

Hi, I'm Capt. Jim Green and my sailing vessel is "Lady Longlegs". This is a travelogue for my recent trip from Cocoa, Florida to Washington, North Carolina.

Cocoa to Ponce Inlet

Hello all, I thought you might be interested to know that I sailed our "Easterly 30" sailboat from Cocoa, FL, <http://www.cocoavillage.com/> to Washington, NC, <http://www.originalwashington.com/>. The boat's new home is McCotter's marina near Washington, NC <http://www.yachtworld.com/mccottersmarina/>.

I recruited two 24-year-old guys to crew for me on this trip using www.findacrew.net. We sailed the boat mostly on the ocean to NC. One of the guys had never been on a sailboat before. The other had excellent experience on an 83-foot motor-yacht, but not on sailboats, except for one day of sailing a Hobie-cat. I had to teach them how to sail. I liked these guys as candidates because they are young, strong, and they are musicians like me.

I would like to thank my wife Carolyn for making this trip possible. She stayed at home and worked to bring in the money to pay for the trip expenses.

The guys were very good to volunteer to help finish the preparations for getting started on the trip. They cleaned and organized the storage areas on the boat. And, they helped me install a new manual bilge pump system.

On April 7th we began our voyage by motoring from Cocoa to Titusville. There we borrowed a rubber dinghy and motor from a cruising friend. We spent the night at Titusville and I played pirate songs on the guitar for the cruisers who were staying at the marina.

The next morning we motored to Ponce De Leon Inlet. Just after we entered the Mosquito Lagoon we saw a sailboat hard aground far out of the channel and TowBoat US was struggling to pull them free. Shortly after that, my green crew ran us soft aground. I said, "Well, boys. You'll just have to jump in and push us off!" So they did. As soon as they jumped into the water the boat lightened up a lot and it was easy to put it into reverse and get loose. Then they climbed back onboard and we were on our way again. In the excitement of running aground I forgot to deploy the boarding ladder so the boys had a little difficulty getting back aboard. They muscled themselves aboard; however, before I could go and get the ladder.



We stopped at the "Inlet Harbor Marina & Restaurant" at Ponce Inlet www.inletharbor.com, 133 Inlet Harbor Road, for a few hours before we sailed through the night to St. Augustine. Chris P. had a package delivered there with some clothes that he had forgotten to bring for the trip. I did some last minute



wiring of a new DC outlet so that we could use our spotlight. We had intended to leave at 2200, but didn't get away until 0000. We sailed out of the inlet with a full moon for company. The sky became obscured later that night.

Ponce Inlet to St. Augustine

At the marina, I had asked a local captain about the depth in the St. Augustine inlet, he just said we wouldn't have any problem. No one told me that ships use that inlet. Nor did the chart give the depths. The reason I was concerned about it was that a friend of mine struck bottom with his boat while entering an inlet in Georgia where the charted depth was supposed to be 20 feet. He broke his stern mounted rudder.

We arrived five miles outside St. Augustine at 1400. I decided that we should heave to for a few hours until mid-flood tide before coming in. While we were hove-to, the waves were big enough that they were higher than the deck, perhaps 6 feet. The wind was blowing about 15 mph (13 kt.) While sitting there my favorite hat blew off, a Calico Jack's hat from Harker's Island. I had forgotten to clip it to my shirt. So we mounted a man overboard rescue. We powered up the sails and sailed away from the hat then tacked 180 degrees and sailed back to it. I slowed the boat as we approached it and the boys tried to grab it with a boat hook. They just missed it. Then I accidentally ran directly over it with the boat. It disappeared after that. Some rescue. Oh well, I guess I'll have to make another vacation trip to Harker's Island. We'd better practice man-overboard drills too!

Later, while we were hove to again, about 15 dolphins came along and stopped to check us out. They would swim through a wave that was meeting the boat so that they could look at us at eye level. Then they would dive under the boat. They would also swim on their sides to look up at us. That was really neat.

