went on board and asked the captain when he was leaving. He said, "I don't know."

Then I asked, "can I go with you."

He said, "The food is poor, there are no sleeping accommodation's, and the trip would take a long time. I don't want any Americans on board my boat."

With that he asked me to leave. He must have had bad experiences with disgruntled Americans or something.

There were only two boats in town and the one that had just arrived would not leave for another week. I could not wait that long, I only had four more weeks of vacation time left. Asking someone for the best way to go down river, he told me at a British fellow built a raft a few weeks ago and drifted down river. I knew nothing about raft building and would not consider the idea. Anyhow, I didn't have the courage.

## October 8

I had only two options: *Amazonas II* that would keep me hanging around Pucallap for a week, or the *Elisa* that is leaving soon, but where I'm not wanted. After considering all the options, I decided to take a chance. I checked out of the hotel, with my bags I



*Docking Amazonas II.*

walked down to the river to talk to the unfriendly captain. On board, I tossed my duffel bag on deck and asked the captain how much to Iquitos. He said “\$5 with meals and you will have to sleep on deck, the cabins are reserved for women and children.”

The captain was in a much better mood today. I handed him \$5, asked no more questions and quickly found bench space near the other passengers before he could change his mind. The 500 mile trip would take about six days.



*Elisa in Pucallpa.*

*Elisa* needs some description. I did not know it at this time, but this was its last voyage down river. The old steam engine did not work but the helm and rudder did. Lashed beside the *Elisa*, was another smaller boat. The rudder and helm did not work, but the single cylinder, 100 HP diesel engine did work. So the two boats could not operate alone, but lashed together each compensated for the other’s weakness. It was an example of cooperation on the Amazon.

The *Elisa* was a two-Decker. On the first deck, all the cargo was stacked, even the abandon engine room was packed with cargo. The galley was in front of the old

engine room, complete with wood burning stoves, but no chimney. Smoke went all over the place. Along one wall hung pots that were soot black on the bottom. On the second deck starting at the bow was the helm. This and the rudder were the only mechanical systems that were still working. Behind the helm was the captain’s quarters. Behind his quarters were small cabins for the female passengers only. Then came the open area where everyone else lived, ate, and slept. There was a long table with a bench on each side. On one wall was a water jug that is filled with muddy water from the Amazon river ever morning. Water was easy to get. A rope is tied to a paint bucket and thrown over the side. The scooped up water is poured into the water jug. Over time, the sediment settles to the bottom and that leaves less mud in the drinking water.

There was a navy ship in town which caused the delay of our departure. We were heavily over loaded. The water line only inches from the decks. The captain, fearful that the navy captain might make him lighten his load, decided to moved his ship down river and out of sight.

The shore lines were cast off and the *Elisa* started down river. Soon, the captain headed the ship toward shore and became stuck in the mud. Some men jumped into the ships dinghy, an outboard powered dugout canoe, and went back up river. A small tug boat came, pulled the ship off the mud and tied up further down stream. We were not to leave until the next day.





*Amazon Riverboat "Elisa" when moored in Pucallpa. "Elisa" had no power of its own, it was propelled by a tug lashed to its side.*

### **October 9**

The navy ship left at dawn. We finally got under way at mid-morning. Our captain wanting to leave quickly, did not blow his horn three times which is the custom. One passenger was left behind. Someone brought him up later in a dugout canoe powered by an outboard. Later I realized this is the custom for late arriving passengers.

On board, I met two other fellows making the trip down river. Lander, a Bolivian who spoke both Spanish and English, and Pedro, a Spaniard who only spoke Spanish. He seemed to be a servant of Lander. Lander was always telling Pedro to do something and he would do it. I asked Lander where the two of them were going. He was not sure but had plans to go into Columbia. I told him of my plans of going down the Amazon and said, "Why not come with me."

Lander said, "we would do that."

I asked about his friend.

He said, "Pedro will go anywhere he is told."

I did not understand that attitude but asked no more questions. From this time on the three of us traveled together.

The Amazon River is a lot like the Mississippi, slow-moving and powerful. Its force shifts large amounts of sand causing a sand bar to be in one place one day and in another place the

next. Where the river is narrow, boats move along freely with plenty of deep water. But when the river spreads out, it becomes shallow with hidden sand bars beneath its surface.

Two men would power the dugout canoe several miles down river taking soundings, using a rope and stone weight. In this manner they would find the deepest part of the river. On their return, they would stand by the helmsman and tell him where the deep water was.

This afternoon strong head winds blew, *Elisa* could not make any down river progress. Being so under powered, the trip was a little more than a drift voyage. The captain took *Elisa* to the river's edge where two men swam ashore. Lines were thrown to them and the ship was tied up to some trees. Thirty minutes later the wind stopped, lines were cast off and we were on our way again.

At supper we all sat at the one table and a cabin boy served the meals. Tonight we had boiled plantain (a kind of cooking banana), beans and rice with a little fish. Like the captain said earlier, "the meals were not much to talk about."



*Elisa's officers.*

Not everyone ate all that was on their plate. The cabin boy, when cleaning up, put the uneaten portion back into the cooking pot. No uneaten food was ever thrown out.

When the last sunlight faded from the sky, we pulled over to the edge of the river and again two men swam to shore and tied the ship to some trees for the night. In a few minutes the mosquitoes found us and made life unbearable. In my duffel bag, I had a can of insect repellent. If I used it, I would have to share it with all the other passengers. Then it would be gone and would still have to learn how to endure mosquito bites. So I did not use it. The other passengers seemed to be ignoring the mosquitoes so I tried to do the same. I finally gave up, strung my jungle hammock between two posts over the railing. Inside I zipped closed the mosquito netting and was free from the mosquitoes. I lay there watching the passengers play cards by the light of their kerosene lanterns until I fell asleep.

## October 10

Just before dawn, we cast off and started our second day on the river. Getting out of my hammock, I found the mosquitoes were still biting. We stayed near shore because that's where the deep water is. Apparently the mosquitoes just swarm near shore and not far beyond.

As passengers, all we had to do was wait for meals. Breakfast was a strong cup of coffee and a hard bread roll. Lunch was light soup, beans, rice, and a little piece of meat. I wished I had brought some food of my own along, but then, how would I eat it... zipped in my hammock? No one else had their own food.

The cabin boy washed out the drinking water jug. There was a lot of mud settled on the bottom. After cleaning, the jug was refilled with "fresh" muddy river water. Washing dishes was not much better. The cabin boy leaned over the side and rinsed the dishes in the river. No





*The galley on the Elisa.*



soap was used, so the dishes were always greasy.



We tied up by a small village for the night. When we went ashore, I felt like a Spanish conquistador setting foot in the New World for the first time. Everyone in the village must have been out to watch our arrival. When ashore, I was surprised how neat and orderly the village was. The thatched roofed houses sat in a straight row. In front of every house was a burning kerosene torch. There was one small general store.

During the night, the *Elisa* broke from its mooring. The crew scrambled about, started the engine and tied up further down river.



*Meal time.*

### **October 11**

The next morning the crew let off passengers using the dug out canoe. This way the river boat did not have to slow down or stop.

By noon we came to the town of Contamana. We had traveled three days now and this town was only 150 miles from Pucallpa. We stopped for an hour. Some Indians came up to us in a dugout canoe that was partly filled with water. They were selling live fish that were swimming in the

bottom. Another Indian boy paddled a canoe alongside and our cook bought some tomatoes and more plantains.

As we were going down river, the ship hit a sandbar and came to a sudden stop. The *Elisa* went out of control, spinning around broadside to the current. We could feel the keel dragging over the bottom. Soon the ship was over the sand bar that left a big smile on the captain's face. If the sand bar was shallower, we could have been stuck for a long time.

That night the captain tried to travel after dark. The helmsman had trouble seeing the deep part of the river and then found himself in shallow water. When he signaled the engine room, the engineer got the signals mixed up or was slow to carry them out. To make matters worse, lightning was flashing from the sky and people along the shore were shining spot lights on us, possibly signaling of shallow waters. The ship seemed to be all over the river and going nowhere. After two hours, the captain tied up once again.

I was sick most of the night. The rice and beans were getting to me. I felt like I was eating paper. Lander and Pedro had no problems with the food. I guess they were used to it.

### October 12

The *Amazonas II*, the ship that tied up the day I arrived in Pucallpa, passed us in the morning. I wished I were on it. But then, things started to look up... for lunch we had turtle soup.

The girls used charcoal burning irons for pressing clothes. Everyone was cleaning up for our arrival in Iquitos. I took a bath like the other men. On the lower deck there is a long plank. While the ship is steaming down river, you push the plank four feet over the side, while sitting on the end, you strip to your under shorts, soap yourself down and rise off with an old paint bucket using river water. If you fall off, you holler so someone will send a canoe back to pick you up. I didn't see the women take baths this way. They must have washed up inside the cabin.

This time we sailed all night with little difficulty. The river was deep at this point.

### Sunday — October 16

The next afternoon the city of Iquitos came into sight. It looked like the gates of heaven with its tall buildings. All I could think of was good food and a soft bed to sleep in. Everyone was dressing up for the arrival. The Captain wore a white suits and tie. He really looked sharp.

Our arrival was different from the other stops along the river. No crowds of people. Customs and police officials came on board to check our papers.

It felt strange for three fellows, from three different countries to be traveling together. Not speaking Spanish, traveling was easier with these fellows. They interpreted for me and helped me find my way around. Lander always asked me what I wanted but never gave Pedro the same courtesy. Just the same, he always went along with our plans.



*A passenger using a charcoal iron.*

We found a clean hotel and a good restaurant and ordered a steak dinner. My first real food in several days.

### October 17 — 20

The next day I went to the Brazilian Consulate for my entry papers into that country. That night a fellow from the consulate came to my hotel with the all papers. This was really service.

He offered to help me find another boat going down river and told me there was a British fellow looking for one too. His name was Joe Brooks. I looked him up and found out he was the one who tried to come to Iquitos by raft. He was 23 days on the raft and two-thirds of the way when he gave up. He hitched a ride on a passing boat to get here. After talking with him for a while, he said, "I will join you for the trip down river."

Joe was born and raised in South Africa, but is very British. His travel rules are to spend five years and enter every country in the world. He did not have a lot of money, so he did not pay for transportation when possible and slept anywhere where it was free. The raft was free transportation. When I found him he was staying with the boat captain who picked him up on the river. Another favorite sleeping place was police stations. He said, "they always have a place for money short travelers. They are always checking travel documents and when they do, he asks for a place to sleep."

With the help of our friend from the Brazilian Consulate, we found passage on another boat that was going to the Peru — Brazil border. It turned out to be *Amazona II*, the same ship that I saw tie up at Pucallpa. It seemed that I was destined to be on this ship for part of my journey.

### October 21

On board, the immigration officer went over our papers. Garcia's papers were not in order, so he had to get off. Pedro's papers were OK and he stayed. We set sail just after dark. Shortly I heard an outboard motor boat coming along side. Lander was on it and he jumped on board. He by-passed immigration, and I began to have my doubts about him. I felt he was running away from something.

This boat has first and second class passengers. When dinner is served, first class passengers had rice, beans and meat. We are second class and served hot tea with a bun. We slept on deck while first class had cabins. There is a snack bar where we could buy some food.

### October 22

When I woke this morning, there was heavy fog. The ship tie up to some trees for a while. When the fog lifted, we were on our way.



*Iquitos, Peru*



*Floating city at Iquitos.*



Life on this boat was uneventful, everything ran smoothly. The river is about a mile wide and very deep. We were so far from shore, we would not see anything of interest along the river, just water.



### October 23

The next morning we arrived at Costilla, Peru. This was the destination on our ticket. *Amazonas II* only operated in Peru and this was the last town near the border with Brazil. We got off and went into what was the village. There was nothing there, except for twelve grass shacks. No stores, nothing. Joe and I told Lander we were going back on the ship and see where it was going. This couldn't be its last stop, there's nothing here. Lander and Pedro said, they were going to stay and go to Columbia, which was on the other side of the river. Lander needed to get his papers straightened out.

Soon *Amazonas II* continued its journey down river. Joe and I were glad we stayed on board. Perhaps we were just confused about the route. But then we came to a small tributary, the ship went up river. We could see the town of Benjamin Constante in Brazil, further down river. We didn't want to go up this river and we didn't know how far the ship was going. Up ahead we saw a lumber mill and a small barge anchored in front. As the ship skimmed next to the barge, Joe and I grabbed our bags and jumped on it. Once on shore, we roamed around the sawmill looking for a place to eat. It was afternoon and we had not eaten anything that day. Not only were there no places to eat, there was no one around. So we sat down and wondered where we were and what we were going to do. The captain of the *Amazonas II* found us after tying up the ship. He explained that they came here to take on a load of lumber before going back up river. They normally don't go any further down river than Costilla. He said, "there is no place to eat here, come on board and have lunch. After lunch one of the men will take you back down river in a dugout to Benjamin Constante."

We decided that was the best offer we had all day.

Benjamin Constante was sleepy little town built on stilts on a river bank. The sidewalk was also on stilts with stores and homes on either side. We were walking down the boardwalk looking for the customs office. It was hot and Joe didn't have his shirt on. A man stopped us and told Joe to put his shirt on. Joe said, "no."



A policeman was summoned who told us to come to the police station. He explained that it was required to wear a shirt in town. Joe asked, "is there a place in the police station to sleep?"

He said, "yes," and took us past a row

*A ship out of New York City going to Iquitos*





*Lumber mill*



*Benjamin Constante*

of small jail cells to a room in the back. The room was bare. I could swing my jungle hammock and Joe could lay out his bed on the floor. The policeman said, “this is the international room, lots of world travelers sleep there while passing through.”

### October 24

The next morning, Joe and I walked along the river where lots of boats were tied up. We asked every boat owner if they were going to Manous, our next destination down river. No one would speak to us. They only shook their heads “no.” Then we asked if they know of anyone. Again a “no” head shake. Perhaps they did not understand us. Joe or I did not speak Spanish and Lander and Pedro weren’t with us to translate.

We went back into town where we met a German fellow who said he has been trying to get out of town for a week now. Not very promising.

Then we looked up our policeman friend and asked him about boats to Manous. He said, “one should arrive in 30 days.”

I said, “we cannot wait that long.”

Back roaming around town, we found Lander and Pedro. They had arrived during the night and have been looking for boats also. I don’t know how they got here. But one thing is certain, if they couldn’t find a boat, there were no boats.

I suggested that we buy a large canoe and paddle down river. Again we walked the river front asking all boat owners if they know where we could buy a canoe. We got the same head shaking answer, “no.” Still, no one would speak to us. Perhaps they were suspicious of us for some reason. We never found out why we were treaded like that.

Joe said, “I am going to build another raft and go by himself, if necessary.”

I said, “we want no part of it, so Joe took off.”

I really wanted to go with him, but didn't have the courage to say yes. With all the problems of this trip, I seemed to be forgetting my purpose for coming here, to learn how to use the jungle resources.

Lander, Pedro, and I went to a cafe for lunch. While eating, I said, "If Joe leaves on a raft, we will wish we were with him. Why don't we go and help."

Lander said, "OK."

I asked, "What about Pedro?"

Lander said, "He will go."

I said, "You did not tell him of our plans."

Lander said, "He will go," and he did.

When we found Joe, he had already found some balsa logs. We asked if we could all go together. He agreed.

We cut seven balsa logs twenty feet long. Then we lashed the logs together with vines from the jungle. Joe engineered the project since he already built one raft. We built it long and narrow, 20' by 5', so as to have some control. By dark the raft was finished. It had no roof, only an open deck.

Building this raft turned out to be a high point of my studies. All along the river, I had been taking notes and making drawings of building and boats that were held together with materials found in the jungle. With proper techniques and ingenuity, strong usable structures are possible. The basic techniques are: notching, lashing, and driving hard pieces of wood through soft pieces of wood. For roof and sides, palm branches are woven or just laid flat. A roof of palm branches is not only dry, it keeps the inside very cool. Buildings in the jungle that have a tin roof are very hot inside. The tin roof radiates the heat to the inside.

We now had our raft.

### October 25

Each of us put one dollar in a kitty



*Selecting and cutting balsa logs for our Amazon raft.*



*Lashing the raft with vines*



for supplies. We bought:

*4 pounds of rice, 2 pounds of yuca, 4 pounds of sugar, 2 pounds of coffee, 4 pounds of dried fish, 1 stalk of plantains, 1 loaf of bread, 1 pound of salt, 1 pound of lard, 2 pounds of rope, 2 pounds, of nails, 6 fish hooks. Total cost, \$3.70*

After buying our supplies and putting them on board, we shoved off. It seemed word spread around town about our adventure and everyone was out to watch us leave.

This was to be a drift voyage. I figured that the current is two knots. If we drift 24 hours a day, we should cover 50 miles a day. In 14 days we should complete the 700 miles to Manous. By sunset, we covered six miles. We had not reached the Amazon River yet. So much for planning.

We stopped so Lander could cook supper. While eating, a fellow coming down river stopped to talk. When he found out what we were doing, he told Lander and Pedro all the dangers of a raft trip. He spoke in Spanish. Joe and I did not understand all that was said, but we understood enough. We wanted him to shut-up and leave.

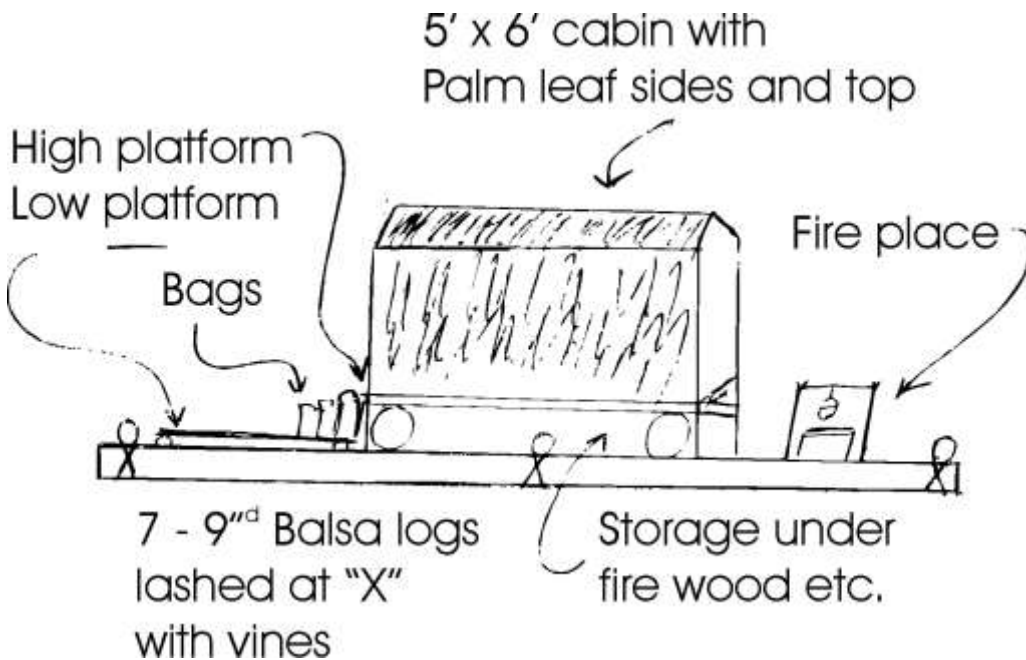
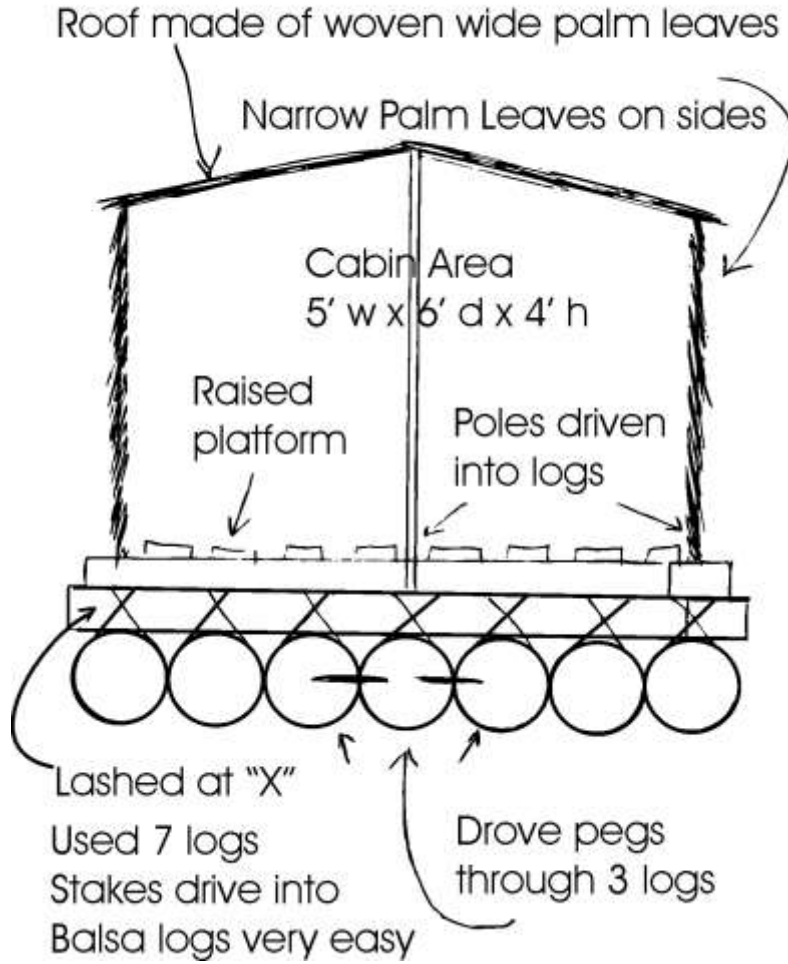
After the traveler left, Pedro said, "I do not want to travel at night."

Lander and Pedro were then making the rules, no night drifting, stay near shore, watch for snakes. We argued that we had to keep going day and night. That was our first argument of many and the first time Pedro had an opinion.



*After five hours work we took our raft to Benjamin Constante. It is now loaded and ready for drifting down the Amazon River. From the left: Bob, Lander, Joe and Pedro.*

# Amazon Raft





I had a time problem. I have only two more weeks vacation time, when I have to be back on my job at the Panama Canal. Also, I had little Brazilian money and a few US dollars. All the rest was in travelers checks and there are no banks to change money. So I needed to get to Manaus before time and money ran out. I told Lander, we have to keep moving 24 hours a day.

When we finished eating, we continued our journey down river. After dark, we could hear lots of noises along the river. Frogs, crickets along with other jungle creatures that were not familiar to us. There were loud splashes from time to time. It was usually a mud bank sliding into the river. The mud is undercut by the river, then falls in.

The Amazon is constantly shifting. It silt's on one side while cutting away on the other. No matter how large the hill, the river, in time will bring it down. This is how large trees fall into the river. So along the cutting side of the river there are lots of fallen trees anchored in strong currents. Hitting anchored trees in the strong currents can sink ships and rafts.

Joe and I argued with Lander and Pedro continually, trying to keep them at ease. Finally at midnight, Joe and I gave up and tied up near an Indian house. Lander and Pedro went to the house to sleep. Joe and I stayed on the raft.

### October 26

Note: *Indian houses do not have sides. Only a thatched roof and a raised floor.*

Before sunrise and before anyone was up in the house, I checked sleeping bodies and woke Lander and Pedro.

At 5 AM we started our drift down river, then it started to rain. We had two sheets of plastic that we wrapped around ourselves. It kept us dry for a little while, then the wind blew and rained harder. The waves were washing across the deck, so we were getting wet from below also. We finally gave up trying to keep dry, wrapped the plastic around bedding and paddled to shore.

We saw some dugout canoes tied along the shore and decided to stop there. To anchor the raft, we pushed long stakes between the logs of the raft into the mud below. The anchoring system worked well.

We followed a path back into the jungle about half a mile when we came to an Indian house. These houses have no sides, just a thatched roof and a floor made of small logs, resting on stilts, three feet above the ground. The Indians invited us in out of the drenching rain. We introduced ourselves from four different countries. They were very impressed. We had not eaten anything and they must have sensed we were hungry. They gave us smoked fish, hot yuca, and bananas for breakfast. After eating, they showed us their possessions from the industrialized world. A paddle



*Down the Amazon River*



*Typical Indian house along the river.*

operated Singer sewing machine, shot gun, and an American dollar bill. An Indian lady was drying clothes on a large sheet of metal that was hanging over their cooking fire.

We told them of our arrival by raft and that it had no shelter. We asked where we could find palm leaves to make one. An Indian said, "I will be right back" and ran off into the jungle. Soon he returned with a palm leaf shelter on his back. It was the right size for our raft. He had it by his house and gave it to us. I and two Indians went to the raft. The Indians drove six hard wood polls into

the balsa logs and propped the roof on them. Everything fit perfectly. I thanked them and gave them some coffee.

The others did not come, so I went back to the house to see what was holding them up. They wanted the rain to stop first. By noon the rain stopped and we were on our way again. We were given more bananas and some yuca.

Joe made a fire place at one end of the raft, so we could keep moving while fixing meals. Now we were in the middle of the river and no fire wood. There were plenty of fallen trees anchored in the mud. All we need to do is grab some branches as we drift by, so I thought. We paddled to where the raft would drift into a tree. Lander was complaining about something.

I said, "Stop arguing and grab the branches before we drift by."

Just as we were reaching for a branch, we hit a submerged limb that suddenly stopped the raft. Joe went flying into the water, the rest of us were thrown on the deck, grabbing for something, so we wouldn't go in also. As Joe climbed back on board and said, "I don't know how to swim."

I wondered what he was doing on a raft if he didn't know how to swim. We then realized how powerful and dangerous the current is and decided it was wiser to stop along the shore for our fire wood. After gathering wood, we built a nice cooking fire.

Again, just before dark, two men came to us by canoe and told Lander and Pedro of the dangers of the river. This time they did not get as



*After sitting in the rain, Indians helped us build a shelter that could hold two people. They also gave me bead necklace that I am holding.*



scared, but they were concerned. Joe and I had been keeping the raft near the center of the river. When the visitors left, Lander said, “we have to stay near shore.”

I pointed out that there were more dangers, such as fallen trees, near shore than the center. If the raft went under a low limb, we would be wiped off the raft. After more arguing, Joe and I said we would stay near shore. Joe and I took the first watch and let the others sleep. As they slept, we moved the raft to the center of the river.

### Sunday — October 27

About 1 AM, we suddenly found ourselves near shore, seemingly caught in a large whirl pool. In the darkness, it is easy to imagine lots of things. In reality, our raft drifted into a counter current and headed into fallen trees. We woke the others and they helped paddle away from the trees, the raft bumping the last tree we saw. This time we all paddled toward the center of the river. Joe and I said it was our time to sleep, Lander and Pedro took over the watch.

When Joe and I had the watch, we stayed quite, saying very little, and enjoying the serenity of the night river. When Lander and Pedro took the watch, they argued and paddled and argued some more.



*Joe Brooks looking over his breakfast while other crew members sleep.*

After about an hour and I was almost asleep, getting used to the noise, when the mosquitoes hit us. We woke to find the raft near shore. I asked “what is going on.”

They said, “we are stopping for the night.”

We had another long argument. At this rate, we would never get to Manaus. The mosquitoes helped settle this one. Joe and I said we will take the watch until dawn. They said OK, as long as we stay near shore. Again we agreed. When the others fell asleep, Joe and I went back to the center of the river that was free of trees and mosquitoes.



### October 28

Early in the morning, it rained a little, but the rest of the day was very nice. We washed clothes and dried everything. There were no crew problems all day. We had time to listen to the sounds of monkeys roaring in the jungle which sounds like thunder.

This morning Lander shot his pistol



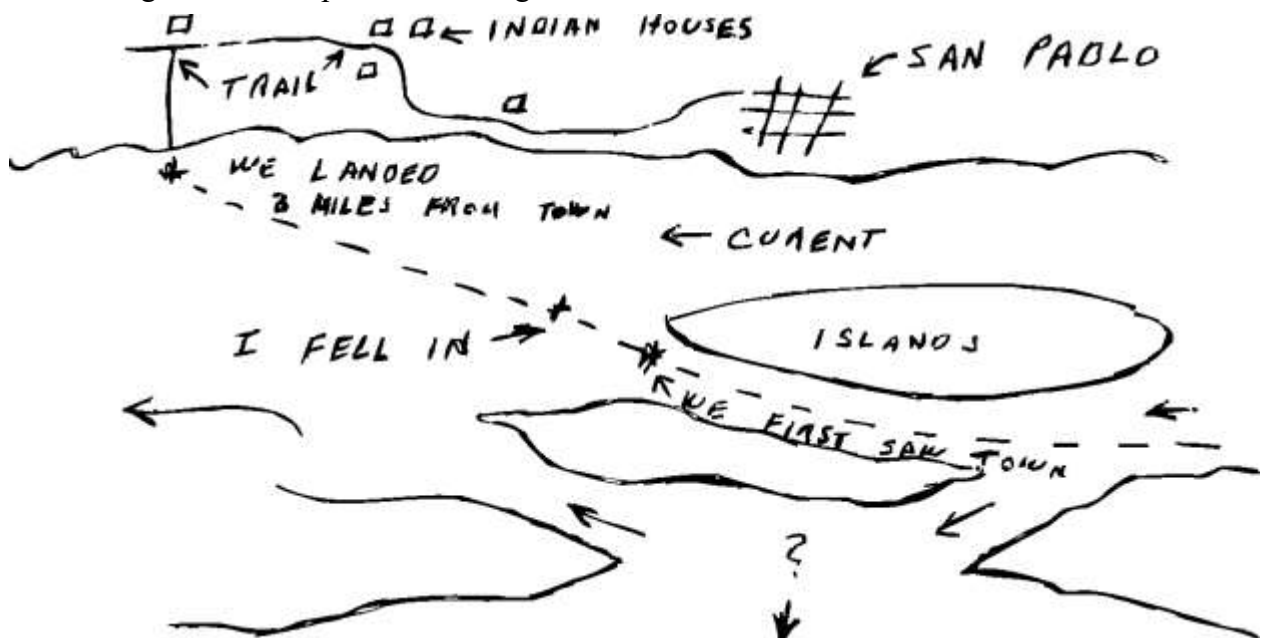
at an Indian paddling a canoe across the river. I hollered "What are you doing?" He said, "I am trying to hit the canoe." I told him to put the gun away and he did. I was wondering if Lander and Pedro were running away from a crime. Now I feel certain they were. Where and when?... I had no idea and did not want to provoke another crime scene.

The Amazon river has many islands. So many at times that mile wide river is broken up into many small rivers, some no more than 100 feet wide. We drifted with the current with no choice which side of an island to go on. We didn't know which side was the best anyhow. Generally, the currents kept us in the fastest part.

We are almost out of food and needed to resupply. About noon, we were coming out from behind an island, when on the far side of the river we saw a town. We paddled like mad, trying to get to shore. But the current was fast and carried us past the town. I was fully dressed with clean clothes, shoes, and ready to go into town when I slipped and fell overboard. I went under water so fast I did not know what happened. I looked around and only saw muddy water. I finally let go of the paddle and came to the surface. For a moment, the fellows on board were wondering if I was coming back up again. We finally tied up about three miles down stream from the town.

There was a trail along the river that made walking back to the village easy. The scenic path took us high above the river. As we were approaching the village, we passed many large abandoned cinder blocks buildings. This was one of the many towns built during the Second World War for collecting and shipping natural rubber. This was another semi-ghost town. We saw some thatched houses where Indians lived and found one small store. The Indians would not sell anything. They did not seem to have much themselves. The people just stared at us and little kids ran and hid. There was nothing left to do but return to the raft.

About 9 PM, we saw a thunder storm approaching. We tied up where we thought we saw a house just inside the jungle. We followed a trail, trying to locate the house during flashes of lighting. Soon the sky turned the rain loose and we were soaked. Fear of becoming lost, we returned to the raft. Then the storm was all over and we were soaked. We took most of our clothes off and the mosquitoes swarmed over us. We paddled back to midstream where it was free of bugs. No one slept much that night.



### October 29

At daybreak, Joe started a fire and cooked breakfast from what little supplies we had left. A hot cup of coffee really warmed us on the inside. Later in the morning, we stopped and cut some palm branches for the side of the shelter. This offered some protection from the weather.

After dark we saw a town on a hill, lighted with electric lights, the first we have seen on our raft trip. We paddled to shore only to find we were on an island and a branch of the river was between us and the town. We paddled around the island to the town, climbed the river bank to find a group of people playing banjos and singing. There was a small store where we could buy all the food we needed. After stowing our supplies, we continued our drift down river.

Now, everyone agreed that we need to keep moving 24 hours a day and that we should stay near the center of the river. We were becoming better organized at standing equal watches. Each man would have a two hour watch. But tonight, the rain broke up the watch system. We all sat under the tiny shelter until the storm passed a few hours later.

### October 30

The river changes character as it flows to the sea. When the sun came up, we found ourselves on a river almost two miles wide and we were in the center. We needed fire wood. Both shores were so far away, it seemed impossible to paddle to either side. There are strong currents that seem to keep us in the center. We finally gave up trying to paddle to shore. Without a cooking fire, we could not eat. Stores only carried basic produce, no canned or other ready-to-eat meals.

That afternoon, the town of Santo Antanto came into view. Lander was getting tired of this trip and wanted no more of this raft. Joe and I were not interested in going to town because it was so far away. Lander and Pedro paddled for two hours until they gave up when the town was up river.

Late in the afternoon, Lander hailed a passing boat. He asked if they would take us down river. The man said "no," but drifted with us, eating his lunch, while Lander talked.

After a while, he agreed to take us. His boat was a large 35 foot dugout, powered with an outboard motor, and had a cabin on it. He said he was going down river for three days and gave us the impression that we could



*Adding sides after sitting in driving rain all night.*



find another river boat at his destination. We transferred our supplies to the dugout boat while drifting together.

I hated to leave the raft because we were learning how to get along. The raft is the best part of the this river trip. We were learning its moods, temper, and its dangers. So why did I get off. I did not want to continue the trip alone and I assumed Joe wanted off too. Also, I did not have that much self-confidence. I found out later that Joe really wanted to stay. He and I could have continued the journey together.

That evening, our new captain went up a small river and stopped for the night. He sells and trades supplies to people along the river. Simple basic items such as fabric, sandals, flashlight, batteries, kerosene, and gasoline. We watched as he traded or sold three shot guns. We slept that night on the deck.

### October 31

Early the next morning we headed down river. There was no food on board, so the captain motored near shore and threw a cast net. It was loaded with fish every time he pulled it in. He scaled them and threw them in a pot of boiling water. When done, he took them out and we ate the meat off the bones, throwing the rest overboard. That was our breakfast and lunch.

At noon we passed our raft. It was still drifting down the center of the river. I thought about getting back on board. We had stripped it of supplies, giving most of them to our new captain as payment for our transportation. It would be difficult to restock in the middle of nowhere and most of our money gone, should we be at a village.



