

June 16 to August 01 2013

Odelia Returns to the Mediterranean  
and  
we were lucky enough to go along

*Mike MacDonald & Bonnie Mockler*

# Odelia returns to the Med

*Our 2013 summer trip to help Rick and Tsipy return to Turkey*

## [A new adventure is approaching!](#)

### **2013 Trip to the Mediterranean ( Odelia returns to the Med )**

#### ***The Beginnings***

Back in early 2004, we had our boat in the Bahamas, we were doing volunteer work at the Exuma Cays Land and Sea park in the Bahamas. I was building furniture for the warden's house and Bonnie was bending plastic pipe with a guy named Rick. Rick invited us and about 6 other couples to his boat for happy hour. Talk went around to what people were going to do, Rick and his wife Tsipy were going back to Ft Lauderdale and putting their boat on a ship going to Greece and then they were going on to Israel. And they said if any of us wanted to come, we were welcome to come along to help. Bonnie and I looked at each other - OH YEAH! We arrived in Greece a month before the Olympics and made the trip to Israel.

The web site has a boat adventure called "[The Odelia File](#)" about our trip on Odelia from Greece to Israel, and the next year's trip from [Israel to Turkey](#). Rick and Tsipy brought the boat back to the US and the Bahamas a few years ago and we joined them for a month in the Bahamas.

Then we got another call from Rick. They're going back to the med this summer.

"Montenegro to Turkey, wanna come?"

Like we would turn that down!!

#### ***Getting ready to go***

The trip seemed to be more stressful for Rick this time, At least it appeared that way to us. Last time Rick told us that they were arriving at this hotel in Piraeus on this date, meet up with us there. This time he let me know more of the details and having me in on the details probably caused him a lot more stress.

The loading date of the vessel determines the unloading date of Odelia in the med. The date shifted several times, at one point it appeared fairly fixed and we were watching the flights and seeing the prices rise and fall. We were talking to Rick and he put a hold on a couple of tickets for flights around the 16th of June. We started checking and flights that had been \$1800 each the day before were now \$3700 each! I started scrambling and by running what seemed like several hundred permutations of starting dates, ending dates, early flights, and late flights, we found a set of flights leaving Fredericton on the 17th of June, arriving on the 18th in Tivat, Montenegro. There was no way we could afford \$8000 for tickets, \$4000 was bad enough, but for a "once in a lifetime!" trip. We committed to the trip and bought the tickets for about \$3750 for the two of us.

(Bonnie says I am going to have to be careful calling these "once in a lifetime" opportunities, they are coming way along way too frequently! or I'm running out of my nine lives!)

Before Rick could commit to the tickets for the 16<sup>th</sup>, the arrival got shoved back to the 14<sup>th</sup>! We were

now 4 days out of sync and wouldn't be there for the unloading, which I wanted to be. Rick did not want to delay the ship by not being there (the charge is something like 18,000 euro a day!). He told us not to worry about it, they would anchor out and wait for us to arrive, which we dearly appreciated.

Since that the schedule has been shaken up again. The ship is now scheduled for arrival on the 18th! It isn't clear if this means the ship's arrival or Odelia's offloading is on the 18th. But we will be arriving in Tivat in the early afternoon of the 18<sup>th</sup>, we may get our wish and be there for the offloading.

After arrival we are going to spend a day or two at Porto Montenegro getting Odelia back alive from her run across the Atlantic. I was looking at the Porto Montenegro web site and they have a really incredible set of [panoramas](#) linked together (you will see a little icon with a helicopter, click on it and you will start a new panorama) as well as a beautiful [movie](#) .

Good news at least, this time in the form of a picture.



*Odelia ready to be loaded*

## [That sinking feeling](#)

Whenever we are getting ready for a serious trip we always get a sinking feeling. *“What have we forgotten?”*

Health Insurance: We don't leave home without it but we had to get our regular 31 day package extended. Check!

Travel Insurance: Originally we got this because of health issues related to Bonnie's brother Brian and my brother John, both are not in particularly good shape at the moment. Now that Istanbul seems to be having issues we are happy to have it. If things go badly and Canada issues a travel advisory then we can call the insurance company to help us out, I think. Check!

New Computer: My old saying is that computers are like milk - if you buy too much it goes bad before you use it. (In other words buy a computer for what you want it to do, not the greatest one with all the latest whiz bang features you may never need or use.) Well the opposite side of that is that eventually the milk does sour and you can't ask the old computer to do any more. If I really want to be able to do the blog, run some nav software, do my banking... I needed a computer with a little more horsepower. So after trying to remember what my requirement list was and tweaking my computer, this blog is the last test that the new computer will perform as expected. Check!

House: Paul and Debbie, our next door neighbours are watching the mail and doing the daily checks, our friend Gordon is going to mow the lawn. We mowed the lawn yesterday so it looks pretty good now. We have extra gas and all the oil etc. he should need.

