

Saturday, May 29, 1993

Nassau

I was wide awake at 4:11 A.M. That's what I get for a too early bedtime. I laid there awake and began to have "generator anxiety", so I arose and was having coffee + writing letters at 5:00 A.M.

It is 7:00 A.M. and the sun has just risen on a fairly cloudy sky. The wind, however, does seem to have slackened somewhat. At 7:45 I'll tune into the HAM's for the weather forecast.

I pray all is well with the "Jenny". Today will tell the tale. My heart is pounding in my throat as I think of it.

It went up to 183° and held. We'll go tomorrow if weather permits.

We showered, had cocktails and Lamb Chops for dinner / with beans + Carrots - Basil Vinaigrette.  
Fresh Home Grown.

I was abed by 8:30 having been up since before dawn.

Sunday, May 30, 1993

Nassau to Highborne Cay\*\*

I was up at 6:00 (not feeling spiffy) but I think Mort will want out of here. Very - very expensive and a week is too long. Almost \$600 for Dock, Elec. + Water. Mort woke at 7:00 (he also feels shaky). The Nassau weather says 15 knots out of the S.E. with showers

But, shaky & less than spiffy or not we are leaving. While getting ready to cast off the pier, Mort was a bear. None the less we pulled away from the Pier at 8:45 and into the fuel dock at 8:50. All without incident, we took on 285 gallons of diesel, and left the Fuel Dock at 10:15 A.M.

Of course the Port engine is still giving us starting problems. Almost \$2000<sup>00</sup> and "same old, same old". As we pulled ~~the~~ away the Nassau MET office upgraded the winds to 15-20 knots.

It was very rocky for about 2 miles after Porgy Rocks, but then the seas became very manageable, a 2-3 ft. chop.

The entire trip the sky was overcast. We had a few sprinkles, but no real rain to speak of. However, it was very hard to read the water and we were in Coral Head Country.

Also, the genny temperature climbed slowly, but surdy to 193°.

We pulled into the anchorage at Highborne Cay at 3:50. The anchor was set by 4:04.

At 4:30 we were eating our first morsel of the day. A can of oysters each. During this time Mort plotted our course to Hanson Cay just in case we need more work on the Genny.

This has not been our best day cruising, but really nothing too terrible has happened, so far, just not terrific. ~~Just~~ Great.

Note: It was exactly 2 years ago today that we first went from Nassau to Highborne Cay.

This place is still gorgeous. We are enjoying. Dinner was chicken salad with tomatoes & potato chips. We had turned off the Genny, had a cocktail and enjoyed dinner.

Monday, May 31, 1993

Highborne Cay

We rocked + rolled all night, but the anchorage was so peaceful compared to the hustle, bustle and noise of Nassau Harbour, that I think we thoroughly enjoyed it.

This A.M. it is raining lightly, but the forecast for tomorrow in Florida is 10 inches of rain before this front passes. Caroline on the HAM says she doesn't know what this means for the Bahamas. But, I think we'll have at least a couple of days of rain.

Even though this is a gray day and the anchorage is Bouncy (winds SE 15 knots) this is still a gorgeous place. The water is as hoped. Crystal, light aqua. It is, however, because of the wind + surf full of little terrible jelly fish. They are light brown and float in huge colonies. They are so thick in places that they look like coralheads. I've looked in all of my books and can't find out if they sting. I don't think so, but until I find out we will avoid them.

Today will be a test for the gen. If she'll run properly without the engine room full of heat. It ran higher than we would have hoped yesterday. I pray! Our entire trip hinges on her functioning well.

Not good news. When Mot went to check the generator before starting up this A.M. he found the water coolant reservoir empty. This means she is really really running too hot.

We started her up at 8:40 A.M. and we will see. It doesn't feel good.

At noon (with the temp an hour into it at 192°), it was down to 185°, an acceptable.

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At noon Mort heard Barra give a report of a tropical depression leading this way. At almost the same moment we clocked the winds at 30 - 32 knots and the waves in the anchorage were a good 3 to 4 feet.

We made the decision to go into the Marina behind the island which is protected from all quarters. However, getting into the Marina can be very tricky. So, we called the Marina, asked if they had a spot. (They only have room for 12 boats) They had an opening. We asked if someone could act as pilot for us into the Marina. A man named Joel called & said he would be out in 20 minutes to guide us in.

We had a heck of a time picking up the anchor - wind - rain - waves but we did and followed Joel. Two sportfish cut in front of us as we were making for the slip so we had to hold our position - against wind - current and waves - between sand bars and rocks and reef while they got the sportfish into their slips so we could proceed. We would never have done it without Joel.

Note: This boat does not respond quickly in shallow water.

By 2:00 we were tied to the pier, plugged in and having lunch.

But, although we are not happy a bad front is coming, and although we are not thrilled to pay astronomical prices for slips & electricity, we are ~~thrilled~~ <sup>overjoyed</sup> to be in a secure marina.

Tonight I will make chicken & capers and beans & carrots.

It poured off and on all day.

A Bananaquit flew in one pilot house door and out the other, twittering the entire time. A treat. Also saw a

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shark in the Marina and a huge ray.

Before cocktails Mort relaxed and whittled. He is making a new little whale for me out of teak.

Joel (our pilot) came by and Mort asked what we owe him. He very shyly (as though this was the part he hated) said \$25.00. We think he would have taken less, but we thought he was worth every penny and said sold. His wife is Janet, the woman we bought bread from last time through. She now makes dinner for the boaters on order. Tomorrow night.

We're very glad to be safely in Port.

Tuesday, June 1, 1993

Highborne Cay Marina

We had a wonderful day today, as it blew like crazy outside the reef. It blew in here too, but the wave action was dispelled by the island and the reef. The sun shone part of the day. We did a few jobs, watched the action on the pier, made water.

After lunch we took a walk to the beach on oceanside. Breathtaking. I picked (or we) up some shells. Before we left for our walk we called Janet, her VHF call name is "Cool Bunnies", and ordered dinner, Conch and Chowder, Cracked Conch, Cole slaw and Malaroni & Cheese.

On our way back from our walk we joined Joel at the Cleaning Station. We watched him open our Conch and took three beautiful shells to clean and dry for Carol, Lucinda & me.