*We abandoned our raft and boarded the river traders boat.*



After dark, our captain went up another small river and tied up for the night. There was nothing around but jungle. He told us to get off his boat.

I said, "You agreed to take us three days and it is little more than one day."

He did not argue, just said to get off.

I said, "There is nothing but jungle out there."

He said no more. He meant business and we got off.

We followed a trail that went into the jungle, looking for a place to sleep. We were mad by the way we were treated when we walked into a small village. A lot of people crowded around us, carrying kerosene lamps, and demanding to see our passports.

*We asked, "Who are you to be asking for our passports?"*

Then they wanted to know how we got there and where we came from. We told them by boat.

They said, "There is no boat."

Then we told them we were tourists traveling down river.

They said, "Tourists do not come to this village. What are you doing here? Show us your passports and we will show where you can sleep."

We said, "We will not show them to a mob of people. We will show them to authorities only."

This went on for half an hour, everyone getting angrier and nothing accomplished. One man ended the stalemate by saying, "Follow me, I will show you where you can sleep."

He took us to a house that was under construction. It had a floor and roof, but no sides. We were laying out our sleeping gear when a small group of men with kerosene lanterns came by and asked to see our passports once again. We had calmed down by this time and did what they requested. They looked over our papers and left. We had bedded down for the night when the same group of men came back and talked among themselves for a long time. Then they left. We were sure they were trying to decide what to do with us.



*Our only food was caught in the river.*



### November 1

As we woke up this morning, lots of people were standing around the house staring at us. Lander told them to beat it and they did. We packed and left as fast as we could.

We had no choice but to start walking along the trail by the river. After a while we met an Indian and asked how far is it to the next town. He said, “the next town, Porto Afonsos, is a few miles down river. A sea plane stops there twice a week.”

“That’s where we want to go,” I said.

The Indian said he would take us in his canoe.

Porto Afonsos was a small village with one small general store. We bought a can of roast beef, built a cooking fire beside the store and fixed our lunch. In time we found the people were very friendly.



The seaplane came that afternoon, but it was filled. I had been on this trip five weeks now and had to be back on my job in six days. But I was in the middle of nowhere with only \$10. cash. Traveler’s checks have no value here. A plane ticket to some place in either direction cost \$4.50. A bargain, even in 1963.

That night we were trying to cook some rice on an open fire. A lady came by with a meat, macaroni, and yuca dish. This was the best meal we had in days. For the next four days, she came by twice a day with something for us to eat. We were glad for her help. The people must have farms back in the jungle. In the store, there is no food other than canned corned beef hash.



### November 2 — 6

The first two nights, two men kept guard over us. They sat just outside the open shelter that was beside the store. When they were convinced we were just travelers who became lost on the Amazon River, they did not guard us anymore.



The general store had a good view of the river. We could see up or down the river at least five miles.

Joe said, “If I see the raft, I am going to take a log and swim out to it.”

I replied, “The river is too wide and fast here. You will be miles down river before you get back to shore.”

The raft never came during the day time. It may

have passed after dark. A small boat stopped on its way up river. We did not want to go up river. The seaplane stopped again going down river, no space available.

Finally a boat stopped, going down river. Joe, Lander, and Pedro got on. I told them I had to be back at work in three days, so I was going to keep trying to get on the sea-plane.

### **November 7**

On Friday, the sea-plane stopped, going up river. At this time, I did not care if I went up or down river, I wanted out. Anyplace is better than here. Space was available. I paid \$4.50 for my ticket to Benjamin Constante, 300 miles back up river. On board they passed out box lunches. I was hungry and it seemed like the best meal I had ever eaten. Most of the passengers were air sick and did not eat theirs.

In Benjamin Constante, I found the plane was going to make a five minute flight to Leticicia, Columbia. That ticket cost \$2.50. I still have change from my last \$10. in cash.

In Leticicia, Columbia, I grabbed my bags from the back of the plane and went walking to town. I checked into a hotel and the clerk said he would take traveler's checks. I once again had money.

I must have missed the customs office when getting off the plane. My problems started when I tried to buy a ticket to Bogota. The airline would not take traveler's checks. I went to the bank, but they said I needed my passport which was back at the hotel. After getting my passport, the bank gave me some money. I went to the Brazilian Consulate for an exit stamp from Brazil, then to Colombian Immigration for entry stamp into Colombia, and a transit visa. I then went to the police station for clearance and then to the customs office. The plane was leaving the next day and I needed to get my ticket that night. I had two days of vacation left. The next plane was a week later. I went back to the ticket office and it was closed. Then I found their freight office and they sold me a ticket.

### **November 8**

Saturday morning I was on a cargo plane loaded with frozen meat that was setting on pallets down the center of the plane. Live parrots running all over the place. The passengers sat along the sides on fold-down seats.

### **November 9**

In Bogota, I bought another plane ticket to Panama City for the next day, Sunday. Monday I was back on my job at the Panama Canal. I must have lost a lot of weight, several friends told me to see a doctor. After a checkup, the doctor said there is nothing wrong that a few good meals will not take care of.

I now felt I had the knowledge and confidence needed to start working on my next adventure, the *Liki Tiki*.



*Post Note: A few months later I received this letter from Joe Brooks, telling me of his experiences to the mouth of the Amazon River.*

*Police Station  
Ushuaia, Cape Horn  
Tierra del Fuego  
29th March, 1964*

*Dear Bob,*

I thought you may be wondering what happened to your late traveling companions of the Amazon trip. Well, as you see by my above address, I eventually got out of the Amazon mess, but only just.

When we left you at Porto Afonso, we landed in more trouble in Fonteboa. We got there the next day and immediately started looking for a boat out, but as expected, there were none. Meanwhile, when walking about the town... most people hid behind closed doors. We must have looked a cutthroat bunch I suppose. The first night we slept in the attic of an American missionaries house. We were just about to doze off when... you can guess it... the Chief of Police arrived at our bedside and demanded our DOCUMENTS. So we showed them. Then everything seemed to be OK. We said we would leave the next day.

Meanwhile when we walked about the town! most people hid behind closed doors. We must have looked a cutthroat bunch I suppose.

The next day we didn't find a canoe. This was our only way out. So, not having left town, that night the cops came for us and helped us get our baggage off the boat where we had left it, and so Lander runs ahead and takes the pistol out of my ugsack where he asked me to keep it because he was scared now that the cops would search our bags as they were pretty well scared too and I expected them to pull out their guns at any moment.

They marched us back to the police station, a rotten wooden shack with a leaky roof. On the way Lander tries to drop the pistol in a ditch but was seen by a cop who goes back and as it was now dark apparently sees the thing in the grass because he shined his flash where it was. I heard the cop say to another, "Yes, they have everything, guns, cameras etc." I suppose they thought we were some kind invaders entering Brazil, although frankly, I cannot see what there is to steal except maybe some salted fish and farina. So we slept in the police station.

The next day we spoke to a guy who had located a leaky canoe about 18 feet long with a cover in the middle. He wanted \$12. We had to pay because we wanted out of there pretty bad what with one thing and another.

Curse the day we ever got off the balsa raft Bob, we could have reached Manaus otherwise.

So this canoe had one paddle and we got in, and in a hell of a hurry too and shoved off. Well, the thing leaked like a sieve and had been stopped up with rags and worse still, just plain mud. We had to bail furiously to keep afloat. We pinched the 3rd paddle.

We got to a house that night and the rain came down hard. Next day we were all set to go when someone said our canoe was gone. The cord had snapped because the canoe had taken on water and sunk so breaking the cord which was rotten. I think the canoe had been sunk for the last 10 years in the river, by the way. So a guy went to look for it and by luck, found it sunk in shallow water. Well, we had a hard time floating it again. We lost two paddles.

Lander cursing like a madman.

It was tiring work paddling with sticks after this. We lasted five days and what with storms, waves, and not being very welcome to take shelter in someone's house, and finding the canoe sunk each morning, we had a rough time.

We ate salt fish and farina.

We got nearly to Tefé and a guy who had a boat said he would take us to Manaus for \$5 each. So we went, a lousy trip, more fish and farina (starchy roots) and slept in a smelly hold.

In Manaus we were lucky to get a large passenger boat to Belem, after waiting five days in an abandoned boat in the harbor. I left Lander and Pedro outside Belem, hitching to Brazilia. They had \$5 on them and Lord knows what the future held for them because to me, it looked pretty black.

I have been through Brazil, Bolivia, Argentina, and now go to Santiago, where I hope to get a ship to Australia as my funds are down to \$60.

Hope you are fit, all the best,

Joe Brooks

*Joe came to Panama and helped me get the 40-foot dugout canoes out of the Darien Jungle. He then boarded a ship to Australia. The following was his final letter.*

*The Vunes, Lea Road  
Rondebosh  
Cape Town  
Republic of South Africa  
24th December 1965*

*Dear Bob*

You must think I have forgotten all about you by this time or come to a sticky end. I have done neither, only I have been temikly lazy about writing letters. As you can see by this letter I am back in Cape Town and am busy replying to all my friends in various parts of the world. This is a gigantic task.

I am wondering of course what you did with the catamaran in Tahiti and whether you were able to make the voyage at all.

I was working for three months in Australia and trying hard to save a nice sum to carry on with but it was a bit costly to live in Sydney. However, I did another cheap canoe trip down the Murrumbidgee and Murrary Rivers in Ausie in Canadian type canoes borrowed from a friend in Sydney. The trip took three months and I covered 1,600 miles. I started at Gundagai and

reached the Murrumbidgee at Goalwa just south east of Adelaide. Did a lot of fishing on the way and kept a supply of fresh meat on hand by shooting pigs, kangaroos, rabbits and duck as I floated along. This was a great trip and I had not problems as we experienced on the old Amazon such as lack of food and scared Spaniards or crazy Bolivians. That reminds me, did you ever hear from Lander or write to him? I recall that you had his address in Lima, Peru.

I left Australia May 20th this year for Japan aboard the P&O Liner "Arcadia." We made a short call at Manila which was interesting although very dirty in the streets. Honking did not impress me much, also very dirty.

Japan of course is my favorite country by far. I cannot remember meeting such kind, polite and happy people as the Japanese. I yearn to go back and in fact I intend to go back in March 1967 and work over there as an English teacher. I also have a girl friend in Hokkaido whom I care for. She seems to like me too and we write regularly.

I met Fritz a German in Tokyo and as we were going the same route as far as India, we began traveling together. The ship "M.M. Laos" called at Saigon for two days and we had a spree. The city itself seems quite enough although anything could happen suddenly.

At Singapore we disembarked and then hitched northwards through Malaya and into Siam. We spent three weeks in Bangkok before going over to Phnom Penh in Cambodia. We ran into severe rain storms in this area which was our bad luck. Still it was an interesting area to travel through, however poor the people were. The food of course was mainly rice and only vague qualities of meat and other foods which we are used to eating. The fighting in India stopped the air flights into that country for six weeks so I was unable to go to Calcutta and then travel in the Himalayas as I would have liked to do. I then went to see the original bridge on the River Kwai (rebuilt) and found it, of course, unlike the film version.

I decided to take a flight home from Bangkok so I stopped over in Bombay and then flew by turbojet to Salisbury, Rhodesia, after which I hitched down to the Cape. It was a real anti-climax being back and I am not enjoying the place much. It is very dead and out of touch with the things overseas.

Anyway Bob old sport, I hope you are well and your folks too. When you have time please drop me a line or two. All the best for the New Year. Maybe we'll meet in Japan one day.

Best wishes,

Joe



# Panama Carnival





## Dugout Canoes in Panama



## “Liki Tiki”... A Dream

### An Idea

I first conceived of the *Liki Tiki* while living in Honolulu. There is a lot of debate on how the Polynesian people sailed between Tahiti, New Zealand and Hawaii. I talked to some friends about sailing a double hull dugout canoe from Tahiti to Hawaii. All considered the idea unrealistic except one. He asked how I thought it could be done.

We have never seen 40 to 60 foot dugout canoes, the length legend tells about. Trees this size may no longer be available. The first dugouts I had ever seen was in Waikiki. The largest being narrow, 15 to 20 feet long. The idea was drop lack of money and opportunity.



*Jungle farmers bring their produce to market by dugout canoe. Rivers are the highways and dugouts are the vehicles.*

### Panama

When I arrived in Panama, I saw hundred's of dugout canoes. Suddenly, building a Polynesian double hull boat became a real possibility. I inquired as to how large dugout's could be made, which was 60 feet. At first I thought the best way to get what I wanted was to buy the logs from a sawmill cut to the shape I needed, then hollow them out myself.

### Tuesday, December 4, 1963

I looked up Mr. Fullerton at the Panama Plywood Corp. and showed him my plans for building a Polynesian double hull boat. He became excited about the project and offered suggestion. He told me the best and least expensive was to have the Indians make them. To do this, take a banana boat to Puerto Piña in the Darien Jungle or Jurado, Colombia that was just over Panama's boarder. There I could have canoes made for what the logs would cost in Panama City. Mr. Fullerton suggest I look up Mr. Augusto Adrian, a German man, at Puerto Piña, a jungle village in the Darien, and ask him to take me to Colombia.



*A farmer off loading plantain from a dugout on the Bayano River, Chepo, Panama.*



### December 5 -?

The possibilities of this project becoming a real, is driving me forward. I can't sleep nights if I neglect making preparations that can be done at that time. I made a model of a canoe from the drawings the Bishop Museum in Honolulu sent me. It is easier for the Indians to understand than a drawing. I Found a banana boat going to Puerto Piña around January 4 to 6. There are none going to Colombia.



*Panama Railroad runs beside the canal.*

### December 19

Took the train to Colon to buy charts and get shipping rates to Tahiti on the French Marine Line.

### Friday, January 3, 1964

Went to Bob Woods warehouse. Two men told me to go to the dock area. I went and could not find Bob's boat, *Morenci*. There was another, *Doña Ceci*, going to Jaque. When asking about the *Morenci*, I was sent back to the *Doña Ceci*. A fellow by the *Doña Ceci* said five dollars every time I asked a question. I finally gave him five dollars for a ticket on his boat. Someone came along and said the *Morenci* is not leaving until tomorrow. Then the Captain of the *Morenci* came and asked if I were Mr. Webb. So that I asked for my money back which he gave me with no trouble. They took my bag out of the hole and I went with the Captain.

I was glad I didn't have to go on the *Doña Ceci*. The boat was about 40 feet long and had 34 passengers listed on it, also it was loaded with oil drums. It looked as though it would roll over when the first wave hid it.

The *Morenci* was about 60 feet long and no cargo. Only four passengers. They brought it from anchorage and we left at 3:30 P.M. The sea was a little rough but not too bad. For dinner they served ground up rice and beans. The food looked sloppy. An Indian crew member gave me his bunk for the night. It was a little too short and a little too narrow for me. No mattress, just hard boards. I didn't get much sleep.

### January 4

This morning, the sunrise was very beautiful with its rays shining between the mountain tops and mixing with the low hanging clouds. After another simple meal we arrived at Club de Pesca, Piña Bay.

The helmsman blew the siren and a fellow came out in a dugout canoe powered by an out board motor. A crewman threw my bag into the canoe and motioned for me to get in. Not knowing what to expect, I got in and reminded the captain to pick me up on his way back. He said he would. The helmsman maneuvered the dugout right under the bow of the, now moving, *Morenci*. When our canoe was half way past the bow, I was sure the stern



would never make it, for the Captain of the *Morenci* had his engines going full speed ahead. The helmsman gave the outboard a hard left and the stern slid to the side as the bow went by. Onlookers aboard the *Morenci* thought we were run over for sure. We were under the bow and out of sight for a moment. Welcome to life in the Darien Jungle.

As I walked up the beach, Jose, the manager of the fishing club came out to meet me. I said, "I think I am in the wrong place, I am looking for Mr. Augusto Adrian."

He said, "He lives on the other side of the bay but right now he is in Panama City."

Here I am and the man I want to see is where I came from. I told Jose my plans and that I needed the canoes. He showed me a huge one that was all most finished. 40 X 4 feet. He wanted to sell it, but it was not what I wanted.

Club de Pesca is a first class marlin fishing club and hideaway in the jungle for the famous and wealthy. Every guest room comes with a 40-foot deep-sea fishing boat.

I meet Mr. and Mrs. Bob Huges who were guest at the club. We went by canoe to the town of Piña. The people just stood in their doorways and stared at us.

Jose said, "There is a boat coming about noon and that Mr. Adrian would be on it."

The boat arrived at six and Mr. Adrian got off at his house. It so happens that it was the *Doña Ceci*. It left the same time *Morenci* did but took a little longer.

Cooked lunch under a coconut tree and slept three hours. This evening the manager gave me a good meal and said, "you can sleep on the lounge on the patio."

### January 5, Sunday

Slept good all night, watched another sun rise from my patio bunk while the fishermen were coming to breakfast. By seven most everyone was on their way to the fishing grounds which is about ten miles offshore. About eight AM, new guest arrived by seaplane and others left left. The club is fully booked.

After all the guest were settled down, Jose took some club guest with us across Piña Bay. We arrived a secluded cove where Adrian's small one room house sits, alone, just inside the jungle. Augusto, a heavily built German man walked down the rocky beach to welcome us. He greeted me like old friends and was the friendliest man I ever met. We walked to his house that was setting alone just inside the jungle. Indians were all over the place. They had come to welcome Mr. Adrian home from the Christmas holidays. They were wearing native dress which includes loin cloth's, streaks of lip stick painted all over their faces and one was wearing a army helmet. I felt like I was



Above: Mr. Adrian's house.

Below: Mr. Adrian with his two boys. His wife was an Indian woman that no longer lived with him.

back in the 17th century.

I asked Augusto if we could talk privately. He took me inside his small one room cabin. The only furnishings was three single beds. Indians crowded in all the windows watching us. I saw there was not going to be any privacy, so I presented Augusto with a carton of 22 rifle shells as Mr. Fullerton told me to. Then I showed him the model canoes and asked if he could make them fifty-feet long. Everything I asked was possible, he was the most agreeable man I ever met.

Back at the Club de Pesca, the fishing boats started coming in with their catches. Mr. and Mrs. Hues each caught a marlin. 288 lb. and 318 lb. The cook prepared some for dinner and it was very good. The club gives me three meals a day now. Offered them some money for running me around, but they said “no.”

A waiter serenade us for a while before we turned in.

### January 6

With business finished, I am ready to go back to Panama City. This morning I saw a boat go by the mouth of the bay toward Panama city. I guess it to be the *Morenci* and they were not going to stop and there was no chance of catching it. Then the club seaplane landed and I asked if I could fly back on it. Jose explained that they can lose there permit to fly if they let other than guest and employees travel on it. So it was impossible for the club to help me. I am suppose to be at work in the morning. Jose radioed a message to my boss saying I would not get back for a couple of days.

### January 7

The *Doña Ceci* came in this morning and his engine broke down.

When Mr. Doonen, the seaplane pilot, flew in this morning, Jose told him they were low on some food supplies. So it was arranged for him to fly his private plane back this afternoon and I could return to Panama City with him. Three o'clock came and he did not show up yet. The *Doña Ceci* was getting ready to leave. If I don't get on this boat and Mr. Doonen does not show up, I may not get out of here for another week. Jose radioed back and the home office said “Mr. Doonen didn't leave yet. He would not fly down if he could not get back before dark.”

I took the gamble on the plane. *Doña Ceci* left and I waited and worried. At five o'clock, Mr. Doonen flew over the fishing club. I ran and grabbed my bags and jumped in the boat that was to take us around the point to Puerto Piña, where he landed on the beach. When we got there, Indians from the village surrounded the plane and its cargo that was stacked high on the beach.

Mr. Doonen asked, “Do you have any money?”

I said, “I have \$20.”



*Club de Pesca fishing club. I am standing with a marlin one of the guest caught.*



He said, "It will cost you \$10."

The plane was a Cesna 187 with only one seat. So I sat on my nap sack. We flew low along the coast line. Sometimes the engine started sputtering. Mr. Doonen grabbed a knob and twisted it until the engine smoothed out. It made me nervous. After watching this a few times, I was faster at grabbing the knob and twisting than he was.

The coastal Darien Provenance of Panama is no-man's land with uninhabitable mangrove swamps then jungle at higher elevations. Mr. Doonen flew over the beach just above tree height. There were so many logs on the beach, there was no way to make an emergency landing without hitting one. A twin engine Beach-Craft crashed in the mangrove swamp a quarter a mile from this shore. It was five days before the passengers were found alive. When we passed Tucuman International airport, we flew below the tree tops. Mr. Doonen didn't want to fly too high for fear of being hit by a jet plane at the end of the runway. Our wheels were almost touching the logs on the beach below. He decided to fly a little higher and said to watch for planes. I kept stretching my neck, trying to look over the tree tops.

Just before dark we arrived at Paitilla airport, a small air strip in Panama City. Mr. Doonen made a smooth landing in a strong cross wind. I felt my first contact with jungle Indians was very successful.



*George Stone, a coworker, and I removed parts from the plane.*

### **January 9 - 12**

I was in the movie theater when they flashed on the screen, "Those living in Ancon, check with authorities before going home." Tension between the US and Panama had been building for weeks. I knew something was happened, so I rushed to the boarder to see what was going on. On Forth of July Avenue there were hundreds of rock throwing people trying to march down Balboa Avenue into the Canal Zone. The police set fire to the grass on both sides of the road while firing tear gas into the crowd. The crowds were throwing back rocks and setting up a barricade of oil drums. Under normal conditions, few rocks can be seen, but the four lane highway looked like a gravel road. I assumed trucks dumped rocks for the demonstrators. After a while the army moved in to relieve the police, then I had to leave.

### **January 22**

I wanted to know the status of the dugout canoes. I took a taxi into Panama City and told the driver to take me to Club de Pesca. Inside, I told someone I wanted to talk to Jose Fernandes at Puerto Piña. He turned on the radio and handed me the mike. I said, "I do not know how to use it."

He pressed the button a few times, handed the mike back and left the room without saying anything. Soon someone told me I can't call Piña Bay from here. They sent me to Pesca Radio shop which was not right either.

I went to the Hilton Hotel and and told a travel agent I wanted to call Club de Pesca in Piña Bay. They told me the office is one block from the hotel. At the club, the receptionist called Jose Fernandes, but he had no word from Augusto.

**January 30**

I received a call from Mr. Adrian and he said, "I am at the Balboa YMCA. Come over and I will tell you what is happening."

The YMCA is a short walk from my apartment. This is where we did business from this time on.

Mr. Adrian said, "I talked to the Indian Chief. First they will not build it for less than \$110 each. If you agree, they will start in two weeks and will have the dugout canoes finished by the end of March at the latest."

Mr. Adrian talks like there is nothing in it for him.

I said, "OK."

After talking to people who have done business with Mr. Adrian, I found it difficult to believe that he could fill the order. Jobs that have the greatest financial rewards are completed first. \$110 is double the standard price. A friend ordered lumber over a year ago and still does not have it.

While Mr. Adrian was in Panama City, a group of Panamanian men came toward him. He is German but looks American. He garbed his two children and jumped on a passing bus. Panama City has more busses than cars, so it seems. He did not realize the Panamanian's hatred was so strong toward Americans.

**February 28**

I looked up Mr. Fullerton at the Panama Plywood Corp. and showed him my construction plans. He said, "the design was better than what he could think of." He suggest I use Bamboo through out. It will make the craft flexible and Bamboo can be repaired when broken.

**March 5**

I drove to the Club de Pesca office to radio a message to Mr. Adrian. The girl at the desk told me the Piña Bay Club is shut down. Then she asked if I was an American.

I said, "Yes."

Then she asked, "Are you not afraid to be walking around Panama City?"

Then she went on, "American people like Panama, but the Zonean's want to fight us all the time."

I asked her to repeat that again, not sure I heard her right. Then I said, "I thought it was the other way around? You people started it all."

I realized I was out of place. I am on their territory and asking for a favor.

**March 9**

Wanting to know how the canoes were coming, I made arrangements to go to Piña Bay on the banana boat *Morenci*. I had grown a beard for two days and dressed sloppy so as not to attract attention. After dark, I took a taxi to the docks which is in a rough part of town. I walked to the end of the dock where some people were sitting and tried to become friendly. In a little

while, a group of young people were walking toward me. I sat, waiting to see what they were going to do, which was to board the boat I was sitting by. So I went half way down the dock where some other people were sitting.

I waited three hours for the Captain of the *Morenci* to arrive. He never showed up. I called Bob Wood, the owner of the boat, and asked him what happened. He said, “*Morenci* was at anchorage and you were to take a row boat out to her.”

Missing the boat, I grabbed my nap sack and jumped into the first taxi that came by.

### **March 10**

Went to Mr. Woods Banana Co. He made arrangements for me on another boat. Told me to go down the dock and look for Mr. Palmer, Captain of the Doña Ceci. He would be there for another hour. Went to the dock and there was no Doña Ceci.

Business really did not want Americans on their premise. Radicals could cause an incident and their business or boat would be under investigation. The situation has been very tense the last few weeks. I went into Panama City under strong protest from my friends. Some claiming I have a lack of common sense, which I could not deny.

### **What I Know About Mr. Adrian**

He was a spy in Panama for the Germans during World War II. He was captured and put in a prisoner of war camp in Oklahoma. Later he was sent back to Germany in a prisoner of war exchange. At the end of the war, he left Germany and hid out in the jungles of Panama, finally settling there. I believe, if Hitler were to rise again, Mr. Adrian would be one of the first to follow him. He is still a German at heart and would like to go back to his country if it ever became a world power again.

Being a likable man, he makes friends with everyone he meets. The Indians accepted him as one of their own. He knows how to barter to get what he wants. When I met him, he had two young sons by an Indian woman. I never did see her that I know of. Once he said his favorite exchange was the Indian Chief's daughter for a shot gun.

He lives on a desolate rocky cove on Piña Bay by himself, a mile from the nearest neighbors. He does not seem to have any worries and nothing seems to bother him. He will promise anything, but that does not mean he can deliver. If he ever hesitates, that means he cannot deliver while he says he can. This seem to be general business attitudes. His friendliness makes it impossible to get mad at him when he does not deliver.

An airplane drops a newspaper at his house as it flies overhead, several times a week. It seems strange, he lives in the middle of nowhere and he reads today's paper today.

Mr. Adrian seems to be the only person in Panama who has access to large trees and the skilled labor to make dugout canoes.

### **May 10**

Mr. Adrian called me to the YMCA. He said, “Your canoes are finished. All that was needed was to float them down the river. One problem, the river is low because of the dry season, but will be deep enough in two weeks.”

I said, “I want to be there when they bring the canoes down river.”



He said, "I will let you know."

### May 26

No further word on the canoes. I found a barge leaving for Piña Bay tonight. Took time off from work then found out that the barge was not leaving for a couple of days.

Went to the docks to search for another boat. I asked a man if he spoke English and told him that I wanted a boat going to Piña Bay.

He said, "See that man over there, he can help you."

I went toward him when I noticed it was Mr. Adrian. I said, "I am looking for a boat to come down to your house. I don't have to now."

Mr. Adrian said, "I have some bad news. One of the canoes split open from end to end like a watermelon. They have to cut another tree and start over. I have eight Indians working on it right now."

I felt the stories of promising and not delivering was coming true. For the next month, I never saw or heard from Mr. Adrian. I refused to give any more money until the canoes are delivered. I figured he never started building them, so he was going to stay out of my sight. During this time I had given up on this project.

### July 9

Joe Brooks, who I met on the Amazon River, had arrived a few days earlier. I decided to give the project one more try. I heard Mr. Adrian was in Panama City, so Joe and I looked for him for three days. Seemly we were always five minutes behind him and never finding him.

We decided to go to Piña Bay and look for the canoes ourselves, to find out if they were really built or not. We boarded the *Doña Ceci* at 5 PM for the overnight trip to Piña. The boat was loaded with oil drums and passengers. There are no provisions for sleeping, just find a place among the cargo.

After a couple of hours, everyone started to settle down finding a flat place to sleep on. The only place I could find was on top of oil drums filled with gasoline. People were smoking, not worrying about possible gas explosions.

In the morning, after a not so good nights sleep, we had breakfast. Hot-dog, bread, and coffee.

At 9 AM, we stopped along the mountainous rocky coast to let some Indians off. There was a very attractive Indian Girl on board that changed into Indian dress before departing. That is, she was wearing only a cloth wrapped around the waist. The woman in the canoes that came to get the passengers were dressed the same way. The men wore shirts and shorts. Joe did not see this girl coming toward him until she was right in front of him climbing over oil drums. His eyes and mouth flew open.

Later he said, "I almost jumped overboard."

The Captain told one of the Indian men, the girl owes \$3. One of the men pulled out a wad of bills and paid the fair. It looked as though he had more money than I did.

We arrived at Piña Bay at 11 AM. Somehow, we were on shore without paying, when we

heard the Captain hollering, “Come back and pay your fair,” which we did.

We met Mr. West, the new manager of Club de Pesca and told him about my dugout canoes.

He said, “I hear they were finished, but do not know where they are.”

Joe and I decided to walk to walk to the town of Piña and try to find where the canoes are. Up a steep hill we followed a muddy slippery trail. Then we slid down the other side. At the bottom of the hill was a river. I knew the canoes were on this river somewhere. We were looking for a place to cross when I saw two large canoes in the brush. I told Joe, these must be it. They look similar to the model I gave them. We measured them at 40 ½ feet.

I said, “This is it.”

The workmanship was excellent. The wood seemed to be poor. Each of the bows were split and one had a big split in the side. I had to accept them, because they would never make another.

It rained all the way back and Joe rolled down one of the muddy hills. We went slipping and sliding our way back to the Club de Pesca. We saw one snake. Before we got back, we tried to wash some of the mud off of us. We needed to look somewhat presentable at this swanky fishing club.

I asked the manager if we could stay under the boat shed.

He said “No.”

I asked if we could cook our meals under the boat shed.

He said “No, we will find a place for you.”

In a little while he told us to come with him. He took us to one of the guest cottages. It was a very impressive layout. There was a large picture of a marlin hanging on one wall. The view through the picture window looked out over the bay through the palm trees.

Mr. West told us dinner will be ready in half an hour. We showered and went to see what was in store for us. The dinner table and the way everything was served was the most formal I have ever encountered before. Silverware seemed to be endless on either side of the plate. No one sat until the women were seated. The waiter always served from the proper sides, not taking any short cuts. Women were served first and no one started eating until they did. The conversations was always on pleasant subjects or joking mood. Whenever I said anything outside



*Joe Brooks and I found the 40-foot dugout canoes tied to a tree on a small river in the Darien jungle. Joe and I drifted down the Amazon River on a raft a year earlier.*

of this policy, it was disregarded by the host.

Just before dinner, the cook had an apparent heart attack. Mr. West went to some of the visiting boats in the harbor looking for a doctor. He came back with a dentist. He was able to analyze the problem and found it not to be serious.

### July 10

If I had known the unfortunate events that wait for me this day, I would have never have come to Piña Bay.

We had a good breakfast, then Mr. West asked me what my plans were for today. I told him I wanted to make arrangements to get my canoes shipped to Panama City.

He said, "Bring your canoes to the club and we will put them on the barge."

I assumed his crew was going to help tow the canoes to the club. At 2 PM, when the tide was high, I went to the office to tell Mr. West that it was time for us to go after the canoes. The office clerk said, "Mr. West was taking a nap."

I told him, "Mr. West made arrangements to tow my canoes to the club."

The clerk assigned me a boat crew.

The boat crew, Joe, and I got into the runabout which took us to one of the fishing boats. I asked if we were going in this and they said "yes."

I was a little surprised that they would take a large deep-sea fishing boat up a small river, but assumed this is what Mr. West told them to use.

We went around the point and a short distance up the river to where the canoes are. We tied a line to them, but they were so heavy the captain could not control his boat. One of the lines was picked up by the propeller and broke. We took one canoe back to the club and let the other drift in the incoming tide. While toeing, Joe and I kept the canoe bailed out.

The other canoe had drifted up river a long ways. We finally found it and was towing it back down river when we met Mr. West coming up the river in a small dugout canoe. I waved and thought he was coming to see how the operation was coming. He came on board, obviously mad, and asked the captain why he did not have his radio on?

He said, "It is not working."

Then he asked me, "What in the sam hell are you doing with my boat up this river?"

I was so shocked I could not say anything.

He said, "I'm too mad to talk now."

Then told the captain, "Lets go."

No one said a word all the way back. At the office, there was a conference to find out what happened.

1. I took full responsibility for the misadventure. I told Mr. West that I assumed that you authorized your people to help me bring the canoes to the club. I was wrong.



2. Mr. West said he did not offer to bring the canoes to the club, it was up to me to find a way. I only offered to put them aboard the barge.
3. It would have been impossible to bring the one-ton canoes to the club without the use of his boats. He has the only power boats in the area.
4. The office clerk's instructions to the boat crew were misinterpreted. He said to use the small dugout canoe. The boat crew assumed a deep-sea fishing boat was to be used.
5. It was against company rules to take a fishing boat out without a working radio, which we did.
6. It is against company rules to take the large fishing boats up the Piña River, which we did. Mr. West turned down a request by the Governor of Florida to take him up this river.

Mr. West made it clear that this matter was to be forgotten when we leave this room. We were to say what we wanted to say now and when we leave, to carry on as though nothing has ever happened. He said, "You are still welcome to have dinner with us."

Joe and I really wanted to stay out of sight. Later Mr. West suggested we come to dinner, that there will be a lot of important people from Panama City that you would like to meet. He was sincere, so we went.

Before dinner, at the bar Mr. West asked if I still wanted to fly back to Panama City tomorrow. I told him I would like to.

He said, "We will fly you back at no charge."

The club did not charge us for anything. My kind of money was change for them.

We had a very pleasant evening along with a very good meal. After dinner, Mr. West led a tour of Mr. Smith's new house up on the side of the hill. It was the most fantastic home I have ever seen. Modern decorator throughout. Not a square corner in any room, extremely thick carpets, and every time he showed us a bedroom we assumed it was the master bedroom. When we finally arrived at the master bedroom, there was a grand view of the bay, the bathtub looked like a swimming pool.

## July 11

A few weeks earlier, the club seaplane sank while at anchor. Now the guest must travel several miles down the coast to an airstrip in the town of Jaque. At 8 AM we motoring along the coast in one of the deep-sea fishing boats. At a semi-protected cove, where the surf wasn't running too hard, the crew dropped anchor. The dugout that followed took the passengers ashore through the surf. The dugout captain circled just back of the breakers. When the timing was right, he gunned the outboard and we went surfing in. Someone hollered "hang on."

Then we hit the beach and Joe and I went flying. Then we understood what they said.

There was the long hike back to Jaque. As we walked along the beach, hundred's of sand crabs went running in all directions. Then a hike through the jungle until we arrived at the air strip that was hidden by its eight foot tall grass. At the end of the air strip was a twin engine Beach Craft waiting for us along with the new guest and a large pile of supplies.

