



10 November 1987, Position: Maneuvering in Bora Bora Harbor. It is absolutely impossible to fully convey in words the magnificent beauty and warm hospitality that greeted us in Bora Bora. Anchoring in the shadow of a cloud-shrouded volcanic peak, we were welcomed at the beach by Americans who had "run off to paradise." The dazzling white sand beaches set against an almost florescent emerald sea were framed by gently swaying palm trees. Skin diving brought us into a world of thousands of brilliant hued fish, coral and giant clams. Too soon it came to an end, but unlike Fletcher Christian, we all came peacefully back to the ship.

