

Captain Ed's Log sailing the Ker Mor

I picked up a job last week delivering the Sailing vessel Ker Mor from New Castle Nh to Beaufort South Carolina . The boat is a 37ft Etap fully equipped with Ray marine Chart Plotter and Radar , also a Ray Marine Auto Pilot, and a combination screen located at the navigation station.

On the boat beside myself is the crew consisting of the owner Dr John Savage , His son also John, (I will call him little John) and his Nephew Preston Luce.

Also as a stowaway to my surprise shows up Warren Halter.

Warren after our last adventure, had to skip the the country to the Dominican Republic for a couple of years after some trouble he got into with the New Jersey police. He has been living in the DR with a Hawaiian Prostitute for a while but says he needs a break, he won't show me any pictures so I don't no whether it was male or female .

So that is the crew, Dr John, Little John , Preston , Warren and myself. We are off to South Carolina and this is the log.

Today's date is wednesday october 21 it has been the first chance that I have had to put an entry in the log since leaving New Castle NH

Monday october 19

After provisioning the boat and getting all of the proper paper work done (boat new to owner) we left New Castle at 3:30 pm under motor as the wind was right on our nose and we have to make the cape cod canal hopefully before 4am on tuesday.

Around 7 pm as we approached the tip of Cape Ann we lost power to the radar, and the chart plotter. The engine alarm went off so we had to shut the motor down. Not a great place to break down since know one knew how to sail the boat yet or read the charts so I had little time time get this boat moving again.

I noticed that we were a little low on oil. So I added oil and restarted the engine , for the next few hours we still lost our radar and chart plotter every once in a while. I eventually found that the batteries switches were in the wrong position so I thought that they were not getting enough power from the generator to run everything . I turned all off the batteries to the on position and we were able to continue through the night with no problem other than being a little tired.

Tuesday October 20

We approached the cape cod canal at approximately 5 am everyone asleep but little John and I.

We missed the proper tide direction by a few hours. Since I did not want to run dock lines after being awake all night I thought that I would just fight the tide until it changed again.

At 6 am the engine alarm went of again and we dropped the anchor and called for a tow as we were anchored in the middle of the canal and drifting. The coast guard came out immediately and towed us into the Sandwich marina. I checked the engine all out including oil level, antifreeze , impellers to the water pump, and sea strainers all looked good but the fan belt was loose.

As we were docked and I slept, John Savage and his son went to a hardware store for spare screws to the impeller I tightened the belts we refueled and were out of Sandwich at 1:45

We went through the canal with no problems other than rough seas, and motored down Buzzards Bay tacking with just the main sail to fight the tide and to keep life more comfortable on board as a sail boat handles the sea much better with sails up.

We made the turn towards Block island around 10am and we had Block Island off our port by 2 pm

We decided to go through Long island sound instead of the out side because we have lost all of our fresh water, so we could use fresh water and showers at this point.

9:30 am october 21st

We are making our way down Long Island sound , just had coffee and scrambled eggs for breakfast the weather is beautiful I am ready to go down and nap for a while since every one else is awake. Warren has been on his best behavior I know he is hiding a knife so I will sleep with an eye open .

At 3:45 wednesday October 21

We arrived at Port Jefferson I was not to thrilled about going in there because in the past the people were so unfriendly, however we needed water and I could not think of a better solution. In port jefferson they charged us twenty dollars an hour to tie up to the dock for water. As we filled up with water I trouble shot the system and found that a nozzle that Preston had broken off of the shower hose in the cockpit was not turned off all of the way. We were out of the harbor at 4:45. and on our way up long island sound for the east river. We had a favorable tide and the boat was going so fast that we had to slow the engine in order to not get to the east river before 1:30 am. The sea was smooth so we added a 5 gallon tank of fuel.

1:00 am october 22

We arrived at the beginning of the east river with a barge behind us. He called us on channel 13 and asked me to move, happy to find that we were monitoring channel 13.

As we reached hell gate the current was now flying, but there were no other boats around we reached speeds of 9.5 knots with the engine barely running . We got through hell gate by 2am and made a close swing by the statue of liberty. The rest of the trip through NYC was pretty tense as usual with many big ships and tugs in motion and none seeming to be happy about us being around.

I have since noticed, that when traveling through the area after Hell Gate, and going towards the ocean, you can keep the green buoys to the right as the water is deep enough. That will keep you out of the channel and you will avoid a lot of swearing.