Guest coming and going were complaining about the long hike to the boats.

The pilot taxed the plane around the air strip like a hot rod. Flying back, two club employees were on the plane. One of them said, "If this plane did not have two engines, I would

not go.”

It took only an hour to reach Panama City.

When I left Piña, the canoes were beside the barge and Joe was to make sure they are loaded on the barge. Mr. West said, “I will see to it that they were loaded.”

I felt everything would work out without any trouble.

### July 12

After work I went down to meet the barge as it came in, but the canoes were not on it. I asked Joe, “what happened?”

Joe said, “The canoes were so heavy that twenty men could not move them.”

In the days to follow, the pieces of the mystery fell together.

1. Mr. West supervised the loading of the barge. After the barge was loaded with club supplies, Mr. West told the crew to put the canoes on and left. It was every man for himself, so nothing moved. The canoes weigh one-ton each.
2. There was no money in it for the captain so he would not help. The barge was hired to carry the club supplies. Sense this was not club property, the captain felt it was not his duty to take them without additional payment. Talking with the captain later, he said, “I can lift them for a fee.”

### July 23-25

Made arrangements with Mr. Palmer of the *Doña Ceci*. Joe and Mr. Adrian went along to supervise the operation. I told Joe to get them to Panama City and not worry about cost.

The canoes were setting on the beach and being buried deeper in the sand with each tide. The first operation was to dig them out and slide them into the water.

At Adrian’s house there were a lot of Indians were waiting to greet Mr. Adrian home. He mixed a gallon of alcohol with four gallons of water, cool aid, and sugar. After the Indians had a couple of drinks they were ready to go dig out the canoes. One Indian patted Joe on the shoulder and said, “I will get your canoes in the water if I am the only one over there tomorrow. With a little alcohol, they can do anything.”

Eight Indians showed up at the club the next morning. Mr. Adrian brought the drinks along and in short time they had the canoes out of the sand. Then they slid them 60 feet on balsa logs to the water. Joe tied the canoes to a log at low tide.

### July 26

The next morning one of the canoes was full of water when the *Doña Ceci* came to tow them. After a little experimenting, they found towing stern first allowed them to plane on the surface. They were bow heavy.

When they arrived in Panama City and stopped at the docks, one canoe was still full of water and sank to the bottom. The water soaked wood is heavier than water. A man in a row boat said, “I will take the canoe to the beach for a fee.”

He did not know there was one on the bottom.

Joe said, "OK."

Then told him about the other on the bottom.

The boatman had a lot of trouble dragging the one along the bottom, but he got the job done.

At midnight, when the tide was low, Joe and I went to the beach and bailed them out.

### July 28

Met Mr. E. M. Smith at the Balboa Yacht Club at 7 AM. In his boat we motored over to the Panama City docks. The canoes were floating high and tied onto them. I paid Mr. Palmer, Captain of the *Doña Ceci*, his fee. We started to leave when the Panama National Guard came after us. Mr. Smith had to go to the office. He was told he needed clearance papers to come here and let him go.

The canoes towed very easy backwards.

When we got to the small boat ramp, Mr. Morris, a Panamanian, was waiting with my car.

I had made sleds for hauling the canoes out of the water on rollers. One canoe was loaded and ready to tow with my car. Bang! Bang! then I heard the engine fan go into the radiator. The motor mounts broke.

There was a boat waiting to come in and I had the ramp cluttered with my equipment. I waved him in and he pulled my car off the ramp and made room to pull his boat out of the water. At high tide, I tied the canoes in the near be bushes.

### August 1

At high tide we put the sleds under the canoes. When the tide went out, the



*Loading 40-foot dugout canoes aboard a truck to be delivered to Panama Railroad.*



*In Panama City, the dugouts had to shipped to the Atlantic side where they will be loaded aboard the "MS Euphrate" for the trip to Tahiti."*



canoes settled nicely on the ramp. The front end was jacked up and set on rollers. Skip Rosinki came with his truck and in a couple of hours we had the canoes in the parking lot. A few boat people were mad at us for taking so much time on the public ramp.

Skip was a writer for Yachting Magazine and is my advisor on boat construction. He is now building a sailboat to cruise around the world when he retires.

### **August 3**

The French Consulate issued my visa for Tahiti. I finally found someone at the French Marine Lines who could get some action. He sent a cable to Paris right away seeking permission to load my 40-foot dugout canoes and myself aboard the *MS Euphrate* that was due in Panama August 14.

Joe Brooks ship arrived. He finally left for New Zealand.

### **August 7**

A cable came back from the Captain of the *MS Euphrate* saying there is a passenger cabin available and 45-feet of deck space, but he wants to inspect the cargo before accepting them. The *MS Euphrate* will arrive and leave on August 14.

That is less than 24 hours. There would be no time to make decisions in one day. So I took the position that it was go.

I called Mr. Ebdon, my boss and told him Sunday is my last day with the Panama Canal Company. News and rumors spread extremely fast as to why I was quitting.

### **August 12**

The canoes were ready to be shipped. At 10 AM the trailer truck and fork lift arrived. The canoes were loaded on the truck like they did not weigh anything. Then they were trucked to the Panama Railroad freight house, to be shipped by train to the Atlantic side. The clerk told me they need one day notice before they can accept a shipment. I told them the ship is arriving the 14th and there is no time. The clerk found a 50' flat car that could be unloaded now. Then canoes were loaded, they took the full length of the car.

That afternoon, I came back to the freight house to fill out the papers. They called the French Marine Lines and was told the ship will not arrive until the 19th. I was glad for the extra days for I still had a lot of work to do.

While driving Jerry Lion's car, I had a collision with another car during a heavy rain storm. Went to court the next day and the Judge found me guilty.

### **August 20**

I finally had everything packed and ready. Jerry Lion drove me and my boxes of equipment to Cristobal. Unfinished business could still kill the project. No one at the French Marine Lines would confirm my passage, shipment of canoes, or tell how much it would cost. When we arrived at the office, the office clerk said, "the ship will dock at 2 PM."

Nothing was said about the captain wanting to inspect the cargo and no talk of cost. Assuming that the French Line was going to accept my cargo, I finally asked, "How much do I owe you?"

The clerk told me to have a seat and left the room. After a long wait he came back and quoted me a price that was one-quarter of what I was expecting to pay. This was the first hint my passage was approved.

The ship did not dock until 7:30 PM. At that time I was escorted to my corner cabin that was facing forward right under the bridge. It also had a privet bath. I then went to meet the other passengers who were watching the crew load my dugout canoes.

### August 21

At 5 AM, tugs were sounding their horns outside my cabin. We were pulling away from the dock. At 6 we were entering Gatun Locks where ships are lifted 85' above sea level. The trip through the canal was fascinating, my first. When we arrived at Pedro Miguel Locks, Richard Wood was the only person I saw that I knew. At Miraflores Locks, the crew I worked with pulled our ship through. Had a good time waiving and hollering at everyone. By noon we were headed out to sea.

At lunch we were served a nine course meal. More than anyone could eat. Sat around deck all day. At dinner they served a six course meal.

### August 22 - 24

Every morning from my cabin, I could see what the seas were like. This morning the seas were a little rough and it seemed to rain all the time, the doldrums. The food is excellent.

### August 25

We crossed the equator today.

For some of the crew, this is their first trip across the equator. King Neptune's initiation party was held for them. Some ship's officers dressed as a man from Mars, a policeman from India, and a mummy.

There were three gullible teenage boys in the ships crew. Coworkers had been telling them that they would be thrown overboard along with a lifejacket. If all went well, they would throw a line. If they missed catching the line, the ship would stop and pick them up providing the sharks did not get them first.

One boy was tied to the chair, the other two got up and ran through the cargo and disappeared. Also, there were two older men being initiated who sat



*Leaving Miraflores Locks aboard the MS Euphrate.*



*Crossing the equator ritual*



calmly and played along with the game.

First they had to eat raw salted fish and wash it down with salt water. Then they were painted with a green oil looking gunk. The fire hose was turned on them that cleaned up the mess. The green gunk was shampoo with green food coloring.

### September 2

Arrived in Tahiti at 5 PM. Papeete is a very small town. The main street is right on the water. Shops and the post office on one side and moored yachts on the other. Ships tie up wherever there is room. Everybody including ladies rides motor bikes or scooters. At night, the streets are very dimly lit. The headlights are a dim yellow. The appearance is a quite and peaceful town.



I walked among the yachts telling people of my *Liki Tiki* plans and that I was looking for crew members. They could see the 40-foot dugout canoes at the main dock. There are no fences around the cargo areas. Everyone is very trusting.

Slept on board the ship tonight.

### September 3

Found a hotel that would allow me to store some of my supplies under their back steps. I had seven boxes loaded with sails and tools setting on the dock. Went through customs and told them what the boxes were for.

They said, "OK."

I thought they would ask me to open them. They didn't seem concerned. Taxis are trucks with benches in the back. I hired a cab driver that was very helpful in getting my boxes moved to the hotel.

Found one prospective crew member today. He told me the idea is crazy, but would like to consider it. He invited me to have dinner with him on his friend's boat. His friends did not think much of my idea.



### September 4

Looked for a place to build the *Liki Tiki*. Land around the island seems to be built up. I was told there was public land that can be used. I went to the town

*The green goo was shampoo mixed with food coloring. With a hosing, it washed off easily.*

*My first view of Papeete as our ship entered the harbor.*



hall and asked for permission.

The office girl said, “You can build your boat on any public beach in Papeete.”

I said, “I don’t think I can build it there.”

She asked, “Why not?”

Life seemed too simple to be true.

My hotel room has a privet porch looking out over the harbor on main street. The activity of the commercial harbor to my right and yachts from around the world to my left. Slow pace street life below me.



*Yachts from around the world line the main street of Papeete.*

### September 5

Rented a motor bike today. Drove around the island looking for a place to build *Liki Tiki*. Two miles past the airport I found a coconut grove on a coral reef. It was hidden from the main road and no sand meant there would be no swimmers. I found the owner, Mr. Andre Coudert, in a nearby house and I told him of my plans.

He said, “Sure you can build you boat anyplace between my house and the Polynesian village that is a quarter mile down the beach.”

Near the village, there was a dirt road that a trailer truck could haul the canoes down.

Continued to drive around the island looking for other locations. Rain at the south end of the island forced me back.

This evening I talked to some more people about my project. They thought the idea was nuts.

### September 6

Cleared an area for the *Liki Tiki* and a place for a trailer truck to turn around. Tried to open a coconut and soon gave up.



*A two lane country road circles the island.*



*The Liki Tiki camp is about the center of the photo.*

**September 7**

Made arrangements to truck the canoes to the coconut grove in Punnaauia.

Talked to some more people about my project. They said they had a friend coming this Sunday that wanted to do the same thing. I showed them my construction plans and their opinion was negative.

**September 8**

Went to do some more clearing at the construction sight. On arrival I found someone was using what I cleared to dry split coconuts. Soon a partly crippled man arrived with more. I tried to explain what I was doing, but he became scared of my actions and left.

**September 9**

Talked to a man about my plans at a boat yard. He said I could have lumber sawed at a lumber mill right up the street. At the lumber mill I was told they would first find a tree, cut it down, bring it to the mill and saw it into boards.

I said, "Never mind. There was no time for that, I will use standard construction lumber."

**September 10**

Went to Mr. Maurel's office who is my customs clearing agent for the canoes. He had promise that the papers would be signed so I could move the canoes. They weren't.

He said, "Come back next week."

I started walking toward the customs office to complain. Mr. Maurel went by on his motor bike. He stopped and motioned for me to go to the customs office. At the customs agents desk, I had my *Liki Tiki* plans laid out and explained my project. He became very interested and was giving my advice on how to build the boat. I soon walked out of the office with the papers signed.

Made arrangements with the SAT-NEW Co. to truck the canoes to the coconut grove.

**September 11**

Spent all morning loading and unloading the canoes. We traveled down main street past the yachts which had everyone stopping and looking. Because of the size of the load, we had a police escort out of town.

**September 12**

Went to the lumber yard and bought some lumber. Hired a taxi truck to pick up the lumber and boxes from the hotel. The driver did not like the heavy load.

At my new home in Punnaauia, I used the sail to make a tent over the canoes. Strung up a

jungle hammock and set up housekeeping on the beach. This was to be my home for nine months.

Cooked supper and watched the sun set on Moorea through the coconut trees. It was very beautiful to watch. After dark, the birds sang in the trees and I could hear the surf pounding on the reef, far from my location.

Took a bath in a small stream flowing through the coconut grove fed by an artisan spring. Wrote in my log by candle light. My life on a beach in Tahiti has started.



### September 13

Started to work on the boat today. Mr. Andre Coudert, who owns the land, came by and invited me over to his house this evening. When he left, it started to rain and the wind blew the rest of the afternoon. I had trouble keeping everything dry and was concerned that the tent would blow down.

When the rain stopped, Tahitians from the nearby village came over with hot coffee and bread. I do not speak French or Tahitian so we talked by gestures.

Had a pleasant evening at Mr. Coudert house. I was neatly dressed.

He said, "I have a wife, a maid, and live in a house, my clothes don't look that neat."



*Views from our campsite. The island of Moorea in the background.*

### September 14

When I woke this morning, Tahitian's had hot coffee and freshly baked French bread sitting on the canoes. They did this every morning for nine months. Paying for friendly gestures or tipping in Tahiti is an insult, so I gave them gifts on occasions.

Lined up the two canoes and started placing the cross beams.

A teenage Tahitian girl came and went all day. At first I tried to be friendly with her. She brought me bucket of water for washing and a gallon jug of drinking water. Time was passing and nothing was getting done. It seems I had to make a choice on the second day of construction, women or the boat. If a person wants to work, Tahiti is the wrong place to live.

Went to Papeete tonight by bus. Ate dinner and bought a few things. Tried to take the bus back, but no busses after dark. Took a taxi and paid their outrages fees.



**September 15**

Work on boat until 10 this morning. Went to Papeete only to find the bank was closed until 2 PM. Bought a stove and five gallons of kerosene. Came back and found the tent had blown down. Uneven stretching was ruining the sail, so took the tent down and used it to make a small shelter for the tools etc.



*Beach camp and construction sight in Tahiti. The two dugouts and construction supplies for the "Liki Tiki."*

**September 16-17**

Worked on the boat two full days and accomplished a lot. Went to Mr. Coudert's house Wednesday evening. A friend that was visiting him told me to come to his office in the morning and he will help me get supplies for building the cabin.

**September 18**

Went to Papeete and made arrangements with a boat owner to get bamboo and pandanus for the construction of the cabin. Went back to work on the boat and asked myself if this idea is crazy.

This evening after dark, a beautiful Tahitian teenage girl from the village walked into my camp in her nightgown followed by a group of small children. Not accustomed to Polynesian customs, I did not know what to do. If I put my hand on her, the kids would run back to the village and announce everything I did. Or, is this a type of Polynesian marriage, take one of their girls to bed and she is yours. The children are there to witness what I do. Still, whatever I do or don't do, the village will know about it. Will I be run out of town if I accept her or will I be rejected by the village if I don't accept her?

My custom is, relationships are private. I don't want kids running around the village announcing my every move. Decisions! Decisions!

**September 20, Sunday**

Went to Papeete trying to keep my mind off the project for one day. Wanted to go to Moorea, but backed down at the cost. At the time, I did not know I was quoted a one-day tour that included a Luau.

**September 23**

Went to Papeete this morning and ordered the last of the supplies I should need while in the coconut grove. Received the bamboo and pandanus from Moorea. Made arrangements with a bus driver to deliver them.

At noon I talked to some people from the cruise ship North Star. I said, "I am taking this bus back, you can come along."

I had the bus half full with tourist. There were four Polynesians playing guitars. The outside

of the bus had flowers tied all over it. Two O'clock came and we were off, so I thought. We were driven around town and the fellows were playing and singing. We did not understand what this was all about until the bus driver stopped by the ship North Star. The bus was hired for a tour. We went back to the bus station and found another bus. I finally got back to camp.

In a little while, a another bus came backing in with my supplies. Heavy beer drinkers seemed to be falling off the bus as it rolled in. Passengers were stumbling all over the place. Somehow they got all the supplies off and everyone crammed back aboard. I asked the driver how much I owe him and he said, "I don't know and drove off."

I buy all my supplies and just get receipts for them. I give the receipts to a bus driver and he goes around picking up the items and delivers them to the boat.

This evening, two Polynesian fellows came by with breadfruit. I asked them what it was. They built a fire on a large pile of rubbish and put the breadfruit in the middle. When the fire burned down they pushed a stick into it and took the burnt shell off. They handed it to me on a stick and said, "drink coffee with it" and left.

It was very dry and could not eat much of it.

### September 24-30

Still building the boat by myself and looking for a crew. Coconuts fall from the trees very often. One landed inside the canoe, ten-feet from where I was working. Branches also keep falling. None have hit the tent or hammock yet.

I have been trying to cover the outside of the hulls with tar. It seem to get onto everything except where I want.

Tahitians stopped by and give me fruit. Today it was bananas and mangos.

I find the evening very enjoyable, quite, and peaceful, and have lost desire to spend evenings in town. I sit and watch the night life, stars, lights on the water, people wondering



I used the bath facilities at the Polynesian village. Below is the head. You talk to people passing by as you attend to business.



through the woods and watch jets landing at the Faaa Airport. When the planes turn their landing lights on, they light up the whole area, then disappear behind a small hill between me and the airstrip.

### October 1

I used a double notch technique to hold the cross beams to the hulls and used the same technique to raise the sides another twelve inches. The notches held the boat together without fasteners. When all the pieces were fitted, they were removed. The hulls would be pushed into the water one at a time. Once in the water, the pieces would be reassembled and lashed together with coconut fiber rope.

About 1 PM a jeep came into camp with Andre and four Tahitians to launch the canoes. They quickly gathered coconut branches and put them in front of the canoes, making it easier to slide into the water. They put the back of the jeep next to the hull and zoom, one hull was in the water, then the other. In fifteen minutes they were gone. The launching went so fast, I could hardly believe it.

Each of the hulls had leaks in them. Swelling should take care of leaks in a few days.

This evening after dark, Andre came over. While talking, something with four legs and a tail ran up my leg inside my trousers. I shook it out and it ran up my other leg and shook it out of that leg. It was dark and difficult to see.

I said, "It must have been a mouse."

Then Andre said, "Look, its on your shoulder."

It turned out to be a lizard.

### Buses In Tahiti

Taking the bus to and from Papeete is a time consuming job. Every trip is an adventure in itself. The central market in Papeete is the terminal point for all busses. All busses are trucks converted into busses. Passengers load from the rear. There is an assistant that collects the fares. At first, the five mile trip to Papeete and back took six hours. In time I got it down to four hours.

The 6:30 AM bus to Papeete is loaded with school kids. There must have been 90 on one



*The two hulls setting on the reef at low tide with the island of Moorea in the background. Bob is holding the steering ore that an unknown person left in his camp.*







*Bus terminal is at the market. At the end of the day, fish are hung on the outside and Tahitians climb aboard with a can of beer.*



bus I took. They are designed for 30 adults. I had to hang on the outside. Bus drivers always stop, room or no room.

One evening in Papeete, I go on a bus, to me, was already fully loaded. Passengers gave the driver receipts and he goes around and picks up the supplies. Then back to the market place where more people get on and more supplies need to be pick up. This went on for an hour. When it came my turn to get off the bus, people were packed in so tight, the only way out was through the window.

One can't be in a hurry when traveling by bus in Tahiti. On the back of every bus that leaves the market, strings of fish are hanging. Should a passenger want some bread from a store, he tell the driver and the driver sends his helper into the store for the bread. If some of the passengers want beer, the driver stops at a store and all the beer drinkers bail out. With another bottle of beer, the bus is off.

A Tahitian when drinking is a very happy man. He loves everybody and everybody is his friend. One man kept offering cigarettes to everybody, then he would offer wine to everyone, and when passengers got off the bus he wanted to pay their fair. No one accepted his offers, but everyone got a kick out of it.

### **October 6**

The hulls and deck are finished. Today I built the cabin frame.

### **October 7**

Put a temporary pandanus roof on the cabin. It looks like a raft now. Andre came to help poll *Liki Tiki* to deeper water. The water near shore is only 15-

inches deep at high tide. The boats draft is 12-inches and getting deeper. Some potential crew members were to help, but they never showed up.

Getting the boat to deep water, about 200 feet out, was a lot of work. All was going fine until we hit a rock, the wind then blew us in another direction. Back under control, we polled along the edge of a coral trench. At a narrow gap, we tried to push across the trench with one

push. The wind blew it back over the trench. Andre put on swim fins and tried to pull the boat by swimming. Back at shallow water again, we polled back to the narrow gap. Andre's maid paddled out in a outrigger canoe and took the anchor across the trench and dropped it. By pulling to the anchor and resetting the anchor, we were able to reach the sunken ship on the edge of the reef. The maid tied a line to the ship to secured one end of the boat. She then lost her balance and fell into the water. We were laughing so hard we didn't notice that the wind was blowing the boat until it slammed it into the ship. We finally anchored the other end and everything is under control.

Tahiti looks different from out here. It felt like being on a new island. The mountains in the clouds, the island of Moorea, the reef under the boat take on a much greater dynamic affect. One hull sets on the reef at low tide while the bottom can't be seen at the other end. Visibility is 30-feet down.

It would be several days before I would be able to live aboard *Liki Tiki*.

### October 8

Built a bamboo raft to poll or paddle out to the boat. I could not make it go in the direction I wanted. Was frustrated by the time I got to the boat.

Working on the boat over deep water was really enjoyable, everything is so beautiful water, sky, and the islands.

Worked on the cabin today. Lashing takes a great deal of time.

Rafting to shore at low tide is impossible. I had to pull it over the reef.

### October 9

Used Andre's canoe to go out early this morning. The water was calm and clear with hundreds of brilliantly colored fish swimming around the coral all the way out. When on the boat, I just sat and watched them for a long time.

Worked on the cabin some more.

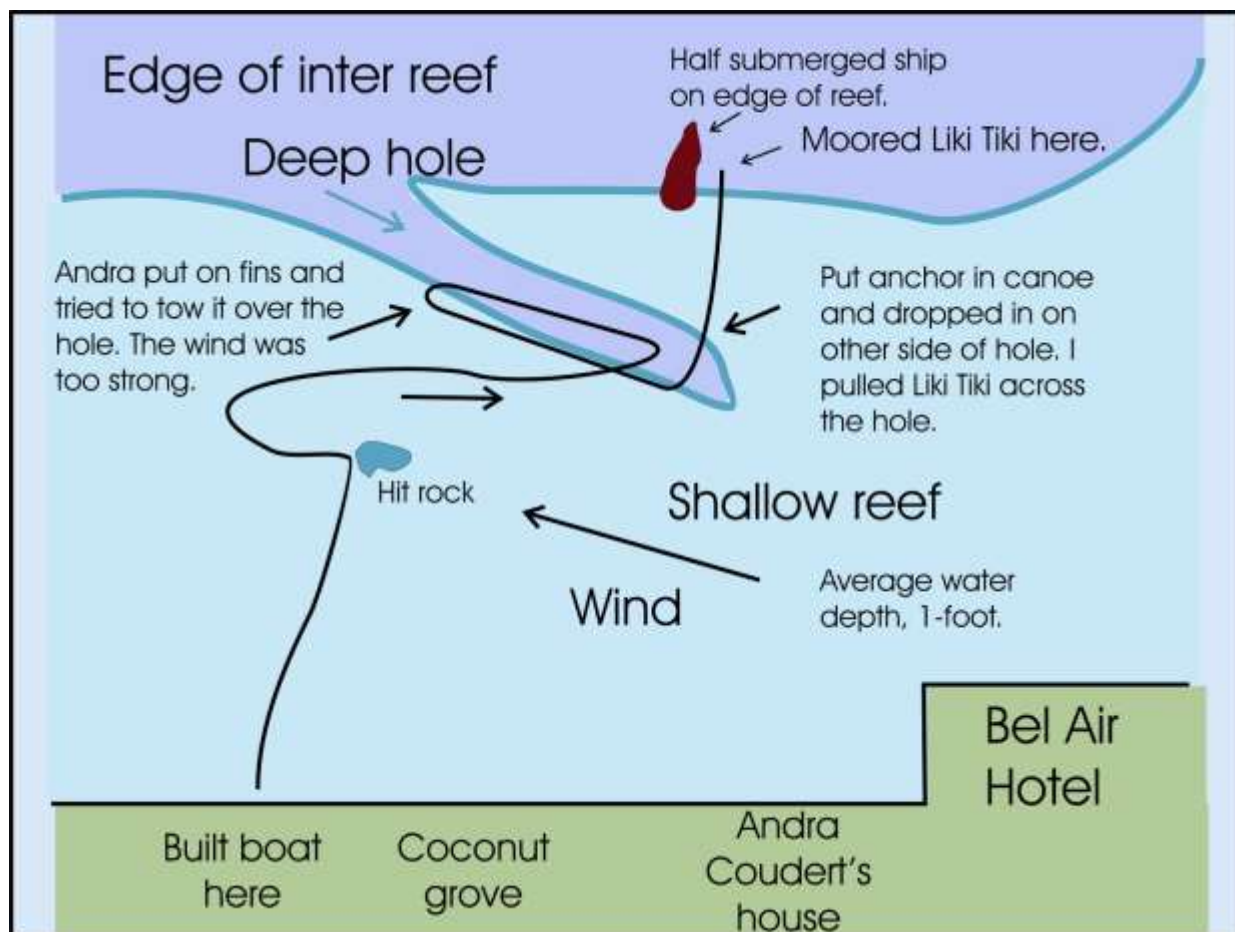
Coming back this evening the tide was way out. I paddled until I hit coral, then pulled the canoe until it was too shallow for that. Most of the coral heads were out of the water. I found a shallow ribbon of water about a foot deep. I marked the channel with sticks in the coral heads and used the route from this time on.



*Lashing the cross beams to the canoes using coconut fiber rope.*







### October 10

Used the bamboo raft this morning. I found it easier to poll in the direction I want to go rather than fighting to keep the raft pointed in one direction.

Before lunch I went for a swim, it felt good.

I needed a rest from the *Liki Tiki* project. This evening I went to the Bel Air Hotel and phoned a taxi. I spent the next two nights in Papeete. Wished I had stayed in camp, did not enjoy it.

### October 12

The wind blew so hard today I could not work. I almost did not get back to shore because of the off shore wind. Went to Papeete and ordered another load of lumber. It was poring down rain when the lumber was delivered. From late afternoon and throughout the night, wind and rain kept me struggling to stay dry.



*Liki Tiki was moored to this sunken ship on the edge of the shallow reef. My base camp is in the background.*





*Bamboo raft to move supplies from shore, over the shallow reef, to Liki Tiki. My base camp is in the background.*

### October 13

Finished putting the pandanus roofing on the cabin.

A week ago I fell jumping across a stream. I did not know it at the time, but I broke a rib. Today the pain is very strong and can feel the broken bone rubbing together.

During this phase of construction, I have been looking for a crew to help with the project. With the boat being partly finished, I was sure to find support if I took it to Papeete.

### October 14

Went to Papeete intending to see a doctor. Bought an elastic bandage instead. Wrapped it around my chest and it felt much better.

Walked along the waterfront looking for someone to tow *Liki Tiki* to Papeete. Talked to a boat owner and he said, "Someone already

made arrangements with me to tow your boat."

Back at camp, made another bamboo raft and loaded it with lumber and other supplies and towed it out with the canoe.

### October 17

**Moving day** - Loaded the canoe and rafts with all my supplies of extra pandanus, lumber, trunk, large wooden box, kerosene, cooking gear etc. It took half an hour to paddle this load out to *Liki Tiki*. Spent the rest of the day setting up house keeping. I am now living aboard the *Liki Tiki*.

The shore line this evening was beautiful with almost a full moon and lights on the shore. Shadows on the reef below makes it seem we are floating in air.

### October 20

**Towing day** - Went to shore with the raft to fetch the canoe. Towed the raft back, took it apart and stored the bamboo inside the hulls. While doing this, a Tahitian paddled up with a bundle of unneeded pandanus I dumped overboard the night before. I had to take it back.

Went to Papeete and found the captain aboard the power launch and asked when he would be ready and he said, "I am ready now."

The crew was relaxed on the benches when the captain said, "Lets go."

This launch was about 60-feet in length with a crew of eight. It seemed to be overkill, but his price was fair so I could not complain. When we arrived at the *Liki Tiki*, the captain would not go close to the reef. I dove in and swam toward *Liki Tiki*. Then one crew member tied a line around his waist and passed me up dragging a long line.

*Liki Tiki* was bow heavy and would not tow bow first. Towing from the stern solved the problem except the tow was too fast and the bow wave dumped water into the hull. At a slower speed there was no problem. In Papeete, the captain made a run for my assigned slot on the beach. As he turned away, the crew untied the lines and *Liki Tiki* drifted in with no problems. The crew dropped the anchor from the bow and I throw the stern lines to waiting friends on shore.



*Liki Tiki with the completed cabin.*

By this time people were gathering around looking at my strange boat. Spent the rest of the afternoon with newspaper reporters and photographers.

### **October 21**

Woke up this morning with 100 people watching me and the strange looking *Liki Tiki*. I grabbed my tooth brush and hurried around to the bow and out of sight. Cleanup done, I went ashore, pushing my way through the crowd and found a quite restaurant for breakfast. When I returned a couple of hours later, most of the people had gone.

Tried to do some work, but the excitement, newsmen, photographers, school kids with their teachers kept me busy. Made headlines in one paper, a full page article on the inside of another, all mentioning that I am looking for a crew.

### **October 22**

Two fellows came by who were interested in crewing. Not too many visitors today.

A man stopped by and gave me a letter. He was very much interested in my project. Then he came back this evening and asked if I would have dinner with him. He is a student of Polynesian history. He was disappointed that I did not know more or was better informed about Polynesian history.

### **October 23**

Mark, a Frenchman said he would like to go with me. He has never been at sea in a small boat before and does not understand what it is I am trying to do.

### **October 24**

At 1 AM the wind picked up and the waves were rolling in, breaking into the parking lot. My anchor has slipped a little allowing one hull to bang on the rocks. Took up the anchor line and the anchored slipped even more. The bow is almost hitting the British boat next to me. After failing to keep the boat off the rocks, I woke Bill and asked if he had an extra anchor. He did and we were able to set it out far enough to hold. At 5 AM there was a crash outside. I jumped up and the fellows on the trimaran were coming out of their cabin. The wind had shifted and my boat hit theirs. They let up on their lines and let it swing on the anchor line. The *Liki Tiki* went on the rocks broad side this time.

I lifted one anchor, put it on two planks and swam to deeper water then dropped it. Pulled

the boat off the rocks and did the same with the other anchor. When I was finished, the wind blew hard and heavy rain like I never saw here before. My cabin stayed dry and the boat rode the waves with no problems. A number of small boats were pounding on the rocks.

I made coffee, sat and watched the hulls react to the wave action. It gave some indication how they would react at sea. When the rain stopped I went into town. When I returned, there were two policemen were pulling on *Liki Tiki's* lines. I came from behind and asked what the problem was. They did not speak English and motioned for me to get into the car. We went to the port captain's office. The Port Captain told me, "You cannot leave Tahiti on your boat. All vessels must be seaworthy before leaving the harbor."

I asked if I could consider this statement for a few days.

The port captain said, "Sure."

Sense things were not going as planned, it might be easy to accept his request.

### **October 25**

With no more hope of finding a crew, Mark towed *Liki Tiki* back to where I built it. When the *Liki Tiki* was over the shallow reef, a canoe of tourist came by wanting to help. They finally made it over the coral heads, came aboard and tried to help pull *Liki Tiki* over the coral heads. We didn't get very far so they left. I had better progress by myself. Soon Andre and his wife came out in their canoe. They helped me bring the boat to shore. Then they wanted to know what was wrong.

I had ideas of redesigning it to make it lighter so two or three people could handle it instead of the five I was seeking. For the next few days, people now showed an interest in crewing. I told one he could go but he never came back.

While I was working on the boat, a Coast Guard Cutter stopped off the reef from my camp. After that, all I could see was a cannon pointing at me when trying to leave at night. That knocked the last bit of incentive out of me.

### **November 1964**

#### **What Went Wrong?**

There was a tremendous amount of criticism of my project. Everyone had a reason why the *Liki Tiki* could not make it to Honolulu. They are as follows:

- w The raft will break up in one to three days.
- w Tar on the hull will not stop the worms from eating the hulls. There will be nothing left to reach Hawaii.
- w The boat will surf down a wave, one hull will dig in and stop while the other keeps on going ripping the boat apart.
- w The deck is too close to the water. (22-inches)
- w Will not sail on the reach, only down wind.
- w The hulls will fill with water faster than they can be bailed out.
- w No ribs in the hulls, will not stand up to the pounding seas. Sides and bottom are two-inches thick.



W Hulls are too far apart. (5 ½ feet. Total beam 12-feet.)

W Cross beams are not strong enough. (6-3x6's & 11-2x6's)

With everyone giving opinions, only one asked to see a construction drawing of the boat. In Panama I went over the design with people who had a lot of experience with dugout canoes as well as cruising sail boats. People in Panama are very well informed of the good and bad points of dugout canoes. The canoe art is lost in Tahiti.

Some interesting ideas:

W Burn a thick layer of charcoal on the outside of the hull. Worms will not attract charcoal.

W Make a watertight inter self-bailing deck as well as an outer one. This would reduce the amount of bailing.

I took the boat apart. Andre came with a crew and pulled the hulls back on shore. I stored sail and supplies in his house.

### **Back to the States**

I bought a boat ticket to Panama by ship. From there I flew back to the states.

### **January 1965**

Made a brochure of the project and went to New York City and Washington, D.C. looking for a sponsor for my project. Everyone was curious, but not interested enough to sponsor it.

### **March**

Finding no support, I flew to Honolulu and looked up Bob Krauss. I asked if there are people in Hawaii interested in this sort of project. He took an instant interest and reviewed the project over lunch. A few days later he had an article about the project in his newspaper. After that, I had about fifty people asking to join the project.

I talked to a Jr. High Hawaiian history class about the project. They were the most interesting group of people I have ever talked to. They may take up a class project for me to carry plants that the old Hawaiians brought with them.

Bob Krauss and I went over contract terms for writing a book. He may be able to get some money for the project.

### **March 29**

Flew to Tahiti today. Another article about my project and departure was in the newspaper. Everyone on the plane must have read it and everyone was asking questions.

### **March 30**

Went to Hotel Tahiti to meet the French couple that was on the plane. They called two airline hostess that they new, rented a car and we all went out to see the canoes. They were the most weather beaten hulls I had ever seen, but everything was as I left it four months earlier. A Tahitian from the village opened coconuts gave us all coconut milk.

