

The Rotarian

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Cruising the Caribbean

Canada:
a historical portrait

Nuclear war:
a physician speaks out

World Bank President
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global economy



CARIBBEAN CRUISE: SUN, SAND, CELEBRATION

We lived like Caesars during an unforgettable week at sea.

Illustrations by Franklin McMahon
Text by Irene McMahon

THE AIR WAS deliciously balmy up on Lido Deck. Sea gulls glided gracefully by and soft port breezes caressed us as we feasted our eyes on the city of Miami. Meanwhile, our friends back home in Chicago were heading into the toughest winter since meteorologists had been keeping records. Parked ahead of us was the *Festivale*, and behind (we hadn't yet learned to say "moored" or "aft") were the giant Norwegian ships poised to take off for even balmy climes. Could it have been only three hours since we boarded our huge 747 at O'Hare? Our tour guides had met us at Miami International and had quickly bussed us to this floating home away from home. Most of our thousand fellow passengers, we quickly learned, were also from Chicago, Newark, Minneapolis, Guelph, and Montreal, and the subject of the weather we were escaping served as an always-available conversational ice breaker.

The first thing to do on a ship as large as this 33,000-tonne (36,000-ton) spanking new *M.S. Tropicale* is to try to find your way around. We had boarded on Riviera Deck, passed the wondrously mirrored and chandeliered Palm Restaurant, climbed through the maze of blue and green carpeted corridors, and wandered on through the Main and Upper Decks to our cabin on Empress Deck. Then we headed for the Promenade, Lido, and Sports Decks. Finding our cabin was no real problem, but it was two days before we knew whether to go up or down, port or starboard, for breakfast, and the weeklong trip was almost over before we really figured out that Empress Deck is up from Upper.

Our ship, built in Aalborg, Denmark, licensed in Liberia,

and carrying an Italian crew, is the first of a series of new vessels, all spiffed up in shiny brass and vinyl, which ply these southern waters. Gone are the dark mahogany and teak public rooms of the British Queens and the imitation piazzas and palazzos of the Italian lines. The *Norway*, the former *Empress of Canada*, is said to have a \$1 million (U.S.) collection of Scandinavian paintings, but most modern Caribbean ships are tropical in array, with beguiling Tiki lounges and pseudo-Mayan temples. We found a pleasant unity in the art works aboard our vessel. They are by one artist, Helen Webber of San Francisco. Her long tapestries of quilted sea fantasies drop through six decks of tiered stairwells and the designs are repeated in glass murals in the dining room and silk-screen prints in the staterooms.

We set off into the soft evening, toward the deep ocean. Miami Beach and Biscayne Bay disappeared astern. After lifeboat drill, we fiddled with the TV sets in our cabins, suddenly realizing that we were sailing out of range of the wonders we are used to—especially the next day's Super Bowl football game. Fortunately, the cruise director, who had called an early meeting to acquaint us with the joys of life aboard, agreed to keep us informed of the game's progress, and even offered to try to have a video tape of it flown to a port of call for broadcast over the ship's cable system.

The setting for our briefing session was the Tropicana Lounge, whose soft swivel divans, terraced from the circular

Among the greatest pleasures of Caribbean cruising are the exotic stops along the way. The burst of tropical brilliance at right is Dunn's River Falls, near Ocho Rios, on Jamaica's north coast.



stage, would become our center of fun and games on this floating pleasure palace. A cruise is a little like a Rotary convention: everybody is from somewhere else and is introduced by both name and nationality. We were entertained throughout the week by the jokes and bagpipes of Malcolm Kennedy "from Scotland," the earthy songs and humor of Dave Armour "from England," and dancers and musicians from many lands. One singer, Marla Fant, "from Mokena, Illinois," seemed to us as good as any we have heard on Broadway. Every night after dinner we danced to the music of the Tropicale orchestra. At 10:00 p.m. the Exta-Z Disco opened, and a 10:30 variety show and a "midnight special" of music and mirth were the nightly fare in the Island in the Sea Lounge. (Devotees of classical music might prefer the *Boheme*, a smaller Swedish luxury liner noted for its fine repertoire.) All our entertainers were up early the next morning helping to organize jackpot bingo games, fashion shows, shipboard horseracing, and masquerade parties. If the wide choice of organized activities failed to amuse, we were free to stroll leisurely about the decks.

Truly, a cruise ship has "something for everyone." Early in the morning, the slot machines and the library open. There are chapel services for Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish worshippers. While waiting for the sun to reach the pools—our ship had three—physical fitness enthusiasts can use the lavishly equipped exercise, sauna, and massage rooms. The daily schedule offers activities for all, even those who are out of condition: dancing lessons, trap shooting off the fantail, shuffle board, electronic games, ping pong, and bridge. There's even a "bragging session" for grandmothers. A mother of a family of four commented, "This is our third cruise. My husband just sits in a deck chair, but the girls and I try everything." Some families use a cruise trip as a reunion site, gathering together from several parts of the country. There are also special cabins for the handicapped, and people in wheelchairs can move easily about the ship.