5:30 am october 22

Leaving Sandy Hook which is the beginning of New York harbor and back out to the ocean.

I finally got to go to sleep around 9am after a real hectic night going through NYC.

I woke again around 12pm and looked out. The boat is moving kind of slow, with the wind on our nose, we are still motoring at around 5 knots

8:30 pm on october 22

Little John and Preston are asleep, after a supper of chicken with sweet potatoes and mixed vegetables. We are running out of fuel and we need a little break from sailing so we are headed to Atlantic city hopefully arriving around 10 pm or 11 pm I think we still have a chance of making Norfolk by Saturday evening or Sunday morning when Dr John will need to catch a plane.

12:00 Midnight

Uneventful arrival at Atlantic City. We tied to a fuel dock, with no one around, this will be my first full night of sleep.

7:00 october 23

When I awoke Dr John and little John had taken showers. When they were done I tried to do the same however there was no hot water left. Oh well I will wear a hat.

The crew has not been on boats much and were not aware that the water is heated by running the engine or plugging into shore. The people that we dealt with in the two marinas in Atlantic City that we went to, one tying up for the night for no charge and refueling were very pleasant, I'll go back there.

Small craft warnings were predicted for the afternoon with some northerly winds so we figure that if we leave early enough we can hit Norfolk VA by Saturday morning.

I sort of did not want to go into Cape May because I was afraid I would lose my crew although I would have liked to visit Utches marina.

9:00 am friday october 23

We left Atlantic City with the wind coming out of some where from the north so we were able to raise the sails and sail with the auto pilot all day. As we relaxed and I played my guitar a bit.

As evening arrived the winds started building as so did the sea. The boat still sailed pretty well although we reefed both the main sail and the jib. It is not easy to crawl around the deck of this boat, and there are no deck lights so I don't let anyone go on the deck at night and any problems that we had (tangled lines) were left until morning.

Saturday october 24

Through out the night the wind and sea built, and whoever was in the cockpit got doused with splash over the boat I for the most part stayed in the cabin and navigated, although I did get clobbered a few times. The night before as John was cooking super, a nice size wave came through the window over the stove and soaked me across the other side of the boat as I sat at the navigation station.

By day break the wind was no longer in our favor, it turned into a south west gale right on our nose. From 7am on we motor sailed at 2500 rpm's (a lot) until we arrived at thimble shoals light house when the motor again decided to over heat at 7:00pm

We arrived in Hampton harbor around 9:30 /10:00 pm to a few people waiting for us on the dock. We could see a girl jumping up and down on the dock. It was Preston's mom and Dr John's sister Winslow, pretty happy to see us. They brought us to a condo just a five minute walk from the boat where they made us steaks and drinks.

sunday October 25

I write this part of my log from memory as John has left with the log book. It is sunday morning and I am on the boat by myself after finally having a chance to take a shower. John and his son have left the boat for home, Dr John had to go back to work, little John had to get off of this

#\$\$%^^^boat. Preston is at his cousins house who came out to meet us and bring us back for super. John and Preston stayed over night at the cousins house, little John and I stayed on the @#\$\$%^ boat. Little John was a bit love sick, that is never good on a boat.

Preston and Warren will be joining me for the rest of the trip. I have not seen Warren yet today, he is probably still out carousing, hopefully he does not get us into any trouble.

I woke at 6:00 am and cleaned up the boat and took a shower, opened all of the windows to dry and air it out. I checked out the engine before we head out, which we will as soon as Preston returns.

11:00 October 25

Preston returned to the boat around 10:30 and Warren shortly after. Warren has been on his best behavior however he did come in with a shoe missing.

We got a ride to the grocery store and were back and off of the dock by around 11:00 am. We worked our way out of Hampton and down Hampton roads through Norfolk harbor and to the dismal swamp. It is a little nerve racking dealing with the bridges as they come up but in actuality there was only one that needed to be opened. Having the advantage of being a sunday it opened shortly after we arrived. I missed the entrance to the dismal swamp but quickly caught that mistake and back tracked about a half a mile.

We made the 3:30 opening of the locks in Deep Creek with three other boats. They let us out of the lock with 30 miles to go, to find a place to stay for the night. We headed down the dismal swamp arriving at the visitors center just before pitch dark. We rafted up to a bunch of other cruising boats for the night, as soon as we were tied to the dock we made a spaghetti for supper.