When the time was right, we sailed all the way into the inlet. The waves were pretty big as we sailed in, but I was able to sail the boat by myself. So, the guys decided to tether themselves to the deck forward. They pretended that they were surfing the boat. It turned out that the depth in the channel was nearly 30 feet!

We stayed for several days to rest and enjoy the city. After the trip was over we voted St. Augustine our favorite city on the trip, Charleston was a close second. There is a bar in St. Augustine called "Taberna de Gallo" that is owned by the city and the staff dresses in period clothing. It is located in one of the oldest buildings in St. Augustine. http://www.staugustine.com/stories/121302/com_1185128.shtml We went and enjoyed listening to the guy playing Spanish guitar, really nice. There was a group of six people who came into the bar dressed as pirates. Actually, they were much better behaved than the tourists at another table who were loudly talking over the live music.



We shared a table with a couple from Clearwater. The guy had a collection of small pirate figurines with which we did some role playing. He also had a plastic Conquistador hat which we passed around and had pictures taken with.



One rainy night we met a young fellow at the pavilion in the park near 24 King Street who said that he is hitch-hiking around the entire country. He shared some rock alternative band patches with Chris P. to sew onto his pack. He also shared his tips on hitch-hiking with the guys.

The weather in St. Augustine was perfect, tee-shirt and shorts weather. Up to this point in the trip we had



been experiencing cold weather and dreading even colder weather as we went further north. We were pleased to have warmer weather the rest of the trip except for just a couple of short cold snaps that only lasted about a day each.

While anchored just south of the Bridge of Lions, I took the opportunity to replace the stern light fixture. It had stopped working on the way to St. Augustine. I also installed a track stop on the boom. On the way to St. Augustine, we had run into difficulty when trying to reef the mainsail because the boom's gooseneck came off of its track. It took two of us to get it back on the track.

St. Augustine to Fernandina Beach

On the way to Fernandina Beach and out of the inlet in St. Augustine we met some huge waves. One had to be at least 10 feet. I dropped my Lowrance handheld GPS into the cockpit floor where it got soaked in saltwater even though I had it in a Ziploc bag. It turned out to not be waterproof as advertised and it was fried. I had to resort to using an old eTrex Venture GPS that doesn't have any navigation buoys on it and doesn't even show the outline of the shore. At least it was waterproof. I punched in the city we wanted, Fernandina Beach, and we sailed up the coast until we were offshore from the city. We spotted a large container ship with a Spanish name. We called them on the VHF radio and asked them for a bearing to the inlet. They asked where we were. We said "Just off your stern!" They very politely gave us a bearing and distance. When we got near the inlet, I started up our laptop computer with Maptech "Offshore Navigator" on it and connected a Streets and Trips USB GPS to it. We were then able to see our position on a chart and enter the inlet safely.

It became dark while we were motoring into the Fernandina Beach channel. By this time we had learned that it is best not to waste time in an inlet, so we were motoring at full throttle. We couldn't hear anything else above the roar of our own motor. It was about 2200 when I noticed a strange red flashing light about buoy height but far out of the channel on our starboard side. I didn't think it belonged there. So I shinned the spotlight in that direction. I didn't get a reflection so I dismissed it. A minute later it moved toward us with a deafening roar. It was a military helicopter and they started hovering right next to us and following us. I was a little concerned that they might collide with our mast. Finally, I decided to shine the spotlight on our deck so that they could see that we were just a little sailboat. Then they flew away. Perhaps they thought we needed assistance or something. I've since heard that the military conducts regular exercises out there with their helicopters. Also, I've been told that when a submarine is going to be entering or leaving the inlet a helicopter will check to see that the way is clear.

Along the way to Fernandina we went through three wicked storms. I'm convinced that God protected us many times throughout this trip. Lightning was flashing all over the place. Since our tiller was made of metal I decided that I would wear rubber gloves along with my rain gear. Better than no protection at all, I supposed. At one point we were sailing with bare poles at about 3 mph (2.6 kt) and had gale force wind with stinging rain. Before the first storm, when raising the jib, the jib sheet wasn't properly cleared. So, the sail flogged itself badly. This pulled out a couple of seams. One of the panels even blew away. It was an old sail, the cloth is still good, but the thread in the seams was weak. After the storm, we raised another brand new jib sail which was quite a bit smaller. It was sufficient for sailing, but it wasn't big enough to tack the boat. So whenever we needed to tack, we would jibe instead.