The Tropicale's Paradise Club Casino opens each night at sea and the blackjack, roulette, dice tables, and slot machines rock and roll until nearly dawn. We were told that the casino is managed "as well as any in Las Vegas," and were surprised to see women croupiers formally attired in frilly shirts, black bow ties, and tuxedos. One croupier told us she had been trained aboard ship, but only qualified for blackjack. Retreating early from one of these late night sessions, we turned on our cabin TV to see Susan Sarandon playing an aspiring croupier in the movie "Atlantic City," and gained additional insight into the background needed for such a job.

Food service for joggers and early risers starts before sunrise and ends with a buffet at 2:30 the next morning. In all, eight meals are served each day. We usually settled for breakfast and lunch at the light buffet on Lido Deck, where we could sit and watch the wake of the ship and catch the wind and the smell of the salt spray.

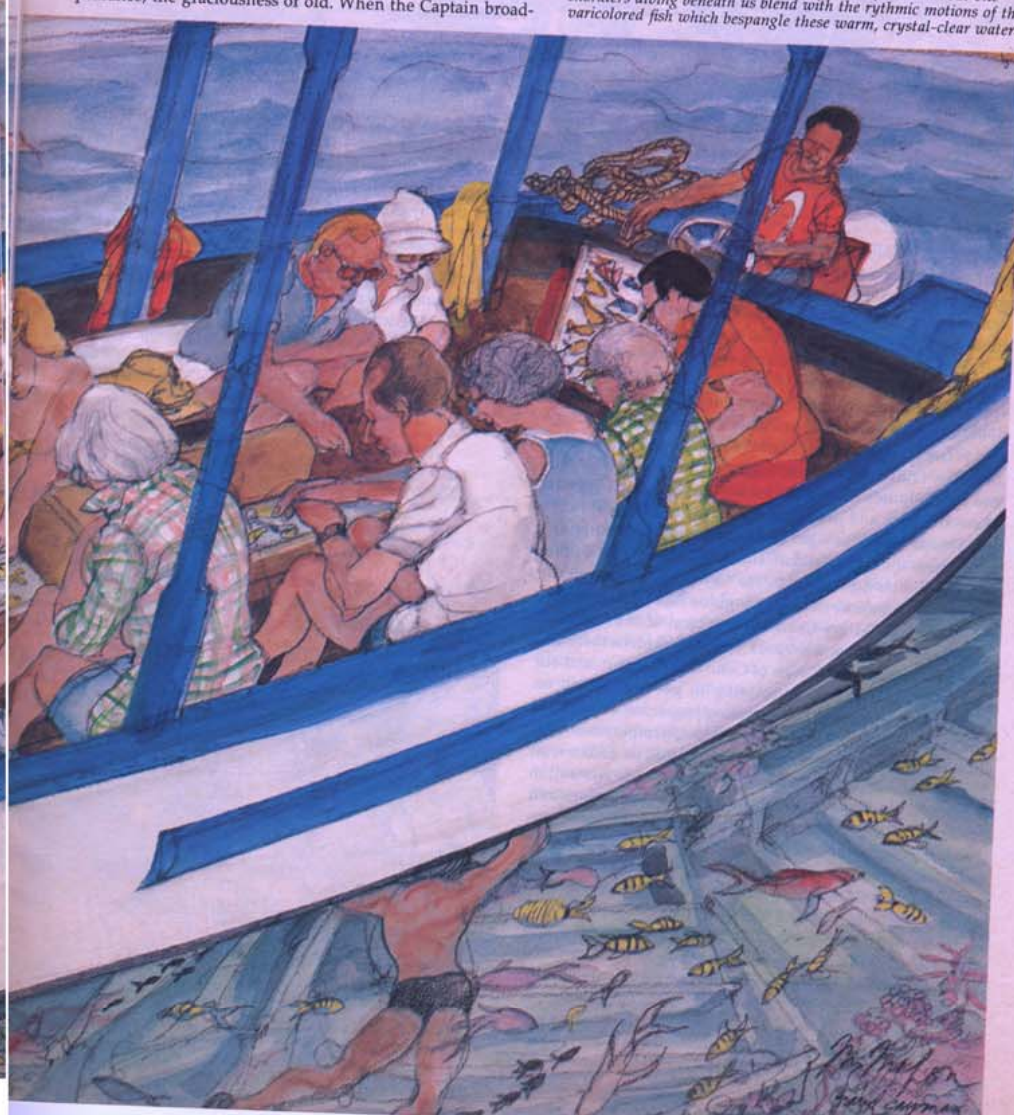
Each night the dining room features a seven-course celebration of the cuisine of a different country. On Caribbean night the waiters, dressed as pirates, offered a large selection of such specialties as Curried Lamb Barbados and Chicken Antilles. On Italian night the menu included Cream Florentine Soup, Yellowtail Savoli, and Sirloin Steak Sabatini. When the waiters brought in flaming desserts, singing



"O Sole Mio" all the while, the Italian officers at our table raised their eyes heavenward. "It's been like this ever since Caruso," said the chief engineer.

