

On Thursday May 12th we took a walking tour of Old San Juan which started with what was alleged to be a short walk (that turn out to be 2 miles) to the beautiful part of San Juan which is Old San Juan. It is on the western end of the city where it was first settled and has evolved into the expensive and beautiful part of the city. It contains the history, the expensive shops, and the historic hotels (and nunneries) of the city. There are many other nice hotels scattered around the city but the historic ones are in Old San Juan.



Two of the steeples in San Juan amongst many beautiful buildings in the Old San Juan community.

Old San Juan is a beautiful old world community with lots of nice buildings and history.



Old San Juan is spectacular in its colors and iron railings and gates.





The less beautiful parts of the city are active with people, commerce and traffic. This picture was timed to reduce traffic since most of

us know what that looks like. The current economic condition of Puerto Rico's government was not visible to this tourist.

The business part of the city has many one-way streets to ease traffic flow which is quite orderly by most of the worlds standards. The catholic church steeple is mid picture at right.





The territorial capital dome with flag is in the government portion of San Juan which is just east of Old San Juan and very nicely landscaped with lots of statues of U.S. presidents and Puerto Rican leaders.

There are not many royal palms in the city but they sure can prosper here.



The Old San Juan peninsula is protected by a large and very long city wall and San Cristóbal fortress. La Fortaleza, dating from 1533 a fortification that faces the ocean and wraps around the



point and well back into the harbor to guard the city area from intruders. Or at least in did in 1533.

The wall includes protecting a light house at the peninsula tip.

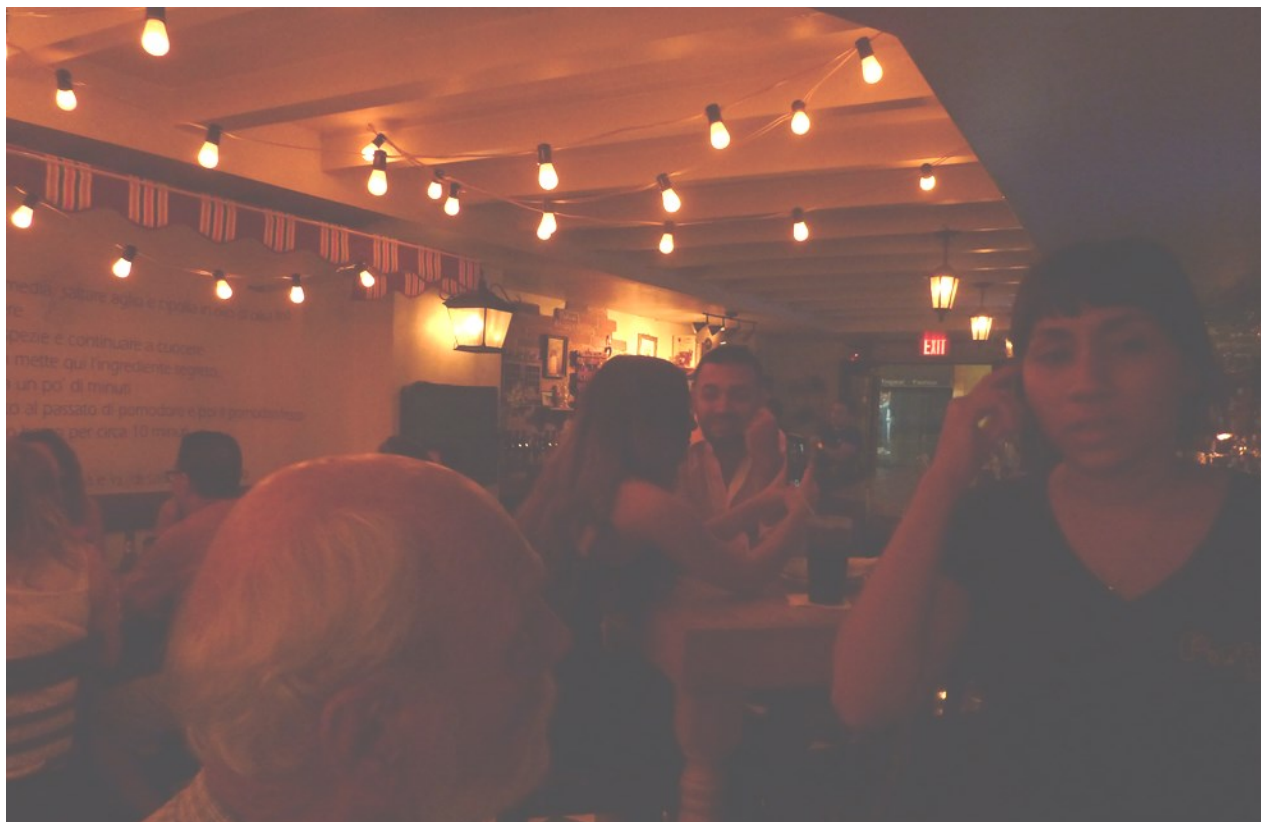
One of the high end hotels is El Contento in Old San Juan, which was a Covent with an open interior court yard.