I was very fortunate to find a nice retired guy in Fernandina Beach who knew how to fix the damaged sail. He makes canvas awnings at his home workshop. He had all the right equipment. He and I worked on the sail for three hours and fully repaired it. He understood our plight, being poor broke sailors with old sails. He didn't charge me anything. I'll send him some money someday when I can. We used an old "Sailfish" sail that I had onboard to make a new panel. So now the



Working Jib has one bright yellow panel.

During this leg of the trip Chris W. earned the status of first person to get seasick on the trip. That was appropriate since he had never been on a sailboat before. We had sent him into the hold one too many times to retrieve something. The cramped space and motion of the boat finally got to him. He had to lay down for a couple of hours to recover. After that we nicknamed the hold "The Brig."

The restaurants near the City Marina in Fernandina Beach are all somewhat pricey. Wal-Mart is about 8 miles away, too far to walk, and there is no bus service. I really needed a new phone card and a nice local guy that I met at the coffee shop drove me to Wal-Mart to buy one. There is a marine supply store on the next block over from the marina, "The Boat House." The proprietor was very friendly and helpful. I was able to buy new bulbs for the navigation lights. The starboard navigation light had burned out while entering the inlet. I took the lights apart and found that the fixtures were corroded. So, I wire brushed them, put new bulbs in and greased the contacts with Tef-Gel then sealed the fixtures with silicone. They worked great throughout the rest of the trip.

There is a strong tidal current at Fernandina Beach so sometimes our boat was facing the opposite direction from the wind while on the mooring. We paid for a mooring so we could use the showers. There were a few boats anchored just outside of the mooring field. They didn't seem to have any problems with dragging anchors.



While we were anchored at Fernandina Beach the guys decided to hitch-hike to Gainesville to see a concert. They wanted to see a friend of theirs perform. He was the opening act. They made it to the concert, but not early enough to see their friend perform. After the concert it was too late to hitch-hike back. They didn't bring warm enough jackets so they had to improvise a way to keep warm. They found a pair of dumpsters. One had mulch in it. The other had a mattress in the top. So they moved the mattress to the other dumpster and spent the night. They lucked into a ride nearly all the way back the next day. The only "bump in the road" was that this guy was a little crazy. Imagine that! He took them to his house. They switched cars to his hot-rod. Then they went on a hair-raising 100 mph joy ride with him before he brought them back. At least he wasn't an axe murderer.

Fernandina Beach to St. Simons

We had been told that if we went up the ICW past Cumberland Island that we might get to see some wild horses. Since the wind was not favorable for a sail on the ocean (light wind from the North – sunny day) we decided to try it. We motored from Fernandina Beach to St. Simons in one day. On the way we met a submarine as it was leaving its base at Kings Bay. The Coast Guard patrol boat told us to stay to the side of the channel; we were going to do that anyway. We passed within a hundred feet of the submarine, cool! Later the same day near Shellbine Creek we were passed by a cruise ship, “American Spirit” <http://americancruiselines.com/ship.php?crn=14>, on the ICW and Cumberland River? That was a surprise! We did see the wild horses, finally, about two and a half miles from St. Andrew Sound.