The night of the Captain's Formal Dinner, Captain Vittorio Fabietti greeted the passengers with Italian elegance. This modern pleasure ship retains, more in manner than appearance, the graciousness of old. When the Captain broad-

Within the reefs near Grand Cayman Island, our glass-bottomed boat passes over the coral-encrusted wreck of the Balboa. The snorkelers diving beneath us blend with the rhythmic motions of the varicolored fish which bespangle these warm, crystal-clear waters.



Three cruises and their diverse pleasures

by Irene McMahon

DREAM BOATS

paintings by Franklin McMahon

Every cruise ship—whether it's a small pleasure yacht or the *QE 2*—has its own personality. Some ships are bores—they're just a way of getting from port to port. Others are so luxurious that they themselves are worthy destinations. (When you're having so much fun, why dock anywhere?) But all cruise ships are vehicles for unique vacations, voyages out of the ordinary.

Fifty years ago, cruises were long, expensive, and not all that much fun—unless you enjoyed games of shuffleboard or formal dinners. In the free and easy world of modern cruising, even a short trip gives you a chance to savor exotic native fruits and vegetables, drink coconut and banana coolers made with local rums, discover soups rich with unusual seafoods. You can hear spoken French, Dutch, Greek, Spanish, Portuguese, Turkish, or a lilting Creole *patois*. You can shop bizarre bazaars, visit historic sites, comb the beaches of quiet out-islands. You can hike rain forests, climb volcanic peaks, explore ancient ruins, observe strange flora and fauna, scuba dive, snorkel, and wind surf. Then you move back each evening to the serenity—or excitement—of what has become familiar—the manifold creature comforts of the cruise ship, your floating home-away-from home.

The world of contemporary cruising offers plenty that is new and exciting—even to inveterate travelers. My husband, "Mac," forever sketching, and I found an exciting diversity in a trio of cruise ships: a large pleasure ship sailing the Caribbean, a spacious catamaran exploring Brazil's Amazon River, and a trim yacht that wandered the "Turquoise Coast" of Turkey.

Party time on the *Festivale*

"We're having a heck of a good time on this 'Fun Ship,' laughed a poolside competitor. He had just popped one more balloon in an exuberant tournament against other suntanned passengers. The "balloon bust" is one of many planned entertainments on the *Festivale*, one of seven ships of the Carnival Cruise Lines, the company which carries one quarter of all North American cruise passengers.

Sailing from San Juan, Puerto Rico, the happy ship itself is the major cruise destination, spending two or three full days at sea. But the cruise adds a bonus of four Caribbean ports of call: St. Thomas, St. Maarten, Barbados, and Martinique.

These luxurious and extravagant days at sea are everyman's chance for a few days on one of the "Dream Boats" made famous by TV. Adventure, fun, romance: they're in the script almost from the beginning. In the first gathering of passengers in the Copacabana Lounge, Paul Franki, cruise director and showman extraordinary, relaxes the mostly first-timer crowd with zesty humor.

On the *Festivale*, passengers soon discover, entertainment is non-stop. Take your pick of dancing and floor shows, games of chance, fashion and talent shows, or happy hours with tropic drinks in the Copacabana Lounge. It's Las Vegas on the waves.

It's easy to get lost on the ship's six decks, so when you do, make it the Lido—the location for swimming, sunning, serious competitions of "Simon Says" and other games, and day-long munching. A children's counselor plans parties for the youngsters aboard and prepares messages in bottles that the youthful castaways can toss to the waves. Masquerade Night gives passengers the chance to dress up as sheiks, cowboys, kings, *folklorico* dancers—or just to sit back and watch everyone else's make-believe.

Food? There's plenty of it. Everything you've heard about the cruise ship kitchen is true. Three meals a day and a gala buffet are served in the dining room, with a formality to please even the most demanding.

With its relaxed but exotic ambience, and its mara-

Right: Leisure lovers on the Lido deck of the Festivale.

Below: Street market in Bridgetown, Barbados.



thon recreational prospects, the *Festivale* is a perfect example of what most people think a cruise should be—a floating fiesta for anyone from seven to 70, with ample opportunity for the pure pleasures of laziness.