We ate lunch at the Waikiki dinning room. Afterwards I went back to the coconut grove to try and setup camp. I just got started when it started to rain. I ran to Andre's house only to find

someone else was living there. He was a new Court Judge in Papeete.

### **March 31**

Looked over the lumber and found the termites had eaten through all it. The hulls are OK.

### **April 1**

Moved from the hotel in Papeete to the coconut grove. Looked up Frances Cowan who is also trying to build a similar boat. His boathouse and boat was burned to the ground. His kids were playing inside when something caught on fire.

Found my sails today and they were completely rotten. I find myself with two hulls and little money. Mr. Cowan is left with much money and no hulls. Do not know who is better off.

### **April 2**

Customs extended the time limit for six months to get the dugout hulls out of Tahiti. If not, I will have to pay duty on them.

### **April 4**

At 5 AM, the wind blew and the rain came down, the wind blew harder and my thatched hut fell on me. In five minutes the storm was over. With some boards, I propped the roof up a little and slept till daylight. The hut was the cabin I used on the boat last year. Hung everything up to dry and spent the rest of the day in Papeete.

### **Folk Lore**

When I first came to Tahiti, I carried an umbrella when it rained. I got stares and laughs for some reason. Today I found out why.

In time past, when a fellow wanted to ask a girl to marry him, but was too shy to ask, he would ask a friend to make the proposal for him. The friend would hold an open umbrella while making the proposal. Onlookers would laugh and make fun.

### **April 5**

Rented a motor bike and drove around the island.

Went to Andre's house for dinner this evening. I asked how I can get permission to sail out of Tahiti.

He said, "Go and don't say anything to anyone."

### **April 6**

It rained on and off all day.

Three men came by this evening with plans for the new hotel that will be built here. The layout was



*My campsite on my return to Tahiti.*

impressive, a large lagoon, yacht harbor, an island restaurant, 200 room hotel. I mentioned Andre's name and they said they did not know him.

I said, "He is the owner of this land."

They said, "We are the owners of this land."

They didn't seem concerned that my project was on their land.

### April 7 - 25

With some changes in the boat design, I was able to use most of the lumber. With a brace and bit, I drilled about 1,600 holes. Rope has to pass through each hole from two to eight times. The mattress factory sewed the sails. I cut the cloth to size and they sewed it. Andre came with the jeep and the two of us pushed the hulls into the water with little effort.



*I redesigned the hull with a simpler design. I plan to sail it by myself if no one goes with me.*

I have been offered the use of a electric drill press by a Frenchman who is moving to Tahiti. He is the new manager at the airport restaurant.

My Judge friend bought a outrigger canoe. I told him I would give him a tour of the reef. We went to deep water, swam for a while. Getting back in, it sank under us. So we towed it to a coral head and bailed it out. The next day we were paddling out again when the canoe flipped, laying us flat in the muddy part of the reef.

One night, there was a very high tide and the Judge lost his boat. He woke me and asked if I would help find it. We borrowed a Tahitian's canoe and went looking for it and never did find it. It could have gone out to sea. Two houses were knocked down in the Tahitian village. I had no problems.

### May

Worked on the boat every day. Progress is slow but I feel good about it. I feel better organized this time.

### June 7

Charles Boone arrived this evening. Could not get him a hotel room, so I brought him to camp with me. He was very tired and doubtful about the project. I said, "This is to be expected and you will have ups and downs about the trip from time to time."



*Building the mast.*

### June 11 - 12

The tides have been extremely high the last few days. This allows ocean waves to ride across the outer reef and come ashore. The





*The “Liki Tiki’s” cabin under construction. Everything is lashed together, no metal objects such as bolts, nails, or screws. The ancient Polynesian people did not have metal in any form.*



*Weaving coconut palms for cabin roof.*



*Liki Tiki* rides them with ease.

We are in the last stretch of the lashings. Over 2,000 holes drilled.

Letters from Arthur Melcalf, a crew member I selected in Hawaii, are very encouraging. He is doing a lot of study and planning of this project.

### **June 18**

The Judge took Charles and I to Papeete to get iron wood trees that were cut down for construction of the new harbor. We loaded what we could in the back of his car.

### **June 19**

Raised the mast. Many Tahitians were watching and some said “very good” in English. I was busting with pride. It looks like progress is being made now.

Charles Nash is an Englishman who married a Chinese girl here. He was part of the filming crew for the movie “Mutiny On The Bounty.” He now works for his in-laws in their snack shop. Charles Boon and I stop at his shop every time we are in town. Charles Nash stories of *Bounty* filming seem to be endless entertainment.

Went to the airport to meet Arthur this evening. He was not on the plane. A few days latter I received a letter saying he could not come for financial reasons.

### **June 28 - July 13**

I was searching for Mark, the Frenchmen that was interested in going with me last year, and learned he drown while scuba diving. They don’t know what happened, his body never came to the surface. I passed the word I was still looking for another crew member, no one was interested.

One day, Charles and I were weaving bamboo mats for the deck. A Tahitian man watched us for a while and shook his head. He motioned that he would make them for us. The next few day he made all our bamboo decking.

About the first of July, I had to fight heavy winds and rain for a week. The camp was blown apart, falling coconuts finished what the wind did not do. So we built a low profile shelter to withstand the elements. The middle of July our shelter paid off, we kept dry for the first time in another storm.

### July 14 - 28

The Fete is carnival time for the next two weeks. People from all the islands in French Polynesia come to Papeete. Schools are opened up for housing.

Game of chance, eating, drinking, and dancing. Ferris wheel, marry-go-rounds, etc. Parades down main street, boat races, group dance contest, spear throwing contest.



*Some of the lashings using coconut fiber rope.*

Work on the *Liki Tiki* came to a stop. No one works during the Fete.

### August 1 - 14

Charles and I were invited to an Tahitian feast serving all kinds of Tahitian foods. Everyone eats with their fingers.

Progress has been so slow since the Fete, I almost gave up. The money is going and the work is not getting done. Charles has lost all interest in the project. I had to keep pushing.

### August 15

The Tahitians finished the cabin. They built it with coconut palms, lashing everything together with inter bark from nearby trees.

We are ready to learn how to sail the *Liki Tiki*. Andre came to help move *Liki Tiki* to deep water, but there wasn't much tide. Now we have to wait for a strong tide.

### August 26

At long last a high tide came that could float the *Liki Tiki* to deep water, but it was stuck in the mud. I put a poll under the stern and pried it, it moved a little. Did it again and it moved some more. Little by little I got it out of the mud into deeper water. This time I walked on the coral heads pushing toward deeper water. Tahitians on shore were giving directions that kept me away from the shallow coral heads. It was a zigzag course and I kept my eye on



*The completed Liki Tiki. On a trial sail, the large cabin area over powered the sails. I had to cut some of it away.*

them. There were three Tahitians about 100 feet apart on shore, as one was out of range another would continue the directions. When I arrived at the channel, a Tahitian paddled out to help move it to the edge of the inter reef. Then the wind blew *Liki Tiki* back on a coral head. We took a anchor to deep water, then pulled the boat into safe water. Now it was floating free.

Charles was in Papeete and on his way back, someone told him I had left. He didn't believe him but was surprised to find the *Liki Tiki* in deep water.

Lashed the steering oar in place. Put fresh water on board and lashed everything loose down.

Charles wants no part of the voyage and will not bring any of his things on board.

### **August 27**

At noon there was a fair wind blowing from the S.W. We decided to give *Liki Tiki* a trial run. We pulled the anchor up and were able to sail away from the reef. Soon it pointed into the wind and stayed there. It would not fall off, soon it was going backwards. With a little speed for rudder action, I could swing the stern around. The wind filling the sail properly, *Liki Tiki* would charge ahead and soon head up wind again. I did not seem to have any control. This time we ended up on a coral head. We dropped anchor and the hull floated free.

Our sails are too small and the cabin is too big. Wind pressure on the cabin over rides the wind pressure on the sails.

### **August 28**

The Tahitian bus driver who delivered my supplies invited me out to a Chinese dinner at the Dragon Bar. The meal started at the bar at 7:30 PM. In time all the guest had arrived and each of us were wearing a flower head band. Then we went to a large round table with very formal setting for eight people. Around the outer edge were dinner plates. The inter circle had plates filled with Chinese food. In the center was a pot of boiling water. To start, everyone took their chop sticks and picked up a slice of fish and held it in the water. I had trouble holding onto mine, the girl next to me helped out. In a little while our waitress did the cooking. About 9:00 PM I was full. The host said, "Take it easy boy, this is going to last till midnight."

I sank in my seat. I thought I would never make it. By 11 PM we were finished. I was the only non-Tahitian at the dinner. The Tahitians were supportive and seemed to have adopted me. Americans in Tahiti created the biggest problems for me.

### **August 29**

I wanted to make a trial run to Moorea and made arraignments three times during the last few day to get a tow out of the lagoon. Andre asked his engineer if he could tow us. He said, "I will be by first thing in the morning."

He came by in a small boat with a 3-HP motor.

He said, "I could not get the other boat."

I took the outrigger canoe and went into the lagoon to flag a power boater. There were many boats pulling water skiers. Everyone stayed clear of me, maybe they thought I was waiving them off.



# Tahiti Fete





This afternoon a boat came near the *Liki Tiki* and I waved them over. I asked if they could tow us down the coast to where we could sail through the reef. They agreed. Charles said, "I will not go to Moorea unless that boat went with us," so we tied up to a tree by the channel entrance.

### August 30

Took part of the cabin down for less wind resistance.

My plan was to navigate like the early Polynesians did, no compass, no charts, and no navigation tools. I did make a type of sextant out of a coconut.

### August 31

There was a strong wind from the N.N.E. With no one willing to tow us through the reef, I decided to try sailing out. Charles helped me cast off and set sail, but he did not jump off as planned and it looked like *Liki Tiki* was going to make it. Then we hit a coral head, spinning the boat around and soon we were on many coral heads. We dropped anchor and Charles swam to shore and asked some nearby friends to help.

*Liki Tiki* was towed through the reef and I was on my own. I was the happiest person in the world. I gave up on any trial run, so I let the winds carry me as fast as I could from Tahiti. Then I would turn and sail for Hawaii. *Liki Tiki* was doing four knots in a twenty knot wind. I used only the main sail, the mizzen sail did not work. On the reach, *Liki Tiki* would steer itself. I had to bail every three hours. The decks were not awash.

I was informed that the governor had given orders to bring me back should I try to leave. On the horizon, I saw the mast of the Coast Guard Cutter near the reef opening. I guess they never saw me or they were not going to chase me at sea. By 1 PM I was out of sight of land. Sundown was the perfect evening. About midnight *Liki Tiki* was sailing without any help, so went to bed.

There was no compass, navigation



*Liki Tiki with a modified cabin.*



*Liki Tiki moved up the lagoon near the reef opening, ready for sailing.*

equipment, or charts on board. I was to sail as the Polynesians did centuries ago.

### September 1

This morning the sky was dark with a heavy overcast. The seas were confused and the wind light. Some of the rudder lashings came undone and repaired it like it should have been done the first time.

I had no idea of direction, the wind was picking up so I decided to sail down wind. Trade winds always blow from east to west. I saw what looked like a squall to my port. About an hour later I noticed the dark cloud never changed its shape. Hard rains came and went all morning, every time they let up I could see that shape. I begin to realize it was an island, if so, which one. I sailed toward it all afternoon. At 5 PM the overcast lifted and I saw I was sailing on the south side of Moorea and Tahiti was ahead of me. I then sailed toward Tahiti till midnight when the wind died.



*Liki Tiki under sail.*

### September 2

At 6 AM the wind was blowing out of the south. I sailed up the coast of Tahiti to where I started. I learned how to handle the *Liki Tiki* now and we were getting along just fine. I kept just off the breakers looking for the channel. When I got close to where it was suppose to be, I could only see rolling surf. This was the first time I got scared. I only had one chance to get inside, if I missed, I would be smashed by the breakers. Not being able to see the channel, but knowing it should be there, I turned in keeping an eye on the color of the water and the foam from the breakers guided me in. I was in the channel and soon another wave broke behind me. I was inside. I was doing very well when I lost the wind. The current started taking *Liki Tiki* back out the channel, then a breeze blew and set *Liki Tiki* on a coral head.

A Tahitian fishing near by help me set an anchor, except he motored away so fast I lost the end of the line as he threw the anchor in the water. My only anchor and line was lost. Coral heads were not going to let the *Liki Tiki* go very far, so the fisherman took me to shore.

I knew I was defeated and would not try again.

The first person I saw was the wife of the UTA Airlines manager. She said, "my husband was very worried the last three days. Yesterday he said 'Bob will be back







*Leaving Tahiti.*

today. If not, I am going send out a search party.”

I was extremely disappointed, but everyone was glad to see me back. Back at the old camp sight, I tried to comprehend what went wrong. Later in the day I decided I had better go back and get *Liki Tiki* off the coral heads. I have no money and all my food is aboard. When I got back, someone pulled *Liki Tiki* off the reef and tied it up at shore.

### **September**

I sold the *Liki Tiki* to the Bali Hai Hotel on Moorea. They used it to carry their guest out over the reef.

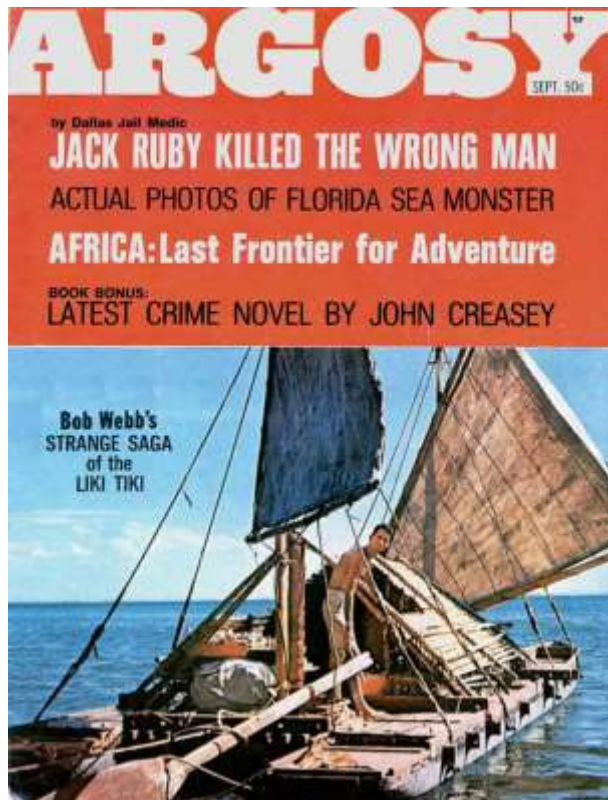
End of a long adventure.

### **In Retrospect**

To sail to Hawaii, someone would have to be at the helm all the time. With one man, *Liki Tiki* would be sailing in the right direction only when I had time available for the tiller. Hawaii could not be reached in this manner. Islands down wind could be reached.

I said to myself, “I will never try another sea adventure again.”

I was not back in Hawaii long when that adventure spirit came back. I was wanting some way to bring this expedition to a successful finish. If I don’t make the trip, someone else will. With all my savings spent, I had to go back to work. When this expedition will be carried out is yet to be seen.



*The Liki Tiki was featured on the cover of Argosy magazine September 1968.*

# Mr. Augusto Adrian

## The most unforgettable person I ever met.

**Panama, May 29, 1967**

*Mr. Adrian called me from the Balboa YMCA, our usual meeting place, and asked me to come over. In the lobby he told me his life story as follows:*

He came to the U.S. in 1923 as an immigrant from Germany. Moved to Panama in the '30s. Was a spy for Germany during the Second World War. September 1942 he was caught and sent to a prisoner of war camp in Oklahoma. In time he was asked if he wanted to go back to Germany.

He said, "Yes, more than anything in the world, I want to go back to Germany."

In a prisoner of war exchange, he was shipped to a Norwegian ports where the exchange took place. Back in Berlin, he was drafted in the Army, then assigned to a regiment in France. He showed a sworn statement, that he had to sign for his release, that he would never take up arms against the U.S. So they sent him to the Black Sea to fight the Russians aboard a navy ship.

One day the captain called him to his office and said, "You don't take this war very serious, do you?"

Adrian said, "My home is in Piña's Bay, Panama."

The captain said, "Ha, ha, you are not a fanatic Nazi. You are not a true German."

Adrian said with tears in his eyes, "With all my heart I am a true German. With all my heart I am for the Nazi cause."

The captain said, "You don't salute like a fanatic Nazi."

During the next few days, Adrian practiced the Nazi salute. Back in the captain's office, Adrian put so much enthusiasm behind his salute, the captain said, "You are more than a fanatic Nazi, you are a threat to this outfit. I am a man of a kind heart and we will watch you."

The captain's "attitude charge" was grounds for execution.

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Mr. Adrian was so wrapped up in telling his story that he forgot where he was, I think. Several times in the crowded YMCA lobby, he would jump up and act out the Hi-O-Hitler salute with full body force and loud voice volume. Then he would sit and whisper his true feeling, suggesting that no one else should hear this. His voice becomes loud and boisterous when he had statements he wanted everyone to hear. He was reliving his experiences. I dare not look around, because everyone must have been staring at us. I kept my eyes focused on Mr. Adrian.

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In a few days, a high ranking officer came aboard. It was Adrian who was to greet him at the gangway. Adrian said, "I put all I had into the Hi-O-Hitler salute. The other officers gave a modest salute. The officer returned the old Kiser salute. I made a fool of myself."

While stationed on the Black Sea, he took leave inland. He met some fellows of another outfit in a bar. He said, "Something told me not to talk anymore."

Adrian just looked out the window listening to the conversation. Someone said something about the V-1 or buzz bomb. Its capabilities are fantastic. One blew-up on the launch pad and killed many people.

Soon men in long black coats came into the bar and asked the men for their ID. Adrian was from a different outfit and said he just arrived. They let him go. He heard the men were executed the next day.

Near the end of the war, he was in Berlin. The Russians were closing in and could hear the cannons. He knew he had to get out of Berlin now. If the Russians capture him and find out where he was fighting, he would be a dead man.

He went to a high ranking friend and asked for a way out of Germany. His friend gave him a pass that would get him on the train and a blank pass with stamps and a signature. He could fill it out as needed.

He rushed to the train station when two guards stuck rifles in his stomach and asked, "Where are you going?"

Adrian said, "I am carrying secret mail and showed them his pass."

They let him in the station.

The station was the worst suffering of humanity he had ever seen. Men with arms and legs missing. Men, women, and children starving to death.

His train pulled into the station. It was jammed packed with people, with some hanging unto the roof. Children crying, men groaning with pain. He saw an open window with a big lady taking up two seats.

He asked, "Will the honorable lady move over and give a desperate man a seat?"

She said, "No."

Then Adrian put his pistol to her ribs and told her to move over. She did. Adrian said, "I don't know how I did it. I climbed up the side of the railroad car and crawled through the window into the lady's lap."



*Above: Mr. Adrian's house.*

*Below: Mr. Adrian with his two boys. His wife was an Indian woman that no longer lived with him.*

He got off in his old home town which was near the advancing American Army. His relatives are strong Nazi's. Soon the American Army came rolling through town. The first vehicles had two machine guns with men who had very stern faces and pointing them at any possible trouble. Adrian and his relatives were along the street with everyone else watching. Soon a G.I. was handing out chocolate bars. They hadn't seen chocolate in years. Then he felt better.

Then someone said, "Don't eat it, it is poison."

Adrian asked, "Why would a G.I. want to poison us?"

He ate his and no one else would.

Another G.I. came to Adrian with sweat pouring down his face, shoved a rifle in his stomach, with quivering hands on the trigger and in a quivering voice and asked, "Are you a Nazi?"

In English he replied, "I am an American citizen and showed him his papers." Continuing, "I went to the U.S. in 1923."

The G.I. turned him over to an officer. After talking for a while, the officer asked for something to eat.

Adrian said, "We don't have anything to eat. No one in this town has anything to eat."

The officer sent for some food, enough to last Adrian's family for a week. Then with a piece of chalk, he wrote on the side of the house "Off Limits" and signed his name.

Adrian became home sick for the serenity of his Piña Bay home in Panama. Life in Germany is a nonlife. He got permission to travel back to Berlin to try and get papers to leave the country. He looked up an American officer named Mr. Wine who happened to be a Jew.

Mr. Wine said, "You made this mess and you are going to stay."

Adrian went back home, put on short leather pants, put coffee, cigarettes and a camera in a nap sack and started walking to the Austria boarder and Italy. One evening he was eating in a cafe and talked to a man with a car. Adrian said, "I have coffee and cigarettes for you if you can get me to the Austria boarder."

The man said, "OK" and was able to drive through all the check points.

After dark, Adrian started walking across the boarder, keeping an eye on the searchlight that lit the area every 30 seconds. Soon he heard, "Hands up!"

Adrian said, "I have no arms."

The guards asked, "What are you doing here?"

Adrian said, "I want to go back home to Panama."

The guards said, "We will put you in jail and send you back to Berlin."

While in jail, the wife of the commander came to visit the prisoners. Adrian found a chance to tell her his story. When he finished she said, "My husband is a cruel man, I will try and persuade him to let you go."

The next day, Adrian was let out of jail. They asked him, "Do you have any money?"

Adrian said, "No, I only have this camera."

The guard gave him \$15 in Austrian money for the camera, then told him to go the square in the center of town. There a mail truck pulled by horses will stop. A man will blow a trumpet and two police officers will appear. Present yourself to them.

Everything happened just as the guards said it would.

The police officer said, "Climb aboard."

The mail truck took Adrian far enough into Austria to move freely.

Adrian finally arrived at a seaport in Italy and found a Likes Line ship. He called to an officer on deck and asked to come aboard. The officer said, "Yes."

When aboard, the captain was curious as to what he wanted, sense the war had only been over a few weeks.

Adrian said, "I want to do some work for something to eat."

They put him to work and made him part of the crew. A few days latter, two policemen came and took him to the immigration office. The immigration officer told him, "You entered Italy illegally and must go back to Germany."

Adrian speaking in Spanish said, "I want to go back home to Panama."

The startled officer asked, "You speak Spanish too?"

Adrian said, "Yes, and that his home is in Panama and that the Americans in Germany would not give me a pass to leave. So I had to come illegally."

The officer said, "I will give you a visa for ten days. You have to be out of Italy by then or go back to Germany."

Mr. Adrian thanked him warmly, then wired his sister in Panama for boat passage money. In ten days he received the money and found a ship going to Panama.

When in Panama, the customs officer told Adrian, "You cannot get off the ship, you must go back to Germany. You left illegally and you have no visa for Panama."

Adrian asked, "Can I see my sister?"

The request was granted. He told his sister his story and she told the President of Panama who was a friend of the family. The President gave Adrian Panamanian citizenship papers. He was now home and no one can make him leave.

### **Augusto Adrian and His Women**

Adrian married an Indian girl and had two boys by her. One day she ran off with another man for a while. When she came back, he would not take her back. The relationship was over.

Some time later, an Indian man paddled his canoe to Adrian's house on Piña Bay and said, "I have a gift for you. I want you to have my daughter. She married a young Indian man a short time ago. While drunk one night, he tried to kill her. Will you take her?"

Adrian said he will take care of her for a while and sent his hired help, Pablo with the Indian



man to bring the girl back. The girl was left at the mouth of the Piña River about a mile away.

Darkness fell and they were not back yet. Pablo's canoe was very small. Adrian worried about the canoe, could it hold two people or if it rolled over could she swim? The moon was full and soon he saw a canoe in the moon light. It was Pablo with the young woman.

When she walked ashore, Adrian said, "She was the most beautiful Indian girl he had ever seen. Her figure was shapely. I went wild over her."

The next day he took her to Jaque to show her off to his friends. They said, "You finally got another one. She is beautiful, how did you do it?"

Adrian took the girl to Panama City for her first visit to a city. She did not like it and he sent her back on the next boat.

Soon, the Indian girl's husband had left the tribe, so it was safe for her to go back home.

### **Bartering With the Indians**

Since the Spaniards, Indians have hid their gold, even to this day. Mr. Adrian gained the confidence of an Indian Chief. He showed Adrian a large bag of gold coins dated in the '1800s. The chief was willing to sell ten of them if the terms were right. The chief wanted a carbide lamp, salt, shotgun and shells for the shotgun plus twenty silver dollars for each coin.

Mr. Adrian went to Panama City and bought all the items. Back at Piña Bay, he asked the manager of the Club de Pesca to take him thirty miles down the coast to the Indian village. The manager used one of his flying bridge fishing boats. When the Indians saw this boat they ran into the jungle, they never had seen anything like it before. Adrian hollered for them to come out. They never showed their faces and they never trusted him again.

At another Indian tribe, the chief died of a snake bite and his wife wanted to sell off their gold. Adrian bought ten gold coins dated 1917 for ten silver dollars each. She showed him many more coins and some gold art crafts. Her price was high.



## The “Liki Tiki” Story

**By Jay Carlisle - Hotel Bali Hai, Moorea**

*Note: Jay Carlisle’s version of my experiences may seem to vary from the previous story. In our interview we talked about my experiences of dealing with the French Government and the Polynesian people in general. When Jay wrote the story he needed details so he used his experiences which are similar to mine.*

It was in 1964, or 1965, or perhaps 1966, on the island of Moorea, twelve miles from Tahiti.

“For Five Hundred Dollars, you can have it”, the tall lanky American said to the even taller and lankier “Muk”, who stood next to the buffet table clenching and unclenching his hands as his eyes darted around the restaurant to see if anything was amiss or someone needed help or there was a dirty glass to pick up, or *anything* to keep moving, talking with the guests, not too long with the same one, disappear in the middle of someone’s sentence, they don’t mind just keep nodding your head as if you understood what they are telling you about, their children, their grandchildren, sometimes they have pictures they want to show you!

Most want you to know what they do for a living, they bring greetings from someone like Bill and Joanne, Carol and Chuck, register BIG then, always the quick answer, “How are they?” Don’t ever say, “Who are they?”

“You do remember them?”, the hopeful query from the friend of a friend.

“God yes”, Muk would answer, picking up and sacking dirty dishes, wiping the table clean with the napkin. Still looking at the inquiring guest beat obviously in a big hurry to get the place cleaned up, they can see how busy you are, that’s important, gives you the chance to move on without being rude, keep talking to them, nodding, then MOVE.

But this was different, this was important.

“Let me talk to my partner”, Muk told the American making the offer.

He found Jay in the bar area, there were so many tourists attending the Sunday Tahitian feast and dances at the Hotel Bali Hai Moorea that all the restaurant tables were jammed, people were eating at the tables in the bar and at the bar itself. Jay and two



*Beach at Bali Hai.*

Tahitian waitresses in pareos scurried about seating the guests, getting them silver ware and drinks.

Jay was wound up even tighter than Muk.

“Airman, the guy that built that raft is here, he wants to sell it, he needs the money now.” Muk made the statement as if it was old news.

“We are feeding 225 people, you want to buy a raft?”

“What raft?” Jay’s shirt and white shorts were soaked in iced tea.

Muk was not much for details. What followed was an in depth study for him.

“This guy came down here and built a raft, a “Kon Tiki” type thing, was going to sail it from here to Hawaii, he didn’t make it, he’s here now. It’ll be perfect to take the guests out on the lagoon in.”

“Where is it?” Jay wanted to know.

“In Tahiti,” Muk said, starting to move off into the melee of visitors eating and drinking, “It’s on the beach in Punaauia, hey, let’s help this guy out, he’s stuck and we can have a ball with it, we’ll build a bar on it, have cocktail cruises.”

“I’ll get the money,” Jay started for the tiny office where the safe was.

“He’s got to have American dollars, cash,” Muk reminded him, “You pay him, he’s across from the reception desk, find out where it is, you can go get it tomorrow.”

Muk would not be going on the trip to Tahiti to get the raft as he did not like the ocean, period. He became violently seasick on any boat trip, and, as he described it, “Threw up for distance and accuracy”. Yet he lived on a South Pacific island, Moorea. There was no way to travel to the main island of Tahiti other than by boat. Muk’s solution was he just did not go to Tahiti.

The only exception he made was for the “Fete”, the Bastille day celebrations held in Papeete around the fourteenth of July each year.

Everyone went to the Fete in Tahiti.

In Paris the Fourteenth of July celebration is a festival of parades, flag waving, and speeches lasting one day.

In Tahiti the Bastille Day celebration gets under way at least a week before the 14th of July and lasts three weeks. Sometimes everyone is having such a good time that the mayor of the city will extend the celebration for an extra two weeks.

The pageantry of the Fete is spectacular to the eye. Tahitian dance teams from all over Oceania perform in a stadium set up in the center of town. The spectators bring blankets as the competition goes on till the early



*Fete dancing.*



morning hours and the nights are cold for July is winter south of the equator.

Some dance teams come from atolls so tiny that there is no other diversion in their lives, thus they practice their dance routine for the whole year, travel to Papeete on the inter island copra boats for their performance, and return to their minuscule world following the festivities to begin practice for the next year.

During the days a myriad of dancing colors cross the Papeete lagoon as the canoe racers paddle furiously for cash prizes. Both men and women compete in these contests wearing matched brightly colored pareos with each participant boasting a garland of flowers on their heads.

Such diverse tests of skill and strength as a race between the men, each carrying 150 pounds of bananas and taro root balanced on a pole across his shoulders delight the Tahitians as they cheer at roadside for these incredibly strong young men.

But the better part of the population of Tahiti has come to the Fete to dance, to laugh, to commiserate with friends, to drink, to sing, to eat, to drink some more and to cry occasionally.

The city of Papeete, Tahiti undergoes a major transformation for the “Fete” each year. The largest nightclubs in the town as well as anyone that may wish to go into the bar and dancing business for the duration of the Fete celebration pay a hefty license fee to the city for permission to build a temporary dance hall and bar in the down town area for the Bastille day celebration period. These bars are known as the “Barracks .”

Under the same system, amusement stands, refreshment vendors and rides are set up like a county fair.

When the temporary amusement palaces known as “The Barracks” are done. The regular bars and restaurants in the town shut down. A cannon from a World War I French war ship is fired from its emplacement in front of the Papeete Post Office proclaiming the official opening of the “Quatorze Juilliet”.

All the business of having fun in Tahiti is then directed to one location, the “Fete”.

If one were to visit the “Barracks” early in the morning after daybreak they might well come across a small group of Polynesians sitting in an otherwise deserted bar hunched over their homemade instruments singing the high pitched songs of the atolls to a throbbing guitar beat known as the “Puamotu Strum”.



*Javelin throwing contest. The coconut on top of the poll is the target. Javelins in the ground have already been thrown.*



*Cotton candy is a favorite.*

These are the people known as the “Puamotu”, who come from the “Low Islands” of Polynesia as the group of more than a thousand atolls stretching eastward from Tahiti are sometimes called.

An atoll has no mountains or jungle foliage, only coral reefs covered with white sand that have formed land usually encircling a small lagoon. Only coconut trees grow naturally in the crushed coral soil that may be only two to four feet above sea level.

The true name of this sun baked world is the “Tuamotu Islands”. On the marine charts of the area the additional reference, “The Dangerous Archipelago”, is printed under the proper name of the group. The Tuamotus take this name from the fact that no charts of the reefs amongst the atolls or the unpredictable currents are accurate. An untold number of vessels have ended their careers here.

Darker of skin generally than the Polynesian of Tahiti or its surrounding volcanic islands, these atoll dwellers have borne the hardships of times without water while waiting for the rain that they must trap in drums on their roofs.

The Puamotu people have survived with coconuts and fish as sustenance for a lifetime except for the brief periods after the irregular call of a trading schooner when some canned corned beef or a chocolate bar might come their way.

Many had been tied to coconut tree trunks as children to thwart the grasp of the occasional hurricanes that swept their pitiful little atoll clean

They sing in their own language, the Polynesian dialect called Puamotu, although they also speak the Tahitian language and the Tahitian understands them. Their dialect is distinctly different than Tahitian, being punctuated with words containing the letter “k” which does not exist in the pure Tahitian tongue..

The driving cadence of their guitar beat carrying the high pitched melody causes the aficionado of Tahitian music to stop and listen for this is the music played in the darkness on the coral roads and beaches of the Tuamotu atolls where there is no electricity or many twentieth century conveniences. This was the Polynesian music one could not find in the night clubs of Papeete or in the Polynesian shows presented in Honolulu.

It was here that Muk would come each year with his guitar, order beer for the crowd, a wine cooler for himself, and proceed to play and sing Puamotu music with them which always amazed some of the group who had never before seen a “Popaa” (white man) that knew their songs and their beat and who would play it with them for ad many hours or days as they lasted. Muk even had his version of the high Puamotu Falsetto, a vein would appear across his forehead when he took the high part of any of the chants.

Kelley and Jay would usually join him by midmorning, by late afternoon they would have taken over the entire bar with their friends and a entire band of Puamotu musicians who had filtered in from Papeete and its environs.

Jay opened the tiny safe to extract the American dollars to buy the raft, he found five hundred amongst some travelers checks and cash in various denominations.

“I’ve got your money but I don’t know where the raft is or much about it, you’ve got to give me the information”, Jay said, approaching Bob by the reception desk.

“Don’t worry, I’ll tell you all about it and where to find it.” Bob said, obviously relieved of

his burden.

“Its a raft made of two one ton each balsa type wood hulls, they’re tied together with coconut fiber rope. There is a bamboo deck built on it with a small bamboo hut and a huge hand made oar that you steer with. It also has a mast and a sail,” Bob went on.

“You can’t sail it over here and leave it in Moorea?” Jay asked.

“The plane for Honolulu is leaving tonight, I’ve got to buy my ticket and be on it.” Bob replied.

“You don’t want to sail it here anyhow its best if you tow it over, Muk said you are going to take the tourists for rides on the lagoon with it. ”

In the early part of 1960, Robert Webb was an employee of the Panama Canal Company. Bob had grown up in New Jersey and decided that the East Coast was definitely a place to be from. He sought the life in the tropics. and had found work in the humid country of Panama. Bob also craved adventure, he found it by doing high risk work in the locks of the Panama Canal. He became a hard hat diver for the Canal Company, this entailed diving in the pipes and depths of the locks when the there were malfunctions or maintenance to be done.

When he had some vacation time Bob followed his bent for adventure by going to Peru. He went through Lima and down the mountains into the inland valleys behind the Andes. Here he came upon the high waters of the Ucayali river that flows down to the city of Pucallpa where it joins with the larger Marañon river eventually meeting larger tributaries at Manaus to form the giant Amazon that Straddles South America finding its way into the Atlantic Ocean in Northern Brazil.

Meeting up with some other young adventurers, they had experimented with building rafts and floating down the rivers, stopping at native villages, sometimes losing a raft in the rapids or having one of their craft come apart from their amateur construction methods. By the third raft they were getting pretty good at it but the vacation drew to a close and the young men separated to go their different ways.

