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Caribbean Requests Extended US Passport Reprieve
In January of this year, the United States State Department’s requirement for all US citizens to have passports in order to return from (and thus in effect, travel to) the Caribbean and other neighboring areas by air went into effect. On June 6th it was announced that, due to inability of passport centers to cope with the resultant flood of applications, this requirement has been suspended through the end of September. During this time, US citizens can return home if they show a receipt proving that they have applied for a passport. As Tony Best explained in the June 19th issue of the Barbados Nation newspaper: “Overwhelmed by the flood of applications for passports from United States citizens planning to travel to the Caribbean, Canada, Bermuda and Mexico, the United States State Department, which issues passports, has decided to suspend the requirement for passports. . . .” It took about six weeks to receive the travel document. Now the waiting time can be as long as three months.” According to a June 17th report in USA Today, “thousands of people awaiting passports were canceling vacations or losing money on non-refundable tickets.”

As this issue of Compass goes to press, the Caribbean Tourism Association (CTA), which represents 32 Caribbean countries, is lobbying the US Congress to extend the passport-requirement waiver until 2009. According to the CTA’s chairman, Allen Chastenet, who is also St. Lucia’s Minister of Tourism, “the evidence is now overwhelming that tourism and commerce in the Caribbean have suffered considerably as a result of the Western Hemisphere Travel Initiative passport rule.”

Crime Hinders Caribbean Development
According to a recent report, jointly prepared by the World Bank and the United Nations Office on Drugs and Crime, violent crime caused by the trafficking of Colombian cocaine through this region to Europe and the United States is severely affecting the Caribbean’s potential economic growth. The report called on the region to modernize police forces, improve crime statistics, and invest in crime-reduction programs. The report added, however, that signs were that the flow of narcotics through the Caribbean is diminishing as Mexican cartels take over from Colombian organizations in distributing drugs in the United States and shift trafficking routes to Central America.

There’s Good News, But Stay Alert
The Caribbean Safety and Security Net, which broadcasts daily on single-sideband radio frequency 6104 at 1215 UTC (0815 hours local time) collects first-hand reports of crimes against yachts in the Caribbean. These are posted on www.safetyandsecuritynet.com. The Caribbean Safety and Security Net is primarily an interactive radio network of cruising yachts which meets for the purpose of exchanging information about safety and security concerns while cruising in the Eastern Caribbean. Its main purpose has always been to report and log incidents of crime against yachts, so that sailors in the Eastern Caribbean can make intelligent decisions about where to visit and how to behave while there.

While the reporting and logging of cruiser-related incidents is still a large part of Net activities, the Net has expanded into much more. Most people who listen, and/or contribute, see the Net as an information exchange and as a place to turn when there are questions or concerns about some part of this cruising life. In addition to reporting and logging incidents, the Net provides a relay on emergency and priority messages from friends and family, boat watches for vessels missing or overdue, warnings of navigational hazards both natural and manmade, sources for medical services, and, as time allows, information on a variety of other topics, such as customs and immigration procedures and fees, other nets, sources of weather information, etcetera.

Net controller Melodye Poppa reports that for so far this year, fewer than half the number of crime reports have been made to the Net as compared to the same period in both 2006 and 2005. She notes that, in addition, fewer reports were made of burglary and incidents involving weapons. However, she reminds us, “Let’s not let our guard down. As soon as boats in Margarita stopped lifting and locking their dinghies at night, there was a string of dinghy thefts. Always lock the dinghy to the boat and to the dinghy dock, always lock the boat when you leave it.” Visit www.safetyandsecuritynet.com for additional tips on how to stay safe.

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—Continued from previous page:

St. Kitts Minister Heads Global Sustainable Use Body

In the wake of the 59th meeting of the International Whaling Commission, held in May, St. Kitts and Nevis’ Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, Hon. Cedric Liburd, is spearheading the formation of a new global body committed to the principle of the sustainable use of the world’s marine resources. Minister Liburd stated, “By sustainable use we are talking about preventing any depletion of our marine resources while encouraging their utilization in a responsible way, especially for food.” While some observers speculated that the new group is a Japanese-inspired front aimed at the suspension of commercial whaling for food, Monaco’s IWC delegate made the point that consumption of whale meat could be dangerous due to its accumulation of mercury, PCBs and other toxins.

The recent IWC session re-authorized the existing moratorium on commercial whaling that has been in place since 1986. The current moratorium on commercial whaling does not affect aboriginal subsistence whaling and quotas were approved for several countries. St. Vincent & the Grenadines, the only Caribbean nation actively engaged in hunting large cetaceans, was once again given an annual quota of four humpback whales.

Eight Bells: David Davis

Barbara Morgan reports: David Davis died on the 23rd of May 2007 at age 81, after a fall in the kitchen of his new riverside home in Guyana. This is a sad loss to his wife, Joyce, and the cruising community which remembers him as radio net controller in Trinidad for many years. He will also be missed throughout the Caribbean for the many jazz concerts that he and Joyce hosted. One of their band, Mood Indigo, was their signature tune as well as the name of the boat they cruised in the Caribbean since 1992.

Though David had surgery for a debilitating back problem, when he took the stage ten to 15 years dropped away from his age. His eyes sparkled, his fingers clicked to the beat, and this is where he really enjoyed himself. Joyce and David were the permanent band members; Mood Indigo’s beauty lay in the fact that they invited other cruisers and Trinidadian musicians to accompany them. Since Mood Indigo played jazz mostly from the 1930s, they were welcome everywhere in the islands as virtually no other band played music from this period. A local bassist had to be coached by David to play this kind of jazz, as have many others who are unfamiliar with jazz from that era.

Encouraging locals and cruisers to join them on stage brought spectacular results. The internationally known Trinidadian guitarist, Michael Boothman, hosted gigs in his garden oftentimes accompanied by Trini drummer, Winston Mathew, and Greg from the yacht Four Winds on harmonica.

Tony Gregory sometimes played his double bass, an instrument he keeps on his 32-foot sloopboat. Russell, another Trini, would slip in anytime and jam with his bass guitar. This is just a sample of the many musicians who joined David and Joyce on stage. Although you might be forgiven for thinking that David had played jazz for a living before he retired, you could not be more wrong. David had an exciting career in radio and in the early days of PBS television. He was in the forefront of setting up the Baton Rouge orchestra and the American Playhouse. David was also responsible for taking Sesame Street to Israel.

David and Joyce retired in 1993 and bought the boat Mood Indigo in the BVI. They did not know much about reefing sails on a passage to St. Martin, but soon learned that reefing in 45 knots of wind and 12-foot seas is a jolly good idea! However, as with everything Joyce and David did, they learned fast and sailed as far west as Curaçao, playing and singing all the way. Their first concert was in Grenada where a hundred cruisers and four guests from Secret Harbour resort attended the gig. They were an instant success. Although most of us feel David and Joyce were always in Trinidad, they had in fact been invited to perform all over the Caribbean. Marjorie, Michael Boothman’s mother, …

—Continued on next page
...heard them play at the US embassy in Trinidad, she then invited them to play at Coconut Village. They also were invited to give a performance at the former Schooners bar and restaurant in Bequia.

In Trinidad, David coached orphans at St. Dominic’s to read music. He soon learned that many of the children had an uncanny ear for music — play it once and they could play it back note for note — so teaching them to read music was a bit of a slog. David had a trumpet donated for a star student so that when he left St. Dominic’s he could join the Police Band.

In early 2005, David and Joyce were ready to move on to the next stage of their life plan: building a house, way out in the wilds of Guyana, 60 miles down river from Bartica. They anchored Mood Indigo within sight of their new house for many months while the work was in progress. They purchased a pirogue to visit the local town for supplies. Joyce often referred to their house as David’s retirement home. David enjoyed the peace and tranquillity that his new home provided, and adventurous friends have visited them in their new abode.

David will be making Jazz in heaven, I am sure.

Condolences can be sent to symoodindigo@yahoo.com.

Eight Bells: Charlie Cary

Charlie Cary, the founder of The Moorings yacht charter company, passed away on June 14th in Vero Beach, Florida, at age 89. Charlie and his wife Ginny founded The Moorings on July 4th, 1969, in the British Virgin Islands with six 38-foot Pearson yachts. The company grew to over 850 yachts operating in over 20 countries worldwide.

Charlie earned a degree in industrial engineering from the University of Maryland, completed his graduate work at the Harvard Business School, and joined the US Navy in 1943. By this time he had married his junior high sweetheart, Ginny, who accompanied him when they deployed to Bermuda. For recreation, they started sailing. After discharge from the Navy, a successful corporate career, and ownership of boats ranging from a 28-foot Gulf one-design to an Alberg 35, “we decided to look into making our hobby our vocation” and the Carys sailed to the Caribbean on their 44-foot yawl with the intent of opening a charter business.

Over the next decade Charlie collaborated with Florida yacht builders such as Charlie Morgan of Morgan yachts and Vince Lazarra of Gulfstar yachts, and in the 1980s with the French company Beneteau, to produce the optimum charter yachts. The company purchased a prime piece of waterfront property in Tortola’s Road Harbour which remains the flagship base for The Moorings.

First Maltese to Sail Antigua to Horta

On May 14th, 31-year-old solo sailor Eleandro Buhagiar set sail from Antigua aboard his 37-foot sloop in an attempt to become the first Maltese to sail across the Atlantic single-handed when he successfully reached Horta in the Azores 20 days after leaving Antigua. Unfortunately, an accident has delayed part of his ambition. Joanna Ripard reported in the June 17th issue of the Times of Malta: “After three days in Horta braving gale-force winds and ‘trying to keep Mahina in one piece’, the 1975 Swedish-built yacht was rammed by a French catamaran, causing her considerable damage.” Eleandro, who spent his five years in the Caribbean working on crewed yachts, racing in major regattas and refitting Mahina, plans to carry on to Malta when repairs have been made.

Happy Birthday, Friendship Rose

On June 6th, Bequia’s iconic island schooner, the Friendship Rose, celebrated 40 years since her launching with a celebratory sail from her usual berth in Admiralty Bay to Friendship Bay, where she was built. Speeches were made by Jacqui English of the St. Vincent & the Grenadines Ministry of Tourism; Deputy Director of Grenadines Affairs Herman Belmar; and Captain Calvin Lewis, who has been at the helm of the Friendship Rose since her launching. A toast was also made to Meg and Alan Whittaker, who purchased the Rose from her original owners a few years ago and have helped make a day trip on this classic West Indian vessel a favorite activity for visitors.

On return to Admiralty Bay, the Friendship Rose crew hosted an open house for many more well-wishers. Happy birthday, Friendship Rose — we wish you many more!

Boat Watch Net Update

Melodye Pompa reports: Mike Pilgrim has turned the Boat Watch Net over to the folks at ShipCom, who run the WLO public coast station. The Boatwatch Net website, www.boat-watch.net.org, has been updated so that reports filed there will go to wlo@wloradio.com. The site states that other e-mails or inquiries should go to the same address.

—Continued on next page

First Maltese to Sail Antigua to Horta. Captain Lewis, center, and the Friendship Rose crew celebrating the schooner’s 40th birthday.
WHAT’S UP, DOCK? White Bay on Jost Van Dyke in the BVI is famous for the Soggy Dollar Bar, so named because the way to get to the beach from your boat is to swim. A group of concerned boaters and residents of the BVI say that a proposal to build a dock at White Bay to facilitate access by cruise ship passengers is bad news: “Most days, there isn’t enough electricity, water and sewage treatment to take care of the local population much less any tourists. If hundreds more a day were added to the mix, you can imagine the dire consequences.” A petition against the dock, intended for presentation to the Chief Minister, can be found at www.petitiononline.com/9253/petition.html.


CHART CORRECTIONS: As we all know, Don Street has spent the last half century sailing and writing about the Eastern Caribbean. Don, who is associated with Imray, Laurie, Norie and Wilson in producing the Imray-Iolaire yachting charts for the Caribbean Sea, tells Compass that he has recently taken it upon himself to go through all the British Admiralty charts (both big ship and leisure) and list any errors he finds. This internal list (tops and all) can be found at www.street-iolaire.com. MARINAMAPS: Drawing sailing trips on a satellite map or calculating distances between marinas can now be done on the internet. The sailing portal www.marinamap.com, which enables marinas all over the world to be found by mouse click on a world chart, has implemented a functionality to combine several marina locations into individual nautical routes. For each route the total distance, the distances between the marinas and a graphic image based on Google Maps is displayed. After free registration, users can save their routes permanently on www.marinamap.com.

Errata: Perceptive readers of the Island Water World ad on page 56 of the June issue of Compass may have noticed an unusual new product: jackets that “offer extra benefits that will keep you dry and pitch-poling”. The mind boggles. Fortunately, such a product does not exist — the wording was the work of our resident printers’ devils. The Burke’s Super Dry 3/4 length jackets actually offer extra benefits that will keep you dry and comfortable. They are, of course, available at Island Water World.

A banana daquiri without a Northern Lights generator.

A banana daquiri without a Northern Lights generator.

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Register Now for Antigua Show
Registration is now open for the 46th Annual Antigua Charter Yacht Show, to be held December 5th through 10th, 2007. For more information visit www.antiguayachtshow.com, or contact Afsaneh or Sarah at tel (268) 460-1059, fax (268) 460-1784 or info@antiguayachtshow.com.

Acharable Witters
Who says cruisers are cheap? The following Compass writers have donated the proceeds from recent articles to worthy local causes: Barbara Sparks, Clayton Lewis and Jack Foard to St. Benedict’s Infant Hospital in St. Vincent; Mike Beaumont to Bequia’s Sunshine School for Children with Special Needs; Ciara Decker to the Marine Education and Research (MER) Centre in Bequia; Becky Jones to the Buccament Government School Library in St. Vincent; Keith Smith to Marianne Palmberg’s animal welfare project in Bequia; John and Melodye Pompa to the Canacau Children’s Educational Fund (CCEF) in Canacau; Hans Boer to the Governor General’s Children’s Fund in St. Vincent; Heather Bacon to the Woburn R.C Infant and Pre-Primary School in Grenada; and John Rowland to the Bequia Community High School Library.

Your generosity is appreciated!

Compass in Cyberspace
Great news for Compass readers — on-line subscriptions to Caribbean Compass are now available! When you’re not in the Caribbean, with an on-line subscription you’ll be able to read each complete monthly issue — every page, with all articles, photos and advertisements including the classifieds — at home, or at work (we assume marine-related research is approved) or while traveling. On-line subscribers will enjoy the complete Compass promptly every month while “back home” — without anxiously waiting for the postman to arrive! The entire on-line issue is downloadable and each individual page is printable, for those articles you want to file or share with friends and family.

Check it out! Tell your friends!
For full details on getting an on-line subscription to Compass, visit www.caribbean-compass.com.

Welcome Aboard!
In this issue of Compass we welcome new advertiser Horizon Yacht Management of Antigua, Grenada and St. Martin, page 15. Good to have you with us!
Business Briefs

Dockwise Yacht Transport Christens Supership

On May 24th, Dockwise Yacht Transport (DYT), the world’s only float-on/float-off yacht transport service, christened its newest ship, the 267-foot (29 meter) Yacht Express at the Yantai Raffles Shipyard, located at Yantai, Province of Shandong in China. The largest vessel of its kind in the world, Yacht Express has been purpose-built with a semi-submersible dock bay that allows yachts of any size to be safely floated on and off as cargo. The process is unique to DYT, which also operates four other semi-submersible yacht carriers.

Yantai Raffles Shipyard began construction of the supership in 2005. “Yacht Express is more than 130 feet longer than our largest carrier,” said DYT President and CEO Clemens von der Weert. “It marks a major milestone in the development of the yacht transport industry, as it will not only accommodate more yachts on regularly scheduled trips to and from Florida and the Mediterranean, but also will deliver them faster.”

With a service speed of 18 knots, Yacht Express is expected to reduce the time of a transatlantic voyage by nearly 50 percent — from 15 to eight days. The ship will also feature amenities such as complimentary cabins for ride-aboard crew, an atrium with swimming pool, restaurant and cinema, as well as conference, media and fitness facilities.

DYT has partnered with the international Seakeepers Society to outfit the new ship with the modular Seakeeper 1000 ocean and meteorological monitoring system. The Seakeeper 1000 is a fully automated unit that samples, measures, records and transmits critical measures of ocean health — salinity, temperature, oxygen and pollution, among others — to various scientific and public communities across the globe.

Following sea trials, Yacht Express will mobilize through Australia and New Zealand and to Florida before making a special appearance at the Monaco Yacht Show in September, where it will be re-christened and introduced to the yachting community.

Dockwise Yacht Transport offers service to and from the Caribbean from its Maritime office.

For more information, see ad on page 16.

Sailing Skills Training for All Levels

If reading the Compass makes you dream of cruising the islands, but you don’t yet know how to sail — never fear! Offshore Sailing School makes it easy with a three-day “Learn to Sail” course as the only pre-requisite for joining its Offshore Cruising Club adventures and seeing the world under sail. For a limited time only, this 43-year-old operation, which leads the field in sail and power training, is offering a 50-percent discount for those who sign up for the Learn to Sail course and one of the following two cruises at the same time: Croatia’s Dalmatian Coast (August 10 to 19) and BVI (November 4 to 11). The Learn to Sail course — which is available in Florida, on the Chesapeake and in the New York metro area — must be taken at least three weeks prior to the cruise start date. The November BVI cruise features a Treasure Quest theme — an island-to-island hunt for doubloons and fun prizes. Packaged together with the half-price Learn to Sail course, the entire package starts at US$1,795.50 per person.

Offshore Sailing School has been leading cruises for its graduates since 1972 when it first located in the British Virgin Islands. “There were only a few boats in any harbor then,” says Doris Colgate, President and CEO, who led that cruise and at least 60 more have come over the world with her husband Steve Colgate. “We were the innovators in providing flotilla cruising vacations on sailboats back then” she continued. Anyone can participate in the cruises who has taken at least the Learn to Sail course and has completed the “sea days” of their choice. Offshore Sailing School, the only one of its kind in Florida, is an extension of the Sea Days. If a boat needed drying out it, would be ideal though.

WE ‘R’ BIG BROTHER

by Julia Bartlett

On a burning hot mid-morning a taxi dropped me off at the wrong place when I visited Ram Marina, but there was a convenient hole in the concrete wall so I squeezed through it rather inelegantly. It seemed a more sensible option than walking all the way round to the official entrance because by then I would have experienced total meltdown.

Within seconds someone was walking over to greet me. My unorthodox entry had been spotted on camera. It was an embarrassing way to start an interview, not helped by the fact that I had heels and a skirt on — cooler than my other option, which was jeans, but not the right kit for what is still, in places, a building site.

The architect responsible on site is José Luis Donis. He told me the effluent is 98-percent pure when it is discharged into the river and Mr. Monstein can monitor the whole operation from his home in Los Angeles (where he is not busy seeing off strange helicopters), including checking on the purity of effluent, so we know where the buck stops in this operation.

If you are a closet Big Brother, like me, you can watch what is going on in real time, plus videos and progress reports, when you visit the Ram Marina website at www.rammarina.com.
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Caribbean Eco-News

Sand Yields Hurricane Secrets
Lorri Lippert and Mike Carlowicz reported in the June 19th issue of Oceanus magazine that geologists from Wood's Hole Oceanographic Institution (WHOI) recently studied sediment from Laguna Playa Grande in Vieques, Puerto Rico, to compile the longest record of strong hurricanes in the Atlantic region. The WHOI researchers, Jeff Donnelly and Jon Wooddurt, reported their findings in the May 24th issue of the journal Nature.

Laguna Playa Grande sits behind a vegetation-covered barrier beach that is as much as 260 feet (80 meters) wide and seven to ten feet (two to three meters) high. Surges from intense storms carry sand from the ocean beach over the dunes and into the lagoon. Such "over-tooping" events leave distinctive layers of coarse-grained sands and bits of shell interspersed between the organic-rich silt usually found in lagoon sediments. The interspersed layers of silt and sand record long stretches of frequent hurricane strikes punctuated by lulls that lasted many centuries.

The evidence, going back some 5,000 years, showed that the dominant forces shaping heightened hurricane activity appeared to be atmospheric conditions generated by weak El Niños in the tropical Pacific and strong West African monsoons. Unexpectedly, it also showed extensive periods of intense hurricanes in the past, when ocean temperatures were cooler than they are now.

"Warm sea surface temperatures are clearly important in fueling intense hurri
canes," Donnelly said. "Over the past several thousand years, ocean temperatures have never been as warm as they are now, so we have no analog to help predict how they will affect hurricane activity. But our research demonstrates that the El Niño/Southern Oscillation and the West African monsoon are certainly important...Understanding how they will change in a warming world could be extremely impor
tant in determining the kind of hurricane activity we will see in the future."