The catamaran *Para*

What we call the Amazon is not just a river; it is an enormous ecosystem of large lake-like bodies and rain forests interlaced with tributaries that flow slowly for 6,436 kilometres (4,000 miles) from the snow-tipped Peruvian Andes and from Ecuador and Colombia. Near the Atlantic, the Amazon forms a gigantic delta extending north and south some 402 kilometres (250 miles). Here the river discharges into the ocean 11 times the fresh water carried by the Mississippi.

As we flew in from Rio de Janeiro and boarded the twin-hulled *Para* at Manaus—capital of Brazil’s long-ago rubber boom—we already sensed the river’s brooding, overpowering majesty.

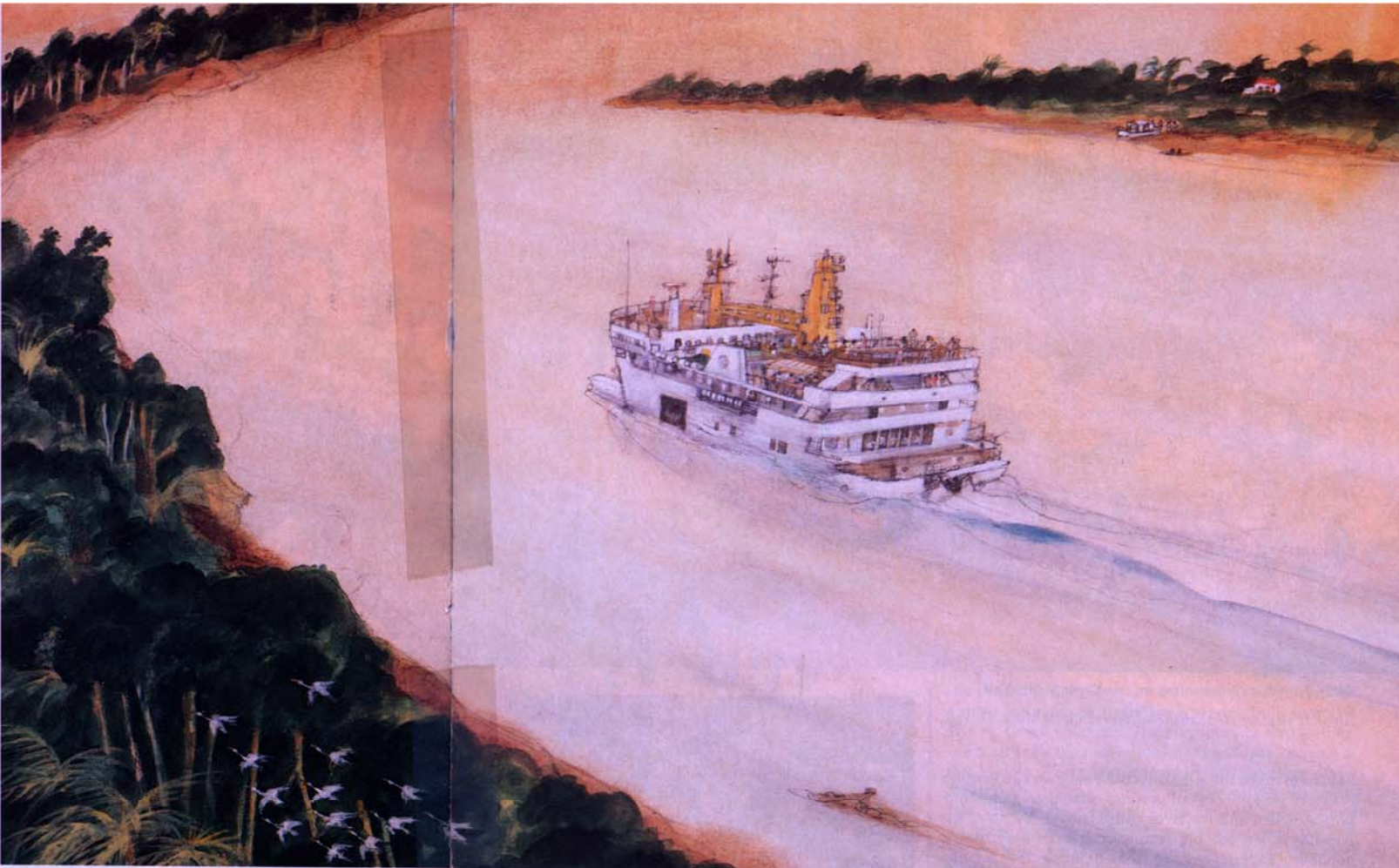
The captain welcomed us aboard, then introduced the crew to the assembled passengers. Our 56 shipmates on the four-day downstream trip to Belém included eight North Americans, four Netherlanders, a Belgian couple, and a Japanese TV crew. A little game called “bonbons,” candy labeled with a passenger’s name and then distributed randomly, soon transformed us into a congenial group getting to know each other in Dutch, French, English or just plain sign language. The awesome presence of the river and the overwhelming density of the jungle brought us even closer together.

