



*FORTNIGHTLY PUBLICATION - JUL 24 - AUG 6, 2020*

**David Plowden, born 1932, has created historical documentary photography of urban cities, steam trains, American farmlands, and small towns. He has produced 20 books, and his work is in the permanent collections of the Smithsonian Institution and the Library of Congress.**

**He says: "I have always felt that I have been standing in the middle ground between two eras, with one eye on the 19th century and the other on the 21st...all across America we have left abandoned, like carcasses after the feast, that which only yesterday was state-of-the-art invention."**

**Plowden lives in Winnetka, Illinois.**

**Plowden has found "that the camera is a fine device for the remembrance of things passing." Owen Edwards**





## Covid 19 FACTS!

The bug can only travel 6 feet, not 6 ft, 1 in. or longer.  
It can live on all surfaces except anything that comes in the mail from Amazon.

It does not live in Target, Walmart, Home Depot, Lowe's or any grocery store.

It is harmless in protests, riots and looting.

It is only deadly in bars, restaurants, small businesses, hair salons.

It can not live on our food as long as you get it to go.

**DON'T YOU LOVE THE WISDOM OF BUREAUCRATS?**

ANONYMOUS

**"The pandemic and the protests have been enough  
reset for a generation."**

Daniel Henninger, WS Journal  
July 9, 2020

## You have to get up.

That's the first thing. Don't just lie there and let it have its way with you. The sea of anxiety loves a horizontal human; it pours over your toes and surges up you like a tide. Is your partner lying next to you, dense with sleep, offensively unconscious? That's not helping either. So verticalize yourself. Leave the bed. Leave its maddening mammal warmth. Out you go, clammy-footed, into the midnight spaces. The couch. The kitchen.

So now you're up. You've reclaimed a little dignity, a little agency. You're shaken, though. You make yourself a piece of toast; it pops up like a gravestone. Insomnia is no joke. The thoughts it produces are entirely and droningly humorless. Failure, guilt, your money, your body. Someone else's body. On and on. And over there, look, the world: the whole flawed and shuddering and horribly lit life-and-death-space, with all of us shambling around the circuit like broken beetles. At 2:41 a.m., everyone who's awake turns into Hiëronymus Bosch.

And therein, my sleepless friend, lies the key: You're not alone. Even as you twist in these private coils, these very particular difficulties, you are joining a mystical fellowship of insomniacs. We are all out there, keeping an eye on things: a sodality, a siblinghood, an immense and floating guild of piercingly

conscious minds. What might happen, if not for our vigilance? Into what idiocies of optimism and vainglory might humanity collapse? We're like the Night's Watch in Game of Thrones, except there's millions of us. Above the city rooftops it shimmers and flexes; it tingles over the leafy suburbs: the neural lattice of our wakefulness.

"God time" — that's what my late friend, the writer Gavin Hills, used to call insomnia. Meaning, I think, a release from the individual and partial, a release into the eternal. The clock goes weird in the small hours. It speeds up and it slows down. It has moods. You yourself have moods. Now the Gothic backchat of insomnia fills your mind with terrible news, terrible apprehensions; now you feel at peace. Now panic seizes you: How will you function in the morning, on so little sleep? You'll be grumpy, you'll feel ill, your brain won't work! All those things you have to do and say! And now you feel something else: a serene compassion for your social self, for the buttressed and bashed-together you, so brittle, trying so hard, that you present to the world. Maybe you think about the other based-together selves that you'll encounter, in the grayness of the day, and you experience compassion for them too. This is quite precious.

It's 4 a.m. You've experienced yourself, fully and purgatorially. You've preserved the balance of global sanity. You've had pity on your fellow man. You have sniffed timelessness. Your work is done, insomniac. Go back to bed. *A*

## ODE

-to-

## INSOMNIA

By James Parker



## Celebrating May Waldroup's 90th Birthday!



## Jane Departs For Vacation in Wisconsin She Will Return!---



## Congratulations

The thank you/send-off for Jane was a roaring success.  
Job well done

Thanks to all of you who made it happen.