The researchers also examined precipitation records from Lake Osa, Cameroon, and discovered that when monsoon rains increased, intense hurricanes occurred more often on the other side of the Atlantic:

"If we have few El Niño events and a strong West African monsoon, combined with exceedingly high sea surface temperatures, we could experience an active hurri
cane period that is unprecedented in the last 5,000 years," Donnelly said.

"Conversely, if we have more steady-state El Niño conditions, it may reduce — but not stop — intense hurricane activity in a warmer world."

Sea Turtle First Aid Guide
The Wider Caribbean Sea Turtle Conservation Network (WIDECAST), widely respect
ed for its role in defining best practices for sea turtle conservation and manage
ment throughout our region, has a new publication available, entitled Marine Turtle Trauma Response Procedures: A Field Guide. This is a practical guide describing sea turtle illnesses and injuries, and addressing the nature of sea turtle mortalities.

The guide provides a comprehensive and readable prescription for diagnosing trauma, alleviating pain, and responding to emergency situations. Fundamental back
ground, evidence photos of common anatomic injuries, and guides for novice or professional biologists, stranding personnel, and veterinarians are provided for a range of circumstances ranging from buoyancy to entanglement to parasites. Clear and up-to-date information on stratification, euthanasia, and carcass disposal provide even the least experienced turtle biologist with the tools to address these unexpected events.

For more than two decades, WIDECAST, with Country Coordinators in more than 40 Caribbean States and territories, has linked scientists, conservationists, resource managers, resource users, policy-makers, industry groups, educators, and other stakeholders either in a collaborative approach or as part of a well-defined management framework, and to promote a regional capacity to design and implement scientifi
cally sound sea turtle management programs.

Another WIDECAST initiative is the regional Marine Turtle Trauma Response Corps (STIRC). The aim of the STIRC is to strengthen and coordinate the efforts of people throughout the Wider Caribbean Region to respond to sea turtles in crisis, whether at any stage along the chain of events. STIRC will feature clear, regular training and internship opportunities for field staff and volunteers, natural resource managers, veterinarians, and animal rescue practitioners. Within the year STIRC plans to have focal points in every Caribbean nation.

If you would like a copy of the Field Guide, please send your request to Dr. Karen Eckert, Executive Director, at keckert@widedcast.org.

Resort Reports Reef Restoration Success
A collaboration began five years ago between the Grand Cayman Marriott Beach Resort, the Grand Cayman Department of Tourism and the Environment, the Reef Ball Foundation, and the Florida Institute of Technology (FIT) to rebuild an eroded beach, restore ailing coral reefs and create new fishing and scuba diving sites. In March 2007, a new FIT study reported growth of new, natural coral on the reef, which is now supporting an increasingly rich ecosystem.

In 2002, 200 Reef Balls were installed to create a five-row submerged breakwater that began at the south end of Seven Mile Beach. By February 2003, the beach had been restored to its previous depth. The breakwater has remained stable during waves from major hurricanes, including the direct hit by Category 5 Hurricane Ivan in 2005.

In 2005, the Marriott commissioned the Foundation to create and place another 69 Reef Balls offshore. Recognizing that there were no analogs, as well as its guests, could contribute to the preservation effort, the resort began hosting public forums for staff, residents and guests, where Foundation representatives explained how everyone might contribute to restoring the natural reef environment. Like natural reefs that contribute to the stability of the beaches in their lee, submerged Reef Balls assist in stabilizing the shoreline by forcing larger waves to break on the structure, reducing wave energy that reaches and erodes the shore. The first submerged breakwater project constructed using Reef Balls was in the Dominican Republic during 1998. To date, Reef Balls have been used in more than 55 countries.

Tire Reef Idea Didn’t Work
Divers in Florida recently removed up to two million old tires from the ocean floor after a plan in the 1990s to create the world’s largest artificial tire reef became an ecologi
cal disaster. The well-intentioned idea was to create new marine habitat and alternate dive sites. The plan also served to dispose of tires that were clogging landfills. But little sea life formed on the tires dumped about a mile offshore in 1972. Some of the bundles bound together with nylon and steel had broken loose and were scouring the ocean floor and washing up on beaches. Others were wedged up against the nearby natural reef, blocking coral growth and devastating marine life.

US Army and Navy salvage divers removed the tires as part of their annual training exercises.
The DYC competed in May’s inaugural BMW J/24 Invitational Regatta hosted by the St. Lucia Yacht Club. The new event, sponsored by Ultimate Automobiles, attracted seven teams, which included teams from Trinidad, Martinique and Barbados as well as Dominica and St. Lucia. Jermy Bethel skippered the DYC team and Valence Victor, Marie Maat and Rowald “Helly” Derrick crewed.

On Saturday the teams raced in two groups, swapping boats for each race so that all raced in each boat. The teams were then divided into Gold and Silver Fleets, the winner of each race being such gracious hosts. The DYC is extremely grateful to the event for the DYC and for Dominica’s infant sailing industry.

Club News

In first place overall was Pimpy, a Carriacou boat. Second place was taken by Ark Royal, also from Carriacou, and third was Unity, a Union island boat owned by the Union island Sailing Club. These small-island regattas are loads of fun and have helped to bring back the love of traditional sailing skills in the Grenadines.

Caribbean Keelboat Championships Underway

as this issue of Compass goes to press, the 6th North Salts Caribbean Keelboat Championships are taking place on June 16th and 17th in the Simpson Bay lagoon, St. Maarten. We’ll have the results for you in next month’s Compass.

Bostille Kingfish Tourney in St. Thomas

Carol Bareuther reports. The Northside Sportfishing Club’s Annual Bostille Day Kingfish Tournament, set for July 15th at Hull Bay Hideaway, offers more ways to win and more cash and luxury gift prizes than any other inshore sports fishing tournament held in the Virgin Islands. In addition to fishing fun, there’s a live band and beach party in the afternoon along with special Coors Light shoreside games.

New this year, a continuous free shuttle compliments of Hull Bay Hideaway will run from the parking lot at 11AM on July 15. Jump on or off at Sib’s or anywhere along Hull Bay Road.

Last year, 67 boats and 272 anglers — including 34 international fishing vibe aboard — took part in the event and will race aboard his new Wally 100.

IMA President Claus Peter Offen, from Hamburg, Germany, was one of the first entrants to sign on for the event and will race aboard his new Wally 100. Peter Harrison, the driving force behind Great Britain’s 2002 America’s Cup Challenge, will also compete aboard Sojana, his Farr 115 cruising ketch.

The IMA had a lot of requests from owners who want to compete in a transatlantic race; up until now there has been no special race for Maxi, “explained Offen. “The Atlantic Rally for Cruisers, for example, has now added a racing division but there is a maximum boat size so maxis don’t really fit in. The IMA therefore decided to create a dedicated Transatlantic regatta for Maxi yachts … I expect around ten to 20 yachts for the first edition of the race which we intend to repeat biannually.”

The inaugural Transatlantic Maxi Yacht Rolex Cup is set to take place in late November, racing from Real Club Nautico de Tenerife in the Canary Islands to the Sint Maarten Yacht Club for the finish. It is open to monohull Maxi yachts with a minimum overall length of 18 metres (59 feet) that are in compliance with the International Maxi Association’s (IMA) five division regulations (Racing, Cruising, Wally, Spirit of Tradition, Mini Maxi).

After a November 26th start, the Maxis will sail for approximately ten days before reaching the finish line off Sint Maarten. The prizegiving is scheduled for December 14th at the Sint Maarten Yacht Club, where the Rolex Trophy and a Rolex Oyster Perpetual timepiece will be awarded to the overall winner. Over the course of the race, satellite positioning systems installed on every boat will allow organizers, competitors and armchair sailors to monitor the fleet’s progress at www.yccs.it.

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The organizers say that the main aim of the festival is to perpetuate the indigenous art of boatbuilding, handed down by the Irish and Scottish forebears of today’s Carriacou people. The Regatta’s race events highlight the locally built sailing ‘workboats’, with some 12 different classes ranging from small open fishing boats to decked cargo sloops. While Carriacou’s decked sloops are unique to the island, open sailing boats from other Grenadine islands as well as Tobago join the competition. There are other races for the distinctive sportboats of Petite Martinique, and for yachts in both competitive and “fun” classes, as well as dinghy races for juniors. The workboat events, along with typically Carriacou attractions such as the donkey race, are based at Hillsborough, and the yacht action is based at Tyrel Bay. The double-handed round-the-island race for yachts is always a favorite.

For more information see ad on page 11.
For its 29th anniversary, the Round Guadeloupe Regatta gathered 50 boats in five classes: 18 in Racing/Cruising, four in Racing, five in Coastal, ten in Multihull and ten in Beach Cat. The smaller turn-out than last year’s 60 boats was attributed to the difficulty many sailors have in leaving their jobs long enough to enter a five-day event. Promotion throughout the Caribbean also needs to be intensified, but cannot be done right now due to lack of financial means, says organizer Jean Michel Marziou.

This Caribbean event is traditionally turned towards agriculture, is slowly becoming accustomed to nautical events as this year it hosted the famous Belle-île to Marie Galante race, a single-handed Atlantic crossing on one-design Beneteaus (see report in June 2007 edition of Caribbean Compass).

Leg One: Gosier to Marie Galante

That first planned leg of approximately 25 nautical miles against 20 knots of wind was fortunately cancelled as the upwind buoy at Marie Galante drifted due to current; only a few could pass it. But Marie Galante’s evening beach party was pleasant and well organized. This island, traditionally turned towards agriculture, is slowly becoming accustomed to nautical events as this year it hosted the famous Belle-île to Marie Galante race, a single-handed Atlantic crossing on one-design Beneteaus (see report in June 2007 edition of Caribbean Compass).

Leg Two: Marie Galante to Port Louis

The longest leg on this Tour (about 55 nautical miles) was windy and rough, especially in the Pointe des Châteaux area at the eastern tip of Guadeloupe. A dramatic accident was avoided as racing class contender Clair de Vent’s skipper, Yannick Rebuffat, hit the deck and fell unconscious overboard. The prompt reaction of the entire crew got him back aboard and the fire brigade’s emergency squad did the rest. Rebuffat recovered with only a stiff neck and joined in the race again at Deshaies.

Leg Three: Port Louis to Deshaies

After a long journey, this relaxing 20-mile day was appreciated. It started with an upwind-downwind course before heading directly to the charming little village of Deshaies where the municipality did things well for the evening. The show was the best of the entire Tour.

Leg Four: Deshaies-Vieux Fort-Les Saintes

The best motorized through the lee of Basse Terre as far as Vieux Fort and departed at midday to race under sail to the Saintes. This always exiting ride across the rough Saintes channel took us to one of the nicest bays of the Caribbean at Terre de Haut. The course specified rounding the Saintes to port before reaching the finish line between Île à l’Homme and Terre de Haut.

Leg Five: Les Saintes to Pointe à Pitre

The last race of the Tour, a leg of approximately 30 nautical miles, started on Sunday with a sail across the Saintes archipelago before heading towards Pointe à Pitre, the finish line of this edition. Southeasterly winds helped competitors to cover those 30 miles in record times and everybody was at the Marina by early afternoon.

As expected, several veteran competitors again fought for supremacy. In Racing/Cruising Class, highly tuned boats such as Paulista (J/112), Sofian Parapharmacie (Gib Sea 414), and Crédit Maritime (TOP 50) with 21 school children on board in turns of seven, dominated the class. But a newcomer, Marie Marie (Feeling 10.40), came in second overall, disturbing the logic of this class.

Racing Class was dominated by Jimmy Dreux’s Voile 44, from the Sailing School Association of Goyave. Pascal Poisson’s VM Matériaux won the Coastal Class overall, ahead of a newcomer from Saint Francois Yacht Club on a First Class 8.

This year the busy multihull class was keenly disputed as ten boats joined in. Sopsag, Patrick Riffault’s MacGregor, won because of his regularity and experience.

For the 13 Beach Cats, this Tour was a physical challenge in those weather conditions. This year, a woman, Birgit Krahe, placed first, in front of last year’s winner Pascal Marchais.

Once again, it was a memorable Tour de Guadeloupe. See you all next year!

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CARRIACOU REGATTA FESTIVAL
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CARRIACOU REGATTA FESTIVAL 2007
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logon to www.carriacouregatta.com
Dem say regatta is de name, boat race is de game. But, ah tell yo', it ain’t no game, fo’ dem man is real serious. Bequia Regatta come an’ gone but, since den, dey plannin’ fo’ Canouan regatta. Confusion say he no’ satisfy wid Bluff tekin’ de overall first at Easter. Well, after doin’ all de hard work, shapin’ down stern, changin’ de bottom, lightentin’ up, gettin’ new sail an’ all dat, ah must admit he had he share ah bad luck at Easter, rollin’ ‘Sat’day an’ breakin’ he spirit on Sunday. De man got guts fo’ fix de spirit on Sunday night an’ come fo’ win de race on Monday; ah lot ah guts, good fo’ him. But he say he not happy, so he go’ give dem dey share in Canouan.

Well, is Friday de 25th May, 7 o’clock gone an’ ah watchin’ an listenin’ me TV fo’ de weather news. But fo’ tell yo’ de trut’, ah does can’t understand dem forecast dese days. Dem say tomorrow, wind goin’ be 6 to 8 knots from de sout’east an’ how we got a trough system over de islands an’, on top ah dat, visibility low because Sahara dust blindin’ yo’. But, ah’ don’ understand when dem use word like trough system an’ upper level trough an’ lower level trough an’ all dat because, fo’ me, ah trough is somet’in’ yo’ full ah water fo’ animals drink. Trust me, ah know, because when ah was small me old parents use fo’ tell me go an’ full up de trough fo’ dem drink!

Well, is Saturday, 26th. De weather fair to fine, de sun hot. 12 o’clock an’ de Canouan Regatta is about fo’ start. In de 28-foot class we got Bluff, Confusion, an’ Perseverance; in de 27-foot, Limbo an’ Iron Duke; 18-foot, Worries, Tornado an’ Sweet Image — ah don’t have fo’ tell yo’ way dem from! In de 16-foot class is Marion, Scope an’ Liberty, an’ in de 14-foot is My Love, I’m Still Alive. Bad Feelings, Hard Target, D Robin, Spy, When, Sustain an’ Teaser. Yo’ hear names? Class 2 first to go, de 14-footers, den de 16-foot an’ down to de big boys. Tings tense. Off dem go an’ ah trackin’ dem wid me speed boat. Ah go’ get ah good look fo’ who cheat an’ who mek mistake. Talkin’ ‘bout mistake, de Committee mek de first one by givin’ dem ah chart wid de course an’ changin’ it at de last minute. Dey excuse, because de start late, dem shortenin’ it. An’ fo’ mek t’ings worse, de start man shoutin’ on ah megaphone on de beach an’ dey got some boom box big like de boat dem blaring next to him, so I will say no more. Some hear and some not but dem gone. Dem go’ argue when dem come back, bet on dat.

Well, dem turn de downwind mark wid Confusion in de lead den Perseverance den Bluff. Now is a beat all de way up to de mark in Friendship. De tide goin’ nort’-west an’ de wind comin’ from de nort’-east light so dem in fo’ ah lot ah tackin’ an’ dat is what de old Bluff want — put she by de wind an’ let her go! On de t’ird tack, she cut all two ah dem an’ lengthenin’, an’ ah watchin’ dem close because all dem boat fast. Don’t mek ah had luck otherwise yo’ lost. Lucky fo’ Bluff, she ain’t mek none, an’ she givin’ dem lengt’ all de time, leavin’ Confusion an’ Perseverance fo’ light, but, as far as ah could see, Confusion leadin’ dat battle. Dat is how dey finish: Bluff first, Confusion second, Perseverance third. Yo’ little bit ah argument ‘bout de course an’ what’s-not but ah did expect dat. Dem go’ argue till tomorrow.

Ah can’t give yo’ commentary on Limbo an’ Iron Duke because Limbo was tackin’ in Bluff track an’ ah can’t see Iron Duke at all, she so far behind — wind too light fo’ she. In de 18-foot, Worries givin’ dem more worries. Ah go’ tell yo’ more tomorrow. Right now, ah need ah few cold green bottles.

Sunday mornin’, de breeze feel good an’ gettin’ stronger. 11 o’clock an’ dem start. Ah watchin’ from de hill today (gas price gone up!). Is ah downwind-upwind course today, two laps, around a mark nort’-west ah Glossy Hill. Ah say ‘hill’ — no, change dat. —Continued on next page
Yo' see, dem building ah jet port in Canouan, lengthen' de old airport, an' dem blastin' down Glossy Hill fo' get stone an' dirt. So, no hill — dem almost got it flat. Dem pigeon an' dove ha' fo' get another home — too bad. Well, dem boat turn de

mark an' is upwind. Perseverance in de lead, Confusion an' Bluff tackin' on each other, is man beat man. Perseverance turn de top mark first, Confusion an' Bluff close behind. Downwind dem goin' fo' de other lap. Not to be; is de first race ah see finish without crossin' de finish line! Dem old people does say, never let yo' left ear know what yo' right ear hear. De man startin' de race say two laps but de man dat puttin' down de mark say dem tell he one, so, as de last boat turn de west mark, he tek up de mark an' head up too. So he comin' up an' all de boat on de way down. Watch a mess, all boat headin' fo' shore now. Goin' be hell to pay — ah don’t want fo' be close dem when dey start! But after a few hours pass an' ah couple ah beers, ah get in de do an’ ask if dem reach ah decision. Not to be. Perseverance want she first. Confusion an' Bluff say de race no' finish an' all ah dem right! Is de Committee at fault. After ah lot ah back an’ fort’, ah nek ah sug- gestion to de Committee. Share de spoils equally an’ dem accept. Talk done, at least fo’ now. Choosing de overall goin’ be ah different matter but is also another day.

Monday, last race. De wind holdin’ good an’ de skies clear. Triangle in de bay [two laps]. Off dem go, small boats first down de track. It go’ be ah nice race today, ah up on de hill early to watch dem go out to de first mark. All dem boat close to each other. After all, is two broad reach an ah short upwind, just wha’ Confusion want. She very fast on de draw. Yo’ see, de man Wayne does try everyt’ing. He carry water ballast. Downwind he light an’ upwind he full de jugs with water. Ah ain’t sure dat allowed but it workin’ fo’ him. Bluff an’ Perseverance is better upwind but dat leg too short fo’ dem catch up. So he tek first, Bluff second, Perseverance third or last. Limbo beat Iron Duke by ah long way an’ Tornado first also by ah long way. Ah can’t tell yo’ ‘bout dem rest because dem way down dere an’ de sun hot like hell. No trees up here so ah ha’ fo’ find some shade an’ ah cold one. Ah go’ get de results from de Committee later. Prize-giving start at 7 o’clock, short an’ to de point. Ah only wish dem could start de races like dat. All in all, it was a good three days. Ah t’ink de Committee did well — but room for improvement, yes, next year.

Orbin Ollivierre is the Commodore of the Bequia Sailing Club.

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Canouan Regatta 2007
Overall Winners

Class 2
1) My Love, Stanley Harry, Bequia
2) Bad Feelings, Samuel Forde, Mayreau
3) I’m Still Alive, Adolphus Forde, Mayreau

Class 3
1) Scope International, Rannie Hazell, Canouan
2) Marion, Bonnie Forde, Mayreau
3) joint Liberty, Elmore Snagg, Canouan

Class 4
1) Worries, Andy Mitchell, Bequia
2) Tornado, Kingsley Stowe, Bequia
3) joint Street Image, Robert Hazell, Bequia

Class 5
1) Limbo, Allick Daniel, Bequia
2) Iron Duke, Evan Chambers, Bequia

Class 6
1) Confusion, Wayne Gooding, Bequia
2) Bluff, Lashie King, Bequia
3) Perseverance, Arnold Hazell, Bequia
Located three nautical miles from the eastern tip of Guadeloupe, La Desirade is geologically the oldest island of the Lesser Antilles. It is 11 km long by 2 km wide. When seen by Christopher Columbus in 1493 during his second voyage, it was named Desirada because the sailors, after a two-month Atlantic crossing, greatly "desired" to reach land. Although shuttle ferries run twice a day, only a few tourists make the journey to Desirade from Saint François harbour on the Guadeloupe mainland. The journey is really worth it, though, as this island is unspoiled and quiet, inhabited by only 1,700 people.

Long beaches protected by coral reefs on the south coast are waiting for you. You can hire a motorbike or a four-wheel drive to explore the island, first on the only road running along the south coast and then on top of the table mountain which provides, on a clear day, fantastic views of Guadeloupe, the islets of Petite-Terre (a National Reserve), Marie-Galante, Dominica and Les Saintes. Beauséjour harbour can only host two to three boats at a time, anchored with stern lines to the breakwater. There is a plan to install some mooring buoys but the budget has not yet been voted. Not to worry — you have a 99-percent chance of being the only yacht in this friendly fishermen’s harbour. Entering the harbour through the channel between breakers on a rough day is something you will remember, as it is very narrow, but staying very close to the two red buoys everything will be okay.

