

June 19, 1994 Cont.

I will not overeat anymore. It doesn't feel good.

At 8:00 we secured the generator and at 9:00 we were bedding down ⁱⁿ the ~~top~~ salon.

This will be a watchful night since we are alone on the boat.

Monday, June 20, 1994

The Bark to Chub Cay

We slept well with wakeful moments, each, to check our surroundings, boats in the vicinity. None came closer than $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

It was a quiet, peaceful, windless night. The stars were breathtaking with no artificial light in the entire 360° to the horizon.

We awake to a slight breeze and an overcast sky. At 8:00 our engines were on and at 8:15 we were underway, with me piloting the boat & Mort hoisting the sand off the deck. We have 45+ miles to go today.

We may anchor at Bird Cay, or if conditions are not good we will go into the Marina at Chub.

[I plan Lou & Rex Fred. for dinner tonight.]

The predictions for wind and weather today is Lt. and Variable - no mention of showers.

Monday June 20th, Cont.

Note*

At 10:00 AM We at Russel Beacon
Spot * Beacon is still gone. God Bless the Site.

Spoke with a Sailboat ^{in vicinity}, Chips Ahoy. They
said they recently spoke to Haris who said
marker still out.

Rain - light so far - at 10:30.

We think we will go into the marina. The
weather is wet and on anchor we would not
have air, but closed windows. This is one thing
when we are already on anchor, but having
these conditions after working up a sweat anchoring
is another.

Note.

The red buoy at Northwest Channel Light is
no longer in evidence. We passed N.W. Channel
Light at 11:45. It is always tense because
of shallows, coral heads, etc.

We just heard over the VHF that Marathon
Yacht Club has a rendezvous at Club.
We may or may not go in. They may not
have room.

At 11:45 called Club via Cellular to
make reservations because ^{Big} storm is fast
approaching.

At 12:15 the winds picked up
whitecaps on Tongue of Ocean Crossing. This

June 20th Con't.
is the part I hate.

It was a huge squall. Once again we only caught the surges. Even so we had rain and the waves ~~didn't~~ grew to 5 to 6 footers on the side. Remember we are in exceptionally deep water on the Tongue of The Ocean.

Mort got very upset. He says he has to think of all possible scenarios to be prepared for them. Therefore, he was in "Worst Case" mode for this 1 1/2 hr. period. Actually, the boat handled magnificently. The stabilizers were superb. We never lost one thing over. None the less Mort is a shmata. I, however, am not as wasted. My only worry was how my husband was. I had no fear and felt the boat could + would do the job! ← This is something new for me.

Note: Chub Cay monitors 68 now.

Lunch was Kosher Balogno Amos, 1/2 for me, 1 for Mort we had these at 2:30. We had our cocktails early with lunch.

Three O'clock, Mort is napping. I have straightened up. Tried to reach Carol. Poor Cellular signal.

Four O'clock we're doing notes.

Of course now that we are in the slip the clouds, rain, wind and waves have passed. It is a bright sunny afternoon.

June 20, 1994 Cont

Called Carol. She said Rich got all A's & B's. Yay!!!
We told her to call Rich & have him call the others.

We are having trouble with the cables on the Cellular. Mort may have to re-do, but we can use it on battery outside of the boat.

Note: We Chatted with some of the Marathan Yacht club members. Bob Sara of Axis Wire recommended the Nassau Harbour Yacht Club. He said to ask for Peter. We are considering it for our stay in Nassau.

At 6:30 we were showered and rested. Mort is now working on splicing some new lines for the boat. The old ones have gotten ratty & ugly.
I am writing this log & some letters.

I feel we will sleep well tonight after our bounce of today.

Pre bedtime and while we digested our very good Lox dinner, we played cards. I may be lucky at Rummy Tiles, but Gin Rummy is another thing. I have worked a year to bring my score (at a penny a point) down from over \$200. to the \$180's. Right now I am ready to pop over the \$200 mark. This game is now seven years and 8 months old. We also watched the Bahamian young men fishing on the Marraig pier. A rightly activity.
We put lights out at 9:30.

Tuesday, June 21, 1994

Chub Cay

I slept well and was on deck at 5:45. The wind is blowing and the sky is overcast, but one by one the boats from the Marathon Yacht Club are pulling out. We would not voluntarily travel with these early A.M. signs.

We anticipate taking it easy today. Of course this is a boat & one never knows.

In the A.M. I did a load of laundry. I don't know where we get it we get it all. We hardly wear any clothes when we cruise.

Note: After the laundry Mort went to start the watermaker. No go. The watermaker won't start. We needed a new filter. The reason it wouldn't start, is that the breaker in the pre filter is sensitive to pressure, thereby saving the water maker itself.

After lunch Mort put a new filter in and Voila. - Water.

While I was working in the morning, Mort was splicing braided line. His hands are full of blisters. Our lines are rotten, he is making new ones.

I plan to Roast Cornish Hens tonight. One to share and one to freeze for another day.

All afternoon Mort worked on the lines. He has splicing braided line down pat now.