The Visitors area is actually a highway rest area off of rt. 17 in North Carolina. If you stop there you can see the dismal swamp in the back of the building. It must be a little strange for people to see these huge sail boats anchored out in the woods.

7:00 October 26

We woke up at 7:00 am refueled with 2 of the 4 gerry jugs we had. Everyone wanted to be out of the visitors area at 7:15 and we were blocking them so we have 2 more jugs of fuel ready for tomorrow.

7:15

All of the boats left the visitors area at the same time with us in the lead. We headed to the locks in South Mills where the locks would be opening at 8:30.

It was pretty awesome site, looking back to see the line of boats come up the dismal swamp, all trying to make the bridge and lock opening on time. The two locks and corresponding bridges are only scheduled to be open 3 times a day

9:00

All boats out of the locks and making our way to Elizabeth city. every one was rushing to be in first place so they could be the first to get the free docks in Elizabeth city.

We arrived at Elizabeth city around 11:am us being the last to arrive at the bridge opening , not mattering to us, as we were going to keep plugging ahead .

By the way as we traveled down the dismal swamp after South Mills, Preston cooked up a mixture of bacon and eggs with onions and roast beef. Preston has been a great crew he is not afraid to cook up a meal or clean up with out being told. Plus he always has a good disposition, which is very important on a long voyage in a small boat.

Warren kept bugging me to take a picture of the brown water in the toilet, and I was tempted, but I thought that it would be better to explain the fact that the water that we are traveling through is darker than tea from the tannic acid given off by the cypress trees.

Last night we stayed up until 11:00 because Preston wanted me to record one of my songs on garage band through his Mac Computer. That was kind of fun, he really knows his way around that program. Preston is a musician as well, he plays the drums and makes other noises through out the day . He smokes about 15 cigarets a day, he rolls each one to slow him down a bit.

11:00 am October 26

We went under the bridge going to Elizabeth city around 11:00 am and head down Pasquotank river to Abermale sound, and as the day progressed so did the seas. By 3:00 pm as we were finishing the 15 mile crossing we were getting belted by 3 ft waves off of our stern but we also had 17 knts of wind and by raising a little of the jib we were traveling at times almost 7 knts.

We made the Alligator river bridge around 3:00 pm. With a following sea, (the waves pushing us) and wind blowing from behind, we traveled up the alligator river another twenty miles to our anchorage.

The last time that I anchored in this spot it was so quiet that as I slept I forgot that I was even on a boat. During the night I thought that I heard people walking on our deck, so I sat there a while with a flare gun in my hand, until I realized that it was just a line slapping the deck. I should not have told Preston this because I think that I scared him a bit. As far as sleeping at night you have real intense dreams maybe because of the rocking of the boat or because you are putting in such long days .

When people say you are going no where with your life this is the exact spot they are talking about. We are in the very middle of no where.

We anchored just as it got dark again, so our day started at 7:00 AM and ended at 6:00pm we checked out the engine and made hamburgers mixing the left over bacon and onions from breakfast . We have been eating pretty well, as the two of us are now eating for four. My worry is that we may run out of propane.

One of the great things on this boat is that on the Sarah Maria, my Southern Cross, after cooking a meal I have to leave the stove on to heat water for cleaning. We have hot running water on this boat, and if we wanted to, we could take showers but we don't because it is not November yet.

So this is the end of the day, tomorrow is suppose to be sunny. It was cold and rainy all day today.

Tuesday October 27

Foggy this morning. We woke at 7:30 and started our way to where the alligator river narrows, this stretch is 20 miles long and straight like the dismal swamp but not as narrow. the Lat long for any one interested to look on google earth would be 35 42.32 north/076 00.75.west. The mile marker is now 100

We reached the town of Bellhaven (mile marker135) just around noon playing guitars, and drums made from parts of the boat. We made our way down the Pungo river and out to Pamlico sound N 35 22.14 W 07633.10. We crossed Pamlico sound 15 miles to the entrance of Goose Creek.

There is a little anchorage about 5 miles down Goose Creek, on Campbell Creek that I had use a couple of times before. We were planning to anchor there for the night but it was a little early so we kept making our way down to an anchorage at mile marker 160 where we stopped for the night at 5:30. We added our last two 5 gallon jugs of fuel to the tank, went in and made a supper of sweet potatoes and pork chops. Tomorrow we will make the run down the Nuese river over to Adams creek . I am promising Preston that it should get interesting from here as we are getting closer to the ocean, there is a good chance of seeing dolphin. Preston is getting a little boated out, hopefully he can last a few more days.