Our cabin was small, but air-conditioned and comfortable. The *Para*, a sleek, first-class catamaran carrying the latest navigational equipment, glided easily down the lazy river, making us oblivious to the giant *pirarucu*, sharp-teethed *piranha*, and fierce *candiru* fish swimming beneath us. On our journey to Belém, we learned that there are 1,500 species of fish, 250 classes of mammals, and 1,800 types of birds within the world called Amazonia.

Daytime entertainment was the amazing river, unfolding a few layers of its many mysteries as we rode its current. On the river there is a greater difference between the noon and midnight temperatures than between the hottest and coolest months, so it is said that the night is really the winter of the Amazon. Some evenings we would watch the TV crew report on a tropical sunset, or dance to the blare of the *bossa nova*, or gather in the lounge and watch movies on the ship’s VCR.

Excellent Brazilian wines complemented the chef’s ample buffet dinners, featuring prime filet mignon and the national dish, *feijoada*, a tasty combination of black beans, sausage, pork, rice, and manioc meal.

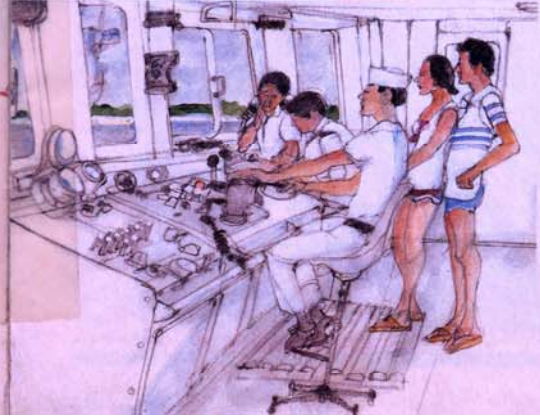
As the river’s many tributaries cut in, the color of the Amazon’s water changes—half blue, half muddy brown. The river flows past farms with houses on stilts and a few small cities with long, poetic names—Iacoa-



The *Para* cruises the Amazon’s lazy current.

tiara, Parintins, and Tupinabarena—where we can see the riverside markets of fish, fruit, and vegetables and small boys playing soccer in the churchyards.

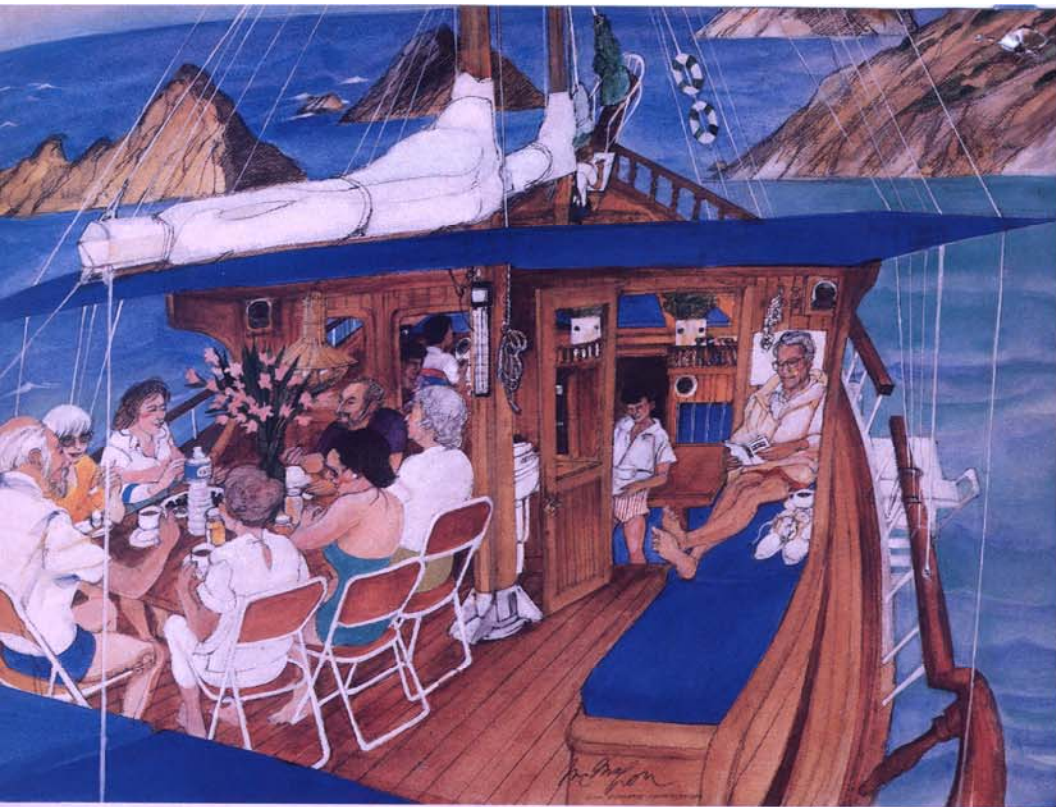
Near Santarém, a port stop midway in our journey, the red-brown earth gives way to sandy beaches stretching as far as the eye could see. No piranha here, so we soon are frolicking in the soft blue water. Santarém is the third largest city on the Brazilian Amazon. Although jet liners land at its airport, water buffalo wander the dusty, burnt-siena roadways. A bus provided by the steamship company ENASA (*Empressa De Navegação Da Amazonia S/A*) takes the catamaran pas-



