CARIBBEAN COMPASS
On-line
AUGUST 2020 NO. 299
The Caribbean's Monthly Look at Sea & Shore

THE REOPENING BEGINS

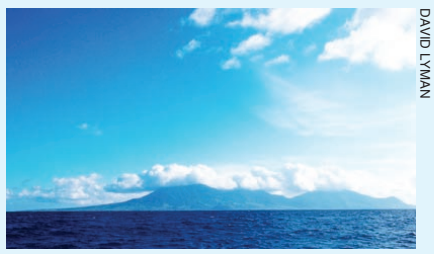
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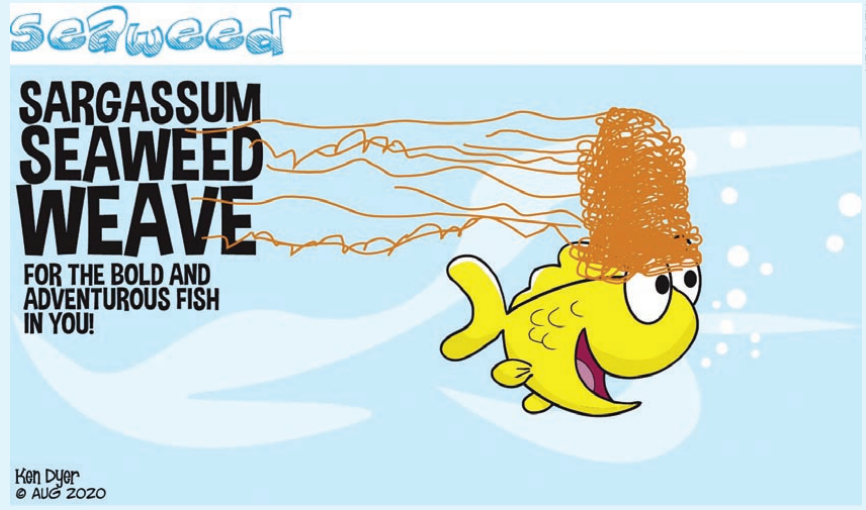
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On the cover: Eli Fuller captured this inspiring shot of his son Skye. A third-generation Antiguan and former international windsurfing competitor, Eli now runs Adventure Antigua boat tours (adventureantigua.com).



Info & Updates

Noonsite reports: There is much relief among cruising sailors that countries around the world have started to open up; borders are being re-opened, but cautiously, and in respect to yachts coming in from overseas, there remains some uncertainty in many places. Entry, quarantine and testing rules in place for air travelers don't transfer easily to yacht crews and changes take time to filter down to every border control authority in every port. We are also finding that many regions interpret the rules in their own way, so Noonsite's advice is to sit tight for a couple of weeks once your destination country has re-opened its borders, until "grey" areas have been ironed out. When you do decide to move, contact your destination port or marina in advance and find out exactly what is required. In many countries the official government rules are interpreted differently by ports and marinas, making it particularly important to check ahead before leaving on passage.



CURAÇAO MARINE

Curaçao is one of the Caribbean countries that organized controlled openings for yachts for hurricane season.

We recommend that you keep a close eye on our Covid-19 document (www.noonsite.com/news/novel-coronavirus-2019-ncov-special-procedures-being-introduced-in-ports-of-entry-worldwide), which shows at a glance which countries are now open and links to more detail in the country Biosecurity section. You can also use our new mapping feature to view Covid-19 safe haven ports.

While some Caribbean countries organized controlled openings for yachts for hurricane season in May (including Grenada, Bonaire and Curaçao), the tide really began to turn at the start of June as more and more islands started to open up, including Antigua and the Bahamas (albeit with quarantine and/or testing).

Visit www.noonsite.com for more information.

More New Island-Opening Rules

The rules and regulations regarding various Caribbean ports and nations being open to foreign yacht arrivals are changing rapidly. As the issue of *Compass* goes to press, some notable changes are highlighted:

• LUPERON, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

All port authorities are now working as normal. Boats can arrive and anchor or take a mooring, but a 14-day quarantine is in effect for arrivals without a recent Covid-19 certificate. Only boats with Covid-19 certificates can take a berth at the marinas.

• ST. LUCIA

Marigot Bay Marina and Rodney Bay Marina have re-opened as ports of entry.

Yachts arriving in St. Lucia will be divided into two categories: those arriving from within the "Caribbean Travel Bubble" and those arriving from all other countries. All boaters arriving from within the Bubble will be exempt from the requirement for presentation of Covid test results and quarantine. All boaters arriving from countries outside the Bubble must have a negative result from a PCR test within seven days of travel and undergo 14 days quarantine (ashore or onboard).



IGY RODNEY BAY MARINA

Rodney Bay Marina, and Marigot Bay Marina just down the coast, have re-opened as ports of entry for St. Lucia.

The Bubble includes Antigua & Barbuda, Aruba, Anguilla, the Bahamas, Barbados, Bermuda, Bonaire, the BVI, Curaçao, Dominica, Grenada, Guyana, Jamaica, Montserrat, St. Barths, St. Kitts & Nevis, St. Martin, SVG, Trinidad & Tobago, and Turks & Caicos.

—Continued on next page



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For Marigot Bay Marina, vessels must notify the marina no later than 48 hours before arrival. For more information and berth bookings, contact troy.blanchard@marigotbayresort.com.

Space at Rodney Bay Marina must be reserved no later than 72 hours before arrival (rbm@igymarinas.com). All arriving vessels must contact the marina's Port Health Office no later than 48 hours before arrival (porthealthigymarina@gmail.com).

Vessels that have not sent the advance notification to the marinas will be denied permission to enter the country upon arrival.

• ST. VINCENT & THE GRENADINES

All arriving yachts must request permission for entry by e-mail to coronavirustaskforcesvg@gmail.com. An online risk assessment form must be completed prior to arrival. Documents are available at http://health.gov.vc/health/index.php/covid-19-protocols-documents

Yacht arrival is still restricted to three ports on the island of St. Vincent: Wallilabou, Kingstown and Blue Lagoon.

Once accepted for entry, after initial screening, yachts will proceed to designated areas for on-vessel quarantine. (Mooring rental at designated areas will be paid for by the yacht. Information on recommended moorings is available from info@blues-vg.com.) Those who opt for PCR testing in SVG will remain onboard until test results are received. If negative, no further quarantine will be required and you will be free to sail SVG waters. If positive, you will be isolated at a government facility. (Both testing and isolation, if needed, will be paid for by the yacht.)

This protocol can be changed at any time. 'Bequia This Week' provides updates at www.begos.com/thisweek.pdf

• TRINIDAD & TOBAGO

Although the borders are still closed, YSATT (the Yacht Services Association of Trinidad & Tobago) is working with government agencies toward the time when yachts will be allowed to enter. When the borders are opened for yachts, the following protocol is expected:

Only yachts whose name is on the list maintained by YSATT will be able to come to Trinidad.

Yachts waiting to come to Trinidad will be assigned a group number and will be invited to come to Trinidad by groups. They will be provided a set of forms to fill out prior to departure. When their group is called, they will be free travel to Trinidad at their own pace.

Upon reaching Trinidad they must contact North Post Radio to inform them of their arrival off Trinidad. The arriving yacht will then proceed to the quarantine anchorage and notify TTCG and YSATT of its arrival. The yacht will be met by a boarding agent and given procedures to follow while quarantined. The agent will then take their passports and paperwork to check the yacht into Trinidad. The two-week quarantine will begin then.

Toward the end of quarantine a Ministry of Health Port Health Officer will come to the yacht and review the crew's health. Once given a clean bill of health and approval from the relevant authorities the yacht may leave quarantine and proceed to a marina or anchorage.

Visit http://membersonlymaxitaxi.com/corona-virus-information and http://membersonlymaxitaxi.com/q-a-for-cruisers-trying-to-sail-to-trinidad-for-hurricane-season-2020 for more information.

• CARTAGENA, COLOMBIA

Although the port is currently closed to yacht arrivals, when yachts are again permitted to anchor, this is the expected protocol:

All foreign-flagged vessels arriving Cartagena must present an arrival notice in advance of arrival. The Port Authority requests that all vessels considering an arrival to Cartagena retain a maritime clearing agent before departing their current port. The agent will need to secure approval for your vessel's arrival and will also be able to advise regarding the current biosecurity protocols.

Visit www.clubdepescamarina.com/navigation for more information.

Toward a Caribbean-Wide Sail-Training Program

The Caribbean Sailing Association (CSA) is seeking funding to establish a Caribbean-wide sail-training program that will provide a creditable training resource for sailing associations, sailing schools and yacht clubs throughout the region to teach, promote, and grow sailing participation.



MATIAS CAPIZZANO

Resilience of the Caribbean region is a collective objective worked on by many leaders and organizations, and the CSA is no exception. For the last six years sailing development has been a key objective of the association. These major challenges have been identified: the inconsistency of learn-to-sail programmes across the region; the lack of funding, and in some cases the ability to access them.

This programme, with the working title Sailing 4 Success, will provide an identifiable pathway for Caribbean nationals to discover sailing, develop competencies and remain lifetime sailors. It will be developed by Caribbean sailors for Caribbean sailors.

—Continued on next page



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—Continued from previous page

The pathway will align learning to sail with the life opportunities sailing offers the communities of the Caribbean: careers, marine conservation, coaching, performance sailing, and recreational activity.

The developed training resources will be aligned to support and promote regional marine conservation. This will be achieved through the agreed partnership with the Sailors for the Sea KELP program.

The global Coronavirus pandemic is ensuring that challenging times lie ahead for the fragile local Caribbean island sailing communities.The Sailing for Success project will offer this workforce a lifeline of resilience as they are recruited to take part in the remote training and development of resources for the program.

President of the CSA, Alison Sly-Adams, says of the programme, "The main objective for many islanders to enter the sport of sailing is for the career opportunities. This programme will help our people see yachting as a viable and accessible career option that is so important to building resilience of the industry island by island.'

Visit www.caribbean-sailing.com/sailing4success for more information.

SSB Net for Yachts Headed to Grenada

Carl Stevenson on *S/V Escape Pod* in Grenada reports: I am holding a net on 6227kHZ at 0800 and 1800 hours daily for check-ins and position reports to promote safety of vessels making the trip, since many vessels' courses may be out of VHF range. If you don't have SSB, but have an InReach or Iridium Go, we'd be happy to take position reports and serve as a point of contact.

It would help if vessels wishing to participate would send the following information in advance so I can pre-populate a check-in spreadsheet: vessel name, country of registration, vessel callsign and MSSI, contact name (first, last), point of departure (port or island), planned date and time of departure (hhhh:mm/dd/2020), approximate ETA in Grenada (hhhh:mm/dd/2020), vessel length (feet), average cruising speed (knots), vessel color (hull, canvas), number of persons aboard, EPIRB (yes or no), EPIRB registration # if applicable, AIS (yes or no), and other comms (InReach/IridiumGo, etcetera. Please provide link to your tracking page and make sure tracking and messaging are enabled. If you require a password to see tracking or to message you, please provide it.) Send information to carlwk3c@me.com.

This information will not be used for any purpose other than net operations or emergency assistance, and will not be shared with anyone other than net control station(s), or relevant SAR agencies in case of emergency. The net will be a free, voluntary, "best effort" service to vessels in transit to Grenada, and the net control stations assume no liability for inadvertent errors, omissions, or inability to communicate due to propagation conditions, equipment failures, or other causes beyond their control.

ABMA Launches Hurricane Relief Fund

The Antigua & Barbuda Marine Association launched the Marine Relief Fund in May to assist yacht workers whose employment has been affected by the Covid-19 pandemic. Although for many companies within the yachting sector such as marinas and boatyards, business initially continued due to the unique situation created by the lockdown, many individuals normally employed within the sector were immediately without work. President of the association Franklyn Braithwaite says of the fund, "We were fortunate to receive donations from some of the yachts who were locked down in Antigua to assist with our workers who have been disenfranchised. We thank them and the private individuals who have donated to the fund for their kind support. We now appeal to our members, private citizens, and any other stakeholders who are able to assist to donate to the cause so that we can take care of those workers through what will be a very long summer."

Contact info@abma.ag for more information.

Eight Bells

• JOHN E RANDALL JR

World-famous ichthyologist "Jack" Randall died in Hawaii on April 29th, at the age of 95.

As reported in *The St. John Source*, Randall wrote 942 scientific papers and named 834 species of fish. He lived on St. John, USVI, for three years in the late 1950s and taught Laurance Rockefeller to snorkel and John Steinbeck to scuba dive. He was instrumental in establishing St Croix's Buck Island as a national monument. His books include *Caribbean Reef Fishes* and *Food Habits of Reef Fishes of the West Indies*. He held teaching positions at Yale University, the University of Miami and the University of Puerto Rico. He joined the Bishop Museum in Honolulu in 1967 and retired as a senior ichthyologist in 2009.



Randall came to St. John in 1957. The Virgin Islands National Park had been established only the year before, and park officials were looking for someone to direct a three-year marine biological survey of the park.

Randall moved into the great house at Lameshur Bay Estate, which had been recently renovated. In his unpublished memoir (see https://repository.si.edu/bitstream/handle/10088/7769/00494.03.pdf) Randall wrote about his time on St. John: "(Diving assistant Herb Kumpf) and I made our first trip to St. John and found that the renovation meant only that a roof had been provided, outhouse built, and a generator and kerosene refrigerator installed."

During those years Randall and his colleagues were involved in myriad studies resulting in 18 published scientific papers. They constructed an artificial reef in Lesser Lameshur Bay out of 800 concrete blocks and spent two years documenting the fish that moved in and then compared them to fish populations in nearby fringing reefs.

In his memoir, Randall wrote, "During the third and final year in the Virgin Islands, John Lewis, the superintendent of the Virgin Islands National Park, asked if I would survey Buck Island off St. Croix because he had heard glowing reports of the beauty of its reef and marine life. I was skeptical that it would be any better than the reefs of St. John, but I was wrong. I made a film of the island with Bob Schroeder's help that included underwater scenes, a green turtle laying its eggs, nesting sea birds and aerial shots from a helicopter. The film went to the Department of the Interior, and not long thereafter the island was proclaimed Buck Island Reef National Monument by President Kennedy."

Read the full obituary at https://stjohnsource.com/2020/07/05/giant-in-his-field-leaves-legacy-for-fish-lovers-everywhere.

• MORRIS NICHOLSON

Long-time Caribbean yacht skipper Morris Nicholson died at the Milton Cato Memorial Hospital in Kingstown, St. Vincent, on June 24th after a brief illness.

See story on page 20.



BUSINESS BRIEFS

Parts & Power Moves to Fish Bay

The Parts & Power team reports: On July 1st, we moved our flagship store to Fish Bay. We decided to relocate to better serve our customers islandwide. With this new opening in Fish Bay, partnered with our second store in Nanny Cay, we now have eastbound and westbound stores on Tortola, BVI.

Parts & Power aims to serve the marine and industrial needs of all our local and international customers. We are therefore increasing access to our products and services with our Fish Bay and Nanny Cay locations. We look forward to welcoming you to our new store in Fish Bay.

For more information on our store in Nanny Cay, which opened in February, contact us at info@partsandpower.com or by telephone at (284) 494-2830.

Budget Marine Trinidad Open Hours

Since July 1st, 2020, Budget Marine Trinidad stores are open as follows:
Main store in Chaguaramas:
Monday to Friday from 8:00AM to 4:00PM; Saturday from 9:00AM to 1:00PM
TTYC store in Bayshore:
Monday to Friday from 9:00AM to 5:00PM; Saturday from 9:00AM to 1:00PM
For more information on Budget Marine see ad on page 2.



Mac's Pizza in Bequia Reopens

Kevin Carr reports: Mac's Pizza & Kitchen in Bequia is open again! Enjoy a broad menu including hundreds of pizzas, grilled local fish, big salads, burgers, ribs, quesadillas, and our famous lime pie. Eat "picnic style" on our bayfront patio with a refreshing drink from the bar.

Safe, open air, widely spaced dining. Easy dinghy access. Look for the orange seawall.

Mac's Pizza & Kitchen is open Monday to Saturday, from 3:00PM till 9:00PM+.

For more information on Mac's Pizza & Kitchen see ad in Market Place section, pages 36 and 37.

TMC Grenada is There for You

Chris and Chrystal from The Multihull Company (TMC) in Grenada would like you to know that boats are selling! They have been successful conducting live walk-throughs for any boat listed in Grenada — not just TMC listings. As a buyer broker with a co-brokerage account, they can be your "go to" agent. They are available for boat sales but also for learning how to sail with their sailing school. Don't forget to listen to Chrystal on the Grenada Cruisers Net, Fridays at 7:30AM on Channel 66, with your radio set international.

Visit www.LTDsailing.com for more information about their sailing school.

For more information about The Multihull Company see ad on page 35.

Recognition for New Nautical Coatings

New Nautical Coatings, Inc., parent company of Sea Hawk Paints, Blue Water Marine Paints, Flexdel/Aquagard Paints and Hawk Epoxy received an Honorable Mention in the *Paint and Coatings Industry* magazine's annual ranking of top North American coatings manufacturers. The ranking is based on 2019 coatings sales.

New Nautical Coatings provides a wide array of application-specific marine coating products that are available internationally.

Visit www.newnauticalcoatings.com for more information.

BVI Yacht Sales Merges with Southern Trades

BVI Yacht Sales has announced its merger with Southern Trades Yacht Brokerage. Southern Trades is known in the British Virgin Islands as the yacht brokerage to use if you're looking for active crewed charter yachts, with most of the listings offering an income producing charter business.

Brian Duff, the managing director and a broker at BVI Yacht Sales, says, "Despite the restrictions that we, like many others, have faced during the Covid-19 pandemic, BVI Yacht Sales still continues to be a leader in Caribbean yacht sales, and we are looking forward to being able to offer a more diverse range of yachts under the new merger."
Visit https://bviyachtsales.com for more information.

Fall Yacht Transport News

Laurien Hoving reports: Sevenstar Yacht Transport and DYT Yacht Transport have the following fall sailings available. We hope to see you on board one of our company-owned vessels. Working with the very best loadmasters and crew worldwide, we make sure your yacht is in safe hands.

SEVENSTAR
• On *M/V Diamantgracht* or substitute:
Departures from:
Monfalcone: October 20th and October 31st
Genoa: October 23rd and November 5th
Palma de Mallorca: October 25th and November 10th
Heading to: Antigua, Le Marin (Martinique), St. Thomas (USVI), and Palm Beach, Florida (USA)
Departures from:
Eemshaven: October 25th and November 10th
Southampton: October 25th and November 10th
Heading to: Newport, Rhode Island (USA), Freeport (Bahamas), St. Thomas (USVI), and Le Marin (Martinique)
• On *M/V Statengracht* or substitute:
Departures from:
Monfalcone: November 20th and November 29th
Genoa: November 23rd and December 5th
Palma de Mallorca: November 25th and December 10th
Heading to: Antigua, Le Marin (Martinique), St. Thomas (USVI), and Palm Beach, Florida (USA)
DYT
Departures from:
The Caribbean to the US East Coast in November and December 2020
The Caribbean to the US East Coast to the South Pacific in November 2020
Visit our website for more information and contact one of our representatives for any questions.
Sevenstar: www.sevenstar-yacht-transport.com; DYT: www.yacht-transport.com.



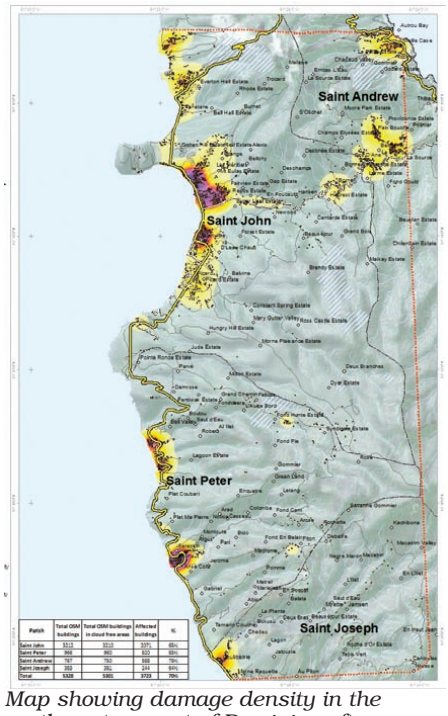


Caribbean ECO-News

Rapid Mapping to Help in Hurricane Season

Powerful satellite technology can help Caribbean countries better manage natural disasters and boost climate resilience as the region braces for a busy hurricane season.

Remote sensing satellite technology was recently used to support Asian and Pacific countries in responding to super cyclones Amphan and Harold, and this technology can be used in the Caribbean. These cutting-edge tools, provided by the UN Institute for Training and Research (UNITAR) Operational Satellite Applications programme (UNOSAT), are even more vital as the Caribbean grapples with multiple threats linked to both climate disasters and the Covid-19 pandemic. Experts predict up to ten hurricanes in the Atlantic by the end of the year.



Map showing damage density in the northwestern part of Dominica after Tropical Storm Maria in 2017.

Commonwealth Secretary-General Patricia Scotland said, "Responding effectively to these complex challenges of disease and disaster will rely more than ever on data that is accurate, reliable and timely, as well as country cooperation to share knowledge, experience and expertise.

"Our partnership with UNITAR and other key networks through the Commonsensing Project will help generate the data countries need to inform critical decision-making during times of crisis. It will also lead to more effective climate projects in the long term and more robust applications for climate finance."

UNITAR Executive Director, Nikhil Seth, added, "Satellite data and analyses are very powerful in providing hard evidence to back actions and policy decisions on disaster response and risk management. With Cyclones Harold and Amphan in the Asia Pacific for instance, UNITAR was able to generate data and analyses within 24 to 48 hours of the crises.

"Following analyses included the location and extent of damage to infrastructure and crops. We were also able to provide early and advanced information for crisis planning, such as mapping food security and predicting which areas would be hit the hardest by a disaster."

Learn more about activating the UNITAR-UNOSAT at https://unitar.org/maps/unosat-rapid-mapping-service

Amuseum Naturalis Reopens

After closing for lockdown, St. Martin's free nature and heritage museum, Amuseum Naturalis, reopened last month in "park mode" for the public to enjoy safely. Guests were invited to take self-guided visits during daylight hours in the outdoor areas, including the open-air Amuseum exhibit hall, and outside exhibit areas, viewpoints and gardens including the agriculture heritage displays, bush tea garden, and the St. Martin poetry exhibits.

Amuseum Naturalis is located at the historic Old House in French Quarter. It was created by and is run by the all-volunteer Les Fruits de Mer association, and presents more than 40 fascinating exhibits showcasing the unique wildlife, culture and history of St. Martin.

"With outdoor exhibits and beautiful views, we hope that the Amuseum can be a



Amuseum Naturalis is located at The Old House in St. Martin's French Quarter.

fun and safe place to enjoy nature and heritage during a tough time," explained Les Fruits de Mer President Jenn Yerkes. "Our top concern is the safety of the community, so we ask that visitors follow safety instructions so we can stay open."

To keep the community safe, properly worn masks are required for all visitors, as well as respecting physical distance of two metres between non-household members. Hand sanitizer will be available. Visitors will need to bring their own drinking water.

For now, guided group visits and activities are not available, to protect the community. However, teachers and youth group leaders are encouraged to contact info@lesfruitsdemer.com to find out about the many things that are currently offered to schools and youth groups, including free books and other free, fun educational resources.

Access to the indoor areas and services of the Amuseum is now available by appointment on a case-by-case basis. These include Soualibra, the free research library about St. Martin, and the free Heritage Preservation services. Those interested are invited to contact info@lesfruitsdemer.com for more information.

The Amuseum can also be visited virtually at any time at http://amuseumnaturalis.com. The Amuseum@Home program of free ebooks, activities, short films and games based on St. Martin nature and heritage are available at www.lesfruitsdemer.com/category/athome or by visiting Les Fruits de Mer on Facebook. The free Heritage Backup program and tools are available at www.lesfruitsdemer.com/projects/heritage-backup.

Amuseum Naturalis is located in St. Martin on the hill above Le Galion. Entry is free to all.

More information and a map are available at http://amuseumnaturalis.com.

Seabird Harvesting Increases Despite Covid Restrictions

Although seabird harvest and egg collection are prohibited by legislation of both Grenada and St. Vincent & the Grenadines, research by Environmental Protection in the Caribbean (EPIC) shows that the practice continues, primarily among fishing communities and recreationists. Harvesting often occurs in tandem with other activities, such as goat hunting, fishing and cook-ups on offshore islands, while chicks and eggs are additionally collected and brought back to main islands for distribution among family and friends. Practitioners originate within the Grenadines, mainland St. Vincent and Grenada. Despite lockdowns and restricted movements during Covid-19 in recent months, EPIC has received increased reports of seabird harvesting during this time. Although laws prohibit the taking of seabirds, their chicks and eggs, enforcement of these protective laws has been limited due to the difficulty and expense in monitoring the remote islands in the Grenadines.

To address the issue of seabird harvesting in the Grenadines, EPIC is collaborating with authorities, organizations and local communities of both nations to enhance capacity for seabird protection and raise awareness of conservation needs. EPIC has additionally developed a network of individuals throughout the Grenadines – especially fisherfolk and tour operators – trained in seabird monitoring and patrolling of threats at remote islands.

K LOWRIE



Brown Booby chicks killed at a Grenadines nesting colony.

Seabirds usually nest in large groups, especially on remote, uninhabited islands free from natural predators. Most seabirds return to the same island each year to nest and raise their chicks. While there are over 80 islands, rocks and cays in the Grenadines island chain between the mainlands of St. Vincent and Grenada, only nine have human settlements, meaning that most of the islands are not regularly accessed by people. The majority of these islands therefore provide ideal nesting habitat for seabirds, which have seen many populations elsewhere displaced by development and disturbance.

Seabird colonies in the Grenadines sometimes number in the thousands and even tens of thousands of individuals. Some of these colonies host populations of seabirds that are regionally and globally important – meaning that they contain at least one percent of entire regional or global population for a species. During peak nesting season, the sheer number of seabirds present, combined with the noise from their vocalizations and visible activity, tends to give the illusion that seabird populations are thriving.

However, seabirds have declined by approximately 70 percent worldwide, with declines in tropical areas thought be more than 90 percent. In a regional assessment of seabirds in the Lesser Antilles by EPIC, researchers found that the greatest threat facing seabirds, for both St. Vincent & the Grenadines and Grenada, is the continued and extensive harvesting of seabirds, their chicks and eggs – an activity that is infrequently practiced by other Caribbean nations nowadays, and indeed an activity that has diminished worldwide.

Overharvesting of seabirds has historically even been the sole cause of extinctions of entire species of seabirds. Species that are especially targeted in the Grenadines include Laughing Gulls (Mauve, Davybird), Sooty Tern (Eggbird), and Brown and Red-footed Boobies (Booby) for their eggs, while booby species are additionally targeted for their flightless chicks. In most cases, these harvesting activities occur in protected areas and islands that have regionally and globally important populations of seabirds. Adults of some species, such as the Magnificent Frigatebird (Sizo, Man O'War) are occasionally caught on hooks at sea, both accidentally and purposefully, and either killed or kept for consumption as well.

