

There never seems to be enough hours in the day to do everything that needs to be done. But super busy people are finding that a group of inspired entrepreneurs are ready, willing and able to step in and do some of the chores. If help is needed, see Page 5D.

The Observer & Eccentric Newspapers

Monday, July 18, 1988 O&E

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CIRCUMNAVIGATION - a journal



Gigantic stone statues, called Moai, dot the landscape of Easter Island.

photos by PAUL MARTI

Island is rest stop on lonely adventure

Last year Paul Marti set off on the trip of a lifetime. Marti, who teaches history and geography at Rochester High School, is sailing around the world. From time to time on his epic journey, he is pausing to pass on his experiences to Street Scene readers.



Whales and dolphins were among the marine life Paul Marti was introduced to during his solo journey from the Panama Canal to Easter Island.

It was with great anticipation that I set out for our transit of the Panama Canal on the morning of Jan. 19. Although the average ship takes about nine hours to negotiate the 50 miles of the canal, our passage would span two days. Pleasure craft are low priority since you pay by the ton, and you are only allowed to start transits on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Pleasure craft also must anchor on Gatun Lake overnight. There were three yachts — a French yacht and one American boat from Maine. We were the smallest. Our fee for the transit was \$105.

During the passage, a Panamanian advisor is required. His job is to explain the workings of the system and to insure that a pleasure craft doesn't interfere with the higher paying customers.

All yachts are required to have five adults aboard in addition to the advisor to handle lines. We recruited a Colombian university student on holiday and a U.S. soldier with some free time on his hands. Our advisor let us transit with only four adults because we were rafting to the French yacht and each boat would handle lines from one side only.

OUR COMPANION yacht was the "Marie Gallonle" from Marseille, with solo sailor Claude Benhamou.

The canal passage was quite simple. Three sets of locks raise you 85 feet to the level of Gatun Lake and then return you to sea level.

During our 31 hours on the canal, a steady flow of ships continued in both directions. After several delays, we completed our passage during the afternoon of the 20th. At 15:41 (8:41 p.m.) the gates of the Miraflores Lock swung open and Keema motored into the waters of the Pacific Ocean.

AT THE Balboa Yacht Club, we took on fuel and water and said goodbye to Roberto, our advisor, and our volunteer crew. Betsy and I anchored a few miles south of the yacht club, with a view of Panama City.

most difficult of the trip. We were up at 5:30 a.m. and made our way to Panama's new international airport. As Betsy's plane banked and headed north, I waved goodbye from the observation deck until the 747 was lost in the clouds.

We were inseparable for the last seven months. Now, alone at the airport, I knew I had more than 5,000 miles to sail before she rejoined me in Tahiti. It was quiet cab ride back to the boat.

Immediately upon returning to the Keema, Claude, who was anchored nearby, came over and invited me for dinner. I was glad to join him. Over Claude's excellent spaghetti and French wine, we discussed our routes west. I was headed southwest with stops in the Galapagos, Easter Island and Pitcairn Island before I reached French Polynesia.

Claude was anxious to get to New Zealand and was planning a more direct northerly course. However, after talking and consulting "Ocean Passages for the World," he decided to try my route.

Although we would not sail together, I was pleased. The thought of seeing a friendly face along the way was a bonus.

We both reluctantly decided to bypass the Galapagos after listening to the ham radio set and finding out that Ecuadorian officials were limiting yachts to 72-hour stays. Besides the time constraint, they were charging a \$50 entry fee plus \$40 a day for a local guide.

MY FIRST solo passage would be direct to Isla de Pascua (Easter Island), 2,976 nautical miles to the southwest. I was excited and a bit apprehensive.

Claude departed the evening of

Please turn to Page 6

R.U. Syrius

Karlos Barney



It's cherry good time in Traverse

By Iris Sanderson Jones contributing travel editor

(TRAVERSE CITY) — The cherry stain on my favorite shirt is mixed with chocolate. The juice splashed all over my Reeboks is straight cherry, no additives. I've got stems in my pockets, pits in my pocketbook and a jar of cherry mustard rolling around in the trunk of my car.

It's a good thing that the National Cherry Festival is over for another year.

When you go to Traverse City, the Cherry Capital of the World, you expect to eat a little fruit, but this is ridiculous. Fresh cherries from a plastic cup, OK. Cherry pie. A little cherry mousse from a creative chef. But they are really getting carried away up here — cherry pizza sauce, cherry hot pepper relish, cherry bratwurst.

I STARTED my cherry pig-out at the Trillium, the restaurant with the 360-degree view atop the tower at Grand Traverse Resort. The restaur-



MICKY JONES

Ocea County's cherry queen was among the participants in the National Cherry Festival parade in Traverse City July 9.

ants serve 300 pounds of cherries a week at this time of year. They use them dried to stuff pork, in muffins for breakfast, in sauce on the roast.

duckling. After trout, stuffed with corn bread and shrimp, and doing my patriotic share over dessert for the Michigan cherry industry, I went to bed to rest up for the parade. Not just any parade, folks, but the National Cherry Festival Parade, highlight of the 10-day festivities around Grand Traverse Bay. The parade doesn't officially start until 11 a.m. the last Saturday of the festival, but people start putting their folding chairs out on the edge of the sidewalk along Front, Union and 13th streets the day before. Since this is northern Michigan, nobody steals them and everybody honors the space.

BY 10 A.M. the crowds are in place in their folding chairs, standing in tiers and sitting on the few bleachers built between the shops, restaurants and bars that line Old Town. Vendors walk up and down the

Please turn to Page 2