

## Log for distribution 14<sup>th</sup> December 2005

From: Wotan [<mailto:Wotan>]  
Sent: 14 December 2005 13:55  
To: Bimbi Fawcett  
Subject: Wotan Log for distribution

5Hi All,

On Friday evening, we saw a yacht coming up on our stern. We called them up.

The yachts name was Lady of Lorien, owned by a retired doctor, doing the ARC. They had briefly kept the yacht at Chichester Marina and had joined Itchenor SC for a couple of seasons. They keep their boat in Leavington Marina and knew Baron the Swan 411 I had looked at in Leavington. They confirmed that she was not in very good condition, a lucky let off!

When I came on deck at 0200 on Saturday morning the sea was noticeably calmer and we were not rolling as much. Instead of winds of 25-30 knots we now had winds of 18-22 knots. I enjoyed a peaceful watch listening to Fidelio.

Great joy this morning as our noon to noon run was 182 miles yet another personal best and under treble reefed main! At noon we had just 222 miles to run to Barbados. We transferred 40 litres of diesel to the main tank as without Noel, the towed generator we were having to charge for much longer periods. Unfortunately a small amount of sea water got in which we drained with little difficulty when we were anchored in Carlisle Bay.

Tonight we put the clocks forward at the usual 1900 hrs and had a double happy hour as we needed to get onto Bajan time. Not a bad excuse eh!

Certainly our last double happy hour and doubly happy because Barbados was only 180 miles away.

On Sunday moprning, we shook out the reefs as the wind dropped and stormed towards Barbados at 7 knots +. At 1255 Christopher "Columbus" Creak sighted Barbados at about 35 miles, what excitement after 13 days at sea! We gybed north east of Barbados and sailed south along the west coast of the island as darkness drew in, past the picturesque cement works and then gently nosed our way into Port St Charles. We had been warned that it was a private marina serving the lagoon development inland and super yachts on the quay outside. We spotted a quay which had mooring cleats and looked empty. So we tied up alongside only to find a beach bar 20 yards away across the sand! We thought we had died and gone to heaven. The first ice cold Banks beer went down without touching the sides. I was able to clear in at 8pm going though successively, Health, Immigration and Customs. In the meantime, Simon got to chatting up a girl at the bar who kindly popped into town and bought us all burgers. Many beers and rum punches later a very happy and tired crew went off to bed and slept like tops for the first time in many days.

We were very please to have made our passage in a tad over 13 days, which was faster than the 14 days we had anticipated.

We woke up to find that we had landed on Tracey Island. Simon had been looking for Tracey island all the way across the Atlantic and at last he had found it. We dived into the sea for an early morning swim

and went to explore the marina, the property development and the beach. Back to Wotan for a slap up celebratory breakfast with fried eggs, Farmhouse Breakfast and bacon, our favourite!

In late morning we set off towards Carlisle bay and the bright lights of Bridgetown. Chris decided that he would buy one of the very handsome waterfront properties from the proceeds of the disposal of his First 31.7 and his remaining Greenshield stamps. It was a change to see a verdant and lush island after the Cape Verdes, where there was often very little vegetation at all.

Our first priority was to find a laundrette as we were worried that our washing would leave the boat before us!. The nearest one was apparently 40 minutes by car. It turned out to be rather closer though in rush hour Bridgetown the traffic almost came to a stop, man. We found a service laundrette run by a formidable lady, who took our washing and told us to return before 9 pm. Back in Bridgetown, Simon soon found an ice cream shop and we sat down to the most enormous ice creams while Christine sorted out her pashmail. It is Christmas time in Barbados. The shops are full of Christmas presents and there are Christmas decoration everywhere, complete with Father Christmases on sleighs! Bajan Santas go down chimneys but they have magical powers which enable them to widen the chimney before they go down it.

After a beer down on the Careenage, we found a superb beach restaurant next to the Boatyard, where we had a delicious dinner of soup, Lobster Bisque and Chowder and Callaloo, followed by King Prawns and Dorade steak.

On Tuesday, after breakfast and the massive task of sorting out our laundry, we headed ashore back to The Boatyard Jetty. We were allowed to tie up our dinghy there the day before for free on the basis that we would pay US\$20 today, fair's fair. When we got to the jetty we were first told we could not bring our rubbish ashore and at the reception desk (an oxymoron?) they asked us for US\$20 for the dinghy and a further US\$20 for the crew! We politely told them where they could shove that one! (Pirates of the Caribbean rule OK!) So it was off to the Careenage, where we found a dinghy mooring and a smart stainless steel ladder. I went to clear out at the cruise ship dock, while the crew went shopping in town. On the way back I dropped in on the fish dock to see if we could get diesel. I was introduced to the redoubtable Rosie, who ran the Texaco pump. "No problem come back anytime before 6 pm".

We returned to Wotan and headed to the fish dock and Texaco Rosie. The Texaco jetty was humming. So we tied up and waited while the local diving contractor brought his ex US landing craft alongside with great aplomb and filled up. He was a local white Bajan, who also ran a boatyard beside the main commercial harbour. He knew the islands well and strongly advised us to keep well clear of St Vincent, as apart from anything else clearing in was a nightmare as you needed to take a taxi round the island to get to all the offices. A charter skipper also told us to avoid St Vincent as it was a dump! Enough said, we are going to Bequia.

Chris and I set off after tea to visit the Barbados Yacht Club and the Barbados Cruising Club to see if we could have dinner there. The beach at the BYC shelves steeply so you could not fail to get soaked getting out of the dinghy. The BCC was tight shut, but offered lunches. The BYC, ex RBYC, made Itchenor SC look friendly. After

traipsing around the club we eventually found a member who grudgingly let us buy a drink at the bar, but who would really rather we came back tomorrow! Not an option! The building was built in 1925 and was a case of faded splendour. The main activity at the club was semi geriatric tennis, with all four courts being played on at 5.30pm.

After a good dinner aboard of various curries cooked by Christine and a belated celebratory bottle of bubbly, we set off for Bequia, which was about 100 miles away, a mere bagatelle!

As I write this log, we are entering the Bequia Channel. Simon remasted the Flying Cloud, the trading schooner on which he worked his gap year, in Bequia and he is looking forward to going back there and having a drink for old times' sake in the Frangipani Hotel. We have now arrived in Bequia and it is just as beautiful as Simon remembers. It is also Christine's favorite island. Chris and I are ingenues but we quite like Admiralty Bay!

With best wishes from all aboard Wotan