



By Captain Jean Levine

Chapter 6 August Cruising Log

We departed Anse Mitan around 8 am put the jib out and had a downwind run out of the bay of Fort De France. After turning south along the coast, the mizzen went up and we sailed at about 6 knots, just in front of a big rain cloud. Soon enough it caught us and we got wet, but as we sailed away from the coast past Diamond Rock, the weather cleared and we had a beautiful reach to St. Lucia.

I had heard a number of reports that Rodney Bay on the northern end of St Lucia was a trouble spot for theft, culminating in a yacht boarding, so our plan was to pass on Rodney Bay and touch St Lucia midway down the coast in Marigot Bay. Marigot Bay is home to the Moorings Yacht Charters and I knew they had made a special effort to keep it secure. As we approached the entrance to the Bay it started to pour down rain, visibility was poor. If you were not looking for the entrance you could easily sail on past, which the French fleet did, sailing past the British who had concealed their masts by attaching palm fronds to the topmasts. Once you turn between the mountains there is a narrow pass between two cliffs with a spit of land that has a stand of tall coconut palms, which hides the anchorage of the inner bay. Some boats anchor outside the bay on the Southside along the cliffs but we continued inside to the tiny protected inner bay. The inner bay's east side is full of mangroves and the west side has the stand of tall coconut palms. (It was easy to see how the French were deceived.)

The south side of the bay houses the Moorings Base with about 25 boat slips and a few Bed and Breakfast Inns plus a lovely restaurant called the Café Chateaux Mygo. Hidden inside the Mangroves is JJ's Paradise Hotel with restaurant and pool bar, a small café with dingy dock sticks out into the anchorage. A water taxi which is a pontoon boat about 20 feet long, covered with a roof and lined with plastic chairs for seats, ferries people back and forth from JJ's and the Moorings over to the beach and restaurant at the Marigot Beach Club located on the northern side along the cliffs with the palm tree lined beach, complete with rope swing out into the water. The Bay is one of the most beautiful places in St Lucia and is a stop on every head boats run. So there is a continuous parade of boats entering the bay making a circle and the little ferry scooting back and forth, what a show. There were a number of mooring balls in the bay and our friends on ALIYAH, Gary and Connie, decided to take advantage, Jeff and I decided to anchor and provided the entertainment for the bay by taking three tries to get set. Since Gary is an early riser they had been there hours before us and he gave us a dingy ride in to clear customs. St Lucia allows you to clear both in and out for a 72-hour visit in one trip to customs with no hassles. Both Aliyah and Polyphonic decided to stay right here in Marigot Bay. For the full three days we enjoyed watching the parade and dinning our way around the bay. One of the boats that came into the harbor was a wooden Brig, about 100ft overall, named the



By Captain Jean Levine

Unicorn and we watched as she came in and turned using the sails as thrusters to spin the old ship in her length right at the entrance.

On Saturday we shared a taxi with Connie and Gary for an island tour. First we drove south down the coast to the village of Soufriere at the foot of the Pitons (twin mountain peaks about 2500 ft tall, the landmark of St. Lucia). The village was alive with activity street vendors along the main road selling fresh produce, fish and baked bread etc., all the locals doing their weekly marketing. The village itself was comprised of narrow streets and colorful wooden houses along with the Bank, Hardware store and just about every other kind of shop. The people here are very poor but all seem very happy and friendly. The drive took us through the rainforest, the island is lush green and mountainous. I noticed that there are new homes and roads under construction, showing the beginnings of being discovered and hopefully an improvement to the economy. Next we arrive at the active volcano vent. A collapsed crater resembling the tar pits in California, the area is streaked with all different types of minerals (which the French and British fought over since it was the makings of gun powder.) The real attraction is watching the bubbling pits and steam venting from the crater, which covers an area about ¼ mile in circumference heating pools of fresh water which run through the crater and flow down to the mineral baths, the smell of sulfur is in the air. The taxi driver dropped us off at the entrance where we were met by a local park guide who gave us the details on the variety of minerals and the history of the volcano. Noting that when the crater stops venting steam and bubbling that will be the time to worry. It was truly mesmerizing watching the boiling pits. One of the pits is known to the locals as Gabriel's vent after a park guide who while taking a group of tourists on a walk across the boiling field fell through the earth and was swallowed up to his waist. A quick thinking guest pulled him to safety but he suffered burns on half of his body. Now the spot where he went into the earth boils continuously and the park stopped letting the tours go out onto the crater. Gabriel is alive and well, recovered from his fall, retired from the park service, and is now a fisherman.