While Laughing Gulls can lay two to four eggs, all other seabirds in the Grenadines raise only one chick per year, which means that an egg or a chick lost to harvesting cannot be replaced until an entire year has passed.

Continuous harvesting reduces populations and prevents them from recovering. Some harvesters go so far as to fill entire buckets with eggs – a practice that is clearly not sustainable. The presence of people in seabird colonies additionally causes much disturbance, leaving an egg or chick exposed to the hot tropical sun, in which it can perish in a matter of minutes.

Seabirds are among the top predators of the ocean – on the same scale as whales and sharks – and toxins in the marine ecosystem, such as mercury, can build up in their bodies. This can eventually result in poor health and is one of the reasons eating seabirds, their chicks and eggs is highly discouraged.

Despite ongoing outreach and education efforts by EPIC, interviews among fishing communities on six of the Grenadine islands in 2019 indicated that more than 50 percent of respondents have harvested seabird chicks and eggs before, with a higher number of respondents indicating that they consume seabird products but are not involved in harvesting – though 60 percent were not aware that the practice is illegal in both Grenada and St. Vincent & the Grenadines. Since 2009, researchers and volunteers working with EPIC have documented harvesting activities firsthand, noted evidence of previous harvests (e.g. carcasses) and have even been offered seabird eggs for purchase. In one case, a single individual was found to have harvested almost 40 percent of the Brown Booby chicks on one island. One species, the Masked Booby, no longer nests in the Grenada Grenadines, while only six pairs were found in the most recent survey of St. Vincent's Grenadines. Their decline is likely to have in part been caused by overharvesting.

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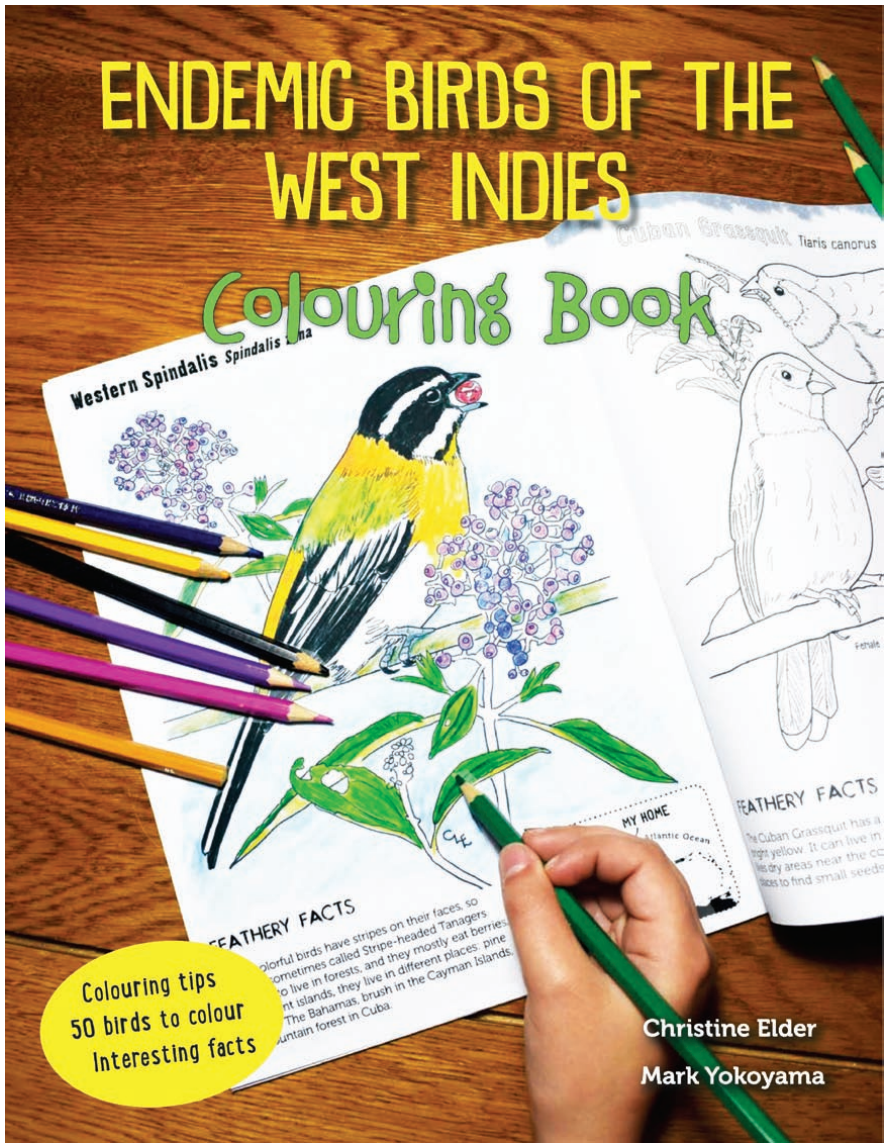
In order to ensure that seabirds fly above our waters for generations to come, it is vital that we act now to protect them and their nesting sites.

For more information, or to become involved as a seabird monitor, contact Juliana Coffey, Project Coordinator at juliana@epicislands.org or on WhatsApp (709) 770-6877.

New Colouring Book Features Caribbean Birds

Thousands of copies of a new colouring book are on their way to islands in the Caribbean. Endemic Birds of the West Indies Colouring Book features 50 birds that are found only in the region. The book, also shared as a free download, was made by BirdsCaribbean.

"Colouring books are a great way for kids to learn about the unique birds found only in the Caribbean," explained BirdsCaribbean Executive Director Lisa Sorenson. "They learn what birds look like, where they live, and how to protect them, while also having fun."



Endemic Birds of the West Indies Colouring Book *is available for purchase or free download at BirdsCaribbean.org.*

The 64-page book is illustrated by Christine Elder, with text by Mark Yokoyama. Each page features a bird in its habitat, a map showing where it lives, and facts about the bird. Fold-out covers show what every bird looks like in colour.

There are 171 kinds of birds that are found only in the Caribbean and many of them live on just one island. Many of these birds are rare and need protection. Special sections in the book reveal why there are so many unique birds in the West Indies, what threats they face, and how to help them.

"Kids are often amazed to learn that there are birds and other animals that live only on their island," commented the writer, Mark. "These birds, and this book, can help them discover how special their home is."

Endemic Birds of the West Indies Colouring Book can be ordered or downloaded for free from BirdsCaribbean.org. Colouring pages, puzzles, and free activities are also available for the 50 endemic birds.

Video Tackles Marine Plastic Pollution in the Caribbean

The "Plastic Waste Free Islands" project seeks to address the problem of plastic waste leakage from Small Island Developing States.

The International Union for Conservation of Nature (IUCN) has launched a promotional video that introduces viewers to the "Plastic Waste Free Islands" project, a global initiative that seeks to address the problem of plastic waste leakage from Small Island Developing States (SIDS). To this aim, the project is working in six SIDS, divided evenly between the Caribbean and the Pacific regions, to promote a significant, quantified reduction in plastic waste generation and leakage within the planned project timeframe of three years.

Plastic Waste Free Islands is an initiative funded by the Norwegian Agency for Development Cooperation. In the Caribbean, the project is working in Antigua & Barbuda, Grenada and St. Lucia. It also involves the participation of respective country governments, as well as regional partners such as the Organisation of Eastern Caribbean States (OECS).

Up to 12 million tons of plastic debris enter the ocean every year. This has adverse impacts on the health of ocean ecosystems, the integrity of food supplies, and people's livelihoods. The World Bank has estimated that Caribbean coastlines are littered with an average of 2,014 items per kilometre, with plastic bottles comprising a fifth of such litter. Caribbean SIDS tend to have vulnerable economies that depend largely on the tourism and fisheries industries; as such, they are particularly exposed to increased damage from plastic pollution.

IUCN joins the efforts taking place in the Caribbean region to tackle the problem of plastic pollution and marine litter by building alliances with key stakeholders from government, private sector and civil society, as well as supporting the countries towards the implementation of legislation, policies and feasible solutions to reduce plastic waste leakage into the oceans.

The introductory video will be disseminated among regional media and other key national stakeholders over the next few months. It will also be available on the IUCN's and OECS's website and social media sites.

Watch the video at www.youtube.com/watch?v=e9ObzjVGm3o

Sea Turtles Nesting in Bonaire

Sea Turtle Conservation Bonaire reports: Between the start of the season on May 1st and June 30th, Sea Turtle Conservation Bonaire recorded 14 sea turtle nests on Klein Bonaire and six on Bonaire. The group also excavated the first hatched nest: 106 loggerhead hatchlings safely emerged.

Bonaire's beaches receive an average of 75 sea turtle nests per year. How do we know that it's important to protect these nests in the interests of sea turtle survival? We know because detailed counts reveal that large nesting colonies are rare. For example, only 0.4 percent of all known species-specific nesting sites in the Wider Caribbean Region receive more than 1,000 hawksbill crawls per year. On the 1,311 known nesting beaches in the region, roughly half support fewer than 25 nest crawls per year. These counts provide an important perspective. It turns out that protection of the many small nesting colonies is critical if we are to maintain hatchling production and genetic diversity.



SEA TURTLE CONSERVATION BONAIRE

The research yields important information over time about population status. By comparing nesting data from year to year, we gradually see trends emerge. Because annual variation in nesting activity is normal in marine turtles, only data collected long-term (more than ten years) will be truly indicative of how healthy these nesting turtle populations are.

Visit www.bonaireturtles.org for more information.

Ongoing Enquiries into Sargassum Influx

Historical reports place large quantities of sargassum only in the North Atlantic, mostly in the Gulf of Mexico and the Sargasso Sea. But starting in 2011, coastal areas of the Caribbean Sea and tropical Atlantic Ocean began to experience extraordinary yearly accumulations.

A recent article in *Progress in Oceanography* magazine seems to bear out the initial belief of some that the sargassum in Caribbean waters came from the Sargasso Sea originally, spread eastward and southward by a slowing down of the North Atlantic gyre (among other things) and then westward across the Equatorial current. The article also suggests that sargassum's recirculation and continued seasonal blooming and reblooming, is only then enhanced by, among other things, outflow from the Amazon and Orinoco.

But without that original southward shift from the Sargasso Sea following the extraordinary North Atlantic Oscillation (NAO) event in 2009, the sargassum would not be down south in the first place, in the unusual quantities we now find, reblooming every year in a cyclical fashion. The extreme 2009–2010 NAO wind anomaly could be considered as triggering a biosphere "tipping point" that caused important ocean-scale ecosystem changes in the tropical Atlantic, with significant recurrent social and economic consequences. Understanding whether this new expanded geographic range of massive sargassum blooms is temporary or whether it will revert to its pre-2009 distribution requires sustained monitoring and research.

Read the full article at www.sciencedirect.com/science/article/pii/S0079661120300070



CARIBBEAN REGIONAL FISHERIES MECHANISM

Sargassum in Barbados last year. Starting in 2011, coastal areas of the Caribbean began to experience extraordinary yearly accumulations of pelagic sargassum

REGATTA NEWS

SMYC Post-Lockdown Race

On June 6th, 19 teams faced blustery conditions in small boats for the first post-Covid-19 lockdown race organized by the Sint Maarten Yacht Club.

In the Optimist class, Caii Banting screamed down the course, taking three race



wins. Chris de Wilde, Dax Henriquez, and Adriaan Coppelmans battled for second place. At the end of the day, Chris came in second, Dax third, and Adriaan fourth.

Where the boys dominated the Opti fleet, the girls represented the Pico fleet. Skylar Peterson and Melina de Vries enjoyed a friendly competition. Skylar won the final race, claiming first place.

The RS Quest class became a family feud. Summer Jean Morton sailed with her mother, Janet Robertson; Mathijs Detering with his father, Frank Detering; and Arthur Banting with his girlfriend, Caoimhe. Once Summer and Janet warmed up after the first race, they scored the three bullets for a class win. Arthur and Caoimhe sailed consistently, but Mathijs and Frank beat them on the final race to take second place.

The Laser fleet of six showed young talent versus the experienced. Emma Lennox, who recently started racing a Laser, flourished in the heavy winds on her 4.7. Justin Pieterse, no stranger to Lasers, sailed the Radial well. Alec Scarabelli and Kai Henriquez took on Frits Bus and Han de Bruyn Kops in the Standards. Young talent dominated the top three, with Emma finishing first, Han second, and Alec third.

Serious competition was seen in the Jeanneau 20s class between Ian Martin, Garth Steyn, Robbie Ferron, and Iain Mobbs. Ian was a shocker on the course. It was his first time racing a Jeanneau 20 and he became unstoppable. He took three bullets, resulting in first place overall. Garth ended second, with Robbie hot on his heels in third place.

Not a bad day of racing for the first time back on the water!

Visit www.smyc.com for more information.

Team IWW Wins Keelboat Series in St. Maarten



Despite the swath of Sahara dust on June 21st, excellent wind conditions prevailed for the final day of racing in the Grant Thornton Keelboat Series, hosted by the Sint Maarten Yacht Club, which started last November. This was the first time since the island's Covid-19 lockdown that the local racing keelboats went back to the starting line, completing five exhilarating races.

Although the Melges 24 *Team Island Water World* captured the overall series win, another Melges 24, *Team FKG,* helmed by Andrea Scarabelli, was the victor on this last day. Third place for the day went to *Team Island Water World 2,* yet another Melges 24, crewed by a youth team slowly developing the capacity to win. Frits Bus of *Team Island Water World* said, "This was one of our best keelboat events ever, with six closely matched boats well-sailed the entire day. Everyone had a chance all the time."

For the final series' results, the clear winner out of 19 races was *Team Island Water World*. The J/70 *Team IGY*, helmed by Garth Steyn, claimed second place, and Ian Hope Ross's Melges 32, *Kick 'em Jenny*, ended third. Robbie Ferron on his Nonsuch, *Bungle Bird*, won the Cruising Division.

The season's Keelboat Series was sponsored by Grant Thornton, the global financial services company.

Visit www.smyc.com for more information.

Inaugural St. Thomas Yacht Club Invitational

On the last weekend in June, Chris Rosenberg and his 15-year-old son, Christian, won the IC24 Class and Marcus Compton topped the Hobie Wave Class in the inaugural St. Thomas Yacht Club Invitational Regatta.

With skippers hailing from all three US Virgin Islands, the British Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico, mainland USA, and Sweden, 21 boats completed ten races in variable conditions. Covid-19 protective measures included socially distanced boats, crew limited to double-handed on IC24s and single-handed on Hobie Waves, and facial buffs or masks in place.

DEAN BARNES



Chris and Christian Rosenberg lead the IC24 pack in the STYC Invitational.

"When considering how to get back out racing during the pandemic, the decision was made to sail the IC24s with two people instead of the usual five. I asked my son to crew with me, as we're in the same household. Christian tacked the jib perfectly and called all the headers and lifts. Such a great experience to have as a father," says Rosenberg.

St. Thomas residents Rosenberg and his son were separated by 22 points from the second-place winners, St. Croix's Eric Cusin and crew Peter Nielsen. After the two leaders, scores in the 13-boat IC24 Class were extremely close.

Results were almost as tight in the eight-boat Hobie Wave Class. In the last race, only two points separated Compton from St. Thomas's Julian van den Driessche, who finished second.

"I encourage others to take part in competitive and friendly classes like Hobie Waves and the IC24. While practicing safe health guidelines, the racing really pulled us through the emotionally difficult Covid-19 months," says Compton.

The STYC Invitational Regatta trophy, dedicated to Rudy Thomson and Dick Avery for their long-standing contributions to STYC and Olympic racing, was awarded to the class winners.

The 2020 STYC Invitational Regatta tests the waters for a larger event in the future, when teams from yacht clubs throughout the Caribbean, the USA, and Europe will be invited to race. Starting in 2021, the event will move to the third week in May. This time coincides with the wrap-up of the Caribbean regatta circuit and creates an extension to the territory's tourism season.

The USVI Department of Tourism is a strong supporter of the STYC Invitational Regatta. The Leatherback Brewing Company and MUTINY Island Vodka, a new spirit handcrafted from breadfruit, are co-sponsors based in St. Croix.

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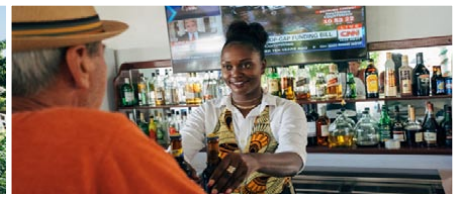
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IC24 CLASS WINNERS
1) *Bill T*, Chris Rosenberg, STT, USVI (14)
2) *Roundabout*, Eric Cusin, STX, USVI (36)
3) *Red Dog*, Fraito Lugo, Puerto Rico (43)
HOBIE WAVE CLASS WINNERS
1) Marcus Compton, STT, USVI (27)
2) Julian van den Driessche, STT, USVI (29)
3) Evan Greenberg, STT, USVI (32)
Visit https://stthomassailingcenter.com for more information about the STSC.

ON THE HORIZON

Bequia Boats to Race This Month


PAUL MITCHELL

After the cancellation of the 39th Bequia Easter Regatta due to the Covid-19 pandemic, the Bequia Sailing Club is pleased to announce a three-day weekend of sailing from Saturday, August 1st through Monday, August 3rd in Admiralty Bay, Bequia.

In addition to racing for all classes of local double-enders, the event features two days of Optimist races in cooperation with Bequia Junior Sailors. Food and drinks will be for sale under the Almond Tree in Port Elizabeth.

Contact bequiasailingclub@gmail.com for more information.

ARC 2020 Starts Confirmed

World Cruising Club reports: The starts of the ARC and ARC+ transatlantic yacht rallies for 2020 have been confirmed for November and plans were announced for a Covid-secure event.


WORLD CRUISING CLUB

Key points:
- Plans for ARC/ARC+ will include social distancing and health monitoring.
- Fleet size is limited.
- The fleet will be split into three groups with three start dates. November 8th: ARC+ all routes, November 15th: Cruising Division/Open Division for monohulls less than 18.30 metres (60 feet) LOA, and November 22nd: all other boats (Multihulls, Racing Division, and Cruising/Open Division 18.30 metres and bigger).
- There may be more than one Caribbean end destination.
- ARC+ boats are advised not to plan crew changes in Cape Verde.
- Any participant wishing to cancel or defer to next year may do so.
- New entries for 2020 are still being accepted, until new fleet limits are reached.

Visit www.worldcruising.com for more information.

J/22 Jammin' Jamaica Regatta

J/Boats reports: Jamaica's J/22 regatta will be held from December 10th through 13th in Montego Bay.

The Montego Bay Yacht Club and the Jamaica J/22 fleet have been famous for hosting one of the most entertaining and enjoyable regattas in the Caribbean. The format is simple: apply to sail the regatta with full crew or two people (the balance will be made up of local crew), get assigned to a boat or team, then go sailing!

The boat, sails, crew, and local hosts are provided (yes, accommodations too) and you get to enjoy a theme party on Saturday night way up high in the mountains where it is cool.

Visit www.mobayyachtclub.com/j22-sailing for more information.

Women's Team Highlighted for Multihull Challenge

Herb McCormick reports: The Caribbean Multihull Challenge has established itself as the major annual event for racing and cruising catamarans and trimarans throughout the islands.


LAURENS MOREL / SALTY COLOURS

Aboard the 47-foot catamaran Seaduction *at the start of the first race in 2020.*

The fleet in last February's regatta included the Fope Women's Sailing Team, an all-female international crew sponsored by Fope Fine Italian Jewelry. Sailing the Leopard 47 *Seaduction*, skippered by experienced St. Maarten sailor Stephane Ferron, the team earned the event's Spirit & Style prize.

Stephane is the daughter of local sailing legends Robbie Ferron and Cary Lee Byerly. She honed her skills for a decade, working as a professional sailor racing and cruising big yachts, before returning to St. Maarten and taking a position with Budget Marine, the company her father founded.

"Those ten years gave me a lot more confidence and opened my eyes to the male dominance in the sailing world. It's shocking how little confidence many women have, which is one of the main reasons I did this regatta with an all-woman team," she said.

The crew Stephane assembled ranged in age from 14 to 64, with all levels of sailing experience and from all walks of life. There was a fair bit of adversity to overcome during the course of the event: the jib furler line was lost, the traveler broke, and, during one windy race, they lost their steering during a tack. Stephane was able to fix the steering cable herself, something she'd never done before.

About her sponsor, Stephane said: "The Fope brand works well for women's sporting events. The jewelry is very nice and designed to be worn at all times, even while sailing. It was a good fit." She'd love to participate again next year, but would spend more time preparing, planning, and practicing to "really be ready."

The third annual Caribbean Multihull Challenge is scheduled for February 5th through 7th, 2021.

Visit www.smyc.com/caribbean-multihull-challenge for more information.

Viking and CaribPan Rallies Update

Oliver Solanas Heinrichs reports: We are working towards the Viking Explorers rally 2021, from the Canary Islands to the Caribbean, starting on January 6th. We have established contacts with new sponsors, and with an entry list of 24 boats we expect another successful event. Some crews have changed their participation to Viking Explorers 2022, with 13 entries so far.

Also, plans are well underway for the new rally CaribPan, connecting the Windward Islands with Panama via the ABC islands and Colombia. Departure will be around mid-May 2021, before hurricane season starts. Eight boats have already registered.

Visit www.vikingexplorers.eu for more information on the Viking Explorers Rally.
If you are interested in CaribPan send an e-mail to info@8islas.com.

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For the first time in its 55-year history, the annual Carriacou Regatta was postponed by a global pandemic. Along with so many other events this year, Carriacou Regatta 2020, scheduled for July 31st through August 3rd, has been canceled. But, again like so many others, the organizers have already shifted their focus to planning the 2021 edition. Meanwhile, we take pleasure in keeping the Carriacou Regatta beat going by sharing this story from 2019.

ON BOARD *SAVVY* & *JAMBALAYA*

by S. Brian Samuel



SCOTT WILKS

The Savvy *racing crew, with the author seated on the rail.*

For the second year running I had the pleasure of crewing in the Carriacou Regatta on board Danny Donelan's classic 43-foot sloop, *Savvy*. After our escapades at last year's regatta, recounted in the October 2018 edition of *Caribbean Compass* (see page 18 at www.caribbeancompass.com/online/october18compass_online.pdf), my brother Gerry in London immediately decided to join us for this year's event. My son Zack also agreed to come along; he was due to migrate from Grenada to New York within a few weeks so it would be a nice farewell trip. This year Danny and Sam would be joined by Wally Ollivierre, super sailor from Carriacou, and to top it off Danny would also bring the latest addition to the fleet: *Jambalaya*. This beautiful 73-foot schooner was built by Carriacou's master shipwright Alwyn Enoe in 2002, and would serve as our mother ship while *Savvy* got on with the serious business of racing. We're all set!

Gerry and I flew into Grenada from Barbados on the evening of Wednesday July 31st, slept a few hours at Leon Taylor's beautiful home in Pointe Salines and were dockside at Port Louis Marina at 6:00AM sharp. By 7:30 we'd loaded our gear on *Jambalaya* and upped anchor. On board were Danny, Sam and Wally, me, Gerry and Zack plus a young couple in love, Robin and Stephanie. The weather was perfect for a pleasant motor-sail up to Carriacou which we reached about 4:00PM. That evening we descended on the bright lights (?) of Tyrell Bay for an evening's entertainment, and boy did we get one.

Nicola Bresciani, a.k.a. Barracuda, is Grenada's best Italian import, or specifically Carriacou's these days, where he's opened a funky little bar on the waterfront, Barakena. I hadn't seen Barra for years and it wasn't long before the vibes started to flow, and the hunger to grow. Barra apologized and said his cook hadn't come in that evening, but he did have some chicken in the fridge; did we want to cook it? No problem. Robin from our crew took over the grill master duties and within the hour we were munching on delicious chicken and garlic bread – the best meals are always the impromptu ones. Barracuda played his heart out until as he said, "you leave." Only Barracuda can go effortlessly from Marley to Prince to Pavarotti – all in one song! Thanks Barra for an unforgettable night.

We had one slight problem: get *Savvy* off the hard. She, like the other sloops in Danny's stable, *Free* and *Zemi*, were drydocked at Carriacou Marine undergoing bottom painting and other preparatory work, but there was an issue with *Savvy's* propeller seal. That's not the kind of problem you put to sea with, so Danny hurriedly arranged for a new seal to be bought and brought up from Grenada on the next morning's *Osprey* ferry.

Next morning the *Osprey* arrived – but the prop seal didn't. Which turned out to be no problem because Wally and Sam had fixed the old seal, launched *Savvy* and sailed her over to Windward. Saturday morning we drove over to Windward and loaded up *Savvy* for the big race of the Regatta: around Carriacou. This year ten boats participated in the traditional large sloop class, same as last year. This time we'd be sailing clockwise, down the windward coast first, passing underneath Large Island at the southern tip of the chain, around the Sisters Rocks off Tyrell Bay, then an upwind leg along the lee coast and back to Windward. Sadly this year's race had none of the drama and bad weather of last year's, and the race ended up more as a pleasant cruise than anything else. I won't mention our position, except to say it wasn't last! A large group of spectators on the schooner *Scaramouche* shadowed us the whole race.

Afterwards we all gathered at the disco for the after-race party where we slaked our thirst with ice-cold Caribs (and Stag for the real men), discussed and dissected the race, devoured delicious "fish waters," and generally sat back with that satisfied smile of tiredness after a good day. Zack was bemused by the racial potpourri that was the village of Windward, where most of the locals are descended from Scottish shipwrights who washed up on Carriacou's shores centuries ago, refugees from Europe's interminable wars. "There's so many light-skinned locals and dark-skinned foreigners, I can't figure out who is whom!"

Sunday had two races scheduled: a morning race from Windward to Hillsborough and an afternoon race around the Sisters Rocks and back again. The morning race started with a long downwind leg and due to *Savvy's* lack of a spinnaker pole we got soundly dusted. The race ended at around 1:00PM and all ten boats anchored in Hillsborough, swapping stories and chilling. Nobody seemed to know if there was going to be an afternoon race. Boats rafted up, beers passed around amid sailing talk.

We took the dinghy to Kayak Café for a well-deserved lunch, but as soon as we'd ordered we noticed the flotilla of boats breaking up and raising sail. There was an afternoon race! Danny immediately canceled his lunch and said, "Guys, whoever want to come, come. No pressure; me Sam and Wally can handle this race." Those of us who were so inclined (i.e. the Young Ones) followed Danny to the dinghy and rushed out to *Savvy* while the 'Wise Ones' (i.e. old!) remained in our comfortable restaurant, enjoyed a leisurely and highly liquid lunch, and strolled around the dormant town looking for something to do or buy. Before we knew it the boats were fighting up to the finishing line — a quick race. And not just quick, triumphant!

Zack reported on the afternoon race: "Despite just ordering lunch (which I sorely needed) I wasn't about to miss this race, as we had some catching up to do and I was ready for more action. As the race had already started we boarded *Savvy* from the moving tender, in what proved to be an exciting start to an exciting race. One where good strategy and quick tacking on our part would result in a much better position than previous races, with the added pleasure of beating both of *Savvy's* stablemates and closest rivals: *Free* and *Zemi*.

