

The island is beautiful. They have cut the road through solid coral. The walls through the hill are more than 2 men high in places. Coral formations centuries old are apparent in the compacted sand.

While we walked we heard & saw beautiful birds. One very small black & white, a mocking bird who whistled responses to Morts whistles and watched us for 3 or 4 minutes at very close quarters; finches, banana quits.

We spent late afternoon on the aft deck talking to Dana Wells, an attorney from Nassau, who is on his boat, Temptress, with his wife Sandy (British).

Then we showered, had our cocktail on the bow, & a glass of wine on Temptress. and had a beautiful dinner delivered at 7:00 on the button.

We dressed, I did the dishes, and we had crashed by 8:30 P.M. - Note: Joel found us some Caterpillars - Coolant.

* Wednesday, June 2, 1993

Highbone Cay.

Superb Day!

Mort put the depth sounder repeater on the top station and fitted a transducer. Bubble to shield it from the weather. The job went well and while he worked I did laundry and thoroughly cleaned our stateroom.

After lunch, which we ate on the aft deck, we put on our suits and took a dip off the swim platform.

Just before lunch we helped Marvin & Dottie Anthony, of MyWay, out of the slip, and helped into their vacated spot Linda Green & Steven Wagner of the Le Dauphin. They are a super couple.

We had them over for cocktails. Then we had steak, salad & leftover macaroni & conch Chowder, a la Janet.

We were in bed by 8:00 (me), 9:30 (Mort).

Note: We got some underwater pictures of the nurse sharks in the marina.

Our plan is to leave for Sanson tomorrow. I called and they have a spot in the marina.

Thursday, June 3, 1993 Heiboine to Sanson Cay

At 8:45 A.M. we were off the pier, with the assistance of some crew of the M/V Starship, an 80 ft. Choy Lee.

Mort had to back out of the marina, pass him, as he stuck out 30-35 ft from the pier, make a tight turn to the right to stay in the deep water. Phew." We did great.

At 9:30 we had three dolphin on our bow. It is 11:50 and we are almost opposite long rock.

It was a beautiful run. The radar did the trick. We had to turn around "~~the~~" "Twin Cays". We could not, by eye differentiate them from the back ground island, but the radar could.

We arrived at the pier at 2:20. All was tied up + plugged in by 3:15 P.M.

We each had a small snack, which served as breakfast + lunch.

Then we walked up to the office, checked in and ordered dinner. It will be served tonight at 8:00 at the restaurant. (also has a large bar). They say this is off season + we will probably be the only guests.

It is very pretty here.

6-3-93 Con't

Until time to shower we sat on the bow and watched the goings on. Nurse sharks, rays, dogs, boaters, seaplanes, the local "Conchers".

Then we showered, dressed - island simple - and had a cocktail on the bow. At 8:00 we went to dinner. It was great. Mort had lobster tail w/ drawn butter, I had roasted cornish hen and we were served rice & fresh or perhaps frozen peas. Delicious! We were treated with butter pecan ice cream. Then we stopped at the bar for after dinner drinks and conversation with some of the boaters & local.

Met Rosie's husband Marcus. Much younger than we expected. The people have been lovely.

We actually stayed awake until 9:50 P.M. We were asleep in a flash. Only for me to be awakened at 12:30 A.M. to the sounds of a huge freighter coming in next to us across the pier. Awesome!

* Friday, June 4, 1993

Hampson Cay Club

We awoke at about 7:00 to a gorgeous day. We were very pleasantly surprised to find that the "Genny" hadn't gobbled the reserve coolant from the tank. Hopeful!!

Mort did standard engine room maintenance, sea strainers on the engines, sump pump cleaning, etc. I did 2 loads of clothes, dishes, straightened, cleaned up and generally squipped up.

We also got the sun screens up on the aft deck. We will see how much sun & heat is cut down by them.

The sun screens are perfect - cut 70% to 80% of the heat & sun from the aft deck. Keep the salon cooler too.

June 4, Con't.

We played all afternoon in the water behind the boat. We were very antsy since there are three huge nurse sharks here that stick around for the garbage from the club. They say so well fed - not a problem. Mort kept goosing me + I yelled each time. Fun.

Mort's legs got burned in the area between his suit and the tan at the place his shorts ended. We have to be more careful.

We had cocktails after showers, and then I made Italian sausage, spaghetti + red sauce with my fresh basil that I'm growing. Delish!!!

Then we took a walk around the marina, met Belly's Aunt Rosie - very nice - and stopped into the club for a soda (me) + a beer (Mort)

A Very fine day!

Saturday, June 5, 1993

Sampson Cay Club

This is another pretty day. Mort is doing odd jobs. Charging filters ~~put~~ putting a new valve on the left patty, etc. He's not in a good mood (yesterday was the full moon.)

I had a small "vesical" this a.m. (maybe for the same reason.)

We probably will go on anchor at Big Major tomorrow.

It's anyone's guess if we'll enjoy today. We should. All the elements are right. But n!o. ✓

6-5-93 Con't

We took a walk, trying to get to the ocean side beach, but the path is too blocked with vegetation and we were told to beware of Poison Wood. So, we came back to the boat and swam off the swim platform.

Dinner was a very good salad and pan fried catfish. Then we listened to music & read until almost 9:00 then lights out.

Sunday, June 6, 1993

Sampson Cay to Big Major

Today we plan to make some early phone calls and then about 10:30 pick up the anchor and our lines and head for Big Major, an hour away. Actually it is only 5 miles, but it is through the shallows, and we will have to pick our way.

We left the pier at 9:45 A.M. The way was really very straight forward. At 10:45 the Anchor was set in one of the most gorgeous spots on earth.

We were one of two boats. We swam and tried to enjoy, but the generator is positively not right. It is running on the upper 190°. Sigh!!!

At 6:00 P.M. we shut the generator down 'cause it was on 200°. (We had a cocktail and some oysters & cheese ^{first} before)

We had a very poor night. Mot was justifiably upset, but really lost it. He was furious with me for "trying to make it better."

Monday, June 7, 1993

Big Major to Sampson Cay

At 7:20 A.M. we pulled anchor and headed back to Sampson Cay Club. We arrived at the pier at 8:10 A.M. Rob took our lines and promised to come aboard ~~at~~ some time today to give it a "look see."