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IN SEARCH

OF THE REAL

TRISTAN

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TRISTAN JONES

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WAYWARD SAILOR

Also by Anthony Dalton

Nonfiction
Explorations with My Father
Portraits of Bangladesh

Fiction
Nelson, The Arctic Adventures of Tristan's Old Sea Dog

In memory of my grandmother,
Florence Mary Waterman,
who lost both her legs to diabetes late in life—
yet fought on with great courage

Where what is done in action, more, if might, Shall be discover'd; please you, sit and hark.

William Shakespeare, Pericles

Acknowledgments

This book could not have been written without enormous help from others. Its preparation proved multifaceted, a task as labyrinthine as building a seaworthy wooden boat from the barest of materials. Tristan Jones provided the plans grudgingly, sparingly—one incomplete sheet at a time. His friends and acquaintances supplied the resources, drawn from the accumulated flotsam and jetsam of memory and memorabilia. Some worked side by side with me, sharing their knowledge as I, the builder, assembled a multitude of pieces into a coherent whole.

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Tristan's faded photographs, sent me video and audio tapes, books, and boxes of Tristan's correspondence, and shared his memories. After knowing you for a little over two years, Henry, I fully understand why Tristan thought so highly of you. I'm thrilled to have you on my side.

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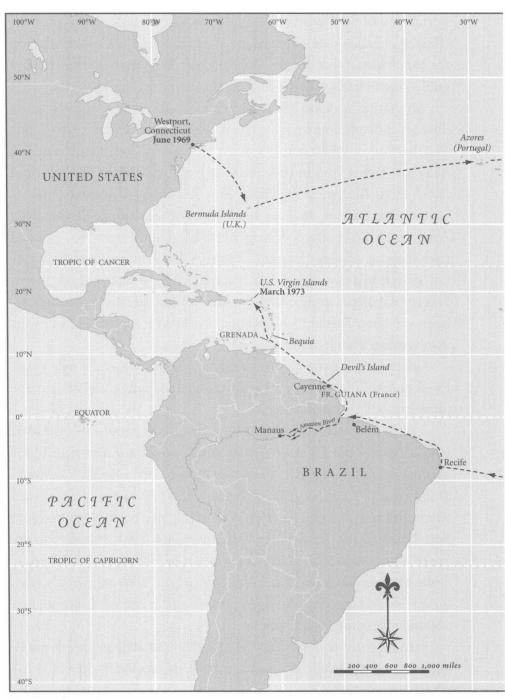
My gratitude goes to Paul Dark in Phuket, Thailand, for his assistance during a difficult time for him. Thanks also to Chris Forrester in Chiang Mai, Jos Souer in Phitsanulok, Scott Murray and Rafiq Tschannen in Bangkok, Derek Tonkin (former British ambassador to Thailand and Laos), David Morgan in the Philippines, and Euan Ferguson in Japan.

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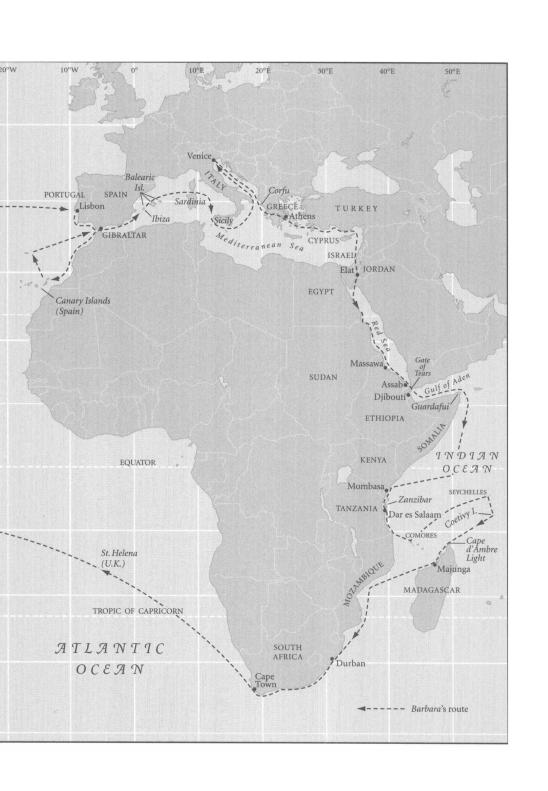
Tristan Jones's story dominated my life for two and a half years. I'm fortunate that Penny, my wife, understands my passion, and approves. Thanks for being there.

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Barbara's route

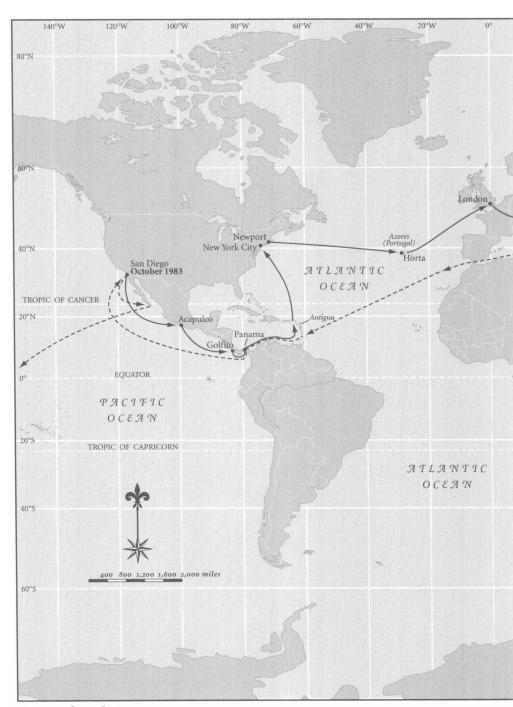




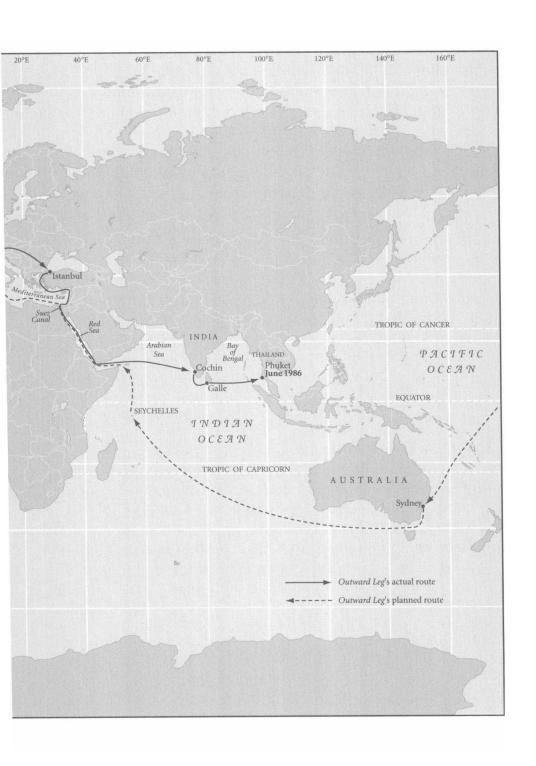
Sea Dart's route



The Kra expedition aboard Henry Wagner



Outward Leg's Route



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