"The first leg was a short upwind to an islet called Jack-a-Dan followed by a long downwind leg to the Sisters Rocks, then the final upwind dash to the line. We had a problem: although we had an old spinnaker we had no spinnaker pole, which meant that we would be sure to fall behind on the long downwind leg. Danny decided that we would indeed use the spinnaker, but we would take down the jib after the tack and attach the foot of the spinnaker to the bowsprit; a maneuver that we pulled off expertly, much to Wally's surprise. 'Danny, I never know you could handle a spinnaker so!'

"Once underway, the spinnaker performed brilliantly and we kept up with the front of the pack, rounding the Sisters still very much in competition, but beginning to lag behind our sisters *Zemi* and *Free*. It was now time for some tactical racing, which is what Wally is known for in these waters. After taking a few unorthodox longer tacks to start with, we seemed to be ahead of *Zemi* and gaining on *Free*. However, it was hard to tell so we all sat and waited, putting our faith in Wally.

—*Continued on next page*

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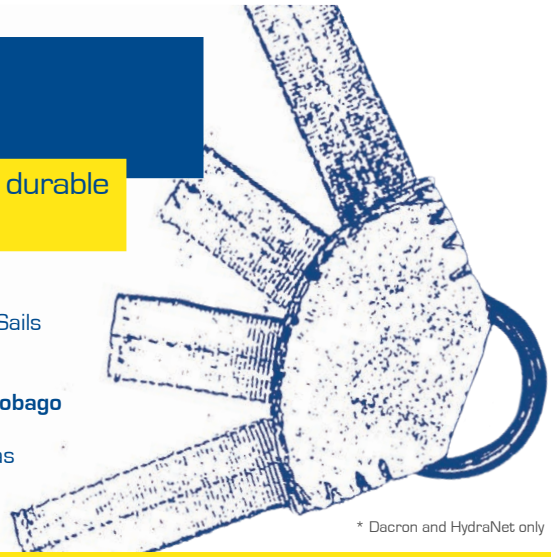
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www.DOYLECARIBBEAN.com



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—*Continued from previous page*

"In front of Sandy Island Wally took an early tack and realized that in order for *Free* to pass in front of us they would have to veer much too close to the island, and so we watched and waited for their decision. It came sooner than we anticipated: *Free* tacked a short space ahead of us, putting both boats on a collision course, but we had the advantage of being on starboard tack. We kept as close to the wind as possible to maintain our height without sacrificing speed, and at the last minute with me shouting 'STARBOARD TACK, RIGHT OF WAY!' *Free* was forced to throw in another tack, giving *Savvy* the ultimate advantage and a cheer from our crew as we knew we were in the lead!



The 73-foot schooner Jambalaya, *built in 2002, was our mother ship.*

"We finished the race a mere boat's length ahead of *Free*, with them looming large behind us and doing their best to bridge the gap, and with *Zemi* also close on our tail. With all the obstacles against us, this was a coup for our plucky crew and a third place finish was a huge victory for us. We sat back and basked in Wally's clever tactics and Danny's excellent use of the spinnaker. A race so close meant that every little part of it was key to our victory. We all felt very accomplished and looked forward to our well-deserved late lunch, and a night of 'ole talk' and libations!"

On Sunday a charter group of five joined us on board *Jambalaya* so Gerry, Zack and I moved out of "business class" onto *Savvy*, although *Jamba* still functioned as the mother ship. The charterers were a cool group and now between both boats there were eleven people. That evening we all took a taxi to the Lazy Turtle for the best pizza in Grenada, Carriacou and Petite Martinique. Sadly we were told that the Turtle, a stalwart of Tyrell Bay for the past six years, would be closing down at the end of August 2019. She will be sorely missed.

Monday morning was the last race of the regatta but we had a problem on both boats: supplies. Ice is a boat's best friend and we were running dangerously low on it, as well as on other essentials such as beer, rum and food, too. During regatta time every shop in Hillsborough is closed — fête before business! — but we heard that the new supermarket in Tyrell Bay was open. So while Danny, Wally and Sam raced on *Savvy*, a group of us drove to Tyrell Bay for supplies. We got back to find that *Savvy* had had her best result yet in the regatta, a very respectable third. Just goes to show what can happen when you leave it to the pros!

Thus ended the business side of the regatta — now for some fun! The end-of-regatta party was famous for its special events and high jinx, but sadly most of that was lacking this year. No donkey races, no musical chairs (where I wanted to defend my title), no maypole dancers and worst of all everyone's favourite was absent: the greasy pole. In fact in general this year's regatta lacked the spark of old, and there were fewer boats, too, particularly the workboat class, which was almost empty. Not that any of that mattered at the prizegiving, where *Savvy* proudly collected her cash prizes and an awful lot of rum. And a jolly good time was had by all!

Gerry, Zack and I send a huge thank-you to Danny, Wally and Sam, stalwarts of Savvy Sailing (www.sailingsavvy.com). They put on a seriously satisfying service! A word on *Jambalaya*: I can't speak too highly of this boat, absolutely beautiful. Not just beautiful but practical and well laid out – and spacious too, no bending down necessary! If you want a comfortable sailing trip up the islands in a boat laden with history, then *Jamba* is the one for you. Give Danny a call at (473) 409-3255. End of commercial!

Credit is due to the organizers of Carriacou Regatta; despite the glitches it still was a wonderful week's event. The Grenada government and private sector are to be congratulated for their sponsorship of this important event, and providing financial support to boat owners to help them compete — these wooden boats are *very* expensive to maintain. It's great to see this 200-year old boat building tradition in the Windward Islands being kept alive. Bravo!

The Boat Builders of Windward

by Don Street

About 20 years ago I arrived at the Ottley Hall shipyard on St. Vincent at lunch time. No one was around so I found myself a shady spot in the shed over the dry dock, which had in it a tug from Trinidad. The skipper of the tug introduced himself with a real Scottish name. He said he was originally from Windward, Carriacou, where his family had been boat builders for generations.

I asked how his forebears had ended up in Carriacou. He replied that they emigrated in the middle 1700s from Scotland to North Carolina, then to Canada, then to the Bahamas and finally to Carriacou. He said he could not understand why they emigrated from North Carolina to Canada.

I didn't know his family, but I explained a possible reason. During the American war for independence (1776 to 1783) the Carolinas were split between the rebels and the loyalists. There was a big Scottish population, many of whom were loyalist but others supported the rebel cause. The rebels won the battle of King's Mountain, and the Carolinas joined the other states in independence from England. The loyalists were driven out; most emigrated to Canada.

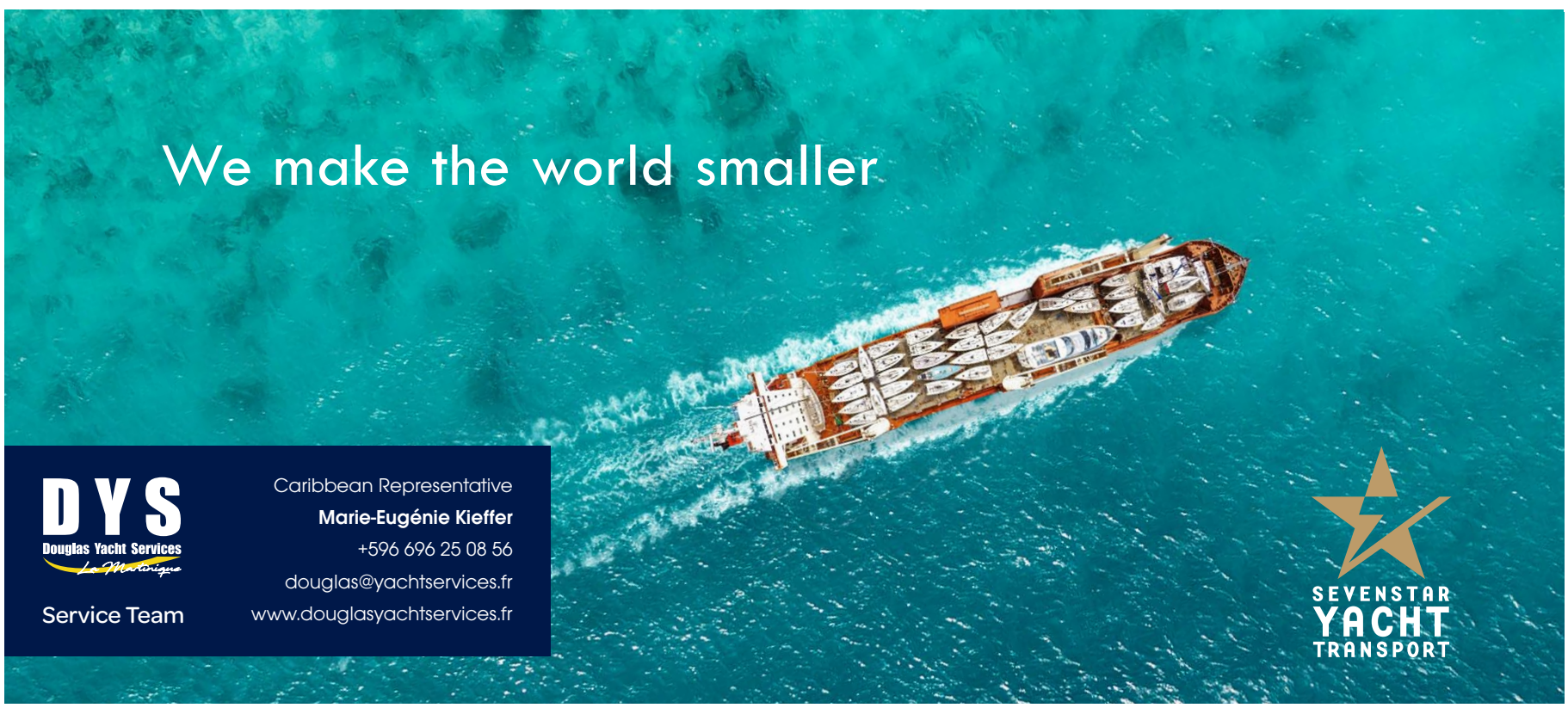


A. ROGERS

Boat building in Carriacou — a time-honored tradition.

Evidently some then decided that Canada was too cold and moved to the Bahamas. The islands were warm and dry but definitely not prosperous. In contrast, the islands of the Eastern Caribbean were so wealthy that when the French captured St. Kitts the British were willing to exchange all of Canada for it. However, Rodney won the Battle of the Saints and the British recaptured St Kitts, so they kept St. Kitts and Canada.

Some of the Scots who left the Bahamas ended up in Windward, where their boat-building skills were put to good use. Look for the "Mc" preface to many of the surnames of the boat builders there to this day.



Sailing Down to Bequia

by David H. Lyman

The four of us — my wife, Julie; daughter Renaissance, age 11 (here called Sauncy); son Havana, age eight; and myself, having just turned 70 — were living aboard *Searcher*, the family's Bowman 57 ketch. We were on a year-long adventure, exploring the island chain of the Eastern Caribbean while attempting to boat school the kids. We'd arrived in the BVI in late November, having made the offshore voyage down from Maine with the NARC Rally. We had to be in Bequia for our daughter's 12th birthday and to spend Christmas with Maine friends who have a home there.

It was time to get moving.

Virgin Gorda to Guadeloupe

For weeks, I'd been on SSB with Chris Parker from Caribbean Weather looking for a possible weather window.

"You'll have maybe two days of winds north of east beginning tomorrow," he said. "Then the winds will clock back 'round to east then east-southeast." Time to go.

We departed Road Town on Wednesday, December 16th, 2009, exited the relative tranquility of the BVI via Bald Rock Passage at 3:45PM.

As we left the lee of Virgin Gorda we were in 20 knots of wind and big seas, both just forward of the beam. Uncomfortable, but doable. The kids were complaining. This section of the Caribbean is notorious for being a difficult and rough passage, if you're heading southeast. The winds are always on the nose and the seas rolling in from Africa can be huge. There is also a one- to two-knot current setting you west, which can make any sane sailor think twice about leaving the BVI.

As we proceeded southeast, the seas diminished, as Chris said they would. The wind remained east-northeast, and things quieted down after dark. The currents played with us all night as the boat speed would jump to seven and a half knots for an hour, then drop to four and a half, and the course-made-good would change by 20 degrees. The night sky was cloudless, filled with stars. The autopilot had gone out when we left Maine in September, so Julie and I shared the hand steering throughout the night. We passed freighters, cruise ships and yachts heading in the opposite direction.

Julie called me on deck around 3:00AM, concerned that we were going to run into Saba island, visible as a black mound on the horizon and barely discernible against the star-filled sky. But the radar showed that we were still 20 miles away — too far away for concern. I went back to bed, then relieved her at 4:00AM.

We slid by Saba on her lee side, a pre-dawn glow to the east. Lights outlined the steep road to Bottom, the village at the top of the island. As dawn arrived, Havana came on deck to watch Saba slip behind us, its rugged cliffs and two volcanic cones catching the first rays of sun. A lone fisherman in an open skiff waved as he sped by on his way to the banks.

Once past Saba, we were sailing along in the lee of the small islands to windward: Eustatia, St. Kitts, and Nevis. I entered a waypoint in the chart plotter to the southern tip of Montserrat, 90 miles farther down the chain.

The sun rose, Julie was up preparing breakfast. The kids were on deck looking for flying fish that might have landed. They found three. You can smell them. The wind was east at 15 knots. The islands slid by us all day, their volcanoes' cones topped with plumes of white clouds, their slopes of green fields and forests sliding down to the sea. On the lee sides of the islands we were protected from the Atlantic swells. It was like sailing on a lake. We had all sails up and we were doing between seven and eight knots.

As we neared Montserrat, still an active volcano, I turned on the radar to see how thick the ash cloud might be. It showed up, like a rain shower might. The chart plotter showed an exclusion zone around the southern tip. I guess just in case the island blew its top again.

Fifteen miles from Montserrat, we could see a cloud of pale-colored ash cloud steaming off the peak. Julie hauled out the *World and Oceans* reference books and held a geography class with the kids in the cockpit. The cloud was spilling down the southwest side of the island and drifting out to sea on the tradewinds. We were heading right for that cloud. As we approached my eyes began to itch and the kids began complaining about dust in the air. It got thicker and thicker. I donned a face mask, and the kids put on swimming goggles. Julie stayed below. While the mask helped keep the gritty ash out of our eyes, I was now tasting volcanic ash. As the sun set, the dust settled over the boat and ourselves, a gritty, pale ash with specks of black and brown. It took us two hours to pass through the cloud. It was dark when I took off the mask.

We motored into the night, heading for the village of Deshaies, a small harbor on the northwest coast of the French island of Guadeloupe.

—Continued on next page

Leap-Frogging the Islands

We had to be in Bequia before Christmas. It was already mid-December and we were still in the BVI. As a straight shot from here, Bequia is 380 nautical miles, south-southeast. We could do it in three days, but we'd already spent three weeks at sea sailing down from Maine. The kids were not happy about the prospect. Neither was I. The wind would be on the nose and the autopilot wasn't working, which meant hand-steering all the way. The wife was not keen on the idea.

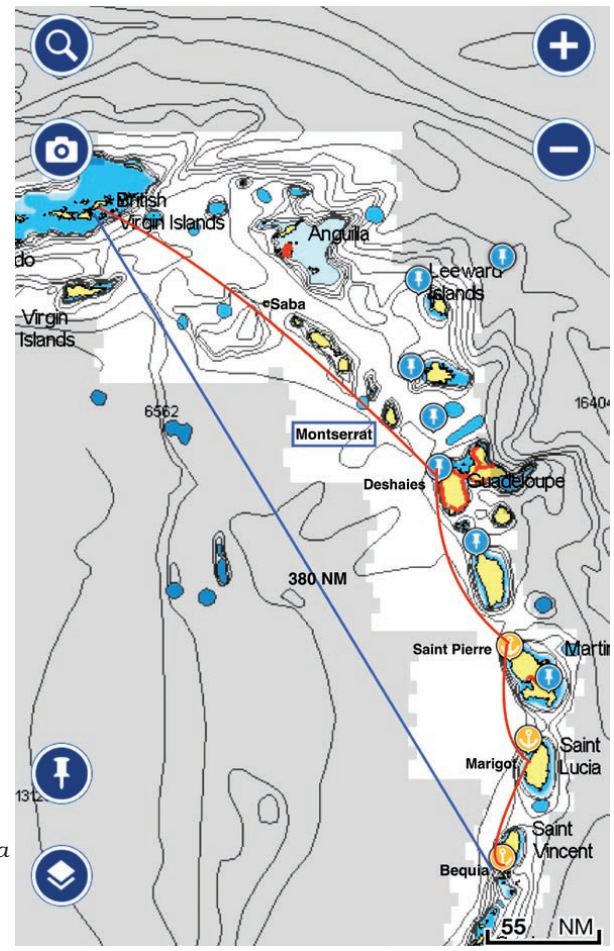
"What are our alternatives?" she asked.

"We leap-frog down the island chain. Stopping each night to sleep."

"How long will that take?" the three of them asked.

"Five days. I'll show you." I pulled out Don Street's Imray chart of the Eastern Caribbean. "We leave the BVI, sail southeast past Saba, Statia, St. Kitts, Nevis and Montserrat, and stop in Deshaies on Guadeloupe," I said, tracing the route with my finger. "We sail along the coast of Guadeloupe, south past Dominica to St. Pierre on Martinique. We can anchor there for the night. Next day, it's on to Rodney Bay on St. Lucia. Then, it'll be a long day past St. Vincent and on into Bequia."

I had no intention of clearing with Customs or Immigration at each stop, as it would have added days to our trip. [*Editor's note: Especially since the Covid pandemic, this practice is not recommended. Island authorities are very much concerned about who is in their waters. Current best practice, if you just want to arrive in a country, anchor for the night without going ashore, and depart the country's waters in the morning, is to contact the relevant authorities in advance and let them know your intentions. Generally they are happy to give permission for such stops, and if you are confronted you are covered.*]



Right: Route map BVI to Bequia

Below: Searcher, *our Bowman 57 foot ketch, at anchor at Norman Island, BVI.*





Montserrat: a gray cloud of volcanic ash streams from her peak.



Right: Geology class seems like a good idea, with volcanic ash spilling down the slope of Soufriere mountain ahead.

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I'd been in there twice before, once at night. With the aid of radar, I felt comfortable entering after dark. I could see the narrow entrance and the boats anchored there. It was 11:30PM on December 17th when we dropped the hook in 40 feet of water.



Above: Mount Pelee rises above the village of St. Pierre on Martinique. The anchorage is on a narrow shelf along the beach.

Below: Searcher *glides by the Pitons on light winds, motor-sailing south to Bequia.*

Right: Dad joins the kids for a leap into Admiralty Bay, Bequia.

Julie and I showered off the volcanic dust and fell into our bunks, tired but grateful for one of the most delightful days under sail I've experienced. We were now safe in a harbor. The kids had been asleep since 8:00PM.

At daybreak next morning, I began sluicing off the ash with buckets of sea water when the kids ran on deck shouting to stop. They had to collect samples for show-and-tell when back in school. It would take a really heavy rain shower to rid the boat of the ash that had crept into every conceivable crevice.



Guadeloupe to St. Lucia

We were underway at 8:00AM, motoring down the west coast of Guadeloupe, its mountainous peaks capped in clouds. Like a dam, these tall Windward Islands trap the tradewinds and their moisture. This results in huge annual rainfalls on the eastern sides of the mountains, creating cascading rivers, 300-foot waterfalls and a vibrant green rainforests. These 3,000-foot mountains also steal the wind, leaving the waters in their lee calm and peaceful.

There are precious few places to anchor a boat on the western sides of these large islands, especially anchorages one can enter after dark. but there are enough. Deshaies on Guadeloupe is one. The next is Prince Rupert Bay on the northwest tip of Dominica, then St. Pierre on the northwest tip of Martinique, then Ste. Anne at the southern end of Martinique. Rodney Bay on the northwest tip of St. Lucia is next. There are a few suitable anchorages on the west coast of St. Vincent, but there is an ideal harbor just eight or so miles farther south in Admiralty Bay, Port Elizabeth on the island of Bequia. This was our destination.

Between each of the islands lies 20 to 30 miles of open ocean with all that that entails: larger seas, strong winds and a current of a knot or more on the beam. Challenging sailing. Add to this the Bernoulli Effect, which accelerates wind passing through a narrowed gap, and any sailor will have his or her hands full. Going south, a sailboat has no wind or light, often contrary winds, in the lee of these large islands. We motored for a few hours each day as we passed through the windless lee of each island. Upon approaching the southern tip of each island we were faced with winds more on the nose, as the winds and seas bent in around the islands. We fell off, sailing more westerly, then straightening out in the middle of each passage as the winds and seas came around to the east. But add to this one knot or more of west-setting current, and it was hard to hold a course to the next island. Then, as we neared the northern tip of each island, the wind and seas swung around to the northeast and we were able to make up some of what we'd lost.

On our third night out of the BVI, we dropped the hook on a narrow shelf off St. Pierre on Martinique, a statue on the hill standing guard above us. This sprawling town runs along a beach, under the cone of Mt. Pelee. This volcano last erupted in 1902, wiping out nearly the entire population of 30,000. The town has since been rebuilt, but not to the scale it was in the late 1800s. St. Pierre is a delightful setting. Green fields flow down the shoulder of the now dormant volcano to the village in the bay. This is one place we'll revisit on our trip back north.

Early Saturday morning we set off again, motor-sailing down the coast of Martinique past more mountains and valleys. Then, with a brisk wind and spray flying, an on-the-nose sail across 25 miles of open ocean to the lee of Dominica. We did not stop as we still had half a day of daylight. So on we motor-sailed down the flank of Dominica, then bashed our way across another 20 miles of open sea. As we entered the lee of St. Lucia we were too far to the west to reach Rodney Bay. The only option was the tiny inlet of Marigot, halfway down the coast of St. Lucia.

We arrived at this hole in the wall at 5:30PM, just as the sun was setting. A local fellow in a colorful wooden skiff offered to rent us a mooring for $25. I told him I'd prefer to anchor, and asked him where. He pointed to the left side of the channel, which agrees with Doyle's guide book. Julie dropped the anchor on the edge of the channel in 50 feet of water, telling me repeatedly that we were in the channel. I knew this, but the boat ahead was also anchored in the channel. However, the wind had him sitting safely outside the channel. I trusted we'd do the same. We didn't. I told Julie to haul up the anchor. She couldn't. It was stuck on the bottom. No amount of maneuvering and hauling could budge it.

Julie made dinner, the kids and I launched the dinghy off the aft deck and mounted the engine. It was already dark, and there was no way I was going to go diving in this strange harbor, not in 60 feet of water, not at 70 years of age. That night, I lay awake envisioning what the bottom might look like. The chain could be wrapped around a boulder, the anchor could be lodged under a ledge, or caught on a cable or an abandoned ship's anchor. It had been a few years since I'd taught underwater photography in the BVI, but since I had my scuba gear on board, I figured I could dive on the anchor in morning.

If I couldn't retrieve the anchor, we could be stuck here for days. We'd have to clear in. That takes a full day. Pay a diver from the marina. This could cost me a few hundred. And we'd miss our Bequia rendezvous.

I ran the dive procedure over and over in my mind that night. If the anchor was jammed I would have to extract it backward, requiring another line.

I briefed the team on what was about to take place, then lowered my dive gear into the dinghy. Saucy and I climbed aboard, and we pulled around to the bow of *Searcher*. On deck, Julie was in charge of the windlass, Havana in charge of a spare anchor line. I climbed into my BC and slipped over the side. Havana lowered the spare line; his job was to keep it taut and to wait for my signal. Two tugs would mean haul up the anchor. Three tugs would mean let out more chain. No tugs would mean I'm on the way back up.

I adjusted my mask, checked the airflow in the mouthpiece, and descended into the blue-gray murk. I balanced the buoyancy of the BC with my weight belt and descended slowly, clearing my ears as I went. Concentrate. Focus. Push the fear away. I centered my attention on the descent. The bottom came into view. The seabed was mud, strewn with clumps of dead coral. There was the Bruce anchor, wedged in between two large coral boulders. I grabbed the anchor shank and gave it a shove. The anchor moved. Good. I tied off the spare line to the chain to free my hands, then, standing in the mud, I pulled the anchor back. Moving about had stirred up the silt so thick that visibility was poor to nonexistent. I was now feeling my way around. I dislodged the anchor and heaved it over the two boulders. One more heave and the anchor now sat in a clear field of mud, no obstacles to foul it again. I retrieved the spare line, gave it two strong yanks, and began my ascent. I remembered something about 60 feet being a depth at which dive tables come into play, meaning I'd have to pause to "off gas." I was impatient to get to the surface to tell Julie to get *Searcher's* engine started and raise the anchor, but I dared not rush.

I broke the surface and told Julie to get underway. Sauncy helped me out of the BC and tank, then pulled my weight belt into the dinghy. I was able to haul myself over the side of the inflatable. We pulled the dinghy around to the stern ladder, and I climbed aboard, noting that we were already past the channel marker, heading out to sea, the anchor catted on its roller in the bow. No diver to pay for and no mooring fee to shell out. Two hundred yards off the harbor entrance we drifted in order to haul up the outboard and secure the dinghy on its chocks on the aft deck. With luck, our next stop would be Bequia.

St. Lucia to Bequia

As we slid south in the lee of St. Lucia, the twin peaks of the island's famous Pitons appeared over the hills. They came into full view an hour later, green, steep and primal. I had the feeling we were back at the dawn of time when the earth was just being formed.

It was 20 miles across open ocean to the shores of St. Vincent. Before we left the lee of St. Lucia, we could see the towering peak of La Soufriere on St. Vincent, its 3,000-foot summit wreathed in clouds. We experienced the same wind patterns as with all the other passages, winds on the nose, then on the beam, then on the quarter. Coming into the lee of St. Vincent, I dropped a fishing line over the stern and within ten minutes had a fish on. But it must have been an 80-pound tuna, for it broke the leader before I could get to the reel and release the brake. So much for my favorite lure, the one that caught all the mahi-mahi on the way down from Bermuda.



It was at sunset when we made the crossing to the lee of Bequia. The wind was down to 15 knots and the swells and waves were a great deal calmer.