Boat: Safely on our mooring in Douglas Harbour with a friend watching it for us. Dave and Lynn are in the harbour a lot so the boat is in good hands.

Clothes: Rick and Tsipy have a washer/dryer on board so we don't need to worry about packing tonnes of clothes. Come to find out my socks supply is running out, off to Walmart, 20 pair of black socks for \$10 good enough. I'll pack 5 pair and if any make it home I'll be surprised. Being all the same I can throw them out one at a time and still have matched socks.

Electronics: Rick's boat runs the standard US power so we are ok on the boat. Off the boat may be an issue but I have a adapter for the standard plug in so it should be fine. I don't think we have to work off

the boat much anyway. GPS, cell phone, cameras are all good on battery. I have the adapters for them. I was debating about the cell but I will probably take it with me. The new computer has skype so I can use that for "Phone Calls". My niece Nicole is on enough that she can relay any messages that need to be relayed. If we find that a phone is useful I'll buy a simm card when I get there. Stay tuned for a new cell number.

Luggage: One soft sided carry-on each. I'm hoping to have enough space in my bag to have my electronics in it. Bonnie will carry her backpack as well. It's nice to have a backpack to toddle around with.

Cash: When we were going to Cuba it was a cash society. I'm hoping we can do more of a plastic money run on this trip. We have a small cash reserve to start and I put a reserve onto our VISA card so I can pull cash from it via my ATM card without any fees. With the computer I can transfer cash to our VISA card as we need it.

Airline Tickets: Check!

Boat: Not there yet. We have been watching MarineTraffic.com to watch the ship carrying Odelia across the Med. The Spiegelgracht is moored along side Genoa, Italy. She is not far away.

Family Visits: We are heading out to Ken and Jackie's to visit with mother and John for father's day. Once we get back it is the final pack. We don't leave for the airport until just before dinner. We are leaving from Fredericton so it's just a taxi ride away.

## ***June 17<sup>th</sup> We're OFF!***

It was nice to be leaving late in the day. We had all day to get ready, to check on things, to double check the lists... It gave us a good night's sleep, we had all day to worry about stuff so there was no sense loosing a night's sleep. On the other hand we were ready to go so waiting around all day when we had everything all done was almost painful. The only thing that caused any hitch at all was getting our boarding passes. I tried to get the Air Berlin boarding passes and I didn't seem to have any of the numbers they were looking for. There were about 5 codes on the E-ticket that seemed to fit the window they wanted but after trying three of them none seemed to get me anywhere. After wasting a half hour, I realized the airport is only five minutes away so it was time to drive over and let them do the work.

Fredericton is NOT a busy airport. We walked directly up to the counter and gave the guy the eticket and asked if we could check-in. No problem we got all checked in and he gave us two boarding passes. None for the Air Berlin flight. When we asked about it Air Berlin was not in their system and he had no record of the flight and he couldn't help us. Back to the house.

The fifth try at anything that looked like a flight ticket code cracked the case. We had our boarding passes on Air Berlin. Great! It would have been nice if I had have tried all the codes before going to the airport but we have what we need.

We spent a few more hours waiting. Paul our next door neighbour was going to take us to the airport.

We did a few more walks around the house looking for things to do, with little luck. Bonnie started weeding the garden. I caught up on a bit of reading.

Earlier in the day the ship carrying Odelia had stopped dead in the water in the middle of a shipping lane and coasted south at less than 0.5 of a knot for 6 hours. NOT what I needed to be watching, I didn't want to bother either Bonnie or Rick with this news. Fortunately the ship was underway again just 500 NM from Tivat at their cruising speed of 15 knots. It will not reach Tivat until after we arrive. So we will be able to help Rick and Tsipy unload Odelia.

It is full tourist season in Tivat and Rick and Tsipy were not able to extend their reservation at the current hotel (or get us a reservation). Fortunately the manager was able to get us a place at another hotel. We get to share a room until Odelia is afloat and ready for passengers. Great for us.

We are sitting at the Fredericton Airport watching the rain. Tivat's weather says the next week is low 30s, sunny and clear. Can't wait!

We left Fredericton on time and that was a concern as both the Halifax and Toronto flights were delayed arriving. We only had an hour and eight minute connection in Montreal to catch the Lufthansa flight. We were really concerned when we landed and they dropped us at the little building out in the middle of the tarmac. We had to work our way through that building, go underground to the moving sidewalks, and then up into the main terminal. From there we had to go the full length of Montreal airport to get to gate 61 where the Lufthansa flight was boarding. It wasn't really the full length of the Montreal airport there is a gate 62 that was on the other side of the glass wall.