Mary Seiersen

## NEW/soon-to-be RESIDENTS

Sandy Storm  
James & Betty Kasson  
Martin & Karen Wiskoff

Marie-Frances deSibert  
Beverly Hamilton  
Barbara Fowble

## HAPPY BIRTHDAY

7/24	William O.	7/30	Susan S.
7/25	Lyde H.	7/30	George W.
7/25	Rob C.	7/31	Carlo P.
7/26	Selma P.	8/1	Cathy W.
7/28	Mary Ellen M.	8/6	John D.
7/29	Joan L.		

## LIBRARY NOTES

### BOOKS CHOSEN FOR AUGUST 2020

#### Fiction

**CAMINO WINDS**

**REDHEAD BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD**

**A BURNING\***

**John Grisham**

**Anne Tyler**

**Megha Majumdar**

#### Combined Biography

**AN UNLADYLIKE PROFESSION**

#### Politics

**RIGGED**

**Chris Dubbs**

**David Shimer**

#### Art History

**MAD ENCHANTMENT**

**Ross King**

\*Donation

\*\*MacCullough Fund

\*\*\*Wagner Fund

### DVDS SELECTED FOR AUGUST 2020

**BAPTISTE**

**COLD WAR**

**GRACIE'S CHOICE**

**SANDITON**

**YEARS AND YEARS**

**"Certain authors we read because they enlarge us, because they offer experience, wisdom, beauty of language, a sense of fate and the only defense, a sense of humor..."**

**Stephen Becker**

#### BOBCAT SIGHTINGS 2020

March 25, 6:27PM Below patio of 13-E

April 6, 7AM Sitting comfortably on patio 2-H

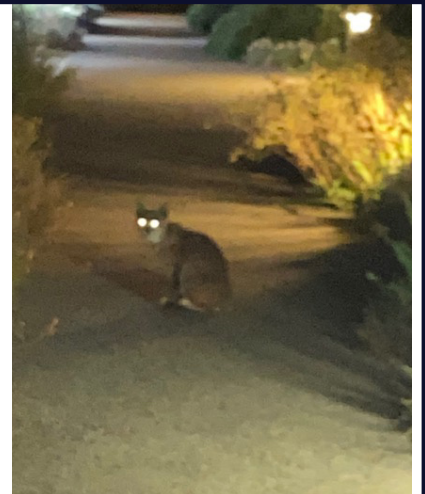
April 8, 6:13PM Moving East to West below 13E, then dashed over patio of 13F, "out for a stroll"

April 29, 6:30PM Idle stride over 15D patio in bold daylight

June 10, 8:30PM Sleek creature walking over 2-H patio, sees resident, stops, gives a look & a flick of the tail... turns in an unconcerned manner and walks on by.

July 18 Between Meeting House and Building 19

KEEP YOUR BLINDS OPEN FOR A SIGHTING



## THE BAY OF WRECKS

### THIS STORY'S MARITIME SETTING

Christmas Island or Kiritimati is a raised coral atoll in the northern Line Islands in the Pacific. It lies 144 miles North of the Equator (01° 52'N & 157° 20' W) and 1,340 miles South of Honolulu. An atoll by definition is a ring-shaped reef, island or chain of islands formed of coral. Christmas Island has the greatest land area of any coral atoll in the world, about 150 squares miles, and its lagoon is roughly the same size with a shoreline of 30 miles and perimeter of 93 miles.

The Bay of Wrecks on the Northeast side of Christmas Island earned its name in the 19th century as a notable hazard to shipping and the grave for unlucky square riggers. This following story suggests that perhaps its deserved name has carried forward into the 20th century.

In 1984 Laine and I began a sail on the "South Pacific Milk Run" aboard Capella, a Polaris 43, cutter rig with canoe stern designed by Robert Perry. With various crews we sailed from San Francisco to Cabo San Lucas and on down the Mexican coast to Manzanillo from where we sailed for French Polynesia: the Marquesas, the Tuamotus, the Society Islands, the Hawaiian Islands and return to the Mainland where we arrived in Monterey Bay on July 4, 1986.

