

7-2-94 Con't.

In a.m. Mort did the completion of the Port Bow  $\Delta$  window, caulking. And then did Charts until 1:00 when we suddenly felt hungry. He has us chartered to Lyngard Cay.

After lunch we got a call on the VHF from Dragonfly with an invite for cocktails <sup>at 5:00</sup>. We asked if they could be good enough to come to us since ~~our~~ our little boat is still on the top deck - we will not get her down in this wind. They agreed, only, if they brought the goodies.

Shortly ~~after~~ before 5:00 we discovered that the preon we just spent a fortune on in Nassau is still leaking out. We will tackle this first thing in the A.M. tomorrow.

We had just began our drinks & conversation with Nancy & Phil when A-1 Broadstar came by with a persimmon & a Bahamian Raisin Bread. He invited himself aboard for cocktails on munchies. He said he would have some wine, only because he had a sore throat, Medicinal purposes only. We gave him a \$5 bill for the goodies. He told us some of what they went through in the Hurricane Andrew.

Note: He said he would be glad to take our trash ashore for us. (For a fee of course)

Dinner was Ham Steak & Apple sauce. We crawled into bed about 8:00 too early but we are exhausted from not sleeping last night.

Sunday, July 3, 1994

Loyal Island

We both had a better night although through our sleep we were aware that it Blew.

By 8:30 Mort had been able to tighten down on some of the connections in the top fridge where it was apparent we were leaking freon. He was also able to get some freon in the system with the rig he bought for \$10 at the SCA flea market. The boat started to chill down right away. We will see.

At 10:30 we are sitting in the pilot house. Mort is writing letters and I am doing log. We are at the same time making water.

The fridges are doing very well today. Mort adjusted the pressure gauge a little higher and all was well.

In the afternoon we helped via VHF two Grand Banks to make the proper choice as to which break in the rocks to enter. One was Tiger's Pause. We liked the name.

Had one game of R.T. we are tied 5 to 5.

After cocktails and Dinner (Salmon) we had the folks from Northern Exposure aboard. Jan (Dave's guy who's wasted from seasick med.) Cheryl & Dennis (the owners) from Sitka, Alaska.

Bedded down at 9:00 P.M. A good day.

Monday, July 4, 1994

\* Royal Island

Happy 4<sup>th</sup> of July! I hung my bunting on the Bow <sup>front</sup> this A.M.

The fudges were great when we awoke this A.M.

Note:

Mort is having an ache in his back on the left side. - general area of the kidney. No other urinary problems. - maybe just a backache we will watch.

It is a pretty morning, but it is still blowing one front or wave after the other. It is predicted to blow through Wednesday. We will not put the whaler down with this wind the way it is.

The wind developed to a lesser degree than was forecast & the thunderstorms failed to materialize. Very good.

Mort finished sanding the inside frame of the window over the controls in the pilot house. (He had to stand on his ear to do it)

I am very tired today & I hurt for the first time in days. My hands, my feet, my knees. I feel as though a front is really coming through.

Jan & David from Morning Star came into the anchorage from Spanish Wells and we invited them for cocktails

July 4, 1994 Con't.

They are really great folks. (As a reminder in the future - he has an artificial leg. we don't know how he is managing on the boat.)

While they were here a speed boat with 10 or 12 young people came over to borrow some lemei to make a conch salad with the conch they had divided up. An hour or two later they come back & gave us a cup, each, of conch salad.

It was a great day to that point, and then it all went downhill from there. I'm not even sure how it happened, but one minute I'm asking Mort to please take the trash topside, and the next we're embroiled in a loud, senseless quarrel (sp?) Mort opted for sleeping in the salon. The attempts I made to have it settled, Mort insisted I was "Baiting" him. Obviously, we have divergent perceptions of what transpired.

Tuesday, July 5, 1994

Royal Island

As I sit here at daybreak writing this journal, Mort stumbled in half asleep - or maybe entirely asleep - to put out the anchor light. His demeanor tells me we're in for an unhappy day. 1st ~ 56 ~

By 10:00 we had resecured & went on to have a very nice day. R.T, Varrick etc. Dinner was Cold shrimp, Pineapple & Asparagus.

Wednesday, July 6, 1994

Royal Island

As far they predict 10-15 today, moderating - maybe - tomorrow.

We have decided to go tomorrow if it looks good when we awake.

There have been quite a few waves for early in the season and we would rather be in the Abacos if we have to react.

Morning Star is still having generator problems. They say they feel like a commute between Royal Barge & Spanish Wells. Much like we felt between Big Major & Sangster.

It is 10:30 and blowing harder than predicted. A very windy summer.

My plan is for Chicken & Capers today for dinner.

Note: We have decided not to fool with the little red boat. Too windy. Maybe we won't get out tomorrow. Jimi will tell. It is a long run.

It was a busy afternoon with contact from many friends. We waved and chatted via VHF to Baby Boom & Family Ties. Then we watched boat after boat come into the anchorage, one almost over the rocks. Their efforts at picking up moorings were sometimes laughable,