And they’re off to Desirade, geologically the oldest island in the Lesser Antilles and one of the least visited.

Saint François Yacht Club on Guadeloupe was created in 2004; the goal, among others, was to bring dynamism to the Saint François marina and village based on watersports activities. In 2007, President Claude Grassel and his team were awarded the very exacting “Station Nautique” label for excellence in this field. The association was also deeply involved in the project of restructuring the marina.

The new marina, scheduled to be fully operational in March 2008, will include 20 visitors’ berths. The access channel and marina will be dredged to reach a depth of three metres. Saint François should then become a popular destination for many sailing vessels, as it will offer many services and activities within walking distance, including an 18-hole golf course, the small airport, beautiful beaches and its lagoon.

All this is good news for the Guadeloupe archipelago’s eastern sailing area. If you add the 25 free mooring buoys which have been installed at Saint Louis of Marie Galante, this area becomes very attractive for yachting.

The Desirade regatta is voluntarily small — conviviality prevails over racing. There are of course winners, but as one participant puts it, the only losers are those who did not participate. This year’s edition was held on June 2nd and 3rd, with ten boats registered this year in three classes: Racing/Cruising, Coastal and Beach Cats.

Saint François Yacht Club also organizes other regattas and events, such as the Gardel Trophy for sailing boats and Hemingway Trophy for sports fishing.

The Desirade regatta is voluntarily small — conviviality prevails over racing. There are of course winners, but as one participant puts it, the only losers are those who did not participate. This year’s edition was held on June 2nd and 3rd, with ten boats registered this year in three classes: Racing/Cruising, Coastal and Beach Cats.

Saturday morning’s race started just outside Saint François marina. Winds were from the southeast at 20 knots under sunny skies. The first part of the day’s leg, to Petite Terre National Reserve, was tactical and wet. The second part, to Beauséjour of Desirade, was fast — the jury boat was barely on time to welcome the first beach cat!

A scrumptious evening meal, organized at a local restaurant, gave all participants the chance to share their day’s experiences — especially those exciting moments negotiating the entrance channel’s breaking seas. For many it was their first time to Desirade with their own boat.

Sunday morning’s upwind-downwind race started at 10:00 and finished by noon. The prizegiving ceremony took place on the beach. In place of trophies, the winners received a variety of local products among which rum was prominent.

The afternoon’s journey back to Saint François or Pointe à Pitre was an enjoyable, sunny downwind ride back home. It concluded a beautiful weekend.

Désirade’s local authorities, fishermen and ferry companies agreed to make room in the harbour for an increased number of participants next year. The goal is to reach 20.

For more information visit www.ycsf.info.
LES SAINTES REGATTA 2007

A Wonderful, Windy Weekend

By Stéphane Legendre

The Cercle Sportif du Bas du Fort - Gosier, Andrew Dove and Les Saintes sailmaker Philippe (Phil a Voile) organize this event, which is not only a wonderful weekend break for locals, but also an attractive goal for boats coming from Martinique or other islands to sail in the sheltered waters of the Saintes archipelago. As the organizers put it, it is their weekend and nothing is going to prevent them from having great fun ashore, whereas on the water things are very seriously well organized!

The two days of the event’s fifth edition, June 9th and 10th 2007, were dry and winds ranged from ten knots to 25 (gusting to 30) on the Sunday morning. By 2:00 everybody was back to Terre de Haut, already preparing for the very hot evening to follow at the village restaurants.

The start took place. In Monohull Class, the winning order was different but the three first boats were the same: first Clippers Ship, second Marie-Marie, and third Paulista.

Race Two

“The morning after the night before” was difficult but everyone seemed eager to face that beautiful windward/leeward racing day. Fifteen to 20 knots of wind, gusting to 30 later, sunshine, and easy sheltered seas were the conditions under which the pursuit race started at 11:00. The rule is simple: within a calculated limited time of one hour and thirty minutes, the start schedule is calculated according to each boat’s rating which gives that third windward/leeward race a one-design flavour. The first across the line is the winner.

Clippers Ship came first, followed by Marie-Marie and Pascal Bovard’s Studio 10 Le Ponton also from Martinique. In the Multihull Class, it was EO in first, followed by Super U, with Pascal Marcel’s Chimère Orange third.

By early afternoon, on Cabrit Island the overall winners were announced:

Race/Cruising Class
1) Marie-Marie, Feeling 10.40, Franck Sorret, Guadeloupe
2) Clippers Ship, Surprise, Manu Velasquez, Martinique
3) Paulista, J/120, Philippe Champion, Guadeloupe

Multihull Class
1) Super U, J/128, Vincent de Maynard, Guadeloupe
2) EO, Formula 40, Vincent Trancart, Guadeloupe
3) Passage du Vent, one-off design, Philippe Pollet, Guadeloupe

Another fresh fish barbecue and abundant wine concluded this successful event before everyone said au revoir. One wish for next year: to have boats from more neighbouring islands join us to race and fête in Les Saintes! For more information phone (590 590) 90 80 44.

As usual, the weekend racing started by a Round Les Saintes Race. This was followed on Sunday by two races, one typical windward/leeward race and, to finish, a windward/leeward pursuit race. The pursuit race was an interesting way of having the whole fleet finishing almost together and on time for a beautiful barbecue prepared by the local fishermen, featuring grilled dorado, salads and all sorts of drinks.

For more information phone (590 590) 90 80 44.

Above: Multihull Class winner Super U, ‘standing on one leg’
Left: The morning after the night before’ everyone seemed eager to race again
GIRLS ON SAIL IN TOBAGO

by Katrina Kelshall

A ngostura really hosts a sweet regatta in Tobago! This year was their 25th Anniversary and they have worked out how to ensure a regatta runs smoothly: put the women in charge. Although 99 percent of the sailors are men, the crucial one percent who organise and drive this regatta are women. Let’s meet a few of them.

First up there’s Betty Davidson from Regatta Promoters who works on the regatta year round to make sure everything runs like clockwork. Betty organizes everything from A to Z and even manages to inveigle Customs and Immigration officials to come from Tobago’s airport and install themselves at Crown Point Hotel in order to facilitate the clearing in and out of boats arriving to race.

Betty is aided and abetted by Diana Clarke who also keeps a keen eye on the jetty to make sure rogue crew don’t sail away on the quaint little thatch-roofed barge which serves as the dinghy dock in Store Bay.

Phyllis Serrao and Nancy Yen Chong ("Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee") run the race room at the regatta village. They do all the registrations, handle the cash and are indispensable in carrying out all matters associated with the sailing and social events.

— Continued on next page

Phyllis Serrao, left, runs the race room, assisted by...

...Nancy Yen Chong, right

At this regatta, women are at the helm — of everything. The key organizer, Betty Davidson, left, is aided by Diana Clarke, above.

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Renata Goodridge is the official Regatta Measurer, and, as well as calculating everyone’s handicap through the CSA rating system, she sails on Bruggadung II — the boat from Barbados skippered by Andrew Burke which was overall Racing Class winner at this year’s Angostura Tobago Sail Week. Renata swears that without a stiff rum-and-coke she can’t get through the daily maths marathon required to work out all the final scores! The rum prevails, and results are out before the prizegiving every evening.

Also part of Bruggadung II’s winning crew this year is Madeleine Mercure. Originally from Canada, Madeleine has lived for years in Barbados, where she is a swimming coach and nursery school teacher. Business Machine’s nearly all-women crew is skippered by Marsha Farfan. She not only has Tobago Sail Week’s only female crew, Marsha is probably the youngest skipper in the fleet. Business Machine proves on a regular basis they are made of not just beauty but brains and bravery as well. It is rare for Marsha and her crew to go home from the regatta without a prize. This year they took second place overall in the Cruising Class.

Carla Rauseo runs the foredeck on Sea Wyf. She is a physical therapist — which comes in handy when skipper Kevin Kenny puts the crew through its paces, especially as Tommy Gatcliffe (at the sprightly age of 86) is on board. Carla makes sure their pole is always in the right place!

And where would a professional regatta be without an experienced Committee? Angostura Tobago Sail Week has always been proud to have one of the most elegant and efficient Start Committees in the Caribbean. Pauline Leighton briefs her team of 11 women with strict instructions because accuracy is essential, and all take their roles seriously. This year the ladies started and finished nine races a day — with four races a day for the Racing Class. That’s no mean feat.
Annual Hurricane Preparation Hints

Part One: Prepare for Pop Ups

by Brad Glidden

The time for taking all measures for a ship’s safety is while still able to do so. Nothing is more dangerous for a seaman to be grudging in taking precautions lest they turn out to have been unnecessary. Safety at sea for a thousand years has depended on exactly the opposite philosophy.

— Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz, after a 1945 typhoon sank three US Navy destroyers and drowned a thousand sailors

"The National Hurricane Center is issuing hurricane warnings for the Windwards, Leewards, British and US Virgin Islands. At 5am Atlantic Standard Time the center of Hurricane Aardvark is located at... Hurricane force winds extend out thirty miles from the center. Tropical storm force winds extend out one hundred miles, mainly north and east of the center. Residents in the warned areas are advised to rush preparations to completion."

Now that we’ve got your attention... Much as we don’t want to admit it, hurricane season is here again. There are people reading this who are new to the tropics, people who have forgotten the lessons of the last seasons, people who have information to share. Proper seamanship results from the willing cooperation of experienced sailors in our community passing on their body of knowledge, and NOW is the time to start preparing and asking questions.

Okay, Ivan was exceptional, and we hope nothing like it ever happens again.
But reducing the windage of boats on the hard by removing sails would have helped

Why Start Preparing Now?

Well, first: because of “pop up” hurricanes. Unlike in August and September, when storms get named soon after they leave Africa, and we have seven days of watching and worrying and tracking the damn things, July’s tropical storms and hurricanes tend to develop out of tropical waves just east of the islands. That innocuous tropical wave on the evening news may present itself the next morning as a named storm, 24 hours east of your island. You may have a lot less time to get ready than you would wish. While tropical waves don’t go from waves to depressions to storms to end-of-the-world hurricanes in 24 hours, they can develop enough of a punch to bring chaos to a sleepy unprepared anchorage.

It is also important to remember that the storm forecast is for the center of the storm, and tropical storm force winds extend out a considerable distance, typically six to 12 hours in advance of the eye. You do not want to be underway, headed for shelter, in 40 knots and rising winds — and you may have a long way to go to find shelter. So, where you gonna go when the hurricane comes on to blow? If you’re cruising through the islands, and you’re going to be here through the summer season, now is the time to answer that question. Look at charts, talk to the locals who seem to know what they are about, pick out one or two good spots and GO THERE NOW! Scope out the area on a calm and peaceful weekend. Take some soundings to see the depth, and maybe even some samples of the bottom to see whether you’re dealing with hard sand, mixed rock or soupy primeval ooze. Visualize how you’re going to get in, and where you’re going to go, and then visualize the same situation with 50 other boats crowding in, some at the last minute. Many hurricane holes have local regulations in effect. Talk to the relevant authorities and see what their rules are.

Other Reasons to Start Preparing Now

Ask yourself: Are my deck hardware and anchors strong enough? Just how much pull does my gear have to withstand? If my gear needs beefing up, how long will I need to do that?

We’ve all seen those tables: “for a boat this size use this anchor; for a storm use one size bigger”. Your correspondent doesn’t know where they get those figures; I got those below from the American Boat and Yacht Council. ABYC is a group of very serious engineers and architects. Their standards are the standards of the industry and are accepted by Lloyds and the US Coast Guard, among others.

The data below was extracted from tests done to figure load on cleats, and in giving permission to use it in my book A Cruiser’s Guide to Hurricane Survival, ABYC was quite emphatic that this is all the table shows: load on a line on a cleat for a given wind speed. If a skipper is to assume that a given figure for a load on a cleat will be the same for something else on the other end of the line (like an anchor), then that is the skipper’s assumption and not ABYC’s.

Having said all that, here’s the poop:

**Design Loads for Sizing Deck Hardware**

Boat dimensions given in feet, horizontal load on boat in pounds.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BOAT DIMENSIONS</th>
<th>HORIZONTAL LOAD ON BOAT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Length</td>
<td>15 kts</td>
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<tr>
<td>(power)</td>
<td>(sail)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>4</td>
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<td>60</td>
<td>12</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

—Continued on next page
In fact, taking down masts altogether would have helped even more, and some yards now require it. Even if it’s not compulsory, give this step serious consideration.

the strength, you might need the space. You may have to attach three anchor lines or five docklines to those forward cleats. Do you have enough room on the horns of a cleat to secure three or more 5/8 inch (14 mm) or bigger lines, with multiple turns?

A serious examination of the through bolts and backing pads on your deck hardware would be a good idea, too. Stainless steel likes to be exposed to a free flow of air around it; when hidden away, say where it passes through a deck, you get corrosion, pitting and rusting. Any sign of rust weeping through on a fastening should be viewed with alarm. Hell, if you haven’t looked recently at those eight bolts that are all that’s between you and disaster, pull one or more of them now and if they look any less than pristine, replace them.

Windage Considerations

Another task that it is better to do now than when it’s blowing 40 is to prepare roller furling sails for fast removal. When a storm approaches, you MUST take your roller furling sails off. No ifs, no ands, no buts, no excuses. Modern roller furling gear is wonderful stuff, but it will NOT stay closed when exposed to 12 hours of tropical storm force winds. You will not win any popularity contests in your anchorage when — not if — the genoa unfurls during a storm. So, now is the time to make sure the halyards run free, the blocks and swivels aren’t seized, the jib comes down smartly, and you can fold it up and find a place for the damn thing below. Likewise the main. An amazing number of people forget this little detail until a storm is coming and the thing is jammed.

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There is a simple way to calculate loads above 42 knots. As wind speed doubles, force quadruples; three times the wind speed is nine times the force. Go to the columns for 30 and 42 knots; we will leave calculations for 60, 84 and (God help us) 120 knots as an exercise for the student. An impossibly high number, isn’t it? In fact, for wind speeds above 100 knots, the force starts approaching the displacement weight of the boat. So, if you have any questions about the heftiness of your cleats, imagine the boat being lifted out of the water by a crane attached only to those cleats!

All this would imply that adding a few more REALLY BIG cleats might not be overkill. Not only might you need

---Continued from previous page---

- When using this table with the l.o.a. and beam, use whichever gives the highest loads, e.g., a 45-foot boat with a 13-foot beam uses the 3,200-pound figure for winds up to 42 knots.
- Boats with large superstructures (deckhouses, towers, houseboat cabins, etc.) should use one category higher than that determined by using the powerboat column.
- There are a number of assumptions here; that the boat has freedom to swing and present its smallest, bow-on profile to the wind, and that there is protection from surge loading due to high seas and wave action. Surge will vastly increase the load, this where lots of nylon to absorb shock, and/or a lot of chain to increase weight and the horizontal angle between the rode and the bottom, becomes crucial.

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All this would imply that adding a few more REALLY BIG cleats might not be overkill. Not only might you need
When we found ourselves struggling to do three knots we decided to motor the last few miles. That was when we discovered we had a problem with the engine. We could still make it to Port Antonio before dark, even at two knots, and had little option but to make the best of it and keep sailing. But then the wind died completely. We were going nowhere.

For the next few hours I tried to pick up any breath of wind that came by while Nigel worked on the engine. Neither of us was successful and we gradually drifted back down the coast ever closer to shore. We had tried several times to get assistance using the VHF but had no reply. Our drift was slow but we were getting worried; the afternoon was marching on and we were running out of options. We watched distant rain clouds optimistically, hoping for wind, but each time they drifted back down the coast ever closer to shore. We were free to look around until the appointed time.

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After an eternity we managed to attract the attention of some fishermen who agreed to give us a tow. They took us to Manchioneal, where no cruiser had been before! For the next few hours I tried to pick up any breath of wind that came by while Nigel worked on the engine. Neither of us was successful and we gradually drifted back down the coast ever closer to shore. We had tried several times to get assistance using the VHF but had no reply. Our drift was slow but we were getting worried; the afternoon was marching on and we were running out of options. We watched distant rain clouds optimistically, hoping for wind, but each one seemed to make a detour and pass us by.

Eventually I heard the dinghy return and a bright, smiling Nigel was telling me to come ashore. He had been having a beer (or two) with the policeman! It had been arranged that an Immigration official would come out to check us in and, after another beer, we were free to look around until the appointed time.

As we walked along the road away from the village, a man ran up behind us calling us back to his bar. “Here we go,” we thought. “The hassle begins.” We were wrong; he was inviting us for a drink in his bar, money or no money, as fellow travellers. We spent a happy hour there and went back several times.

Check-in was straightforward and the Immigration man friendly and helpful, as were all the officials we met during our stay, so by the time we settled down for the night we were feeling more positive about our situation.

The first thing we needed to do the next day was to contact our son to report our safe arrival, and with that mind we walked into Manchioneal Village. Manchioneal is a small fishing village in the parish of Portland on the east coast of Jamaica, about 22 kilometers from Port Antonio and 80 kilometers from Kingston. It is set at the foot of the John Crow Mountains in a rich, green landscape with an abundance of fruit trees and small vegetable plots. The village, which straddles a main road, has several small shops, including a clothes shop, a hardware store and a post office, and many rudely-built huts housing bars, or eateries serving delicious dishes of fish, chicken, pork or goat.

Fishing boats line the shore behind the shops and there is usually someone there mending nets, preparing for a trip or, if you are lucky, bringing in their catch. Many of the homes are small, roughly built houses with patched roofs and walls, and little furniture. People gather in small groups outside the stores for a cup of tea or to pass the time of day and occupants of passing cars call out greetings as they go. The beat of loud music sets your pace as you walk along. But there is no public telephone!

We went into a general store to enquire about how we could make our call and wanted no payment. She was very friendly; we were free to look around until the appointed time.

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We went into a general store to enquire about how we could make our call and wanted no payment. She was very friendly; we stayed chatting for some time and thereafter always visited when we were passing.

At first we were amazed by this generosity but soon came to realise that this is the Jamaican way. If you need help with anything in Jamaica you will find it.
We settled down for our stay, Manchioneal harbour is protected by a natural coral reef, there is a very good facility, which is well run by a congenial manager and has very good facilities. The atmosphere was always very laid back and the air filled with music and laughter. We would go about a mile upstream, in the calm and the mangroves ahead, where dozens of egrets roost at night, give a feeling of tranquillity. On the starboard bank in Manchioneal Fishing Village, a small community; separate from the main village, and protected by a natural wall of ancient coral; it has a large reef just inside the entrance to starboard, and a river flowing in at the southwestern corner. It is, however, open to the southeast and in certain conditions can be very rolly, although we were comfortable for all but three or four days of the three weeks we stayed there. With only local fishing boats using the harbour there is little need for a dinghy dock, so at first we reached our inflatable dinghy outside the police station when we went ashore. Once we realised that security was not an issue we began to take the dinghy into the river and leave it tied amongst the fishing boats, always with our air pump and fuel cans on board and never locked. The only outcome of which was that a fisherman asked if he could borrow the pump to inflate some fenders, having no other means of doing so. The entrance to the river is quite tricky, with stony shallows extending from each bank leaving only a narrow gap to navigate. Once through, the waters are calm and the mangroves ahead, where dozens of egrets roost at night, give a feeling of tranquillity. On the starboard bank in Manchioneal Fishing Village, a small community; separate from the main village, and sponsored by ‘Feed the Poor’.

At Manchioneal, every Sunday they have a laid-back get-together with a ‘cook up’, and we were always included to bathe. We would go about a mile upstream, in the later ones are accurate!) none of their own, to find banks within their 80-mile shallow extending from each bank leaving only a narrow gap to navigate. Once through, the waters are calm and the mangroves ahead, where dozens of egrets roost at night, give a feeling of tranquillity. On the starboard bank in Manchioneal Fishing Village, a small community; separate from the main village, and sponsored by ‘Feed the Poor’.

The fishing community here is like a big family and we were made to feel part of that family during our stay. Every Sunday they have a get-together with a ‘cook up’ during the afternoon and early evening, and we were always included. We were treated to delicious fish soup and baked fish with rice and peas, all simply cooked on an open fire and worthy of any good restaurant. The atmosphere was always very laid back and the air filled with music and laughter. It was during one of these gatherings that the fishermen asked if they could look at our charts, having got around that we were stuck many people told us they were happy that we were staying and asked if we needed anything or asked us to drop by for a chat. Again we were met with kindness and felt welcome wherever we went but, of course, we wouldn’t expect anything less from our Jamaican hosts! Time after time people asked us to pass the word that Jamaica is not the bad place it is reputed to be and asked us to invite other cruisers to come and see for themselves. In particular the people in Manchioneal invite you to visit their harbour. We shall certainly return.

