

Saturday, June 19, 1993

Highborne Cay

Mort put generator back together. It ran, but we will see.

Swam at our lovely little beach. We feel like tomorrow will be a go.

Dinner was Menzies of beef after cocktails and cards.

Sunday, June 20, 1993

Highborne Cay to Nassau

The weather report was scary. We have another tropical wave coming. If we are going to get out of Highborne we better leave today even though the winds are far too brisk for our liking - 15-20 k on the beam. We pulled away from the pier at 8:15 A.M.

As we knew would be the case, it was not fun on our crossing, but Mort & I are great together as Captain & Navigator. We tacked, adding a half an hour to our trip. A lot of time when you are uncomfortable.

At 10:30 we heard bells ringing, at first we thought of engine or bilge alarms, and then realized it was the cellular phone. Carol calling (only her second call) 'cause she heard about the bad weather and was worried. We told her we were in rough seas, and would call when we got to Nassau.

Note: It is very hard for me to keep the cellular phone secret, but one extra call a month from each of the kids added to the cost of operation on just the major contact calls would make it too expensive even for us to have the convenience. The luxury of not having to stand at mosquito infested

phones and also pay a fortune is worth the discomfort I feel about "secrets". It also saves us long walks to the telephone offices on islands that have no payphones. Some places are still primitive here.

We pulled into the Harbour at 1:50 P.M., into the pier at 2:00 P.M., and were all secured & plugged in at 8:15 P.M. (Note: The trip was only 10 min. longer than 5-30-93)

As much as Nassau is not our favorite island, it was good to be here, with one more day of travel under our belt.

The genny overheated (maybe water pump again) and a hole was burned in the ^{Marristefel} elbow. Back to the drawing board.

We had salami + eggs for dinner. We were both too pooped to dress for a restaurant.

Monday, June 21, 1993

Nassau Harbour

Pretty morning. Still blowing. At 5:00 P.M. it has, so far, been a nice day.

Mort put new-rebuilt pump on the genny & we also checked the thermostat. Mort did his monthly paperwork.

I did 2 loads of clothes. Mort went into town to get Ingellers, booze, etc. I defrosted the fridge.

It's been busy, but we feel like we're making progress.

Note: Mort paid \$6.80 for a case of 6 - 1.75 liter bottles of Absolut. Half the price of Marathon. Dinner will be pan fried cat fish & salad.

Tuesday, June 22, 1993

* Nassau

Note: Dock Men - Dino, Sidney, Cris, "little" George.

It's one of those days for Mort. From my point of view things are going well for him, but he is mighty grumpy.

He wrapped the Jerry pipe today with muffler putty - 1000° and over it a wrap - 2000°. He did charts and was a bear while he worked. I did laundry and when Mort didn't need my help I ~~tried~~ tried to stay out of his way.

Today is the first day of this try that we had rain hard enough to wash down the boat. Passing brief thunderstorms I pray there are no storms tomorrow when we take off for Chub.

Tonight we plan to go to the Columbus Tavern for drink. I hope Mort is over his grump before we go. It would be a terrible waste of a possible good time.

Food ^{just} good at Columbus but too expensive for quality & service which is only fair.

We were OK together though!

Wednesday, June 23, 1993

Nassau to Chub

Looks like a good day to go. Forecast 10-15 K ^{A.E. to} S.S.W scattered thunder showers.

We were away at 7:30 A.M. Harbour Control gave us leave to depart the harbor with "Please exercise extreme caution." We thought that was an unusual remark until we saw the two huge Pleasure Lexis being moved in the Harbor. All was well, however, on our exit. Until we came to our course and put the auto pilot on. The boat took an unexpected hard right turn. The Auto pilot had malfunctioned and we could not use it all day. A day in which we got pounded with beam seas all day. Had to feather Jerry and put on 4000 KW ^{10: A.M.} - spare.

Morts handling of the boat was superb, but to say the least we are tired of "The new problem each day" syndrome. We arrived in Chub at 1:00 P.M.

We were first put on the gas dock, as Gypsy Jo of Marathon - Wayne & JoAnn - took our slip during the night before when they got beat up - on anchor - during a squall. Then we were moved - (or we moved) to the North Pier, #73

We had cocktails & chatter with the other boaters nearby. Sandpiper a 44 ft. DeFever and Shadow. A large sailboat that has been almost everywhere we have this trip (Dave Borkowski and Jill Posin of Washington Jewish Deli fame)

Then we had music, Lamb Chops & Tomatoes salad. Num.

Flopped into bed exhausted at 9:30

Thursday, June 24, 1993

Club Cay Marina

I had a very restless night - I hurt all over - It is a cloudy & raining day today. Most is emotionally fine. It is not a Day to travel.

He fixed - 'Please God!' - the autopilot. (The linkage on the sender arm fell off.)

He checked all the water hoses, fresh & raw, on the generator to see if blocked. He thinks it may be the exhaust manifold or that we need a "whole new" generator.

Our next run is a long one. I am praying for a very flat day. A flat one for our Gulf Stream Crossing too. Please God!!!

It looks like tomorrow will be another "stay" day. We are one of only 2 boats in the marina at 3:30 P.M. I did wash today & we made water although the watermaker is giving us trouble starting up. Most thinks we are approaching the need for a new motor.

Dinner will be chicken w/ mandarin oranges & Pinellas

I had a nap and a real coke and I am feeling better this afternoon.

Dinner & the evening was really fine.