After the volcano we visited the Botanical Gardens, which contained a small waterfall and lovely landscaping. This was the first time that I have ever seen Hummingbirds sitting still and I had an opportunity to take a few pictures of their shinny green bodies. Next we stopped at a local bakery specializing in Casiberry Bread, they grew the plants, which look like Hemp plants, then harvest the roots. The roots, which look like large hairy potatoes get mashed and dried into flour then baked with fruit on an old fashion wood stove, the whole production process was done by hand. The grinding of the root using a hand-cranking grinder then a huge bowl where the grindings were dried then mashed, the dough mixed and formed into loaves. The bread was heavy and sweet, the loaves were round about 6 inches in diameter and one should only eat a tiny piece or suffer the consequences. It was delicious so eating a small bite was difficult and we all came home with a tummy ache. Our driver cautioned us after it was too late. All in all we



By Captain Jean Levine

enjoyed our tour but we skipped dinner that night. Our three-day stay ending with a perfect window to continue south to St Vincent.

August 4th both Polyphonic and Aliyah head south, since Gary and Connie were on a mooring buoy they slipped their line and departed early. Jeff and I were not so lucky, the night before our departure a fleet of Catamarans from Martinique, anchored very close to us, one of them on top of our anchor. So I hung out our fenders and started to pull up our chain, when I realized that we would hit their boat, a woman was reading in the cockpit completely oblivious to the danger. Jeff yelled at her to fend off but she did not speak English in the heat of the moment Jeff yelled in German “Schnell”! And she ran below and got her husband. When he came out he started the engine and came over to fend off and I spoke in French to him to move forward so we could get our anchor out from under his boat. After taking his sweet time we were finally on our way. The lee of St Lucia completely killed the wind so we motored close to the coast then set sail as we got to the end of the island.

St Vincent like St Lucia has a bad reputation for theft, I had done my homework and selected Wallilabou Bay, half way down the coast of St Vincent where we could pick up a mooring ball off the Anchorage hotel and like Dominica enjoy the hotel security. When we arrived off the bay, I was completely surprised by what I saw, a beautiful cove, high cliffs on both the sides, two piers and a whole village. A group of kids were jumping off the pier on the northern side of the bay in front of an old waterfront village. A small footbridge crossed the stream to the village green and as you looked around it looked like you were in a time warp. It turned out to be the movie set of the latest Disney adventure “The Pirates of the Caribbean”, later we found out that the old Brig “The Unicorn” we had seen in St Lucia, was also part of the movie. A young man in a wooden rowboat came out to help us with the mooring ball then took a stern line to the pier in front of the hotel, which had now been covered with a false front to look like part of a the pirate village. Also hidden by the false front (plywood covered with pumice to look like stone) were the hotel guest rooms and the local customs office. There was no need to put the motor on the dingy as we just sat in the dingy, then pulled ourselves ashore, hand over hand with the stern line. We were able to clear into customs for both St Vincent and the Grenadines, which includes the small cluster of islands to the south including Bequia and the Tobago Cays. I bought some local fruit the likes of which I had never seen and Garfield, the fruit vendor, was happy to show me how to eat it and gave me a number of free samples. The water was deep and clear you could easily see the bottom at 30 feet and Jeff, Gary and I went for a morning swim between the two boats. We soon became part of the local tour when a group of tour boats from Kingston came through the bay and people were clicking pictures of us diving and swimming in front of the pirate village, it made a nice photo with the two 50 foot boats tied up to the pier. Since it was a short trip to Bequia our next destination we left at about 11am. There had been an area of low pressure to the north of us and it caused an odd west wind at only about 5 knots. We



By Captain Jean Levine

started off under power and soon decided to try sailing when it seemed the wind direction was going to hold. It was our first opportunity since the Florida Keys to fly the spinnaker and with Aliyah motoring alongside we had the chance for photos, which Gary gladly shot. We enjoyed a glorious spinnaker run almost all the way into Admiralty Bay, Bequia. The wind went fickle and died out, so we were forced to motor the last two miles.