We got to gate 61 and the seating area was pretty much full, but after sitting around all day and looking forward to sitting on a plane all night, standing for a few minutes didn't seem like a bad idea. We looked at our tickets and we were row 46 D and E. A plane that big, they board by row numbers and we had to be one of the first ones on, there can't be many more than 46 rows. As a matter of fact there were 46 rows, "Back of the bus!" thanks Mr. Fredericton ticket agent. My fault, I should have done the boarding passes at the house. Lesson learned.

## June 18<sup>th</sup> Arrived in Montenegro



*The Bay of Kotor where we will unload Odelia*

More later but we have arrived in Tivat Montenegro, I'm currently in the Porto Montenegro Marina at the restaurant One waiting for Rick and Tsipy at our fall back position.

We had two options for meeting. We had a phone number for the taxi to call to get directions as to where to drop us off. If that didn't work, we would meet at the marina.

The phone call didn't work so we got the taxi driver to drop us at the marina. And Rick would walk over at 3:30 pm.

It is 30 C and sunny; lovely weather, having a beer on the patio, just after 2:30 pm and I love it. Even if it is 9:34 am according to my computer. It's five o'clock somewhere!

## June 19<sup>th</sup> Unloading Odelia

The Seven Stars Yacht Transport people told us we were the first ones off the Speigelgraht and we should be at the marina office at 7 am.

Rick and I left the apartment very early. We were picked up and taken across a ferry and down to the customs dock. We actually saw the Spielgelraht arrive as we drove to the ferry dock. The Customs people did not want us in their compound so we went across the street for a coffee while the broker figured out what was going on. After a while



*Tivat was a sub base in soviet times.*

(an hour or so) we took the pilot boat out to the ship and we were the first boat unloaded. After a while the Load Masteress (the person in charge of the unloading of the ship happened to be a woman), we teased that at least she wasn't the load dominatrix and she smiled "No, that's my evening occupation!" She might have been teased about that before!



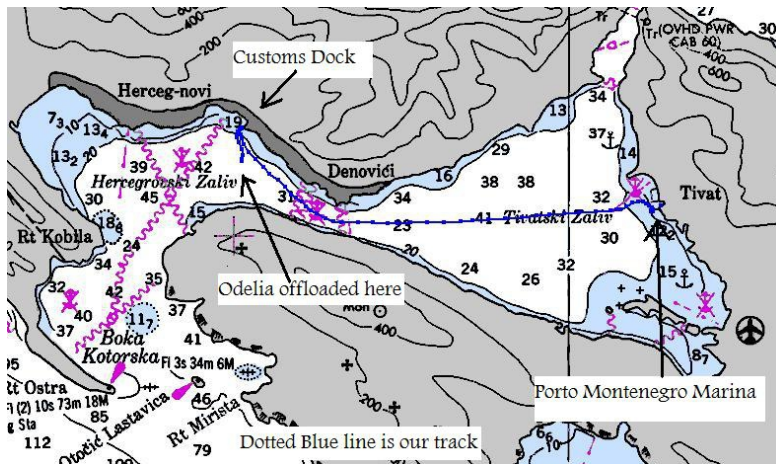
*Odelia in the well next to the superstructure*

We were tucked between the superstructure of the ship and the large bunks supporting other ships. The bunks were about 12 feet up. We were able to board by ladder and check things out. Everything appeared to be all in good shape. We got off and they started lifting the boat. Odelia had to be the trickiest boat to unload as it was in such tight quarters. They moved her out without a hitch and when she was level to the deck of the cargo ship, Rick and I boarded by stepping from the rail of the cargo ship onto the toe rail of Odelia, climbed up over the handrail and we were on board. Looking down was not a good option, as we were about 30 feet above the water with no net, and no harness.

Once we were down, they continued to drop the straps and work them forward (pulling us back). When the straps were clear, we started the engines and moved off slowly. The engines worked fine but the generator refused to start. Once we were tied to the customs wharf we waited for the customs officials. While we were waiting we diagnosed the generator problem. Somewhere along the way the DC power to the generator had been shut down, once we had that DC breaker on, the generator started without an issue.



Finally the customs people came on board. Normally the boats have a pretty easy passage; today, every boat was to go to the customs dock to be boarded and inspected. Five police and customs guys came on board. I think three of them did nothing but babysit me.



*Our track for June 19*

Once we were cleared by customs, we went to the Porto Montenegro Marina. Beautiful place. The boat was pretty dirty from the trip so once we were tied up, we started washing. We changed into T-shirts and swim suits to wash the boat. Every so often I would take the hose and soak myself top to bottom, including my hat. It is VERY HOT here. Mid 30s at least.

So far the only problem is with the boarding ladder used off the stern to access the dock. The second extension isn't extending. It is about a foot short of

the dock at the moment. Not a big issue. Rick and I will play tomorrow to see if we can diagnose the problem.