A happy afternoon was spent plotting waypoints with the fishermen.
I’m April 24th at 0630 hours. I’m sitting in our cockpit trying to sort out the blur of the past week. After 17 months of cruising from Baltimore to Trinidad and back to the Leewards, it’s hard to think of ourselves as rookies. But, given the events of the past week, I’m not sure what else to think. A couple months ago, we received an e-mail from our son Pat saying that he and his wife were going to be in St. Kitts for a week. The company for which Pat works holds a meeting each year at a resort location, inviting those employees judged to have made the largest contribution to the company’s success. This year the meeting was at the St. Kitts Marriott and Pat was invited. We tossed out our plans for the Antigua Classic Yacht Regatta and started to plan for St. Kitts. We know St. Kitts reasonably well. We knew, for example, there is a good area to beach a dinghy in South Friar’s Bay near Shipwreck’s Bar and Grill. Shipwreck’s has a beach with chaise chairs, thatch umbrellas and a swim raft. The south end of the beach makes a great dinghy landing area. The spot is only a short cab ride from the Marriott and the anchorage is usually very calm. Great spot. If we anchored in South Friar’s Bay on Sunday evening, did our provisioning on Monday, for an arrival on Tuesday afternoon. We had a recommendation from an acquaintance in Nevis for a cab service which he uses for his business clients and South Friar’s was a known anchorage. We had a plan.

We anchored in South Friar’s on Sunday, contacted our cab service, Seamoss, on VHF 16 on Monday morning and the cab wash was tucked away on Monday evening. Nancy went on deck to take a few pictures of a beautiful sunset. At her feet she found what appeared to be the end of a broken bolt, castle nut and cotter pin intact. A serious end to a serious bolt.

We looked about the rigging, finding that the piece was the threaded end of the pin in the gooseneck which holds the boom piece to the part attached to the mast. The pin was still in place but not secured — very scary. In the back of my mind, I considered that our plan might be getting off track. I took dimensions of the pin, as best I could with it still in place, and made a sketch. We had already arranged for Seamoss to pick us up at noon on Tuesday, giving us the opportunity to run some errands before we met Pat at the hotel in the late afternoon. Obviously a trip to a boatyard or chandlery needed to be added to the list.

Seamoss took us to Indigo Yachts where I met with David Ridsdale-Saw. David shattered my hopes that the gooseneck had not been apart, we probably would have moved the boat. But the part would be ready soon and, with any luck, we would have her back together in the morning. Then we could move if we needed to.

Above: The marooned crew flanking Robin, who runs the Shipwreck Bar and adopted them for the duration

We met Pat at the hotel for dinner and left him with instructions to meet us at Shipwreck’s at 9:30 the next morning. By the time the cab dropped us off at the dinghy, Shipwreck’s was closed and the beach was pretty dark. There seemed to be a bit of a surf up but we simply started our normal dinghy launch sequence.

We pushed her in deep enough to drop the engine. I jumped in to start it while Nancy held it secure, but, before I could pull the cord, a four-foot wall of black water, filled with sand and turtle grass, threw the dinghy into the air right over Nancy, and threw me out into the surf. The next wave swamped the dinghy, filling her with water and turtle grass. We dragged ourselves up onto the beach, Nancy still grimly holding on to the painter, and pulled the boat out of the surf. We bailed her out and tried again, only to be swamped again. On the third try we got her launched and, very wet and ankle-deep in water, headed for the boat.

We pushed her back to the dock, in our excellence, never had breakers. When we reached the boat, we checked the jury rig on the boom and turned in, leaving any further considerations for the morning.

The next morning, we listened to the weather forecast carefully. The accumulation of weather coming off the US was forming a weak low pressure system north of the Virgin Islands and the winds were clocking around to the south. Obviously, we needed to keep an eye on that situation. We cleaned out the dinghy and went in to pick up Pat.

There was a bit of surf, but nothing like what we had encountered the night before. The bay had become a rolling monster and was driving a six- to eight-foot surf onto the beach at Shipwreck’s.

Seamoss picked us up at the pre-arranged time and delivered us to the machine shop, The Sugar Factory is a remnant from the now shuttered sugar industry of St. Kitts. The young man in charge of the shop, Lucky, understood exactly what I needed and my sense of urgency (“I have a boat that is in pieces”). He promised the part would be ready early the next afternoon. We spent the rest of the day with Pat, showing him some of St. Kitts. We left him late afternoon to attend to a business commitment of his own and got back to the boat without any trouble.

The next day, the weather report was not encouraging. The wind was still moving to the south and perhaps the southwest. If the gooseneck had not been apart, we probably would have moved the boat. But the part would be ready soon and, with any luck, we would have her back together in the morning. Then we could move if we needed to.

We ran the dinghy in at the appointed time to meet Seamoss. We made sure we pulled her up past the high-tide point and tied a line onto the Hobie Cat which rested next to her on the beach. We had planned to meet Pat and his wife for dinner (Dana arrived late that afternoon) so, hedging against any issues with landing the dinghy, we packed a change of clothes in Ziplocs.

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The part was ready on time, very well done, and at a reasonable cost. On the way back from the kids we decided not to have dinner with them, but instead to get back to the boat in daylight and get ready to do the repairs in the morning. Seamoss picked us up at the hotel at five, as arranged. His wife and daughter were with him. We set off for Shipwreck’s with the newly machined pin and great hopes of fixing the ailing boat.

When we arrived at Shipwreck’s it was pandemonium! Robin, who runs the place, and one of the patrons were in the surf — now a very substantial surf — trying to pull our dinghy back to shore. Apparently the surf had come up and grabbed the dinghy and dragged it out. The dinghy had dragged the Hobie Cat ten or 12 feet and then turtled. If we had not tied the line on the Hobie Cat, the dinghy probably would have been halfway to Cuba before anyone knew it was gone.

The guys had righted her and were pulling her back in when we arrived. We helped pull the dinghy out of the surf, bailed her out and got her and the Hobie Cat up on shore, out of the reach of the crashing waves. Over the course of the day, the wind had shifted more to the west. With literally hundreds of miles of fetch, even this light wind had turned South Friar’s Bay into a rolling monster and was driving a six- to eight-foot surf onto the beach at Shipwreck’s.

We decided to make an attempt to launch the dinghy. You can guess the result. Nancyunder the dinghy with me thrown clear before I could pull the cord, just like the previous evening, except this time we had an audience! When I surfaced from under the wave that swamped us, Robin and Seamoss were in the surf trying to help Nancy. Seamoss’s wife (in her business suit which she had worn to the office that day) was in the surf trying to control the dinghy.
About the couple who were marooned, you know the story. But at least we gave them some stories to share back home. We are sailors again, not castaways. I'm not sure what Pat and his wife think, then sailed down to Charlestown, Nevis, to really test the rig.

That done, we pulled up the anchor and moved down to Ballast Bay where it was much calmer. We stayed in Ballast for a couple of days, checking everything out, and our jury rig was reasonably secure. With the bay still rolling back to our boat. We would assess the level of the surf, on several occasions trying to launch the dinghy with varied degrees of disaster. After we were sure we couldn't launch, we would sit on the beach and watch our boat bounce like a cork for awhile. We were concerned that our jury rig on the boom would hold up, concerned that we had slowed things well enough to deal with the now rolling bay (we had expected to be gone for only four or five hours), concerned that our anchor would hold. At least the wind generator would keep the refrigerator and lights on, but we ourselves were powerless.

We spent as much time as we could with Pat and Dana. We did a bit of tourist-type stuff and just "hung out" a bit. The little hotel we were in was on Frigate Bay, on the beach. There were some interesting beach bars and restaurants in that area. The Shiggidy Shack has superb grilled lobster at very reasonable prices. Down the beach, Ziggy's had a most interesting mix of patrons: tourists, locals, students and some castaways like us. They had some good live music and, on Sunday morning, they even served breakfast. Had we been looking for a three-day land vacation, this spot would have been a great place for it.

By Sunday, the wind had backed around to the south and the bay had started to calm. We arrived at Shipwreck's early. The surf was still too high to launch the dinghy. We needed to find a way. We were frustrated and tired of wearing the same clothes for days (thank God we had packed a spare set that first day) and too worried about the boat to let anything.

About then, Robin showed up with a 200-foot line. He and his staff were in early to prepare for a filming session for a publicity piece being done on the area. They provided encouragement where they could. They are probably still talking about us. First, our boat was three-quarters of a mile out in the rolling bay, behaving like a metronome gone mad, and there was no way for us to get to her. Next, until conditions changed, we were marooned on St. Kitts.

The next three days were an odd mixture of fear, frustration and adventure. The folks at Shipwreck's sort of adopted us. They helped us find a hotel, gave us rides and provided encouragement where they could. They are probably still talking about us. Each day, for the next three days, we got to Shipwreck's first thing in the morning. We would assess the level of the surf, on several occasions trying to launch the dinghy with varied degrees of disaster. After we were sure we couldn't launch, we would sit on the beach and watch our boat bounce like a cork for awhile. We were concerned that our jury rig on the boom would hold up, concerned that we had slowed things well enough to deal with the now rolling bay (we had expected to be
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Opening Up the East Coast of Carriacou

Now that the Tobago Cays are a National Park and an entry fee (EC$10 per person per day) is being charged, sailors will be looking for alternative unspoiled anchorages. On the windward side of Carriacou, Watervill and Grand Bays are superb reef-protected anchorages. But they are seldom visited by yachts because of Grenadian Customs regulations. The requirement for the yacht to be present at Hillsborough, on the windward side of the island, to clear Customs is the major reason why few yachts visit the east coast of Carriacou.

If coming from the south coast of Grenada and heading north to Carriacou, the easy way is to sail up Grenada’s east coast. (See sailing directions on the back of the Imray-Iolaire chart B32; the 2007 edition gives detailed sailing directions and analysis of sailing from Grenada to Carriacou the hard way, via the west coast. The easy route offers the opportunity to stop at some of the wonderful deserted anchorages on the east coast of Grenada. From the Sandy Island off Grenada’s northeast coast, it is usually an easy reach to an anchorage at Saline Island just south of Carriacou; to White Island is a 14-mile course. If done on a weather-going tide, this should be a fast two- to two-and-a-half-hour close reach, versus a four-hour slog to windward from Tanga Langa on Grenada’s west coast.

After anchoring at Saline Island, a short beat the next day would take you to Rendezvous Point at the southern entrance to Grand Bay and Watervill Bay. From Rendezvous Point to the northern end of Carriacou there are miles of sheltered water behind reefs, with anchorages too numerous to list. (See Street’s Guide Martinique to Trinidad, pages 133/136, for detailed sketch charts and sailing directions.)

So far, so good. The problem arises if you intend to carry on northward from Watervill Bay into the waters of St. Vincent & the Grenadines. At present, Customs regulations require you clear out of Grenada by bringing your boat to Hillsborough Harbour. This means a beat to windward to the north coast of Carriacou, a reach around the top of the island, and then a leg south to Hillsborough. After clearing out, from Hillsborough it’s a sail north to Union to enter SVG waters.

Similarly if coming to Carriacou from Union Island and wishing to visit Watervill Bay, instead of going directly there you must first head south to Hillsborough, anchor, enter, then back-track north, beat to windward around the top end of Carriacou, then head south to Watervill Bay.

I would like to suggest that yachts coming from the north be permitted to anchor in Watervill Bay straightaway. The skipper could then take a bus from Watervill to Hillsborough to clear in (which will give a wonderful scenic tour of Carriacou). Then they could cruise south to Grand Bay, Saline Island and Tyrell Bay. Equally, the skipper of a yacht sailing northward should be able to clear out of Grenada waters by taking the bus from Windward to Hillsborough.

Yachts often anchor in Tyrell Bay, then the skipper takes a taxi or bus to Hillsborough to enter or clear out. This seems to be acceptable most of the time, but occasionally a Customs or Immigration Officer insists that the yacht come to Hillsborough to enter or clear out.

Similarly, yachts could be allowed to anchor in Watervill Bay, and the skipper hop on a bus to Hillsborough to enter or clear. But at this time, this scenario is impossible: I was told in April 2006 that this was absolutely illegal; skippers must anchor their boats in Hillsborough to clear in or out (or anchor in Tyrell Bay and bus to Hillsborough).

It is time for the Marine and Yachting Association of Grenada and the Tourist Board to get together and persuade the Customs Department to allow yacht skippers to come to Hillsborough by land to complete entry or exit formalities, when their yachts are anchored in Watervill Bay. This would offer yachts a superb alternative to the crowded Tobago Cays and also include the community of Windward in the benefits of yachting tourism that are now enjoyed by the people of Harvey Vale at Tyrell Bay.
As the hurricane season rapidly approaches we invite you to enjoy ‘HURRICANE FREE’ Panama

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Inside Bocas del Toro Archipelago

by Karen Bradbeer

The Caribbean current is what makes the formation of the Bocas del Toro archipelago unique. The current runs at about two to three knots setting towards the east, and the country of Panama itself lies from east to west, unlike what most people think.

The Bocas del Toro archipelago is inside the main current that runs along the Panamanian coastline. The fact that almost all of the islands are sheltered by the cup formation of the coastline and protected by the hump of Colon makes them more popular with cruising sailors. This archipelago is well protected by large barrier islands with other islands.

The popularity of the Bocas del Toro archipelago has risen as the word is broadcast by SSB from cruiser to cruiser with the secret hope that only those who really desire such a paradise are begged to visit. Since the current is strong, the inside islands give protection to the various indigenous Indians who live there. Cruising sailors are starting to find that sharing the remote islands with the Indians is interesting and unique. The natural rainforest beauty is not only visual, but aural, offering varied calling sounds of the many tropical birds, monkeys, sloths, and bats that live in its trees. What more could a cruiser need than the basics (plentiful rainwater for drinking, easy foraging and fishing) with an infrastructure to make entering and exiting easy by vessel, launch, bus, or airplane?

Bocas del Toro is considered a Port of Entry and maintains a Port Captain for clearing from outside countries; no agent is needed. The clearing process is easy: call on VHF 16 to the Port Captain during the office hours of 9:00AM to 4:30PM, Monday to Friday (overtime fees are applicable outside normal hours). All yachts are welcome for a three-month cruising period. The cruising permit for the vessel can be extended every three months on an unlimited basis. Immigration grants cruisers a stay of three months, which can be extended for an additional three months before having to exit the country.

There are two marinas in Bocas del Toro, Careening Cay Marina (Marina Carenero), www.careeningcay.com, and Bocas Marina, www.bocasmarina.com. Marina Carenero has 27 slips and has been in service since 1998. Contact on VHF 68; the owners are Mack and Mary Robertson. They have very good security, new showers/bathrooms/laundry rooms, Internet and other services, as well as boat maintenance services. This is particularly good for long-term stays for cruisers who need to leave their boats. Bocas Marina has 75 slips with floating docks, a small bar/restaurant, showers/bathroom, Internet, and laundry service. They also have boat maintenance services. Both marinas take reservations.

Bocas del Toro has excellent water-taxi service for travel within the province. There are two water taxis that cross Almirante Bay (approximately 20 to 30 minutes) for connecting bus travel to the town of David and other points in Panama. The road from Panama City has recently been extended to David and then on out to Chirique Grande and ending at Almirante.

A water taxi also provides service to Changuinola (approximately 45 minutes), a Panamanian town located on the Caribbean side, close to the Costa Rican border. Changuinola is where you can renew your visa for an extended three months, go shopping, or cross the border into Costa Rica for travel and thereby renew your passport’s visa stamp.

There are two bus services that offer transportation to San Jose, Costa Rica, from Siosa via Changuinola: MEPE and the Caribeños bus line. Also, from either Siosa or Changuinola, car taxis can be hired to complete a journey to Almirante Bay, where a water taxi can be taken to Bocas del Toro.

From the Bocas del Toro airport you can reach Costa Rica or Panama City. For Panama City, David or Changuinola, there are two airlines: Aeroperlas www.aeroperlas.com, and Air Panama, www.flyairpanama.com. For Costa Rica, there are two airlines, Nature Air, www.natureair.com, and Air Panama. This gives cruisers many different routes to choose from when planning land travel.

Cruisers now have a new safe haven from hurricanes in the Bocas del Toro archipelago. What are you waiting for?

Inside Bocas del Toro Archipelago

There have been some recent changes in Immigration law in Panama; if any affect cruisers, we’ll have the news in next month’s Compass. Hopefully you’ll be able to stick around and enjoy Bocas Town, above, and the archipelago’s great diving, left.

There are two marinas in Bocas del Toro, Careening Cay Marina (Marina Carenero), www.careeningcay.com, and Bocas Marina, www.bocasmarina.com. Marina Carenero has 27 slips and has been in service since 1998. Contact on VHF 68; the owners are Mack and Mary Robertson. They have very good security, new showers/bathrooms/laundry rooms, Internet and other services, as well as boat maintenance services. This is particularly good for long-term stays for cruisers who need to leave their boats. Bocas Marina has 75 slips with floating docks, a small bar/restaurant, showers/bathroom, Internet, and laundry service. They also have boat maintenance services. Both marinas take reservations.

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Cruisers now have a new safe haven from hurricanes in the Bocas del Toro archipelago. What are you waiting for?
Once again, my husband John and I spent some six weeks in Dominica, having a wonderful time and seeing, first-hand, many changes—all improvements.

In Roseau, Pancho and Seacat are coordinating nightly security patrols and no reports of problems have come in to the Caribbean Safety and Security Net throughout this entire cruising season. Patricia Linton, Marketing Officer for the National Development Corporation (the tourism arm for the government of Dominica), reports that collaborative efforts between government and the private marine businesses (Pancho, Seacat, the Dominica Marine Center, the Anchorage Hotel and Dive Center and a number of other marine-related businesses throughout the island have formed the Dominica Marine Association) in Roseau have resulted in significant improvements for both cruising and charter yachts.

Yachts visiting Roseau can call ahead on VHF 16 for Pancho Services or Roots (he works for Seacat) to make arrangements for a mooring. The Dominica Marine Center in Roseau receives shipments from Budget Marine in St. Martin, usually via LIAT Quikpak, with two days’ turnaround. The Center’s Hubert Winston will take care of the Customs work and boat parts are duty-free. He stocks some supplies, and boaters using the mooring field in Roseau can lock their dinghies at his new dock.

Up at the north end of the island, a security patrol is also addressing the issues in Prince Rupert Bay, although currently just at the north end of the bay. The newly-formed Portsmouth Association of Yacht Security (see Compass May 2007 Info & Updates) has hired a person to staff the patrol boat and he is on station every night between dusk and dawn. He has a large spotlight and a handheld VHF radio and cell phone—we saw him on several occasions. He can call any one of the members of PAYS for assistance, should that be necessary, as well as contact the Portsmouth police. The patrol boat itself was an anonymous donation to PAYS, as was the 15-horsepower outboard. In addition, if he goes out on deck during the night, Jan Brocksieper of B&B Yachts Services turns on his outside lights and takes a good look around.

PAYS would like to extend the security patrol to the south end of the bay, for those who choose to anchor near the Portsmouth Beach Hotel, but funding does not yet cover those additional costs. The patrol was on station until the end of June and will resume sometime in November; however, if there are any yachts at anchor during July through October, someone will man the patrol boat.

Faustin Alexis is the president of PAYS, Helen Hepp of Cabrits Dive Center is secretary, and, as indicated in the May issue of Compass, Jan is treasurer. Other members include most of the Indian River Guides (13 of them, at last count) as well as local businesses including Max Taxi Tours, Big Papa’s Restaurant, Blue Bay Restaurant, the Purple Turtle Restaurant, and B&B Yacht Services. These members subsidize the security patrol.

—Continued on next page
We were invited to enjoy the hospitality of Ms. Patricia Etiene at the Purple Turtle and attend a meeting of the PAYS executive committee (Faustin, Helen, Jan, Martin, Eddison and Patricia) to discuss progress to date and future plans. They are enthusiastic and full of great ideas, so things look good for next season.

Jan himself has been in Prince Rupert Bay for two seasons now and has developed a business of brokering many of the services visiting yachts need. He can arrange propane refills for American and European tanks from Dominica Marine Service in Roseau. He has installed a water pipe leading out to a mooring just in front of Big Papa’s where you can take on water at the least expensive rate we’ve found. In addition, he can arrange laundry, ice, garbage disposal, receiving of duty-free parts (he will take care of ordering, Customs clearance, and pick-up at Canefield Airport), as well as a range of repair services. Our fridge was failing to cool and the fellow he sent out to us was quick, competent and reasonably priced.

On the communications side, the Purple Turtle has wireless Internet out to the bay, through HOTHOTHOT. Subscriptions are daily, weekly or monthly, and you can carry the user ID on to Antigua, Les Saintes, Bequia, Grenada and a number of other islands. The Portsmouth Market is still the best in the Caribbean in terms of selection, quantity, fresh quality and price. It starts early Saturday morning — you can hear the conch horn announcing fresh fish for sale. You need to get there early, and I mean early, because everything closes up by mid-morning.