We had heard wonderful things about Bequia from our friends, Joye and Dave who had chartered here a few years ago, so we were looking forward to the visit. The bay is protected on three sides, and there are a number of mooring balls close in by the town, we of course, decided to anchor. Which after two tries, we were forced to move away from town and anchor off Tony Gibbons Beach where the anchor caught on the first try. While we were circling in the anchorage I spotted Island Flyer the Cat we spent the week with back in Basse Terre, Guadeloupe and Duchess the big Cat we had met in Isle des Saints. It seems that the cruising life has us playing leapfrog with the same boats all through the Caribbean, its' like a neighborhood that moves right along together and we all look out for each other.

The village at Admiralty Bay is very pretty, the houses, hotels and shops are all very photogenic complete with lovely Cornish trim and white picket fences. Bequians are very proud people, descendants from whalers who went to sea in open wooden sailing boats, no one still whales but they do still sail and take pride in constructing and racing the traditional wooden boat. Every morning the Conch horn blows to announce the fishing fleets return, so you hurry into the market to buy the fresh fish right out of the boats. The island also farms its own produce; fresh fruit and veggies are sold daily in the town market along with freshly baked bread. We splurged one night for dinner out at the Gingerbread House; a Bed and Breakfast along the waterfront specializing in of course Gingerbread and it was delicious. All along the waterfront is a beautiful white sand beach that joins a sidewalk that leads into town, the road through the town looks like a divided highway, except one side of the median is for pedestrians and the other side for cars. The island itself is mountainous and rocky with a combination of white sand beach and rugged cliffs, the highest peak is 760 feet, a small airport is located on the southern side of the island. The farthest west part of the island, sticks out like a long finger, there is no power or modern conveniences, however a few pioneers live here in a development called Moonhole. The homes were designed by American architect, Tom Johnson, the houses grow out of the rocks along the water, like caves with no straight lines or right angles only what nature would allow, they have huge arches and no glass windows, the breeze is constant and the views are spectacular (Obviously not the vacation home for everyone.) Along with enjoying our walks ashore we very much enjoyed the snorkeling and swimming, almost everyday we swam ashore from the boat, then walked along the white sand beach, then snorkeled the reef at the other end of the beach. I noticed the local dive shop made regular trips to the Devils Table at the entrance to the bay, so I got a group



By Captain Jean Levine

together to go explore on our own. It was also a great place to snorkel and beside the divers, we saw lots of colorful fish, the first time I had ever seen blue trumpet fish and a coral garden of hard and soft corals with brilliant colors. After a full week in Bequia the wind was predicted to be very light for almost 5 days, our taste buds were ready for some more great snorkeling so we plan to sail south to the Tobago Cays. The light winds allowed us to put up the main, but we opted not to, so that we could sail side by side with our friends on Aliyah the Gulfstar 50, Gary had all sail flying and we actually had to slow down a few times to stay alongside. We took pictures of each other all the way down to Canouan; where I caught a HUGE fish and Jeff had to luff the sails so that I could try and reel him in, the end result was a glimpse of a big tuna and then a broken line.

The Tobago Cays are a grouping of five tiny islands inside a horseshoe shaped reef, which lies behind yet another reef. The reef is so large that it breaks the seas that come all the way across the Atlantic, for just on the other side of the reef there is not another piece of land until the continent of Africa. We approach from the west and tuck in behind the horseshoe in about 20 feet of water with a beautiful sand bottom; since the islands are so tiny there is no village or inhabitants, but there are many boat vendors, which service the boats at anchor selling everything from fresh fish to Batik cloth or fresh baked bread. These boat vendors come from nearby Union island and Mayreau with fast 20 to 25 foot powerboats with big outboards, obviously business is good. Since my fish got away Jeff bought a nice grouper from one of the locals and we had fish for a week. (Very tasty I might add!)

Less than a quarter mile to the east lays the reef with mooring buoys for your dingy. The reef is so dense that you cannot dingy or ever swim over it, at low tide dragons teeth show breaking the water surface, yet the inside of the reef is only about 6 feet deep and crystal clear. We snorkeled several times a day in different spots, and then explore the different little islands inside the reef. There was one place that was marked as a dingy pass, it was about 20 feet across and 3 feet deep, once outside the horseshoe a few moorings were provided so that you could dive or snorkel the outside wall of the reef. The wind had picked up too much for us to try snorkeling the wall, between the strong current and the choppy water outside the reef it seemed that it made sense to try again some other time on a calm day. After three great days of snorkeling and exploring we head off to Union Island, which is the southern most island in the Grenadines. Here we will clear out, in the town of Clifton the only settlement on the island. The short trip is only about 5 miles and a small rainstorm took away the wind so we had a motorboat ride and took a mooring ball for the hour it would take to clear out of customs. The town was full of shops and restaurants as well as a lovely produce market in the village green. One of the shops was a Gourmet market and I could not resist buying a couple of T-bone steaks then stopping at the produce market and buying fresh salad stuff, (good pork and fish is readily available but good beef is hard to come by). After the formalities on Union Island, we set sail for Carriacou, which is part of Grenada along with the small island of



By Captain Jean Levine

Petit Martinique. The wind was right for the spinnaker so as soon as we cleared the reef at the entrance, up went the spinnaker. Once again a rainsquall came up and we were forced to douse the shoot and heave to until it passed then motor the last mile into the anchorage.