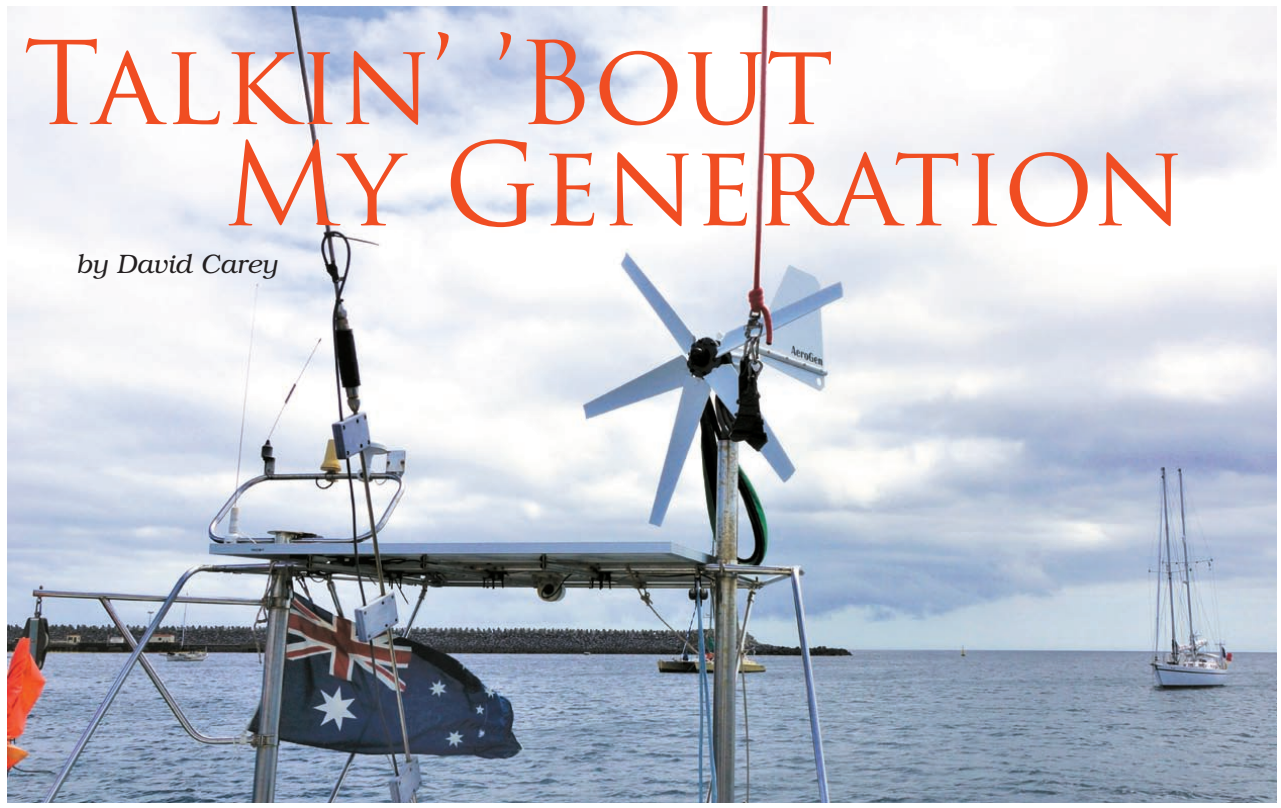
What a delightful way to finish off our five days of leap-frogging down the islands. We entered Admiralty Bay at 7:30PM. The radar told us where the other boats were anchored. I picked a vacant spot off Lower Bay's beach and dropped the hook in 30 feet of water.

We made our rendezvous and spent a month in Bequia.

The Lyman family continued their exploration of the Eastern Caribbean all that winter, spending time in Grenada, Union Island and the Tobago Cays, Martinique, Dominica and Antigua, before sailing back to Maine.

Talkin' 'Bout My Generation

by David Carey



Luckily, a replacement blade was sourced.

I love my wind generator. In the Caribbean, where the tradewinds blow day and night, the constant power created by this little gem makes me feel at peace. But it wasn't always this way. It's been a tumultuous relationship. From worn-out shaft bearings that caused our aft cabin to sound like we were living in a Mack truck, to failed rectifiers, kids' fishing lines tangled in the main shaft, and the eventual destruction of a fan blade caused by a wayward halyard that holds the boys' favourite Ikea swing, my Aerogen 600 has had a tough life.

Learning the ins and outs of your boat is something that happens pretty quickly to a liveaboard cruiser. Without the daily grind of school drop-offs and work to attend to, there is much more time to focus on the things that matter, like maintaining your boat. The systems that have the biggest impact on day-to-day life are always given the first priority. Is the fridge running? Is there propane to cook with? Is there clean water in the tanks? Do the toilets work? Taking the time to learn how to maintain these systems is imperative, and once they are mastered, or at least sorted, other items on the boat can be looked at. My wind generator fell into the second category.

My knowledge of wind generators was limited. However, it didn't take long for a job that was on the back burner to move to the frontline, which is often how it feels on a boat, like you are in a war, battling to keep on top of the maintenance, winning and losing ground every day. As the shaft bearings in the unit began to degenerate, the racket in our aft cabin was so loud that when people would stop by for sundowners they couldn't believe my wife and I could sleep there. I'm a typical human. I fear what I don't know, and I had never worked on an Aerogen 600 before, so I put it off until my wife was at her wit's end, tired and frustrated.

Replacing shaft bearings

Replacing the shaft bearings is a fairly easy task. Remove the fan blade assembly as a whole by unscrewing the internal hex-head fastener that screws into the shaft; there is also a C-clip that must be pried off. Wiggle the hub from the main shaft; it is not overly heavy once off the shaft. With the hub and blades removed, the clamping screw at the base of the main body mount can be loosened, and from here the body of the unit can be raised slightly and removed from its pole mount. The two wires from the unit will still be attached at this stage. Hopefully, there will be some quick-disconnect wiring connectors in the wiring. If not, the wiring can be cut and connectors installed for easy reinstallation. With the unit at deck level, open the rear case by removing the small screws. There is an O-ring under the cover which will need to be refitted later to ensure water cannot enter the unit.



The author and his wife. Knowing that the batteries are charged is conducive to relaxed living aboard.

From here it is simply a matter of removing another shaft circlip and then pushing down on the shaft to pop it out of its recess. As the shaft is held in place by strong magnets, you have to be careful not to get your hands caught in the wrong place. The magnets have enough power to pull the shaft back into the unit — you won't have time to get your fingers out of the way! With the shaft removed, the bearings are clearly visible in the housing of the main body. Tap them out with a piece of timber while keeping them square with the body so as not to damage the housing. The new bearings must match the manufacturer's recommendations. These bearings are sealed units.

With the unit greased and reinstalled, the difference in noise and vibration was like night and day. Barely a hum could be heard, and the feeling of contentment knowing this problem cost only about 50 dollars to fix, was well worth the effort.

Replacing rectifiers

Rectifiers are the units inside your wind generator that turn the AC power created by the copper windings and magnets in the unit into DC power that can be absorbed by your batteries.

When the output voltage of my Aerogen abruptly diminished to nothing, this little rectangular diode was the cause. After I had scoured the island of Grenada, visiting every electrical store, chandlery and marine electrician I could find, a replacement rectifier could not be located. This is often the case in parts of the Caribbean where obscure parts can be hard to source. A quick search online found that the part itself is only an eight US dollar item; however, it's the time, money and effort spent on Customs procedures that makes it difficult to order parts into the country. One of the best things about living in a cruising community is that when people come and go from their boats (hint: make friends with lots of Americans) they can bring you back spare parts in their luggage.

After removing the burned-out rectifier and fitting the new item, which only required taking out one mounting bolt and re-soldering five wires, the precious voltage was flowing once again.

Entanglements

With a boat full of kids who have no understanding of the delicate nature of a perfectly balanced, spinning fiberglass engineering marvel, I am always a little nervous when I see my three young boys at the stern of the boat with a casting rod in hand, or a bow, shooting plastic arrows into the water with ropes tied to them. It turns out my unrest is completely warranted, as I have had to unravel incredibly annoying lengths of fishing line from the wind generator's shaft, after a wayward cast landed a fishing lure directly into the spinning blades, stripping line off the reel like a hooked tuna, and leaving the generator looking like a bird's nest. Or when the boys left their Ikea soft swing — which is attached to the main halyard and used to swing off the side of the boat — flying in the wind. It inevitably got caught in the Aerogen and ripped a blade clean off with an almighty bang. How the adjacent solar panels weren't smashed, I will never know. Luckily, a replacement blade was sourced.

All of these mishaps can be repaired for a minimal cost, but perhaps a little time.

Wind power to the rescue

I have noticed that when my Aerogen has been out of action awaiting repairs, my battery bank always seems to suffer. During everyday life on a boat with small kids, it's things like iPads, phones, rechargeable batteries and laptops that drain battery banks. To charge these units requires the use of an inverter, an item than in itself draws amps as soon as you turn it on. When the sun is out, there is usually no problem with the solar panels at maximum output, but of course, this is when these power-hungry items are in use, so naturally, when we all go to bed for the night, the devices are left on charge ready for the next day. It's times like these that my wind generator comes to the rescue. With a nice breeze of ten to 15 knots, it will have 12 hours to work its magic.

Solutions like these become important to keep the stress levels on the boat down. Ratty kids, a wife who can't work on her laptop, or a captain constantly stressing out about the state of his battery bank, is not conducive to good times.

During a long passage, wind generators really come into play. They are the workhorses of power generation, providing the constant charge required to keep vital systems on the boat up and running. On our recent Atlantic Ocean crossing, our wind generator helped to keep the batteries in a workable condition. Nighttime sailing is when power draw is at its highest. Running lights, autopilot, chart plotter, VHF, AIS, interior lighting, radio, and radar all form part of what I consider to be a safe offshore boat. Our battery bank is relatively small, at only 440 amp hours from four lead-acid batteries, so power sources like my wind generator are crucial.

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Worth the effort

As far as I can tell the only downsides of a wind generator are the noise it creates and, depending on the unit, the maintenance. If the shaft bearings are replaced and the fan assembly balanced, the hum created by the unit is minimal. Replacing a blown rectifier is not an overly difficult task, and chasing wiring problems is an everyday part of cruiser life anyway.

On a boat, life is about compromise. For what my wind generator gives me, I am more than happy to sacrifice my time and effort. When the wind isn't blowing and I find the voltage reading at 12.2 it's a bad start to the day. Any real cruiser will know this feeling! But in the tradewinds I am often pleasantly surprised to find my battery bank on 12.8 volts first thing in the morning, having received its overnight charge.





Above: Devices are left on charge overnight, when the solar panels are asleep but the wind generator is working its magic.

Left: I am always nervous when I see the kids at the stern, shooting plastic arrows into the water with ropes tied to them.



GRENADA MARINE
BOATYARD | MARINA | RESTAURANT

SPECIALTY STORAGE
One-piece steel cradles // Tiedown Anchors throughout // Storage areas by boat type

REPAIRS, REFITS & MAINTENANCE
Fiberglass & Exotic composite // AwlGrip-AwlCraft Painting // Electrical & Electronic // HVAC
Mechanical // Rigging & Canvas // Sail Loft // Woodwork & Carpentry
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GUIDING CHRIS DOYLE

by Lynn Kaak

If you spend enough time in the Eastern Caribbean, it is inevitable that you'll meet cruising guide author Chris Doyle. Chris has been in Caribbean for decades, and loves to hike, so it would be easy to assume that he has "been there, done that" on every island between St. Martin and Tobago. For the most part that is true, but it has been a goal of mine to show him things that he may not have seen before. When Chris was finally sprung from the inaugural batch of quarantined boats in Grenada, he was ready to stretch his legs, and I was too, after months of various levels of lockdown.



CHRIS DOYLE (2)

Chris had already gone to Golden Falls, a fairly new addition to the hiking scene in Grenada (see www.caribbeancompass.com/online/july19compass_online.pdf)), so that wasn't necessarily an option. However, a local tour operator who is a friend was doing one of his "Adventure Sundays" (Real Grenadian Taxi & Tours, tel (473) 418-1921) and gave me the idea of bringing Chris to Adelphi Waterfalls. I enlisted my friend Rolf into our group (both for his company and for his ability to transport us), as he had not been to those falls yet, either.

Adelphi Waterfalls

Chris and Rolf had a shared bit of history.

After our hike, Rolf confessed that he kept saying to himself "Yeah, that's Chris Doyle, but wait, no, it couldn't be." It ends up that Rolf's childhood memories of Chris were of a taller man.

We visited Grand Etang, where we observed George, the Mona monkey, going through his paces for some pieces of banana. After that, we drove the couple of miles to where we would park the van. Now I had to be the guide. We followed a dirt farm road (only slightly better than a couple of ruts in the dirt) past nutmeg, cocoa and other crops. We waved to a farmer working, and continued on. I must admit that I took a wrong turn, as my memory had us turning off onto a trail earlier than I had thought. We crossed the river and headed upstream, but it was at this point that I knew I was wrong, as there should have been an obvious trail. The farmer kindly pointed and explained the correct route, which was less complicated than what I had subjected the guys to.

We finally found the correct route and forded the river again, following the correct trail which was guarded by a "No Trespassing, violators will be FIERCELY prosecuted" sign, right next to the obvious trail. None of us had a clue as to what "fiercely" had to do with it, and we continued on.

Adelphi Falls, at least that day after a minimal rain, was a cascade of water running down over the dark volcanic rock face, with the water flowing over and around protuberances. For the last 20 or so feet the water falls freely, as there is a cave behind the falls. I could walk behind the chute and only get slightly splashed. The pool below is deep enough for a dip, if one so chooses.

Rolf and I chose to climb the trail — yes, climb, with rocks and roots — to the pool above the falls. We saw some rapids, and found out after that the pool for swimming was actually farther upstream than we had checked. Chris decided that it wasn't worth the scramble up, but stayed below, gathering garbage left by previous visitors.

We hiked back out and came upon Henrickson the farmer again. We chatted farming with him, and he was a wealth of information on everything from nutmeg to sweet potatoes. He works a fairly large area and like many farmers in Grenada, he has a variety of different crops growing together. Grenadian farmers figured out long ago that monocultures don't work as well as this method.

We drove back up to Grand Etang for a walk by the crater lake, and to enjoy a cold beverage. We also had the chance to enjoy our conversation with another farmer, Penny. He has managed, just by gleaning what he can from the internet, to perfect the growing of lettuce and other popular vegetables. All of it without chemicals. Sargassum weed is utilized for fertilizer, eggshells for the calcium for the tomatoes, temperature control for effective germination — it works, as his lettuce is market ready in four weeks instead of six.

Next stop was to a rum shop overlooking Clarkes Court Bay. This is Rolf's neighbourhood, and an area that Chris had not visited for a while, possibly since Don Street lived in that area in 1970s. With a fantastic view of the southern bays and the boats anchored there, cold beers in our hands and a breeze cooling us, it was a delightful way to end our day. For Chris and Rolf, it was a chance to talk about Grenada, then and now. For me, it was a chance to have friends from different backgrounds meet, and a hike is always welcome. We all agreed that was a good day, with our random conversations with strangers as big a part of it as the hikes and the views.

Le Casse Falls

Knowing that Chris was not familiar with a certain area made the next hike easy to choose. This time it was with my friend Ian, a Grenadian by choice who had left England a couple of decades ago, well read, and previously employed as a tour guide. I figured that he and Chris would find something to talk about. Ian and I have a deal that every Thursday we hike together, whether it be to recce a potential Hash trail or just beat up our hiking shoes some more. For Ian, it is also a chance to take copious amounts of pictures.

Le Casse Falls were the destination for this trip. We drove to another friend's home "up in de country" and met up with Kitson, our guide (tel (473) 535-9435). This was my first time to these falls, but not my first meeting with Kitson. We drove up and got moving.

A walk through a small village soon melded into an easy hike along a water pipe. The occasional defunct aqueduct provided a bridge over some small cuts, and we continued on to a river. We came to the point where continuing left took us to Golden Falls, and right took us to, for three of us, uncharted territory. Multiple river crossings led us to the first particularly scenic site, a split in a boulder that created a grotto for a small waterfall to make its way through.

—*Continued on next page*

Left: You can walk behind Adelphi Falls into a cave.

Below: George the Mona monkey went through his paces for some pieces of banana.









CHRIS DOYLE (3)

—Continued from previous page

This was where it was amusing, as Chris and Ian are both fond of photography, but neither is particularly fond of posing (Ian less so than Chris). I was their hapless victim, er, model, as they happily snapped away.

A slightly nerve-racking climb and a little cutlass work through heliconia brought us to Le Casse Falls. They are a bridal veil fall, meaning that the water is spread horizontally along the precipice, as opposed to being a columnar mass of rushing water. This is one of the very few waterfalls that any of us have seen that doesn't have a pool at the bottom; the water hits flat rocks and then courses down the river without a pause.

Chris and Ian chatted photography as we hiked back to our starting point to enjoy a cold drink together. Again, an excellent hike with two friends. And I had succeeded in showing Chris Doyle some parts of Grenada he hadn't explored yet!

Top: Part of the way to Le Casse was an easy walk along a water pipe.

Above & Left: Le Casse is one of the very few waterfalls that any of us have seen that doesn't have a pool at the bottom.

Below: I had succeeded in showing Chris Doyle some parts of Grenada he hadn't explored yet.



IAN BLAIKIE



LIFE AFTER SWALLOWING THE ANCHOR

by Julie Lea

Morris Nicholson, a charterboat skipper in the West Indies in the half-century after World War II, died on June 24th. The following article about him appeared in the August 2009 issue of Caribbean Compass. *Morris was also the subject of a series of articles by Richard Dey, "Adventures in the Trade Wind," that ran in 2003 and 2004.*

Is there life after swallowing the anchor? Ask Morris Nicholson, age 81, of Hill House, Bequia, and he'll tell you "yes."

Morris spent most of the last half of the 20th century on water, under sail. Seventy-two years ago, he and his dad launched a rowboat with a curtain-rod mast, a pink bedsheet sail, and a broken-oar rudder into the icy waters of the North Sea. The aptly named *Sieve* was his first experience of "messing around in boats," he says. She was quickly replaced by a ten-foot gunter-rigged sailing dinghy, and later, a 28-foot gaff-rigged Dragon Class sailboat. What began as childhood play, sailing these boats with his father, brother, and two sisters on the Deben River, near their home in Woodbridge, England, led to 35 years of adventures in Atlantic, Mediterranean, and Caribbean waters, calling on scores of ports along the way, long before "travel" became "tourism."

JULIE LEA



Morris's sculptures in wood evolved from a hobby of turning wooden bowls and vases on a lathe.

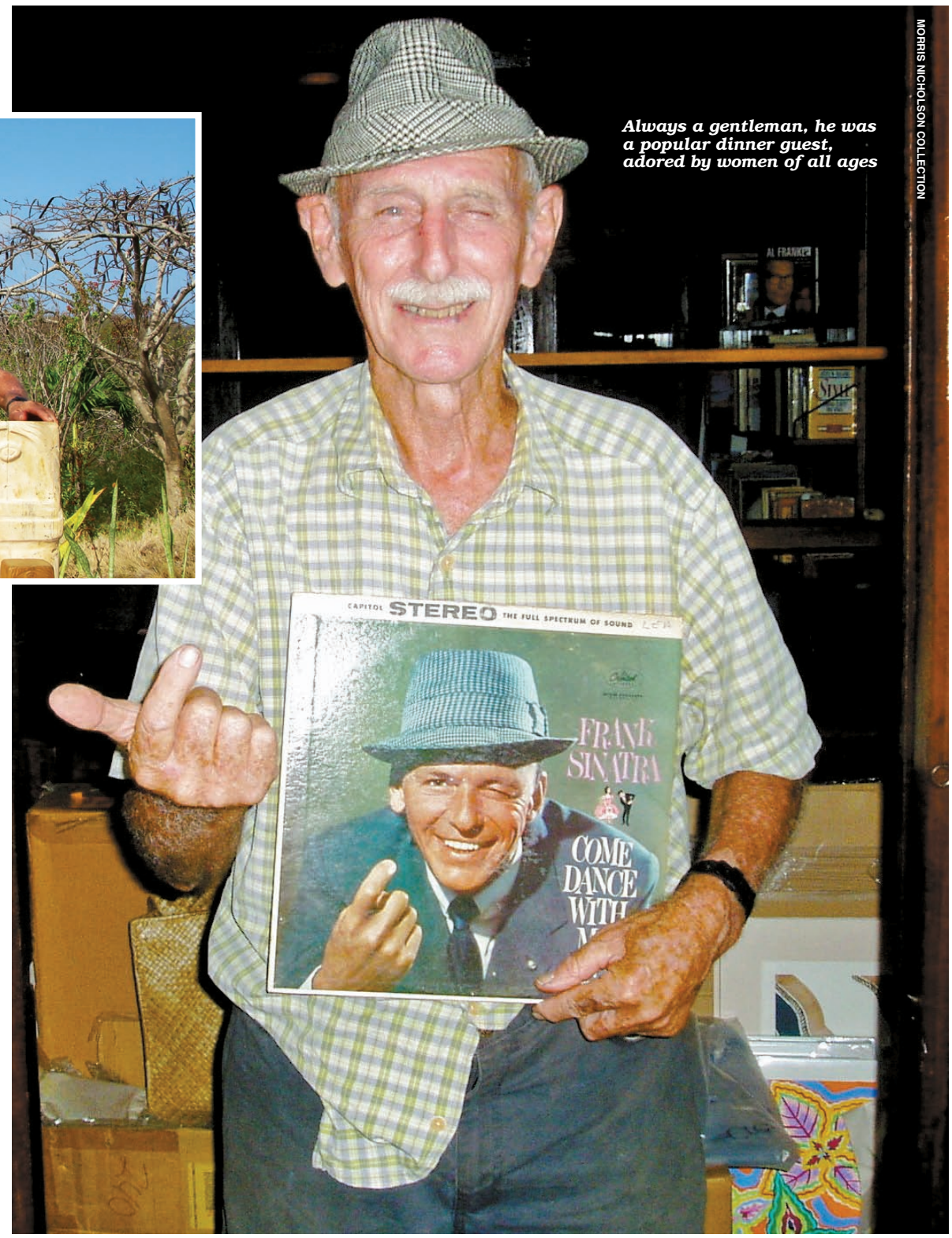
Born on a farm in Suffolk in 1927, Morris was fascinated at an early age by motors, carpentry, vehicles, electricity, and "the way things worked." His early interests and the guidance of his inventive, resourceful father, Leslie, led to enduring skills. At 23, he answered a tiny ad in *Yachting Monthly* magazine and abruptly left a promising career in electrical engineering to join a crew of neophyte bluewater sailors who became shareholders in an 1895 wooden West Country trading ketch, the *Enid*. The six "Enidites" helped restore the lumbering vessel and believed they were headed around the world. Instead, the scheming, colorful captain and his bohemian wife coerced them into smuggling in Tangiers, grudgingly agreed to a 37-day Atlantic crossing entirely under sail, then sold the boat out from under them in Martinique, leaving the six partners on the beach, each with $200 in US traveler's checks. While the other crewmembers intended to return to England, Morris became enchanted by the people, sights, sounds, and smells of the Caribbean.

"It was damn exciting," he recalls, "I could see no end to it."

His boyhood interests, skills, and training put him in high demand. Within two weeks Morris met Bert Ganter, who offered him a job working on yacht engines and running his tugboat, the *Nanin*, which brought supplies and equipment from Trinidad to St. Lucia for the construction of his Privateer Marine Services, in those days the only marina between St. Thomas and Trinidad. Morris's expertise soon caught the attention of Gustav Koven, an American industrialist and yachting enthusiast. He invited Morris to skipper his new John Alden-designed, 60-foot auxiliary ketch *Eleuthera II*, and sent him to the Abeking and Rasmussen shipyard in Germany to oversee her completion.

For 30 years, Morris was the sole skipper of the elegant yacht, which became his home. He sailed with the Koven family throughout the Mediterranean and Caribbean. In addition to performing his duties aboard, he learned Spanish and French, explored dozens of ports, pursued his hobby of photography, developed a passion for opera and poetry, became a proficient chef, and read voluminously. In 1956, *Eleuthera II* arrived in the Caribbean and was a part of the burgeoning yacht charter business for 29 years.

MORRIS NICHOLSON COLLECTION



Always a gentleman, he was a popular dinner guest, adored by women of all ages

Described in a 1963 *Sports Illustrated* article as "a superb seaman and congenial host," Morris delighted in sharing his passion for sailing in the Caribbean with his charter guests, some of whom wrote stories about their experiences with Morris and his favorite first mate, Jaime Tur Mari, an affable Majorcan.

In 1965, Gus and Jane Koven bought a large parcel of land at Hope Estate, Bequia, and, three years later, completed their comfortable vacation home, Hope House. Bequia became the homeport for *Eleuthera II*. Morris began to explore Bequia and meet the community of local people and ex-pats living ashore. In 1981, he bought a one-acre lot from the Kovens, just off a cement two-track road and high on a hill near a section called Paradise, with views of both the Atlantic and Admiralty Bay. He designed a "super-solar" dwelling he named Hill House. Still living on the boat, he supervised the construction of a simple, but elegant, two-level house. He fashioned solar panels engineered to run all the pumps, lighting, ventilating fans, and electricity in the house. Solar energy also powered the automatic workshop/garage door and his power tools. He experimented with a wind generator, chose a gas-powered refrigerator, and later bought a diesel generator to operate a washing machine. By 1984, Hill House was livable. His younger brother, Peter, brought Morris's beloved boyhood lathe from England. At last, Morris had the workshop of his dreams for the projects that filled his head.

In 1985, Gus Koven retired and donated *Eleuthera II* to a maritime academy in Maine. The once-graceful ketch was 30 years old and needed constant repairs. Bareboats and super-yachts, along with cruise ships, were populating island waters.

"I'd had my run of it, too," says Morris. "The fun had gone out of it." He stepped off *Eleuthera II* and never looked back. The same year, the widow Suzanne Walker, whose late husband had started a business in Bequia, joined Morris at Hill House. They enjoyed working on projects about the house. They completed a guest room on the ground level and surrounded the grounds with flower gardens and fruit trees, walkways and walls.

→

Morris built a fishpond with a solar fountain and a mirrored solar reflector that boiled kettles of water for tea. Suzanne, Belgian-born, spoke mostly French and brought a touch of European elegance to Hill House. They entertained friends with memorable meals on the flower-filled veranda. They traveled yearly, mostly to Europe. In 1994, after nine years together, Suzanne, attended by Morris, suffered a four-month illness and died of throat cancer at Hill House.

His friends in the Bequia community, along with a dozen cats he and Suzanne had adopted, offered solace to Morris, then 67. He focused on beekeeping, an early hobby he had shared with this father. Gradually, he began to entertain friends, old and new. His only niece, Julia Ibbotson, came to live with him for a year. Now, she comes out from England for a month every winter, bringing him news of his extended family there. His sailing friend, writer Richard Dey, arrived to interview him for the soon-to-be-published book *Adventures in the Trade Wind*. Morris joined the Bequia beekeepers. Now he has two new hives and a colony he can observe through a glass wall in his workshop. Using a solar-powered honey extractor he invented, Morris processes honey and sells it under the label Miel du Paradis. He continues to pursue his photography, now using a deluxe digital camera, making prints with the aid of his two computers. He stays in touch with friends all over the world by e-mail and Skype and keeps up with news via BBC online.

For years, he has been turning wooden bowls and vases from local wood on his lathe. A few years ago friends asked him to create wooden candleholders that could be fitted with common oil lamp globes. He now sells them through L'Auberge des Grenadines. A young friend challenged him to make a vase in the shape of a woman. At first, Morris tried it using his lathe. This led to attempts at carving small wooden female figures, using a set of carving tools presented to him by Richard Dey.

Soon he was engaged in the discovery of himself as an artist. Morris Nicholson is a quick study, blessed with what Zen masters call "Beginner's Mind." Always open and eager to learn, Morris began drawing pencil portraits in spare, confident lines evocative of the renderings of Matisse. Often, he says, he wakes in the night to make drawings inspired by his photos of friends or by pictures in art books. A friend showed him the correct proportions for drawing the human figure and this encouraged him to continue sculpting.