As we made our way down Goose Creek the biggest tug that I've ever seen pushing two giant barges made the corner. The weather never cleared for the day until we anchored.

Keep in mind that these rivers (Nuese, Abermale, Pasquotank), are large bodies of water and weather can be a big problem as being shallow they can build up a nice sea. The creeks are much smaller such as we call rivers in New England. Also keep in mind the chance of me spelling there names correctly are pretty slim.

Wednesday october 28

Last night was per hell, the boat was loaded with mosquitos and we got very little sleep. At 5:30 the anchor alarm went off, so I sat a while and kept an eye on the chart plotter. By 7:00 am I realized that we were moving over a cable area, so I woke Preston and we moved the boat.

I checked the weather to make sure that it would be safe enough to continue down the Nuese river. Small craft warnings were predicted with rough seas on the Nuese river, but with the anchor dragging we headed out anyway.

The wind blew hard for the first part of the morning, but lightened by afternoon as we reached Adams creek. I like Adams Creek,

you motor through neighborhoods as many houses line it. We have been out in the woods for the last three days and could use a break in the monotony,

As we approach the Hoboken bridge I remember the first time in 1986 coming through here with Don Peglow it was a turn bridge that you had to wait for, now it is a bridge with 65 foot of clearance so there is no waiting. I thought that in those days that this was the middle of no where but I was wrong. We were nowhere but just not in the middle of it. We had tied up to the dock there in 1986, and tried to find food at the fish shack which was closed. The bridge operator told us that the only way we were going to get food around there is that if we had a gun we might be able to shoot a rabbit.

Thank god most of the turn bridges are gone now. Approaching Moore Head city we finally had our first glimpse of dolphin off our bow. We reached Beaufort marine at 3:30 and tide up at the town docks where we met fellow Southern cross member Jerry Murphy who took us out to super. We also bumped into Bill Newmyer and his wife from Newburyport, They were at the town docks in Beaufort NC and heading to the Bahamas. I believe that they were going to stay on the waterway for a few more days before heading out to sea.

Tomorrow we will head back out to the ocean the first time since Saturday. While in Beaufort we refueled and added water to our tanks.

Thursday October 29

I woke around 7:00 am and cleaned up around the boat a bit. I was tempted to cast off then but my luck, I would have hit another boat so I waited until everyone was up and there would be help from the marina to cast us off. Through out the night a lot of huge cruising yachts arrived and filled up most of the marina. I was hoping for a face dock that I could get off of easily but when I saw the marina full in the morning I could understand why they could not give me one.

Any way at 8:30 Preston decided that we did not have enough food so he ran down the street to buy some bread. When he returned at 9:00 am we pushed off. Most of the other boats stayed on the intracoastal water way but we wanted to be down in Beaufort in 2 days so we went back out to sea cutting around seven days off of the trip.

Preston came in the boat after one of his watches and said he saw the strangest jelly fish, it had a fin. I told him that I thought that it was a Portuguese Man-o-war. Immediately Warren jumped out of his bunk and dove out of the boat into five foot sea's as we travel at 7 knots and swam down, caught that jelly fish and brought it on board to make himself a peanut butter and jelly fish sandwich one of his favorite meals.

We headed out to sea from Beaufort and pointed to frying pan shoals where during a previous trip I had lost my engine and had to be towed, but that was the last story.

Small craft warnings were in effect but the wind would be blowing hard from the northeast (down wind) and I thought that if I just ran the jib with the motor running a little that the boat could handle it. And it did handle everything very well as the wind and sea proceeded to build through out the day. We rounded frying pan Shoals 78 nautical miles away at 9:00 pm and put Port Royal Sound into the chart plotter as our new and finale destination. There were three other boats out there all of us around ten miles apart, a little scary that some of them had no radar reflectors on there boats, amazing to me as I live by mine and knowing where other boats are.

As day broke we were greeted by our first school of dolphin off of the bow. We had cut the engine a round 9:00 pm the night before and the sea and the wind kept building though the night. The boat was traveling for the most part at 7 plus knots.