Trash pickup is now three days a week: Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. There is no longer a garbage tip at the town dock/bus park. Jan can arrange to have your trash picked up from your boat; there are several surfboarders who will do this, or you can carry it in (those mornings only before 10:00am) to the street in front of Big Papa’s.

There seems to be lots of construction going on all over the island. In Portsmouth alone, the single-lane bridge between town and the Blue Bay Restaurant is being widened to two lanes and the road straightened. In town, the water company is laying new lines, and, in the process, repaving Bay Street and putting in new sidewalks. Traffic moves in different patterns depending on which section they are working, and walking down the street is sometimes a challenge!

The damage from the November 2004 earthquakes at the hospital and the Methodist Church is all cleaned up. St. John’s School has most of its classrooms refurbished and hopes to have the rest of the class space as well as the kitchen and the library available for use by January of 2008. The lot where the St. John’s Church stood has been cleared and a small parish hall constructed, which is presently being used for services, until the church itself can be rebuilt. Sadly, the Roosevelt Douglas Government School students are still sharing space with the Portsmouth Secondary School students, and the only visible progress toward rebuilding the Douglas school is the razing of the old, severely damaged building.

To clarify an earlier report in the Compass, the new dock at the mouth of the Indian River was not funded by the Indian River guides, but by the National Development Corporation, through financing from the European Development Fund.

The Indian River dock is finished, although it is only necessary for yachts to tie their dinghies there if you are walking to the bank or the gas station in that area, or if there are swells in the bay, as there are a number of other docks: Purple Turtle, Big Papa’s, Blue Bay, and the town dock. There is a bank and a gas station just up the street from the town dock.

Your dinghy can be locked at any of these, however, be careful on the south side of the town dock: they started to cut up and carry away the big freighter that was beached there, but the wreck fell apart and pieces of the hull are strewn from the end of the dock along the waterfront.

The Longhouse Pier, where yachts clear Customs in Prince Rupert Bay, is under construction and being expanded. As part of the overall extension of the pier, there are plans to build one, and maybe two, dinghy landings. That will certainly make it easier getting to the Customs office, and a dramatic change from climbing over old tires.

Pancho, Roots, Martin and Cobra all agree that this has been the best season yet for yachting in Dominica: lots of boats stopping and many staying for more than overnight. Jan claims he counted 66 boats at anchor one night between Portsmouth and the Cabrits cruise ship dock.

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As a summertime cruising destination, Tobago has it all or nothing at all, depending on how you look at it.

If you like a natural tropical environment, a choice of undeveloped anchorages, a broad range of diving and hiking opportunities, cultural events such as bamboo boat races, goat races and the Heritage Festival, and the idea of cruising below the usual hurricane belt, Tobago has it all. If you like to be away from crowds, the appeal grows even stronger.

All was buzzing in Store Bay when we arrived in Tobago on May 12th. The island’s premiere annual regatta was a magnet for boats from neighboring islands; the anchorage was alive with race boats, their dinghies and mother ships, and other craft attracted by the event. The Regatta Village on the grounds of the Crown Point Hotel was jumping.

The sprawling Hilton Tobago Resort, where we were welcomed for our shoreside stay, was full of Trinidadian families treating Mom to a special Mother’s Day weekend. In the evening, the open-air Tartaruga restaurant at Buccoo served up world-class Italian cuisine to tables of appreciative diners. The next night, “Sunday School” — a street party with craft stalls, rum shops and live steel pan music — thronged with tourists and locals. We lunched well at Café Iguana and at the food court by the public beach at Store Bay, where it was hard to find a free table. Dinner at Patino’s on Sunday was impressive. Yes, tourism is strong in Tobago.

But when we ventured up the winding country road along the northwest coast, enticing coves such as Castara and Englishman’s Bay were empty. Not one yacht. The palm trees were waving invitingly. The water was calm and oh-so-clear. The beaches were long, sandy, clean and not overdeveloped by any stretch of the imagination; the sole establishment on Englishman’s Bay was a funky little beach bar, which was closed. A lone Rastaman hung some handmade bamboo wind-chimes in a shade tree, hoping for the day’s sale.

Why were these and other apparently perfect anchorages empty?

Okay, sailing to Tobago from the rest of the island chain can be a long struggle against wind and current. And once you get there, you must mind the special yacht clearance formalities (see sidebar).

And lying along a northeast to southwest axis, at only a slight angle to the northeast tradewinds, there is no real “leeeward” side. Many lovely anchorages can become untenable in times of strong north winds and big swells. But the good news is that in the summer, the trades tend to mellow out and come more from the east or even southeast, and the big swells are normally felt only from November through March. Chris Doyle’s Cruising Guide to Trinidad & Tobago lists more than a dozen anchorages from which to choose, depending on prevailing conditions....
...and notes that inside the harbor wall, Scarborough is nearly always comfortable. Although south of the usual path of hurricanes, the island was hit in 1847 and 1963. And fishing is still part of daily life in Tobago. In many of the bays and coves, you might not be able to anchor wherever you wish due to the activities of the seine fishermen. Some might find this an annoyance.

while others see it as an increasingly rare "old Caribbean" attraction.

Some cruisers might also find the lack of yacht facilities a drawback. There is as yet no marina, not even a permanent dinghy dock (although one magically appears just for the regatta). Fuel and water must be jerry-jugged.

We spoke about the possibility of future yacht facilities in Tobago with the Hon. Neil Wilson, Secretary, and Norris Jack, Executive Advisor, of the Division of Tourism of the Tobago House of Assembly. Mr. Wilson said that his division, with advice from the national Yacht Steering Committee (of which Mr. Jack is also a member), have looked at proposals for a marina to provide a fuel/water dock and waste disposal facilities, and are studying the entire coast to find the best location for yachts with the least potential for environmental damage. Although some interests feel the decision process is moving slowly, Mr. Wilson noted that because Trinidad & Tobago is one country, with wealth from oil and gas, as compared to island nations more dependent on tourism alone, "We can afford to wait and do it right. We are very conscious of what a bad decision can do. We don't propose to compromise our environment for what may be material gains. Our environment is the legacy we have, and Tobago is famous for it. It's up to the water to keep it green — our job is to keep it clean and pristine."

He added, "We will have to convince the people of Tobago that we are doing everything to protect the environment. To some, yachts seem to represent pollution of the bays. The public needs to learn that yachting can be a clean activity." Cruisers can help. It's mentioned in the Boaters' Directory that "There has been much controversy concerning the pollution of the waters around Tobago by visiting cruisers. The Marine Park Office has asked cruisers to... not discharge heads or holding tanks within any of the bays."

Seems like a reasonable request. If you can comply with that and can take the trouble to get there, and if natural beauty is more alluring to you than services, try cruising Tobago this summer. You might even take a buddy boat with you just for company. This Caribbean isn't overcrowded yet.

Thanks to Sharon McIntosh of the Yacht Services Association of Trinidad & Tobago, Candice Imam of the Tourism Development Company, and Chris Doyle's Cruising Guide to Trinidad & Tobago's Division of Tourism for making my first visit to Tobago such an excellent one.

Almost Perfect Hurricane Holes
Part 3:
GUATEMALA’S RIO DULCE
by Julia Bartlett

I found this one without even looking. Well, not for a hurricane hole; I was looking for the perfect boat for very little money. But that’s another article.

If barnacles became the latest culinary delicacy and I wanted to cash in on the fad, I would head straight for the nearest, average-type, hurricane hole and start a harvesting frenzy before all the other boaters caught on. The tepid, salty, primeval soup we usually anchor our boats in during hurricane season is barnacle heaven. By the end of a day’s diving I could probably offer several different exotic species because barnacles, too, are people and vary in the types of anti-fouling they prefer. Given this variety of poisons, together with all the other seasonings we pour into these protected (and therefore more or less stagnant) waters, some new, colourful and tasty mutants must have evolved.

I wouldn’t try harvesting in a fresh-water anchorage, the Rio Dulce for example, because there are no barnacles.

Let your imagination run riot for a moment here. A hurricane season, in the tropics with no barnacles — how cool is that? It is really a possibility. Now add protected flat waters, where there is room to sail, 16 small and intimate marinas, inexpensive restaurants, tiny bars with thatched roofs, stalls laden with fresh veggies and easy access to ancient and spiritual Mayan ruins.

You can take your pick of the little marinas, varying in price from US$100 to $250 per month. Some offer a swimming pool. Monkey Bay offers monkeys wild in the trees above your head, some are in town and some are a dinghy ride down the river. Most are nestled around the elegant 85-foot-tall bridge that spans the river linking the pueblos of Fronteras on one end and El Relleno on the other. Or, if you prefer, you can anchor off.

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Friendly, funky Fronteras is the main drag for cruisers summering on the Rio Dulce. There is a bus station here if you want to travel inland

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Fronteras is a vibrant marketplace for produce from the surrounding area and tiendas stuffed with everything a vaquero (cowboy) needs from saddles to lariats. In between is everything else, including Internet cafes, local restaurants, stalls with colourful woven cloth, and the bus company office where you can buy a ticket to Guatemala City, a bargain at US$10 for the five-hour trip. You have to earn the right to be in the Rio Dulce by crossing a sand bar with a five-foot controlling depth, from Bahia Amatique in the Gulf of Honduras. A calm sea and shallow-to-medium draft are requisites. Many boaters make use of a spring tide to carry them across. Once you pass the town of Livingston you enter a spectacular gorge, El Canyon, carved out over millennia. It is so beautiful that Dave and Leanne, on Live Sea Lee, told me it took their breath away. The walls are cliffs of white limestone rising dramatically to 350 feet, draped with exotic plants and vines that sweep down to the water’s edge where herons wade. Far above, hawks float dizzyly in the updrafts, watching and waiting. “After El Canyon, the river itself was almost a disappointment,” Dave said, looking appreciatively at the paradise around him. El Canyon in turn gives way to El Golfete, a long narrow lake surrounded by wild jungle from which the cries of monkeys and squawks of parrots echo across the water.

—Continued on next page

Dugout and fold-up — different dinghies for different folks

The trip from the Gulf on Honduras through El Canyon and El Golfete to the Rio itself is worth the bar-crossing price of admission.

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Then on and into the Rio Dulce, which connects El Golfete to Lago Izabal, the largest lake in Guatemala. The river, about a quarter of a mile wide and eight miles long, is fed by intriguing tributaries lined with mangrove and buttressed tree trunks where islands of lilies and hyacinths drift by. The tributaries can be followed in a dinghy to secluded lagoons where pretty palm-thatched roofs peek out from the jungle. The ideal place for a dip? Well, you still have to keep an eye open for occasional, although increasingly rare, crocodiles.

There are even two haul-out facilities in the Rio Dulce. The still-under-construction Ram Marine has a conventional travelift and will soon have a Port Supply outlet. Abel Boat Haul Out, San Felipe de Laura, has three railways in operation and can handle catamarans.

The downsides of the Rio Dulce? They do feel the effects of the occasional hurricane. For example, in 1998, water rushed into the river from opposing directions due to Hurricane Mitch. A storm surge pushed water up the river, meeting the rainwater runoff trying to escape, resulting in a record rise in the water level. However, the hills protected the river from high winds. Emy, on ADL, told me that there has been exceptionally high water three times in the 15 years she been there, but that they don’t get hurricane winds because of the mountains, a similar topographical effect to Luperon in the Dominican Republic. The worst part of the Rio Dulce would be trying to leave. But why would you? If you are the type whose anchor gets sucked down into the mud, you’d be fighting a lost cause in this paradise so you might just as well swing back in your hammock and enjoy it.

The best website I found for all-round information on the Rio Dulce is www.mayaparadise.com. If you go to Site Index and then to Boaters Info you will find up-to-date information on tides and crossing the bar. In the rest of the index, you’ll find just about everything else there is to know.

Many marina options on the Rio Dulce are sweetly sleepy and low-key. Some cruisers forget to leave.

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The Renaissance Marina, located in the heart of Oranjestad is part of the Renaissance Aruba Resort & Casino and can accommodate more than 50 yachts. Located at 12°31’N and 70°02’W, Renaissance Marina is the island’s most beautiful marina, part of the Renaissance Aruba Resort & Casino, it stretches over much of this picturesque waterfront community combining the largest...
RETURNING TO A LAID-UP BOAT

by Mary Robinson

Skybird was laid up on the hard for the 2006 hurricane season in Chaguaramas, Trinidad. Like thousands of other yachts of every conceivable national flag she had been there since April. Now it was November.

Weary and travel-worn, we arrived at last at Parco airport. It was dusk. We made our way through Customs and Immigration together with our two specially labelled packages: “boat parts for yacht in transit”. These would have to be taken “without delay” to a second Customs office in Chaguaramas. Our worries were quickly allayed by a smiling taxi driver, a representative of Jesse James who specialises in quality service to the yachting fraternity. We were promptly transported to the yacht office where our import documents were quickly cleared; hence we were taken straight to Skybird in the boatyard.

A tall boarding ladder had been placed against Skybird’s stern for our arrival. We had left Glasgow some 24 hours earlier and had little, if any sleep during the journey; so we got a hasty meal in the boatyard’s restaurant and went straight to sleep on our rather damp berth, leaving all problems to be solved in the morning.

Morning, in Chaguaramas, is heralded at 6:00am by several hundred parrots. Their squawking reveille would arouse us every day for as long as we remained in Trinidad. It was “Parrot Time”. We blinked our eyes and made our way up on deck and down the tall stern ladder to the ground. Thence, we took our bearings and hastened to the toilet block, dodging the occasional dollop of dog dirt that ignorant boat-owners had allowed their pets to deposit.

Returning on board, we brewed up a jug of coffee and assessed the situation. Skybird was filthy. Never had we seen her deck so dirty. Evidently the owner of the next boat had commissioned a substantial amount of work to be done in his absence. The contractor, to do him justice, had drapped an old sail around his work topsides. Additionally, Skybird had been covered with plastic sheeting during her lay-up period; even so, her deck was thick with grinding dust and wood shavings. Driving rain had converted the dust into a sort of mud. This lay so thick on the deck that little green seedlings had begun to sprout in the scuppers. Ropes and canvases were green with mildew and alive with ants.

Down below, things were little better. The previous year we had hired a dehumidifier but it had been so powerful that it had caused excessive drying of the internal woodwork. This year we did without the dehumidifier and paid the price in mildew. There was also a quantity of small bugs lying dead on our berth; we never did manage to identify them. But at least there was no evidence of cockroaches: things could have been worse.

I went to the boatyard office where I was greeted by a beaming smile of welcome from the ever-charming Charlene. I bought a quantity of laundry tokens and arranged for water tokens to be removed before his boat could be put into the slings. What with one thing and another, it took the whole morning before Skybird was at last lifted and slowly trundled the full length of the boatyard to the launching dock. There she was gently lowered into the water. The travel-hoist driver and his team were careful and efficient. Skybird’s engine started on the button. Cooling water came through. We were afloat.

Weary and travel-worn, we arrived at last at Piarco airport. It was dusk. We made our way through Customs and Immigration together with our two specially labelled packages: “boat parts for yacht in transit”. These would have to be taken “without delay” to a second Customs office in Chaguaramas. Our worries were quickly allayed by a smiling taxi driver, a representative of Jesse James who specialises in quality service to the yachting fraternity. We were promptly transported to the yacht office where our import documents were quickly cleared; hence we were taken straight to Skybird in the boatyard.

A tall boarding ladder had been placed against Skybird’s stern for our arrival. We had left Glasgow some 24 hours earlier and had little, if any sleep during the journey; so we got a hasty meal in the boatyard’s restaurant and went straight to sleep on our rather damp berth, leaving all problems to be solved in the morning.

Between commissioning tasks, we found time to tour Trinidad’s wetlands.
PRAKTKER PILOTS

by Stephen "Nara" Bourassa

I’ve always gotten along well with whales. Of all the creatures of the sea, they are the most fascinating, with their grand size, playful nature, and deep souls.

After cruising 34 years, I’ve had many close encounters with these intelligent animals. Like a large whaleaground on the central reef off Andros in the Bahamas. He was thrashing his tail furiously trying to dislodge himself from the reef, the sea around him discolored white blood.

Or a female killer whale, swimming in a 200-meter circle, teaching her newborn to swim. When I attempted to get close enough to the boat, the whale stopped, got her head two meters out of the water and shook her head “NO”. Maybe it was mental telepathy because she convinced me that if I was threatening her baby, she could ram my boat and sink it and swallow me whole.

My closest encounter was one meter from the fully opened mouth of the killer whale Lolita while I was employed by the Miami Seaquarium. All I remember is row after row of bright eight-centimeter teeth, going all the way back to a one meter gullet. I can’t imagine anything more frightening in the sea.

Another scary encounter was off Roatan, Honduras. I spotted a killer whale two kilometers away, just going crazy, leaping, turning and zig-zagging across the water at high speed. When the crazed animal spotted me, and turned in my direction, it scared me so badly, I cranked the engine on and immediately full-powered away.

But most of my whale encounters have been pleasant: pilot whales 30 centimeters from my hull lazily turning on their side to make eye contact and give me a big whale smile. Looking into the eyes of whales and dolphins is not like looking into the eyes of other animals. I have no need to see side. I can feel a presence.

It was a mixed bag of sailing on a cruise from Roatan around the Mosquito book of Nicaragua, through the formerly pirate-controlled stronghold of the Mosquito Indians and against a knot-and-a-half current south to Panama. I made a mistake and left port based on a second-hand weather report in order to have the security of sailing with three other boats.

The weather report caller based his report on a second-hand weather report in order to have the security of sailing with three other boats, but in the even the best groups there are always one or two who want to make mischief, and whales are no exception.

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I had a course southwest of the rhumb line in order to avoid the low pressure dome off Cartagena, one of the most persistent and nastiest pieces of water in the Caribbean. It was perfect sailing past San Andres, clearing some offshore reefs by sunset. Unenviable sailing in gentle winds and seas, just watching the sea course and windvane, didn’t see anything wrong and went below. Moments later, the boat was off course again, sails flogging. What the hell’s going on here?

I leaned over the transom to see the windvane and saw one of the granddaddies whales steering my boat by nosing the water paddle of the windvane gently from side to side.

I fell into the cockpit laughing because of the look the whale had on his face — so proud, cocky and amused with himself. And the rest of the pod of whales all seemed to have big smiles on their faces.

When I recovered from laughing I carefully watched the whale applying nothing but gentle pressure to the water paddle on my windvane, an incredible feat considering the boat’s rolling, pitching and riding up and down on a two-meter swell. Any clever whale, watching the water paddle of the windvane move, could quickly figure out how to make mischief and get a rise out of a human.

Although he never did anything to damage the windvane, I had to keep readjusting my rudder to get back on course. I yelled at him to stop but he was having too much fun to listen.

I got out my four-meter boat hook and gently poked his head away from the paddle. That’s when I cracked miles roll by — memories I will keep until my dying day.

Two hundred kilometers east of Bocas del Toro, Panama, I picked up a fair one- to two-knot current. I turned on some 1970’s disco music and celebrated by disco dancing Travolta-style with many Saturday Night Fever dance moves.

That’s when the pranksters showed up, troublemakers to destroy my good mood.

I was down below disco dancing to loud music when I started hearing clicks and whistles over the music. I went on deck to find a pod of 20 or so pilot whales. Brown-skinned, five- to eight metre moms and dads, and three-meter babies, patiently waiting their turn to come one by one a mere 12 centimeters from my hull, right up next to the speakers of my stereo.

I expected them to break into disco moves any second! I was flattered they enjoyed my music so much, so I cranked it up full blast and showed them my disco moves and Travolta point. We had a whale of a time.

I put my hand in the water and they would come close, turn on their side and look me soulfully in the eye. They had me fascinated for hours. But of course single-handers are always lacking sleep, so after two hours of flat-out fun, I went below to rest.

In hindsight, I guess this seemed unfriendly or disrespectful to them. They didn’t want the party to stop. A few minutes after I went below to rest, the Monitor windvane went off, and I was amused with myself. And the rest of the pod of whales all seemed to have big smiles on their faces.

After they departed I felt sad, cruel and unfriendly. Maybe I wasn’t playful enough for them. I don’t feel like I represented my species very well.

Thirty-six hours of perfect sailing brought me to the beautiful Kuna Indians of the San Blas Islands of Panama, my most fascinating landfall to date, and only 12 hours behind Oz.

Whenever I think of this whale encounter I think of the character Radar O’Reilly on the American TV series MASH. He played the part of a naive farm boy.