His wooden carvings improved with each new attempt. He rapidly graduated to larger and larger pieces, copying well-known early 20th century sculptures. Bequians began to deliver logs from felled island trees. A visiting sculptor recently encouraged Morris to use his chain saw to rough out his figures before carving them. His wood carvings have grown, with each endeavor, from eight inches to four feet tall. He is presently accepting commissions and planning new work.

Now, he divides his time between wood carving on his veranda, with its view of the sea, and his workshop, where he is currently involved in a plan for converting solar energy into cooking gas. He continues to maintain contact with the Koven children and their families when they stay at Hope House. He contributes to the welfare of a "goodly number" of Bequians whom he's known for years. Many fondly refer to him as "Mr. Morris." Charming, caring, modest, and always a gentleman, he is a popular dinner guest, adored by women of all ages. Men seek his company, too, for he is well read and knowledgeable in many subjects.

He hosted a gala dinner on his 80th birthday in 2007 for a full house of friends at the Porthole Restaurant on the shore of Admiralty Bay, not far from where he first anchored in 1954. He read a Dylan Thomas poem that he altered for the occasion: "…the True Joy of the long-dead child sang, burning in the sun. T'was my 80th year to heaven…" Then he played his favorite aria, Pavarotti's stirring version of "Nessun Dorma," with its victorious ending phrase, "Vincero! Vincero!" During a short speech, Morris said, "Ten years ago, when I was 70, I was living here quite peacefully. I had no idea then, that my happiest years were still ahead of me."

Postscript: Since 2009, Morris continued his sculptural explorations. He created his meticulous work, mainly inspired by the female forms of the early 20th century artists Brancusi and Modigliani. He sold his work, through LD Lucy's Oasis Gallery. During each of the last four years, Morris submitted a single work to the Action Bequia auction, which resulted in active bidding and brought support to his favorite Bequia causes.

Talented, inventive, and enthusiastic, Morris Nicholson was a loving. giving, and valued member of the Bequia community for over 55 years. Memorial contributions may be made to the Bequia Heritage Foundation. Contact BHF Treasurer Nicola Redway at nicola@begos.com.

— Julie Lea



MORRIS NICHOLSON COLLECTION (ALL)







Clockwise from above:

Morris (at left) with Eleuthera II's *owners and crew in 1958, beekeeping in Bequia, at the helm, and preparing food on his solar reflector cooker*

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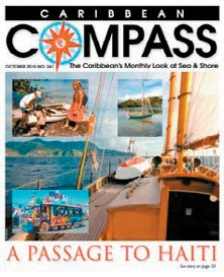
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In Part One last month, John told of island-hopping from St. Thomas to Grenada in 1972 aboard a small leaky wooden boat. Soon it was time for major repairs.

I finally got my 35-foot Crocker ketch, *Pole Star*, hauled out at Grenada Yacht Club and it didn't take long to see that I had more work than I had bargained for. The bilges immediately began to sag out, so after a few days there was a wide gap between the outer edge of the floor timbers and the inside of the planking. The reason was that, although the planking was fastened to the frames with silicon bronze screws, the floor timbers were fastened to the frame ends with galvanized nails that after 40 years were completely shot. So I spent two weeks with uprights up against the hull in the bilge area. I placed wedges at the top of the uprights and hammered them in a bit more each day until the planking and frames were once again flush with each other and I was able to refasten the frames to the floor timbers with bronze through bolts. (Why didn't they build the boat that way originally?)

After that I refastened and recaulked. I also installed bronze straps bent against the frames and across the tops of the floor timbers, and built a new mast step spanning an additional two floor timbers and new partners out of Grenadian white cedar.

Pole Star Days

Part Two: Thanks to Grenadian Shipwrights

by John Everton



I still visit Kirk whenever I return.

The general strike against the Government, which ran until March of 1974, was keeping away the big yachts that normally hauled out at GYS on the floating dry dock. Among the fine out-of-work shipwrights were Ashley Pilgrim from Springs, his brother Fitzroy, Jimbo (now deceased), Kirk, Frenchy (also deceased) and Bones the Preacher Man.

I hired them but couldn't afford to pay them, so my girlfriend at the time cooked them lunch and on the weekends we would go with them to help build a house in the town of Victoria. There we ate four meals a day from the plantation: fresh cocoa, fish, plantains, etcetera. One meal was set on a white tablecloth with silver dishware when we came home from the rum shop at midnight. We were building a concrete block house for Mayfair, who drove one of the open wooden-framed and colourfully painted buses. With pigs and chickens aboard and Mayfair hauling ass down the hill, and all the kids by the side of the road yelling "Mayfair, Mayfair," it brought "Jolly Joseph," Jacob Miller's song about a popular bus driver in Jamaica, to mind!

The high point of the many high points of my first stay in Grenada was the bond I formed with my Grenadian shipwright friends, working, eating, drinking and limin' together. I still visit Ashley, Kirk and Bones whenever I return. They helped to teach me that materialism is not what is important in life. To the contrary, their lesson was to find ways to live with little money and be happy in the process.



ROSENFELD / CROCKER

Oliver was the night watchman for the yacht club. After work on *Pole Star* with these guys we would go up to Oliver and Mary's shack to finish off the work day with a few shots of strong rum. When the strike was at its worst, before the bronze and oak I had ordered to repair *Pole Star* finally arrived by air on LIAT, I would go up to the Yacht Club for my evening shower and Greeta, the barmaid, would always smuggle an ice-cold Carib beer into my towel. Her husband was the Chief of Customs across the Lagoon at GYS.

During *Pole Star's* haulout, the Baltic Trader *Jens Juhl* arrived and hauled out at GYS, affording some of us hippies a little work for food and good company. Among our work crew were "Crazy Morgan" from Windward, Carriacou, and Champy Evans, a young Grenadian kid who later became the owner of Prickly Bay Marina. Some of the Grenada shipwrights worked on the bottom while we worked on deck, in the engine room and down in the cargo hold.

After four months the island began to return to normal with the ending of the dock strike and re-opening of the supermarkets. This was still several months before Maurice Bishop's Revolution. I was able to re-launch *Pole Star*, and then came the day of re-stepping the masts. We tied alongside Banana Bill's boat and used its main gaff to lift the spars. While inserting the mainmast it dropped the last foot or two but fortunately managed to lodge in the new over-sized mast step instead of going through the keel and sinking the boat. Unimaginable relief.

Anyhow *Pole Star* managed to stay afloat long enough to island-hop back up to to St. Barts, where I left her in Loulou Magras' care while I sailed to the Mediterranean on the Brixham Trawler yacht *Zephyrus*, whose crew I had previously met at Young Island Cut in St. Vincent.

By the time I returned to St. Barts a year later Loulou had sold *Pole Star* to Chris Nye. Chris sailed her to St. Thomas where he kept her hauled out at Antilles Boatyard for eight years, cold-moulding over the hull with double-diagonal red cedar strips and West System epoxy. After finally being launched without the rig or interior the boat eventually sank at his dock. If I only had a dollar for every time I heard Chris say, year after year, "Wait till you see us at Foxy's Wooden Boat Regatta…"

John and Roni Everton now sail aboard aboard S/V Second Star.

Possessed by an Old Wooden Boat

by Martin O'Scannall

Beware. For she will be your mistress. Demanding your all. Your time. Your money. And above all your love. Deny these and she will let you know in no uncertain terms. Give of your all and she will respond in kind. She weaves a spell. And holds you. She is jealous, brooking no rival. For she is a thing of beauty. And she knows it. She has her little ways. You must learn them. Treat her right and she rewards you. For when all is harmony, a good staunch hull, well stayed mast, sails set just so, ballast as it should be, sympathetic hand on the helm, she sings for the joy of it. And you sing with her. But it is more yet than that. She teaches you. And you in your turn must learn. What she can and cannot do. How far she carries her way. How much sail she needs. How to bring up in a tight corner. How close to the wind. When to nurse her. When to drive her. Learn these things and a thousand more and she will look after you, just as you look after her.

Which is old fashioned hard work. Little or no outside help. The sanding, the painting, the varnishing, the wood shavings, the caulking cotton, the copper nails and roves, the dolly, the caulking mallet, the caulking irons, the planes, the chisels, the cordage, the splicing, the Stockholm tar, the neatsfoot oil, the leathering, the endless round of wooden ship maintenance. The skills you must learn. The old skills. For eschew power tools and you work in near silence. Time of little meaning. Wholly absorbed in the task at hand. As generation after generation before you. All that learning. All that wisdom. Which must not be allowed to die. (However imperfect your own efforts). For it has a beauty all of its own. This then is what it means…

To be possessed by an old wooden boat.

ISLAND HOPPING, NAME DROPPING

by Ralph Trout

Drifting among the Caribbean islands you meet all sorts.

In the early '80s, St. Thomas was a Mecca for celebrities. The first celeb who crossed my path was a notorious underworld boss. I was building a guest house in St. Thomas and the realtor I was contractor for arrived with the money man. Nice guy, dapper, we had a conversation about the building, my assimilation to the island style of work. The dialog continued over dinner that evening. The following Sunday night, I saw him being interviewed on 60 Minutes by Mike Wallace. Our project finished early and under budget.

The next year, I made the acquaintance of Dr. Francisco Slinger. Those years, my life was rock and roll; I didn't know anything about calypso. My workers were stoked about upcoming carnival. They tried to explain, but all I understood was that carnival was a new type of party. Was that an understatement.

My first carnival evening ended in Charlotte Amalie at a bar along Back Street, The Sandbox. An islander, sweating profusely, took the adjoining chair. "Rum and water," he shouted to the barmaid, and turned to me, brandishing my empty glass. "You ready?" He flashed two fingers. He was a gregarious guy in raucous red shirt and pants, flashing lots of gold. He explained he was a Trini, but not really, because he was born in Grenada. To me, those places were only names on a map then. Said he was a singer because his last name was Slinger. My drinking partner was the Mighty Sparrow. Later to become the Calypso King of The World.

We enjoyed our rum; finished a bottle that night. I carried a bottle of Cruzan (only 90 cents if you bought it by the case) and I looked him up at the festivities the following nights. I believe he was Road March King that year and years to follow. His song "Dead or Alive" kept your feet moving. I made it a point to see him often over the years, and he'd recognize me as the St. Thomas Kid. The best venue was the Old Mas Camp Pub in Port of Spain, Sunday morning starting Trini carnival. In 2015 the Mighty Sparrow could still wail "Congo Man" at age 80.

My first year in the VI, money was tight. I couldn't afford a boat. I saved and bought an original Windsurfer, flat board, big sail, no harness. Sapphire Beach was the gathering place for board sailors, with great music on Sundays. My work week was forgotten by sailing out to the cays and even to St. John. One Sunday I was pulling up my sail and an attractive sun-bleached, tanned bikini asked if she could ride with me. My ability was slightly more than novice.

"Hey, I'm a great surfer. Got great balance. I'll hold on to you." No argument from me. We sailed slow, caught a bit more breeze at the point, and dumped it. Both trying to get back on the board, she pointed to the impressive house and said that's where she was staying.

A few more dips and we made it to the bar. She was a California transplant to Hawaii. Her friends had some problems in Hawaii and decided to come to the Virgins. They brought her along as company. With a good buzz, I gladly followed her around the connecting beach to the west and up some stairs. The house was one of the all-time best with a picture-book view: blue water and small islands under blue skies. Her friends were swaying in a big hammock on the edge of the point. As usual, a rum bottle lubricated the conversation.

The couple had English accents, but weren't at all familiar. She introduced him as John McVie. When I didn't react, she pushed me, "Fleetwood Mac. Come on, you gotta know them?" Sure I did. Extended my hand, "Saw you at the Carnegie Hall in Pittsburgh."

He nodded, "Great acoustics." Sipped some rum, "Don't worry, everyone remembers Mick, the giant, or my ex."

These were the days before St. Barths went ridiculous. More thirsty than hungry, one day my friend Long Beach Chris and I headed to the Tamarind Tree Bar for lunch. Celebrating prosperity and beauty, we sucked down several Heinekens with Courvoisier watching the bikinied customers. After two o'clock, business quieted and the owner visited our table.

"Gentlemen, you haven't had any food — join us. In this sun, you can't drink so many without food." Lunch was great, real local Creole. After the meal, the proprietor shared our last round. They closed, prepped, to reopen at six. "You guys aren't bad for Americans. After so many drinks, Americans usually get rude, but you're okay." He scribbled on a white index card. "Show this anywhere, you don't have to wait in line." He smiled and waved it, "Carte blanche."

After a power nap, our course was set for the most



At a Back Street bar, my drinking partner turned out to be the Mighty Sparrow.

elegant restaurant on the island, Autour de Rocher. The Tamarind's card merely said "these guys are all right," and we bypassed a waiting line of more than 20. Cocktails followed dinner and two bars were nestled in the rocky crags at the top of the hill. The upper bar was surrounded by natural, 20-foot tall rock outcrop. Sail canvas shaded a pool table. That's where we parked. A guy in a tank top was pocketing balls while a delightful blonde sat on the corner stool. Both had my attention. He wanted a player. She didn't. Games continued, as the evening cooled.

'Hey,' she said, 'you've been playing pool with Jimmy Buffett!'

My pool skill seemed to be directly related to my buzz and that night I was making two and three cushion bank shots. My opponent wasn't very talkative. I needed a pause. Chris took my cue and I sat beside the cutie. Another from California, she was an actress. 'Would I have seen a movie you've been in?'

"Now we're working on Margaritaville. Hey, Jimmy, you didn't introduce yourself?" The tank top shrugged his shoulders, "He didn't ask." "Hey," she said, "you've been playing pool with Jimmy Buffett! This is his bar."

Around 1985, my first sailboat, a Tartan 48, was anchored in Coral Bay, St. John. Coral Bay was the last bastion of hippiedom. It was as if everyone from the '60s came there to hide.

Leaning over a pool table at Skinny Legs I heard a voice I immediately recognized. "And that's the way it is." Walter Cronkite was sitting at a table, explaining to his entourage of cameramen that his expletive should be deleted from their film. His wife had given him a yacht as a retirement present. The news anchor's keel had brushed a rock near West End Tortola. He was cordial and shook my hand. Dumbfounded to see such a dignified personality absolutely relaxed, I didn't press for an autograph.

In April of '87, I was making a return connection in San Juan and didn't know if it was American or American Eagle. I was huffing and puffing, running the length of the ticket counters. The man ahead of me in line looked exactly like Mel Fisher, of *Atocha* shipwreck fame, down to the same Hawaiian shirt as in the *Life* magazine photo. Mel was on the inside pages handling an enormous gold chain. I tapped the man and flashed the magazine. The tall man shrugged, "You can't believe how many people confuse me with that asshole." He turned away. In a minute he turned again and said, "Hold this." It was the weighty gold chain.

Before Hurricane Hugo plowed into the Virgins in '89, we were diving Anegada Reef. I'd made a solid friendship with a true island character, Bert Kilbride. He'd found a wreck he never spoke about. Bert owned Saba Rock, more than a stone's throw from the ritzy Bitter End resort in Gorda Sound. Most of his small rock was covered by his Pirates Pub. Richard Branson's prestigious Necker Island is around the corner. If the visiting celebs wanted to party close to home, they chose Bert's pub over the straight-laced Bitter End. On a July weekend, we'd been diving and were about to have a fish barbecue. The Necker powerboat taxi pulled up with Sylvester Stallone aboard. Stallone wanted to talk shipwrecks. Bert pointed to a sign that read, "Wreck talk = gin and tonic." The actor bought two bottles of gin. I passed out and don't know if Bert ever said where the wreck was.

In 1994 I was headed down island in my trawler, the *Sea Cow*, on a fishing and diving sabbatical. For gas and beer money, I'd been illegally taking fishing charters. I stopped in English Harbour, Antigua. The first bar across the bridge on the right, then, was Nations Bar. Nations was a small bar, maybe eight tables with few filled. The owner had been a singer with the not-original Temptations, and we struck up a conversation. On our third beer, two Englishmen came to chat with the retired singer, Eric Clapton and Keith Richards. Eric shook our hands while Richards abstained.

In April of '95 the *Sea Cow* was anchored off Spanish Town, Virgin Gorda. I had been single-handing up the chain from Nevis and two friends came on the ferry to drag baits with me back to St. Thomas. We drank lunch at the Bath and Turtle. My back was to the bar when I heard a voice. Morgan Freeman was booming graciously to the owners. He was in ripped denims and had a well-worn straw cowboy hat. Figuring he'd chosen Virgin Gorda to escape attention, I finally drank enough courage to approach. He pointed to the next stool, "Sit." I warbled about his performances as he smiled and drained his beer. "Buying?" I nodded and we chatted for two more. He was sailing solo — the Anegada Passage alone. My esteem for the movie star rose higher.

In 1998 the *Sea Cow* motored up from Carriacou to Mustique, landing a 50-pound wahoo north of Canouan. Our practiced procedure was to trade the fish for a bar tab. Basil refused — that night was his bar's Old Year's Night festivities. He paid us reasonably for the fish, though, and told us the cover for the party was US$10. Back aboard we recharged our batteries, put on white shirts and got ready to hobnob.

Tying up the dinghy, another white shirt with a taller, very attractive lady walked by. I recognized and yelled, "Hey, Davey!" They both turned and the man heartily waved. David Bowie and Iman. We entered Basil's Bar a minute later. Basil didn't recognize us spiffed-up fishermen. "We're with Davey," I said. "Mr. Bowie?" "Yep." I shouted again, "Davey," and he turned with a sort of wave salute. No cover necessary. We were part of the entourage. I'll give Jack Benny credit for that's night's routine. When we needed a refill, "Davey!" It went on his tab. What a great party!

In 2010, walking around Trinidad's Savannah I met Brian Lara, also out for a stroll. The greatest batsman in cricket history had time for a handshake.

Over the years many more personages have crossed my path: ex-ambassadors, a few prime ministers, daughters of automakers, men who owned islands. Next time you're in a bar in the islands, look around. Somebody's sitting beside you. If they want to tell their story, smile.

THE LAST TIME IN MARTINIQUE

by Bob Berlinghof

Willy Spears saw her at the market in Fort de France as she drifted among heaps of purple eggplant, fat leeks, and massive pineapples. She'd always loved the bloody frogs — like a young girl loves horses, she had always loved the froggies, thought Willy. But was that really Jill Haverly? She wore a long patchwork skirt; from behind he thought he recognized that shock of honey brown hair, shorter now, and that still slender waist. He squinted into reflected light from outside the covered market, sweating. He was hung over, true; but he wasn't that badly hung. It was Jill, all right. So she still looked like that — a damsel waif, princess in a peasant blouse.

He wanted to rush over but something prevented him as he stood watching her barter. Perhaps it was the earnestness with which she talked the woman down that final franc, cementing yet another tiny personal triumph. She had always won them all in the old days, before… his mind seized.

Before she dumped me was the harsh truth.

How can you forgive a woman after that? he wondered. Why should I say anything?

Oh, why the hell not?

He had to walk over to her. Say some shit. Give her a little gas. One for old times. He approached warily, self-conscious.

"Janet!" he called out, as if spontaneously. "What gives, my dear — omigod, it's you!" he said, acting mortified as their eyes met.

"Very funny, Spears, but I thought I noticed your beady little stare from across the market." Then Jill Haverly smiled at Willy, a glint of mischievous humor replacing momentary bewilderment in her quick hazel eyes. Willy stared into those windows of ancient dreams but failed to hold her gaze — like a welder's arc it scorched his eyes. He regrouped and tried again.

"I once knew me a girl looked just like you, her name was, uh… Janet, Jackie — ah, yes, Jill!" It was no good. She didn't laugh; she merely looked at him with pity as if to say, guess the bottle got Willy in the end. "Hey, so tell me — what you been up to all these… years?"

His throat felt as if someone had rammed a fist down it, and he swallowed hard. He hoped she didn't notice. He couldn't keep up the patter without the intrusion of his other, bleaker (and yes, more self-pitying) side — the one she couldn't handle, he knew.

He tried to smile but his sunburned lips stuck to his gums.

He felt naked, his mouth parched, his neck sweating. Okay, so I'm still an asshole, he thought, but I'm no alky. She surveyed him with a cool, appraising smile; thinking — what? He had never really known. Relax fellah, don't get your hopes up? We could still be friends, you know, "friends for life" you called us once? Let me take a little time — I'll warm up to you? C'mon Willy, after all this time, you should know by now, surely — the choices that went down back then can't be changed. The decision of the judge was final.

"I've been doing fine," she said, simply. But he thought he saw doubt flash across her face. Was she wondering how to tell him life was great? Didn't she want to add anything? Or was she afraid he'd misinterpret?

They stood in silence, Willy nodding humbly and she smiling at his obvious confusion. Then they hugged, which she initiated, but not for very long.

"What's happened to all your hair?" she kidded him.

"I pulled most of it out long ago." Willy was bald on top; he usually wore a Greek sailor's cap, but he'd forgotten it this morning or maybe he'd left it last night on that Swedish boat.

Willy Spears was not a pessimistic man. A pessimist wouldn't have chucked a career in clinical psychology to live on a leaky boat. Yet 15 years of deliveries, chartering, and running "cargo" had taught him that no matter what he thought could go wrong — the sea held not only all the cards, but the jokers as well — the unanticipated loomed out of nowhere, ready to drag him to the bottom. This meeting was sure to end poorly, but he paid no heed to alarms. He wished he weren't so hung over — he probably looked hung over, he thought, and then he blurted out, "After we finish shopping why don't we have lunch at L'escalier?" Or was this going too far? "I'm not really that hungry, but I sure could use a drink," he backpedaled.

"Same old Willy," she said. What did she mean by that? She was the same old Jill, too. Unfortunately.

"That means yes?" He dangled it right out there.

"Sure," she said. "But it 'll have to be a quick one — I've got to go to work this afternoon."

He was satisfied. It was enough for now.

Fifteen minutes later they drank Heinekens under a yellow and blue striped umbrella. They were seated outdoors on white metal chairs at the corner of a busy street, facing a picturesque, if rank, canal; it was the beginning of the rainy season, and the smell was high in the absence of a breeze. She'd chosen the café — maybe she didn't notice, thought Willy.

They had by now answered the preliminary questions and were caught up on mutual friends after twelve years apart.

Why wouldn't she look at him again? he wondered. They were both shy, afraid of unseen obstacles. Jill was just feeling her way along, but Willy was falling again. Despite himself he felt giddy and desperate. Why did he still want her? Was it as obvious as he feared?

"So Jilly, what work do you do?"

But she got it this time. "It's still Jill, idiot." She pronounced it "id-e-yo," comme les frogs. The smile again, the blinding teeth.

"You on a boat?" he asked, trying to zoom in closer.

"No, I live just outside of town. I share a flat. Not much to look at, but it's home."

"Why Martinique?" he wondered aloud, thinking, and why now of all times? I'm horny and alone. I'm not usually like this — most of the last dozen years have been full of laughs. Several women, all good looking, of course, but to tell you the truth it was never quite the same, somehow. Ever again.

That night we survived the Force Nine off Bermuda. I thanked Jah and we made love after awakening to a Force Four.

How you made me feel like a pirate on my own boat. How your love saved me and then skewered me, staying with me like an old wallet photo — creased, water-stained, blurred but enduring.

She'd been etched into his gray matter like a mantra. At times it had been more like a curse.

He could never say all that, of course. "Why Martinique?" was all he managed.

"I teach kids how to dance. They even pay me for it." Her Daddy was rich, but she was independent. She was saying. "I knew how much you loved the frogs," she teased, "and I wanted to make sure you wouldn't bump into me some day in the market." Cruel joker, this Jill Haverly. She seemed to be enjoying herself. Two could play this game.

"The pleasure of fouling up your plans is mine," he chided.

Then, trying a different tack: "Hey, remember those times with Michel on *Courage*?" He was not just trying to point out that Michel was a bloody frog and they'd both hung out with him, he was trying to reach back to a memory that was unsullied by their break-up.

"I don't usually remember anything that people tell me starting with 'Remember…'" It was an explanation but it was bitchy all the same, and he wondered when this ordeal would be over. He hadn't known what to expect, but it wasn't this.

Sensing this, she said, "Of course, you silly man. I'm sorry. It's just that it's been so… long. Another lifetime."

"It was," he mumbled, adding, "long ago, I guess."

"I was this different person then, you know? I'm not saying I can't remember; I'm not that hard, it's just I'm not sure what's the point. We left it so — messy."

"I was, uh — obtuse," he said.

She hated his being obtuse, but she had loved that word. It made her sound so Vassar. "Precisely," she agreed.

"Do we get another chance?" he said, to the point.

"To say good-bye?" Was she teasing again?

"I hated leaving things messy, too," he admitted.

"We were kids," she said, shrugging. She leaned closer to get up, and felt like kissing her, but the moment passed.

She stood to go in one motion. "I'm sorry to rush — it's just that we're having dress rehearsal tonight for a local production. I've been running around like crazy for the last week. We're opening tomorrow night. Why don't you come by? We're having a cast party afterwards. I could introduce you to a few of my fellow dance friends — at least the ones that parler anglais, oui? And you could see our place."

What was happening?

Was he supposed to beg for her address, or what? Don't grovel, he told himself. Didn't she realize what power she wielded?

"It's not much," she repeated, "but it's all we can afford."

He noticed the plural for the second time.

"I don't think I should." He watched her intently, with his wild, cerulean blue eyes staring right through her. Might as well end this torment.

"Oh c'mon, Willy, where's your sense of adventure?"

"I was thinking of sailing south tomorrow, weather permitting." Always leave yourself an out.

"You old stick in the mud," she teased again.

"So who do you live with these days?" he asked, trying to sound casual. Yet she knew by his tone that he was still a single-handed sailor.

"A very sweet local girl named Marie-Jo," she said, smiling briefly, unguarded. She drained her glass, glanced at her watch.

"I've really got to go. We're on the outskirts of town, 1905 Rue Bordeaux. The theater is the community hall just down the street. You can't miss it. Show starts at eight PM. See you tomorrow, then, all right?" She held out her hand.

"Yeah, well, maybe if that front comes along," he hedged. "I hate sailing in the rain."

It was a lie. Off Bermuda it had been beautiful.

She took this to mean yes. "Okay, then!" She had always known him better than he knew himself, it seemed. They shook on it.

Jill Haverly walked out of his life as casually as if she were going to the can. His eyes had leveled on hers, but she hadn't been able or willing to allow herself to invest meaning in a simple see you later.

Why do I want to go so badly? he thought. Later, on board, it all came back to him. Her face, her hair, her voice played little infinite loops through his cortex. Her face wasn't beautiful — rather thin, really, with hollow cheeks and a pointed nose — but her liquid mouth and prominent chin, her high cheekbones and forehead caused an imbalance of oxygen to flow to his brain, and he felt as if he'd been mugged. That night he kept thinking of plunging his head between her small, pointed ballerina's breasts and kissing her sternum, her navel, the delicious curve of her hip, her sweetness.

He nearly set sail early the following morning. He wanted to get back to St. Lucia, but there was really no rush. It was the off-season; he wasn't expecting any charters. He was considering working his way south to see if Sharon Bellamy still worked at that casino on St. Vincent. But he stalled and waited for the 8:00AM weather report on Radio Antilles, and he learned a tropical wave was due within a few hours.