Once anchored in Hillsborough Bay, Jeff and I hitched a ride with Volador to clear in to customs and immigration for Grenada. While Jeff and I were hove to, we saw an old wooden schooner go by and beat us to the dock, it carried some 60 or more guests and unfortunately we got behind them in line at customs and immigration. Jeff gets the gold star for patience since the immigration officer decided to check each and every passport against the passenger list provided by the Captain of the schooner. In the mean time Gordon from Volador treated me to a beer at the local pub where we mingled with the locals. After about an hour the formalities were finally complete and I hauled the anchor one more time for a move to the southern anchorage of Tyrrel Bay. The tropical waves were lining up, one after another coming from Cape Verde and we wanted to get south to avoid possible bad weather, hence the very short stop in Carriacou.

The next morning we set sail for St. George the Capitol of Grenada, located on the southwest coast. This was the first time that the wind and seas allowed us to sail with spinnaker, staysail, main and mizzen. Jeff squeaked out the run as long as possible until finally, well in the lee of Grenada, we broke down, struck the sails and motored about the last 5 miles into St. George's. This is another historic port where the British fleet stocked up on sugar, nutmeg and Rum. The harbor of St George is very well hidden with tall mountains on both sides of the entrance. Once inside the cliffs, a lagoon to your right houses the local yacht club and the anchorage area holds about 50 boats, conveniently located along the waterfront is a number of shops like Island Water World marine supply and Food Fair. The main port is straight in, and has just recently been renovated this is where the container ships unload and cruise ships dock. (A new larger facility is under construction just to the north of town and will allow for many more ships at one time.) To the left Fort George looks down on another connected bay that requires special permission to anchor and is the hub of activity in town, the area is known as the Carenage and is lined with a sidewalk along the waterfront, then the roadway and lining the road restaurants and shops. As you look up the hillside from the Carenage you can see many small one-way streets, crowded with shops and people, tucked in all the activity are also several churches; on the very top lies what is now the prison, once a fort. (A picturesque Town to say the least.) After spending the weekend at anchor in St George's we decide to move around the end of the island to join our friends in Prickley Bay.

Sunday August 17th we slipped out of the lagoon and motored around Point Salinas past True Blue Bay and into Prickley Bay, we got anchored between Volador and Aliyah and sat down to lunch. As we ate we realized that we were rolling, rolling, rolling, yikes! So without much conversation I hauled the anchor and soon we were in the much calmer Mt. Hartman Bay. Mt Hartman Bay is home to the Moorings base and the Secret Harbor



By Captain Jean Levine

Resort, which sadly we find to be sold and closing at the end of the month. All the bays around the southern end of the island have a number of large beautiful homes (priced from \$300,000 US) overlooking the water. True Blue's western side is home to St George's University and Medical School a large campus with many international students across the bay lays the True Blue Resort and Horizon Yacht Charters. Prickley Bay has beautiful homes, beachside motels and cottages as well as a large haul out yard, Spice Island Marine, laundry service, restaurants and of course Budget Marine Supply. One side of Mt Hartman Bay has, beautiful homes along with the Secret Harbor Resort and the Moorings Marina, the rest of the bay is all parkland protected by a tricky reef entrance. We enjoy a great view, the area is mountainous with the homes and resort set into the hillside, the roadway is lined with beautiful flowers and flowering trees of every color, on the other side of the anchorage the cliffs and raw parkland.