The interior courtyard is now a restaurant, and all of the rooms open onto the interior courtyard area.

We had dinner in a small Italian restaurant with good food, happy people, and excellent service. (And it included air conditioning.)

(Paul to the left and our waitress on the phone for a taxi for us.



Our next port was Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic. Paul Hubble had been here before so knew a good marina to stop at. (owned by German entrepreneur)

We took on 35 gallons of fuel, the boat (behind us) in the picture took on 4,000 gallons.

The Ocean World Marina includes customs offices, marine supplies, many restaurants, a casino, and a water world like entertain-



ment area only a small portion of which is shown in the adjoining picture.



One of our planned tasks was to get the wind instruments repaired which are at the top of the mast. Paul Hubble (shown at left) is preparing the bosons' chair to lift Paul Roberts up the mast. My job is photographer and electrical engineer (not) to try and get everything working.

As you can see Paul thinks the mast is his best friend—at the moment. And he is only to the spreaders.



He did get to the top but was not able to reach the bolts that would release the wind instruments so that we could replace the cabling that was defective.

In Puerto Plata the Terrace restaurant was nice to look at but much too warm (about 85 degrees and 85% plus direct sun), so we had lunch on a similar raised, breezy and roofed terrace nearby. The food was good but lots of unexpected items arrived due to our lack of language skills.



The on site marine store didn't have the parts we needed, so Paul Hubble

and I took a taxi into town which is about 6 miles away to the center. Along the way I took a few pictures as we travelled, (sorry for the blur) but some of them tell a story. The one below is a man



on scooter, of which there are hundreds in the city. He has on a jacket that identifies him as a city transit cycle and he is available for hire and can carry up to 3 passengers but only within the city. There are many more of these cycles than taxis. Most of them carrying one or two passengers, in addition to the driver.

We arrived at the marine supply store which is in the port docks area. Unfortunately, the marine supply store was mainly a fisherman's supply store, and did not include items like fuel filters and fuel pumps. The owner suggested an auto supply store that was near by and our waiting taxi speed us off to the auto supply store. It was just like most large auto supply stores in the USA except the cashier was secured behind heavy glass in a separate office area where all payments were transacted. I assume this was for thief security.



The store had one of the three sizes of filters that we desired and a diesel fuel pump of the right size range for our needs. Parts were expensive and the taxi ride was \$45. there and back.



The small street that included the marine store was the waiting lane for large trucks that were carrying containers and cargo to be loaded on ships just beyond the fence on the other side of the street.

A very active commercial dock, loading cargo for export. Puerto Plata is a city of about 250,000 busy people, and a fair number of tourists.



Along the ocean side out side of the city are public parks and beaches.

We were sailing west about 40 miles north of the east end of Cuba at 6 knots in a 15 knot easterly and Paul Hubble had a fishing line trailing off the stern, when that high pitched whir is a fishing line running at full speed occurred. After a 5 minute tug and reel Paul saw that it wasn't a rubber boot but was about a 10 pound tuna that looked very eatable.



Paul fileted it, skinned it, and it was in the refrigerator in 20 minutes.

An hour later we had Sochi for dinner from one filet, and are saving the 2nd half for Friday dinner.

Life is good on the ocean.