'Fifteen years of deliveries, chartering, and running 'cargo' had taught him that the unanticipated loomed out of nowhere'

BOOK REVIEW BY NICOLA CORNWELL

From Clueless to Capable

A Peril to Myself and Others: My Quest to Become a Captain,
by David Kilmer. ©2020

"Boats deliver magic, plain and simple." The unhinged peripatetic life that is the stock of the cruising sailor has obvious attractions for those who are the modern day gypsies of this world. Travellers with an unquenchable thirst for new experiences and a dislike of borders. People who visibly squirm when asked "Where are you from?" not because it's an unreasonable question, but because it can take so long to answer in a way that satisfies those who pose the question.

David Kilmer is one such guy. He grew up in seven houses and three countries. His bio reveals that as a kid he made a collection of bullets and bomb fragments from the streets of Beirut and he learned to drive dodging buffalo and giraffe in the game parks of Kenya. His jobs after dropping out of college were varied: ski bum, firefighter, magazine editor. A chance trip across the Pacific from Mexico to Hawaii with a sailor pal got his juices flowing for the life aquatic. "He was the first person who ever told me you could live on a boat and take it anywhere you pleased. This was an astounding thought."

And that thought stayed with him for years before he finally did it. But what is a poor broke boy to do when buying his own boat is not an option? Be a charter captain of course. Easy money right? Hah!

Navigator, meteorologist, medic, mechanic, storyteller, counsellor, chef. The captain calms fears, staves off sunburns and steadies seasick stomachs. A charter captain, late in the evening, hears more interesting stories than a psychiatrist might. Life's tales swirl in a boat's wake, a jumble of emotional flotsam and jetsam, dreams, desires and disappointments.

But the trickiest role is recreating an impossible fantasy. The charter guest has just paid a great deal of money to be bobbing gently in a tranquil bay, sipping a cool drink… All wishful thinking and misguided blather, says the charter captain… Nonetheless, it remains the captain's job to reconcile this blissful nonsense with broken boats, leaky heads, constant squalls, murky waters schooled with jellyfish, pushy boat boys, crowded harbors and questionable moorings.

This book recalls how David made the transition from clueless vagrant without a work permit to Captain Capable in command on charters around the Grenadines, taking on all thrown at him by the job. Everything from having an arm deep in shit while searching for a toilet blockage while the boat is underway to hobnobbing with A List actors and, naturally, much in between. It has been, by his own admission, the hardest but most rewarding job he has ever done.

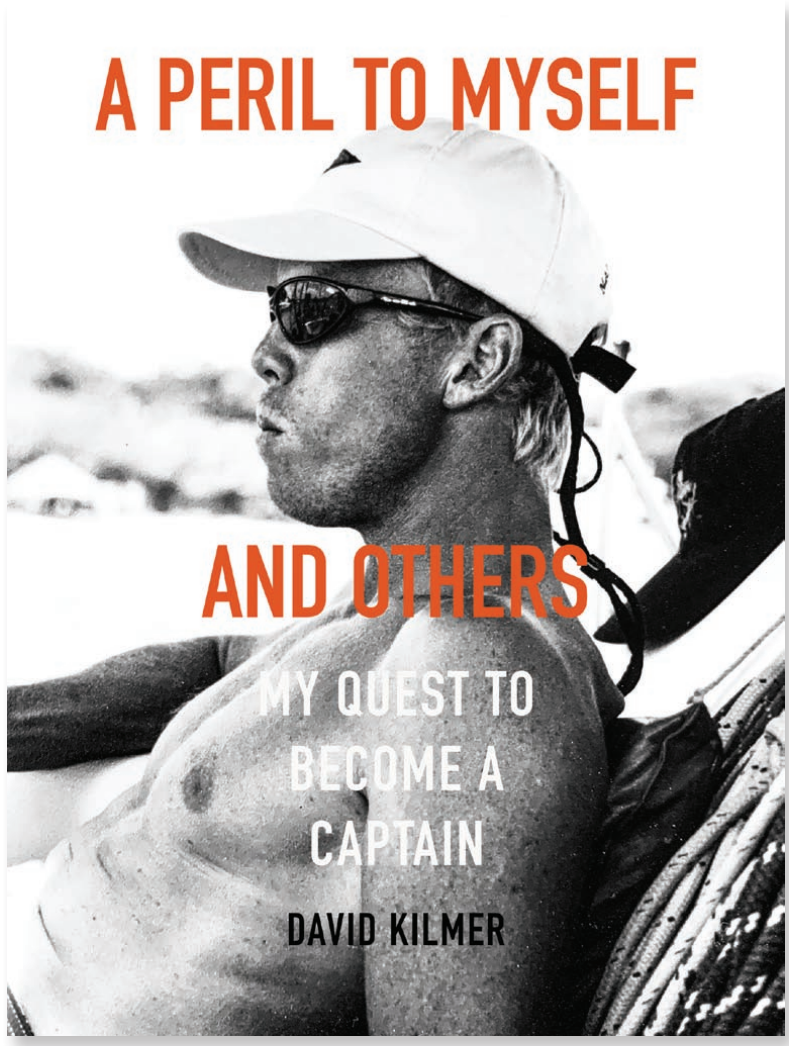
For authors recalling such vivid life experiences it is tempting to rely on details and diary entries for material. But while those specifics are important at the time, when recalled in a book they can make it more ship's log than entertaining read. Kilmer avoids this. Instead his book is more akin to an assembly of short stories arranged as chapters. Each chapter has a snappy one-word heading with an inspirational or amusing third party quote as a scene-setting sub-heading. In reading the stories you get a sense of when and where things happened. There is a rough chronological order to them, but it's not important to the telling. What is, is the feeling. Kilmer's writing is visceral and emotional. You can touch, feel and smell it. There is a lyrical, poetic way he plays with words.

Some of the chapters are purely anecdotal recollections of events — like sailing with Richard Wright (of Pink Floyd) at Bequia Easter Regatta:

…(he) reigned cool, calm and collected, steering his craft with one hand. "Tacking," he would say in upper-class English, smoothly transferring his own cigarette to his other hand while stepping across the boat and switching hands onto the opposite wheel, crossing his leg the other direction, a tranquil mirror image of where he'd just been. Meanwhile the rest of us all pulled, spun, ducked and dodged like our lives depended on it.

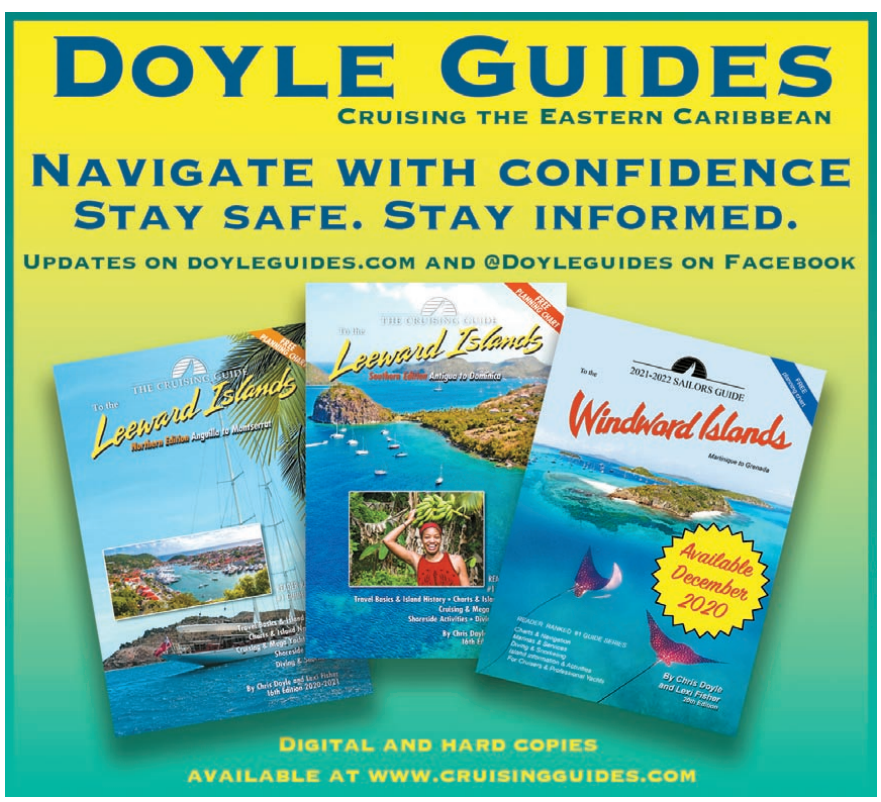
Others are musings on the highs and lows of charter life on the islands, like seasickness, "boat bites" and guest tipping. Then some just simply describe the joy that comes from unanticipated wonderment, like this meeting with a squall:

It was an enormous shimmering space, and I sailed silently in awe through that mysterious big room, hearing voices in the wind, seeing rare colors in the mist and feeling with great precision each warm raindrop that landed on my bare shoulders. For an untold few seconds or hours I looked directly into the eye of the universe without fear. All the flotsam swirling in my head stood still and took its rightful place. Everything in the world held together as I sailed right through the center of it all. Then the mists wavered, the sun broke in again and the spell was over. My one true squall let go and left me to travel on alone, flashing rainbows in its wake. I watched it go and waved my thanks.



It's an effortless read, one you can either binge in a day, or enjoy in bite-size moments as and when you're in the mood. Kilmer describes his book as "part travelogue, part philosophy, part primer on the world of working in yachting for others who would follow in my footsteps." I say it's a heartfelt love song to being on a boat in the Caribbean. For those of you wishing you could be on the water, it will intoxicate you. But it's not just for wistful wannabes. To sailors already drunk on the salty life, I suggest you don't read it onboard. Read it when you're hauled out on the hard, or land-lubbing in the summer, to remind you why it is you do what you do. And how lucky you are.

This book is available on Amazon.



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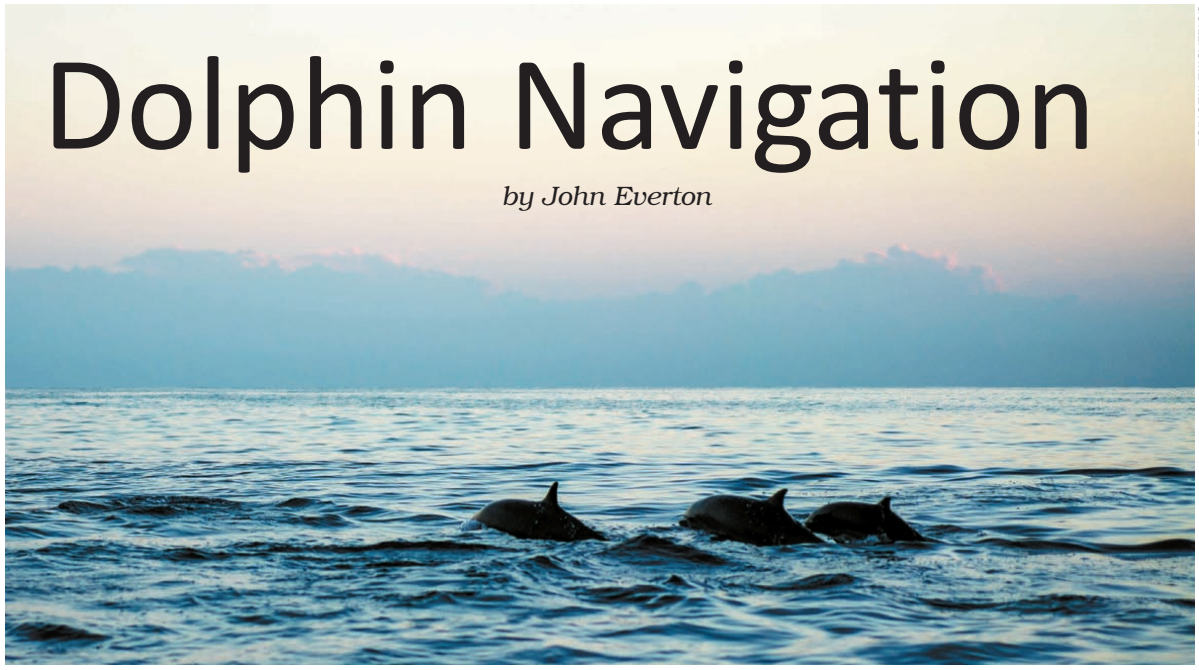
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Dolphin Navigation

by John Everton



GUILLAUME MEURICE

When my wife and I sailed to Venezuela on my 50-foot classic ketch, *Gaucho*, in 1989, we didn't have much money left in the cruising kitty, but there was a period of years when we often spent our last cash on diesel, fuel and provisions so we could sail to the next port where, in those days, one could usually find work. In Venezuela, however, that wouldn't be an option, but I didn't let that stop me sailing from Grenada to Venezuela where I'd figure out how to get by. We ended up by selling a bunch of gear off the boat, including a jib, a camera and a two-horsepower outboard. In those days the exchange rate of US dollars to Bolivars definitely favoured the gringos, which enabled us to enjoy Venezuelan food and ice-cold Polar beers, reprovisioning and refuelling. (Diesel cost 20 cents a gallon.)

After a month's haul-out at CMO in Puerto La Cruz, the cruising kitty was running on empty. While in the boatyard I met a guy named Bill, who owned a CSY 44 and wanted help sailing to the BVI. Bill was an army veteran (as well as an alcoholic diabetic) and pinned up comic strips of Hagar the Horrible (whom he resembled) around his boat. We got along well and soon struck a deal where I was paid US$75 per day plus all the beer I could drink, dockage for *Gaucho* and return airfare. The other crew on board didn't drink and Bill drank vodka and milk day and night. When I asked why the milk he replied that it made it into a healthy drink! Eventually this "ship of fools" set out from Puerto La Cruz to head east up the coast to the Peninsula of Paria where we would jump off from Bahia San Francisco to head north to Prickly Bay, Grenada in time to watch the Super Bowl.

We got as far as the fishing port, Puerto Santo, where the fishermen dump all their waste oil in the harbour. The other side of the coin was that a fisherman gave me a fish and plied me with rum in a waterside bar.

At this point in our trip a combination of recurring dirt in the fuel tanks (we'd gone through all the spare filters) and Bill's swollen ankles, due to drinking while shooting insulin, made him decide to turn around and head back to Puerto La Cruz to get the tanks cleaned, try to reduce the swelling in his ankles, and see a lady friend.

As we were heading west between Isla Margarita and Isla Cubagua at night, Bill and I were on watch together looking for a red flashing light shown on the chart. The light failed to materialize but instead we saw three quick-flashing white lights. Now Bill tended to get spaced out at night — perhaps due to the combination of booze and insulin. At one point he thought we were towing another boat behind us. And so it was we started arguing about which side of the white lights to pass. I said the logical thing would be to take them to starboard, as we had Isla Margarita off to starboard. Bill thought we should take them to port. We kept arguing as the lights got closer and brighter until finally a school of dolphin swam up to the boat from the port side, immediately turned around and swam back the way they came at which point I grabbed the wheel and said, "Bill, we're following them. Gybe-ho!"

As we gybed around to the starboard tack I looked at where we had been approaching and saw that the three white lights were on a spit of beach. And so I learned that among the many forms of navigation there is Dolphin Navigation.

Epilogue: After returning to Puerto La Cruz, getting the tanks cleaned and Bill refreshed, we set out again and enjoyed a relatively uneventful 22-day island-hopping trip to Tortola.

LOOK OUT FOR...

Monkeypod, Madras Thorn or Manila Tamarind

by Lynn Kaak

As you travel through the Caribbean, every month there's something special to look out for.



Probably the most ironic thing about this tree is that it is not from Manila or Madras. It is originally from Central America, and was introduced to the rest of the world by the Europeans. *Pithecellobium dulce* may have an identity crisis. It isn't even a tamarind. It does, however, have thorns, but not always.

This tree is hardy; however, like most plants from the tropics, it doesn't do well with the cold. It can handle dry conditions and has no problem in wet areas. Poor soil isn't a big concern, and, like many members of the extended pea family, it actually helps to bring nitrogen back into the soil. Sea level is fine, even with some salt, and high elevation, to a limit, is not a hindrance to its growth. This is a very versatile tree. It also propagates quite readily.

The dominant feature of this tree is the fruit. The green to pinkish to reddish pod grows to a length of about ten centimetres (four inches). When the curled pod ripens, the bottom splits open to reveal a whitish pulp surrounding black seeds. This pulp is edible, and has a tangy-sweet taste. It can be made into a drink tasting similar to lemonade.

Besides the pulp being edible, the seeds are a source of oil and are also ground into a livestock feed. While not commonly used in the Caribbean, the seeds have been well utilized in Asia. Some cultures cook the seeds into a curry for an effective source of protein.

The pale green/white flowers are generally around 12 centimetres long, and coiled. They are very fragrant, which adds to their appeal to pollinators, with bees being the most common visitors.

The tree can grow to about 15 metres (50 feet) if left to its own devices, but can also make a very effective natural fence if several are planted close together and pruned. The thorns found on these trees may help deter foraging animals, although it is reported that goats may find the tree tasty.

The trunk can start to branch, and damage to the root can cause another trunk to start growing from that point. This is not a tree that has one simple trunk, but is a tree that literally branches out. This gives an added benefit to supporting a wide crown, which make this an effective shade tree. Even though it is not a true evergreen, the leaves cycle through so that the tree is never entirely denuded.

While the common names are misnomers, this is a tree that is true to its roots and can hold its own almost anywhere. Look for it along the roadside and nearly wherever you might hike.





‘Oil Dong’: Breadfruit in Coconut Milk

by Shirley Hall

This recipe first appeared in the October 2007 issue of Compass. *We’re celebrating our 25th Anniversary year by sharing recipes and other articles from past issues. Enjoy!*

Breadfruit and coconut milk are the essential ingredients in Grenada’s national dish, Oil Down, too. But here in Trini-land, where we omit the Spice Islanders’ callaloo and salt meat from the recipe, we call it “Oil Dong.”

Breadfruit is usually cooked before it gets very ripe. It will be firm, not soft, but not green either. When a breadfruit is ready for cooking — or as West Indians say, “full” — when you knock it with your knuckles it should sound hollow, like testing a melon. To keep a breadfruit from ripening, it can be covered in a bowl or bucket of water, but this will only save it for a few days. If you have the space in your freezer, just peel and freeze. When it is very ripe (soft), you can wrap it in foil and bake it in the oven.

To make coconut milk, grate the white flesh of a brown coconut using a cheese grater (the fine side will produce better results). Add one cup of warm water to the grated coconut, put in a bowl and squeeze with your hands. Put results in a fine muslin cloth, twist into a ball and squeeze as hard as you can. The first results are the thickest, called coconut cream. This is commonly used in drinks. The second and third cup of water you add and squeeze results in coconut milk, which is thinner.

Trinidad Oil Dong
1 Tablespoon soya oil
1 medium onion, chopped
3 cloves of garlic, minced
1 good-sized breadfruit, peeled, cored and chunked
1 coconut, grated and milked
Salt and spice to taste
Sliced fish (optional)
Parsley and chadon bene to garnish

Heat oil in a large pot; sauté onion and garlic until clear. Add breadfruit, coconut milk, salt and spice. Sliced fish could be steamed on top as it cooks. Cover and simmer over low heat until breadfruit is cooked. When breadfruit breaks with a spoon, it is done.

Sprinkle with some chopped parsley and chadon bene and let stand five minutes before serving.

Shirley Hall is the author of The New Caribbean Home and Garden Handbook.

Mostly I Remember the Dark

Island Poets

Mostly I remember the Dark because the darkness was sublime.
And a dark night is so wonderful and increasingly rare.
With the great improvers came roads and wire-strung poles.
The waterfront trees blocked the new “electric” so
The trees must go and the trees disappeared.
Or perhaps there never were any trees.
Worthless trees: the *Hippomane mancinella*,
Dripping its ancient poison in defense of its seaside roots.
Clinging between Carib wind gods and man-made roads.
The sea took away the beach and then the road as well, but
Perhaps there never were any trees.
Perhaps there never were any birds on Bird Key either.
I remember the birds: white clouds settling into bower of green mangrove.
Canute Calliste saw a mermaid here. She hasn’t been seen recently, but
He too remembers the trees and the birds and the reef, or
Perhaps there were never any birds on Bird Key.
Shadows perhaps, “visions,” some dust
Flickering in an old man’s eyes.
It might be rum or myopia,
Perhaps delusions?
But I can’t get those birds out of my head.
Where do they nest?
Where is their crowded congress tonight?
I remember the darkness.
And now we have light.
We have too much light.
We have forsaken the stars and planets and the moon!
And we wonder if progress might bring back the trees and birds and mermaids.
And we wonder alone.
And now the mangroves
Are worth more dead than alive
And so the trees and the birds and the reefs
And so the Mermaids, but
Mostly, I remember the Dark.

— John Smith



CANUTE CALISTE

The Sky from Mid-August to Mid-September

by Jim Ulik

The birthdays of two celebrated authors who have inspired and motivated future science fiction writers are recognized this period. Ray Bradbury would have celebrated his hundredth birthday on August 22nd. The novel *Fahrenheit 451* (1953) is a story about book burning in an American future to suppress dissenting ideas. *The Martian Chronicles* is a depiction of the colonization of Mars by humans fleeing from a troubled and eventually atomically devastated Earth. Twentieth century predictions for our future? Are the themes familiar? Then on September 1st, Edgar Rice Burroughs, born in 1875, would have celebrated his 145th birthday. He might be better known for *Tarzan of the Apes*, but he also published a series called *Under the Moons of Mars* including *A Princess of Mars,* about character John Carter, who was transported to Mars following the Civil War. The *Amtor* series was about Carson Napier attempting a solo voyage to Mars because he had grown exhausted with the planet Earth. He found himself heading toward the planet Venus instead because he forgot to calculate the moon's gravity as a factor in navigating to Mars.

Monday, August 17th

Rising from an area just north of Vega is the radiant of the Kappa Cygnid meteor shower. This shower reaches its peak tonight and is active from August 3rd to August 25th. There won't be any interference from moonlight as it is one day away from the New Moon phase. The shower is likely to produce its best displays in the hours around 2100, when its radiant point is highest in the sky.

Tuesday, August 18th

The Moon lines up with the Sun today. The gravitational pull of the Sun and Moon have now combined to produce more extreme high and low tides. You can't see it without burning out your retinas, but Mercury is currently north of and on the opposite side of the Sun. What is also difficult to see at any time is Mercury's tail, which is not unlike a comet's tail in that the solar wind blasts sodium atoms off Mercury's surface, ejecting them into space.

The lack of moonlight makes for good viewing conditions for the five active meteor showers this evening. Find a spot where you can see the black sky directly overhead and look for the combined showers to produce up to 150 meteors per hour. The major contributor is the Perseids.

Tuesday, August 25th

Tonight marks the peak of the Northern Iota Aquariids. This shower is active August 11th through September 10th. The shooting stars will radiate out of an area between Jupiter and Mars. This shower can produce around 10 meteors per hour.

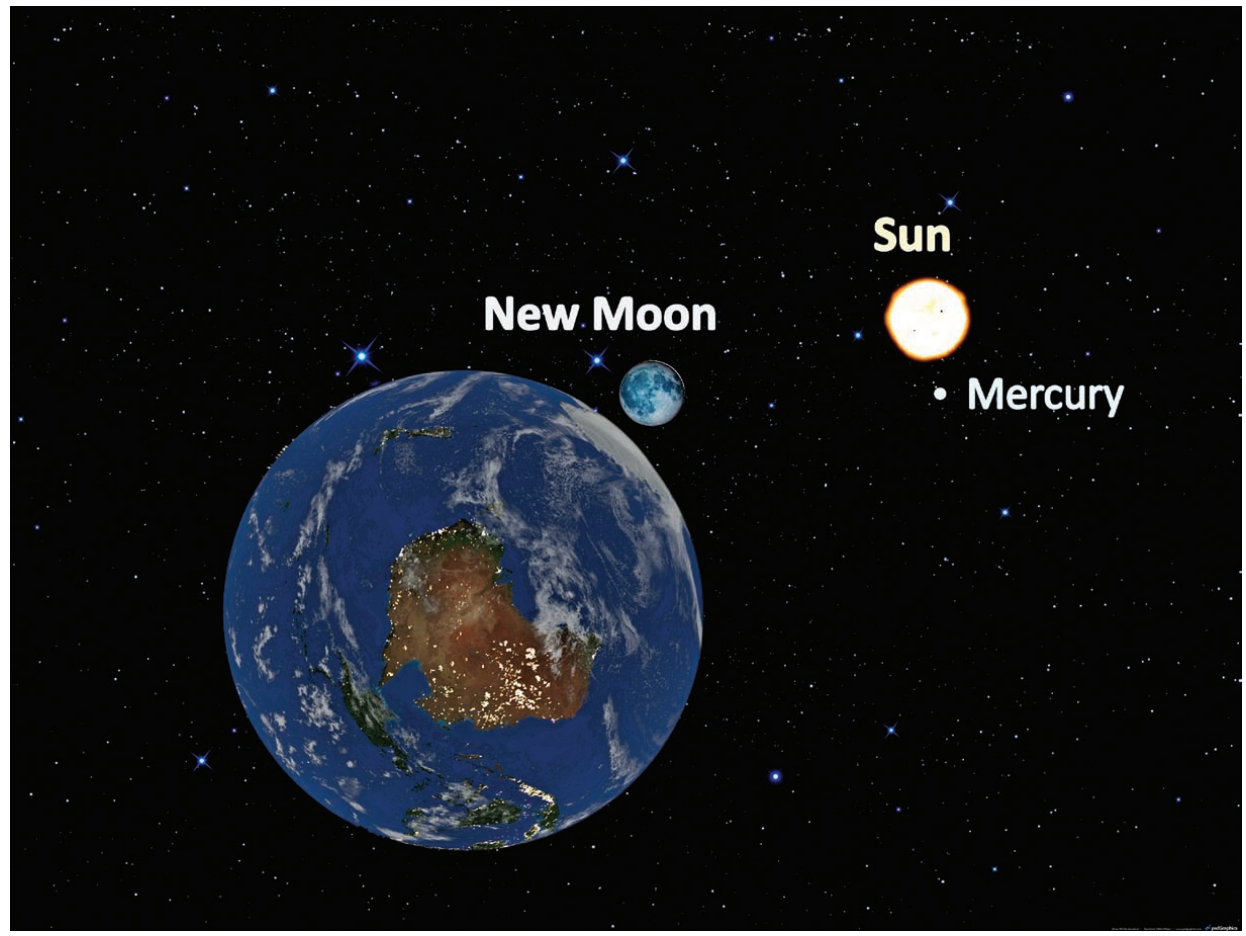
Thursday, August 27th

Appearing close together are three celestial bodies slowly transiting the night sky. Look for the Moon to illuminate the path followed by Jupiter and Saturn. Over the next two days the Moon gradually shifts its position to the east. Tomorrow, August 28th, the Moon will be located next to Jupiter. On August 29th the Moon will be located just east of Saturn.

Monday, August 31st

The Aurigids meteor shower will be active from August 28th to September 5th, producing its peak rate of meteors tonight. This shower is best seen in the predawn hours.

—Continued on next page



The orbital positions during the New Moon at 1030 on August 18.