Left: A honeymoon couple inspects the *Para*’s control room.

sengers shopping in town and to the five-star Hotel Tropical, with its zoo, large swimming pool, and overview of the river. Later the *Para* docks at Marajo Island, site of a water buffalo farm and a bird sanctuary.

Theodore Roosevelt explored the River of Doubt, one of the Amazon’s tributaries, in 1913. He had set out on a map-making expedition he thought would be a vacation. But a few weeks later he was carried out of the rain forest suffering with malaria. The chances of this happening today are slim. In fact, we needed no additional vaccinations before going into the zone. Daily jet flights to the major cities of Manaus, Belém, and



After-breakfast conversation on the Kaptanoglu Yati.

Right: It's a steep climb to the ancient tombs at Myra, Turkey.

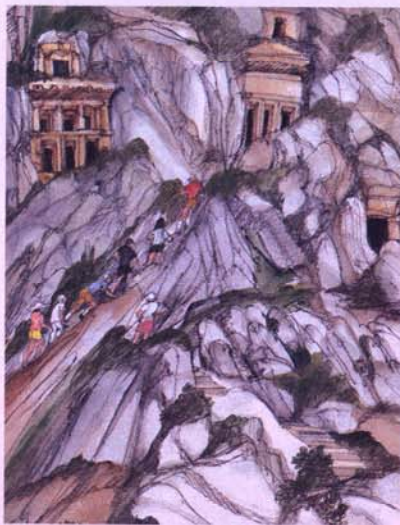
Santarém make the Amazon cruise easy and accessible.

Before we know it, our graceful catamaran glides into port at Belém and the river cruise is over. By now, we passengers are one big family, so it's not easy to say goodbye. Experiences we shared along the mighty Amazon bond us in a special way, and leave us with unforgettable memories.

The Kaptanoglu Yati

Sliding from the yacht's ladder into the clear turquoise water, we look beneath the waves and see the stone steps of the ancient Turkish city of Simena. Fragments of the old settlement extend upward beyond the present-day, shore-hugging village of Kale to the Byzantine fortress, rock-cut amphitheater, and Roman sarcophagi that stand on a bluff overlooking the Gulf of Antalya. This is but one of the archaeological sites we explore on a five-day cruise along Turkey's Anatolian coast.

We boarded our boat, the *Kaptanoglu Yati*, in Antalya,



an old port city in Turkey's Lycia district, but we could just as easily have found a similar cruise vessel in Bodrum, in Caria, farther to the west. Lycia and Caria are two of Turkey's loveliest districts. Massive mountain chains rise directly out of the sea, alternately docile and harsh. Fertile farmlands nestle in the valleys, and beaches are edged with wild pink oleander and peaceful olive, orange, and lemon groves.

Before leaving the dock in Antalya, Captain Ugur Ozsarsilmaz gives us a hint of the adventures ahead. Every day, he says, we'll have a chance to explore exciting archaeological ruins, some sites still not completely excavated.

The *Kaptanoglu Yati* is a spacious, red pine gulet (designed after the Italian style *gouletta*), trimmed with white and deep blue. It was made in Bodrum—called Halicarrassus in ancient times—an important boat-building center since the time of its most famous resident, King Mausolus (4th century B.C.). Once used by fishermen and sponge divers, the boat provides five comfortable cabins for 10 passengers and spacious decks and a rounded stern for sunbathing and sleeping under the stars.

Our galley is stocked with apricots, peaches, cherries, fig and rose jam, fresh greens, tomatoes, yogurt, olives, white cheese made from sheep's milk, rice, lamb, and

NAVIGATION CHARTS

- **TSS Festivale**, Carnival Cruise Lines. Casino, lounges, swimming pools, international cuisine. Launched in 1961, renovated in 1978, refurbished in 1986. Seven-night cruises departing on Sunday from San Juan, Puerto Rico, calling at St. Thomas, St. Maarten, Barbados, and Martinique. From U.S. \$975 to \$1,995 per person, including air fare from 140 cities and all transfers. (Deduct \$200 if air transportation is not used.) In-season rates are \$1,075 to \$2,095. In San Juan, there is a \$35 port tax. Call your travel agent or Carnival Cruise Line: 800-327-7373.