We stopped at Jekyll Island to get some fuel, but both marinas there were sold out! We figured we could make it to St. Simons anyway and pressed on. We arrived at 2100. As was our custom, we immediately headed for shore and the nearest restaurant. This time it was a fancy restaurant right at the marina called “Coastal Kitchen” <http://www.coastalkitchenandbar.net/> I ordered the cheapest thing on the menu a spinach salad. It sounded good on paper, but I discovered I don't like spinach salad. At least the bread tasted good. I love fresh whole wheat rolls. The next day we lucked into a ride into town from the marina. The guy was so nice that he even gave us his phone number so we could call him and get a ride back to the marina. As it turns out, he knew my cruising friend Mark P. who used to own a restaurant there. So, he was happy to take us out of his way to show us the restaurant. Mark owned “Café Frederica” 110 Sylvan Dr, St. Simons, GA for many years and sold it when he retired.” Mark's picture (on the cover) and some of his recipes are featured in a book published in 1999 called: “Saint Simons Island Cooks” by Leslie Delaney. We had our picture taken at the restaurant and then we went to the “Village” where there was a weekend flea market in progress.

St. Simons to Tybee Island / Savannah

It is a very long channel to get back out onto the ocean from St. Simons. We set out in the late afternoon. We had to motor into a headwind and possibly current for hours just to get to our rhumb line. There was a ship with all of its deck lights on right where our 1st turn was to be far out on the ocean. Other than that, the only visual references were the lights on the buoys, the GPS, and our compass. The sky was overcast, almost no stars, and the night was really murky. There are no cities off the coast of Georgia really, just wilderness, so there was no comforting glow from the shore. There are shoals that extend for miles so you want to stay far away from the shore. Finally, we set sail after midnight. The wind was predicted to increase after midnight, but it actually lessened. That suited me just fine.

The next day the sailing was great. The waves built to about 8 feet in the late afternoon and we sailed into the Tybee Roads inlet. The place where I had planned to anchor was near Tybee Island, but the bay where we were supposed to go was choppy and didn't seem to be marked well enough. We were about to be hit by a storm anyway; so, we decided to continue on up the ship channel. The storm hit us just after we dropped sails and started motoring in the channel. It is lucky there wasn't a ship coming down the channel because we had blinding rain with about 50 ft. visibility for about 5 minutes. Then the rain stopped, the sun came out, and the hordes of biting sand gnats attacked. Too bad we didn't think to bring insect repellent!

We didn't know where we were going to find an anchorage so we were just motoring up the ship channel. Along came a “Dolphin Tours” boat, “Dolphin Magic Tours Inc.,” 912-352-8697. We hailed them on the radio and asked for “local knowledge.” They told us that we should follow them into “Elba Island Cut” into the Wilmington River and proceed about 7 miles to Thunderbolt. We passed through the Causton Bluff Bridge along the way. The bridge tender had an accent that reminded us of New Orleans.

At 2100 we arrived at Thunderbolt and anchored just outside of town to the South. It was nearly low tide. We came ashore and found “Tubby's Tank House” restaurant, 115 E River St. By this time it was too late to be served food so we shared a slice of Cheesecake instead, compliments

of the Captain. When we came back to the boat we discovered that the tide had gone the rest of the way out and the boat was doing a slight balancing act. We were careful moving around on the boat that night. As soon as the boat re-floated the next morning we moved the boat.

The guys had to leave for a week. One had a wedding to attend and the other needed to check on his business. So I took the boat to the Herb River and anchored. I discovered that I could use the public dock at the boat ramp next to the River Bend Marina in Thunderbolt to come ashore with the dinghy. It was about 2 miles from where I was anchored and on the wrong side of the river from the town. So, I had to walk over the bridge to get to town. At low tide the floating dock is sitting in the mud. You can barely get a small rubber dinghy to the floating dock by paddling and motorboats can't get anywhere near the boat ramp to haul out. All of the marinas in Thunderbolt have exorbitant rates; at least \$2/ft (i.e. \$16 to \$30 per day) just to tie the dinghy to their dock and for some that did not include any shower or laundry privileges. Compare that to Fernandina Beach where we could use the dinghy dock without shower privileges for only \$2.50 per day. Or, St. Augustine where we could use the dinghy dock with shower and laundry privileges for \$10.00 per day.



