

Dear Friends,

How wonderful! You did it! And how much better than Vancouver!

None of those who knew told me, for none write me any more, so I'd just written you about a week ago, thinking you were still in N.O. The mailing from JB's father came today. and I lay rush proofs aside to make hasty, envious response (though I'd prefer to forget the one time I was near the beautiful Azores, in 1942, when the new tub (liberty) I was on broke down at night, with the convoy under attack).

Once I had several contacts in W. Africa, but no longer. I recommend you try one I never met, one I think will remember me if you remember the magic words, "Ducks from a Maryland farmer." Kwame Nkrumah. You ought try and see him anyway. Make a good story, esp. picture story, if not a good chapter for a book. I am looking as his autographed color picture now (the only other one on my office wall is an old etching of Paul Robeson), in the frame in which he ordered his ambassador to deliver it. And it was delivered to my far, by the ambassador and his sweet daughter, even though I was in the Embassy for formal picture-taking, which, of all things, the State Department, then battling with that government, wanted and apparently used extensively in the black world. If you do see this man, please tell him I much appreciate the libations he sent. The foresighted ambassador had pre-chilled one of the bottles of champagne! He has probably forgotten this, but included was something outside my normal reach, a bottle of Haig & Haig pinch. I save it until Ron Hobbs (a black agent he also knows) visited me, when we broke it open and enjoyed it and recollections of him. This was a year ago. I kept it perhaps 5-6 years, unopened, for an "occasion"....Let me know if you go to Algeria. I think I can make some arrangements for you there, including with the press, if you'd like to write a bit there....I no longer have any L.A. contacts that would be of any use...You should try and come back through Cuba, and if you do, you know what I'd like you to try and do...The NYTimes story is fine, as are the quotes. But if it was in the N.O. papers, that or those issues didn't arrive....Best to Phil and congrats on the short term... Jeannine's slimmed face is even prettier; Matt's, so appropriately looking backward, more Irish with the shading; and the kids their usual pert image that lingers in my mind's eye. (What did you do with the old tire on Melissa's line?)...You have left at a fine time, for living here is bound to get more and more for description in doubleplusgood ducktalkspeak. Repression has expanded considerably since you left. In my own battles against it, I am thus far the complainant, not the defendant. Mitchell makes a good defendant, I think. I propose keeping him that way for a while...It is as though though I was never in N.O. The only one from whom I hear is Dione, who resumed writing me some months ago. She says she is about to have repeated and serious leg surgery...what she was on...but not how she knew what she knew. I really believe she has no idea how much she told me that was straight or how helpful it will be in the ultimate unravelling...I believe it is possible that after I left you may have heard things in which I can have some interest. If this is the case, I'd appreciate it if you'd use some of those long hours to tell me...If you get to London and want to meet an agent there, let me know. Look up Louis Heren at the Times and use my name, too. He just left Washington and is one of the editors now. Good fellow. Also let me know if you think a well-connected Algerian friend can be of any use to you. I can reach him anytime through a friend you didn't know you and I share, name o' Janie. I see her once in a while...Have the marvellous time and experiences you should be having, and make the notes you should for an additional, political book for those of us who will try and keep something for which to return. And let me hear from you from time to time. There is not enough fresh air in the countryside any more. Best wishes, best luck,



We're off!  
woe,  
Matt, Jeannine, Matthew, Melissa

Hull - Sept 8

Hi - sorry we haven't  
communicated more but it  
has taken all our energy to  
get this project off the ground.  
We are in St George, Bermuda  
and leave for Azores tomorrow.  
So far the trip is great.

Keep in touch - and send  
us any contacts you might  
have in W. Africa.

Love,

Matt & Jeannine

Nov 10<sup>th</sup>  
Oct 1-15

POSTE RESTANTE  
HORTA, FAIAL  
THE AZORES

# for Africa in 31-Foot Boat to Escape 'TV Scene'



Chris Harris for The New York Times

Matt Herron with, from left, Matthew 4th, Melissa and wife Jeannine aboard Aquarius in New Orleans on Saturday

a number of writing and photo assignments in Africa, they intend to sail back across the Atlantic to Rio de Janeiro and from there up the eastern coast of South America toward home.