We had no sooner set the anchor when our friends from Morning Light and Thunder ball invited us to join them at the weekly BBQ on Hog Island (located just around the corner through the reef) every Sunday at 4pm they have a jam session with all the musicians from the anchorage and the locals, who set up a Rum Bar and BBQ chicken with local side dishes. Jeff made new friends with the other musicians and joined the jam, which included guitars, flute, drums, harp and violin. I had a long day and was ready to leave around sunset, but Jeff was in his element, so I got a ride with another dingy back to the boat. I thought I was being helpful by taking our bag leaving Jeff with only his Guitar to carry. Oops! I took the backpack, which, happen to have the dingy keys as well as flashlight, and Jeff had to get someone to tow him back to the boat. Thank goodness he is very forgiving and I was not in the doghouse for too long. Monday came and Jeff and I went on a mission to check out the haul out yard. We managed to hitch a ride with another cruiser who had rented a car, as we were driving up over the hill to Prickley Bay I saw what looked like Sharon, walking a black dog. Sharon was one of my walking buddies back in the Dominican Republic, she was sailing with Mark on Cat 'n Around and we had left them in Puerto Rico. I had heard through the grapevine that the boat was in the BVI's and Mark had flown back to the US, so I was really surprised to see Sharon here. It wasn't until a week later that we connected and I got the whole story, she intends to spend the year in the Caribbean. Back to business, we checked out Spice Island Marine and made the decision to have the boat hauled out and the bottom painted. The appointment was made for August 25th and we decided to treat ourselves to a land vacation while the boat was on the hard. So we booked four nights at the True Blue Resort, it was a short walk to the boat yard, and we could keep an eye on the work. The True Blue Resort has apartments as well as regular hotel rooms, so we had a cute one bedroom. The apartment overlooked the marina and Horizon Yacht Charters; we had a long balcony with 6 sets of French doors, complete with two outside lounge chairs and a hammock. There was an eat in kitchen with full size stove and refrigerator, coffee pot, toaster, dishes, glassware, pots and pans etc.; then the living room with high ceiling and



By Captain Jean Levine

ceiling fans, sofa, loveseat, chairs and coffee table: plus cable TV. Then the piece de le resistance was the bedroom with four post bed with white linens and see through canopy that completely covered the bed the top as well as the sides. (I had to part the curtains for Shadow to get to his sleeping spot on my pillow.)

After waiting for high tide to get the boat into the ways for haul out, we had to jump off quickly, to beat a rainsquall. I had packed our bags and the cat's stuff and once in the lift the guys at the yard helped us with quickly unloading. Then they very graciously gave us a ride to the hotel. The cats were not sure what was going on, before they knew it they were loaded into their carry cases, then loaded into the back of a pickup truck for a bumpy ride to the hotel. Once in the apartment they would not come out of their cages. Finally Shadow was the first to venture out slinking around investigating every corner; soon he was up on the bed sleeping on my pillow. Sarge had to be pulled out and finally decided that the air conditioning was great, and settled in. We splurged on dinner out at the hotel restaurant a couple of nights and really enjoyed floating in the pool for hours in the heat of the afternoon. The week went by so fast, before I knew it, the bottom was done and it was time, to load the cats, and us back on board and splash the boat back into the water.

By Thursday afternoon we where back at anchor in Mt Hartman Bay.

Somewhere in my reading I found out that the local yacht club was having a race from St. George's around to Prickley Bay Sunday August 31st so while we were in the yard Jeff signed us up. The Regatta manager came to the yard and gave us a local rating, Jeff talked it up and found crew, so now, all we had to do was go to the skippers meeting at the yacht club Friday night. We took a taxi into the Yacht club and quickly hooked up with the other racers. While talking to James from Horizon Yacht Charters, who planned on racing one of the Bavaria 40's, he asked if I had heard about the HASH. The Hash? What's that? I said, and he explained. It is a group that gets together every fortnight (Saturday at 3pm) and runs or walks different places on the island for about 2hours, then has a little BBQ and some beer. All you needed to do is show up at Ganzees' on the Carenage and join the fun. Well here it was Friday night and I did not want to commit to showing up but it sounded like fun. The next morning I went for a walk with Sharon and she said she was going to the Hash. Short for Hash House Harriers, a group that was started in 1938 in Kuala Lumpur, conceived by 3 expatriate Brits who belonged to the prestigious Selangor Club. The dinning annex was known as the Hash House, after the poor British food, the founders wanted a "sport" which involved physical activity without getting in the way of their beer drinking routine, so hashing was born. Now 110 countries around the world host Hash Kennels, a fun run based on the "Hounds and Hares". So I got my boat chores done early and asked Jeff if he minded if I went along. I met Sharon and off we went, sure enough, we met the group downtown, then piled into cars and drove up into the rainforest to the town of Granton along the west coast of the island. We unloaded and gathered to hear the Hash Master instruct us on the trails made. There