His best line was: “Animals are people too, you know.”
fell ill in peaceful Bequia. We had just dropped the hook in soft sand, in the late afternoon, when our sons, Adam and Warren, needed to stretch their legs after having been on passage for most of the day. To starboard lay the perfect setting for two rambunctious boys: a long ribbon of white sand fringed in mango trees, near a creek bed. We set off immediately in the dinghy, and soon they were among the farmyard kids enjoying the fun style of play — exploring the tropical bush to create mock battles, imaginary hunts, or light sport. This day, their activity was to see who could land the most mangos for me, using pebbles collected from the nearby creek to knock fruit from the treetops. Little did I know how that choice of setting would turn our lives upside-down shortly thereafter.

Bright sunlight burst through the hatch the following morning to announce the arrival of dawn, surprising me awake. Odd — usually my husband Peter and I are wake early. This morning was altogether different. Both boys were limp in bed with high fevers. Since they had been fully immunized against tropical diseases like hepatitis A and B, typhoid, yellow fever and dengue, we were in no way prepared. Exasperated and frightened, I became alarmed, considering for the first time that there might be something much, much worse.

I thought we were at the beginning of summer brings blessed rainfall to the Caribbean, a welcome gift to the abundance of play — exploring the tropical bush to create mock battles, imaginary hunts, or light sport. This day, their activity was to see who could land the most mangos for me, using pebbles collected from the nearby creek to knock fruit from the treetops. Little did I know how that choice of setting would turn our lives upside-down shortly thereafter.

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I thought we were at the beginning of summer, but the rosy-cheeked insects that was now the norm for us — the harsh reality of dengue fever. The mosquito, Aedes aegypti, transmits the dengue virus. Aedes aegypti is a daytime biter living close to island towns. You can be bitten by an infected mosquito while you’re hiking to the forest, during an early morning walk. You may never even see or feel the bite. Such was the case when both our young children appeared on their torsos with deep red splotches that oozed pain. Their diagnosis: dengue hemorrhagic fever. The symptoms were severe muscle pains (hence its old name, “breakbone fever”) and high fevers that produced extensive internal bleeding.

Fortunately, Warren wasn’t alone. His traveling companions, familiar with dengue in the area, rushed him to the local clinic. Alert medical staff diagnosed him with DHF, with previous signs of dengue. He was well in no time, with time to spare from recovery from fatigue.

How Can You Protect Yourself? There is no vaccine at present to prevent dengue, so you must take precautions. Aedes aegypti is smaller than most other mosquitoes, is black in color and can be distinguished by the white spots on its body and white rings on its legs.

Cruisers may not be aware of a dengue outbreak, since we are often rushing to make our way south for the hurricane season. Also, not all Caribbean nations report outbreaks, or they may be delayed in reporting.

• When going ashore, wear light-colored clothing with full-length pant legs and sleeves. Mosquitoes are attracted to dark clothing and it makes mosquitoes nearly invisible.

• Also when going ashore, use insect repellent with DEET on exposed skin. For children, don’t apply it to over the face, eyes, or mouth; it should never be used on infants. All users should wash their hands well following application, and avoid applying it near the eyes.

[Editor’s note: Mary Beth Ellison, MD, wrote in the June 2005 issue of Compass: “No definitive studies have been done regarding safety in children with DEET, so exercise caution when using this on your child. DEET is toxic when ingested, can cause bleeding in high concentrations, and should never be used on open or abraded skin. Application to a child should be done by the parent. Now methods to take these into account.”]

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Crossword Solution

ACROSS
1) TRAWL 25) TOR 14) TOGGLE
2) TONE 26) TONNAGE 13) TORNADO
3) TEAR 27) TEAR 12) TO
4) TOPSAIL 28) TOE 11) TOG
5) TORRENT 29) TONGUE
6) TORE 30) TOLL
7) TIRED 31) TRANSOM
8) TOO 32) TRANSIT
9) TONNAGE 33) TONE
10) TODDY 34) TENOR
11) TOGS

DOWN
1) TRANSIT 1) MANGROVE
2) TOE 2) RAISING
3) TEMP 3) FRIENDLY
4) TRANSFER 4) HEALTHY
5) TROD 5) FERTILIZER
6) TRAVEVERSE 6) SEAFOOD
7) TOLL 7) INFECTION
8) TOG 8) MANGROVE
9) TRANSOM 9) ANTIBIOTIC
10) TRAVADO 10) FERTILIZER
11) TONGUE

Island Poets

The Colors of Bliss

New England summers were too short for me
By the time summer arrives there’s much to do
Getting the boat into the water after the cold white winter
Then it’s sailing out past the jetties
Blue skies and great, fluffy white clouds
Waters a dark greenish-brown
Paddled bodies are turned tan under wind-filled sails
Feeling the sought-after freedom of the sea

Summer breezes can turn quickly to white-out squalls
And pewter fog can hide your hands before your face
A passing vessel is only a green dot on a radar screen
Or a horn marks its passage
I thought that was bliss

But southerly climes whispered, warm tradewinds called
A place where seasons changed but you couldn’t tell without a calendar
Where waters turned from dark blue-green to swimming-pool blue
The colors of my world were changed forever

Yellow-green palm trees swaying on pinkish-hued beaches
Aqua marine blues were common
Paint box colors come to life
From pale to vivid as the sea deepened
Caribbean shades no crayon comes close to imitating
Dawns of mauves and pinks streak across the southern skies
Grey gulls, brown boobies, snow-white tropic birds with their long, flowing tails
Jet black frigate birds and brown pelicans soaring and diving
Bliss is now coursing through my veins

Still cooler to the equator, all tones of turquoise and teal
Darkening to midnight blue out of sight of any land
Bring forth the grayish-blue porpoises and silvery flying fish
Leaping and frolicking above and below the surface

Then at day’s end the horizon beckons
And the sun sinks low in response
Oranges, reds and burgundy shades spread across the western vista
That great, warm ball retreats, leaving behind
A quick kiss, the infamous green flash!

Quickly the heavens turn a velvety black
The twinkling diamonds of the tropical night sky
Bliss is now coursing through my veins

Island Poets

— Sandi Pomeroy

CARE FOR THE SEA

We need to care for the sea
Help keep the sea litter-free
Don’t throw plastics in the sea
Because it will affect all creatures from A to Z!

When we destroy the marine life
What will our people enjoy?
The sea has so many purposes
Swimming, sporting activities and it also supports us.

Many use the sea to earn a living
So stop all littering
When we litter, marine life we killing
With the marine life gone, where’s the income for living?

Let us work together to care for the sea
Help me as I pledge to keep the sea litter free

— Dillon Ollivierre

Dolly’s Answer

1) FERTILIZER
2) INFECTION
3) SEAFOOD
4) HEALTHY
5) FRIENDLY
6) ANTIBIOTIC
7) RAISING
8) MANGROVE

Topic: FISH FARM
The Nautical Alphabet:

‘4 O’Clock T’

**ACROSS**

1) Iron head of a drag net  
5) Heavy flood  
7) Fatigued  
8) Past tense of 27 Across  
9) Second sail above deck  
10) Palm juice or hot rum drink  
12) Black squall in a clear sky  
13) Cod net  
15) Pirate’s booty  
16) ‘___ o’ the morning!’  
20) Type of movable backstays  
21) Planks forming stern of ship  
22) Boy pharaoh; also a ship’s name  
23) Long, tapered piece of timber made to fit into the scarphed end of another  
25) Pinnacle  
26) Cargo ships carrying capacity  
27) Rip

**DOWN**

1) Passage of a celestial body across the meridian  
2) ‘____ the line’  
3) Short for impermanent  
4) Change of ownership  
5) Walked  
6) ________ sailing; tacking to windward, for example  
7) Fee  
8) Also  
10) Carry  
11) Clothes (slang)  
14) Wooden pin or button  
15) Whirlwind  
16) __ and fro  
17) Irish sailor’s vocal range?  
18) Thrills  
19) A short one is 2,000 pounds  
20) Class of sailing dinghy  
21) Changes course  
23) Quality of sound  
24) Pine sap residue used to paint standing rigging

--- Solution on page 36 ---

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parlumps marooned

Even though he’s about to win, Parlumps realizes he’s gotten lame!
You would think that everyone in Trinidad would want to live on the breezy hillside of Laventille high above Port of Spain, but not a bit of it. In fact most folk up there have simple cottages built along narrow roads. Laventille is also the home of the steel band and it’s where Mistress Antigone and her three pretty daughters, Sue, Lue and Prue, lived. Now, Mistress Antigone was a Diablesse and so were her daughters and so were all the women of that family, back for generations, so none of them appreciated the sweet notes of the steel band that carried on the wind up the hill. In fact, Diabeeses actually hate all music and dancing because they have a cloven hoof. That’s right, although you may never see it, one of their feet is really a cow’s foot and how can you dance with that? But then the job of La Diablesse is to entice young men to cliff edges and push them off. But not Prue. Prue hated it. And what was worse, cliff edges frightened her half to death. Yes, Prue was a sorry specimen of a Diabeeses.

One day Mistress Antigone gave Prue this warning: “Look here my girl, you’d better shape up. I’ve brought you up in the traditions of our family whose women have always been successful Diabeeses. This is your last chance, girl.”

Prue hung her head but her mother continued, “A handsome young man has moved into the house next door and I want you to weave the spell I’ve taught you and take him to the very top of the village. You know the place I mean, where the road ends in a steep, rocky cliff? Well, while he is entranced I want you to push him off!”

“But Ma, I’m frightened of going up there! I’m scared of falling over the edge. Send Sue or Lue.”

Mistress Antigone pulled her hand away. “Go!” She shouted and pointed to the door. Prue walked to the next door where the new family had moved in. She stood leaning against the old wooden fence and concentrated hard on the young man inside and it wasn’t long before he appeared at the door. He walked down the path and across to the fence, then putting his arms on the top of the palings he looked into Prue’s pretty face. She smiled at him and her cheeks dimpled in the most attractive way.

“Hello,” he said, “my name’s Carlo. How about taking a walk up the hill with me?”

Carlo was instantly under Prue’s spell because ordinarily he would never have dreamt of being so forward.

“No,” was Prue’s answer but Carlo read a whole story into that one word. His feet hardly moved but then the prettiest young girl in all of Trinidad and Carlo was at her feet. Prue smiled a sly smile.

Carlo sprang up and humming the latest calypso he moved his body rhythmically to the beat. He span around, twirled, swayed his hips, shuffled his feet, and did all sorts of clever steps that left Prue gasping with admiration.

“Thank you, Prue, I want you to dance with me.”

That afternoon Carlo taught Prue the Waltz. But it wasn’t easy. Prue had stumbled about until she was so embarrassed she could not dance at all. Then Carlo taught her the Cancan. The audience cheered and clapped as never before.

“Thank you, Carlo. I love him truly and he has taught me, a Diablesse, to dance!”

The next afternoon Prue and Carlo returned to the house. It was Saturday afternoon and Prue was entered in the big dance competition that very weekend. Prue lay in bed that night worrying about the fate of poor Carlo and then she had this brilliant idea and she would put it into Carlo’s head the next afternoon. It surprised even him when he suddenly announced, “Prue, I want you to be my dancing partner in Saturday’s contest!”

Prue smiled a sly smile.

“We’re sure to win, Prue, and we’ll be stars!”

“Yes,” Prue agreed and she knew that if she had a chance of saving Carlo from the cliff edge, this was it. Saturday afternoon came around and Prue met Carlo. She was wearing the folk dress that Mistress Antigone had made for her school concert. It was the traditional costume that the Creoles had worn for generations: a long white petticoat with lace frills at the hem, an overskirt of rosy fabric, a white blouse with frills all around and a matching scarf to tie over her shoulders.

On her plaited hair she wore a matching fabric scarf cleverly tied into a little hat with peaks. Prue looked the prettiest girl in all of Trinidad and Carlo was head over heels in love with her.

The dance hall was packed and when Carlo danced his solo the audience was entranced and clapped as never before because Carlo danced as if he had wings on his feet.

Next came the couples. Prue concentrated all her magical powers into a tight little knot in the centre of her heart. “Please, all Diabeeses who have gone before me, please help you, I MUST save Carlo. I love him truly and he has taught me, a Diabeeses, to dance!”

Well, it was an afternoon that was never to be forgotten in the dance history of Trinidad. And what’s more, Mistress Antigone and Sue and Lue all begged Prue to teach them to dance like the stars.

“I can’t teach you,” Prue laughed, “but CARLO CAN!”

And that was the beginning of Carlo’s career as the greatest dance teacher that ever lived and breathed in Trinidad. And as for Prue, it was the beginning of a new life that began the night she dreamed of saving Carlo from the cliff edge and a very sticky end.

THE END

Some scientists predict that the global fishing industry will collapse by the year 2048. Of course, we don’t want that to happen, so we will have to manage and sustain the fish stocks that we already have and find ways of increasing their numbers. One way already being tried is aquaculture or fish farming.

Aquaculture was used in China a few thousand years ago so it really is an ancient method of fish production. In time, the practice spread to Europe and several different types of fish were raised in ponds and tanks. At first, only freshwater fish such as carp and tilapia were used and the traditional methods were usually environmentally friendly. The fish raised were not carnivorous so there was no problem finding suitable plants for them and their wastes could be used as fertilizer.

Raising seawater fish in farms (mariculture) is much more difficult but the public demand for seafood has led to a boom in fish farming. Baby fish are born in specially built hatcheries and, as they grow, they are moved to larger pens, usually made of wire and moored off shore. When grown, the fish can be harvested and sold.

A large percentage of the seafood eaten every year (over 25 percent) comes from commercial aquaculture. However, there are many problems faced by farmers whose fish cause concern.

Marine fish in the wild travel great distances through the oceans. When they are confined in cages, they do not have so much room to move so they often scratch and hurt themselves against the cage wire. Parasites called sea lice are very common. These eat away at the flesh of the fish causing scale loss and sores. Disease and infections which can be passed on from fish to fish in their small enclosures are also problems.

Many farmed fish are carnivorous and are fed with meal made from small fish that humans don’t eat. The meal may contain chemicals and antibiotics to keep the fish healthy. There’s a lot of disagreement over how much wild fish is needed to feed the farmed fish but it’s obvious that the oceans cannot sustain a system where you have to take more from the sea than you produce in a farm.

Taking these small fish also disrupts the marine food chain. Taking these small fish also disrupts the marine food chain. Taking these small fish also disrupts the marine food chain.

The pollution from the wastes of the caged fish — such as body excrement and uneaten food — has the potential to damage the environment so must be closely monitored. Water quality must also be monitored to make sure that the system where you have to take more from the sea than you produce is not affected.

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Taking these small fish also disrupts the marine food chain.
Three New for the Wee Crew


Any young child who has tried to puzzle out life in suddenly strange surroundings will identify with Constantine, a toucan who flies ashore in Barbados from a ship. The bird is looking for green trees and grass, more natural to him than shipboard life, but he finds himself not in the jungle but in a very human community.

Trying to find his way in these new circumstances, he gets into some trouble — and so do his new human friends, the schoolboys Neville and Tom. What to do? How the children and their teachers, friends and family all learn to cope with this unusual stranger who suddenly lives in their midst is a pleasing parable of inclusiveness. The ending, in which the personable bird becomes a school mascot, is a variation of the classic children’s line, “He followed me home — can I keep him?” The cheery illustrations, by a Barbadian artist, are as colorful as a toucan’s beak.


Another tale with an animal hero, this third in a series of books about the adventures of a Caribbean cat is written for slightly older children. Mauby, a Caribbean farm cat, is getting fat and lazy. But when a hurricane threatens the farm while the humans are away, it’s up to her to use all her feline wits to save the other animals. Once more, she has to draw on her survival instincts. With a little help from Bongo the dog and her wild friends like the mongoose, the monkeys, the crab and the tortoise, Mauby effects many exciting rescues and eventually saves all the farm animals from the violence of the storm — and from the icky bats and dung beetles, too.


A little girl of Havana steps through a magic door — one that wasn’t there before — and right into the era of pirates. The story line is imaginative and engaging, and the rhymed writing is fun.

And there in a wall is an ancient door
in a place Miri knows there was no door before.
Its hinges are rusty, it’s painted pale blue.
It slowly groans open and Miri steps through....
Gentlemen’s noses in white tuberoses.

Water in pails.
Rigging and sails.
Clanging of bells.
Very strong smells.

This would be a wonderful book to read aloud. The author, a writer, photographer and graphic design manager, lives in Havana with her daughter and has worked on both sides of the Atlantic for the Office of the City Historian of Havana.

The technically accomplished artwork might be somewhat dark for many children’s tastes, but is sure to be admired by adults.

All of these books are available at bookstores or from www.macmillan-caribbean.com.
This is one of the Caribbean-related titles from a publishing house that is acknowledged as having established visible minority publishing in the United Kingdom. Hansib Publications was founded in 1970 by Arif Ali. The following year, the company launched the monthly magazine West Indian Digest and throughout the 1970s was involved in magazine and newspaper publishing for Britain’s growing West Indian community.

Since the beginning of the 1980s, the company has published approximately one hundred books. The Hansib catalogue presents original books about many countries and peoples around the world, their history, development and prospects, and the experience of ethnic minority people in Britain.

Hansib Publications’ list of photo-rich “coffee table books” about the Caribbean includes Anguilla, Tranquility Wrapped in Blue; Antigua & Barbuda, A Little Bit of Paradise; Barbados; Just Beyond Your Imagination; Dominica, Nature Island of the Caribbean; Grenada, Carriacou, Petite Martinique, Spice Island of the Caribbean; Guiana; St. Lucia, Simply Beautiful; and Trinidad & Tobago, Terrific and Tranquil. As might be surmised from the titles, which reflect the tourism-promotion motes of the various nations, many of these books have been commissioned by official tourism agencies. A number have had multiple printings.

Following the publication, in 2000, of Trinidad & Tobago, Terrific and Tranquil, it was felt that a separate publication for Tobago was required. The resultant collaboration between the Tourism Department of the Tobago House of Assembly and Hansib Publications offers some basic facts, useful information and a brief history. The editorial material was commissioned locally, a good idea. But mainly — as any good coffee table book should — Tobago, The Capital of Paradise — Clean, Green and Serene lets its plethora of pictures (over 250) speak for themselves. The work of many photographers is represented. The photos are well selected, widely various and nicely presented. The color reproduction is good.

The book is divided into sections devoted to Business, Tourism, The Natural World, History and Culture. As belies Tobago’s “clean, green and serene” image, the Tourism section highlights scuba diving and sea turtle nesting observation, and The Natural World section showcases Tobago’s world-class birdwatching — over 220 species have been recorded — and rightfully boasts of the first legally protected rainforest in the western hemisphere: the 14,000-acre Central Forest reserve, which was established in 1776.

Synopses are included in French, German, Italian and Spanish. A tourism directory rounds out the content, giving contact information to prospective visitors whose interest has been piqued.

This book provides a quality memento for any past visitor, and an abundant enticement for those who have not yet had the pleasure.

Available at book and gift shops in Tobago or from www.hansib-books.com.

JJA at SIM Boatyard, Prickly Bay, Grenada

LEAVE YOUR BOAT IN SKILLED HANDS...

YACHT MANAGEMENT
SALE AND REPAIR INBOARD & OUTBOARD ENGINES
METAL FABRICATION & WELDING
STAINLESS STEEL & ALUMINIUM
BOAT ENGINEERING, HYDRAULICS AND PLUMBING
Rural Trinidad Potpourri


Willi Chen’s stories of Trinidad’s rural East Indian culture are disarmingly short and sweet, whether he is writing about thieves, good neighbors, murderers or run-away pigs. There is pathos, humour, violence, sex and death, all the makings for a potpourri of “curry mouth” Trini reality. Mr. Chen himself is a modern Renaissance man — a painter, sculptor, set and building designer, playwright and poet, and he knows his characters intimately. There are nearly equal parts of charm and brutality, generosity and greed, to make the reader feel right at home in the strange and moving lives of his protagonists.

The opening story, “Mas is More than a Creole Thing”, is one of adversity and triumph as Bhim, a wiry cane-cutter, strives to become a King of the Band during Carnival. He is universally rejected because of his background until he comes to Monty, a bandleader in need of the six thousand dollars Bhim produces from a grimy pocket as a 50-per-cent deposit to purchase the towering costume. Bhim argues persuasively, “Boss, Chutney is the thing now, so let me give it a try. Mas is more than a creole thing now, time change. Chutney have power.”

Monty checked the bills in his hand then stared at Bhim’s face. He was overwhelmed by the interest, by the enthusiasm of this boy from Busta Hall. He pushed Bhim under the light and examined his lean, willowy frame and powerful neck, which had escaped his first glance. When he shook Bhim’s hands, Monty felt the rough touch of the labourer. He took the youth out of the compound into the back room, where the imposing costume stood mounted on a stand, dazzling and magnificent. Bhim’s eyes brightened, and a great feeling of trust grew in the boy’s countenance.

Monty’s faith in Bhim is rewarded as Bhim’s performance under the heavy costume is worthy of Carnival King.