- **Para**, ENASA (Empresa De Navegacao Da Amazonia S/A). Capacity: 70 passengers. The catamarans Amazonas and Para leave every four days from Manaus or Belém. The trip from Manaus to Belém takes four days, and the trip upstream from Belém requires five days. Price for a single cabin is \$599; a cabin for two is \$780. For more information, write the Brazilian Tourist Authority, 60 East 42nd Street, New York, NY 10165. Tel. 212-286-9600.

- **Kaptanoglu Yati**. Numerous boats like this one line the harbors of Bodrum and Antalya, advertising their availability with signs and posters. For boat rental and meals, we paid \$53 per day, per person. Mailing address for the Kaptanoglu is Ugur ve Kemal Ozsarsilmaz, Yenikoy Mah., Mescit, Sok. No. 5, Bodrum, Turkey. Tel. 2657. For further information, write the Turkish Tourism and Information Offices, 821 United Nations Plaza, New York, NY 10017. Tel. 212-687-2194. —IRENE MCMAHON

eggplant. There's a big bottle of Raki, too. It's the national drink, an anise-flavored liqueur. Mehmet Ozcan, our cook, boasts that he can prepare the eggplant in 40 different ways. He promises us that we'll catch fish along the way. We won't go hungry.

Early mornings, 16-year-old Hasan, third member of the crew, serves us steaming Turkish tea, with the courtesy and graciousness that is the national manner. Shortly after breakfast, Mehmet begins chopping vegetables for lunch.

In wide stretches of sea, the crew hoists the boat's three sails, and lets the wind carry us over the waves, but mostly we are under motor power, going from isolated harbor to isolated harbor. Captain Ugur stamps on the deck and dolphins crisscross the water off the boat's bow. Sometimes we anchor off dreamy white towns that climb steep hills. We visit a good restaurant or shop for inexpensive carpets, custom-made cottons, and leather goods. At night, Captain Ugur leaves the boat to harpoon fish for tomorrow's meals.

Always we are conscious that this brief cruise takes us through waters and near places that are still tinged with myth. In the *Iliad*, Homer writes that the Carians were allies of the Trojans against the Greeks. He also tells of the "fertile Lycian landscape with its natural beauties." The Hittites dominated Anatolia in 1250 B.C., and later the Greeks established a colony-city at Phaselis. The Persians invaded, and so did Alexander the Great. The Romans, Arabs, and Crusaders all had their day along this coast, building city upon city, re-using the ancient stones.

Typical of the 10 sites we explored was the ancient city of Caunus, six days out from Antalya. We climbed a steep mountain to a massive acropolis, built centuries ago by Greek colonists. The surrounding fortifications—a wall built of crudely hewn stones—are vestiges of the Middle Ages. The Romans built the huge stone theater. Even today a mere whisper carries across its vast expanse. Not far away are the baths. A restored fountain bears an inscription saying it was built in honor of the Emperor Vespasian (9-97 A.D.), the ruler who began the building of Rome's Colosseum.

One of our group, a Greek scholar, casually pieced two stones together to complete his reading of an ancient Greek inscription. That's how accessible these ancient ruins are. "It used to be like this in Greece," he says, "before they put up fences, hired guards, and sold tickets."

Our all-too-brief eight-day odyssey down the "Turquoise Coast" hardly rivaled the voyage of Ulysses, but like that famed wanderer, we had more than our share of discoveries and adventures. ☉

- **Free-lance travel writer and film producer Irene McMahon** makes her home port in Lake Forest, Illinois, U.S.A. Franklin McMahon's paintings have appeared in *The Chicago Tribune* and numerous other publications. (See page 4 for more about Mac's work.)

There were diversions to please all tastes aboard the cruise ship: bingo games, fashion shows, sports of various kinds, masquerade parties, and dancing classes, like this one in the Tropicana Lounge.



cast the daily bulletin over the loudspeaker, his Mediterranean accent was a reminder that from his nation had come the greatest of sailors, Christopher Columbus.

Among the most precious moments are those solitary times on deck when the water and the breezes and the gentle roll are all yours to savor. You are free to imagine any fantasy, or relive any sea story you have ever read.