Back at work at the Panama Canal Bob thought about rafts a great deal, he obtained some books on old Polynesian sailing craft and became fascinated with the subject of the voyages made by the ancient Polynesians across vast expanses of ocean on rafts with homemade sails and no navigational aids other than the stars.

Eventually Bob became positive that he could build such a raft and emulate the voyages of these people. He had picked up more books and had a design in mind.

The most popular lore and theories said that the people that populated the Hawaiian Islands had come from Tahiti, which lay some three thousand miles to the south.

Studies by anthropologists from the renowned Bishop Museum of Hawaii had theorized that these settlers had voyaged first from the island of Raiatea in the Tahitian islands to Hawaii aboard their double hulled sailing canoes.

Robert Webb decided he was going to make the same voyage under the same conditions.

“I ‘m working in the right place,” he thought to himself, “Certainly some ships that pass through the Panama Canal must go to Tahiti.”



Upon further investigation Bob found a French shipping line that made the voyage from Marseilles, France through the Panama Canal and straight to Papeete Tahiti. The frequency of the ships appeared to be about every six weeks. The line had a foreign name, the Messagerie Maritime.

This was a way to get to Tahiti but where and how to build a raft? Could you build one in Tahiti?

He inquired of the shipping lines agent in Panama as to whether there were materials in Tahiti, boat yards, anything that might help his project. The shipping agent knew nothing of the area but sent many telexes of inquiry.

The answers were that you can't get permission to do anything there, perhaps not even to go there, it is a closed country, foreigners cant live there, and words to the effect that you had better be careful going over there you'll waste your money for nothing. Cooperation was nil to non-existent.

Bob came to the conclusion that the best place to build the raft would be in Panama, but transporting it to Tahiti didn't look practical. Then the thought occurred to him, "What if I build the hulls here in Panama, ship them to Tahiti and construct the rest of the raft there?"

Now, how to build hulls in Panama that were authentic for Polynesian voyages in the South Seas? Bob remembered from his reading that the famous "Kon Tiki" had been built in South America and had sailed and drifted from Peru to eventually land in the Tahitian Islands.

One day Bob took his books, his drawings, and his ideas and went to see the general manager at the Panama Plywood Company. To his great surprise, the manger listened to his ideas and then invited him into his office where he went over the boat plans with him carefully and seemed actually interested rather than telling him he was a dreamer.

"There is a tree in tee rain forests that is very much like balsa, except better for your purposes, it's called espave wood." The manager began, "There is much more fiber in it than balsa wood and no knot holes. The espave trees grow to great heights, as much as a hundred feet. All of the branches are at the top of the tree forming an umbrella like covering over the forest. The trunks of this tree would work for the hulls for your raft."

"You can't find espave around here, the large trees grow in the Darien Jungle, down by the Colombian border."

"A problem down there though," the manager continued, "Only the Choco Indians live in that jungle, the trick would be to get them to cut the trees and fashion them into hulls."

"I'll pay them, I expect to spend some money on this," Bob said.

"It's not that, they're different, speak some unknown language, do what they want to do, don't trust the white man or care much about things. It seems they don't welcome outsiders, they use blowguns to hunt with mostly. "

The manager went on, "There might be a way though, to communicate with them and then see what happens. "

"How could I do that?" Bob asked.

"There's an old German that lives down there, not in the jungle but out near the coast, he's

been there a long time his name is Augusto Adrian. He deals with these people, he can talk to them, he might be able to get it done for you. ”

“I’m going to go and see him, how do I find him?” Bob asked.

“Take the banana boat down the coast, its an overnight trip, ask the crew, they’ll let you off where he is.”

Two weeks later Bob obtained three extra days off and took the banana boat south for the Darien region of Panama. When he inquired about the old German, the crew told him they would drop him near the bay of Pinas and that he would find Augusto there.

On a brilliant morning Bob was deposited on the beach of a small crescent bay and immediately saw a shack that had the look of being inhabited by a European. On approaching the dwelling a man obviously an American stepped out inquired “What can I do for you?”

“I’m looking for a man named Augusto Adrian,” Bob said, “I thought this might be his house.”

“No, I’m not him, but I know where he lives and I can take you there.”

“I really don’t want to bother you, if you’ll give some directions I’ll look for him”, Bob said.

“Its no trouble. He lives on the other side of the bay, we’ll go in my boat ”

The American paddled him across the bay in about twenty minutes. They came to a beach where a stocky European stood with two teenage boys that were unmistakably his Sons.

“Good morning,” called Augusto Adrian with a decided tectonic accent.

As the boat came onto the beach he charged right into the water to shake hands with Bob as he had known him for a lifetime.

“I’m Adrian, come to my house we’ll have coffee and fruit, do you have any bags?” He spoke to the boys in the native tongue.

“No, just my backpack”, Bob replied, I came to talk to you. Did you know I was coming?” Bob asked as he climbed out of the panga that had brought him to shore.

“Well I heard someone might be coming to see me, never know when though, not a lot visitors out here.”

“Quieres un cafe?” the German said to the American who had delivered his visitor.

“No, I’ll leave you now,” he replied, and stroked away from the shore. “I’ll see you again!”

“Many thanks,” Bob called, “I’ll see you again!”

The American waved his paddle as he began to cross the bay.

“Your plan is very interesting, but why do you want to do it? That I do not understand.” Adrian stood over Bob who sat at a table made from split coconut logs where he had displayed and explained his plans for an ocean going raft. Bob had also Shown Adrian the drawings he had conceived of the hulls that would be required.

Bob reflected, "I want to do something that no one else has done, at least it has not been done in our contemporary history. The legends and some history say that the Tahitians populated Hawaii. I want to prove that they sailed there by doing it myself."

Bob went on in his mild mannered way, "I figure I'm an adventurer, that's what interests me, but of course I'm limited as to what I can actually do, this project looks within my means and I'm going to try and pull it off."

"An adventurer, I followed and revered an adventurer," said Adrian, "The greatest man that ever lived, our Fuhrer!" His voice ended higher as he pronounced the reference to Adolf Hitler.

"My God, what have I gotten into," thought Bob to himself.

"He was a strong man, a brilliant man, we should have won. I fought for him, I almost died for him of starvation in Berlin."

Bob listened quietly as the man approached a state of hysteria.

"When the Russians came to rape us, I fled." Adrian concluded, as if in shame.

"I want to order two hulls made from espave wood, each hull is to be 42 feet long," Bob put in to restart the conversation, "Can you set it up for me, that is, can you see if the Chocos will do it?"

"No one can know what they will do, for they will not say," Adrian said.

"What do you mean?"

Adrian went on, "I deal with them, usually for woods, that are rare, or desirable to us for one reason or another. The woods mean nothing to them, but they won't let anyone else cut in their forests. If you go in you won't come back."

"I talk to them about other obscure, childish things, maybe tell them finally that a white man is going to bring gifts. I'll have to visit them quite a few times, then, I might bring the gifts and talk about the beautiful trees and their Gods that made them and that sort of talk. Eventually I'll give out some of the gifts and go with a chief and his family to look at trees."

"Afterwards, we will talk a lot more, perhaps get to the subject of money. If we discuss a price that seems to make them happy and they understand what I want, it means nothing," concluded Adrian.

"Even if they have accepted the gifts?" Bob inquired.

"Doesn't mean a thing, I must keep going back to see them and talk, then sometimes, I may arrive and the woods are cut and waiting. Other times I go through all the same procedures and the gifts and never receive anything. Yours might be possible to do as the Chocos live up a river, we could float the hulls down to the sea easily."

"I could pay some money now" Bob volunteered.

"They don't understand money, we don't talk about money now," the German replied, "Do you have any 22 rifle shells?"

"No, what for?" Bob asked.



“Those are the gifts that we will need, all the Chocos have guns” said Adrian.

Bob thought out loud, “If they don’t understand money, yet they all have guns, how do they buy them?”

The question was ignored.

“Send me two cases of 22 shells on the banana boat,” Adrian said.

“I come to Panama City sometimes,” Adrian continued, “The next time I go there I will call you and let you know if there is news.”

There was no choice but to spend the night at Augusto’s house. A native woman whom Bob presumed was his wife prepared a meal of rice and beans with a local fish. It appeared that rice and beans was the usual fare and that the fish was being served because they had a visitor.

They drank strong coffee until shortly before dawn. Augusto mixed tales of the life in Darien with unending accounts of the War, his life as a Storm Trooper, always with praise and admiration for Hitter and everything that he did from book burning to live cremations.

Bob listened with silent astonishment to this one man in the world who admitted freely to all the atrocities that he had participated in and still idolized openly the fiend who had perpetrated these acts of human slaughter.

“I imagine that is why he lives here in the middle of nowhere, no one will know, “Bob thought to himself seeking some sleep on a woven mat placed on a mattress in the small alcove where Adrian’s sons usually slept. The boys had been relegated to the floor for the night.

Three months later Bob received a telephone call at the Panama Canal Company.

“This is Adrian, your boats are finished, come and get them. Bring the money, they will cost \$100 each.”

“The workmanship is good, Adrian,”

They had come up the river in a panga of Augusto’s, the jungle hung out over the water in many places, Bob remembered there were more than 60 types of poisonous snakes in the Panama jungles .

Approaching a mud flat in the center of the river Bob could see the hulls clearly beached on the mud. They were impressive.

“The Chocos cut down the tree. carve the hull shape, then turn the trunks over and cut out the middle with home made adzes”, Adrian told his customer.

“I don’t see any stumps around here of the trees, how far away are they?” Bob, ever curious, wanted to know.

“Far away most likely, I don’t know, I don’t know how they get the tree trunks to the river either, but they do it.” The German did not seem to want to answer questions.

“Stay here with your boats, I’m going to pay them.”

“Are you going to their village?” “I’d like to see them. ”

“No, they are around here now, somewhere, I’ll walk off in the jungle, they’ll meet me

after a while. Then I will come back.” said the German, striding off purposefully into the undergrowth.

Bob examined his purchase, they were the same length exactly, he estimated 40 feet. Standing next to the hulls they were almost as high as his knees, width about three and a half feet. “They must weigh a ton each,” Bob thought out loud. This estimate turned out to be correct.

The hulls had a blunted V shape bow, the stern rose slightly to cantilever out over the water. The outside of the hulls were remarkably smooth, close inspection showed scrape marks along the bottoms most likely from dragging the boats to the water. The inside was rough hewn, but no matter thought Bob, “I’m going to build a deck over them anyway. ”

“Well what do you think?”, Adrian said on his return from the jungle.

“They’ll do fine, just fine,” Bob replied, he was half way to Tahiti already in his mind.

“Now, how are you going to get these things back to Panama?”, Adrian inquired, as they slowly towed the two hulls down the river to Pinas bay.

I made a deal with the banana boat, they’ll hoist them on deck, but getting them to Panama City is only the beginning. I’m going to ship the hulls over to Colon on the Atlantic side of the Canal,” Bob’s enthusiasm bubbled out, “I have to, that’s the only place they will take on freight for the ship that’s going to Tahiti ”

“You’re not going to try to go through the locks of the Canal with those things?” said Augusto Adrian.

“Nope, I’m gonna ship them over by train.” Bob answered.

“Good luck to you my friend.” Adrian rejoined.

“They say there is a boat yard but that you can’t build a boat in it unless you are a citizen there. The telexes are in strange English but I think what they mean is a boat can’t be registered under the French Flag unless its owned by a Frenchman. ”

Bob was in the shipping agent’s office in Colon, Panama. The agent represented the Messagerie Maritime line that serviced Tahiti from Marseilles, France.

They also say they can’t be sure if you will be allowed to off-load your cargo in Tahiti at all, they have to talk to the Customs service there about it.

“When will they let us know.” Bob asked.

“I don’t have much telex traffic with them in Papeete as those ships take on most of their freight for Tahiti in Marseilles. Sometimes I have to send a message or an inquiry, usually I don’t get an answer at all. I’ve had to ask a lot of times for your questions, I don’t think they are really much interested.” The agent didn’t offer much hope of more information.

“Then, remember,” he went on, “You have to have a visa to go to Tahiti, they did tell me to inform you that you need to contact the nearest French Consulate for permission before entering Tahiti.”

There actually was a French Consulate in Panama. Bob found it in the phone book, but they did not answer the phone. The consulate proved to be a small office in a an old building on a

side street in Colon. The buildings and walls nearby were decorated with various versions of “Yanqui Go Home”. Outside the office were plaques indicating this was also the consulate headquarters for Austria as well as Luxembourg.

On writing to the Post office box number, Bob received forms to fill out to visit Tahiti but the stipulation was that he had to depart by the ship that he arrived on or could apply for permission to stay for thirty days if he departed on the next ship of the same line when it came through.

The Messagerie Maritime Line consisted of three ships. One of which was out of service, some said forever, in France. This left the weathered “Melanisien”, and her more ancient sister the “Micronesian” to ply the route from Marseilles to Tahiti, continue on to New Caledonia then return through Tahiti to France. On the stopover in Tahiti on the return voyage these vessels loaded the cargo that was the main reason for their existence, copra, to be taken to France for processing.

Copra is actually coconut meat, a sustaining force in the economy of Tahiti at that time. The ripe coconuts that have fallen to the ground are split open and the white coconut meat is popped out with a shoehorn type tool. The meat is then dried in the sun to start a beginning of a fermenting process of the outer skin at which time it is pronounced cured and safe for shipment, the coconuts meat is packed into burlap bags weighing 160 pounds or more and stored to be shipped to France where it will be processed into cooking oil. During the storage process the dried copra develops a distinctive smell, yet is not rotten at all, be the time is loaded on the ships it is pungent and strong.

A ship that carries copra such as the Messagerie Maritime line never loses the copra smell. One can get used to the smell but copra produces Somehow after a few days at sea a small black voracious beetle called aptly the copra bug. These creatures invariably find their way into every bunk aboard the Messageries Maritime’s fleet. Their bite is a constant source of shipboard conversation.

“They will not agree to off-load your cargo in Tahiti for the purpose of building a boat there,” the agent was harassed by the continual questions Bob was asking.

“Then I’ll just ship the hulls and take my chances on arranging it when I get there,” Bob said, “There’s got to be a way, especially when they find out what my project is. ”

“I can take it as miscellaneous hardwoods then,” the freight agent was consulting a huge reference book of the nomenclature of ocean freight .

“That’ll have to be what it is, I’ll have the hulls over here to the dock before the next ship for Tahiti comes through, my visa is approved, we are ready to go to Tahiti.” Bob was flushed with anticipation.

“But that is a lot of money to pay to ship those things there, what if you can’t build it ?

“Did you ever have a chance to do something that hasn’t been done before?” Bob charged out of the office into the stifling heat of the day to arrange to take temporary leave from the Panama Canal Company.

“I’ve got to have an invoice for that cargo to get it out of the customs for you,” Joe said.

Bob was in a huge room on the waterfront in Papeete, Tahiti, the room occupied the entire first floor of the rust colored, circa 1920 customs building. Not less than twenty desks were



staggered around the room in no particular order, mountains of papers crammed into folders sat in what appeared to be “IN” and “Out” baskets on the desks.

Only through determination and desperation had Bob found Joe. A Tahitian customs official, mild and polite of manner, Joe would lean back and spin his eyeglasses while he spoke to you, and he spoke English!

For days Bob had wandered from one bad lead to the next trying to find out how to get his hulls released from the French customs. A pharmacist had sent him to a Chinese store, the man there kept talking to him in French, showing him forms that were unintelligible.

It was hopeless.

“Why can’t I just rent a truck and go pick them up? I can’t fill out all these forms and papers.” Bob was lost, until a friendly American in the popular waterfront cafe of that day, the Vaima Bar, listened to his tale and advised him.

“Go see Joe Bourne at the Customs house.”

“I bought those hulls from Indians in the Panama jungle they made them for me for \$100 each and some rifle shells, I certainly didn’t get an invoice,” Bob told Joe the story of the German and the Darien natives.

Joe chuckled, “That is some story, what do you want them for?”

“I’m going to build a raft like a sailing canoe, put on a deck and a hut, install a mast and sail it to Hawaii like the Ancient Tahitians did.”

Joe thought for a moment.

“Let’s see if we can put a value on these things and I’ll go see the boss of the customs, but it can’t be \$200, those boats are too big and heavy, the ocean freight on them is much more than that.”

“Joe. I just got a good deal on them that’s all,” Bob reasoned.

“Yes, but the duty is calculated on the cost plus the freight, the freight can’t be more than the cost, they won’t believe you and the customs service will assign a value to them and you pay accordingly. So let me go talk to them, come and see me the day after tomorrow. ”

Joe instilled confidence, the first Bob had felt since arriving in Tahiti.

It was to be short lived, when he returned Joe did not have good news.

“Well, I talked to the customs chief about your cargo and I think we can get them out OK but they have to pass the approval of the Port Captain since they are boats or you are going to make them into a boat.” Joe leaned back, “But the Port Captain says he won’t pass them as they are not safe to go anywhere.” “There’s not much I can do, as he runs the Port. ”

“Joe, do you think I could talk to him? Bob wondered.

“We can always ask,” Joe replied.

“Does he speak English?”

“Sure he speaks English, Joe answered,” He talks to ship captains from all over the world. ”

The trip from Panama to Tahiti aboard the “Melaniesien” had been long and hot. Accommodations were offered in first class, second class or steerage. Bob bought a ticket in steerage. The price was ridiculously low and included three meals and red wine.

Steerage class consisted of a pipe bunk in a dormitory deep in the hull of the ship. The other steerage passengers were French soldiers going to Tahiti and New Caledonia plus some Tahitians who had been to France as soldiers or Gendarmes, it was tough to understand which, but they were out of the service now and looking forward to returning to their home.

The Tahitians were friendly and fun loving as well as sincerely interested in Bob’s hulls they would sit on deck and listen to him explain his dream endlessly even though they spoke no English while the “Melaniesien” steamed at a snails pace across a hot, flat tropical ocean.

Bob drew them pictures of his ideas and showed the Tahitians his books with drawings of old Polynesian sailing craft. They didn’t really speak each others language but there was a tremendous sense of approval that made Bob like the Tahitian people from the start.

Days and nights were equally boiling in steerage as there was little ventilation. It wasn’t much better on deck except late at night when the stars of the Southern Hemisphere seemed to reach and touch the sea. The copra bugs prowled in the bunks so it was better to sleep on deck anyway.

Arrival in Papeete had really been quite uncomplicated Bob was told not to worry about his cargo it would be unloaded alright. He was dragged off to joyous welcome feasts for his Tahitian friends who seemed to have huge families that never stopped feeding him and making sure he was comfortable and having fun the endless parties .

On Sunday the group all loaded into the transport of Tahiti “Le Truck”, guitars, boxes of food and drink were put aboard for an all day trip around the island of Tahiti with stops at innumerable friends and relatives houses who added to the merriment. Bob wondered how any people could be so happy.

Bob had been told that no one could go to claim their freight until three days after arrival. On the fourth day he found it was not easy, in fact it seemed impossible to even find out how to get his cargo.

At last Bob had his appointment with the Captain of the Port. Joe Bourne met him and they ascended the stairs to the top floor of the customs building. The offices afforded an excellent view of Papeete harbor, you could see the natural opening through the reef that ocean liners navigated with the aid of Tahitian harbor pilots. An error in judgment could cause a ship to be caught in the huge surf that broke on each side of the passage through the reef and be in danger of broaching or having the coral reef open up the hull as a can opener would.

The Captain of the Port was of medium height, looked to be in his early fifties, tight black curly hair complemented his slightly bronzed Polynesian Skin. His features however were international, one might have thought him to be a lawyer from Switzerland or a businessman from New York .

After the required handshake. he opened the conversation.

“Mr. Webb, are you enjoying Tahiti?”

“Oh, I really am sir,” Bob answered somewhat surprised at the question.

“Have you made friends here?” continued the Port Captain.

“Yes, I met some Tahitian people on the ship coming here from Panama.”

“Ours is a beautiful country, we want visitors to enjoy it, who knows, you might remain here,” The Port Captain said with a Sincere glimmer in his eye.

“Well, I’m afraid I’ll have to leave someday as I want to sail from here to Hawaii with my raft, to prove that it was done that way before.”

“Yes, our people did sail great distances in large canoes, we know that, we’ve heard of it since our childhood.” The port Captain leaned forward on his desk and looked past the two of them at the magnificent view. “But these are different times, we have responsibility now, what you want to do becomes my responsibility.”

“Some craft much more modern than yours, trimarans, for example, built in the United States, have left from here and never been heard of again.” The Port Captain went on.

“I’m not afraid,” Bob said.

“I am sure you are not, but the maritime laws prevent my authorizing such a vessel to clear from these waters.”

“What if I built it to sail in the lagoon only?”

“If you were not a menace to the navigation of the other canoes and small boats inside the lagoon, it should not present a problem.”

“Sir, I’d like to build my raft on the shore and then ask you to come and see it.”

“Of course what you build on the land is your affair and I would have to inspect it, but I don’t want to give you false hopes.”

Joe said in French, “I will file the necessary papers”, at the same time he rose from his seat indicating to Bob it was time to go.

“Thanks very much,” Bob said as they left the room

“Have a good time in Tahiti, Mr. Webb”

“I think this is a perfect spot,” Bob reflected as he viewed the proximity to the lagoon from where the hulls were.

He thought to himself “The Tahitians are unbelievable, if someone told me that they could get those two one ton hulls to this spot through the undergrowth right up next to the beach BY HAND I would never have believed it. I thought I’d have to arrange for a construction crane on a truck but there is no such thing in Tahiti.”

Once Joe obtained clearance from the customs house, Bob’s Tahitian friends had taken over. He was no longer in charge, other then reconfirming from time to time where he wanted the hulls.

The Tahitians seemed to have a friend or relative that had everything, including a piece of land right on the lagoon in Punaauia a beautiful part of the island 10 miles outside of Papeete looking right at the island of Moorea. His friends also produced an army of help when needed

for the heavy work. They performed amazing feats of strength and leverage, laughing and joking with each other at all times.

Two large “Le Trucks” had been obtained, the housing and cab had been removed making them into flat beds. The only tow truck in Tahiti arrived (“my cousin owns it”) with two huge block and tackle rigs that were secured to lines tied under the hull, the lines for hauling on the block and tackle were attached to jeeps that pulled the bow of the hulls just high enough for the trucks to back under them.. Pieces of 2 inch water pipe had been lain crosswise in the beds of the trucks. the hulls came to rest on the pipes, strain was maintained on the ropes, the trucks continued backing up and the hulls slid easily onto the truck beds.

The Port Captain had made it quite clear that the hulls were not to enter into the water. Thus they had to be driven to the edge of the property out the lagoon was a good three quarters of a mile away. The intervening jungle was thick and the ground was too soft for trucks with such weight to navigate.

Bob wondered how this would be solved but apparently it had been foreseen and planned for trucks containing lengths of coconut tree trunks started arriving until at least 20 of these round logs had been deposited on the land. The Tahitians lined up the logs one behind each other in the direction of the lagoon.

Amidst a din of yelling and laughing, they levered the hulls from the trucks down onto the coconut logs, two boys set off with machetes hacking down the undergrowth in the direction of the beach. The rest of the group started pushing the hulls across the logs. When they would pass completely over a log, a group of strong young men would seize the log and dash with it to the front of the line.

In this way they traversed the land and arrived with both hulls at the lagoon side. In approximately two hours the hulls were in place.

The entire crew leapt into the lagoon to cool off and frolic.

Bob Webb was incredulous at what he had seen.

Now however he could get started on his adventure.

It took some months for Bob to create his raft as he wanted it. He had learned from the rafting experiments in the rivers of Peru that the best method of lashing the hulls together was to cut notches in the sides of the hulls and run the coconut fiber rope through them, this put the bulk of the strain on the wood rather than on the rope.

Bob had planned to use woven bamboo for a deck across the hulls. One night he mentioned the bamboo plan while talking to some of the members of his Tahitian “family”. Two days later, husky young Tahitian men appeared at the site carrying 20 foot lengths of freshly cut green bamboo tied in bundles balanced on their shoulders. To Bob’s amazement they threw all the bamboo in the lagoon tied the bundles together and anchored them with strips of bark they cut from trees and attached to coral heads. They told him just to leave it like that, Bob found out later that the sea water was a curing process.

Other members of the family arrived in waves beginning about a week later, they stripped and split the bamboo poles with their machetes and wove it into panels, estimating the size of the deck Bob wanted they made one for the raft with triple thickness.

In the meantime Bob had fashioned a mast and obtained some canvas for a sail. an old



sailmaker was located in Papeete, he agreed to make the sail and to include coconut fiber rope woven through the edges of the sail to

Bob built his all- purpose wheelhouse and cabin in the form of a bamboo hut on the raft and moved in to get the feel of it.

There had been activity on the land he was on for sometime, Surveyors had been shooting angles on what might be the boundaries of the land and occasionally jeeps and land rovers with officials and assistants carrying large rolls of plans arrived and walked around gesturing and speaking French.

Bob's Tahitian friends said a hotel was going to be built there but nobody knew when.

More and more curiosity seekers came each day including lots of Tahitians young and old who might spend the day hoping to learn some English words or help if they could. A young American came along the beach one day and asked if he could join Bob on his voyage.

"It's gonna be a tough one," Bob said, "Won't be like sailing a regular boat."

"I don't mind. sounds like fun to me," said the young man.

"Have you done much sailing, been on boats?"

"Nope, I'm a chicken farmer."

"Well, we'll see if we ever get this thing going at all. Bob replied.

America's MGM studios was making the movie "Mutiny on the Bounty" on the other side of Tahiti from where Bob was working. Hundreds of the Tahitian population were employed by the movie company. Bob went with his friends to see the shooting one afternoon.

It was an amazing sight, an entire village had been constructed in Matavai Bay where the Bounty was to sail in and be greeted by hundreds of native canoes filled with Tahitian men and women covered with flowers. It had been raining for days, the company had started to shoot the big welcome scene innumerable times only to be hailed by the weather. Hundreds of the Tahitian extras sat under the trees day after day laughing and waiting for the paymaster.

A popular story of the day was that the studio had to provide flesh colored conical cloth coverings for the Tahitian "Vahines" breasts as the censors of that time deemed the viewing of a female nipple by the American movie going public as unsavory and leading to immorality.

Literally thousands of these "cups" had been distributed as each day many new girls arrived and each day the shooting was impossible for the big scene but the "cups" never came back the next day. Brassieres, while not in general use in Tahiti, were a novelty and much admired.

The "Bounty" arrival scene called for authenticity and MGM had provided it. Bob and his friends visited the village and saw full size replicas of ancient Tahitian war canoes one of which was even two tiered. Bob found out that these craft had been ordered a year in advance of the shooting of the movie and had been fashioned by the best canoemakers of Tahiti in the village of Tautira at the far end of the island of Tahiti Iti which was attached to the main island of Tahiti by a peninsula.

Bob marveled at the enormity of MGM's undertaking as they drove home that evening..

The rain continued. MGM's directors kept rescheduling the big scene hoping for a break in

the weather but it was not to be. After ten more days of a solid deluge the word went out around the island on the invisible “Coconut radio”.

“MGM is leaving.”

“Their charter planes are coming to get them”.

“They’ll never come back ”.

““They’ll be back to shoot that scene later in the year.”

An official announcement was made to the effect that the company was returning to Hollywood to shoot interior scenes and would return at a date to be announced.

Two chartered Boeing 707’s took off from Papeete’s new airport with the entire cast and crew. As the jets climbed through the clouds the sky cleared and blinding sunshine broke through drenching the islands in its warmth. The storm had ended.

A few mornings after the movie company’s departure, Bob awakened early as usual and stepped outside to hang his towel to dry.

A hand carved steering oar, at least eight feet high was leaning against a tree next to his raft.

“My God, this is made out of “To’u” wood, the best hardwood in Tahiti”, Bob said as he tried to heft the oar, his inspection showed a large hardwood peg had been fitted through the handle of the oar to make it manageable at sea, the paddle of the oar that would be in the water for steering was four feet across!

The construction of the raft was coming to a finish but the problem of permission to sail was not resolved. The word was pretty well out on the mission of the craft being built on the beach and the news that had filtered back from Papeete to Bob’s friends was not reassuring. It was said that there was now a new port captain and that he would not even consider authorizing the departure of a raft for Hawaii.

Finally Bob decided there was not much else to do but provision the raft and launch it in the lagoon to see how it would handle. His friends rolled the raft to the water using the coconut log method with no trouble.

A friend with a small outboard driven boat offered to tow him to deeper water in the lagoon. They were not far from the opening in the reef that led to the open ocean.

One day the spirit of a true adventurer prevailed and Bob sailed for Hawaii. He made the run out of sight of land with ease and the raft seemed to be handling well, he was drifting easily with the northeast trade winds, behind the island of Moorea, when conditions changed drastically.

The seas became mountains coming from the South. “What luck,” thought Bob, I’m heading where I want to go eventually, due North.”

Soon he realized he was in a “Mara Arnuu” the fierce south wind storms that come through Tahiti originating they say in the South Pole. A major problem looked to be that he could not avoid the wind blowing him onto the island of Moorea, the great steering oar was unwieldy, he could not control the raft when it slid down the massive seas. There was a constant possibility of broaching in the darkness not a pleasant thought.

Bob dropped the sail and set two sea anchors using buckets with lots of line on them. The raft heaved through the night, the coconut fiber lashings groaning while Bob wondered if the hulls would take a landing on the coral reefs.

To his surprise, in the morning he found himself not more than a few miles from Moorea and drifting towards Tahiti again. Tahiti loomed up twelve miles away across the channel.

“I’ll have to agree, this raft rigged this way won’t make it to Hawaii”, Bob said to himself.

It took a day and a half to maneuver back across the channel and into the Punuaaia pass.

Bob set about selling his raft to some of the locals, especially to a small hotel next door to where he had assembled his craft.



*Liki Tiki being towed to Moorea. Hotel Bali Hai is ahead.*

“You are going away, we’ll get it anyway for free,” the hotel manager told him.

“No, I remember Muk and those American guys in Moorea, Muk said to let him know if it doesn’t work out, I’ll take the inter- island launch, the “Rotui”, over to Moorea tomorrow. ”

Jay went with Hiro Levy in his small boat and they towed the raft from Tahiti across the channel to the island of Moorea. The natives turned out with great interest when they came into the lagoon in front of the Bali Hai Hotel.

Muk was in heaven, he removed the hut, installed a bar, put two small outboard motors on the stern, named the boat the “Liki Tiki” and started hauling the guests of the Bali Hai hotel on trips in the lagoon immediately. To everyone’s surprise Muk steered personally, for months no one else could take command. He adapted the great oar for steering more comfortably and flooded the deck with Pan American stewardesses.

Muk removed the mast after the sail had fallen upon an exquisite Norwegian lady during a particularly uproarious afternoon cruise.

A jetsetter flew in from Hawaii and insisted on being the first to be married aboard the Liki Tiki, he then invited all the guests of the hotel to an all day reception on the raft with a Tahitian band.

Pictures of the Liki Tiki appeared in the Los Angeles Times Sunday Supplement.

Postcards with an aerial shot of the Liki Tiki appeared in the Bali Hai boutique.

New Bali Hai T-shirts were printed with the inscription “Liki Tiki Crew” on the back.

The Liki Tiki became a way of life at the Hotel Bali Hai. Its voyages consisted of two snorkeling trips a day, a cocktail cruise two afternoons a week, a picnic cruise twice weekly and occasional unscheduled cruises including some trips by moonlight into Cooks Bay to the famous One Chicken Inn. All of the trips were free for the hotel guests.

About forty people was the maximum recommended load. One afternoon seventy VIP's, travel agents, airline executives and other dignitaries were aboard and the Tiki sank in six feet of water. An incredible amount of the most expensive cameras on the market at that time were lost.

On days when the motors were broken down, the guests were angry and not placated until the Liki Tiki returned to the daily schedule.

Over the years the hulls soaked up and the teredo worms that eat boats in the tropics did their best. Muk beseeched Kelley who had a way with boats and he kept the Tiki afloat. Eventually the entire hulls had to be fibreglassed.

However the rot continued in the wood despite its fiberglass casing. No one knows how many times the hulls were repatched and reglassed.

At one haul out, the Tahitians came to get Kelley and Muk, after taking off the deck they looked into the hulls to find mostly shavings. It was over.

Never to be outdone, Kelley designed a new Liki Tiki, a bit longer than the previous craft, there were benches, a bar of course and a Tahitian Pandanus roof. Later a Liki Tiki was built at the Bali Hai in Huahine and finally an additional Liki Tiki was built for the New Club Bali Hai on Cooks bay in Moorea.

What happened to Bob Webb?

Bob went back to Panama and decided to try again after getting some money ahead. This time the destination was to be Hawaii again but from Panama not from Tahiti.

So he had hulls made again with the same tribe in the jungle but the price went up substantially and it took some time to get the hulls and then build the raft in the jungles of Panama.

But adventurers don't give up easily and Bob persevered. The raft was finished and named... "Liki Tiki Too." He sailed for Hawaii from Panama with a crewman, the weather got rough, the crewman opted for a life ashore and Bob put back to drop him off and sailed again and he made it!

Bob Webb and the "Liki Tiki Too" were on the front pages of the Honolulu newspapers after his arrival in Hawaii. He went back to the Panama Canal Company and eventually retired from the Company. Then of course he built a boat, sturdy and strong, his own design, got married and moved on to the boat and away from the mainland.

Bob and his bride sailed into Moorea into 1989, dropped the hook and went over to the Bali Hai Hotel to say hello. Those guys were there! They swapped stories and had lunch aboard Bob's boat.

He's out in the South Seas somewhere now. The Liki Tiki? It goes out daily into the lagoon from the Hotel Bali Hai Moorea. ...still no charge..... It's leaving, soon, don't miss it.



*Jay Carlisle at the tiller.*





## 25 Years Later

Joan and I sailed  
*HUNKY-DORY*  
From Panama to  
Tahiti.

*Above: Hunky-Dory in Cooks Bay.*

*Right: Jay and I at the hotel.*

*Bottom: Dinky-Dory, our tender, by the new Liki Tiki.*

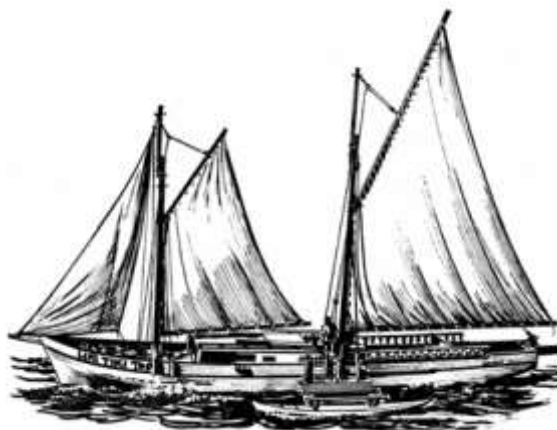


# “Liki Tiki Too”

## Part 1, Darien Jungle, Republic of Panama

**June 1968**

On a deserted white sand beach in the Darien Jungle of Panama, my two Indian guides and I were dashing to the ocean. Offshore, Indians in a dugout canoe powered by an outboard were rushing toward shore. The surf pounding hard, we all had one thought, can we save it? My dugout flipped upside down in the breakers that were pounding it and the outboard into the hard sand. Visions of having to spend weeks or months here in the jungle flashed through my mind. My only means of getting back to civilization looked hopeless. The motor could never run again with all that sand and salt water ground into it, or so I thought. The Indians quickly righted the dugout, pushed it out beyond the breakers and bailed it out. We all gathered the tools and equipment that littered the beach. Soon our rescuers towed us along the coast to the nearest Indian House.