At Thunderbolt I discovered that the starboard shroud wire had loosened up. I think that the wires had never been stretched before. New wires stretch and have to be re-tightened until they quit stretching. While anchored on the Herb River, I learned that the sand gnats come out about one to two hours before sunset and that they can penetrate through the mosquito netting. You just have to close the boat up. One night a cold front came through and I was able to watch fireworks in the distance from the deck without biting no-see-ums or sand gnats. Perhaps the fireworks were coming from a ballgame somewhere? The local baseball team is appropriately named the Savannah Sand Gnats, see: www.sandgnats.com/home

My wife, Carolyn, was able to come down and see me on the weekend. By this time I was becoming very frustrated with the trip because it was keeping me away from Carolyn. I was so homesick that I would have been happy to sell the boat and quit the trip right here. This visit revived my spirit and I was able to complete the rest of the voyage happily.

While Carolyn was there on the weekend, I took advantage of the pretty weather and re-tightened the mounts for the winches on the mast. All of the weekend boaters were out in force. Most of the boats were courteous and careful with their wakes. The local police boats were out too, enforcing the "No Wake Zones." Our boat was actually anchored outside of a "No Wake Zone" so I guess one of the large motorboats passing us close by figured he didn't have to be courteous. He threw up a huge wake as he went by. I was standing at the mast and clung to it as our boat rolled more than 50 degrees! Luckily, I had just finished re-mounting the winches and didn't lose any parts overboard. The Sheriff's patrol boat stopped the guy. A few minutes later the Sheriff came over and asked if we were alright. We said that we were fine and that we were used to rude boat wakes since we were on a long voyage from FL to NC. He said he just wanted to make sure we weren't hurt and said: "I wrote that guy a ticket."

Hurrah!

Tybee to Charleston



A friend of one of the crew members was invited to come along for the next leg of our trip. Kevin came all the way from Indianapolis to participate in one leg of the trip. He was lucky to experience the gentlest leg of the entire trip. He had to buy an offshore lifejacket as a

condition to coming with us. They tried the local West Marine in Savannah, but they wanted \$140, for a foam vest just like the one I purchased for \$40 elsewhere. They finally found another style of offshore foam vest at another boating store for only \$30. Kevin slept on the saloon floor.

On this hop to Charleston we again had to stay well off shore to avoid the many shoals. They extend for miles out from shore and again there were no cities along the shore. The wind was predicted to be gentle from the SE.

We made it to Charleston. It took longer than expected though. We left Thunderbolt in the late afternoon. By the time we made it back to the ship channel it was nearly 2100. I had one of the guys standing on the bow with a strong flashlight to watch for obstacles as we were leaving Elba Cut and nearing the ship channel. After we entered the channel, we saw a ship coming toward us. The ship called us on the radio saying: "Sailing vessel shining the spotlight, please answer and switch to channel 13." We answered and switched to channel 13. "This is motor vessel ... what are your intentions?" SV Lady Longlegs: "We intend to pass Port to Port." "This is motor vessel ... Thank You, returning to channel 16." Then the huge tanker ship passed us quite close. It was very impressive as it loomed far above us. After the ship passed us, we decided that since it was late and the current was against us that we would anchor overnight. On the other side of the ship channel and back in the ICW we found a good place to anchor. All night we could hear the loud shish... of the bow wave from the ships and then the low frequency pulsing of their ship's engines ... bum, bum, bum, bum. We had set our alarm for 0600. The alarm went off and we were groggily awaking when we heard a tremendously loud horn ... "Ommmbaaaap baap" We nearly jumped out of our skin as we feared that our boat had dragged anchor into the channel. Our heads popped up out of the hatch to find that we were safely anchored out of the channel, exactly where we set it. A passing tugboat with barge was just having some fun with us.

We left at 0630 and motored out of the inlet at Tybee Island. Then we raised the sails. There was almost no wind and it was from the wrong direction, Northeast. That wasn't what was predicted! So, we spent all day tacking against the wind. There were about ten ships out here waiting to enter the port. They weren't moving very much. There were pieces of lumber out here all over the place. Two seagulls were standing on one board. A sailboat came along and was, as if by magic, sailing amazingly fast. Its sails were full. We intersected its course, right behind it, and turned onto the same course. We didn't sail any faster though. I guess he had his motor on. Another sailboat came out of the channel headed the same way as us and was motoring with its sails down. They too left us behind. We made 15 miles towards our destination before dark for an average speed made good to our goal of 2.16 mph (1.9 kt.)