As Columbus discovered Jamaica in 1494, so did we in 1982. Our first stop was Ocho Rios, a former fishing village and pirate hangout on this island of springs and lush vegetation. The cruise director had said we could act like Tarzans and climb Dunn's River Falls, a waterfall cascading over tiers of smooth rock and dropping 182.8 metres (600 feet) to the sea. This is true if you get there early in the morning; the park opens at nine. By midafternoon there may be 400 other Tarzans climbing beside you. We were shown through the Shaw Park Botanical Gardens by guide Noel Stenten, who called himself "Merry Christmas," typical of the islanders' song-like play on English words. From the gardens there was a spectacular panoramic view of Ocho Rios, the port, and our ship. When we paused, attempting to get it all down on paper, we were approached by young Jamaicans inquiring if jobs were available aboard the big ship. Unemployment was high and so was inflation, our driver had told us. Laden with handwoven baskets and fragrant spices, we bade farewell to Jamaica as the ship's calypso band beat out the rhythms and mysticism of the *mento* songs of the West Indies.

Our next port of call, Georgetown, Grand Cayman, is known for its surrounding ring of coral reefs, the nemesis of more than 300 ships whose hulls and buried treasures keep the intrigue level high and make this port the Superbowl of scuba diving and snorkeling. Columbus called the island "Los Tortugas," after its turtles, then plentiful, now endangered and being bred on a large sea turtle farm. If you are willing to compromise your environmental concerns you can sample turtle steak and turtle soup at the Lobster Pot, a good restaurant with a quaint English decor.

The pirates of the past, who hid their treasures in the caves and coves, would look like beggars today in this tax-free and prosperous English possession which has more than 600 international banks. The duty-free Wedgwood china, the English silver, and the gold in the shops remind a history-minded shopper of the pirates' booty. Perhaps more interesting is the jewelry of black coral, caymanite, whelk, and conch made in such small cottage industries as the Caribe Island Jewelry Shop on Turtle Farm Road.

Wear a bathing suit under your summer cottons and find your own spot on the 11.3-kilometre (seven-mile) beach. Along with some snorkelers, we took a glass-bottomed boat to view the coral reefs and the wreck of the ship, *Balboa*. The wreck lay as a geometric abstract sculpture, sand- and algae-encrusted; its original lines obscured by coral and the complicated sea life of yellowtailed snappers, blue parrot fish, and striped indigo swimming through it.

Our last stop was Cozumel, an island off the Yucatán Peninsula which is dotted with traces of Mayan Civilization. Here, before the Spaniards came, Mayan women made pilgrimages to worship Ixchel, goddess of fertility. A ferry ride across the bay plus a trip by bus reveals the well excavated ruins of Tulum, a walled fort of about 60 structures. Near the port is the new Sol Caribe Hotel built in the style of the ancient Mayans. Its mammoth open foyer and terraced construction are an award-winning example of dramatic contemporary Mexican architecture. Within walking distance from the ship is the Caruba Arts and Crafts Shop, which has a fine collection of Mexican crafts: onyx items from Puebla,



Above: On Sol Caribe beach in Cozumel, Mexico, both ship's crew and passengers relax in the sun and water. In the background, a nightclub is being constructed in the form of an ancient Mayan ruin.

Below: Viewing and photographing the Grand Gala Buffet. This voluptuous display of the chef's high art is the climax of a week-long round of feasting on a choice of eight giant meals a day.

embroidered dresses and wooden masks from Oaxaca, and weavings from Teotitlán del Valle. On the cove beach of the Sol Caribe, so close to the ship we could hear the gong, passengers and crew mingled, talked, and relaxed in the sun and water. A nightclub is being built here in the style of the ancient Mayan temples.

We sailed away from Cozumel with our Super Bowl tape aboard. It was played on all the television sets the next afternoon, but, alas, it contained only the first half! The second half was brought aboard by the Miami harbor pilot. We and other intrepid fans viewed it at 6:30 the morning we landed, none of us at all disturbed by the fact that we already knew the outcome of the week-old game.

The climax to our continuing festival of food aboard ship was the midnight Grand Gala Buffet, a voluptuous display of fruits, molded gelatine vegetables garnished with truffles, paté in pastry, Alaskan king crab mousse, and chocolate and strawberry tortes—a true Roman banquet. A kitchen crew of 20 had worked 80 hours on the preparation. One woman exclaimed, "I've cooked all my life, but I have never seen anything like this." Photographers held up the line to take pictures of the elegant edibles.

Too soon, our opulent voyage of rum swizzles and pineapple delights came to an end. Again there was talk of frozen pipes and of how our cat had fared in our absence. Indeed, there was a universal letdown in the thought of returning to the workaday world. The photographers at the Gala Buffet had stopped to take a picture before indulging themselves like the Romans of old. They knew—as we all knew—that the memory of this luxurious and extravagant seven days at sea would have to be saved and treasured for at least the whole year through.

● The McMahons are happiest when they're busy. Even their vacations are work projects. "We're always on assignment," they say, "whether we're cruising the Caribbean or partridge hunting in Spain." For more on this talented duo, see *By The Way*, page 2.