*“Liki Tiki Too”*

I motored the 170 miles from Panama City in this 20 foot dugout canoe to inspect a much larger dugout canoe that these people were building for me. One that would cross the Pacific Ocean. After arriving in the Darien, near Jaque, I hired Padro and Danial, who were highly recommend as expert boatman in these waters. They also knew the building location of my new boat. After going ashore through he surf, Padro anchored the dugout in deeper water. I found out later, he did not know how to swim so anchored far enough out so he could wade ashore. It then drifted into the breakers.

Along the desolate rocky coasts, cliffs climb out of the ocean into the mountain’s. Our tow staying near shore, went between towering rocks that were piercing the water on one side and breakers slamming into the rocks on the other. Soon we came to an isolated cove with a small sand beach. Here the Indians dragged my canoe up the beach above the high tide level. Then



they took the outboard motor back in the jungle a short ways. They do not talk much and not knowing what their plans were, I followed.

We passed the only house I could see. It only provided shelter from the rain with coconut leaf thatched roof, no sides. The floor was dirt with a section raised, with boards laid to provide a place to sleep. Then we came to another long low thatched shelter. Under it was the largest

dugout canoe I have ever seen. They mounted the motor inside the hull and told me, I could work on it here.

While taking the motor apart, I could not help admire the workmanship that went into its construction. The tree must have been mammoth, over 5 feet diameter. The hull, 36 feet long and decked over except the cargo hatch that is now my work station. The small cabin aft looked



*My first view of Liki Tiki Too. The Indians agreed to let me have this one instead of the one they were building for me.*

cramped but built to keep supplies dry. The deck holes and mast steps still in place revealed this canoe had a schooner rig. I became less interested in what I was doing, and more interested in the boat. There were about nine people around watching me. This was a show for them, so had to keep at it.

The point and coil assembly came off as a unit. I put the assembly into a cooking pot with a cover. Put the pot over a wood fire until the assembly inside became hot to the touch. This evaporated the water in the unit. Cleaned the sand and water out of the parts I could get to, put it back together and it started on the second pull of the starter cord. By this time the sun went down.

Fried eggs, rice and strong black coffee for dinner ended the day. I watched the embers of the cooking fire die out, then looking out to sea from the thatched house, I watched the waves roll gently in. I felt there call to me saying; “your dream of adventure is waiting, explore, discover, you have been chosen,

don’t let us down.” The call is like a lover, so romantic, teasing, knowing there is trouble ahead, but who cares. The excitement of adventure is more appealing, like today, when she rolled my boat over and another lesson learned of the laws of the sea.

Respect must continue, wanting to challenge it’s mighty winds and waves some more, the lessons must go on. While crossing the Pacific Ocean, snuggled in a small boat that is at the whim of mighty roaring seas or ghostly calms, the glamour of adventure will vanish. In the past, the sea betrayed many men who slipped beneath the surface and never heard from again. Like many of those in the past, I must go to sea, hoping the call is honest and that I learned the lessons well.

While laying on the hard boards that was my bed for the night, I ask myself, “ Is the canoe behind the house the one I will sail across the Pacific?” I liked this one, but another is under construction. Tomorrow I should see it.

I woke in the morning with a sore back. Black coffee only for breakfast. My guides decided to walk to the construction sight of the canoe. When starting, all the kids in the area followed us trudging through the jungle. Soon we started climbing a mountain, my lack of physical condition soon showed and I fell behind. The kids were falling behind then running ahead not knowing about the steep mountain and the guides kept their pace. I was expecting to go over this mountain into the valley on the other side.



When we neared the top, there lay the enormous tree, the canoe carved in the middle. Cutting the ends from the trunk would finish the carving. Easing the three tons of hull down the mountain looked impossible but they must have that problem solved too. The workmanship was the best I have ever seen. The lines were even with graceful curves. Taking its measurements, I found it to be smaller than the one I saw yesterday.

On the way down I thought, would they let me have the old canoe instead of the new one? I had already paid them for it with an outboard motor, the one used to rescue my dugout canoe from the breakers. Back at the house, the Indians agreed to let me have the older one. Back in Panama City, I arranged for a banana boat to tow the canoe to the Canal Zone.

With the arrival of the now named *Liki Tiki Too* in the Canal Zone, my dream of sailing the Pacific in a non-conventional craft, became a reality. More work went into the boat to make it ready for the wild and vast ocean. Two small decked over dugouts on each side, became outriggers. Also rudder, mast and sails were made. Over the cargo hatch, a second small cabin added for protected living space. The original aft cabin became storage of food and water.

Work slowed when criticism began to cut deep. My pride of the boat and dream of adventure deflated



*This dugout was carved by the Choco Indians near the Panama, Columbia boarder. The inside is carved out, then the ends are cut from the tree, the hull rolled over and carved to finished shape. This was in the mountains, about a mile from the water. I do not know how they got it to the water. We followed a footpath to the location. Notice that no one is wearing shoes. The kids led us to the location.*





In Jaque, the white and yellow banana boat, *Doña Ceci*, , towed my dugout to Panama City.

by people who really meant no harm. To them the whole idea was crazy and would mean my death. All those who saw the boat or heard about it, acted like experts. The outriggers that are to keep the canoe stable and upright will snap, letting it roll over and sink. Second, only someone off their rocker would want to try a stunt like this. This was the hardest to take. I often thought, is the idea really too far out to do what no one else has done before. While people were saying I will never make it, that voice from the sea was calling even louder to a life of adventure. The pull is so great, I must go.



*Liki Tiki Too* entering *Miraflores Locks* where it will be lifted to the lake level of *Pedro Miguel Boat Club* .



*My dad helping with the construction.*



*The mast was made out of 4x4s. The shrouds were rope. The outboard was mounted on the outrigger. An engine was needed to stay clear of ships. Carried enough fuel for harbor use. An engine has no value at sea in small boats, because of fuel restraints.*

*Below: Liki Tiki Too under sail. The outriggers were two 12-foot dugout canoes. The main hull was 36-feet long, 4-feet wide.*







*Above and left: Liki Tiki Too is entering Miraflores Locks , to be lowered to sea level. We enter first, ahead of the ship. We tie up behind the gates holding the lake back. The ship then comes in behind us.*

*Right: When the water level is equal on both sides of the gates, they open. When fully open, we motor to the next chamber that will lower us to sea level.*

*Above: Captain Bob Haff is at the stern.*



*Left and right: At sea level we are first out of the chamber. The left photo shows Miraflores Locks in the background with the ship coming out of the chamber.*

*Left: Bob Webb  
Right April Haff*



## First Attempt

A question asked me often was “are you taking a crew?” My reply was “I would if someone wanted to go with me.” I did not push for a crew and no one ever show any interest in joining me until I meet Captain Bob Haff, a Panama Canal Pilot. Bob then joined my other friends who had no interest in making the voyage but were helping to get *Liki Tiki Too* ready for sea. By working on the boat, Bob could determine if he really wanted to go or not.

I had planned for a solo voyage from the start. A second person would be a plus. If no one else wanted to go, I would make the trip alone. It seemed every other day Bob was having second thoughts about the voyage. I was about to ask Bob to back out of the project when he and his wife had a very heavy debate in my presence. I then decided to let them make the final decision.

Bob and I took *Liki Tiki Too* on short trips to different islands in Panama Bay. Everything seemed to go OK. Then our departure day arrived. My log tells the rest.

### Day 1 — Saturday, May 17, 1969

At 0500, the alarm went off after a restless night’s sleep. Finished packing, ate breakfast, went to the boat dock, and sat on the bench watching *Liki Tiki Too* at anchor. This was the day my long standing dream was to come true. While sitting and looking over the water, I tried to relax from the excitement. Soon a friend came, we rowed out to the anchorage and brought *Liki Tiki Too* to the dock.

Soon people came and camera shutters were clicking, for the trip was well publicized in the papers the day before. Bob Haff came and left, then the news people started to come. I had to answer their questions and pose for them without Bob. I wish he were here to help. It was getting close to 1000, the time we were to christen the *Liki Tiki Too* and set sail. I made several phone calls, but could not locate Bob. He finally arrived a little before 10, his presence made me feel much better.

We continued to greet people, Friends gave us more food and gifts. We were bringing things aboard all morning and throwing them below through the hatches. Soon there was so much below that we could not get inside.

All was ready, so we moved *Liki Tiki Too* from the dock to the small boat launching ramp. There Miss. Sandra Hall christen the boat with a coconut. At 10



*Liki Tiki Too at the dock, waiting for the day's events to start.*



*Bob on the bow waiting to get under way.*





*Well wishers just before we left.*



*Bob & Bob last pose.*



*Bob Webb and Bob Haff watch Sandra Hall christen the "Liki Tiki Too" at the start of the voyage to Hawaii.*



*Liki Tiki Too heading out to sea with a ship.*

o'clock sharp, we pushed off for Hawaii. Some boats followed. While near land, we raised our sails while autos on shore blew their horns.

Because of light winds, we motored until 1600. We used only six gallons of fuel in that time. We had 50 more on board. I tried to rest while we took turns at the tiller. We could not settle down because we were so tired and excited. Bob spent all afternoon taking sun shots, trying to test his navigation skills.

During the day, we saw a number of water snakes. Near evening a bird landed on board. Later another landed on my leg. I tried to feed it, but my hand got too close and it flew away. We ate very light this day. Bob cooked a light supper.

Most of the night, we were in rain squalls with wind in our favor. At times the wind was so strong, it was difficult to control boat, but it put miles between us and land. A porpoise swam under the boat leaving a florescent glow. We went through heavy rip-tides. Seas were breaking over the bow and I was fighting to keep *Liki Tiki Too* on course. All of a sudden, it was calm. As we sailed on, we could hear the roar of the seas behind us. Being very dark, we could not see it.

We took turns trying to sleep, but we could not. I was at the helm most of the night. Bob finally slept a couple of hours, then he let me sleep a couple of hours. By then it was morning. Both of us were wide awake and tired.

## **Day 2 — Sunday, May 18**

At sunup, Bob took the tiller and I slept a few more hours. He woke me once and said, "The water is bitter and that we should clean the bottles and get fresh water."

I said, "I will check it later" and went to sleep.

Later he woke me again and said, "I cannot drink the water."

I got up and tasted it. To me it was all right. We talked about the situation awhile. Then he said, "I wanted to go back to Balboa."

I said, "I will not go back to Balboa, if we have to go back, we will go into some other port."

We talked on and off for a while, then at 1500, I changed course from south to east, heading for Pina's Bay, which is 170 miles from Panama City. This is a popular secluded fishing area and the only way in or out is by boat. I realized Bob could not make the trip until he settled whatever was bothering him.

At 1700 it was calm. We took down the sails and motored in glass smooth water. We took turns at the helm. The water was now OK to drink. We ate a little better this day. We were beat from little sleep and food. The excitement was almost more that we could take. I was a little sea-sick and Bob tried to navigate. The problems did not work out. Light winds all day.

## **Day 3 — May 19**

We motored all night in a dead calm sea. When the sun came up, we could see land a long way off. Several sharks swam beside the boat and one swam under it.

At noon, we arrived at Pina's Bay and went to Mr. Adrian's house which sets by itself, on a

rocky shore in a small cove. We shouted greetings and Mr. Adrian said he liked the boat. It was Mr. Adrian that made this project possible. He had no boat to bring us ashore. We anchored, so as not to drift onto the rocks. Soon an Indian came by in his dugout and took us ashore. In a few minutes, several small dugouts and power boats arrived. The original owner of the dugout canoe came aboard and was impressed. Pablo, who I hired as a guide in the past, cut some bananas and put them on board.

The day before, a small plane flew overhead and dropped Mr. Adrian a news paper with the picture of *Liki Tiki Too* on it. We took a bath in the nearby stream and shaved, so as to look presentable. Mr. Ardian lives on the edge of the jungle about two miles from the nearest village. There is no path and the only way out is by boat.

Soon people started to leave as fast as they arrived, Mr. Adrian in a coastal banana boat headed for Panama City, and the rest in their boats. No one said anything to Bob or I except to say, "make yourself at home."

We saw an Indian lady push out the last canoe, I ran down and asked if she would take me to my boat. Her dugout was hardly big enough for two people, but I did not want to stay ashore. She took me out. I then motored LTT close to the rocks and Bob swam the last few feet and climbed aboard.

We motored over to the fishing club, Tropic Star Lodge, filled our gas tanks and did badly needed house cleaning. We found there were several sport fishing boats going back to Panama City the next day, so there would be no problem for Bob to go back if he wanted too. Bob cooked a good supper and we turned in early for a good night's sleep.

#### **Day 4 — May 20**

When I woke up this morning, Bob was moving around on deck. Jerry, his friend, was to stop by at 0600. At that time I would know if Bob was going back to Balboa or stay with me. Jerry came by and Bob left. I asked him to radio a message about his final plans. I hated to see him go, but I knew he could not make the trip until he solved his problems.

I spent the rest of the day doing little things on board, hatch tie downs and self steering rig. Had supper with Canal Zone boaters on another boat.

#### **Day 5 — May 21**

When I woke this morning, it was raining, wind howling, LTT rocking hard, and knocking things over. When the lantern on deck fell, I reached out through the partly opened hatched and



*Liki Tiki Too back in the Darien, where I acquired the hull. Some Indians came aboard with bananas.*

tied the lantern down, then tried to sleep some more. I kept hearing breakers next to the boat and thought it was the wind and waves jolting the boat around. Finally I decided to see what was going on outside. I put my head out the hatch, looking to starboard saw breakers coming towards the boat. I wondered how that could happen in deep water. Then I looked to the port side and saw only sand. LTT was aground. I pulled in the anchor line and found no anchor on it. The shackle came undone. The tide was coming in, so I pushed LTT off the beach. The trip line was floating, so I was able to retrieve the anchor and reset it.

I was in the club office when Bob's message came over the radio. He said, "It is impossible to continue the trip and wish you the best of luck."

This was what I was expecting, but it still was a shock. I decided to put the departure off another day until my emotions settled down. Bob was also my navigator and my navigation skill was crud, I decided this is a good time to start learning. I got the books out and spent most of the day reading. By mid-afternoon, I felt I had the basic idea down and all I needed was more experience.

### **Day 6 — May 22**

At 0630 I raised anchor and motored out to sea for Hawaii. The wind was from the north, set sail and got the self-steering system working. Shortly later the wind died, so I motored until 1400. Then the wind was out of the SW, the direction I wanted to go. I sailed SE, the self-steering was working good.

I tried some navigation, after a few sun shots, the problems came out right. The wind shifted a few times at sunset, by 2000 it settled into favorable sailing conditions. I headed LTT south and went to bed.

### **Day 7 — May 23**

When I woke up this morning, the cabin compass was reading north. I want to go south. I went on deck and found a squall building up. I lowered the main sail until it passed. Light winds blew the rest of the day. The main sheet lines were splashing on the water. A shark followed, then came in for a closer look at the splashing and swam away. In the distance, I first heard then saw a large whale shark. I guess it to be 40 feet long. He came to the surface a few times, each time he made a thundering roar. His large back fin broke the surface first, then his tail.

I took a bath on the outrigger, letting the waves wash over me. By evening the wind stopped and the sea was like glass. I lit the kerosene anchor light, took down the sails and went to bed.

### **Day 8 — May 24**

The sea was still like glass this morning. I would never get to Hawaii at this rate, so I motored a while. I headed SW, hoping to get out of the calm zone. At 1100, a squall blew up behind me, up went the sails and I was on my way again. There was a 12 knot wind from the north the rest of day. I got the self-steering to work after some frustration. I decided it was better to leave the sails up during a squall and use the wind to put some miles behind me.

### **Day 9 — Sunday, May 25**

Wind out of the SE.



At 0300, a squall was blowing at 12 to 20 knots. All morning I was at the tiller fighting the heavy seas. The short steep swells would throw LTT off course before the self-steering could bring her back around. By noon I was so tired, I let the wind take the boat where it wanted and went below for some sleep. After the sun went down, the winds calmed. In a short time, the wind blew from the south. I headed west.

### Day 10 — May 26

LTT stayed on a WNW course all night and I had a good night's sleep. At sunrise the wind came from the SW at 15 knots. This kind of wind means work. At 0900, the wind died to a dead calm but raining very hard. I went on deck to look over the situation, then a light wind came out of the SE. It started picking up force. Sensing danger and not knowing what to expect, I took down the main sail. No sooner was the main sail down that LTT was hit by 40-50 knot winds. The boat was heeled over with only the jib and fore-sail up. I quickly got the fore-sail down. The wind and rain was like small pebbles being tossed at me. The same effect is like riding a motorcycle in the rain. I had never seen wind, rain, and seas like this before. Only pictures of hurricanes and that scares me. I did not know what to expect. If it kept up very long, I would be in trouble. I finally had to take down the jib. The boat would only lay broad-side to the wind and waves. A breaker could roll LTT over. Not having a sea anchor, I heaved the regular anchor over. That did nothing. LTT would not point into the seas. Then I tried to use the jib as a sea anchor, it did not work. I felt I had to get LTT under control. I hooked up the outboard fuel tank and ran with the wind. After an hour of this, the wind died to 15 knots for the rest of the day, beating me and the boat. Everything above deck and below was wet. I was half sea-sick.



*My first squall at sea. It was strong and short.*

This evening I let LTT go where it wanted. Took a sea-sick pill, lay on my wet air mattress, pulled the wet blanket over me and slept good all night.

### Day 11 — May 27

SW trades were blowing at 10 knots, a good sailing wind. I spent the morning laying things out to dry. After two days of storms, I needed to know my position. This was my first try at navigation since leaving Pina's Bay. Every sun shot put me in a different part of the Pacific or Atlantic Ocean. One realistic sun shot put me 40 miles east of Malpelo Island. Malpelo Island is 300 miles south of Panama City.

At noon the wind shifted and died down. I don't know which is worse, a calm or a storm. I wanted to get going, so I used the outboard until the winds picked up. A pleasant day.

### Day 12 — May 28

When I woke up this morning, it was raining heavy with a light wind. Not going anyplace, I used the outboard for two hours. Because of limited fuel, using the motor accomplishes nothing except the feeling the boat is moving.

This afternoon the rain stopped and the wind came out of the west so I sail south. The boat sailed on its own while I lay in the cabin reading all afternoon. A sloppy wet day.

While eating supper, I was looking out under the main sail and saw to my surprise, Malpelo Island. My navigation yesterday was way off. I was wondering if there was a village on it, also I did not want to crash on it while sleeping. I was going to miss it now, but a little shift in the wind would put LTT right on. I was tired and had to trust I would wake up in time to check on it.

### Day 13 — May 29

After midnight I woke up and under the full moon, I found LTT headed for the big rock. I could see the sheer cliffs of the island rock that rose out of the water for several hundred feet. I sailed close by on the lee side and could see no beach or shore. It looked majestic under the full moon. By 0100 I was past the rock and went to bed. I saw no lights from the island.

Now that I knew where I was, I started studying my navigation and found how I was making wrong calculations. The wind is from the SW, the direction I want to go. The boat does not sail to windward, only reaching and running. I hope a favorable wind will blow. Changed course from SE to NW, gave up trying go south.

### Day 14 — May 30

The first thing I saw this morning was Malpelo Island, 10 miles to the north. I said to myself, "This could get discouraging."

Two days and the island is still there. I ate breakfast all the time looking at the island. I was discouraged to the point where I could not fight it any more. Maybe I should try to anchor for a day or two and wait for the wind to change. I sailed around the island and found no shallow water. Not being able to anchor and the wind out of the SW at 15 knots, I gave up and headed back to Balboa.

Stayed at the helm all day. I now wanted off the LTT, but had no choice. Maybe Bob did the right thing, I thought. Did not eat much today. At sundown I took down the sails and slept the night. I really did not care about putting miles behind me anymore. I did not want to face my friends, especially the one's that said it was a stupid idea.

### Day 15 — May 31

Rained off and on all day. Wind from a dead calm to 30 knots. Did not worry about the wind this time. I seem to be in an area of shifting doldrums.



*Malpelo Island 300 miles south of Panama.*

**Day 16 — Sunday, June 1**

It has been pleasant all day. Enjoyed sailing today, wish I were headed west instead of north. Over two weeks since I left and ended up further from Hawaii rather than closer. Wind from the SW at 8 knots. I have been taking down the sails each night and sleeping.

**Day 17 — June 2**

Wind and rain on and off all day. Just before sundown I saw Point Mala, the southern tip of Panama.

**Day 18 — June 3**

Nice day and plenty of wind. Many ships passed, going around the point. I used the motor with the sails. I still had 40 gallons of fuel in the tank. This night I was inside Panama Bay. I lit the anchor light and turned on a flash light. Did not want to be run over by a ship during the night.

**Day 19 — Wednesday, June 4**

Strong and light winds all morning. Used the motor with sails. Just off Taboga Island, 12 miles from Balboa, I was hit by another squall with all sails up and the motor running. In trying to reduce sail and slow down, the boat jibed, wrapping the main sail around the mast. I almost fell overboard. The boom broke at this time, but I did not know it until a few days later while inspecting LTT.

Motoring the last few miles, I tied up at the dock I left 19 days earlier. I called Bob Haff. When I hung up, standing behind me was Mr. Pet Franquet from SCN TV News.



*The rebuilt Liki Tiki Too. A sailing partner named Salty sits on the railing. A cabin was added forward.*



# “Liki Tiki Too”

## Part 2, Successful Attempt



*A cabin was built over the forward cargo hatch that gave 4-feet of head room. The supplies were stored in the aft cabin, where there was 3-feet of head room.*



*Carrying the mast aboard Liki Tiki Too.*



*Stepping the mast.  
Pedro Miguel Locks is in the background.*

### February 27 - May 4, 1970

During the last 6 months I spent my free time watching TV. I am totally discouraged of trying to do the seemingly impossible and swore never to go to sea again. It's like an old girl friend I didn't want to see again, but could not forget. *Liki Tiki Too* and *Hawaii* lay waiting for me to bring the two together. But, why does the trip have to be made? Why can't this urge leave me so I can rest in peace? For six months this urge to try again kept banging around in my head. Difficulty sleeping at night kept me tired all day.

It was late at night, but I wondered down to the boat club. Walking up to *Liki Tiki Too*, I felt that it had feelings and that it was very hurt that I neglected her for so long. It was very dark and could not see her very well, but climbing aboard was like meeting a close friend after a long separation. Everything was as I had left it except for some water in the bilge.

I sat on deck looking up at the stars in the clear night. As I dreamed, I could almost see the wind filling the sails once again and the ocean waves rolling by. *Liki Tiki Too* and I belong at sea together. As I sat there, I said to myself, “there is no point going on fighting this feeling. In four months the wind will be right for sailing to Hawaii. I will not have the problem I had the year before by leaving to late in the season.”

Work needs to be done to make her easier to handle, especially the self-steering. The next few days, I purchased supplies for the modifications. I designed and built a wind vane which was connected to a trim tab on the rudder. The device seemed to be too sophisticated, mounted on a dugout canoe. It did not look good, but it was a must. In the middle of the hull, I rebuild the cabin, raising the headroom

from 3 feet to 4 feet. I used the aft compartment to store food and water.

I like experimenting with boat designs and rigging. This boat is small and easy to try out ideas. So I built a yardarm and set a square sail on the forward mast. On down wind passage, the boat should sail easier by its self. (*Note: The square sail was not practical.*)

My sailing date of February 27, 1970 was fast approaching. A friend gave me a semi-white kitten which I named Salty. Once again, I bought food for the voyage and filled the water bottles. It seemed that the boat would never be ready and I needed another six months to get ready. The leaks in the deck and making a dry place to store cloths and bedding would have to be left undone along with other small task.

I did not want the publicity I had the year before, so I decided to leave on Friday morning when most people are at work. I told my friends and the people who had helped me with the project. The press heard about it anyhow and was there to record my departure.

### Day 1 — February 27, 1970

Again as the sun rose through the gray clouds over the Panama Canal, I sat on shore at the Diablo Spinning Club watching *Liki Tiki Too* tug at her mooring lines. I was not very excited about this trip because this was the 4<sup>th</sup> time I tried something like this. Two attempts were from Tahiti to Hawaii. Both were failures and I was wondering if this was going to be another. For the second time I quit my job with the Panama Canal Company right after I was given a promotion. My bridges were burned, so I could not go back.

As I sat there, my mind was going over all the preparations and supplies I had on board. Asking myself over and over, did I forget anything. Then it hit me, I did not have any seasick pills. I always get seasick. On second thought, I didn't even have a first aid kit on board. I got on the telephone and asked a friend if he would buy a first aid kit and some seasick pills on his way over. As I was talking, a news man walked up behind me and overheard my request for pills. He made light of it, but I explained that I get sick every time I go out. It takes about three days to get over it.

While friends and news men were taking pictures, Salty jumped off the boat and swam



*Looking through the cabin hatch I am setting the main mast shrouds.*



*My parents came to Panama a second time to help with the project. Liki Tiki Too is in the chamber of Miraflores Locks where we are taking her back to sea level.*



toward the dock. It seemed that she knew what was taking place and wanted no part of it. I said, “no one else wants to go with me, but this cat is going to go.”

It was 9 AM, the time I announced I would leave. The pills or the first aid kit did not arrive. Friends arrived to see me off. Some took time off work to be here, so I felt it only fair to leave on time. Again the horns blew and everyone on shore waving as I left Balboa, Canal Zone.

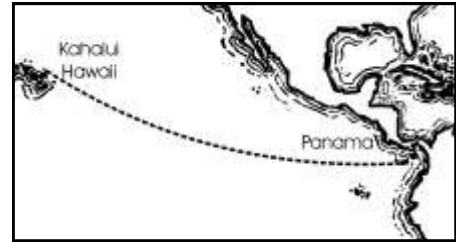
With an outboard motor mounted on an outrigger, I motored along the Panama Canal, through the ship anchorage. I passes under the bow of several ships at anchor, Their bow towered high above the top of my mast. Their presents made me feel very small on a very small boat. Leaving the last ship behind, I wondered what the future holds.

The dry season trades were blowing from the NE. My course was SW, so I set the square sail which I did not try yet. I then set the self steering which I did not try out yet either. All worked very good in the light wind. I was getting ready to set the mainsail when the wind suddenly picked up to 20 knots. The square sail was giving me all the speed I could handle. Then the waves became very short and steep, with *Liki Tiki Too* plowing into every wave. I became so sick, I wished the boat would fill up with water and go to the bottom with me in it.

When I loaded the boat, I organized the food and water supplies. All the other supplies were thrown below deck and that included charts. Looking for charts, I found roll after roll of maps of Panama. I then found charts of the Atlantic Ocean. I did not want them on board and the maps belong to a friend of mine. I have charts of the Pacific some place on board, but I became to sick to look any more. Again I hung my head over the rail.

The boat would only stay on course for an hour in the turbulent seas. Little by little, the following waves would push the stern around until it was broad side to the waves. The waves came faster that the self steering could correct the shift. I was too far out of it to try and fix it now. I just hoped it would work later on in the voyage.

The sky was clear as the beautiful red sun sank into the windy sea. I could see the



*Raising sail on the “Liki Tiki Too.”*



*“Liki Tiki Too” under sail.*

last sight of land, far into the haze to the NW. With the wind now blowing hard from the north and the boat headed south, I could not go back, even if I had to. Tried sleeping in the main cabin, but *Liki Tiki Too* would keep going off course. I would have to get up, walk across the aft cabin, bring the boat back around and walk back to the main cabin and try to sleep some more. After a couple of trips, I decided to stay in the aft hatch where all the food was stored. There was a space 2 feet by 4 feet to lay in. I could reach out of the hatch and hold the tiller over when she went off course. It was very uncomfortable, but I was too sick to care. I left Salty up forward, apparently she did not like being alone. She ran across the wet deck through the spray and jumped in on top of me. She may be only a cat, but someone needed me and I felt a little better after that.



*Leaving Panama behind.*

## Day 2

Tried to eat some breakfast this morning. My stomach would not hold it and had to hang my head over the railing again.

The wind was still blowing hard from the north at 15 to 20 knots. Land is no longer in sight. It is *Liki Tiki Too*, Salty and I against the unpredictable Pacific Ocean. I often wonder why I must make this trip. I really have no choice. Something inside me is making me do it. I lay in the 2'x4' aft hatch all day and all night, sick.

## Day 3

The bright sun rays struck my eyes. While rubbing them, I could tell the wind had died down some and I was feeling better. Apparently, I was sleeping very hard and did not know the seas had calmed. Checking the compass, I found we were on course and the self steering was working. I ate some breakfast that I was able to hold this time.

All morning, the sea color was a dark brick red. It is often called the red tide that is caused by an over abundance of very small phyto plankton. About noon, I could see blue water where the red tide ended.

I finally found the charts and tried to get a position. I could not get any of the sun sights to work out.

The winds calmed enough to where I could raise the mainsail. The square sail looked like a raggedy bed sheet, so



*Salty want to know what we are doing out here.*



took it down. With the mainsail up, things began to look better. I did not have to stay at the helm to keep the boat on course. No waves were coming on board now, so I laid bedding and clothes out to dry.

All afternoon the winds kept dying until sundown when it became calm. I cooked my first meal which was a can of soup. My stove is a one burner gas picnic stove that uses canned fuel. It is small enough to put away with the dishes.

The night sky was clear. The stars seemed like they were hanging low over the ocean, and all I had to do was reach up and take one. Now, many miles from city lights and air pollution, one can almost feel the starry heavens as well as see them. The air even smells fresher.

The seas were calm all night with occasional light winds from the south. I had my first good nights sleep stretched out in the forward cabin.

#### **Day 4**

I lay in the cabin, looking out through the open hatch watching the stars slowly fade from the heavens. All was still and quite. The whole world seemed to be at peace. As the sun rays were creeping over the horizon, I looked out over the calm ocean. The sea was so flat, it looked like I was setting on a mirror that might break at any moment.

After a breakfast of hard rolls and coffee, I took some sun sights with the sextant. I was anxious to know my location. I took several sights with no two coming close to another. I had positions on the chart that were 60 miles apart. Anyhow, this gave me a rough position of 240 miles south of Panama City or 60 north of Malpelo Island. Last year, it took me 10 days to get this far. Anyhow, I am far from shipping lanes.

There was no wind all morning, so below deck I organized the living quarters. When I found a place for everything, I had a lot of room, considering the small size of the boat. With that job done, I sat on the outrigger, watching the sea life below. The water was filled with jelly like plankton. Plankton is understood to be microscopic creatures, but these were large, up to six inches long. All were transparent with no two alike. A bonito swam around the boat a few times, I showed it to Salty, but she was not interested.

Mid-afternoon, a light wind came out of the SW. This is a normal trade wind in this area, but not this time of year. I began to worry that they set in early and again force me back to Panama. I wanted to get further south, so I set sail for the SE. This sailing was enjoyable, the wind not hard and the sea fairly smooth.

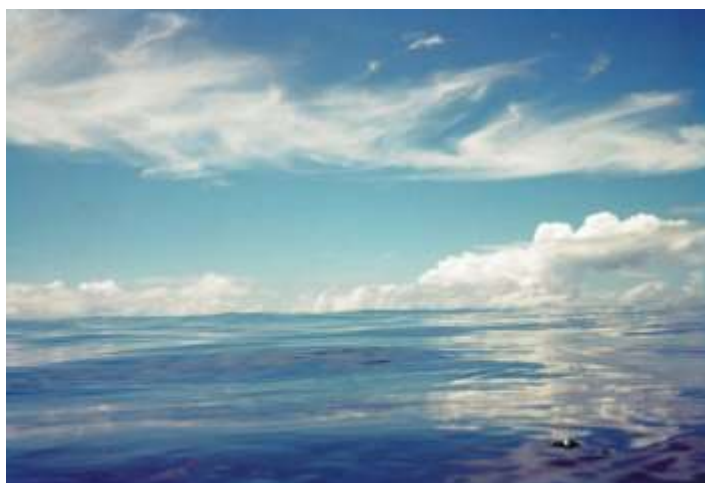
As darkness slid over the ocean, the wind died with it. The dark ocean became as still as I have ever seen. There seemed to be a mist all around and all I could see was the stars overhead. I had finally given up on any wind and took down the sails and went to bed.

#### **Day 5 to 7**

Here I sit on a rotting log that sits on a mirror flat ocean. Are the calms going to defeat me this time? Is the dugout canoe going to rot in this tropical heat and sink from under me? Or is the food and water going to give out first? Which would I rather have, storms or calms? Each seems to want to defeat me in a different way. In storms, the boat is moving, even if it is the wrong direction. In calms, the sails can not be raised because gentle swells that roll by, cause the rigging to bang around and the noise in a dead quite sea becomes unbearable. Those haunting words by well meaning friends keep coming back, "*you will never make it.*"

Four days I sat in this calm. The burning sun made the decks too hot to walk on. So I would wash them down and go for a swim. The surface water must be as hot as the air. Diving deeper than three feet, the water became cool. I did not worry about sharks until I saw a dark shadow under me as I dove in. I scared it away, but it also scared me out of the water. On the other hand, it may have been my reflection as I went in.

I had time to find out what I was doing wrong with the navigation problems. After doing many problems, I finally got them to work out within 5 miles of each other. This is good enough to find an island. Islands are visible for about 15 miles from a small boat. During calms, navigation is discouraging. Every day the position is the same with no progress except for a drift toward Malpelo Island. Last year the winds stopped me at the island and sent me back to Panama. I was hoping to see it again, but never did. The island is one big rock about a mile long that climbs straight out of the water for several hundred feet. There is no landing or anchorage there. Sea birds make their home on it.



*In a calm, the sea surface is like glass.*

I was not alone, there are snakes swimming on the surface all around the boat. They have black and yellow strips and are very poisonous. If one bites you, that is lights out. There is no antidote for its venom. I motored near some to see if they would try climbing on board, but they had no interest in getting out of the water.

Giant sea turtles about three feet across were all around. The sea was so calm that their backs were dry in the hot sun. Some would dive under when they see the boat, others would go under after they hit the boat. I thought about trying to catch one, but did not want to take chances of an accident.



*Sea turtles came by, looked me over and swam on.*



*There were lots of sea snakes. They stay far from land.*

Hundreds of birds fly around every day. One kept diving in the water beside a turtle. There must have been small fish seeking the turtles protection.