During the day the guys decided that we were sailing so slowly that they could take a swim in the ocean. So they jumped off the boat and swam to the dinghy in tow. One of them even swam from the dinghy back to the boat and climbed aboard all while we were under sail!



After dark, the wind veered around to a more favorable direction and with the Genoa sail up we were able to sail right down our planned course at 5 to 6 mph (5.2 kt.) We were bashing waves and making excellent speed. I went below to lie down.

Shortly after I went below, the boat seemed to collide with something more substantial than a wave. The whole boat shuddered, but there was no water coming in and everything seemed alright. So I tried to sleep.

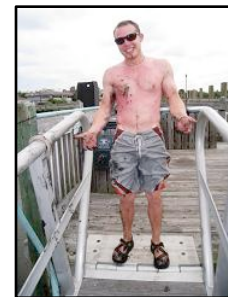
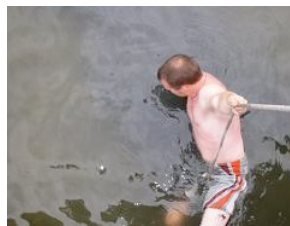
About 0330 I was awakened for my watch. The wind had veered even more towards the South and weakened. Now we were unable to maintain our course and had to kind of zigzag back and forth across our course line jibing every mile or so. The waves would roll the boat and knock the air out of our sails every time one went under the boat. After the sun came up, we were about 12

miles from the inlet and not making any good progress, so we decided to start up the motor. We knew that when we reached the inlet and turned 90 degrees to the west inside the channel that the wind would power up our sails and we could sail into Charleston Harbor. We left the motor running as we entered the inlet. As the boat heeled, the motor started racing. We should have throttled back the motor or shut it off while we were sailing so hard, but I wanted to be sure that we beat the ebb tide. We arrived at our anchorage at 1530. By this time the motor was sputtering. I think we accidentally overheated it. Now the question was: would it run the next time we needed it? By-the-way, this sailboat has an outboard in a well in the transom.

If we hadn't used the motor to get to the inlet we would have arrived after slack tide and the current would have been against us. Luckily we made it almost all the way to the designated anchorage before the tidal current changed. We had some difficulty getting the anchor to hold here. We set it three times. I think it may have dragged about 30 feet during the night too even though we put an 8 to 1 scope on it. A boat came in about 0700 and anchored immediately behind us. They only put out a 2.5 to 1 scope. We were very close to them when the boats swung so I pulled in some of our anchor rode. I've heard comments from other cruisers that this anchorage is not very good for anchor holding.

The designated anchorage is right across from the Municipal Marina. It is close enough so that I could receive the Mega Dock free Internet from the marina if I carried the laptop up into the cockpit. There is a free public dock for dinghies but it is all mud at low tide. You can use the marina dinghy dock and no one will ask you for a fee, but it is \$5.00 per day.

One day while walking down the dock Chris W. dropped his \$150 sunglasses in the water. He said they were gone for good. I told him the water was only a few inches deep as it was low tide. So, we devised a plan to retrieve the glasses. We tied a rope to the railing so Chris would have something to hold onto and so he wouldn't sink up in the mud. After about five minutes of fishing around in the mud he found them, yea. We hosed the mud off him and went on our way.



Chris W's roommate from Asheville happened to be in town on business. He met up with us and we all went to visit a couple of bars. His beautiful girlfriend, who lives in Charleston, took us to the "Library Restaurant and Rooftop Bar," www.vendueinn.com, 23 Vendue Range. It is a neat restaurant/bar that is on the roof of a building. It used to have a good view of the harbor, but now the view is obscured by condos. Later the same night we went to another bar to play darts. Chris W. happens to be an expert dart player. We did the best we could and enjoyed learning the game. We got back to the boat about 0200 on most nights while in Charleston.

