

2.21.95 Con't

the kitchen of our neighbor.

Wednesday, February 22, 1995

Man-O-War

Last night was very interesting. We arrived at Ophor Dragon at 6:30 P.M. and dinner was on the table within 15 minutes. (Very good from our point of view since we were tired from our day, and hungry).

Dinner was Lobster tail caught that day, Caesar salad and Noodle & Uggie (sp.?). Ronni & Law thought a Jewish touch to this trail meal would be great. Law is a quiet, uptight man, very cordial, but lacking true warmth. Ronni is a warm zippy zippy kind of person. She is very "crafty". Those are her words. She does cross stitch, etc. and is hoping to begin a line of cross stitch items with Yiddish sayings. She is also a self-styled student of the Torah. They were great hosts and dinner was very good. After dinner she announced that dessert and coffee would be at a birthday party for a friend of theirs, Vastie. A Man-O-Warrior who is about 50 and looks 65. Vastie is the wife of Harcourt Thompson and mother of Ena who owns Ena's place. A luncheonette, called in these parts a "Take Away". This was a very interesting event. We got to meet Sam Albury, the brother of our good friend, Jeffrey Albury, and the twin of David Albury, our landlord at the Birds Nest.

We were also observers of an emergency. People began running into Ena's Take Away to use the phone. They were frantic and frightened. One of the local men had cut his thigh with a

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Chain saw. They were so panicky that they seemed to be running in all directions at once. Amazingly, however, in 15 minutes they had the victim bundled onto the Ferry and off to Marsh Harbour where Dr. Baize was waiting in the Clinic. Pretty amazing since they got all of this accomplished without having a phone in their own home in rather short order.

We toddled "home" after sponge cake Bahamian style (oodles of eggs - very rich - topped with Frozen Coconut Yogurt (homemade). Truly Luscious I'm going on a diet.

Thursday, February 23, 1995

Man-O-War

Note:

Noone locks their doors on this island. A strange feeling, but a good feeling.

After coffee and conversation, Mort went off to see how things were progressing on the boat. While they are working on the bottom, he is sanding and varnishing the window in the galley. He is taking the opportunity to do this while I don't need to use the galley.

I had lots of things to organize for our Ferry trip to the wedding tomorrow, but I never got to do them because at 9:30 A.M. Ronnie was on our doorstep. She came by with a pad & pencil, and, she said, a list of questions for me. What this really was all about was, a lonely person looking for company. I barely got her on her way

before Mort came home for lunch. This could be a very bad thing if she does this every day. Coffee Klatching is not my thing, but they had been so nice to invite us for dinner that I couldn't be rude or cruel.

My plan was to take advantage of the larger oven in the Birds Nest, and cook two corned beefs. (I steam them at 325° for 3 to 4 hours). But, lo and behold, the oven doesn't work. So I hot footed it down to the boat for my large pot to boil + actually simmer - them instead. One corned beef is to be dinner tonight and the other will be for sandwiches during the trip home. (They actually were delicious done this way).

Mort came back about 5:00 and we didn't have the strength to do cocktails. We had a very early dinner and were asleep by 8:00 P.M.

Medical
Note:

Boo Oh Boy - do we miss our bed!!!
Began Naproxen today in P.M. Hips giving me trouble & Back.

Friday, February 24, 1995

Man-O-War.
& Marsh Harbour

I spent the entire morning straightening up the "house" and packing for our move to Marsh Harbour for the Wedding. Mort tried to rent a boat big enough to take us over with all the gear. No boat to rent, but David, our landlord, volunteered to ferry us over to Marsh Harbour. He dropped us, bag & baggage, on the dock at Mango's Marina where the Viper is moored. Karen & Tom have graciously offered us their

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forward compartment for the night. Their boat is the 53' - semi-displacement model of the De Fever. Nice boat, but nothing nearly as great as "Shugah".

We^{all} arrived at the wedding by 5:00 P.M. - quite a push, but as it turned out really very worthwhile.

The wedding was Great. The pastor was a black Bahamian named Reverend Cary. He was handsome, young and very articulate. I say handsome, because we find the black Bahamians - on average - to be very pretty people. Maybe this is because we spend enough time here to really get to know them, and we see the beauty of their personalities, or perhaps they really are good looking people.

The reception was at Wally's. It was a buffet of potatoe salad, Cole slaw, Bahamian Macaroni & Cheese, Bahamian peas & rice, turkey, Ham, rolls, butter and the wedding cake for dessert. (Another 50 egg cake - yum! I'm going on a diet, really!!!!)

Mark was so happy we were there. He gave me a hug & kiss and went to shake Morts hard, and said, "Oh hell," and leaved down and kissed Morts on the cheek. This 6'4", sweet Cherokee Indian would make more than two Morts, but as far as we are concerned he is just a big old Teddy Bear. I wouldn't want to cross him though, because, in a minute he could turn into a true Grizzly.

After the reception we returned to Viper for some small talk before bed. I miss my bed!!!!

Marsh Harbour

Saturday, February 25, 1995

Man-O-War
to Marsh Harbour

Today will be a big day.

We awoke at 7:00, Packed, had coffee with Karen & Tom and by 10:00 were in a cab on our way to the Ferry to take us back to Man-O-War. As the Ferry passed the boatyard we saw that Miss Shugah Too was once again afloat. Tonight we sleep in our bed - Hooraw !!!

We arrived at the Cottage at 11:00 A.M. and by noon we had everything packed and returned to the boat.

After hours of reorganizing and waiting for high tide, we were ready to pull out for our return trip to Marsh Harbour at 2:30^{P.M.}

At 2:45 we moved away from the pier and at 2:55 we were outside of the channel and away from our island home of the past week.

Note:

We left 2 1/2 hours before high tide and had plenty of water. This is significant since we were approaching moon tides and the lows have been very low.

At 3:40 we arrived in Marsh Harbour

By 4:00 P.M. we were secured at the Couch Jan Marina. Temporary Home Sweet Home

We had an early dinner of French Onion Soup-Gratinee and Sour Dough bread.