Their route to Africa will take them from Lake Pontchartrain to the Gulf of Mexico, along the Gulf Coast to the tip of Florida, northeast to Bermuda, across the ocean to the Azores, southeast to the Canary Islands and then to the African coast.

### Will Teach Children

Both parents have spent many years around universities—Mrs. Herron has just finished all the work, except a dissertation for a Ph. D. in neuroanatomy—and they will teach the children writing, mathematics and other academic skills on the boat.

They expect to keep a log on their feelings and experiences and turn it into a book.

In Bermuda, they will be joined for the rest of the At-

lantic crossing by Phil Stiles, a young friend who has just finished a one-and-a-half-year Federal prison term for failing to notify his draft board of a change of address.

The Aquarius, a steel sloop built 10 years ago in Canada, is carrying 90 gallons of water, three radios, an auxiliary engine, a rather large supply of books (from "War and Peace" to "Typing Made Easy") and a food supply that Mr. Herron

described as adequate for several months.

Much of the food is in cans that have been waxed to prevent rust.

Two or three dozen friends gathered on the dock to say good-by. It was cloudy and a breeze had risen. After the

kisses, champagne and joking that alternated with morbid and the sentimental, Mr. Herron pushed his rich black mustache into the shape of a grin, glanced at the crowd

and said of the imminent setting of the sail, "I hope to God we do it in a seamanlike way."

A few minutes later the wind caught the sail and carried the boat out of the harbor and into the open lake. It was a little after 6 P.M.

The last part of the Aquarius that was visible was a string of 10 flags, one for each country the family expects to visit, all hand-made by Mr. Herron, who is, among other things, skilled at sewing.

He watched as his husky, freckle-faced son rigged a jib sail on the boat, which they have named the Aquarius. The boy has proved himself capable of handling the boat alone, the father said.

### Experienced Sailors

The four have gained considerable experience as sailors during the last two years. Mr. Herron also sailed quite a lot during his younger years. "As we become more, more territorial," he said, "people participate less, and there is less striving against the environment. You're fewer experiences. It's fear of hunger, food, and the feeling of coming through hardship and knowing you did it on your own, growing up without this and a sense that they don't feel as deeply as they should. I want them to be strong individuals."

The voyagers hope to reach Port Etienne, Mauritania, on the Eastern Coast of Africa in time in October, a fitting inter-ference from what they expect to be their child's worry, hurricanes. Tropical storms frequently in some of the waters they will be sailing this summer.

After working for a time on

**Family Sails**  
By ROY REED  
Special to The New York Times  
NEW ORLEANS, July 19—A family of four left here yesterday in a 31-foot sailboat bound for Africa.

The voyagers expect to be at sea about a year and a half, except for brief port calls. As the father described the venture, their purpose is to stand away from America for a while and escape the pull of its television, materialism and what they have come to regard as its overpowering sense of spectatorship.

The voyagers are Matt Herron, 38 years old, a photographer; his wife, Jeannine, 33, and their children, Matthew 4th, 12, and Melissa, 10. They have lived in New Orleans several years and will make their home in California when they return.

"We're doing this mainly because of the kids," Mr. Herron said as he drank champagne with friends who had come to see them off from the dock of the Southern Yacht Club on Lake Pontchartrain. "We see this as pulling them out of the television-spectator scene."

October 22nd.  
Dear friends of Jeannine:  
This letter was one of a bundle sent from Bermuda to mail here. They arrived 40 days later. I phoned to Jeannine today. They are fine and love Horta. They will remain there until Nov. 10th. She had

Written to us on October, "Can you imagine coming into a beautiful place like this after 26 days at sea? It's like Paradise! Friendly people; hot water, clean sheets, and beds that don't jump around! It was an incredibly long voyage, but we made it. Three days becalmed; two storms (one with neat pale force) and headwinds most of the way." They crave mail. Address now is Poste Restante, Horta, Faial, Azores. Allow to days. After Nov. 20th, Poste Restante, Las Palmas, Gran Canary, Canary Islands.

Sincerely,  
James Hull (Jeannine's father)