At night, Salty roams the decks, dew collects and she comes to me soaking wet. I tried to make her sleep some place else. After I go to sleep, she would curl up on my stomach to sleep. I would wake up in the night to find her sleeping on me which I learned to tolerate.

At the end of the seventh day, while the hot sun was sinking into the Pacific Ocean, a breeze came out of the SSW. I hurried about the boat, setting sails. The wind would not allow me to sail west, so I sailed WNW. The gentle breeze filled the sails. *Liki Tiki Too* glided through the water that she was meant to do. The evening was perfect and enjoyable, I was on my way to Hawaii. Feeling very happy, I went to bed.

I slept on an air mattress that was pulled out of storage each evening. I woke every two hours to check the boat. There was a compass mounted in the cabin and used a flashlight to check it. If the boat was on course and I could hear the sound of water rushing past the hull, I went back to sleep. If not, I would go on deck and make adjustments as necessary. If there was water in the bilge, I would pump it out at this time also.

By midnight, the seas were kicking up and the waves were banging harder on the hull. I thought I had better go out and trim sail, when out on deck, the seas were not that bad and left the sails alone.

## Day 8

The sky was clear as the red sun rose out of the ocean. As the sun came up the wind died down. I shutter at the thought of spending another calm day out here on this ocean. But soon the winds came back and blew all day at 7 to 10 knots. The waves continue to bang on the hull and they bother me, but it is a noise that I have to adjust to. When the banging stops, that means the boat has stopped too. The faster the boat goes, the harder the waves pound on the hull. The speed is 2 to 4 knots.

Salty finds all the leaks in the hull. She plays with the drops of water as they come through and doesn't seem to mind getting wet.

With everything operating smoothly, I have time to relax and read for the joy of it. I also made some chocolate pudding which I enjoyed.

I feel a little lonely out here, but this is to be expected. Salty is a great deal of company.

## Day 9

Today I was anxious to take a sun sight. I have not taken a position for these days now. The last day and a half, the boat covered a lot of miles. The seas are getting rougher which makes the sun and horizon in the sextant difficult to line up. I took



*After several days of calm, a favorable wind lets me head for Hawaii.*

several sights and worked out the position. Four were within 10 miles of each other, the rest were way off. The new position put the boat 125 miles west of the four day calm. I was now excited and knew I would make Hawaii. There was no turning back this time.

Since the SW winds started to blow, I have not spent any time at the tiller. The self steering works OK. I developed three different self steering systems.

- W Wind vane when the wind is blowing hard. It does not work well in light winds.
- W Balance the sails with shock cords on the tiller. This works best in moderate winds with the wind from the beam. I used this most of the time.
- W Running a sheet from the foresail to the tiller and counter balanced the pull with heavy shock cords. When the foresail goes behind the main, there would be no pull on the sheet, so the shocks would pull the sail back into the wind. If the wind on the sail was too strong, the sail would pull the rudder until it was behind the main again. If set right, this system holds a steady course. This worked best in light winds.

During the afternoon, I lay on the bow and watched the waves roll under *Liki Tiki Too*. It was very relaxing and enjoyable.

## Day 10

As the sun rays were pushing the night sky back, I could see clouds on the horizon. The first I have seen in a week. The wind had shifted and is now blowing out of the south which makes sailing due west possible.

300 hundred miles west of today's position are the NE trade winds. When that point is reached, I am home free. The SW trades will not be there to slow the boat down.

While taking a sight this morning, the wind blew one of my charts overboard. Anything that goes over the side is gone forever. There is no way to recover anything. If it floats and if I turn around to recover it, finding it will be almost impossible. The same is true if I should fall overboard. That would be the end. The boat would sail on. I did not wear a safety harness because it always tangled in something. I felt safer without it. Whenever I work on deck, one hand was for me and one for the boat.

Late this afternoon, a black cloud built up and turned into the first of many rain squalls. The boat went through the end of the squall as it blew north. When it had passed, the wind was blowing even harder out of the south. I set the course to WNW so as to go down wind a little. The seas and wind act wild, but right now everything is under control. If the wind blows any harder, I will have to head down wind which is north. That I do not want to do. Hawaii is west.

Just before dark, a long heavy and very white cloud came out of the south. As the leading edge approached, the wind suddenly stopped and it rained thick and heavy. The heavy rain flattened the sea almost as fast as the wind stopped. I believe this was the edge of the doldrums.

The next few hours became most perplexing. Night had fallen and the rain had stopped. A light wind kept changing directions. I adjusted sails for the new wind. A short time later the wind stopped leaving torrential down pour. The rain soon stopped with wind blowing from a different direction. The night was so black, I could not see the water or the sky overhead. I felt like I was in empty space fighting an unknown and unseen force. When things seemed to be settled down, I went below to sleep.

After sleeping a short time, I woke to hear water rushing by the hull. I was pleased the boat



was moving along so good. I turned on the light to find the boat was headed east. The wind shifted to out of the north and took the boat around with it. I got out my warm dry bunk and ventured into the cold wet dark night to bring the boat back around. After sitting awhile to be sure everything is in order, I went below, back into the warm bunk. I just about fell asleep when I heard the sails flapping and the water stop rushing by the hull. I lay there wondering what was going to happen next. Then the sails became quite, soon I heard the rushing of water past the hull. *Liki Tiki Too* reset herself and we were on our way again. I turned the light on the compass, the boat was headed east again. The wind changed back from the south. Again, back into the cold wet night to bring the boat back around again. After this the wind held and I slept good till early morning.

### Day 11

*Liki Tiki Too* seems to be protesting the trip to Hawaii. When I woke this morning, she was dead in the water. There is still 4,300 miles to go and we can't get there by drifting. The first rays of light were peeking over the horizon as I made my way back to the tiller. The shock cord was broken and had to replace it with a new one. While fixing it, I saw a bright white light moving on the horizon coming toward me. I turned on my lights only to find they did not work. By this time I could tell it was a fishing trawler. I aimed my flashlight toward them, they turned and went south.

The sun came up in a clear sky behind me, but ahead was an angry looking sky which gave me a feeling of a bad day ahead. Salty was unconcerned, she just found her first flying fish. She played with it for a long time until she discovered it was good to eat.

I prepare my meals inside the main cabin on the floor. All the food I have is canned that includes soups and fruit juices. Liquids in cans supplements the required amount of water. To keep the cans from rusting and other food dry by storing everything in large clear plastic bags. Each bag holds everything I need for four days. This avoids opening other bags with the possibility of water getting inside. Bags are filled with canned food, juices, candy, cookies, coffee, sugar, paper products and cat food.

The gray clouds hung over the ocean all day, but there was no rain. The wind kept up its 10 knot pace which made the ocean very rough. The topside and below deck is always wet. Things do not get a chance to dry out.

Just before dark, the trawler came up behind me again. I was anxious to send a message back to Balboa. I wrote a note and put in a plastic bag with some steel washers, to give it weight for throwing. I got a parachute flair out but was afraid to send it up. I then wondered if it was right to call a ship over if all I wanted was to send a message. I was in no danger. I watched the trawler a while and they did not seem to be in any hurry to go any place. I then felt it was more important to send a message than my present feelings. So up went the flair.

They came right over and stopped behind me. I asked if they would send a message to Balboa and they said they would. I then threw the plastic bag with the note. It went right over their ship into water on the other side. Then the radio man came to the railing and took a message. The captain was very formal and used proper etiquette. He asked if I needed anything else to which I said "no."

Then he asked if he could go to which I said "yes." (*Note: The message was never received.*)

The waves near the ship were short and choppy, *Liki Tiki Too* bounced around like a cork

out of control. While hurrying about the deck to get under way again, I fell through the open aft hatch, bruising my ankle, leg and arm.

The gray sky turned black as darkness fell. The wind whipping up the seas was the strongest I had to deal with so far. The banging of the waves on the hull became so bad, I had to take down the mainsail. With the mainsail down, the storm became more tolerable with less noise inside the cabin. *Liki Tiki Too* sailed all night with only the jib and foresail.

About midnight, the rains came that lasted the rest of the night. About every hour I had to get up and pump the bilge, which meant getting out of a warm bunk and venturing into the cold wet night. I wish I had installed the pump below deck.

When it is stormy like this, the wind and seas look worse than they really are. Slowing the speed of the boat, one can have peace of mind. It will take longer to reach Hawaii.

### **Day 12**

Heavy overcast with rain and strong winds all day. Reefed the main and raised it. The boat sailed better after that. The self-steering was working very good. I spent the day below reading and trying to stay dry.

### **Day 13**

The clouds broke up during the night which let the stars make the night a little more brighter. But a contrary wind blew out of the west. That is the direction I want to go. So I sailed north which does not help much, but we were moving which seemed to be important. 200 miles to the west are the NE trade winds. If only I could get there sooner, I will be on my way.

Just before sunrise, the trawler was again behind me. I lit a kerosene lamp, but it would not stay lit. Anyhow, the trawler disappeared.

Dawn brought a beautiful sunrise. The sea had settled with a gentle westerly breeze that reflects the beautiful colors of the Pacific sunrise. While sipping a hot cup of coffee, I noticed that a shackle was about to fall off the main sheet block. The wind was light, while standing on the lee rail, I pulled in the boom. Holding the boom with one hand, I started to tighten the shackle with the other. Then a wave lunged the boat, losing my balance, the boom pulled me overboard. As I went over, one hand grabbed the aft railing. Holding on, I was wondering how I was going to get back on board. With the boat dragging me through the water, I looked to the outrigger. It seemed so far away. I looked to the stern and saw nothing but water, fear struck me for the first time and I was instantly back on board. This boat is not going to sail on without me and I am going to make it.

From this time, I had more respect for the sea, realizing the sea does not honor sloppy attitudes. I now had a great deal of respect for light winds as well as strong.

The gaff and boom were wearing away the mast at a fast rate, with their constant motion. I nailed some copper sheet over the chaffing. This was one of the many jobs left undone before I left. There was a nail hole through the cabin top. I used tooth paste to stop that leak.

With a mild wind and sea, I climbed onto the outrigger and took a bath. I soap down with liquid dish washing detergent. (Joy works best in salt water.) Then lay on the outrigger and let the cool Pacific waves wash over me.

I have not taken any sights for several days. The winds force me to go north or south which

does not help the west direction. At least the boat keeps moving which is better than sitting still.

The uninhabited jungle covered island of Cocos is in the vicinity. It is believed that pirates buried treasure there. Many people have gone to look for it, but none has been reported to be found. If someone did find treasure, I am sure nothing would be said.

Late afternoon, a squall with billowing black clouds was growing intensely to the north. I always get a little scared when black squalls blow up like this. One never knows what it is going to do. It may force one to fight for survival if the winds are heavy, or it may go by without adding a ripple to the waves. This time I was preparing for the worst. As I was reefing the mainsail, the wind shifted and started blowing hard out of the NW. According to the pilot charts, gale force winds can be expected from this direction. I became very nervous and hurried all the more to get the boat ready.

As I was working, Salty was playing with the ropes and everything else I was handling at the time. When I would hurry across the deck, she would grab my leg with her claws. I started to get mad, when I thought, she is not worried or nervous about the storm, but relaxed and having fun. Getting up tight is not helping matters anyhow. So I went ahead with preparations in a calm manner. It helped.

After dark, while in my bunk, the storm hit. *Liki Tiki Too* handled herself exceptionally well and I went to sleep.



*This is a sunrise in the doldrums. In the doldrums, the sky is very dramatic. I loved it and wish I could research over a long period of time.*

About three hours later, I woke up and put my head out of the hatch to see how things were going. A cold salty wave slapped me across the face that left my eyes stinging. I finally lost my cool, slammed the hatch shut and went back to sleep.

At one AM, I turned on the light and saw we were headed back east. Opening the hatch, I found the storm had blown its self out with a light wind from the SW. I turned the boat around and was able to sail WNW which was a lot better direction that the last couple of days.

#### Day 14

The dark black clouds of night turned to light gray as the sun came up. As I was eating breakfast, the hot sun burned away all the clouds. I ate the last fresh grapefruit. Yesterday I ate the last fresh pineapple. From now on, all the food is canned or dried.



*Taking a bath on the outrigger.*

I have not taken position sights for the last four days, because I have not been going anywhere. I wanted to know my location, so took some sights. I am having trouble with the navigation problems again. The sights would not agree. I listen to the radio for time ticks and my watch was OK. I could not find out what I was doing wrong. I did have one bad habit. If a position shows I covered a lot of miles, I would accept it as fact without checking it. If a position showed that I covered only a short distance, I would check and recheck, hopping to find an error to prove I covered more miles. As a rule, it would not change. I finally gave up on trying to get a position today.

I was wondering if the tin cans in the aft compartment was affecting the compass. The compass in the main cabin reads different than the one by the tiller. Using the nautical almanac, I can check the compass using the sun at sunrise or sunset when the sky is clear.

It seems that the winds will not let me pass the 87° long. meridian. About 200 miles west is 90° long. where the NE trade winds start. At this point we should cover many miles per day with the wind coming from the stern. There seem to be an invisible barrier that will not let *Liki Tiki Too* pass.

Wind, seas and weather seem to be the most important elements at sea in a small boat. I keep thinking of fishing trawlers, their most important element at sea is finding fish. Each ship has its own problems which teaches us patience.

When the night sky darkens the water around me, I lay in my bunk and think about the two inches of wood between me and the cold dark, wet ocean that is three miles deep. I put my ear to the hull and listen to the water rush by. I know this boat is tough and I fall asleep.



**Day 15**

The early morning sun stages a beautiful show to the west. Against the black clouds stood a brilliantly colored rainbow. It looked like the gateway to the west and all I had to do was sail under it. But the winds were coming from the west.

All day the winds kept changing and making the waves so confused, that the boat bounced around and not going anyplace. One wave after another would slam into the bow and stop progress. Then another would slam into the side and through the boat off course. With the rain and ocean spray, it was one wet miserable day.

**Day 16**

The long night gave way to another beautiful dawn sky. A steady wind was opposite of yesterday's dead calm. I gave Salty a bath which she did not like. Then washed blankets and towel's and hung them in the bright warm sun. It was a good day for airing out the boat to dry things out.

Early afternoon, another squall was building up to the south. There were light winds from the north and I was sailing or to be exact, drifting to the west. A dark heavy cloud was churning low in the sky behind me. About a half mile away, a water spout dipped out of the clouds, down to the ocean sucking up water and throwing it out of the base. It sounded like a freight train and looked like a giant egg beater. I have never seen one before. I did not know if I should worry about it, get scared, or ignore it. I left the sails up because the wind was taking me slowly away. Also it may blow me away from it should it come this close.



*Celestial navigation was the only way to find your position before GPS.*

I then decided to get the outboard motor going. Stilled mounted on the outrigger, the waves have been rolling over it for over two weeks now. I pulled and pulled on the starter cord and it would not start. Then I looked up, another spout was coming down on top me. I ran around the deck dropping sails. The water around the boat began to whip up as the spout slowly came down. Now I was scared, that spout will sink *Liki Tiki Too*. The cloud churned over the mast a short time but did not come all the way down. Then it slowly went back up as if an invisible hand pushed it back. A short time later, the spout behind me blew out. I pulled one more time on the starter cord and the engine started. I motored a while until my nerves calmed down.

As the sun was setting in the semi-calm Pacific, the squall that was to the south cleared, what did I see, Cocos Island about 15 miles behind me. I wanted to land there, but I was down wind from the island. I would have to motor back and it might take all the gas I have. Also, I would arrive after dark. With no lights, I could end up on some rocks, so I just sailed on. The

winds were favorable now.

### Day 17

The squall was blowing steady 25 knots out of the east. All the sails were up and I was at the tiller fighting the helm. I was determined to get miles out of this one. *Liki Tiki Too* went skimming over the water and it took all my strength on the tiller to keep her from broaching. I felt that if she broached, the outrigger would bust, then the boat would roll over and sink. I could not turn loose of the till no mater how long or hard the wind blew or how tired I might get. Less sail would ease things, but I can't let go to reduce sail. An hour later it was all over and I believe 10 miles was covered in that time. That's what I have been covering per day for the last few days.

All day the wind continued from the east and the self-steering took over. Running down wind, there was no more waves banging on the hull, just the satisfying sound of water rushing by.

All night, the favorable wind blew hard from the SE. Flashes of lighting exposed the black clouds hanging low overhead. I was afraid of being hit by another squall. Then *Liki Tiki Too* sprang a leak. I was having to bail out every hour. If that was not enough, a salt water sore broke out on my elbow that became infected. The swelling was painful. Now that I have favorable winds, it seems that theses other problems come along to hold one back. But then, this trip was not intended to be one of luxury. It became impossible to sleep with the boat going so fast. About 3 AM I reefed the mainsail to give me peace of mind. When I finally got the sail reefed, the wind died completely. Being totally discouraged, I pumped out the one more time, took down all the sails and went to bed.

### Day 18

I woke this morning to a gray dull sky. Waves were rolling around inside the boat. The leak seem to be getting worse. On deck I pumped out the bilge again. There was still no wind, but huge waves were rolling down from the north. They were very rough and kicking the boat



*A waterspout formed behind Liki Tiki Too that sounded like a freight train.*

around like a football. I figured there must be a gale blowing just over the horizon. The waves were too large and rough to have traveled very far. If there was some wind, I could raise the sails and that would stabilize the boat.

I had to find the leak. The hull may have split. If so, it will open up and let more water pore in. I moped up the water in the main cabin, the leak is in the aft section where all the food and supplies are stored. I spent three days packing the aft section and did not want to pull out all the supplies.

I put on a face mask, swim fins and dove under the boat with a screwdriver. I probed around the bottom hoping to find the leak. The elements were against me. The heavy seas pitched the boat around, the bottom was so full of barnacles I could hardly see it, my elbow was throbbing and I could only hold my breath for a short time. In a few minutes, I was so sick and dizzy, I could hardly get out of the water. My elbow was hot with fever. I lay on deck and went to sleet from exhaustion.



*I spent some time at the tiller. The self steering system worked good.*

I was not sure if I was just sleeping or passed out. I kept hearing engines running, I finally opened my eyes and saw a fishing trawler “Neptune” going in circles around me. I then wondered how long they were there. The Captain on the bridge asked if everything is OK in sign language. I gave a thumbs up that everything was OK.

They continued to circle and I wondered what it was they were up to. While they were doing this, I put a letter in a plastic bag that I wrote to my folks two days ago. They then brought the bow of their boat up to the stern of mine. They came so close, I thought the 10 foot waves that were rolling by would crash *Liki Tiki Too* under its bow. They then threw a carton of cigarettes, but they missed. I did not want to dive in after it, I might have trouble getting back to my boat. Besides, I do not smoke. We all drifted apart.

They were considerate enough to try to do something for me, I thought I had better make an effort to go back for the cigarettes. As I was hauling the gas tank out, they motion for me not to do anything. Soon they lowered an outboard motor boat, picked up the cigarettes and brought them over. I handed them the letter and they asked if I needed anything, to which I said “no”.

As soon as they pulled away, the NE trades that I have been looking for, began to blow. There should be steady winds from now on.

As the gray overcast sky turned to darkness, the clouds rolled back and the white silvery moon shown on the waters of the Pacific Ocean. I have entered the NE trade winds. This means, no more heavy squalls, little rain, no more variable winds, only steady winds from the east. The gentle wind blew steady all night.

*Liki Tiki Too* was living up to its name. The leak was getting leakier. In the past during a heavy storm, I would have to pump 20 to 30 strokes every two hours. Today I had to pump 40 strokes every hour. When I went to bed, I heard this violent splashing in the bilge. The water

was over the floor boards and about to get everything wet. It took 110 strokes to pump out the bilge. Then all night, I had to wake up every hour to pump. It was 50 to 70 strokes each time. I had to find the leak. Hawaii is still 4,000 miles away. I can not rest if I have to spend all my time keeping the boat afloat.

### **Day 19**

The warm sun came up in the clear blue sky. A few white trade wind clouds all around. I haven't seen a sky like this for ten days. Neither have I taken a navigation sight for ten days because my progress was so slow. Now I am anxious to know where I am at. I took some sights and worked out the problems. They all came within five miles of each other. I was doing it right this time. Long. 89° 20' Lat. 7° 15' which is 120 miles west of Cocos Island which I saw five days ago. That is 25 miles a day.

I was hoping the leak would stop by itself. I put off fixing it all morning. By noon I was tired of bailing and got busy to find the leak. All the food and supplies had to come out of the aft compartment and placed on deck. When I lifted the floorboards, there was a water fountain. A pencil size hole right through the bottom and I could see the ocean on the other side. I made a wooden plug and drilled a hole to the plug size. Hammering the plug home ended the leak.

The food and supplies went back rather scrambled. Some of the bags tore. Salty finding some of her dried food tore them open some more. After storing everything back in the compartment, the fever in my arm spread to my whole body. So I went below and took a nap.

### **Day 20**

With light steady winds the last 24 hours, I was eager to find out how far we have come. Again I got another good group of positions. I did not believe the first positions because I became disappointed. I took more sights hoping they would improve but all showed I did 20 miles the last 24 hours. I guessed 50 or 60 miles for minimum.

The breeze blew gently in the tropical sun, I sat at the stern watching the waves come and go when the mainsail came crashing to the deck. I looked up, startled and wondered what happened. The throat halyard broke. I got some new line, spliced a thimble in it and took it up the mast. After running the new line through the block, the sail was ready to go again.

I tried using the square sail again. It did not work to good, so just stowed it away.

As darkness closes out another beautiful day, a bright full moon came out of the Pacific Ocean behind me. No water was splashing on deck, so I had all the hatches and ports open. I was sitting below looking out through the port watching the reflection of the moon dance on the waves. I had the radio on, listing to a local radio station in Texas. It was a perfect peaceful evening until Salty came running through the hatch and drops a flapping fish in my lap. Not knowing what happened at first, I jumped banging my head on the cabin top. Then I sat on it and jumped again. Salty found a 10 inch flying fish on deck and I got bumps on my head. She did not seem to know what to do with it. As I cut it up, she was so excited that she almost ran in circles.

### **Day 21**

Just before dawn, I lay in my bunk looking at the stars through the open hatch. Salty was racing from one end of the boat to the other, leaping over hatches and everything else. I thought, someday soon she will leap and the boat will not be under her. But I can not restrict



her, she must have her freedom.

Today, *Liki Tiki Too* finally passes 90° Long. and covered 65 miles in 24 hours.

The ocean was a ghostly gray black with some green in it. It gave me an uneasy feeling. Yesterday it was a brilliant deep blue.

### Day 22

As I woke late this morning, there was squawking outside. Up in the rigging, large birds were trying to land on the yardarm. They all wanted one spot at the end of the yard and they were fighting each other over it. Salty got into the act and tried climbing the mast. She did not know that they were about three times her size. After several tries, she sat looking at them.

There were birds every day around the boat. This was the first time any landed.

The last couple of days, the boat has been going through rip tides. This afternoon, we went through one of the biggest I have ever seen. A solid wall of white caps in a north south direction. On the other side of it, the water was rather calm. As we went through it, *Liki Tiki Too* was thrown around a great deal. Winds with clashing currents cause the confused waves.

### Day 23

The winds from the NE have freshened up and are now blowing 10 to 15 knots. With the wind on the starboard quarter, *Liki Tiki Too* is moving fast at four knots. She did 95 miles the last 24 hours. One of the best days sailing. Speed does not come without disadvantages. The boat rides like a car on a stone road, hitting a pot hole once in a while.

The outrigger is under water most of the time and working hard. The stress could break off the outrigger, the boat would lay on its side, fill with water, and sink.

With the setting of the sun, the full moon shines on the Pacific waters from a clear sky. The heavens look so peaceful, but little do they know that I am fighting a stormy sea. *Liki Tiki Too* is leaving moonlight in its wake.

### Day 27

Just before the early morning sun began to rise,



*To find the leak, I put all the food on the cabin top, lifted the floor boards below and found a small spring of water. I stopped it with a wooden plug.*



*Looking through the open port, watching the sun go down.*

I lay on my bunk looking east through the open hatch. There hanging in the early morning sky was a comet. At first I thought it was a small cloud, but it hung there until the sun rays wiped it out. Again, a beautiful red sun seemed to boil its way out of the Pacific Ocean and another warm day began.

Life is settling down to a steady routine. Flying fish and small squid come on board all the time now. Salty has all she can eat, so I don't feed her any more. This way I do not have dead fish smelling up the decks. She does a good job of house cleaning.

Birds are still trying to land on the yardarm. They are fun to watch as they fuss among themselves. Salty runs around the deck after them as they fly around the boat.

It seems very hard to do things now. After reaching the NE trades, I have not had to work with the sails, maybe adjust the sheets once in a while. With steady winds, the self steering does all my work. I have spent very little time at the tiller. The boat is averaging 90 miles a day now. But there are still little things to be done that I keep putting off. One is changing the gaff peak halyard before it breaks and sends the main to the deck again.

The peak halyard goes to the top of the mast which is six feet higher than the throat halyard. I also made a bad error in rigging the halyards. I terminated the end of the lines at the top of the mast. To change them, I have to climb up there. The bouncing boat bad enough on deck let alone at the top of a mast that is whipped around.

The peak halyard is about to break and needs to be replaced. I made a new halyard complete with a new block. Today the seas are somewhat calm. Should the halyard break in a storm, there is no way I could replace it. It had to be replaced now.

I dropped the mainsail and shimmed up the mast to where the stays are. That was the easy part. Above the stays, there was little to hold onto. Then I wondered if the small piece of wood would hold my weight. It may snap like a tooth pick. The job had to be done. I was very scared and didn't know how to climb the last six feet. All I remember was I closed my eyes in fright, when I opened them, I was wrapped around the top of the mast while being whipped violently. For a moment, I thought it was going to snap by the cracking noise it made. Now at the top, I had to unshackle the old block and shackled in the new one. After several tries, I found a position where I could work with both arms wrapped around the mast.

I put my head down next to the mast under the block, with my arms over my head, I reached around the mast undoing the shackle, pressing it next to my head for support. I found I was able to take whipping very good in this position. The old block fell, the one quick look to line up the new block, tightened the shackle and it was changed.

Down on deck I was exhausted. Not having strength to raise sail, I lay on deck and fell asleep for a long time. When I awoke, I wondered if I had passed out again.



*Sea birds resting on the yardarm.*

**Day 28**

Woke up this morning with infection in my left leg so bad that it could hardly bend. It was a little sore yesterday when I went up the mast. Not having any first aid supplies on board, there was nothing I could do but wash it with fresh water.

The sea had a peaceful look this afternoon with heavy rain poring down in a somewhat calm ocean. The ocean colors had of a mix of pail blue, green and blacks. I stayed in the cabin to stay dry this time. The winds did not change when the squall blew over. At sundown, the rains stopped and it became calm. The first in the trade winds.

The sunsets are not a colorful as they were in the variables. The air is unusually clear. Later in the night, the wind freshened up to 8 knots under the bright light of the moon. After setting the sails, it was so peaceful and quite, I just sat at the stern watching the wind and waves dancing in the light of the moon. Then looking up at the sails working with the moon shining on them, made one feel small and feel great at the same time.

**General Notes**

The next few days were routine in the steady light to moderate NE trade winds. No waves were coming on deck which let Salty and I enjoy sitting on deck soaking up the warm sun.



*Passing the time as Liki Tiki Too is sailing west.*

One morning I was taking a sun sight when objects shot out of the water toward me. I ducked as they went over the boat. I looked around and saw several squid laying on deck. I quickly scooped up a bucket of water and put the squid in it, but they were already dead. Salty had another meal.

The infection in my knee is getting worse which is causing my leg to swell. I can no longer bend it, just throw it around like a man with a wooden leg.

Everyday, birds come around and inspect the boat. One day there were hundreds of them.

I am not a fisherman, but I tried to do some fishing. I put a lure out with 40 lb. leader. When I brought it in, the lure was gone and the wire had kinks. Then I put a 60 lb. leader with another lure. This time the leader and lure all were gone. I was using an 80 lb. test line. I didn't know what was taking it, but I did not want that size fish on board.

After dark, the radio picked up stations from the states. First, I listen to Dallas. The weather, 40° and clear, warmer tomorrow. Easter, everyone is getting ready for Easter. Then the station fades out. Pick up St. Louis, 32° and snowing. I turned to other stations and listen to them freeze while I

enjoyed 80° weather and clear skies.

### Day 38

In the black night, *Liki Tiki Too* was pounding hard in the heavy seas. The howling wind was coming down hard from the north. The boat was heeled heavily on its port side with the outrigger deep under the waves. I dropped the mainsail for the first time in ten days. Put a reef in the main and sailed under reduced sail. I was then able to sleep with a lot less noise.

Again, the bright red sun boiled its way out of the Pacific Ocean into the clear sky. The winds had calmed down but were still coming from the north. I am at latitude 11°, the Hawaiian Islands are at 17°. During the next 2,700 miles, the boat must move north. Right now the north wind is keeping me at southern latitudes. Large swells came from the NE today, which means the NE trades are on their way back.

A low heavy black cloud drifted across the clear blue sky this afternoon from the east. The closer it got, the meaner it looked and took what wind there was. Black clouds that steal wind are not to be trusted. Soon the sails were flapping in the calm air. I sat at the stern watching the weather put on this show and I an unwilling player. Looking up at the angry clouds, I shutter, wondering what the next move is going to be. There is no choice but to take whatever it was going to throw at me. Maybe it will turn out good. The NE trades may be blowing on the other side. I closed the hatch when the torrential down pour and screaming winds hit. The boat was heeled so far over, I thought it was going to lay on its side. Jumping out of the cabin, I dropped the mainsail into the ocean. Hauling it on deck, the wind kept trying to fill it and carried it back over the side. The stinging rain beating on my back made the job all the more harder. I finally got the boom and gaff on deck and tied down. The wind was still filling the sail. Lashing with more gaskets finally solved that problem.

With everything under control, I sat at the helm to see what next was going to happen. A half hour later the rain stopped and the air became calm. I wondered what this show of force is all about. Just before the sun sank into the sea to complete the show, light winds from the NE started to blow. That's what I have been waiting for.

### Day 39

All night waves were washing across the deck and the wind was singing through the rigging. *Liki Tiki Too* was sailing west to Hawaii. The day started with a hot cup of coffee while watching the sun rise through the partly open hatch.

I felt we covered a lot of miles the last 24 hours and was eager to take a morning sight. I took several sights, checking and rechecking. The boat only covered 35 miles. The poorest days run since entering the NE trades. I got the pilot chart to check the currents. A favorable half knot. Something was holding me back. Maybe the sails were not set properly and spilling most of the wind. I went around the deck tightened up on the sheets. In this rough water, one can not tell if the boat is going faster or not. Only the daily navigation plotting will tell. That is if the wind was blowing steady which it never does.

By the time I completed my morning position, the wind blew itself out to a calm. The inside of the boat was wet and cramped which needed housekeeping. I hung all the bedding outside to dry and then went through the stores below. There are a lot of items that I thought I might need, now many will never be needed. I built a small table that would be setup inside the cabin. That went over the side along with a folding chair. There were scraps of lumber for making repairs



that went over also. I then tackled the food stores. I have been eating as much as I could so as to have room inside the boat. I had over supplied. Some food I did not like and never would eat unless I missed Hawaii. So food went into the ocean which seemed like a sin. When I got through, it was a new boat with more room to move around in.

With housekeeping finished, Salty and I were sitting at the stern when a school of porpoises swam by. One broke water beside us with Salty swishing her tail wanting to pounce on one. The porpoise blew water all over us and Salty ran below and came right back. Again the porpoise blew water over us. Salty ran again and was not eager to come back.

Just before dark, the winds and waves picked up until the waves were again splashing across the deck. Salty always comes out of the hatch and looked around to see if she has to dodge any waves. This evening she did the same thing, looked around and took a leisurely step when a wave smacked her in the side.



*My food was cans that was heated with a one burner gas stove.*

### General Notes

The deck is only 18 inches above the water line. Being this close to the water, every small change in the wind and wave pattern become important. I have to adjust to it to be comfortable. On ocean liners, passengers are only concerned with meals and fun. They do not become part of the sea as people do in small boats.

Now that I am in the mid Pacific, the waves are tremendous. I was guessing them to be 20 to 30 feet high. I read in a book how to measure them. The height of the eyes above the water line is a known height. Stand on deck and look at the horizon. Watch the top of the closest wave as it comes up to the horizon. If the top of the wave and horizon is the same, then the wave height is the same as the eyes from the water line. Standing on the cabin top, my eyes were 9 feet above the water. The waves were 9 feet not 30. Sometimes waves would look like a wall of water coming at me. I wondered how the boat would ever get over it. *Liki Tiki Too* always came through.



Overhead, the low flying clouds just race by in powerful strong winds. I sometimes wonder what keeps the strong winds from the surface. They appear to be only a few hundred feet up. If that wind came down to the surface, it would sink my boat.

The Indians who made this boat have a belief that when the moon is full, the evil spirits flee away which brings good weather. When it is a new moon, all the evil spirits come out to make bad weather. It is now new moon and the wind and waves are getting difficult to handle.

I no longer have to look outside to find out what the winds and seas are doing. I can hear it all inside the boat and know what it means and what the boat is doing.

- W For speed, I listen to the bubbling sound of rushing water passing the hull. The louder and more frequent the sound, the faster the boat is going.
- W For direction in relation to waves, I listen for the splashing sound. A hard hammering means the boat is on a reach. A long low splashing means the boat is running.
- W The combination tells how much quartering the boat is doing.
- W Just banging and no splashing means no wind or stalled.
- W When the sails flap means no wind or pointing to high.

### Day 43

I was sleeping soundly when I found myself deep in bilge water, at the same time cracking my head on the side of the hull. One of those walls of water must have come by and turned *Liki Tiki Too* on its side. The bilge water came out from under the floor boards and I fell off the air mattress into it. Being soaking wet and the sun was soon to come up, I started my day early. I could hear the waves splashing on the cabin top and decided it was too wet and cold to open the hatch. I lit the stove and made a cup of coffee.



*Salty was a good companion.*

I did not like getting an unwanted shower every time I opened the hatch. So I fastened an extra jib along the starboard rail. It helped keep some of the waves off the cabin hatch.

Today's position put me half way to Hawaii. 2,500 miles to go. It took six weeks to get this far and I estimate it will take four weeks for the second half. I am now directly south of Los Angeles. Panama is directly south of Miami.

It seems that I have to pump too much water out every day. I looked for leaks in the hull, but found none, except for a possible small leak in the bow. The beams for the outriggers go through the hull. They are constantly working and let some water in. The joints in the decks are becoming loose, creating more small leaks.

While eating lunch, Salty came in with a flying fish. Dropped it at my feet, looked up at me

and mewed, as if to say “look what I found.” Later she came in with a large squid. She was not hungry but tried to eat it anyhow.