In “Chanka’s Backpay”, the hero, a cane-cutter of prodigious stamina, is given the monied pay he so richly deserves and is given the money to purchase the costume that he could do so well.

In “The Bottle-Washer who Nearly Danced”, Prakash Roopchand has saved andborrowed enough money to take provocative Beulah Payne to a local dance. But for all his preparations, including borrowing two-toned shoes that don’t fit, Beulah only has eyes for a rich boy, Andy Coleman. After a long and arduous walk to the community centre, she spies Andy and ditches Prakash before they even get to dance.

In another story, “Secret Love”, a village lothario’s unnatural death is mourned by many women, but few men. The ending is too shocking to be revealed, but on reflection it makes a great deal of sense given the conservative values of the community. There is heartbreak and pathos galore in the story of a girl who can’t get married because the edible rich ram goat offered by the groom’s rich family is deemed an unworthy suitor. And in “No Ham for Christmas” a young boy discovers that in rural Trinidad poverty will not be relieved for even one day.

In any group of stories there are some that resonate more than others, but on the whole this collection gives a wonderful feel for the downtown life in rural Trinidad of a generation ago. The six-page glossary of Trini and Indian slang is essential and was a welcome inclusion. Kudos to Willi Chen.
Winches are wonderful things — they give us tremendous mechanical advantage, which is why we can tame that crazy genoa. The trouble is, at the age of many of us “boomers”, even that mechanical advantage doesn’t seem as powerful as it used to.

We begin to think about hiring a muscular young crew. But that’s not easy for a single-handed old curmudgeon to find, tolerate and maintain. So the next thing we think about is buying an electric winch. This would seem to be the ticket: quiet, undemanding, always at hand ready to offer service. Then you look at the price tag. Even if you can afford one, it seems somehow immoral to pay out something like half the price of a new car for a tiny electric motor that is going to help you crank in a rope.

While I was waiting for my sensibilities to simmer down, an alternative came up: The Winch Buddy. I had seen these advertised from time to time and wondered if they really worked. I even went into one of the distributors a year ago to see if they could give a demonstration, only to be told they had not yet seen the product.

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Product Postings

High Power Electric Outboard
Torqeedo, the Germany-based winner of many innovation awards, has recently introduced a high-tech electric outboard with outstanding thrust. The Torqeedo Cruise 2.0 offers the thrust force of a six- horsepower gasoline outboard, making it the most powerful 24-volt outboard on the market. The Cruise is designed for boats with a displacement of up to three tons, and can also be used as a high-performance trolling motor or as a reserve motor for powerboats. Cutting-edge propeller and motor technologies enable the Cruise to convert the existing battery supply into propulsion up to twice as efficiently as conventional electric outboards. Taking into consideration all losses, including propeller losses, the Cruise 2.0 reaches an impressive overall efficiency of 44 percent. Almost half of the energy stored in the battery supply is translated into propulsion of the boat. Conventional electric outboards typically range in the area of 20 percent, and the overall efficiency of traditional gas outboards is even lower. Weighing only 18 kilos, the Cruise is also much lighter than other outboards in its power class. The motor can be powered with traditional lead, lead-gel or AGM batteries, or with Torqeedo’s high-performance lithium-manganese big packs.

For more information visit www.torqeedo.com.

Brewing on Board
A truly delicious cup of coffee and sailing are no longer mutually exclusive. Developed with marine and caravan manufacturers’ help, the Contoure CCM1400 coffeemaker has a variety of installation options — under cabinet, wall mount, or behind a caravan manufacturers’ help, the Contoure CCM1400 coffeemaker has a variety of installation options — under cabinet, wall mount, or behind a

night watch. The coffeemaker also features a programmable, 24-hour LED digital clock and timer, with energy-saving shut-off when it’s finished brewing. For more information visit www.contoure.com.

New DC Axial Fans Blow Competition Away
Summer’s here, and “It’s too hot on my yacht!” Where compact, high-flow ventilation systems are required, most fans fall short. With lower electrical requirements, Delta “T” Systems 23cm DC Marine Axial Fan supplies two to three times the air volume of traditional DC centrifugal marine blowers, while the 28cm model delivers nearly nine times more air volume. Perfect for increasing air flow in craft ranging from 10 to 20 metres or for smaller spaces, including engine rooms, larger vessels, these fans are now CE approved. Designed specifically for the harsh marine environment, each fan features tough, black Teflon epoxy coating for superior corrosion resistance. A specially-sealed, DC direct-drive motor provides silent and reliable service. Armatures are dynamically balanced for smooth, vibration-free operation. For versatile applications, the Delta “T” 23cm Axial Fan can be used as a “pusher” or “puller” — air flow direction can be changed by simply removing the hub/shaft clip and reversing the hub. An extractor fan for the galley or head perhaps? The Delta “T” Systems Marine Axial Fans are available in 12 or 24 volt DC, with extended wiring leads for easy and quick installation. For more information visit www.delta-systems.com.

Fuel Sender Detects Water in Fuel
The 3271 NMEA2000 Fuel Sender from Offshore Systems (UK) Ltd, not only provides a fuel level accurate to ±2% but it also detects and sends an alarm if it detects water contamination in the fuel. This dual capability in a single sender is unique worldwide and provides real peace of mind that your boat’s fuel is safe and free from damaging contamination. The fuel senders are available in lengths up to two metres (six and a half feet), and are simply cut to length to fit the tank. They are self-calibrating and have no moving parts to stick or wear out. They can also be calibrated to the tank shape so that its remaining contents can be displayed in litres, US gallons or imperial gallons. For more information visit www.osuki.com.

Optimizing Boat Refrigeration Systems
SetSail.com has just introduced a “cool” new tool to the boating community. Freezer Safe is a pocket-sized battery-operated digital recording thermometer useful for optimizing fridge operation. It features an LCD graphic display that shows date, time, and high and low temperatures for 100 days, hours or minutes (the user decides what time increment to record), and includes an audible thaw-out alarm. Just a little bigger than a pack of chewing gum, it runs on two AAA batteries. The Freezer Safe monitors temperatures from -20°C to +50°C (-5°F to +122°F), and temperatures can be set to display in either Celsius or Fahrenheit. For more information visit www.setsail.com/cooltool.

Get Buffed…
There’s no need for a boatload of cleaners and polishers to restore and protect a variety of boat surfaces. Not only an excellent fiberglass conditioner, Yacht Brite Buff Magic from Shurhold Industries is also an ideal metal polish for stainless steel and brass. It restores surfaces to their original high gloss finish and helps keep a boat looking like new. Buff Magic, applied with Shurhold’s Microfibre Towels, safely removes oxidation, scratches and stains, without damaging the finish. The Towel set includes an extra-strong towel to wash and clean, a super-soft towel to polish and shine, and a lint-free towel to wipe glass or mirrors. Buff Magic is a nonabrasive cream polish containing jewelers rouge — originally formulated to buff precious metals — to bring out maximum luster and a mirror-like finish. This versatile product also makes quick work of cleaning and polishing glass, plastic and Plexiglas and was the winner of the 2003 National Woman Manufacturers Association’s Innovation Award. For more information visit www.shurhold.com.

Boat- (and Eco-) Friendly Washer and Dryer
What if your washing machine and dryer could travel with you on your boat and save the environment while saving you money? One Earth-conscious company has created just that in amazing new products called the Wonderwash and the countertop Mini Spin Dryer. Laundry Alternative, Inc. have taken the large bulky washers and dryers out of the equation by creating portable, economical products that are changing the way we think of laundry. The Wonderwash uses 90 percent less water and detergent than conventional washing machines and fits easily on any countertop in your galley or workshop. The lightweight and quiet Mini Spin dryer extracts much more water from clothes than a regular spin cycle, leaving clothes just slightly damp, ready for a brief airing above decks.

For more information, visit www.laundry-alternative.com.

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Fish on High
by Billy Jno Hope

Someone shouts my name as I enter the prison yard. I immediately recognize the con man's voice of the slickest fish hustler of my village. I scan for signs of the fiend but fail to pick him out from the crowd of blue-clad inmates. Most likely he is in lock-down, staring out through iron bars. As I continue my journey to visit another ghetto brethren, I can’t help but reminisce about our strange symbiotic relationship.

Most days he came in the afternoon shouting my name from the streets. Sometimes I cringed. Other times I smiled, shook my head and headed out. He would be standing outside with a plastic bag in his hands. His hustler’s pitch never faltered.

"I have real good fish for you today, Billy."
"Fresh, fresh fish, my brother."
"I even cleaned it for you."
"Just give me ten dollars for the three pounds."
"Just give me what you have."

Sometimes I refused. He had a tendency to offer me mutilated fish. I suspect these were fish that were discarded by the fishermen on the shore. He would leave dejected, bowing his lanky frame to the street, on his desperate quest to con another consumer.

On many occasions he brought fresh, mouth-watering fish. I always bought it from him at bargain prices. He never complained and always promised to hook me up with more. Most times I gave him ten dollars. It was our magic number.

Eventually the madness came to a head. His addiction broke him. They caught him at bargain prices. He never complained and always promised to hook me up with more. Most times I gave him ten dollars. It was our magic number.

I knew that he was using the money to get his fix. I knew that he never ate the fish that he was peddling to me. He would bypass his house to reach my place on the hill. This was a madness I never quite fathomed.

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For me, a highlight of life in a Trinidad boatyard was a trip to the early Saturday morning produce market in Port of Spain. I would gulp down a quick cup of coffee and hurry off to the main gate, equipped with a large rucksack and a couple of voluminous holdalls. A group of shoppers would assemble to await the minibus, organised by Jesse James. In total there might be three or four bus loads from the various boatyards.

By 7:00 the market forecourt throngs with vehicles, jockeying to get in. The entrance hall is lined with snack vendors’ stalls; but we only have one hour to cover the entire market so we ignore such delicacies as goat roti or cow heel soup (which might not in any case seem very attractive so early in the morning). We hasten into the market itself.

A massive concrete building houses the meat and fish stalls. Not, perhaps, a place for the faint hearted or the squeamish, as whole carcasses are being butchered into saleable joints and the occasional head of a pig or a cow lies amongst the displays on the counter slabs. In one corner, live chickens peer out of an overcrowded crate. I move on, leaving meat purchases until last, and emerge into the open air.

A vibrant, jostling crowd terms amongst the colourful stalls. A vast covered market spills out onto the surrounding streets, for a good half-mile or more. There are innumerable stalls, each one different. Perhaps this lady sells nothing but bananas. That man, nothing but chilli peppers; hot or sweet. The next stall has aubergine, tomatoes and cucumber; but another stall over there has bigger tomatoes. And look, here there are little bunches of sweet-smelling herbs. I want some of everything. I obtain some jars of a superb hot Indian relish. I find a Brazil nut gourd, which, several weeks later, burst open to reveal some 40 Brazil nuts within. In my excitement, I must not forget potatoes, eggs and cheese.

My bags are getting heavy and time is ticking on. I head back into the meat market and acquire some excellent steak and a joint of pork. Lastly I go to where efficient fishmongers will clean and scale my choice of their catch. Do I want it filleted or in steaks? Do I want the head and backbone to make soup? As we are still living in a boat which is on the hard, and as the temperature on board will soon rise to a humid 35 degrees Celsius — perhaps not!

We cram our overladen bags under the seats of the bus. After a short visit to a supermarket, we are back in the boatyard by 9.30. The driver tours the boatyard to drop each one of us off as close as possible to our own vessel and I hasten to stock the fridge and the freezer with my purchases.
COCONUTS

What would Caribbean cuisine be without coconuts? Callaloo, pilau, and “oil dong” would be bland, pedestrian, and unappetizing. The coconut is one of nature’s most useful trees. What else would shade the beaches; where would hammocks tie; how would we cook without coconuts?

The coconut’s origin is a mystery. Scientists believe it was first grown over 3,000 years ago in southeast Asia or northwestern South America. In ancient Sanskrit tablets the coconut is named kalpa vriksha, which means “the tree that provides everything necessary for life.” The coconut palm leaves can be woven into hats or stripped to make simple brooms. The nuts can be red, yellow, orange, green, brown or double. Spanish explorers gave the common type of dried coconut slivers used in cooking, baking, and candy. Coconut flesh can be dried, grated, powdered, flaked, toasted, frozen, and reconstituted by adding milk to it for half an hour. Drain off the milk and let the coconut dry on paper towels.

One regular-sized coconut should yield three cups grated meat and one cup of liquid. If your grated coconut dries, it can be reconstituted by adding milk for half an hour, drain off the milk and let the coconut dry on paper towels.

Spicy Saltfish Avocado Guacamole
1/4 pound saltfish without bones
1 medium ripe avocado
1/2 hot pepper, minced as fine as possible
1/4 Cup vegetable oil
1/4 Cup lemon juice
2 cloves garlic, minced
1 Tablespoon fresh parsley
1 1/2 Cup breadcrumbs
1/4 Cup coconut milk
Salt and spice to taste

Soak saltfish overnight, drain and rinse. In a skillet, first brown saltfish on both sides, and then shred with a fork. In a bowl, mash avocado with the saltfish and then mix with remaining ingredients. Chill before serving with biscuits or toast.

Coco-Lentil Soup
1 Cup dry lentils, washed
2 Tablespoons grated fresh ginger
1 medium onion, chopped
2 cloves of garlic, minced
GARNISH
4 bread slices
grated cheese

For the soup, clean the fish and cut the fins off with scissors. It is not necessary to scale the fish. Cut the fish into coarse chunks.

In a large pan heat some olive oil and brown the fish well over a high heat. Then remove the fish.

Reduce the heat, add finely chopped onions and cook until transparent, stirring and scraping the bottom of the pan with a spatula.

Add tomato puree, 2 liters of water, and salt and bring to the boil over high heat. When the soup boils, skim the foam from the surface and retain this foam for use later in the soup.

Add the peeled whole potato, to be used later in the soup, and simmer for 20 minutes. Remove the potato and puree for later use. Continue simmering the soup for a further 40 minutes.

Strain the soup and press the bones firmly into a cloth to recover all the juices. Discard the bones.

For the soup, mix together flour, sugar, baking powder, and spices in a large mixing bowl, then add the wet ingredients, one at a time, starting with the grated ginger and garlic. Add the turmeric powder, chicken broth, and salt, and mix well.

Put the soup into a pot, bring to a boil, and reduce heat. Add the coconut milk and sugar, and simmer for 10 minutes.

Serve hot.

Easy Crustless Coconut Pie
4 eggs, beaten
1 Cup sugar
1/2 Cup baker’s flour
4 Tablespoons melted butter or margarine
2 Cups grated coconut
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Mix all ingredients together, preferably in the above order. Pour into a greased baking dish or pie pan. Bake at 350°F for 40 minutes.

Coconut Rice Pudding
1/2 Cup uncooked rice
1 cinnamon stick for 1 Tablespoon sugar
2 Cups coconut milk
1/4 Cup sugar (preferably brown)

In a medium saucepot place rice and cinnamon stick, cover with water and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer until water is absorbed. Remove cinnamon stick before adding coconut milk, vanilla and sugar. Simmer until rice is creamy. Remove from heat and allow to cool.

Whacha gonna do with all those excess avocados?

Got excess avocados? Try these unusual recipes.

Avocado Bread
1/2 Cup plain flour
3/4 Cup sugar
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 large egg
1/2 Cup buttermilk
1/2 Cup mashed avocado
1/2 Cup buttermilk
1/2 Cup pecans, chopped

In a large mixing bowl, mix together flour, sugar, baking powder, baking soda, salt, egg, buttermilk, mashed avocado, and pecans. Bake at 350°F for 40 minutes in a greased loaf pan. Make sure to roll in the pecans before baking.

Psalty’s Avocado Pie
(recipe by Mrs. T.Psalty)
1 cup frozen avocado chunks
1 can sweetened condensed milk
8 ounces cream cheese
1 large avocado, peeled, pitted, pureed
1 graham cracker pie crust

Blend all ingredients and pour into pie crust. Cover and chill 4 hours or overnight. Makes 8 servings.

WHACHA GONNA DO WITH ALL THOSE.... AVOCADOS?

by Mary Heckrotte

Get excess avocados? Try these unusual recipes.

Avocado Bread
2 Cups plain flour
3/4 Cup sugar
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 large egg
1/2 Cup buttermilk
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Blend all ingredients and pour into pie crust. Cover and chill 4 hours or overnight. Makes 8 servings.
True Trinidad Callaloo, and Other Things

by Arlene Walrond

As a true Trini I feel that I must defend our callaloo. I’m referring to an article that appeared in the May issue of the Compass, I realize the author said she adapted that recipe from a Trinidadian high school’s cookbook, but that is not “Trinidad Callaloo”! The ingredients are basically the same, with some important variations, and the method of cooking also makes a difference. I would like to share my family’s recipe.

12 dasheen leaves (or whatever name you may know it by) with about six inches of stem attached
1 large sweet pepper, chopped
1 green hot pepper
2 Cups coconut milk
2 Cups water
1/2 pound of pumpkin, peeled and diced
8 okros (okra), sliced
6 cloves of garlic, peeled and crushed
1 chive or a few leaves of celery, chopped finely
1/2 pound of pumpkin, peeled and diced
2 Cups water
1 green hot pepper
8 okros (okra), sliced
6 cloves of garlic, peeled and crushed
1 chive or a few leaves of celery, chopped finely

It’s not really necessary to have the stems attached to the leaves but it is more convenient to do so. Peel the stem all the way down the veins on the back of the leaves, then chop leaves finely. Or, if the leaves are young and tender, they can be rolled and tied in a knot (the traditional way actually); chop them and stems as well. Next, place all the solid ingredients except the hot pepper in a deep cooking pot then pour all liquid in and place on stove. Put the hot pepper in the centre, on top of everything, and do not allow it to be submerged. Cook for half an hour on medium heat.

Remove pot from heat, take out pepper and discard. If you forget to remove the pepper or cause it to rupture while in the pot then “crapaud smoke yuh pipe” as we say in Trinidad.

Next you swizzle the callaloo for about five minutes then return pot to heat and simmer for a half hour more or until required consistency is attained, repeating the swizzling process at intervals. If you don’t have a swizzle stick then whisk vigorously with an egg beater. You are aiming for a smooth, mushy texture — not too runny or too thick.

Another thing I want to touch on are the leaves pictured in the article. In Trinidad that root is called tannia, the leaves of which we have always believed to be inedible. What we know of dasheen in Trinidad looks a lot different, and so do the leaves. To identify the root when cooked, if it ain’t blue it ain’t true!

Moving on. In February’s Compass I read an article on cassava where the writer said that the only problem with cassava is that it spoils relatively quickly. Since reading that I’ve been wondering how to share this information and I’m glad of this opportunity to do so now. On a visit home some time ago a market vendor shared this secret with me. I say secret because if she told this to all of her customers it would be bad for business. I would like to pass it on to Compass readers who might be interested. To preserve cassava over time, you need to buy freshly dug ones to begin with. Cut off both ends and if it is milky white with no discoloration then it’s good. Peel, rinse lightly and seal in plastic bag and place in freezer. Once a frozen state is maintained it can last for months. When ready to use, don’t thaw — just drop into a pot of boiling water. I’ve tried it and it really works.
Dear Compass,

I would like to respond to the letter from Derrick Harvey in the May issue. I think it is important that people understand that using a strobe light as an anchor light is illegal, and therefore not simply a matter of choice. I was surprised that no one has mentioned that the use of a strobe light for any purpose, other than distress, is specifically prohibited by the International Regulations for the Prevention of Collision at Sea (COLREGS). These regulations cover any vessel at sea, commercial or pleasure, regardless of nationality. COLREGS Rule 37 specifies that a strobe light is a distress signal. Annex IV, paragraph 2 specifies that the use of a strobe light for any other purpose, than distress, is prohibited. All vessels must adhere to these rules and violators are subject to fines and imprisonment. Captains and crew are required to be familiar with all the COLREGS. The COLREGS are not long and for the most part easy to understand. You can find a copy of the COLREGS in Chapman’s Seamanship and Small Boat Handling, and on-line. Simply Google it.

Tony Bullard
S/V Columbine

Hi there, Fellow Cruisers,

My disappointment makes me write to you all. I have not only read in the Caribbean Compass, which is a lovely magazine for us to peruse, I have also heard through fellow cruisers that we met along the way, of the one cruiser that announced in the Caribbean Compass, in reference to the Margarita Net (which starts at 6:00 local time), that he wishes not to hear the so-called rubbish but just the weather and the yachts news.

May I say that I have been privileged to be in Porlamar three times in the last year or so, and I have taken a great deal of pleasure listening to the laughs and jokes that come with the morning net. I find myself in Porlamar awaiting the greatness of this one gentleman that makes us all laugh and smile. I have spoken to a lot of cruisers about this one gentleman and his joviality brings us great smiles and laughter. Not to mention that I myself disappointed just because of one grumpy sailor.