By Captain Jean Levine

would be a trail for the runners and a trail for the walkers, the path was marked with fine shredded paper that looked like flower pedals, there may be a false trail, marked by a circle where you may choose, the wrong way or the right way. Ok we think we understand, after all, there is about 50 people here we can just follow somebody if we lose the trail right? Wrong, after the first quarter mile we were left in the dust... or shall I say mud. The trail was easy to follow with the markers about every 20 feet but the trail was very muddy and straight up the side of a mountain. I managed to get muddy in the first 15 minutes, oh well, on on. (The on on is hash talk for go ahead and pass since you are moving faster than I.) Sharon and I seemed to be keeping the pace with a local girl Cindy and we chatted a little along the way. The group of 50 was comprised of people from 20 to 85 years old of all fitness levels, locals and students and other visitors. As we slipped and crawled and hiked through the woods, across streams, up to the top of the mountain, through the cabbage, sweet peas, and carrots planted on the fertile land on the mountainside, we got to know Cindy. She holds a 500 gross ton Master ticket and is training to be a ships pilot, Cindy will soon hold a Master of all ships all seas license, so she spends the week guiding in the container ships or in season the cruise ships. When I said that we were going to race our boat Sunday she asked if she could join the crew. Of course I said sure. After about 1 hour and 40 minutes we finished our first Hash, wow was I tired. Sharon and I managed to escape the initiation ceremony and got a ride with Cindy back to the anchorage, after stopping off for last minute provisions for the racing crew.

August 31st the big race day, Jeff and I started the day at 6am; I pre-made the sandwiches while Jeff brought the crew on board via dingy. By 8am we unhooked the anchor and left the dinghies tied to a float attached to our anchor like a mooring. The wind was light and we had a full crew of 15, I gave my usual safety briefing then gave out the crew assignments. The crew was made up of Deb and Steve from Argo, Paul from Avventura, Tom from Morning Light, Gordon from Volador, Randal and his son Austin 9 from Duchess, Ken and his son Casey also 9 from Moon Shadow II, Bob and Susan from Sunrise, Cindy the pilot and boyfriend Randy all with various levels of experience. First I appointed our snacktitions Deb and Susan showing them around our galley. Then Austin and Casey were given instruction on mizzen running backs. Cindy, Randy, Ken and Gordon would assist me on the foredeck. Paul, Bob, Steve and Randal would be jib, staysail and spinnaker trim, also furling and unfurling the sails. Tom was the mainsail trimmer. Now with everyone having an assignment we headed off the 10 miles to St George's and the start. Once we got around point Salinas we set sail and had some practice. The wind was squirrely and finally settled in from that odd westerly direction, so instead of a spinnaker start, it would be upwind to the corner. Since the start was a pursuit start the 8-boat fleet milled around until the appointed start time. (Pursuit start is when the predetermined handicap is calculated and the slowest boat starts first the fastest boat last. Whoever crosses the finish line first wins.) As we waited for our start, we



By Captain Jean Levine

watched a waterspout form about 3miles offshore and of course, it appeared to first, head south, then turn and head toward us. Jeff stayed focused on the start time as I kept a close watch on the course of the water tornado. Soon it headed more northerly then whirled itself out, thank goodness. The wind stayed very light which was good, since our crew needed to practice before being ready for any real breeze. We had a light air beat all the way to the corner and got to pass a few boats before rounding the point. Once around the corner I had some hope of using the spinnaker, but the wind shifted right with us and we beat our way all the way to the finish. We came in second in the four keelboat fleet but 6th overall behind 2 dragonfly Multi-hulls, a Laser and the local favorite Grenada Marine. Well we all had a fun afternoon, and after the race Mount Gay Rum the sponsor, provided the Heineken and the rum at the beach party and BBQ. As it turned out the First place trophy was 5 bottles of rum, second place 4 bottles, third place 3 bottles and the rest of us got 1 bottle for participating.

We have yet to really explore Grenada since we have just spent our time in the southern end of the island. The people are so incredibly friendly and there are at least 1000 yachts here for hurricane season. I am really looking forward to the next Hash and also exploring the rest of the island. Everything you need is available here, we have even signed up for DVD movie rentals at the local Blockbuster type store. The island has wonderful bus service to just about anywhere you want to go, and if you walk you will most certainly be offered a ride. So ends another month, Polyphonic travels from St Lucia to Grenada and now we plan on staying here until mid October.