Preston woke later to another school of dolphin which stayed with the boat for a few hours. This makes the whole trip worth while, it is so great it can't be explained. Preston sleeps a lot, when he awoke after one of his naps he had asked how I finally stopped that sound. It was the sound of the prop free wheeling in the back of the boat. Since his bunk was in the back of the boat he noticed it, where I had not. Keep that thought in mind.

Friday October 30

We screamed down wind through out the day reaching about twenty miles off of Charleston by 5:00 PM still moving pretty fast. I had to run the engine a few time to keep the batteries charged, but other than that we just sailed.

Around 2:00 am as I sailed the boat through a beautiful sunny day with dolphins swimming all around the boat, there could be nothing better, I was so relaxed, when all of a sudden the biggest whale you would ever imagine came flying out of the water and woke me up.

I in turn woke Preston to take a watch for a while, as I had dosed off a few times before.

At 3:00 am we reached Port Royal sound I started the engine and motor sailed through the channel into what seemed an awful stiff current. I did this for an hour or so before I realized that I had no power coming from the engine, so I gave up trying to motor and sailed as far up Port Royal Sound until we could go no longer Sail. We dropped the anchor just off of the channel between Paris Island and the Beaufort river.

Saturday October 31

After dropping the anchor called boat US told them that I was having engine problems and that we would need a tow, but not to rush any one out because we were safely out of the channel and I could use a little sleep. I had just taken little cat naps for the last two days.

Boat US came out to tow us in pea soup fog at 8:30 am and towed the Ker Mor to the Port Royal Marina which would be our finale destination. Those guys were great, they have to be, I don't get stressed out when I break down but I assume that most people do.

Preston's Mom and grandmother came down to the dock to see us being towed into the marina. Dr John's mom lives right at the marina, and after cleaning the boat up a bit we headed over to her house for lunch. She is Preston's grandma. Great house, eighty degrees here.

Preston's mom, Winslow took me on a field trip around town and then we headed out to the beach on Hunting island. "Great" When we arrived back at her mother Janet's house we headed over to the marina to have some cocktails and ended up at a halloween party.

Preston's mother and grandmother wanted to hear him and I play together so I brought my guitar up and we played at the party for about an hour or more. Everyone seemed to like it. Preston had a jambe

I like it around here.

So as I write this portion of my log it is Sunday morning November 1st I slept at Preston's grandmothers house as they would not let me sleep on the boat.

Today a good friend of mine and his wife are going to fly down from NC to visit me while I am in the area. I am excited about that I have not seen Dr Lenny Block and his wife Sharon for a few years. That is another story, we sailed together to Nova Scotia during hurricane Bob in 1991.

When you sail boats you know doctors I assume if you motor them you know lawyers.

November 1st Sunday

Lenny and Sharon Block Flew their plane down from Elizabethtown NC to visit today. A friend of theirs Allen Rae also a New England transplant from Danvers area picked them up at the local air port and brought them down to the boat. After a short visit we went up to the restaurant at the marina for lunch. Later we drove out to Allen's house that was on the water way. While there, we visited a neighbor of Allen's who was on the dock. Rick Butler was throwing a net out and catching shrimp. He had about three pounds of shrimp in the bucket when we arrived, and he threw for another two pounds while we watched, all of the while talking and showing us other different types of fish that came up with the net, from baby tuna, to menhaden, to baby blue fish. We took the heads off the shrimp after they died a bit, and after a while we went back up to Allen's house for a few drinks and to cook the shrimp up. Lenny took a look at the weather and realized that the window of opportunity to fly home was closing fast because of predicted fog so we left before cooking the shrimp in order to bring Lenny and Sharon back to the airport.

I came back to Janet's house and we talked for quite a while as her and her husband were boaters we had a lot in common. After, she felt bad about not having food in the house but she ended up cooking up a meal of potato salad, avocados, and asparagus with a couple of slices of turkey cold cuts, it was fine I can eat most things and asparagus is my favorite vegetable.

Warren really liked Sharon a lot he wanted to jump on the plane with her. Sharon came down to the boat specifically to meet Warren as she had heard of his many adventures and wanted a picture with him. That's all I needed, all I hear now is Sharon this ,and Sharon that, I want to visit Sharon, boy Ed, Sharon is pretty hot to bad she is with that guy. He was all wired up and ran off during the night to find a bar to hang in.

While we were out at sea Preston had asked how old Warren was, and was surprised to find out that he is actually 37 years old. (He acts much younger, especially if there are any woman around.)

