

THE GULF-TO-BAY

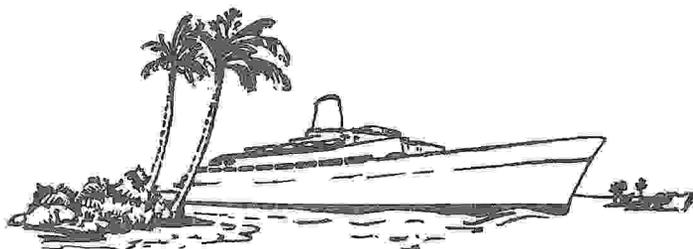
BAHAMA TRIP

Nov.15 through Nov.17

1983

by

Hampden F. Tener



We fifty-four were there to board
The good ship Scandinavian Sun ;
To be there when she shipped to sea
On this ,her daily five-hour run.

Hats, bare heads, caps of white,
Tied up ships along the quay,
Tall buildings sky-lined, were the sights
As our group went on board that day.

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At eight, she shipped her hawser-rope,
Reached open sea much farther down;
Then came up to her cruising speed
For Grand Bahama's Freeport town.

We had ourselves a breakfast snack;
Hot coffee or some Lipton's tea;
Went to the sunny deck in back
To join our group for company.

We all were one, where it was cool
In chairs out on the ship's fantail
-- That deck above the swimming pool
For later fun when under sail.

At eight, we left Miami port
To sail across Atlantic's sea
To Grand Bahama's fun Freeport,
With those as lucky as were we.

Too soon we got the luncheon call
-- A real gourmet's food delight--
At one, Bahama's island was
Off our bow and in our sight.

We all went to the forward rail
To watch them snug the ship down tight;
Then taxi to plush Princess there
For fun and games, and all the sights.

Dinner in Guanahanis room,
With heaps of food(to much to eat).
The gambling hall across the way
Helped make this first day more complete.

Those posturepedic mattresses
On those twin-sized double beds
Had us asleep almost before
We'd laid thereon our sleepy heads.

Trips and tours and Sauna-baths,
Warm whirlpools in the sun,
The order of our first full day;
Just part of Freeport's tourist fun.

'Tween five and six was "Happy Hour";
Line-dancing to a native band.
A dinner show that made us glow
In tune with all that island land.

Gambling, plus those stringed guitars
Entertained to our bedtime;
To wake again to our last day
To do our things in our own way.

At three, we took the taxi to
Our ship awaiting at the shore,
For Miami and our waiting bus
To Englewood and home once more.

(over)

There must have been a thousand souls
On that return to U.S.A.

Long lines were there for everything;
At everything there was delay.

All bands, all singers, screaming loud.
The decibels at all time highs;
To reach that large and festive crowd
Took more than moans and gentle sighs.

Three party bands with beat and songs,
And dinner for the group of us,
Entertained 'till we docked;
Then through the customs to our bus.

At three A.M. and growing late
We all discharged at our rec-hall;
Tired and sleepy--feeling great--
For we all knew we'd had a ball.

I was surprised; I was impressed;
I liked the people in our park,
But not the way I like them now,
Because of that Bahama lark.

We herewith thank the leadership
Of both Harry and Loraine Ide,
Who planned this entire trip for us
Then went along with us as guide.