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—*Continued from previous page*

The radiant of the meteors is from constellation Auriga located north of Orion and west of Gemini. Venus is also shining brightly in the east.

Wednesday, September 2nd

The large orange Moon rising will appear quite full on September 1st. However, the Moon doesn't really become full until after 0100 hours on September 2nd. Might as well have two back-to-back Full Moon parties this month. Want another excuse to celebrate? This is the third and last Full Moon of summer.

Planning is key for any manned mission to Mars. Today is Mars' Winter Solstice in the northern hemisphere. Winter on Mars lasts four (Earth) months. So if astronauts had wanted to get to Mars by spring (February 7th, 2021), they should have left Earth by the first of April because the trip can take nine months. That is assuming the astronauts want to conserve enough fuel for the voyage back to Earth.

The optimal time to launch the spacecraft is when Mars is 44 degrees ahead of Earth in its orbit. The next best launch date could be September 2022 for an approximate Mars arrival in June 2023 during spring. The summer solstice on Mars is July 12th, 2023.

Saturday, September 5th

It may be hard to identify Mars this evening because it appears very close to the Moon. A pair of binoculars may be required to find the red planet north of the Moon just off the Ocean of Storms. When you look at the Moon, note that the diameter of the Ocean of Storms is 2568 Km (about 1600 miles).

Wednesday, September 9th

The September Epsilon Perseids meteor shower produces its peak rate of shooting stars tonight. There will be about two hours of viewing time before the Last Quarter Moon begins to rise. The best time to spot a few meteors is between 2200 hours and midnight.

Monday, September 14th

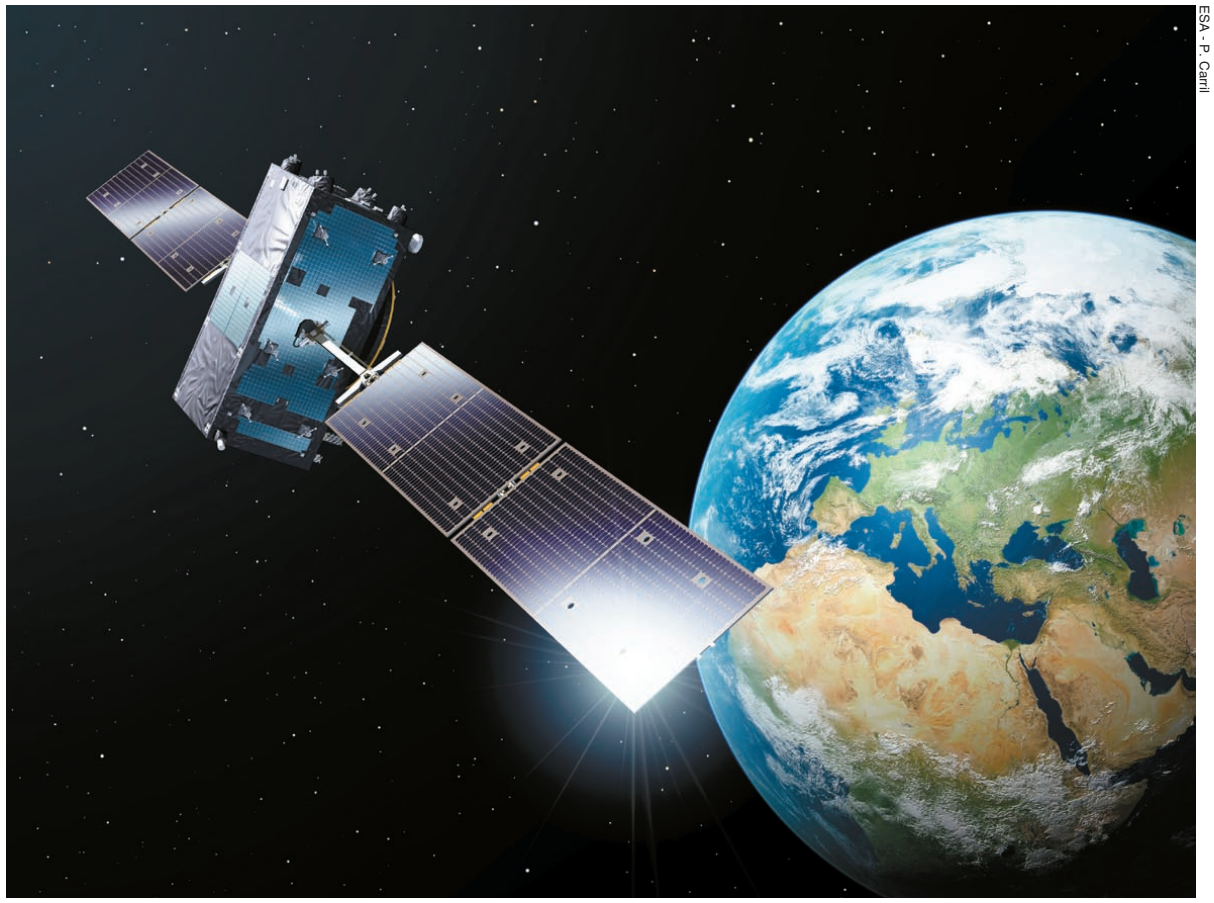
In the pre-dawn hours yesterday the Moon was gradually moving out of its position in Gemini. This morning the waning crescent Moon is locked in the claws of the constellation Cancer the Crab. Also located a few degrees away in Cancer is Venus.

In the News

Europe's Global Navigation Satellite System (GNSS) is beginning to open digitally signed signals that authenticate transmissions from the constellation of Galileo satellites. This system lets GNSS receivers ensure that the satellite signals they receive are from Galileo satellites. Social networks, web pages and mobile phone communications are protected by some method of authentication, but this is not yet the case for satnav data. The first step to minimize the risks of hacking, jamming or spoofing satellite data is the addition of Navigation Message Authentication (NMA) to their open service. Encrypted signal transmission from Galileo for the general public is expected to start in mid-2020 while full service is planned to be available in 2021. NMA will be compatible with older GPS units.

All times are given as Atlantic Standard Time (AST) unless otherwise noted. The times are based on a viewing position in Grenada and may vary by only a few minutes in different Caribbean locations.

Jim Ulik sails on S/V Merengue.



ESA - P. Carril

Above: Europe's Global Navigation Satellite System (GNSS).



Right: The STEREO mission to study the Sun has observed some unusual comet-like features exhibited by the planet Mercury.

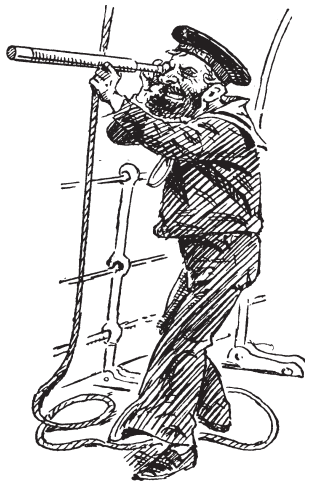
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Reef Builders: Elkhorn and Other Branching Corals

by Darelle Snyman



Pillar corals form majestic, cylindrical columns that can reach impressive heights.

An article about coral has been long overdue, especially taking into account that these tiny colonial animals actually created the spectacular underwater havens we so love to explore.

These unique relatives of the sea anemones and jellyfishes have created gathering places in the ocean on which 25 percent of all marine life depend for food and shelter. This fact becomes more impressive when taking into account that coral reefs only cover about one percent of the ocean floor.

The main reef builders are the stony corals, those species whose tiny coral polyps encase themselves in a protective exoskeleton of calcium carbonate (limestone). When they die their hard skeletons form the base for the next generation. This is a process that has been occurring for thousands of years and has resulted in one of the most complex and interesting ecosystems on Earth: the coral reef.

The identification of corals, however, can be overwhelming, as they exhibit such a variety of shapes, sizes and colors. The easiest approach for me, which is followed by many coral identification guides, has been to recognize corals based on their growth form. This, unfortunately, does not always guarantee a positive identification, but does help to narrow the field. In general, coral develops into one of six unique growth forms, namely branching, plating, encrusting, meandering, massive and solitary. There is great variation within these broad groups to complicate matters. I chose the branching corals to start with, as they are fairly easy to spot and include two of the Caribbean's most iconic and important reef building coral species: elkhorn coral (*Acropora palmata*) and staghorn coral (*Acropora cervicornis*).

Endangered Elkhorn and Staghorn Coral

Elkhorn coral is unmistakable with its thick, flattened, antler-like branches that can be over two metres long. The branches with their pale tips grow outward from a sturdy base and provide numerous marine life forms with a safe haven. Symbiotic zooxanthellae give live elkhorn coral a golden tan to pale-brown color. Elkhorn coral polyps are a favorite snack for damselfish, which suck and pluck them from the coral body. They are such stunning coral! I saw some beautiful specimens while exploring Lighthouse Reef in Belize (just before Covid-19 sucked the life out of everything fun).

Its reef-building relative, the staghorn coral, is bushy and less massive in structure. Its pale brown cylindrical branches, as the common name indicates, resemble a male deer's antlers. Each branch has a distinct white tip and its surface is covered in tiny, protruding tubular corallites.

These nocturnal feeders rely on stinging cells or nematocysts to snatch tasty morsels from the surrounding water. Both species are very fragile and can break easily; this fragmentation, however, is a means of reproduction, as fragmented pieces can reattach to the reef surface and form new colonies. This ability to reproduce asexually, combined with a fairly rapid growth rate, accounted for much of their historical success. These two species once dominated the shallow waters of the greater Caribbean region, but since the 1980s their populations have declined by over 80 percent and have, sadly, shown little recovery. This decline has been driven by diseases such as white-band disease and increased bleaching events. Bleaching involves the loss of the zooxanthellae algae that make their home in the coral polyps and provide them with nutrients. Increases in water temperature cause the coral to expel the algae, turning the coral white. Corals can survive bleaching events, but the stress makes them more vulnerable to mortality. Destructive storms and predation by coral-eating marine life further affect their ability to recover. Both species are now listed as critically endangered and numerous conservation programs have been implemented to protect them and enhance their recovery.

Another *Acropora* relative that you might encounter in the Caribbean Sea's shallows is fused staghorn coral (*Acropora prolifera*), a more densely clustered branching coral that resembles staghorn coral. Its branches are more rounded and often end at the tip in an array of flattened smaller branches. Molecular studies have now shown that fused staghorn coral is a hybrid of staghorn and elkhorn coral.

Familiar Finger Coral

A branching reef-building coral with a more prolific distribution across the Caribbean region is finger coral, belonging to the genus *Porites*. This somewhat bland-looking coral has become a familiar sight on my dives. Several colonies can cluster together to form sprawling thickets. Branching finger coral species are found in a wide range of habitats and seem to be less susceptible to coral bleaching. Clubtip finger coral (*Porites porites*) and branched finger coral (*Porites furcata*) are the most commonly encountered species, with thin finger coral (*Porites divaricata*) being less common.

I still find it confusing to distinguish the three species from one another. Variations within their growth forms make them appear very similar. *Porites porites* in general have thicker branches and longer polyps, while *Porites furcata* have more elongated branches, shorter polyps and more rounded tips. The branches of thin finger coral are the most slender. Often divided at the tips, they can vary from purple to brown or grey in color. Not very helpful descriptions to identify them at a glance when swimming over a colony!

Elusive Pillar Coral

A branching coral unique among the stony corals of the Caribbean is the more elusive pillar coral (*Dendrogyra cylindrus*). These corals give rise to majestic, cylindrical columns that can reach impressive heights of up to three metres. I have only encountered small colonies of pillar coral, but it is apparently a sight to behold when seeing them in their full magnificence. Pillar corals grow by forming an encrusting base mass from which the light- to golden-brown columns or spires arise. It is one of the few hard coral species whose polyps are extended for feeding during the day, giving the colony a soft, fuzzy appearance.

Pillar coral populations have also declined drastically over the past 30 years. They are especially vulnerable to coral diseases, notably white plague disease. This decline has resulted in pillar coral being listed as Vulnerable on the IUCN Red List. The situation is worsened by the fact that the juveniles have very low levels of recruitment, which means it is very difficult for pillar coral colonies to recover from damage. Pillar coral, like all coral species, is very fragile, so if you do come across it in its full splendor, be careful, one fin kick can undo years' worth of growth.

I hope you enjoyed our first foray into the lives of the architects of the marine world.



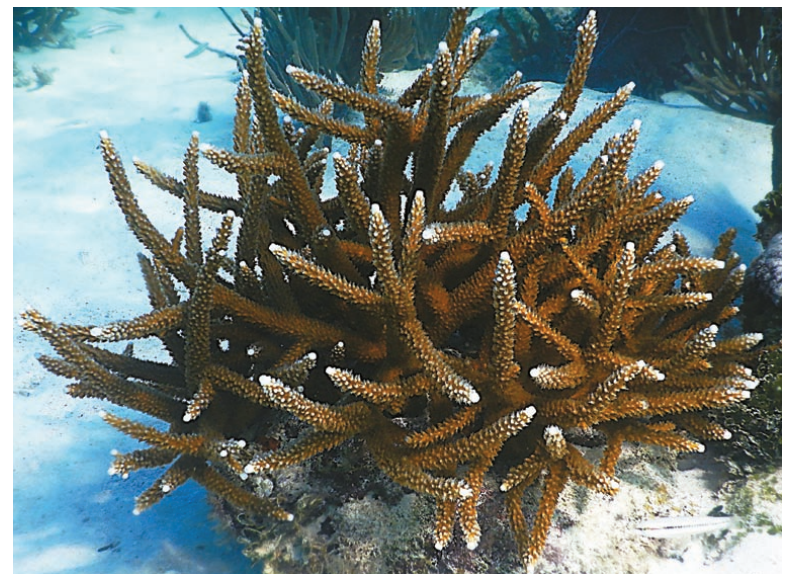
A sprawling colony of finger coral.



Elkhorn coral is unmistakeable with its thick, flattened, 'elk antler' branches.



Branching finger coral species are found in a wide range of habitats.



The staghorn coral is bushy. Its pale brown cylindrical branches resemble a male deer's antlers.

The Shiny Cowbird, a Recent Colonist



Above: The female cowbird lays her eggs in the nests of other species, finding foster care for her chicks.

Below: The glossy black plumage of the male Shiny Cowbird shimmers with iridescent blue and violet highlights.



There is a prowler in my neighbourhood. Dressed in drab, she waits to target homes while tenants are away. At dawn she sneaks in and out, stealthy and proud, yet steals nothing, but leaves all her riches behind. She is not your classic prowler – she is a Shiny Cowbird, *Molothrus bonariensis* – a medium-sized songbird whose name originates from a long-standing association with bison and cattle. Historically, cowbirds followed the great herds of bison that once roamed North America to feed on the insects disturbed by the moving herd. There is a theory that the moving bison influenced the bird's infamous breeding strategy of laying eggs in other birds' nests, as its reliance on the moving herd clashed with the time-consuming activity of building a nest and raising a family.

The Shiny Cowbird is endemic to the pampas – vast expanses of grasslands located in South America. There are seven subspecies of Shiny Cowbird, all found in throughout South America except the *Molothrus bonariensis minimus,* the smallest of the Shiny Cowbirds, originally confined to northern Brazil, the Guyanas and Trinidad & Tobago. This is the subspecies that recently colonized the Lesser Antilles, starting in Grenada in 1901 and slowly progressing up the island chain to reach Antigua in 1959. Although rare in the Virgin Islands, it is common in Puerto Rico, Hispaniola, Jamaica, Cuba, The Bahamas and some parts of Florida. It was recorded in Grand Cayman for the first time in 1995.

Populations in South America and Florida are partially migratory, but those in the West Indies appear to remain sedentary all year round.

Despite being a recent newcomer to the West Indies, the Shiny Cowbird has already earned several local names — including Merle de Sainte Lucie, Merle de Barbade, Corn Bird and the Blackbird's Cousin — due to the glossy black plumage of the male Shiny Cowbird, which in sunlight shimmers with iridescent blue and violet highlights. Males of this species can be confused with their close relative the glossy black-violet Carib Grackle; however, Shiny Cowbirds are smaller, with dark eyes and a shorter, thicker bill.

As ground-foraging omnivores, Shiny Cowbirds can be found in open habitats searching for seeds and insects, as well as in urban parks, outdoor cafés and restaurants (searching for crumbs under the tables), gardens and boatyards. Like all cowbirds, Shiny Cowbirds thrive in close proximity to humans and can become quite tame. Their rapid expansion has been largely aided by large-scale habitat alterations, such as the removal of both dry and rain forests for agriculture and animal grazing. Although in the early 1900s they were popular cage birds for their melodic songs, today they're widely disliked by the public due to their breeding habits. Shiny Cowbirds are obligate brood parasites — that means that they've lost all ability to build their own nests and incubate, instead they must rely on other birds to complete their breeding cycle. About one percent of all bird species are obligate brood parasites, though the best-known examples are the cowbird and the European Cuckoo.

But, although this notorious brood-parasite evades the hard work of building a nest and parental care altogether, it is no easy task to get the act of brood-parasitism just right. First, the host's diet is critical, so that the parasitic chicks are not fed the wrong diet and starve. Then, timing is crucial – lay too early and the eggs will stand in an empty nest, thus alerting the host; too late and the chicks will probably fail to get the appropriate surrogate care. So Shiny Cowbirds start by finding someone that's carrying nest material in their beak and follow them to investigate. Then — according to a study published in *Behavioral Ecology and Sociobiology* — they visit the targeted nest several days ahead to fine-tune their timing, making at least a dozen trips before laying.

Some species of cowbird return several times to the host nest after laying. Shiny Cowbirds. on the other hand, lay one single egg and then avoid the crime scene altogether. This is probably because they have a nasty habit of poking holes in some, or all of the eggs they encounter. Thus, avoiding a nest that they have already visited is the best way to avoid puncturing their own. There are various hypotheses explaining the motivation behind egg puncturing, two of which stand out. The "farming hypothesis" states that when the female cowbird finds a nest late in the incubation cycle, she punctures all the eggs in order to "persuade" the host to re-nest, thus creating new opportunities for herself. The second is the "test incubation hypothesis," which states that by puncturing the eggs the female is assessing the degree of development of the embryo, to decide whether the nest is worth parasitising, or not.

Additionally, Shiny Cowbirds seem to follow the old proverb "don't put all your eggs in one basket" to the letter and avoid laying more than one egg in the same nest to prevent competition between their own offspring. Hence, a nest with multiple cowbird eggs has most likely been parasitised by several females.

Although some brood-parasites use only a few host species, Shiny Cowbirds are extreme generalists that use up to 250 host species, 93 of which are known to have raised cowbird chicks. While some of these species accept parasitism, others, such as the Grey Kingbird, guard and aggressively defend their nests and readily recognize the parasitic eggs, ejecting them from the nest. Some species rebuild the nest to cover the offending egg.

Whereas brood parasitism benefits the cowbird tremendously by allowing it to allocate all of its resources towards mating and producing eggs, resulting in a longer reproductive period, it can harm the host by decreasing the growth of its offspring as they compete with more aggressive, competitive parasitic siblings. Shiny Cowbird eggs have a shorter incubation period than the hosts', giving the hatchlings a tremendous head start. As a result, Shiny Cowbirds are a serious threat to some host species in the West Indies, particularly endangered species such as the Yellow-Shouldered Blackbird of Puerto Rico and the Puerto Rican Vireo.

Cowbirds may be the mafiosos of the bird world, but they start life with an identity crisis — the chicks are raised by families that look and sound very different from them. Laboratory experiments show that cowbirds who spend too much time with their foster parents imprint on them and end up learning their songs and behaviours and even attempt to mate within the host species. However, left in a natural habitat, their instincts are able to override this: a study published in *Animal Behaviour* reveals that, like unruly teenagers, cowbird fledglings sneak out of their foster parents' nests at night to rendezvous with other cowbirds in the nearby fields, returning to the nest just before dawn. These night-flights, driven by a longing to roost in the fields, ensure the youngsters mingle and build ties with their own species. In addition, a recent study found that contrary to all expectations, female cowbirds don't abandon their offspring completely. Instead, they look out for them and return to nests where their chicks have survived to pre-adulthood, responding to their begging calls with vocalizations. At the same time, they gather information on the successes and failures of different nests to help them decide where to lay in the future. Curiously, neurological studies have found that females develop larger hippocampal formations (the part of the brain associated with acquiring spatial memory) than the males. This is because the females alone perform parasitic behaviour and need the capacity to remember the location and status of each nest for future identification.

People used to think cowbirds just laid their eggs in the first nest they could find, but now we know that they work hard to provide the best foster care for their chicks. As you see, there is more to the prowler in my neighborhood than meets the eye.



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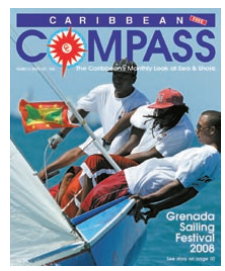
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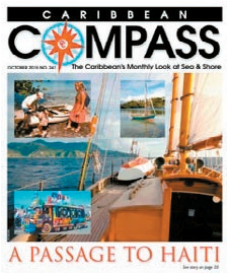
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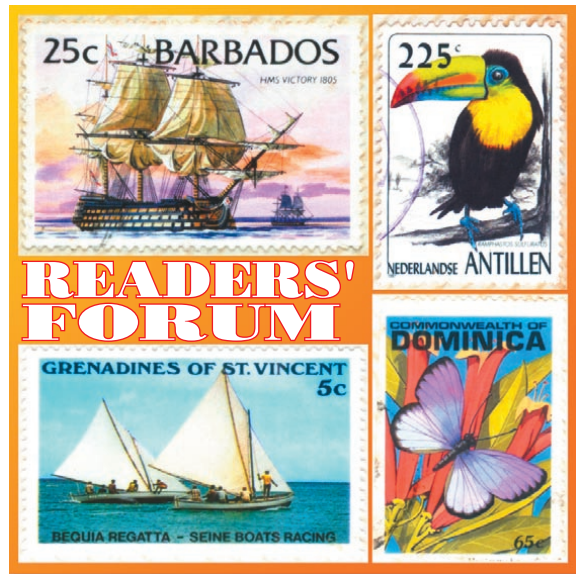
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RELEVANT AND USEFUL JUNE ISSUE

Dear *Compass*,

The June issue of *Caribbean Compass* arrived in Carriacou on June 26th.

Beautiful cover!

What a Readers' Forum — big ups across the board. (However, I read one Bill Bryson book more than 30 years ago and just downloaded a free sample of one of his later books to confirm my opinion – he's a "wise guy" as defined by the Oxford dictionary. I don't know what quality Ellen Birrell was trying to convey by comparing my writing to his.)

The Business Briefs were like chart updates for your Covid Sea article [*see page 10 at www.caribbeancompass.com/online/april20compass_online.pdf*].

The "Creating Community" article by Karen Achtemeier touched on a theme that seems to be developing out of the pandemic. I see and hear other variations on community. (And the article touches on the "good anchorage principle" I came up with long ago: In a good anchorage everything one actually needs is already somewhere in the fleet.)

"Grenadian Hospitality" by David Carey is very nice; the kind of content *Compass* loves to fill its pages with. My old eyes are still plodding through the rest of the issue.

It being a monthly and arriving excessively late, I'm still finding *Compass* relevant and useful. Does that one qualify for your map on the masthead page?

One Love,
Jim Hutchinson
S/V Ambia

KUDOS FOR JULY ISSUE

Dear *Compass*,

I want to tell you that your July issue is excellent. I thoroughly enjoyed the articles on Caribbean Sailing Agents of Change and on kayaking champion Telfor Bedeau.

Ralph Trout
Sri Lanka

HUMBLED TO BE NOMINATED
AGENT OF CHANGE

Dear *Compass* Readers,

Thank you so very much. I had no idea this article was coming out. Being mentioned as a Caribbean Sailing Agent of Change was beyond a nice surprise — I was shocked and could not believe what I was reading. I'm humbled by this. I cannot thank you enough for doing this; sometimes in my homeland, I do feel underappreciated by folks who don't have the same passion as me. This acknowledgement has lifted my spirits a whole lot.

Thank you for the support. I am just happy to be of service to the cruising community. I will continue to do my best for the betterment of everyone.

Thanks again. I really, really appreciate it.

God bless,
Jesse James, Members Only Taxi
Chaguaramas, Trinidad

SAILING AGENTS OF CHANGE SURPRISE

Dear *Compass* Readers,

Was I ever surprised when my husband, Jim, said from his favorite reading chair, "You're in good company... Yes, with some of your favorite people — Jerry Stewart, Fatty Goodlander."

I was absorbed in a project, so it took me a few moments to understand. When I went over and saw that it was the "Caribbean Sailing Agents of Change" article — wow! Was that ever the pick-me-up I needed!

Thank you for including me. It's beyond flattering to be mentioned amidst, albeit well-distanced behind, the likes of Don Street, Chris Doyle, etcetera. Youth sailing remains a passion of mine and I'm thankful to have been a part of its growth within a place I love so much — the Caribbean!

Always yours,
Ellen Birrell, *S/V Boldly Go*

PLEASED TO BE NOMINATED

Honored and pleased! Hugs to the Compass Crew.

Cap'n Fatty Goodlander
S/V Ganesh
Currently in Singapore

ADVICE FROM AN AGENT OF CHANGE

Dear *Compass* Readers,

Thanks for naming me a Caribbean Sailing Agent of Change. I take this opportunity to give you all a timely tip: Read the hurricane section of my website, www.street-iolaire.com. If sailors would do this, and follow my advice, I am sure it will reduce insurance claims and the destruction of yachts.

Don Street
Glandore, Ireland

CSSN AS SAILING AGENT OF CHANGE

Dear *Caribbean Compass*,

Thank you for including us in your "Sailing Agents of Change" article. We are honored to be recognized along with several icons of Caribbean sailing.

However, as we said then and continue to say now, the Caribbean Safety and Security Net (https://safetyandsecuritynet.org) was never a one-man band. Frank Zachar, *S/V Vagabond Tiger*, conceived the idea in Isla Margarita, Venezuela, during the summer of 1996. Bob and Robin Jones, *S/V Elixir*, put structure to the reports and devised analysis tools. Don and Judith Klein, *S/V Daisy D*, started logging reports to a database for easier retrieval. Roger Page, *S/V Flying Eagle*, created the first website. Local businesses, like PAYS in Prince Rupert Bay, Dominica, took the issues seriously enough to create patrols.

Harm Brink, *S/V Horta*, took over the SSB portion and Kim White, *S/V Gabrielle*, the website maintenance, when we returned to land. And now, with the advances in technology, the crew working with Kim took the website to a whole new level.

The Caribbean Safety and Security Net would not have worked or remained relevant had it not been for all these people, along with the hundreds, maybe thousands, of cruisers who worked as radio relays, sent or called in reports, and helped to verify the information.

Thank you for the recognition on behalf of them.

Melodye and John Pompa
Formerly *S/V Second Millennium*
Now in Las Cruces, New Mexico, in the middle of the Chihuahuan Desert, the world's biggest beach

HAPPY ABOUT AGENTS
OF CHANGE NOMINATIONS

Dear *Compass*,

Congratulations on *Compass* itself being recognized as one of the leading Sailing Agents of Change for yachties in the Caribbean! Very well deserved — we eagerly look for *Compass* each month to see what's new, and to learn about local flora, fauna, events, and places. I'm slightly chagrined that I didn't think to nominate *Compass*, but I'm glad to see that someone else did!