Nov. 2 Monday

Didn't do much today went down and finished cleaning the boat and changing the oil and shutting down the holding tank and checked the transmission fluid level incase that could be the problem as I can tell that the prop is doing nothing. I called John Torrens at Marine Tech and he gave me some ideas but none panned out. Tomorrow I have a diver coming to dive under the boat and see if there is a prop , after that I am going to start making my way home. I miss my dog Mika , Warren never came home last night, and I have no idea where he went off to. I am sure he will pop up during the next trip. He does not like Mika. He says that he has had sandwiches bigger than Mika. I have been staying at Johns mothers house and she cooked up a couple of steaks and after she sat as I played a few songs on my guitar for her.

Nov.3 tuesday

I made Janet and I breakfast of bacon and eggs and cleaned up a bit for her.

This is just about it I am ready to go home, the weather is nice here but there is nothing to do. I could borrow Janet's car if I wanted to but the traffic is so bad here I don't. After the diver looks at the bottom of the boat I am going to make my way towards Savanna. The diver swam under the boat today and found that we had no propeller. Good thing we had the wind in our favor coming from Beaufort NC. And good thing that we did not decide to go in the water, way because if we lost the propellor anywhere else it would not have been good.

Welcome to Savanna , birthplace of the girl scouts.

I decided to spend the night in Savanna, I have a couple of friends there, Walter and Marion. They are a couple of street musicians that I had played with a few times while I was here in 2005 and I always stop by to see them when I am in the area. I sneak up behind them and say, Walter guess who's here? He says come closer so I can see you, I turn around so he cannot see my face and tell him to guess , and he figured right a way it is you Ed. We jammed for a while I dropped a few bucks and some extra strings in their box and headed back to my hotel room. I was hoping for some southern food but I was not hungry. I also stopped at Vicks coffee house to see Barry Kleinpeter. When I was living on my boat in Thunderbolt I would play at Vicks to get out of the cold.

River street down town Savanna was pretty dead tonight .

Tomorrow I will head to the airport .

I still have not seen Warren, I think that he may have ran off with Preston's mom Winslow, oh well he loves woman.

November 4 wednesday

The trip continues. At around 2 am this morning I found myself outside my hotel room with a sore hand. I woke thinking that I was still on the boat and some how ended outside to check on things. The door to the room shut on my hand as I made my way outside. A little confused I walked up the stairs across from my room trying to figure out where I was but could not find the boat. The court yard that I was looking at with the metal rails as a banister made me think that I had ran into some sort of barge, and I think that I may have crashed into it. Waking up I remembered that I was at the hotel, and standing outside in my underwear, wondering if the door to my room would be locked. Luckily it was not I must have stopped it from closing as it slammed my hand. The result of sailing for to many nights with little sleep.

November 5 Thursday

My flight is at 10:20 this morning

I am sure this trip has effected each person that was on it in their own way. Dr John, Little John, Preston , and myself, Each part of the trip was a challenge in its self, from leaving New Castle in the New England Cold, then sailing through the night to the Cape Cod Canal. Going through the canal and down Buzzards bay to Naraganset Bay. Then traveling along long Island sound, through Hell Gate in New York City and back out to sea. Then stopping in Atlantic city for a rest before we headed back out to sea to fight a full gale off of the New Jersey coast all of the way down to Hampton VA.

That was a pretty challenging part of the trip, I was glad that I had a full crew for that part .

Then Preston and I put in 10 to 12 hour days as we brought the Ker Mor through the inland water way and back out to sea, In front of north east winds of 25 knots, and seas of up to eight feet, from Beaufort NC, to Beaufort SC not having any idea that we had no use of an engine because of a missing propellor.

This trip effected Preston the most, he did a great job , had a great disposition, which is greatly needed on a trip like this more than any sort of knowledge. He made me laugh whether it was his rap songs or rolling his cigarettes. He also juggles anything from apples to oranges and any other thing he could get his hands on, even trying to eat an apple while juggling. Not an easy task when we were in heavy seas. He was even rolling cigarettes when Boat US called .

So that is my story Warren has not been around. My flight was delayed from morning until 4:20pm with a fuel leak . I am home now with Mika thinking whether we should do a road trip but right now I am content to stay home a while.

Warren has quite a fan club now and there are some questions that people have about how we met , so I may clean up the log from my first trip south with the Sarah Maria and post it. If you have got this far reading thanks , sorry for the spelling .

Captain Ed