Somewhere in Mexico we casually met Gary who was single handing on a Cape Dory 27. He came from Dutch Harbor, Alaska where he worked on crab fishing boats until he made enough money to purchase his boat. He was pursuing the same route that we were, so no surprise that we ran into him again somewhere in the Society Islands, probably Bora Bora. Over conversations with him it became clear that we were pursuing the same passage to Hilo, Hawaii next, so we agreed to "buddy boat" from Bora Bora to Hilo, buddy boating meaning staying in touch daily via ham radio to compare weather, sea conditions, and progress made.

As it turned out we were ready to leave when our new crew arrived via plane, Len Fiock and Gene Olich, and Gary still had some details to take care of. So we bid him farewell and agreed that we would likely see him next at the Ala Wai Marina in Honolulu! Capella departed Bora Bora on September 1, 1985 and arrived in Hilo on September 21. The voyage was 20 days or a distance of 2,370 miles on a course of 147° West. NB: our course of 147° West...more on that later.

*Continue on page 4*



We did not linger long in Hilo but set sail for Honolulu in order to have the boat hauled out for repair and painting of the bottom and repair or replacement of the AutoPilot. On September 27 we entered the Ala Wai Harbor channel and moored for the night at the loading dock because no Harbormaster was available to assign us a slip!

We flew back to the Mainland at Christmas, 1985 to take care of taxes, visit friends and buy a home in Carmel Valley. We also lingered on Oahu until well into February, 1986, getting to know Honolulu and the rest of the island.

**AGROUND:** Somewhere during that interval we ran into Gary at the Ala Wai Marina, having just heard snippets of the following story through marina gossip. He told us the following...he did indeed get underway from Bora Bora to Hilo, and in the middle of one night when he was down below getting some sleep, his boat hit the reef surrounding Christmas Island, pushed into the surrounding lagoon and went aground on the coral island itself. The area in which he found himself was entirely isolated with no evidence that Christmas Island was populated; he told us the atoll was uninhabited. In the early days of this misadventure he spent his time off-loading galley equipment and other essentials by which he could stay alive. He relied on rain water and shell fish for nourishment. His other activity was scanning the horizon at all hours looking for any vessels that might be coming in range of Christmas Island. He often fired off his flare gun, thinking he saw a ship but nothing happened. This form of distress signaling was of no avail.

**UNTIL:** one day while scanning the horizon, Gary spotted a boat which seemed to be heading for the Bay of Wrecks. He began firing his flare gun with wild abandon, and indeed, the vessel headed into the Bay of Wrecks and anchored! Its crew found him easily and said "Monsieur, Why were you firing the flare gun? We

come here twice a year to conduct research, and we had every intention of anchoring here." The boat was a research vessel out of Papeete, Tahiti.

When the crew had completed its assignment, they took Gary aboard on their return to Papeete and gave him money for airfare from Papeete to Honolulu. When we saw him at the Ala Wai Marina, he was easily 10 to 12 pounds lighter than when we had last seen him. He was returning to Dutch Harbor to resume crab fishing in order to save money for another sailboat. With his earlier efforts he had made enough money to buy the Cape Dory but not enough money to insure her. Laine gave him money for his return to Alaska, and we never heard anything of him again. If we had ever known Gary's last name or the name of his boat, we forgot both as time passed.



It is important to remind the reader that this incident took place in 1985. Today's GPS had not been developed. The method of offshore navigation then widely utilized was Satellite Navigation or SatNav. The US Navy developed SatNav and launched missiles which served it. The satellites, however, were all placed North of the Equator so SatNav was of no value below the Equator. There, skipper and crew had to be proficient with sextant to maintain the correct course for the desired landfall.

It seems reasonable that Gary may have failed with this technique and therefore fallen off course to the West where he went aground, losing his boat.

~~~~~In 1643 British Sea-Captain William Mynors sailed past this atoll early on Christmas Day, hence the name "Christmas Island".

~~~~~In 2016 the population of Christmas Island was 1,843 residents.

*Janet McDaniel*

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