The anchorage at Porlamar can sometimes experience high winds, high tides and strong currents. If no other light is visible, it is possible for a vessel to rip through the harbour gusting up to 50 knots; sometimes boats drag and even into each other which leaves your knees knocking together. So to have someone who is entertaining in the morning and brings us closer together is a great thing — well, it was a great thing, I personally think (and I know other yachts do) that this great man should start his happy net again and I would greatly appreciate it if you could announce this.

Thank you very much and keep up the good work.

Yours sincerely,
Katie Lee
Motor Yacht Bobato
PS. An anchor light must be visible at two miles. This excludes the solar lights that come from the garden.

Dear Katie,

To be accurate, in his letter in the May Readers’ Forum Erich Beyer did not single out the Margarita Net nor did he call it “rubbish”. He simply said that it was his choice to stop listening to any of the morning VHF cruisers’ nets. “from George Town in the Bahamas to Porlamar in Venezuela” because he personally found much of the content “useless”. Naturally, there are other cruisers who appreciate the variety of information — from weather to social announcements — given on the VHF nets throughout the region, and we hope you will inform us when the Porlamar Net is back on the air.

CC

Dear Compass Readers,

I would be most grateful for your assistance in putting me in touch with a forum contributor, Skipper Erich Beyer, whose vessel, Key of Life, was in a bay off Los Testigos in early April 2006. I am trying to determine if he recalls another vessel that moored in the bay near the Key of Life: I would be pleased at (206) 654-2433 or e-mailed at holzapfel@lasher.com (if you provide a number, I will call back).

Thank you,

Daphne Langley

---Continued on next page---
Dear Compass,

Re: Info & Updates June 2007 “Moorings for Nevis”.

Mr. Spencer Henley, Nevis Air and Sea Ports Authority General Manager.

I must tell you that I am deeply concerned about the proposed moorings in Nevis. If Nevis is indeed going to put in moorings, which, to me, seem particularly unnecessary on an island where the mooring facilities in the good anchoring spots is spot on. Moorings were installed initially in the Caribbean in the early 1950’s, but were largely abandoned or replaced with the use of jet skis, speedboats, and anchoring-challenged bareboaters.

This is little different from the results of the 2004 Commerce survey.

“According to this year’s survey respondents… The anchorage where NOBODY wants to be suffers from security problems, harassment, noise, an unclean environment, and overcrowding… Other undesirable factors written in included too many moorings, mooring fees, rolling, too great a depth for anchoring, and mosquitoes. Most respondents did not want to be in an anchorage with jet-skis.”

Interestingly, in the June June issue of the Compass in which the notice about moorings in Nevis appears, Don Street’s article on harbors and moorings is spot on. Moorings were installed initially in the BVI as a strictly commercial proposition. Therefore one wonders whether the Nevis Air and Sea Ports Authority’s prime concern was to protect the seabed and marine life, or have they succumbed to Moor Secures sales pitch: “look at the BVI, over ninety percent of our moorings are rented out during season”? Left unsaid is the fact that the moorings in the BVI are virtually all rented by bareboat cruisers use when choosing an anchorage. In the case of moorings, they are getting that money at the expense of the local business people and the enrichment of Moor Secures, and that seems a terrible shame.

I spent about a week in Nevis this year and spent quite a bit of money at the local market, the Sunshine Bar and at other local restaurants, vegetable markets, gift stores and rental car companies.

Sincerely yours,

Ken Campbell
S/V Magic

Hello Compass,

Thank you for the short-wave weather report frequencies in the June issue. Unfortunately assembling a table like this invites comments when a discrepancy is noticed.

I don’t know if the seabed in Nevis is in danger, although both Chris Doyle and Don Street say in their cruising guides that the prime anchoring area has a sand bottom. I do know that when Nevis goes ahead with the mooring plans, those who have been disturbed by yachts — nor will the businesses and people who previously relied on yachting tourism.

I really believe that there is a chance of the islands that if, before they go too far in their planning for changes that could negatively impact their yacht tourism industry the people of Nevis could see the black bobble of his head. If so, he would have been the kind of a storm, possibly in the pitch-black of night, and go who knows what. I think that when Nevis goes ahead with the mooring plans, those who have been disturbed by yachts — nor will the businesses and people who previously relied on yachting tourism.

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Ahoy, Forum, 
S/Y Ambia 
Jim Hutchinson

One Love,
St. Vincent & the Grenadines

Dear Threader,

Re: Hurricane season is here again.

So, how much power is enough? How much is too much? Is there too much? Why?

Some might answer in terms of money, others in terms of carbon emissions, pollution, and other environmental concerns. I'll add life quality issues, noise, stink, and slicks on the water I swim in, increasing crowding anchorages.

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Dear Compass,

It was interesting reading “Uncle” Don Street’s article “Of Moorings and Harbours” in the June issue of Compass. He made some very valid points, as ever. But I do feel that while mention was made of damage to the seabed by yachts’ anchor chains, the matter is not really given the consideration it deserves.

In the early 1990s I remember diving down to check that the anchor was nicely set in, to find a flat seabed covered in conch, live and edible! I’m not going to let on where this was, even though that’s irrelevant now, because going back to the same bay recently, there was not a conch in sight, only a flat seabed furrowed by the familiar tracks of anchor chains. Often there are ten or more yachts in that anchorage, each one tearing at the seabed with the anchor chain as they swing, clearing anything that lays in its path. Multiply that by the number of yachts in the popular anchorages during the season and the devastation is awesome. Let it not be “out of sight, out of mind”. As an exercise one day, snorelled above the many anchor chains in, for example, the Tobago Cays. Lie there and watch for a while. What comes to mind? Trawlers or beam trawlers, maybe, which have been castigated for years for the damage they do to the seabed. They may have just a twinge of justification, as they are providing food, but the pleasure-seeking yacht has no justification whatsoever.

Once again, it is largely a question of numbers. In the halcyon days of the 1960s and before, there were so few yachts anchoring that what damage they did to the seabed was minimal. But now, especially when yachts tend to all congregate in certain popular anchorages, it is a very different matter.

Long before I read Uncle Don’s article I had come to the conclusion that this dev- aslation was not sustainable. Being an Old Fart myself, of his generation, I was brought up thinking that moorings were for wimps and the cocktail set. And as for having to pay for the privilege of gracing the anchorages — well, I mean, to say what- ever next?!

It seems as though there are three basic alternatives to minimise this damage:
1) Yachts are banned.
2) It is accepted that where yachts anchor the seabed will be a sterile underwater plain.
3) Moorings are provided.

Yes, there is a capital cost to the last, and to me the only viable, alternative. But given the life of a screw mooring to be about ten years, it should not require an enormous daily fee to reclaim this amount. Rather than have the costly dedicated staff and boats to erect the fees, these fees could be included in the Port Charges being clear in/out. (After all, we don’t have to pay Light Dues on yachts.)

Far from yachts owners’ figures such as mine indicating to me that it could have been expected to PRODUCE moorings, so that instead of lying in our bunks, hearing the anchor chain rumbling over the seabed, we can sleep with a clearer conscience if nothing else? If someone put the deprecation into the hands of the owners, that is.

Having exposed in public my predilection for paper charts and the paraphernalia of compass, I have for years bought a GPS some time ago when I sailed back to the UK singlehanded; seemed like a great idea at the time. Now on a different subject altogether, that of waypoints. As I just said, I accept my five-year-old charts, which actually is quite new for me. But having exposed in public my predilection for paper charts and the paraphernalia of compass, I have for years bought a GPS some time ago when I sailed back to the UK singlehanded; seemed like a great idea at the time. Now on a different subject altogether, that of waypoints. As I just said, I accept my five-year-old charts, which actually is quite new for me. But...
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Common Sense, Common Knowledge and Common Decency

by Phil Chapman

Common Sense

Regarding sailing through an anchorage or in restricted waters, two recent incidents come to mind — one in Rodney Bay, St. Lucia, and one in Tyrell Bay, Carriacou. Many of us know we can competently sail on and off an anchor, or at least hope we can in an emergency, but in these two cases the skippers had no emergency. Surely common sense dictates that sailing a large, heavy boat in a restricted area is dangerous.

In Rodney Bay, many a time a fishing boat pops out of its dock in Gros Islet, or someone dives in the water and swims across the “cut,” or a dinghy slides out from nowhere. But, nevertheless, a 40-foot Beneteau sails downwind out of the cut (a narrow channel) with its fully battened mainsail up in 15 to 20 knots of wind. How could the skipper stop the boat if necessary? Turn into wind, drop the sail, pull in the mainsheet? He’d have more chance with a stern anchor and a sky hook! Why not sail out under headsail alone and wait those few hundred yards before putting up the main?

In Tyrell Bay, while enjoying a cold one on the Angels Rest floating bar, we watched as a 32-foot sailboat sailed beautifully through and around all the anchored boats and the floating bar, demonstrating the skipper’s sailing abilities, which he did remarkably well with so many boats and anchor chains to avoid. Tacking and gybing past the onlookers, his skills were without question. But moments before, a young girl slid off the bar to swim back ashore: if the timing were different she could have been run down or other boats hit as a result of the skipper avoiding her.

Common Knowledge

It’s so unnecessary to take these risks. Which brings me to another minefield — anchoring! I suppose this subject is the most talked about in all cruiser hangouts, and I suppose we all believe a little arrogantly that we have the answers. It’s common knowledge for cruising folk, and should be for all, that the text-book “three times” scope is a bare minimum — and only in certain conditions, i.e., like many, would put out a minimum of 30 metres of chain, no matter how shallow the water is. I want to protect my home.

A case in point: recently in St. George’s Lagoon, Grenada, I anchored Chaser in five to six metres of water, with 30 metres of chain on the bottom. We had been there for a week or more in some strong winds. A Lagoon 44 catamaran anchored alongside with little chain out and too close. The skipper noted my polite concern and advice, ignored it, and said, “Don’t you worry; I’ve done this many times before.” The following day when the wind turned a little and picked up a lot, the cat swung closer and closer. I didn’t want to humiliate the skipper in front of his friends/crew, but I mentioned that he was getting a bit close. His boat then started to drag and swing a little, and I suppose we all believe a little arrogantly that we have the answers. It’s common knowledge for cruising folk, and should be for all, that the text-book “three times” scope is a bare minimum — and only in certain conditions. I, like many, would put out a minimum of 30 metres of chain, no matter how shallow the water is. I want to protect my home.

My wife Yvonne is a good lookout, and again in the same anchorage she noticed a sailboat taking off sideways at a rate of knots. How could the skipper stop the boat if necessary? Turn into wind, drop the sail, pull in the mainsheet? He’d have more chance with a stern anchor and a sky hook! Why not sail out under headsail alone and wait those few hundred yards before putting up the main?

Common Decency

Finally, I’d like to comment on what I would call good manners or lack thereof, i.e., common decency.

What one does on his or her own boat is, of course up to them. As long as it doesn’t interfere with neighbours…

As long as it doesn’t interfere with neighbours…
### JULY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Territory Day. Public holiday in BVI</td>
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<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Curaçao Flag Day. Public holiday in Curaçao</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Emancipation Day. Public holiday in USVI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>CARICOM Day. Public holiday in CARICOM countries</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>US Independence Day. Public holiday in Puerto Rico and USVI. Carnival in St. John, USVI</td>
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<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Independence Day. Public holiday in Venezuela</td>
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<tr>
<td>5 - 18</td>
<td>Tortola BVI Carnival</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 - 8</td>
<td>Charlotteville Fishermen’s Festival, Tobago. (868) 660-5521</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 - 15</td>
<td>Dominica Dive Fest. <a href="mailto:Marie@kadosama-pr.com">Marie@kadosama-pr.com</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 - 8</td>
<td>Annual Aruba Reef Care Project. dutch.aruba.com</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>12th Annual Bequia Fishermen’s Day. <a href="http://www.bequiafishing.com">www.bequiafishing.com</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 - 11</td>
<td>Chief Minister’s Cup Youth Regatta, Tortola. RB/Y/YC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 - 10</td>
<td>Vincy Mas. Public holiday in St. Vincent &amp; the Grenadines</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 - 14</td>
<td>St. Barths Open Fishing Tournament. <a href="http://www.st-barths.com">www.st-barths.com</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13 - 1 Aug</td>
<td>Tobago Heritage Festival. (868) 639-4441</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Bastille Day. Public holiday in French West Indies. Yole races in Martinique</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Underwater Cleanup, Bonaire. <a href="http://www.dive-friends-bonaire.com">www.dive-friends-bonaire.com</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Schoelecher Day. Public holiday in Martinique</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21 - 7 Aug</td>
<td>Antigua Carnival 50th Anniversary. <a href="http://www.antiguacarnival.com">www.antiguacarnival.com</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23 - 29</td>
<td>Saba Carnival. <a href="mailto:ludwinacharles@hotmail.com">ludwinacharles@hotmail.com</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>23 - 30</td>
<td>Culturama, Nevis</td>
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<tr>
<td>23 - 1 Aug</td>
<td>BVI Emancipation Festival</td>
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<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Bolivar’s Birthday. Public holiday in Venezuela</td>
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<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Constitution Day. Public holiday in Puerto Rico</td>
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<tr>
<td>25 - 27</td>
<td>Rebellion Days. Public holiday in Cuba</td>
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<tr>
<td>26 - 39</td>
<td>Fête des quartier du Nord-Flamands Boat Races, St. Barts</td>
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<tr>
<td>27 - 7 Aug</td>
<td>Culturama, Nevis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29 - 6 Aug</td>
<td>42nd Carriacou Regatta Festival. <a href="http://www.carriacouregatta.com">www.carriacouregatta.com</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>FULL MOON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31 - 5 Aug</td>
<td>23rd Tour des Yoles Rondes, Martinique. Departs Trois-Ilets and sails around island in seven legs. Société des Yoles Rondes (Martinique), tel (596 596) 61 48 50, Fax : 05 96 72, <a href="mailto:yolesrondes@wanadoo.fr">yolesrondes@wanadoo.fr</a>, <a href="http://www.yoles-rondes.org">www.yoles-rondes.org</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TBA</td>
<td>Antigua - Barbuda Race. Jolly Harbour Yacht Club, Antigua</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TBA</td>
<td>Grenada Summer Regatta</td>
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### AUGUST

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Emancipation Day. Public holiday in Barbados, St. Vincent &amp; the Grenadines, and Trinidad &amp; Tobago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Carriacou Children’s Education Fund Potluck Barbecue, Carriacou Yacht Club. <a href="mailto:boatmille@aol.com">boatmille@aol.com</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Carriacou Children’s Education Fund Auction. <a href="mailto:boatmille@aol.com">boatmille@aol.com</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 - 5</td>
<td>CSA Caribbean Dinghy Championship, St. Croix. <a href="http://www.stcroixyc.com">www.stcroixyc.com</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Constitution Day. Public holiday in Anguilla</td>
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<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Kadooment Day. Public holiday in Barbados</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Emancipation Day. Public Holiday in St Kitts &amp; Nevis</td>
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<tr>
<td>11 - 12</td>
<td>Fête du Vent Regatta, Lorient, St. Barts</td>
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<tr>
<td>13 - 14</td>
<td>Grenada Carnival. Public holiday in Grenada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Feast of the Assumption. Public holiday in French West Indies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Restoration day. Public holiday in Dominican Republic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16 - 22</td>
<td>54th San Juan International Billfish Tournament, Puerto Rico. <a href="http://www.sanjuaninternational.com">www.sanjuaninternational.com</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Festival of St. Bartholomew, Gustavia, St. Barts. Boat races</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>St. Louis Festival, Corossol, St. Barts. Fishing contests, boat races</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Carib Great Race (powerboats) Trinidad to Tobago</td>
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<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>FULL MOON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Independence Day. Public holiday in Trinidad. Dragonboat Regatta at Kayak Centre, Chaguaramas</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

All information was correct to the best of our knowledge at the time this issue of Compass went to press — but plans change, so please contact event organizers directly for confirmation. If you would like your event listed FREE in our calendar, please send the name and date(s) of the event and the name and contact information of the organizing body to sally@caribbeancompass.com. Sailing With a Purpose by Bev Bate

Having worked in school district administration for 36 years, retirement was on the horizon, which included a new adventure involving living and traveling on a sailboat with my husband, Bill. It was difficult to imagine what that life would be like. It was our desire to have purpose as well as adventure. Several years previously we heard about a school in Canada that had partnered with an orphanage in Guatemala. That relationship has continued for 25 years. Throughout those years the Canadian school held fund-raisers for the orphanage and even developed a fish farm which provided on-going revenue for the orphanage. We thought this idea was exceptional and wondered what a different world this would be if every school in Canada (or the developed world for that matter) adopted a school in a developing country. The idea blossomed into us establishing a non-profit foundation under the Society Act of British Columbia, Canada, called Schools Beyond Borders. The official purpose of the foundation is to link schools in developing countries with schools in developed countries. Once such a link is established, the foundation’s main role is to ensure that communication is working and that 100 percent of any funds raised go to the “sister school”. We also applied through Revenue Canada for charitable donation status so any Canadian donating to this foundation can receive a tax-deductible receipt. We built a website and approached a few people we thought would be interested in this. Before leaving on our sailing adventure one year ago, Schools Beyond Borders had adopted schools in Guatemala, Nicaragua, Romania, Zambia and Kenya. During our travels we visited Cuba and sadly found that it would be too difficult to have North American schools communicate with a Cuban school due to the political environment. We moved on to the beautiful island of Jamaica where we located two rural community schools that met the criteria and concept of our program. The first school we adopted was Boston Primary and Infant School with 350 students, ages three to 12 years, and 11 teachers, operating in eight classrooms. A retired teacher serves as a volunteer librarian. Most of the classrooms are small and crowded and three classrooms have partial room dividers to accommodate two separate classes. —Continued on next page
—Continued from previous page

The second Jamaican school added to our program, Drapers All Age School, has 258 students and 17 teachers, including the principal, with Grades 1 to 9. These schools have numerous needs in all areas. However, we noted that the teachers, regardless of their needs, have expressed most interest into moving their students into the electronic age with computers. The schools currently do not have any computers except for one computer shared by the teaching staff. We are excited to see the program working as two teachers in Canadian cities have expressed interest in joining with these schools in September.

We sailed from Port Antonio, Jamaica, and arrived in Ile-a-Vache, a small Haitian island on the southwest corner of Hispaniola. We encountered a beautiful island with friendly, respectful people and a true delight. Most cruising guides (and cruisers) advise you to steer clear of Haiti because it is unsafe due to the extremely high murder rate against whites. However, Ile-a-Vache is an exception. We were welcomed by warm, friendly people and there was a true sense of joy and peace.

Children in home-made dugout canoes came in droves to our boat selling fish, eggs, vegetables or fruit, or looking for work doing laundry or boat cleaning. Bill had endless patience with these children arriving at the boat. We tried to take a nap when we first arrived (after traveling for 42 hours) and we kept hearing "knock, knock, knock" on our hull. Bill jumped up and visited with the children and kept digging around for something else he thought they might like including coloring books, crayons, balls, fishing line and books. We unloaded all our goodies there as we knew we’d be hard pressed to find a people of greater need. One little boy was so thrilled with the little ball we gave him, he left kissing it. One fisherman left the battery for his fishing boat on board our boat so we could give him a boost from our generator. Two young men received diving masks so they could harvest from the sea.

While in Haiti we visited Etoile Du Matin School and interviewed the principal and director. This school was founded by doctors in Spain in 1995 and they send funds for the teachers’ salaries — the equivalent of approximately US$150 per year. The school admits its greatest challenge is attracting and keeping qualified teachers. Two hundred and sixty students attend school in shifts, as all ages are accommodated in this school. The school has minimal resources. There is a dire shortage of textbooks, library books, playground equipment, art supplies, musical instruments and even electricity. The school is clean, organized and orderly and the students well groomed with neat, clean uniforms. We were able to bring them 200 students’ notebooks which had been donated by a fellow cruiser while we were in Jamaica. He had worked in Haiti and was anxious for his gift of notebooks to go to Haiti if at all possible. The principal was thrilled with the unexpected gift. This school was added to our growing inventory of schools for Schools Beyond Borders. The school in Haiti already has a school in Canada interested in adopting them.

We have truly experienced the joy of sailing with a purpose. We are anxious to adopt as many schools as possible but need more schools in Canada (or elsewhere in the developed world) to partner with them. Ideally we would like to have an inventory of privileged schools waiting for a “sister school” in a third world country.

Schools Beyond Borders is run completely by volunteers and we can always use more, particularly in introducing the program to schools in developed countries and encouraging them to get involved.

If you are interested in this program visit www.schoolsbeyondborders.com or e-mail us at contact@schoolsbeyondborders.com.

While in Haiti we were able to bring Etoile Du Matin School 200 students’ notebooks which had been donated by a fellow cruiser in Jamaica.
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