

I knew that I would want to have plenty when I get to the ITZC (Doldrums) so this was my last chance to do so. Also the engine had a small but unidentified oil leak that I wanted found and stopped. The people at WOO (the High Seas Operator for AT&T) told me that my signal was weak even though I was only 500 miles away. So my stop had reason as well as rhyme.

For twenty-five years I've had friends in New York who were from Bermudian. They hold dual citizenship. One by one over the years they have all moved home. I called on the SSB to the local AT&T and reached an old friend who nearly jumped through the phone when she heard who was calling. When I said I was 200 hundred miles away on a sail boat she really went nuts. When I arrived at the Customs dock two days later, there were TV cameras, reporters kids I'd never seen before and kids I knew who were adults and the kids were theirs. It was a reunion that lasted six days. The people on Bermuda are fantastic, there is a population of 55,000 and predominantly Black. I was adopted by the Blue Waters Anglers Club, a club devoted to deep sea fishing. This Black club has a club facility that rivals any yacht club in Onego. They are an example of what pride and unity does. The details would take reams of paper but suffice it to say, I found my yard bill, docking and fuel and water could not be paid by me. They threw a reception on two days notice with over 100 people in attendance. That's what you call "Brothers." They made me feel that I was one of their own. You must stop there for a drink if you ever get to Bermuda.

Well so much for Bermuda, I'm sure there will be tales to tell of Brazil when I get there. I can't wait. Tell the "Gang" that I will have an BMM video for them when I get to Cape Town (in time for the NOVEMBER MEETINGS) My best to Vonnie. Tell Jack and Eunice that I don't have an address for them. As ever Hail, Hail
 Pinkney