In Charleston we went to two coffee houses to listen to and participate in their open mic night. One was the "East Bay Meeting House," www.eastbaymeetinghouse.com, 159 E Bay St. They have an excellent open mic on Monday nights where half of the program is devoted to poetry readings, some original, and half to singer songwriters performing their own music. The other coffee house was "Kudu Coffee House", www.iheartkudu.com, at 4 Vanderhorst St. where they have an open mic on Thursday nights. We stayed at Charleston until Thursday so that we could attend both of



the open mics. Chris P. performed at both of them, he writes and performs a style of music called "Indie Rock"

see: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Indie_rock. Chris P. is self taught and is quite good. He plans to start his own band and to record a CD. Kudos Chris! We sailed on Friday morning. We loved Charleston, especially the market place, the parks, the coffee houses, and the people.



One of the guys liked sitting on a monument in Marion Square and playing his guitar. Technically, climbing the monument is illegal, but that apparently is not strictly enforced.

We did a LOT of walking in Charleston, because their bus system shuts down at about 2000. If you want to stay

downtown for any of the nightlife, you are going to have to walk back to the marina.



One night before we left Charleston I was privileged to perform pirate songs and sea shanties for the guys on my guitar. We had a great time singing yo, ho, ho and clapping to the beat.

Charleston to Morehead City

The motor ran fine again after it had a chance to cool off. My crew was running short on time for cruising so we elected to by-pass Southport and Wilmington to sail directly to Morehead City.



After sailing for two and a half days, including two nights, we arrived safely in Morehead City. We sailed from our anchorage and out of the harbor in Charleston, with perfect sailing conditions all day the 1st day, less than three-foot waves and 10 to 15 kt wind. We used the Genoa all day. The wind increased to 15 to 20 kt with 30 kt gusts late in the afternoon so we switched to the working jib. This continued through all night the second night. The boat sailed well under double reef. The waves built to 6 to 10 feet? During this time there was actually a small craft advisory in effect.



The boat hit 11 mph (9.6 kt) GPS, before we reduced sail on this leg. We were over canvassed for a while during the afternoon, I was lying down trying not to get any more seasick while the crew was sailing the boat. After a while, I realized from the sound of the water rushing by that we must be over canvassed so I got up and checked. Sure enough we were. I could see that the sail would get a hole in it where the spreader was poking it if we didn't do anything. So, I came up and told the crew that we were going to hove to while we reefed the sail. It was tricky picking the right time to turn into the wind between those mountainous waves, but I timed it perfectly. I told one of the guys to haul in on the mainsheet while we turned

and then to immediately let it out again as soon as the jib backed and I threw the tiller to leeward. It worked perfectly, we were hove to. Then it became obvious to the crew how strong the wind *really* was. It took us about 5 minutes to double reef the mainsail. Then we let the jib over and sailed off. We immediately gybed back to sail to our course line. Sailing was much easier after that. The tiller was easy to handle and the boat was handling the 30 mph gust way better. We slowed down to a more comfortable 6 to 8 mph (7 kt.) We accomplished this around an hour before sunset.



It was nice to have a full moon both nights. On this leg of the trip Chris P. got seasick during his midnight watch. He didn't feel better until the morning when he finally threw up. When I got up I got the dry heaves for about five minutes until I got on deck and took over the tiller.



As we approached Morehead City, the wind switched around to the West as predicted. So we had to motor and sail into the inlet against the wind. We missed the flood tide and had to go against the current as well. There were lots of weekender boats in the inlet for us to dodge and a ship was coming in behind us too. Luckily, we were able to overcome the current and we beat the ship into the harbor without incident. The friction from the land reduced the wind speed as we went through the inlet this allowed the motor to be more effective because there was much less headwind. After we were safely into the ship turning basin, we heard the ship that was behind us sounding the collision alarm

a couple of times for those little boats in the inlet. Little boats should pay attention to big ships in narrow channels.