And of course, I was delighted that Jesse James received the recognition that he so richly deserves! It was interesting to read about the others who were nominated, some of whom I know and was pleased to see recognized, and others whom I was interested to learn about.

Best,
Tayce Wakefield, *M/V Mercator*

SKIPPER MORRIS NICHOLSON'S
LIFELONG COMMITMENT

Dear *Compass*,

I have watched the "yacht captain, yacht owner" scene for 74 of my 90 years. The number of long-term relationships between owners and skippers are so few that I can count them on my fingers. Morris Nicholson is one captain whose relationship with a yacht owner lasted a lifetime.

Like many young sailors who had a desire to sail in the Caribbean, Morris helped an impecunious sailor finance his voyage by signing on as paying crew. At times stranded in North Africa and the Canaries, he had an adventurous two years getting to the Caribbean, finally arriving in St. Lucia in 1955.

He landed a job working for Bert Ganter, who was starting a small marina in Vigie Cove. In 1956 Gus Coven came through St. Lucia on *Eleuthera I*, a steel Alden-designed Abeking and Rassmussen-built ketch of about 50 feet. Morris did some engine and generator repairs and maintenance on the boat.

Gus took a liking to Morris. He had decided that *Eleuthera I* was too small and a larger version, slightly over 60 feet, was being built for him by Abeking and Rassussen. Gus hired Morris to go to Germany, supervise the final details, and become its skipper.

Through the years, Morris, Gus, and *Eleuthera II* had many adventures. These included getting shot at by the Venezuelan Navy and having been mistaken for a boat smuggling Cuban revolutionaries. After getting badly hammered by weather on the way to the Panama Canal, a crewmember was badly injured and paramedics were dropped in the water from a helicopter and picked up by *Eleuthera II*. But the paramedics promptly got so seasick that the injured crew ended up nursing them!

—Continued on next page

—*Continued from previous page*

I organized the insurance for *Eleuthera II* with Lloyds for about 25 years. In the mid-1990s, Morris said, "I'm sorry Don, but we may not be able to renew the insurance as Mr. Coven is selling *Eleuthera II* — he is getting too old to continue sailing." Two weeks later, I was having lunch at the New York Yacht Club with my publisher, Eric Swenson of WW Norton, when Gus Coven came by. He apologized for interrupting lunch and said, "*Eleuthera II* is being sold and I don't know if I can persuade the buyer to continue the insurance through you." When I asked why the boat was being sold, Gus replied, "Morris is getting too old to continue sailing!"

Eleuthera II was sold, but the relationship between Gus and Morris lasted until Gus died, and then it continued on with the Coven family. Morris bought a plot of land on Bequia on which he established a home. The Covens had purchased land there and built a house of their own. Morris continued in the employment of the Coven family, keeping an eye on their property, until he recently took his voyage to sailors' Valhalla, where seas are smooth and anchorages uncrowded.

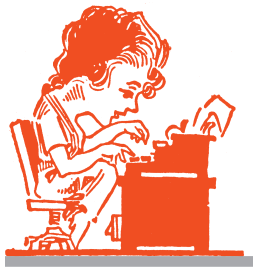
And so ends a 64-year relationship between yacht skipper and yacht owner.

Don Street
Glandore, Ireland

WE WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU!

***Dear* Compass *Readers*,**

We want to hear from YOU! What do you want to say?
Be sure to include your name, and you boat name or shoreside address.
We do not publish individual consumer complaints.
We do not publish anonymous letters, but your name may be withheld from print if you wish.
Letters may be edited for length, clarity and fair play.
Send your letters to sally@caribbeancompass.com



Letter of the Month

THE SKINNY ON ANTIGUA & BARBUDA

Dear *Compass*,

We love chartering in the BVIs but having sailed there on our last four vacations, as wonderful as they are, my wife and I decided it was time to try someplace new. After a little research we felt Antigua and Barbuda offered just what we were looking for. Plenty of things to do shoreside and the chance to find some secluded anchorages, a tough prospect in the BVIs.

It took a little shopping around but we finally settled on a Dufour 43 with Dream Yacht Charters out of Jolly Harbour. From San Diego we flew on a red eye to Newark and then a six-hour flight to Antigua. We arrived tired, but to a wonderful team who quickly got us checked out on the yacht, did a chart briefing and pointed us to a great grocery store that we could walk to and do all our provisioning. Since this took most of the day we decided to spend one night in our slip and enjoy our dockside air conditioning. What a luxury!

With an early start the next morning and on a wonderful beam reach we sailed four miles up the west coast to Deep Bay and anchored in about ten feet of water, just off a beautiful white sand beach with only two other boats there. After a picnic ashore we had a great snorkel on the wreck of the *Andes*, which burned and sank in 1905 right at the entrance to the bay.

The next morning we got another early start as we had about 17 miles to go to Nelson's Dockyard in English Harbour on the south coast. The winds were light in the morning but were again on the beam so we motor-sailed down the west coast and of course as the winds built, we were headed directly into them, so we used the iron genny and powered between Middle Reef and Antigua and on into English Harbour.

This is truly a great stop and gives you a bit of insight into what life was like when Admiral Nelson was sailing these waters. As it was Sunday night we had to join the party at the top of Shirley Heights. The hike up is pretty tough but the view is incredible and it made the cold beer one of the best I've ever had! With dinner and dancing to a great steel band it was truly a night to remember.

The next day we were off to the east coast and Green Island, a small island with nothing but palm trees, beaches and no buildings. We had finally found our secluded bay! There we anchored in Rickett Harbour, a small cove with really only room for a couple of boats. It's a real popular spot for high-speed cats to take people out for a day of snorkeling as the reef is truly amazing.

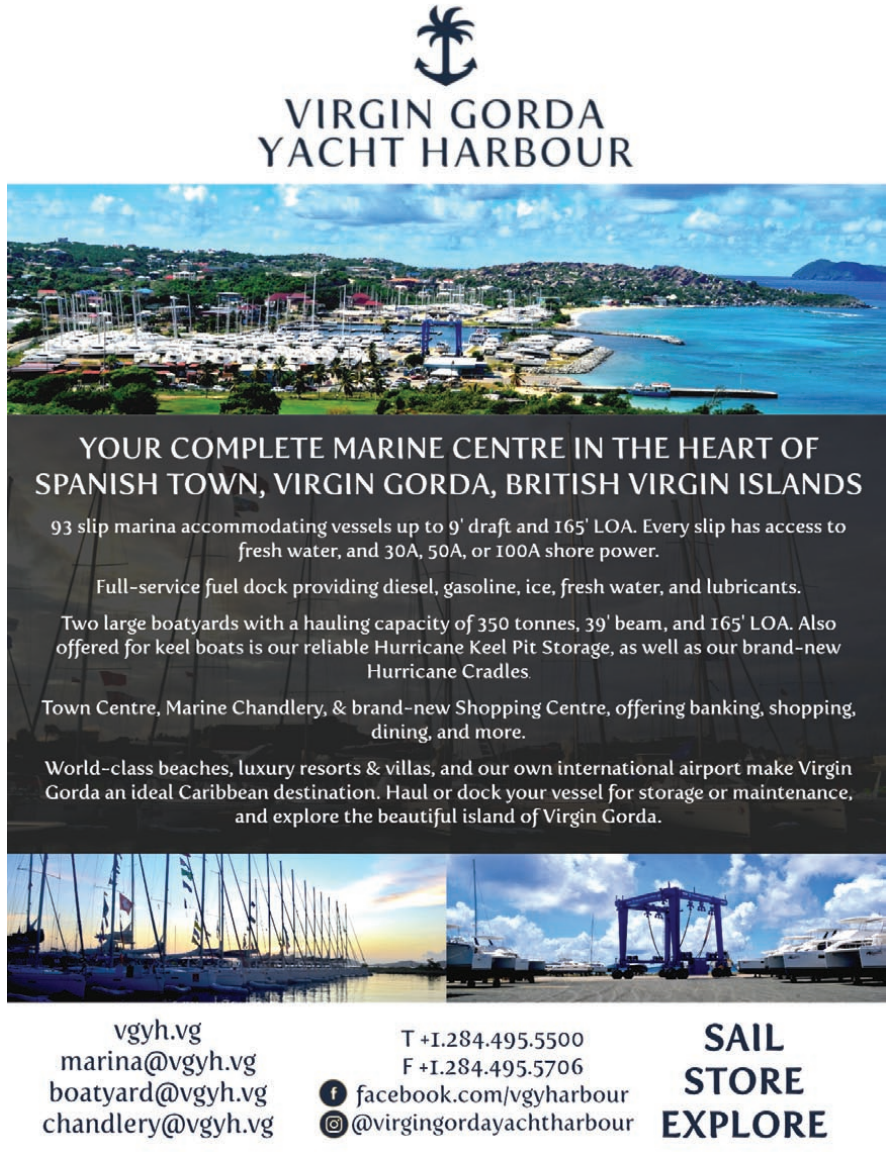
When in the Caribbean the vibe is a little different and people who, back stateside, wouldn't be caught dead without being dressed in business attire now feel its okay to skinny dip and jump right in! Well, as we were the only boat there and the nearest house was over half a mile away on Antigua off the clothes went. We snorkeled and then showered on the aft deck. What a wonderful feeling! (Just don't forget the sunscreen.)

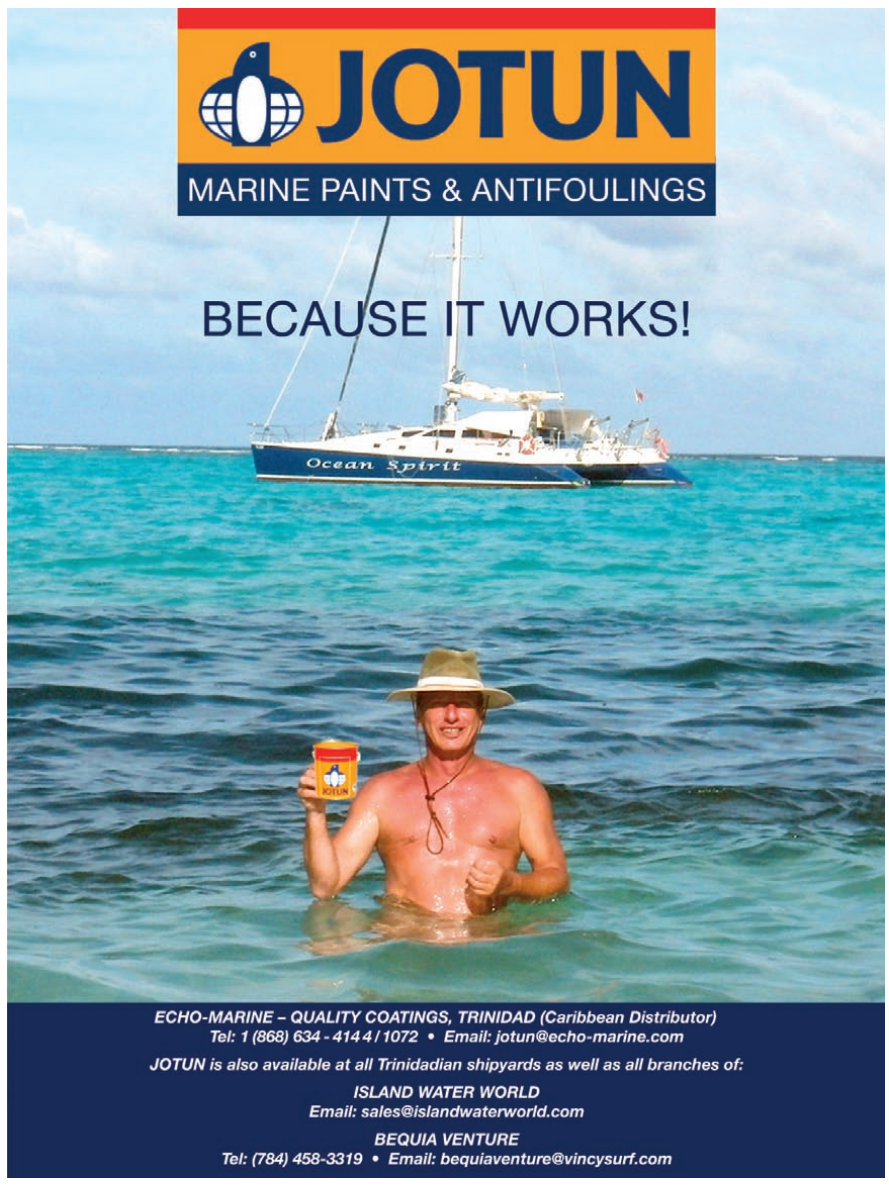
A good rule of thumb is to always remember that when you arrive at a new anchorage and during your stay, leave the sights, sounds and scenery as you found them. That means not everyone wants to listen to your music, or your generator running all night, or you racing around in your dinghy. And of course clean up all your trash. Well, this also goes for skinny dipping, remember not everyone wants to see you naked. So please be thoughtful of others if anyone is nearby, either anchored or onshore.

Soon another boat was pulling in, so back on went the clothes and we lit the barbecue for a delicious fish dinner. The next day we were off for about a 30-mile sail to Barbuda, which has an incredible west coast with miles and miles of pink sand beaches. With so many spots to anchor the chances of being close to another boat are slim. I think I could get used to this skinny dipping!

Well, as they say all good things must come to an end, and it was time to head back to the "real world." But at least for now when I get dressed for work, I do so with a little smile because no one back home will ever know my bottom has a little bit of a tan!

Jim McMullen
La Mesa, California





MERIDIAN PASSAGE OF THE MOON

AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 2020

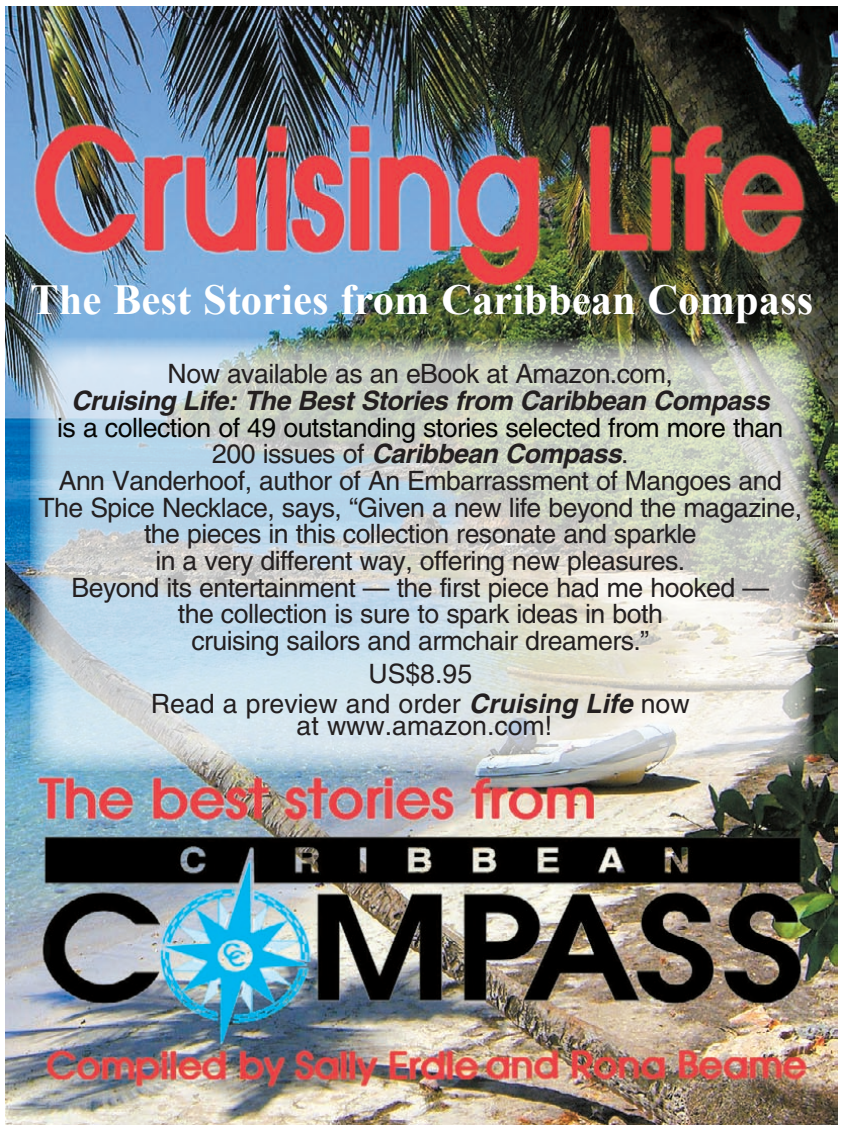
Crossing the channels between Caribbean islands with a favorable tide will make your passage faster and more comfortable. The table below, courtesy Don Street, author of Street's Guides and compiler of Imray-Iolaire charts, which shows the time of the meridian passage (or zenith) of the moon for this AND next month, will help you calculate the tides.

Water, Don explains, generally tries to run toward the moon. The tide starts running to the east soon after moonrise, continues to run east until about an hour after the moon reaches its zenith (see TIME below) and then runs westward. From just after the moon's setting to just after its nadir, the tide runs eastward; and from just after its nadir to soon after its rising, the tide runs westward; i.e. the tide floods from west to east. Times given are local.

Note: the maximum tide is 3 or 4 days after the new and full moons.

For more information, see "Tides and Currents" on the back of all Imray Iolaire charts. Fair tides!

August		21	1418	10	0542
DATE	TIME	22	1509	11	0633
1	2241	23	1601	12	0722
2	2336	24	1653	13	0823
3	0000 FULL MOON	25	1747	14	0919
4	0028	26	1843	15	1016
5	0116	27	1939	16	1111
6	0202	28	2035	17	1205
7	0245	29	2130	18	1258
8	0326	30	2221	19	1351
9	0407	31	2311	20	1445
10	0447			21	1540
11	0529	**September**		22	1636
12	0614	1	2357	23	1734
13	0701	2	0000 FULL MOON	24	1831
14	0751	3	0041	25	1926
15	0845	4	0123	26	2019
16	0941	5	0203	27	2109
17	1039	6	0244	28	2155
18	1136	7	0325	29	2234
19	1232	8	0408	30	2321
20	1326	9	0453		



WHAT'S ON MY MIND

GEMS IN BOATYARDS

by Robbie Ferron

I have to confess that I love walking around Caribbean boatyards and seeing all the hulls and their designs and modifications, and contemplating their possible histories. Many boats are uninteresting and in long-term storage. Many have similar stories and when the stories are special they are not written on the keel or transom. But now and again you get to find out the story and it can be great. In this case I have followed the story for the better part of my life.

It was in Bobby's Marine Phillipsburg in St. Maarten that among many hurricane-damaged boats, storage containers, pieces of dredging equipment and cranes, I first set my eyes on a boat I knew to be special. She is old, but being aluminium and having a passionate owner, is in excellent condition. Her name is *Bonhomme Richard* and next year she will be 50 years old.



This is still one of the best-lasting hulls that you can find in boatyards in the Caribbean.

Most sports fishermen are built in the US but there was once a builder of aluminium sports fishermen called Striker, and he built his boats in the town of Oss in the Netherlands. In St. Maarten we had two of these vessels over the many years, albeit different models. One was the *Bonhomme Richard*. The other the *Wendy*, the one-time property of a well-known St. Maarten businessman, the late Chester Wathey (whose brother was political leader for many years).

The *Bonhomme Richard* belongs to marina owner Bobby Velasquez and he has owned it since the '70s. I can attest to this because when I first came to St. Maarten in December 1979 I worked on the boat for him and at that time it was his pride and joy. It was my very first employment in St. Maarten and I recall being charged with cleaning up electrical connections. Later I even got to drive it on some fishing charters.

The boat had originally belonged to US Congressman Richard Bolling, who got it as a gift from his wife. Congressman Bolling was from Missouri and was for a term the chairman of the powerful House Committee on Rules and a major supporter of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. *Bonhomme Richard* arrived in St. Maarten in 1971. After it came into Bobby's hands it has been his ever since.

These Strikers stood out because of their extreme deep vee in the bow, which allowed them to cut the waves very well but made downwind steering a tough job as the deep vee tracked in directions not necessarily chosen by the helmsman. The originals had DAF engines (615) which were really Leyland blocks. The current power in *Bonhomme* is a Perkins 6354.

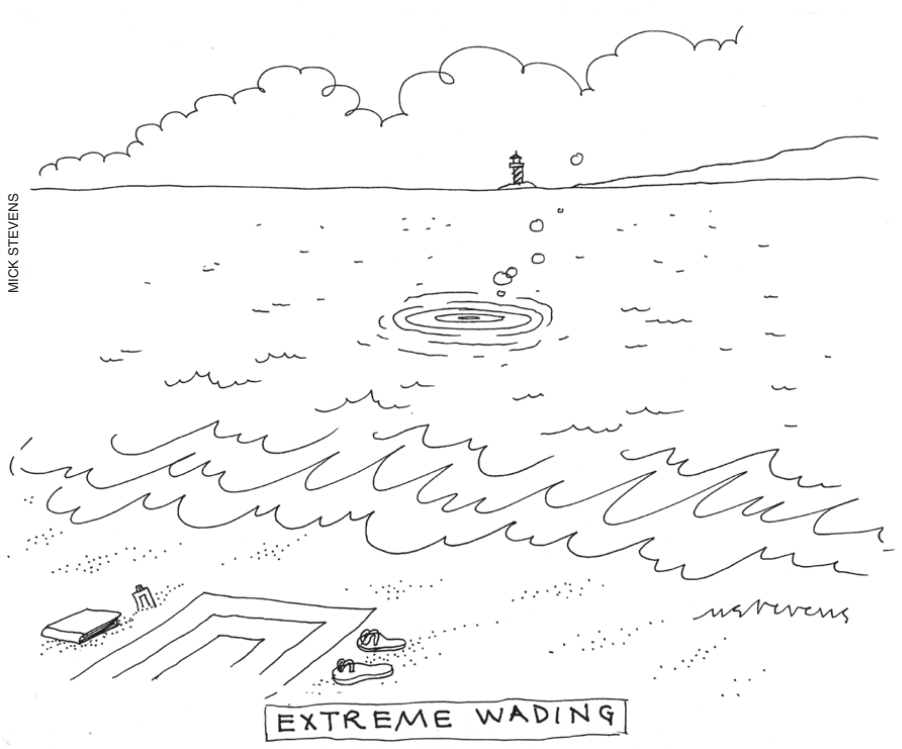
The Striker company still exists and they now do 50-plus-foot models, which are still highly regarded, but they no longer produce these small versions. Strangely, aluminium hulls have for many years been the subject of "horror forecasts," and yet this hull is still one of the best-lasting that you can find in boatyards in the Caribbean.

I also happened to find a Striker hull sunk in the Simpson Bay Lagoon that was untouched there since Hurricane Irma in 2017. What a pity to leave these hulls underwater and subject to electrolysis! I doubt that it could have survived the inevitable electrolysis in the lagoon water, so it probably has little value. Such a pity that owners made no effort to salvage, especially in a case like this where the salvage is likely to have been quite simple.

Then a couple of days later I came across another Striker, this time a smaller one but in magnificent condition. In spite of being very old, she has now become a rescue boat. She is reported to have been built in the '70s and with her new engines she is expected to be an excellent life-saving tool for the Sint Maarten Sea Rescue organization. She is called *Rescue Chief* and is reported to have an excellent condition aluminium hull in spite of her age.

I am going to continue walking through boatyards if they will let me. You may hear me muttering about keels being too short or too long, or doubting that anybody might own up to having created a particular design. But sometimes there are interesting stories that make the boatyard inhabitants come alive. Sometimes you learn that a particular construction type and design, like Striker yachts, has outstanding qualities that provide value to owners over an astounding number of years.

COMPASS CARTOON



MICK STEVENS

CALENDAR

AUGUST

1	Public holiday in many places (Emancipation Day)
1	Aberson Off Season Series Race One, St. Maarten. contact@smyc.com
1 – 3	Local boat races in Bequia. bequiasailingclub@gmail.com
3	FULL MOON
3 – 5	Public holiday in the BVI (Emancipation Festival)
8	Aberson Off Season Series Race Two, St. Maarten. contact@smyc.com
31	Public holiday in Trinidad & Tobago (Independence Day)

SEPTEMBER

2	FULL MOON
7	Public holiday in Puerto Rico and USVI (Labor Day)
12	Back to School Regatta, BVI. www.royalbviyc.org
16	Public holiday in St. Kitts & Nevis (National Heroes' Day)
19	Public holiday in St. Kitts & Nevis (Independence Day)
23	Autumnal Equinox
TBA	St. Lucia Food & Rum Festival. www.foodandrumfestival.com

All information was correct to the best of our knowledge at the time this issue of Compass *went to press — but plans are constantly changing, so please contact event organizers directly for confirmation. If you would like a nautical or tourism event listed FREE in our monthly calendar, please send the name and date(s) of the event and the name andcontact information of the organizing body to* sally@caribbeancompass.com

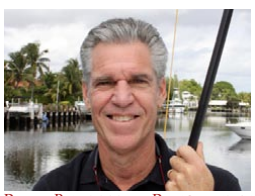
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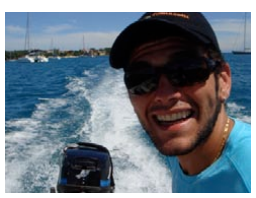
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2006 PRIVILEGE 745
$1,899,000


2011 SUNREEF 70
$1,345,000


2015 LAGOON 560 S2
$1,250,000


1996 PRIVILEGE 65
$849,000


2003 PRIVILEGE 585
$715,000

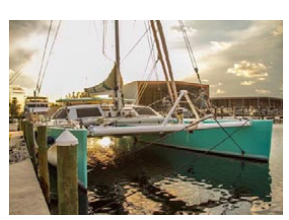

2015 HP HELIA 44 MAESTRO
$569,000


2012 LAGOON 500
$549,000


2010 LEOPARD 46
$320,000


2014 FP LIPARI 41
$369,000


2006 LAGOON 570
$615,000


2001 LAGOON 67
$995,000

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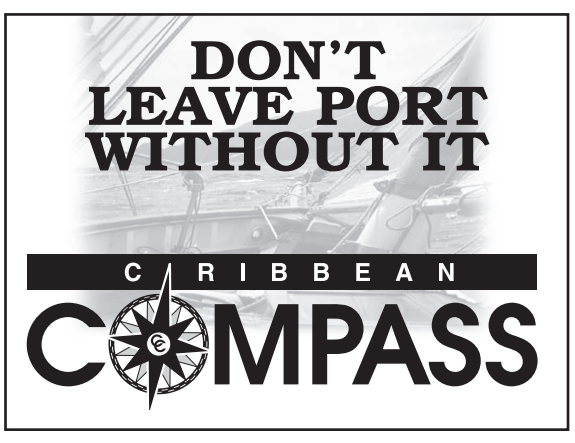
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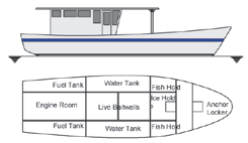






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MP = Market Place pages 36 - 37
C/W = Caribbean-wide



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