#### **Day 44**

Saturday, April 11, 1970, Apollo 13 left for the moon. They can make one loop around the world while I do six miles at best. They are in the future while I am in the past.

Radio signals come in very clear. I have no trouble hearing the news.

There are only a few birds around now. One found some food near the boat and landed by it. At the same time a dolphin saw it and leaped out of the water in front of the bird. I could not tell which one got the food, but it was gone.

Flying fish leap out of the water in schools now. Before, it was one once in a while. Sea life is very different in mid ocean.

#### **Day 46**

Apollo 13 was more than half way to the moon when the craft was shaken by an explosion. So their mission is no longer go.

For me, there was very light winds. This was a welcome relief after several days of heave seas. I could open the hatch and not get a face full of water. I was able to feel relaxed for the first time in days. The air was cool and smelled good. I hung the bedding out to dry which has been wet for several days now.

I often think of life below the surface that is not visible to us. When something jumps out of the water, we look at it in amazement to its beauty. I wish this was a glass bottom boat to view all that is going on below.

As another day came to an end, the big hot orange sun was cooled off as it sank into the ocean that was off the bow. Behind me, the moon stepped out of the sea and climbed into the clear night sky. I laid on the deck to watch the show. It was great to be at sea. The sea was made for me and this is where I belong.

Cruising alone at sea is more enjoyable now that during the first 30 days. I have adjusted to this slow pace of life and living in cramped quarters which no longer seem cramped. I have more confidence in the boat and don't worry about the wind and the waves as much anymore. *Liki Tiki Too* takes care of me.

#### **Average Day**

My day starts before sunrise, just as the stars are clearing from the sky. First I check the cabin compass for direction which is usually OK. Then I open the hatch and look around outside. If I get a face full of water, it is going to be a bad day, if not, a good day. First chore on deck is pumping the bilge. In the aft cockpit, I brush my teeth in salt water. Then check the main compass and sails. Make adjustments if necessary.

With chores done, I sit at the stern and watch the rising sun put on its show of colors. The sea does its part by making the bright colors dance around. Watching the waves roll by is a never ending fascination.

Salty usually follows me out on deck, but sometimes she goes ahead looking for fish and

squid. Her job is cleaning the deck so there is no dead smelling fish laying around.

When the sun is clear of the water, I go back to the main cabin for breakfast which is a can of fruit juice, coffee and crackers. Can of bake beans should the mood strike me.

I read for a while in the main cabin. I have two wooden boxes of paperback books. When finish reading one, I throw it overboard. Every little bit over the side gives me more room inside. About 9 AM, I go aft to take sights to fix my morning position. The sun at that time gives a more accurate position. I am always anxious to know how far I have come the last 24 hours. I always think the boat traveled more that it did. The average speed is 3 to 4 knots or 80 to 90 miles a day.

Sea conditions determined what I would do that day. Mild days were for washing cloths, taking pictures, drying things out and making repairs. Bad days I stayed below as much as possible to keep dry. Spent most of the time reading, fixing meals and sleeping. On very bad days, I would sit in the aft hatch in a ball. The space is cramped, but the boat rides smoother and it is quitter.

Just before sundown, I eat supper and again sit at the stern to watch the show in the sky of the stars slowly appear. I often think about people who live in the city. Some never get to enjoy the relaxing feeling of a sunset. They are always fighting living and working environments. Their relaxing moment is a TV set. Most people do not know there are other ways to live. Living in a dugout canoe is not he only way to live either, but it has broken me from the past.



*Small squid leap out of the water onto the deck. Salty has them for lunch.*

During the night, I get up two or three times to check compass, sails, and pump the bilge. I have no trouble going back to sleep after each check.

## Day 49

All night, heavy seas rolled over *Liki Tiki Too*. I had to bail the water out every two hours. Waves would slam into the cabin and spray water all over the inside. Water would come through small cracks in the hatch and ports. I hung a towel beside my bunk. When waves spray inside the cabin, I would dry by face off and go back to sleep. The wet salty blankets did not bother me.

During the night, the wind shifted from the north to the NE. The boat can go west, running down wind. The seas feel much softer while running. When it became light enough to see, there were huge swells coming from the north that are long and far apart. From the NE, waves were short and steep.

When I found the morning position, I was excited. The boat covered 110 miles the last 24 hours. The second best day of the trip.

Late morning, off the stern, there was smoke on the horizon. Soon the ship came toward me. As it passed, it was a US Navy research ship, *Sword Knot*. They tried to talk with a loud speaker, but I could not hear. I was so excited over seeing another ship, I didn't know what to do. The excitement was more than I could stand. I quickly wrote another letter.



They were dragging a lot of lines as they passed. Up ahead they stopped with all the lines pulled in. I sailed under their stern and dropped the mainsail. The aft rail was lined with people just staring at me, not saying anything. The Captain was on the bridge and asked where I was from and where I was going. He may have wondered what was that thing I was on. He also asked if I need anything, food or water. It made me feel good to say no. I seemed to be well organized. I then threw a letter to the ship. It missed, so the message did not get through. The Captain said, I will give your position to the Coast Guard in Honolulu.

I was so excited, I could not talk very good, think or do anything right. I almost fell through the hatch again. Soon the wind blew the ship down on my boat and I was going into the ships prop. The waves were 10 feet high and I thought I was going to lose my outrigger on their rudder. The last time I saw the Captain, he was leaning over the rail watching me go under his ship. *Liki Tiki Too* must have been 15 feet from the ships prop when they gave it full speed ahead. *Liki Tiki Too* shot out from under the ship and they went north. I raised sail and went west.

This was the first time in weeks I had the sail down. For some reason, I had trouble getting the sail up. After several tries I made it, but I wondered if I was getting weak and did not know it? If I fall overboard again, would I have strength to pull myself on board? There wasn't much I could do about it.

At night, I try to leave part of the hatch open. It lets fresh air through and also I can hear the sounds of the wind and waves outside, which I feel is important. During the night an odd situation was going on outside. The boat was speeding through the water with no splashing or banging. I could hear the water rush past the hull. I went on deck to find out what was going on. The moon was shining through the light overcast. The wind was blowing hard. I could see the giant swells, but the water on the swells looked calm. No short steep waves. This is ideal sailing, but it isn't normal. I then wondered if there was going to be a price to pay for this speed and calm water. Were we going to broach and *Liki Tiki Too* lay on its side? Should I reef and slow the boat down? What is wrong with having ideal seas? I went back to bed, after a while, the banging started again and I was able to go back to sleep.

### **Day 50, April 17**

I was wishing Apollo 13 would land next to *Liki Tiki Too*, but the landing was in the South Pacific. There is lots of time to daydream.

### **Day 53, April 20, My Birthday**

The giant waves are 15 feet now with their tops crashing down the back side. *Liki Tiki Too* has become a submarine. Breakers roll over her like nothing was there. I took down the mainsail because all the banging was making me nervous. The boat was going slower, but I could relax a little easier.

For several days now, I had to stay inside the closed up cabin. Today was my birthday and I ate a 2 lb. ham that was given to me by some friends.

Under jib and foresail only, I covered 75 miles today.

Having to spend more time inside the cabin, I did house cleaning. More food and unnecessary supplies went over the side.

I am anxious to get this trip over with. So this afternoon I raised the mainsail to get more

speed. Then I sat in the aft hatch where it is quiet to read. There was a sharp crack.. I jumped out of the hatch only to be meet by a falling mast which landed on my shoulder. *Liki Tiki Too* jibed for the first time on this voyage. The boom came around and hit the running backstay that pulled the mast over.

I quickly pulled the sail on board to prevent any more damage. I then added a temporary forestay and pulled the mast back up on its broken stub. It wobbled around, but anything is better than nothing to hang canvas.

After everything was squared away on deck, I made a permanent forestay. One problem, I needed to get it to the top of the mast. The problem, how to get it up there. I could not climb in this wild seas. I sat looking at the problem for a long time, then it came to me. Use the backstay as a guide or trolley to slide it up. It worked. I had the two ends in my hand and worked the line until it reached the top. Then I put one end through the spliced eye of the other end. Pulling on the free end, the line was choked around the top of the mast. I think I can use the mainsail as normal now. The winds are too strong, I should have used it earlier.

I was forcing the boat and putting a heavy strain on everything. If the mast did not break, an outrigger could have broken which could have been the end. The mast is fixable. Honolulu is only 1,200 miles away. I don't want a major accident now.

My critics said the outriggers would rip off in the waves. Next was the pintle and gudgeons. They are made of wood. Chain plates are made of wood. Dacron rope is used for stays and shrouds. This was non-traditional and people said it would not work.

### Day 57

Gale force winds are blowing waves so high, I shutter looking at them. Sometimes the boat doesn't make it over the top and gets buried in a crashing wave. I only go on deck to pump the bilge and stay below for fear of being washed overboard. Everything is under control, but it makes me nervous. With the jib and foresail, we are doing 90 miles a day. Sometimes I think the sails should come down, but the for foresail is spilling a lot of wind. The self-steering works good and I haven't touched it for many days.

The cramped quarters and bad weather are getting to me. Every time *Liki Tiki Too* goes under a wave, I get sprayed inside the cabin. Trying to break the monotony, I sat at the stern. After four stinging waves hit me, I went below. I had no choice but to live with it. Only 960 miles to go. During one of my nightly boat checks, I saw the lights of a ship going east. I had no lights and it would not do much good. My boat was below the top of the waves most of the time. They could not see me on radar because the waves were almost as high as the



*USS Sword Knot stopped and asked if I needed anything.*

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mast. The blimps on their screen are waves to them.

### Day 60

The gale force winds is still raging and my little boat is still part submarine. I seem to have adjusted and don't mind the wild seas as much. Salty may not agree on that. This morning I was sitting at the stern and Salty asleep under the tiller. A breaker came over the stern and we both jumped. Salty jumped over the side, grabbing the main boom. Her hind feet were dipping in the ocean. I quickly got her back on board. She made it this far, I want her to make it the rest of the way.

Only a few birds were visible the last two weeks. Today I saw a different kinds and the number of birds seem to be greater. A sign that we are getting closer to land. 600 miles to go.

### Day 64

During the night, I was waken with rain drops tapping on the cabin top with a steady pattern. Opening the hatch a little, lighting was flashing through the black night sky, but no wave were coming on board. The wind had died down to about 10 knots. It was the end of two weeks of gale force winds. I went back to sleep, happy we made it through the storm.

I was up before sunrise. The rain had stopped. The hatch was open and the air warmer than



*Sitting at the stern watching the waves go by.*

the last few days. I could feel it in my bones that today was going to be a good day. I made a hot cup of coffee while waiting for the sun to start the day. The reds, oranges and yellows soon pushed the blackness back and the sun warmed the air even more.

The first thing was to take a bath with soap on the outrigger. Then wash cloths and hang bedding out to dry. Wired up the running lights with new batteries. I continued to do little things to be ready for my arrival. I was getting excited now, 420 miles to go.

I wondered if the outboard would ever run again. It was under water a great deal of the time. Took the cover off and let it dry in the sun. Wiped it down the best I could. Found only one problem, the throttle was frozen. I pulled on the starter cord anyhow. After a few pulls, it started. I was surprised. It ran for a while and quit. The gas might be bad. It would not start again.

As the sun settled in the west, I lay in the bunk with the hatch open, watching the stars slowly appear in the heavens overhead thinking. Soon this trip will be over. I am anxious to arrive but do not really want to stop sailing. Could *Liki Tiki Too* go another 5,000 miles to Guam. My goal was Hawaii and I am almost there. It would be fun to explore the Pacific Islands. I better save that dream for the future. But why? Why put off a dream?

## Day 65

The sun rays streamed in through the open hatch and warmed the cabin. The waves were calmer now, less than 10 feet high. The wind is out of the NE. Perfect sailing weather. After the morning chores were done, I went below for breakfast. Salty came in with her usual morning catch of flying fish and squid. I gave her some milk which she loves. She can't get enough of it.

While finishing the hot cup of coffee, I was wondering if the mainsail should go up. The boat has been sailing good with the foresail and jib. There is still plenty of wind. But what I really need is some more pictures. A few days from now it will be all over.

For taking self portraits, I used a heavy duty "C" clamp that could be clamped to any part of the boat. On the clamp was mounted a double swivel joint on which the camera was mounted. This morning I mounted the Nikon's underwater camera on the outrigger. From the camera shutter, I strung a fishing line that was used to trip the shutter. Salty had to help by playing with it then run along the boat on the railing. For the next couple of hours I took pictures of waves breaking against the stern and I in the background. I would wait until a wave broke in front of the camera, then pulled the string to trip the shutter.

My thoughts were back to raising the mainsail. The mast wobbled on the broken stub. I haven't seen Salty for a long time now, so I checked inside the rolled up sail to see if she was inside. I found her there once before. Up went the main and *Liki Tiki Too* seemed to fly through the water. I then sat aft keeping an eye on everything. I did not like the way the boat was acting. The broken mast was leaning further out over the out rigger which was sinking deeper into the water. I wondered why Salty was not around, where is she? I called her. She did not come as usual. A fear went up inside me, the boat was acting funny. I could not take it any longer, so down came the mainsail.

I went below calling Salty. She always comes on the first or second call. Where is she. I went searching calling Salty all the time. I looked in every corner of the boat. It was hard to believe, but I had to. Salty is not with me anymore. She was the only company I had. I talked to her all the time. No longer would she bring in fish all excited and no longer would she be playing with my pencil while working navigation problems. She was a pest then, now I am



going to miss her. Neither is she going to curl up in my lap while I sit and read. If *Liki Tiki Too* was having problems, I would hurry about the deck getting things in order. Salty would grab my legs, wanting to play. Her lack of fear relaxed me from the tension of the moment. The boat was not the same. This was the saddest day of the trip.

### Day 66

All night the wind blew lightly and the giant swells rolled gently by. I tossed and turned all night. It was hard to believe that Salty would not return. I know it was just a cat, but I was on an island world so to speak and all the little things become very important.

Dawn pushed aside another night as I raised the mainsail. Taking a morning sight, I found we did only 50 miles the last 24 hours. The slowest day's run in a long time. 300 hundred miles to go.

The radio was damp from the salt air and I have to put it in the sun every time I want to use it. After it dried out, I was able to pick up radio stations from Hilo on the big island. Listening to Hawaiian music put me in an anxious mood to arrive. The music really sounds good. Now it is the voice of the islands that call me to comfort and rest.

### Day 67

Before dawn, the wind shifted to the east. We were at the latitude of Honolulu and did not want to go any further north. *Liki Tiki Too* does not sail by itself down wind. It will only quarter. I tried steering, but after several hours, that got tedious. Then I decided to go NW until sundown. Then change course and go SW all night. It will take longer, but I don't have to steer.

The morning position put me 230 miles from Honolulu and 110 miles from Maui. My planned course will put me 20 miles north of the Maui by morning. To keep my position in check, I took sights all day.

This afternoon, the radio picked up stations from Honolulu. Overhead I saw two airplanes. They came from the west and veered off to the NE. I looked for any sighting of land but saw none. There are lots of birds around.

The sun closed out another perfect day on the Pacific Ocean. I jibed the boat and sailed on the starboard tack for the first time since Cocos Island. For some reason, the waves banged and hammered the boat. I trimmed sail and adjusted the self-steering and could not stop the banging. I did not think the seas were that rough for all the noise. By midnight I gave up and went to sleep.



*The wild outrigger ride.*



*After two weeks of gale force winds, this was considered mild seas. While taking these pictures, Salty disappeared from the boat.*





**Day 68**

When I woke up, the sun was shining bright and *Liki Tiki Too* was moving right along. Also I noticed the bilge water was on the wrong side. The boat was heeled the wrong way. Not understanding, I dismissed it. The first chore on deck is pumping the bilge. While pumping, I was looking over the side and kept thinking something is wrong but kept on pumping. Then I saw what wasn't there and should be. The starboard outrigger was missing. I looked aft, nothing in sight. Then I looked forward and Maui was less than five miles off the bow. If I slept much longer *Liki Tiki Too* would have been on the rocks. I took down all the sails and went below to have breakfast and to think the situation out.

Looking at the charts, Kahalui Harbor was 20 miles ahead. I wanted to stop at Honolulu that is 110 miles away. With one outrigger, the boat was no longer stable under sail. The outboard motor was now needed. I changed the spark plugs and used a fresh tank of gas. The motor started with very little effort. I raised the foresail only and motored sailed along the Maui coast.

The winds that were light earlier have now turned strong. *Liki Tiki Too* is in a hurry to arrive. The tiller was heavy and it was all I could do to keep it under control. It was no longer stable and for the first time during the voyage, I became afraid of the boat. It is possible to roll over. I decided to stop at Kahalui.

Along the rocky coast, the dark blue of the water was giving way to light blue. Approaching the harbor entrance, the color turned a light green which began to scare me. I don't know why, except sudden changes of any kind in an unstable craft seemed to scare me. I was not sure if I wanted to enter. I had to but my fear behind and go in.

Monday, May 4, 1970 at 2:12 PM, *Liki Tiki Too* entered through the breakwater of Kahalui Harbor on the island of Maui. Inside the harbor, I sailed up on the beach and *Liki Tiki Too* was tied to a coconut tree.

**I Made It!**

I raised the yellow quarantine flag, Panama flag and the US flag. A Coast Guard vessel notified customs of my arrival. They never came so I went out looking for them. They stamped my passport and that was it.

Later in the afternoon, newspaper people arrived for the story which was in the papers the next day.



*Salty in a relaxed moment.*



*My first view of Maui.*



*Liki Tiki Too tied up to a coconut tree in Kahalui Harbor.*

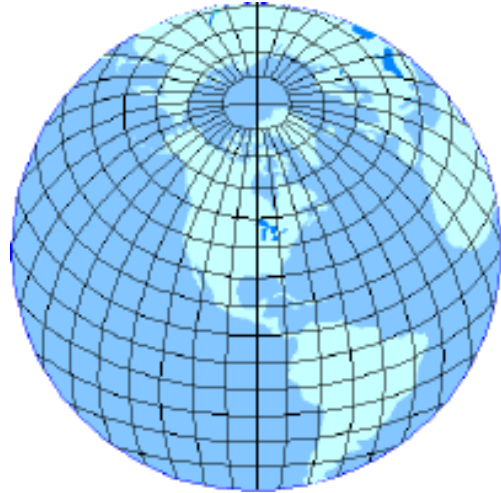


# Comfort Zone Navigation System

## Based on Bob Webb's experiences with *Liki Tiki Too*

How did the Polynesians populate the Pacific Ocean 2,000 years ago without charts or navigation instruments? By comfort zone navigation.

People can navigate across oceans and arrive at their destination by using their comfort zone. (Gut feelings, intuitive forces) Where there is a lack of knowledge and the need to know, we base final decisions on intuitive forces. This is how we achieve any goal in life, whether it be sailing across oceans, building a business, or any achievement. Success depends on making right decisions where facts are missing. Comfort zone navigation is how the Polynesians populated the Pacific Ocean. Facts were extremely limited.



### My Experience in Comfort Zone Navigation

My first trip on *Liki Tiki Too*, I was so seasick I lay in the bottom of the boat and wished it would dive straight to the bottom. My second goal was to head south, away from land and shipping lanes. When I get my sea-legs, I could then sail the boat properly and navigate. After three days I was 300 miles south of Panama City, feeling better, and up ahead was an island, Malpelo. I did not know there were any islands out here. As I sailed closer I noticed it was a mile long rock poking out of the ocean with high cliffs all around and no place to land. Getting too close would mean being bashed against the cliffs by the waves. The odds of sailing 300 miles to an isolated island by accident are tremendous. If my planned course was off three degrees (if I had one) or I missed the island by fifteen miles, I would have never seen it. I felt it was no accident that I sailed to the island, but had no explanation.

My second trip on *Liki Tiki Too* I was in the doldrums where the sky is always overcast and lots of rain. Without seeing the sun there is no way to navigate. At the time, my only interest was to sail west. Hawaii is 4,000 miles away and my position at that time was not important. 700 miles west of Panama is Cocos Island. Without navigating and not considering a landfall, I sailed within five miles of the island. The odds of seeing an island 700 miles out without navigating are staggering. Again I felt it was no accident that I sailed to Cocos Island, but again I had no explanation.

Trying to understand what happened, I reviewed stories of yachtsmen sailing from California to Hawaii without navigation ability. Researching deeper... Throughout history, man had no way to fix his position at sea but he still arrived. What is going on here? My conclusion goes back to the beginning of this section. Man can navigate across oceans by using his comfort zones.

### Mutiny on the *Bounty*

The comfort zone navigation concept was well documented 200 years ago by Captain William Bligh after the mutiny. Captain Bligh micro-managing the crew and wanted everyone to know he was the boss, which was more important to him than efficiency. As a result,

everything went wrong. The crew finally had enough, mutinied, and cast Captain Bligh and eighteen of his loyal crew members adrift in a lifeboat. Without navigation tools, they sailed the open boat 3,600 miles to the Dutch colony, Timor, near Java. This outstanding achievement is only possible with comfort zone navigation.

Fletcher Christian, who is how captain of the *Bounty*, needed to find an island unknown to the British Navy. If they went back to England they would be hanged. Searching the *Bounty*'s logs, Christian found a report of an island east of their position. Pitcairn Island. Its exact position was not recorded. More important, the island was not recorded on the charts. They sailed east and found the island. The only way to find an uncharted island is by comfort zone navigation. Visibility is about twenty miles under normal conditions and navigation tools are of no value if the destination is not known.

In teams, instinctive knowledge is a very powerful force. The work force uses this power to achieve a common goal or to fight the boss. Captain Bligh managed by command-and-control and the crew used intuitive forces to fight him. which led to physical forces.

**There were three teams on board, each with their own goal as follows:**

- W 10% of the crew was focused on the mission's goal. (Scientist goal)
- W 10% of the crew was searching for more efficient control over the seamen. (Officers goal)
- W 80% of the crew was focused on resisting control. (Seamen's goal)

After the mutiny it was a matter of survival. Each group was now focused 100% on a common goal "survival," and each captain was willing to listen to the opinions of the crew to reach that goal.

Captain Bligh was now interested in efficiency and this is only possible when every man assumes responsibility. Before the mutiny, discipline was enforced by external motivation - coercion and threats. The crew did not share the captains goals. After the mutiny, everyone united behind a common goal (survival) and they were internally motivated to reach that goal. Everyone thought as one and pulled together... Requirement for superhuman achievement.

Efficient leadership was used to overcome a disaster, not run a ship that would have prevented a disaster. Had the crew been internally motivated from the start, the mission of the voyage would have been a huge success because 100% of the crew would be focused on the mission's goal.

**Goals and Comfort Zones (Intuitive Forces)**

A goal is a plan of action by individual or a team to reach a destination. In time, the goal become our comfort zone. If we are not at our goal, the comfort zone becomes uncomfortable. We may not always know what to do, but when we make decisions to move in the right direction, the uncomfortable feeling will be eased somewhat. Comforting the comfort zone. If we make decisions to move in the wrong direction, the comfort zone uneasiness will increase. We don't like being uncomfortable, so we will work towards a comfortable comfort zone.

Intuitive forces knows when we are making the right or wrong decision and the comfort zone is our communication link. Also, man has a natural desire to survive and intuitive forces will communicate instructions through our comfort zone when it senses danger. Intuitive forces supplies information where facts are not available.

When sailing a vessel across an ocean, goals and comfort zones work together. If there were

no navigation tools aboard our vessel, we would arrive at our destination by using the comfort zone technique. There are conditions we must consider; winds must be favorable, the boat must be seaworthy, and the crew must have basic skills. In other words, basics must be in place. At sea comfort zone techniques work better than on land. Reasoning:

- W The crew is united in a common goal, to reach the next port... Land.
- W The goal is based on achievement or service, not greed. Greed is wanting something for little in return. The comfort zone does not work in this environment.
- W At sea hunches are extremely reliable, this is possible because there is no outside influence.
- W At sea money has no value, no one can help or give advice, there is no 911 number. Bad decisions will sink a boat, half right decisions will plague the voyage with problems, and good decisions will make the trip a pleasant one. The captain's skills and attitudes determines the results. Resources aboard the ship are the only things of value.
- W When all crew members share a common goal, they all experience a common comfort zone. All decisions are focused on easing uncomfortable feelings.
- W If there are no navigational aids aboard, intuitive forces knows the nearest land mass. It may not be the port of choice, but when ashore, local inquiry will tell the crew where they are at. Then a new plan can be made for the desired port.
- W Our comfort zone is a survival tool. At sea, man is in a hostel environment and the comfort zone wants to get back to land. Intuitive forces tells our comfort zone where land is when we wonder aimlessly as I did on *Liki Tiki Too*. When using navigation tools or when we have facts, the conscious mind takes control of our comfort zone.
- W The comfort zone is a tool that helps us make quality decisions. Successful decision making in any endeavor is no different than high risk adventure or managing a business. United goals produce results, while split goals causes conflicts and diversions because the comfort zone is confused.
- W One additional condition for comfort zone navigation at sea. The system works aboard sailboats, not power vessels. Sailboats depend on wind and seas and the crew is continuously making decisions to compensate for changing conditions. The need for continuous decisions gives weight to right decisions over wrong decisions. The more decisions that need to be made in a given period of time, the greater the odds are of making right. Aboard power vessels, very few decisions need to be made, therefor the system does not work. Dictators are like power vessels, they do not allow a flow of decisions.
- W Through most of history the compass was not available. This increased the number of decisions a navigator had to make everyday. The large number of decisions increased the chances of arriving at their desired port, because more right decisions will be made than wrong decisions.
- W Throughout history, man has been sailing the oceans without navigation aids. Only in the last 200 years has the art of accurate instrument navigation become possible.

### **Using Comfort Zones as a Decision Making Tool**

Comfort zone decision making as a tool that works' best where there are lots of opinions and everyone involved has a voice. There will always be wrong opinions and decisions, but with time and high volume input, more right opinions will be offered than wrong. Time and experience puts comfort zones on the right track, at which time most decisions will be right.

Dictators can get jobs done efficiently if their comfort zone is on the right track. The problem is, it is almost impossible for one man and his ideas to stay on the right track very long. Ego goes to a person head and man needs reminders that will put him back on course. As a rule, dictators goals are power and control, when achieved, getting jobs done becomes almost impossible because that is not the goal.

“Power and control” and “comfort zone decisions tools” are not compatible. One goal is based on control and the other is based on achievement. They are opposite attitudes which cannot occupy the same space at the same time. Comfort zone, as a tool for making decisions, only works where there is a free flow of ideas or opinions.

### **Comfort Zones and Migration**

We live in a technology age where we have tools to measure everything. Because we depend on measuring tools for decisions, we think nature uses measuring tools for its decisions. Scientist have many theories how a birds’ brain is a computer, compass, clock, and sextant for migration. These tools belong to the invention of man and man wants to believe that nature uses these tools also. Modern man has forgotten survival techniques of the past, techniques that relied on our comfort zone.

If people can navigate by comfort zones, what about migrating birds, animals, and fish? With comfort zone navigation, it makes no difference if it is daylight, night, overcast sky, or time of day. Migrating wildlife move because it is more comfortable to be on the move than to stay in one place and it is more comfortable to travel in the right direction than the wrong. They have an inter desire to be at a different location during a season change. Also, there is no one to influence their desire or tell them not to go. Moving in a certain direction with the group is more comfortable than going it alone. A group (team) will make more right decisions than wrong. Because the group makes right decisions, they will arrive at their desired destination.

Scientist have many theories to compensate for migration ideas that don’t work in less that ideal conditions. They say birds continually fix their position by using the sun and stars with adjustment for time of the day. They have built in charts, calculators and clocks. When the sky is overcast, scientist say birds then switch their navigation system to magnetic fields. Man has yet to invent a location system by magnetic fields. Scientist navigation theories are extremely complicated and in may cases... Wild! I believe natures navigation solutions are based on a simple process that I call “The Comfort Zone.” The process works under fair and adverse conditions, in all living creatures with a brain, including *man*.

What is in common with Captain Bligh, the Polynesians and migrating wildlife? They can travel from point “A” to point “B” by using their comfort zone via the perceptive insight world. Navigation tools are for the materialistic world.

### **Changing Our Comfort Zone**

Man is the only creature that can change its comfort zone. Normally our comfort zone is the same as our parents, we will live and work like them. Some people reject their parents life style and create their own. This is how millionaires are made from poor families. Rather that accepting a poor person’s lifestyle as a comfort zone, people make poor an uncomfortable zone. They learn skills that will provide a needed service, this service will change the comfort zone dream to reality.

People are poor because this is their comfort zone, they privately enjoy their problems.



They will fight anyone who will try to take away problems by offering opportunity. People are rich because this is their comfort zone, they enjoy the work that makes riches possible and will fight anyone who will try to take away opportunity.

Changing our comfort zone is possible, but extremely difficult. First, there needs to be a burning desire or dream. While trying to make that dream grow into reality, well meaning friends and relatives will try to destroy it. It is outside of the social comfort zone. Yet, taking charge our comfort zone is how we achieve our wildest dreams. Sailing across an ocean in an ocean liner or by dugout canoe depends on our comfort zone and we have control over it.

# Polynesian Boat Design

When Captain Cook arrived in Tahiti, Tahitians sailed out to greet them in double-hull boats that could sail circles around the H.M. Endeavour. Captain Cook's artist made drawings of these boats and anthropologist quickly decided that this was the type of boat the Polynesians used to populate the Pacific Ocean. The *Liki Tiki*, the boat I built in Tahiti was based on this theory. When I took *Liki Tiki* to sea, I realized it would never stay afloat during a storm.

Reasons:

- The hulls are extremely heavy, (two tons each.) Because of wave action, each hull works independently of the other. When the port hull is going up a wave the starboard hull is going down. The lashing are taking all the strain of two hulls working against each other. In heavy seas, the torque would soon tear the lashing apart. The Polynesians did not have the resources to make the hulls rigid so as to prevent the torque.
- Rigid construction is the secret to today's catamaran. When one hull goes up the other hull rises also. There is no torque or independent movement between the hulls, the two hulls work together as one boat. This is the only way a double-hull boat can survive at sea.
- The theory of Polynesians populating the Pacific Ocean in double hull boats is wrong. They used outrigger canoes. The amount of strain on the outrigger lashings is limited to the amount of floatation on the outrigger. When the floatation reaches its maximum resistance the outrigger goes under water. When forces that pushed the outrigger under water are eased, the outrigger comes back to the surface. What could be simpler?
- The *Liki Tiki Too* was designed with this theory in mind. The logical hindsight of the theory arrived from a surprising source, the Indians in the Darien Jungle of Panama explained it to me after *Liki Tiki* failed. I did not think of it myself. *Liki Tiki Too* was designed with double outriggers and after 5,000 miles the system proved to be right.

## A Note on Intelligence

My research on *Liki Tiki* came from the Bishop Museum in Honolulu and books written by people who had Ph.D. titles. I found their information on Polynesian ocean voyaging boats to be wrong. When I built *Liki Tiki Too*, I relied on information from the Indians in the Darien Jungle of Panama. Their information proved to be right. From this experience I have asked myself, "What is intelligence and who has it?"

# My Tahiti Experience

What really happened during my three days at sea.

*November 2021 I decided to tell of my hard-to-believe experience. One of my goals was to discover how the Polynesians discovered far flung islands. Results: God inspired leaders to explore the Pacific and He would guide and supply water and food. God is interactive in everyone's life no matter what our belief is. Today's prosperity is the result of God's inspiration and guidance; not man, money, or political policies.*

In 1964 I was living on a beach in Tahiti building a Polynesian double-hull sailboat named *Liki Tiki*. My goal was to sail it to Hawaii and understand how Polynesian people populated the far flung islands of the Pacific Ocean 1,800 years ago. While building the *Liki Tiki* I had orders from the French government not to leave Tahiti in the boat. If I tried I would be deported. My construction camp was on the west side of the island and there was an outlet through the reef nearby. When completed I set sail anyhow. Under sail I could not maneuver around the coral heads and out through the reef. I asked a passing boater to tow me out.

The trade winds were strong and I was soon out of sight of land. I had no compass, charts, or navigation tools. The trade wind was my compass because it blows from east to west 95% of the time. My goal was to understand how people traveled between islands without these tools. For the next 24 hours I was making good time getting away from Tahiti as fast as possible, so as not to be picked up by the French Coast Guard.

Sometime during the second day the sky became overcast so I had no direction by the sun. Trusting the trade winds I used them as my compass. Unknown to me, when the sky became overcast the trade winds reversed. During the second night I assumed I was still going west, but I was sailing back to Tahiti. At sunrise I saw the lights of Tahiti and the wind was still blowing from the west. Realizing my experiment was not going to work I continued on. About noon I was sailing north along the reef looking for the entrance through the reef. The breakers that were just a short distance from the *Liki Tiki* turned to deep water and I turned in. I was inside the reef and in five minutes I would be on the beach. Before I could reach the beach the trade winds came back and *Liki Tiki* became hung up on a coral head inside the reef. I signal for a fisherman to come over and he took me ashore.

I was highly discouraged walking along the road when a French lady stopped and told me to get in. She said "it was my husband that towed you through the reef and has not been able to sleep for the last three days. He told me this morning that you would be back today." To this day I have never met him and wondered why he should have given it a second thought. The events during those three days made me realize there are forces beyond our control guiding us. I have come to believe these forces can change the weather, if need to, to achieve an outcome. I also realized that the popular theory of Polynesian voyaging canoes and navigation methods has major flaws. The two 40-foot one ton dugout canoes worked against each other and their lashings would soon break up.

Five years after the Tahiti adventure I sailed *Liki Tiki Too*, a single hull with outriggers, from Panama, 5,000 miles to Hawaii in 68 days. With these experiences I came to understand how, 1,800 years ago, the Polynesian people populated the Pacific Islands. It was Divine intuitive guidance and that same guidance guides us today.

My quest started ten years earlier when I was living in Oklahoma, City living from payday

to payday, dreaming of a different lifestyle. One day I took action by opening a savings account with \$10. From this time on I always seemed to be at the right place at the right time where opportunity was offered. At the time I considered this series of events luck. But luck does not work that way, these events had to be orchestrated. Having an interest in how things work I have been analyzing unexplainable events in my life. I compared my experiences to success stories of well known entertainers. Their drive to fulfill a dream was the same as mine, except in our field of interest.

People 1,800 years ago had big dreams of achievement just as we do today. Being motivated and seeking guidance was the same then as it is now. With new ideas there are always unknowns and dealing with the them is a talent. People that continually make right decisions with unknown elements become leaders. This is true with Polynesian navigators 1,800 year ago or business leaders today; they depend on intuitive guidance for decisions. In any new adventure there are always unknowns and leaders decisions are based on inspired feelings, not chance or luck.

With today's technology, we give credit to *Information Technology* instead of inspired feelings. Polynesian navigators 1,800 years ago had no choice but to depend on intuitive guidance. This guidance is active today, we can benefit from it when we learn to recognize it.