

Friday, April 21, 1989

We were up at 5:50^{a.m.} to try to get weather. No broadcast was receivable except very faintly on the Repeater from Nick. It seems like a "go", however. We departed Spanish Water 9:00 a.m.

We hired Captain Preston Danks to pilot us out of the Harbor and past Ridley Head.

The day is clear and the wind 5-7 knots out of the N.W. The water is choppy + has swells. It is a little confused and we're doing some Rocking + Rolling.

We pray for a good crossing.

At approximately 11:15 at Lat. 25° 51' and Long. 76° 49', we were circled by a U.S. Coast Guard Cutter, at very close quarters. They gave us the once over, decided that we were O.K. and took off at top speed.

We had a good trip in spite of the waves + wind, went about 7 miles from the entrance to Little Harbor Bar. At which time, the wind picked up, and the rain came and our visibility was nil. We immediately called for any boat in the anchorage to please respond and offer conditions, because we felt the entrance with it's Rocky, Shoddy

Bar would be too tricky in bad weather. We got a response from Beverly of Deb II, a sail boat that we assisted in Boat Key. They said the entrance was breaking very well and it might indeed be too tricky. So we opted for the North Bar Channel, which was tricky enough, but, thank the Good Lord, we had a good passage through the breakers. It added about an hour + a half to our journey, but I was worth it. We were all anchored by 4:30 P.M. at Lynyard Cay, and as we settled in the sun broke through the clouds. This place is gorgeous.

This is our first time anchoring overnight, without being in the company of other boats we know. There are other boats here though and we do not feel deserted.

Saturday, April 22, 1989 Lynyard to Boat Harbour

Cranked up Engines at 8:57 A.M.

After a blowing and watchful night. We pulled up stakes (anchor that is) and headed for Marsh Harbour. Our first thought was to go into Marsh Harbour Marina, but, ^{after} further consideration, ^{we} opted for Boat Harbour Marina. A real first class place. Swimming Pool, Restaurant, Gorgeous plantings

After negotiating the reefs we pulled into the Marina and were tied up by 12:30 P.M.

The Laser has been invaluable. With it we can stay exactly the charted distances from Rocks, breakers, shoreline etc. I am getting most proficient in reading same.

After sunning in our new chaise longue on our top deck, we showered, and it's off to dinner we go. We ate at Penelope's at the Marina. The dinner was pretty good, but the surfer/guitar player, Curtis was superb. His music was soothing and a decided pleasure. We were in bed by nine and would have slept through the night if the power in the marina hadn't gone off, and someone's screamer alarm hadn't awakened us.

Sunday, April 23, 1989

Today we awoke about 7:00 had coffee and they hired two Samoan boys to help wash the boat. The salt was a 2 inch thick on the side. We cleaned until 11:30 when Bev & Bill of the Deb II and Threse and of Golden ~~Old~~ ~~Odyssey~~ ~~Odyssey~~ ~~Odyssey~~ came aboard to say hi -

As they were leaving, Mary Ann + Glen Baker of the Honey III stopped by. We had met them in ~~the~~ Ruvu Forest Marina last year. They told us they also bought a De Fever and that it was in Conch Inn Marina.

After lunch we sauntered over to pay bills + to have a look. It's a pretty boat, but we like our De Fever better. More Class!!

Tonight will be dinner aboard. Lamb Chops, Tomato Salad and perhaps Pate for an appetizer.

We are at the moment - 5:00 p.m. - having Margaritas + Pinaes on our top deck.

I can really relax, since I spoke to Mom today and she doesn't sound too bad.

Dinner was Lamb Chops aboard and then early to bed.

Today, again, we had power + water problems.

Monday, April 24, 1989

We awoke today with plans to hike to a recommended snorkel spot. After contending with no electricity + no water, by going on ^{the} Gravy + our internal water system, we decided to wait until shore power was on to leave the boat.

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By 11:15 we were ready to depart (power on) with snorkel gear and lunch in Canvas Bags. We schlepped everything over to the bike rental and hired two of their best. Both were rickety and mine had hardly any breaks. Then we peddled to the snorkeling spot, only to find a heavy line across the path with a sign "Keep Out". We put away our disappointment and looked a block or so further to a public beach, which offered no snorkeling. It could have been beautiful but it was littered with trash, the seaweed washed ashore was full of jobs of oil, and there were large biting flies! To top this off, as we left I got bubble gum on my shoe. All in all less than perfect.

When we returned the bikes we stopped at the pool for a refreshing dip, a drink, and an hour or so off sunshine on a chaise longue. Then back to the boat only to find the power off once more. Mort went to check out since we are leaving in the A.M. for Green Turtle Cay. He was furious when he returned since they had charged him for the power we didn't get. It's not the money, but the principal.

An hour or so later one of the owners, Jack Albury, came by to say the power