We only met one other boat while we were out on the ocean during this hop. That was when we were about 44 miles offshore just south of Southport. It was a large party fishing boat the kind that takes up to 50 passengers. They crossed in front of us and never slowed down. They were obviously going much further out than we were. The closest we came to shore during this hop was about 28 miles. That was when we passed Southport and Frying Pan Shoals. We were never able to use our cell phones until we reached Morehead City. I hated not being able to communicate to my wife that we were ok for such a long time.

Morehead City to Washington, NC:

The last 80 miles of the trip was completed with just me and my wife for crew. It made a nice romantic finish to the trip.

The guys and I arrived in Morehead City on Sunday, May 10th, Mother's day. I was able to call my Mom and Carolyn both and wish them both happy Mother's day.

One of the guys left for home in Asheville, NC on Tuesday. The other waited until Carolyn could bring his vehicle down on Thursday. He then drove to Washington D.C. to see his brother and then back to Indianapolis.

Carolyn and I set out on Friday morning motoring up the Intra-coastal Waterway toward the Neuse River. Because our sailboat motors so slowly, one sailboat passed us and yelled out; "Are you Ok?" We said, "Yes" and kept puttering on.



We reached Oriental in the afternoon and stopped to get gas. Since a storm was threatening, we elected to spend the night. We walked around town in the rain with our rain suits on. Another sailboat came into the harbor and was trying to anchor. That boat nearly T-boned the boat next to us several times. Finally, they figured out how to set their anchor properly.

The next morning we motored away from Oriental down the Neuse River toward the Pamlico Sound. I was hoping to sail down the river, but the wind was much too light. The water

was almost glassy. On the ICW there always seems to be a caravan of boats. Some of them obviously have an autopilot because their boat will drive to a point and then abruptly turn and

march off in another direction as if following a computer program. That makes navigating easier for us slow boats. We can watch the faster boats and get a visual confirmation from them about our next intended turn. When we reached the Bay River we were able to sail to the next canal. Just before reaching the canal we had to take the sails down because of a sudden heavy rain shower. We motored up the canal and stopped at Hobucken for gas, just to be sure that we wouldn't run low. There is a fish house there where you can get some gas. We used their restroom facilities. They had two old, well used, outhouses. The ladies outhouse was a two holer!



When we reached the Pamlico River the wind was favorable for sailing and the ominous rain clouds blew away from us. We broke off from the ICW caravan and sailed west up the Pamlico River. They continued North on the ICW into the



Pungo River. We had a perfect wind and very small waves so we sailed at about 6 mph (5.2 kt) all the way up the Pamlico. We passed Indian Island and then the PCS Phosphate plant, phew.



We saw the Aurora ferry cross the river far ahead of us and by the time it came back across we met it. It slowed and allowed us to pass in front of it. So we got some good pictures of it and could wave at the passengers on the upper railing.

We had thought that if we couldn't make it all the way to McCotters Marina before dark that we would stop at Bath Creek, but the forecast for the next day sounded really bad: West winds 20 kt (strong headwind), and thunderstorms. So, we decided to press on even if we would get there after dark. We arrived at Broad Creek at twilight, dodged the crab pots and entered the creek. We decided to anchor outside of the marina, because we couldn't be sure which one it was in the dark. Half of the sign was missing. So it read: "Cot Mar" Here is a link to the marina: <http://www.yachtworld.com/mccottersmarina/>

The next morning we took the dinghy over and we motored over and folks who have boats take home. Our son, to get us. We loaded the headed home. To "Seafood" restaurant in have the best Flounder of the way home in rain.

Today is sunny and I'm After about six weeks of miles, it is great to be



dried our stuff out on deck, and then I asked where we could tie up. Then tied up. We visited with some of the there and finished packing our stuff to Gavin, drove our pickup truck down truck up in the pouring rain and celebrate we stopped at "Cliff's Chocowinity where we knew they Plates anywhere. We drove the rest

drying everything out and unpacking. traveling on the boat, and at least 780 home!