

Monday, February 20, 1995

March Harbour to Man-O-War

We awake to a weather report of a front coming through early afternoon. Our plan was to leave March Harbour at 10:30<sup>A.M.</sup>, but the threat of this front which was to be preceded by thunderstorms & winds caused us to hustle our hustle and we were ready to leave at 9:15 A.M.

Our engines were on at 9:20<sup>A.M.</sup> and at 9:35<sup>A.M.</sup> we were out of the slip with the help of (not really needed help, but much appreciated none the less) John & Greg of Mucky Duck, Al & Katy of Shamrock, Dick of Clips and Neil of Kilaway.

The sky was very overcast, but the wind had not yet begun. At 10:15 we were through the opening at Man-O-War and by 10:30 we were in the "ways." We immediately off loaded everything we thought we would need at the "Birds Nest." When we got everything off loaded they immediately began putting Shugah on the railway. By noon she was chocked and fully out of the water, and the workers had begun scraping the bottom. Darwin Sands, the yard manager said it looked like 2 years growth, not the one year it actually was. This further verified to us, what we already knew, that we had gotten a very poor paint job in Marathon.

Last week at the Man-O-War Flea Market we had an opportunity to see our rental, the Birds Nest. We were underwhelmed (sq:?). It was dirty and filled with storage items. But when we came today we were pleasantly surprised. It had been emptied of storage things and it was cleaned after

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a fashion. Not to our standards, but passable.

It has a porch, which overlooks the Harbour; a parlor, furnished with Flea Market Rejects; a large kitchen/breakfast room (it took me an hour to get it ready for our use); a bedroom with a full size bed that is surprisingly comfortable; and a bathroom that contains all of the necessities; A small back yard separates us from the house behind, there is about 8 feet between the neighbor on the left, and about 5 feet on the right, This 5 feet separates us from a side street. The house fronts on the main street. It is two golf carts wide. The side street is only one golf cart wide.

It is certainly not "the Tree House" that we stayed in for three weeks last time we were in Man. O. War. But, hopefully, we will only be here for 3 or 4 nights.

This time factor all depends on the weather. We don't want rain. They can't paint in rain, and about 11:15<sup>a.m.</sup> just as we got the last items to the little house, it began to rain. It was a passing shower, however, and didn't hold up the work. Late in the day it began to rain in earnest. (Buckets of water - Darwin said everytime "this Shengah Too" comes into the way, they get their cisterns filled)

Note:

All water on Man. O. War is from cisterns. We drink only bottled water here. Last time in Man. O. War I asked a local business man how they treat the water. I was thinking chlorine or some such thing. He said, "Oh we put guppies, or sometimes frogs, in to eat the bugs. Enough said."

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By the time Mort came "home" for lunch I had everything as spiffy as it could get. We had a sandwich and Mort brought me up to date on the work I had missed.

He went back after lunch to supervise the work, and I went about stowing our things and putting our own linens on the bed. At least we're sleeping on our own fellows (The shower, by the way, has plenty of water pressure.)

For dinner ~~to~~ we had left over leg of lamb, home fries, & a salad. This was preceded by a much enjoyed cocktail.

By the time the dishes were done, Mort was out for the night (7:30 P.M.). I read for a little, not wanting to nod off so early that I would be up half the night! I held out until 8:15 P.M.

We slept very well until around midnight when the wind began to blow, what we estimate to be, 30 knots. After a small chat we adjusted to the wind and slept soundly until about 2:00 when we had a world class pussy cat serenade. Must have been 5 cats. I've never before heard anything quite like it.

Well, that did it for sound sleep. From then on we were restless and only dozed lightly off and on until 6:00<sup>A.M.</sup> or 7:00<sup>A.M.</sup> when the sounds of Golf Carts on the street finished any thoughts of sleep.

Tuesday, 21, 1995

Man-B-War.

We had coffee & toast and Mort was off to the boat by 8:30 A.M.

During the night the rain had ended and it is a beautiful clear, but cool, day.

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I did my "house" chores and then went shopping. I bought a pair of earrings and went to the grocery to pick up lunch. I must have had a half a dozen Man-O-Warriors say, "hello Estelle." It seems they have already put the name of the boat together with me having done the net. Or maybe they actually remember me from last time here. Hard to believe, but not a lot, really, I go on here in Man-O-War.

Most popped home to the "Birds Nest" for lunch. Then when he returned to the boat, I went about trying to use up the afternoon. (This is never a problem on Shugah, but the afternoon was endless.)

at 4:30 Most came here to our little cottage to take a nap. He really must be tired because he fell asleep to the strains of workmen pounding on pipes, children screaming for their mother - next door -, dogs growling at each other, and the various and sundry other noises made by golf carts, motorcycles and last but not least the sound of the water pump drawing water from the house's Cistern.

I will wake him at 5:30 to shower and dress for a big night out. We have been invited to join Lou & Ronny Levey of "Jehan Dragon", (a boat in Man-O-War Marina) for dinner tonight. She sought us out saying, "I love the name of your boat & we hear Estelle on the net each day." It is just this easy to make friends when you boat.

Strangely enough, we also knew the last two owners of the boat. Firstly, the Hunsakers of ; Ann & Brian called it the Anne H. Then the Boldersons of Marathon. Ann & called it the Anne B.

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Today the yard got the elevation marking done for the waterline on the boat (we're having it raised 3"). This is the second time we have done same. I guess if we ever fill the 3<sup>rd</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> fuel tanks, we'll have to do it again. They also cleared the entire bottom with a solvent in preparation for the paint. We are getting the really good stuff this time. It cannot be purchased in the U.S. because of the environmental folk, but it can be sold anywhere outside the U.S. It has tetraethylene and a metal (I think tin) that prevents the growth of barnacles, etc. There was much dispute about banning this in the U.S. since many scientists claimed the <sup>negative</sup> effect on the environment was practically non-existent. Considering the ratio of Boat Bottoms to Ocean. We, therefore, have no qualms about having it applied, where it is legal to do so. This should save us the cost and problems of having the boat pulled every year. They say we should get at least two years, maybe three out of this job.

Mort's in the shower now, & I'll fill in what was for dinner tonight when I pick up my pen in the P.M.

Note: The good sounds here can be heard when all the workers go home. — remember this is an overachieving community —. Those good sounds are the rustle of the breeze in the Cork & Sea Grape trees. The faint sound of a small powerboat engine taking his owner home for dinner. The mournful sound of the diminutive lesser Morning Dove — in sound, color and shape — exactly like our Morning Doves at home, only half the size, and the strains of an Island song issuing from