

Monday Oct. 3, 1988

Pulled out of Delagal Creek at 7:10 A.M.
 The run was very interesting indeed. We
 had rain and some wind all day. There
 were thunderstorms all around us and
 about a half hour North of Golden Isles we
 got the back side of a tornado - 65 knot
 winds, but, fortunately only for a few
 minutes, then it ~~was~~ swapped and
 only rain remained. In the midst of
 it and due to bad visibility, and in no
 small part excitement, I almost sent Mot
 up the wrong creek! All is well that
 ends well, however, and we pulled safely
 into St Simons, Golden Isle Marina at
 3:20 P.M.

Freddy proceeded to have a conflict
 with the dock boy, Carl, on the pier.
 Freddy came back on board ranting and
 raving at the top of his voice that the
 pipefitter on the pier tried to tell him,
 a "Captain" how to tie up lines. We
 had all we could do to calm him down.
 Gloria became all fluttery and upset.
 Ate on board. We have plans to stay
 through ~~to tomorrow~~ ^{Wednesday} so the men can
 change the water pump.

Tuesday, October 4, 1988

We slept in until about 8:00 for us
 and 9:30 for the Rowes. Read, cleaned
 then the fields began the water pump.
 Food shopped, stopped at liquor store, etc

read puttered and had lunch at Emmelines. Then we had more rest and met Helen Butler and her new fella Bob Whitely at her house for Cocktails and then we Dined at Chelsea for dinner. We were really up late 11:00 P.M. wow. By the way dinner at Chelsea was slow coming but superb. We didn't get to know Bob very well cause Freddy monopolized the conversation. Bob looked a little weary of it by evening's end. Tomorrow the Pump we ordered from Dunbar sales should be here.

Wednesday, October 5, 1988

Today we are to rest + relax in the A.M. and the men are to put in the pump that should arrive at Dunbar sails by 2:00 P.M.

The ^{early} A.M. was spent by fueling up and going over charts. They predicted high wind for tomorrow so Mort asked me to investigate "Umbrella Cut" an alternative to St. Andrews sound, which is to be avoided in high winds. Freddy started getting very excited about the 6 extra miles we would have to run to avoid the sound. Mort said we would take the safe route, and then went to pay for the fuel. While he was gone Freddy berated me and Mort for being ~~crappy~~ pussies. He

He roared and screamed and stomped to his cabin and didn't re-appear for 5 hours, when Mort asked him for help with the pump that had just arrived. Gladia seemed very upset, but not with me or Mort. She told me that Freddy gets annoyed with me, not to fret it.

The guys had a real problem with the pulley that goes to pump, but by 6:00 P.M. they seemed to have it fixed.

We had a delicious ~~meal~~, but quiet, dinner aboard.

Thursday, October 6, 1988

We awoke early to 15 to 20 knot winds and began our day unsure which route we would take. We cast off from Golden Isles at 7:10 and started out the very poorly marked and confusing Channel toward St. Simons Sound. We were having difficulty identifying the markers due to low light and Freddy became annoyed we would not use the range that exists. We tried to tell him the range was defunct and had been used for the old IFCW route. He became so enraged that when Mort asked him to use his binoculars to read a marker he folded his hands and refused to help at all. Mort became angry and asked him if he wanted us to turn the boat around.

He said an enfatic "No," but at that precise moment the good Lord took a hand and jipped the belt off the pulley, setting alarms in motion and requiring us to feather that engine and return to port. I was relieved because the wind was too severe and we were all emotionally upset. No day to travel, and if we were to have had a problem, thank God, it was not in St. Andrews Sound.

When we got back Mort went into the engine room to assess the problem. The next thing Mort knew Freddy was in the engine room telling Mort how unhappy he was with me. He said "Estelle puts me in short pants". Mort insisted that was not true and calmly told Freddy that it was he who had the attitude problem. Freddy said he was unhappy and Mort told him if that were true and if he couldn't remain calm than ~~things are short pants~~ then he didn't have to stick around. Within an hour while we worked on the engine, they packed and left without saying a word of goodbye. It is a real shame. The end of a friendship. We really feel that Freddy is not well. We feel very sorry for Glavia.

One evening she cried to me that all of her friends have a way of disappearing. We now can see why.

We had Dinner at Empeline + Heagy with Helen and Bob, Really got to know him. He is a very bright, witty, nice man.

Friday October 7, 1988

We spent the entire day trying to locate a 6" pulley for the water pump. Finally found one in Ft. Lauderdale. At 5:00 P.M. we got the call that it would be FedExed to us by 10:00 A.M. Saturday. We hope and pray. All in all the day was fine. Mort and I found ourselves gradually unwinding from all of the tension that had been building for the past weeks.

It is great! to be alone with each other!!!! He is whistling, I am singing. Dinner on board and early to bed. Tomorrow hopefully we will make our Paris.

Saturday, October 8, 1988

The package arrived bright and early. But "Curses foiled again". They sent a 7" pulley when we need a 6". We put in on anyway since it is all we had. We ran the engine for an hour, a half of that at ~~2000~~ 2000 RPM's and it ran cool. we are praying it will do the job.

We took a walk in the afternoon to pick up dinner at the "food show". We'll eat aboard tonight. We're pooped from the repairs and I did a major clean up of the boat these last two days. We're gonna try to make Fernando's Beach tomorrow. We're a little tense about St Andrews Sound and about the water pump pulley. Please God! all will be well.