We went out to supper at the Hotel Montenegro Restaurant. Bonnie and I had the House Specialty - grilled vegetables with a variety of meats, a small lamb chop, stuffed pork, grilled beef and pan fried chicken. All of them were spectacular and at 18 euro for two it wasn't a bad price either. From there it

was a grocery run. We were practically the only people in the restaurant and the outside tables of almost all of the restaurants we passed were empty when we went into the restaurant. When we came out, they were almost full. They eat after dark here, given the heat, I could see us doing that too if we lived here.

I've never denied and have fully admitted to the crime of being a heterosexual male. On the way back from the grocery store even Bonnie noticed that Rick and I were very outnumbered in the gender department. At one point I was outside a deli waiting for Rick and Tsipy and when I looked around there were NO other males on the street and there were LOTS of women, I counted 27 women and me. (Hog heaven!)

Before going to bed Rick pulled the hydraulic boarding ladder as close to vertical as he could and injected it with lots of WD 40.



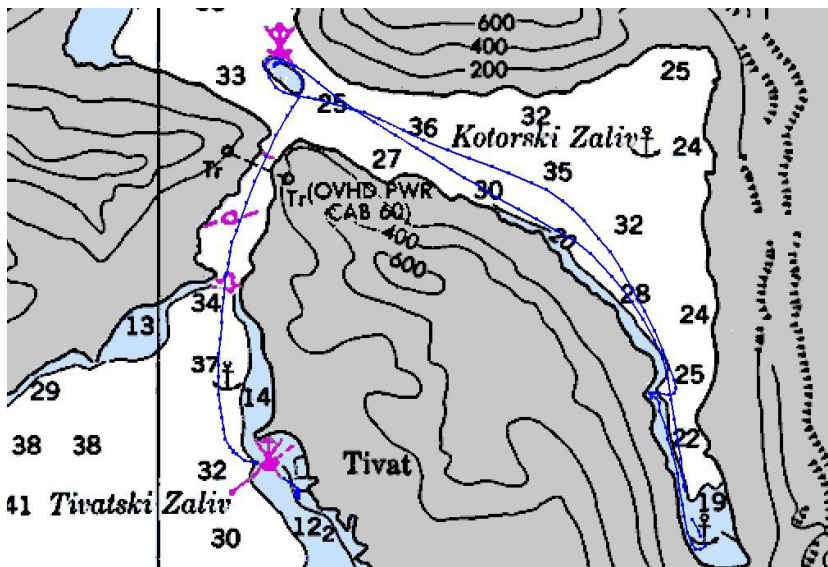
360 degree view near Tivot

### **June 20<sup>th</sup> Out of the marina for a shakedown cruise and anchor**

We were up at almost normal time. Rick put out the hydraulic ladder and it worked! There was definite scaring on the bottom of extension and we think that the guides on the inside of the main part of the ladder are displaced and the unit will have to be serviced. Rick got it in Turkey and we are not far from the place where it was manufactured, so we will just leave it at full extension as it will now only retract part way! Better to have it full out than all the way in.

Rick wanted to do a bit of a shake down cruise and anchor so we could test things out. We had a few possible anchorages nearby. We did a slow cruise into the fiord (it is called a fiord but it is actually a drowned river).

We left the marina and did a slow tour around the Bay of Kotor. We passed through the narrow cut between the mountains and around two small islands; one natural - St. Georges Island which has a Benedictine Monastery on it and one artificial - Our Lady of the Rock. Local legend says that it was created by the wrecks of pirate ships sunk by filling them full of stone. Every year on July 22 all the people of Perast come out and toss a stone on top of the artificial reef to keep the ships down. I would say that given the sunbather's we saw on the island, St. Georges Island is no longer being used as a Monastery or the brother's are much cuter and shapelier than they



June 20, 2013 shake down cruise

were in the old days.

We looked back and following us was a cruise ship, the Costa Classica. We did a slow circle of the islands to look at them and to give the Costa Classica lots of time to pass through the narrow channel and get ahead of us on the way to Kotor. When we got to the turn to go down toward Kotor there was another cruise ship coming out so the Costa Classica stood by and we passed her. Rick and I saw a spot we liked as an anchorage so we thought we would anchor and then dinghy in. It had been a while since I'd done anchoring on Odelia so my first attempt was a bit wild. I put out way too much chain before I finally got it stopped, over 250 feet. My second attempt was a better job but we still couldn't get the hook to bite. We declared the mud on the bottom too soft so we picked up and headed closer to Kotor. Kotor is a UNESCO World Heritage Site, an ancient walled city on the side of a mountain. Very beautiful.



*The walled city of Kotor*

We looked around and decided that with one cruise ship in port and the Costa Classica still anchoring and putting down it's tenders, the very small town would soon be filled with two helpings of cruise ship tourists. Not a pretty sight. So we took pictures of the walled city, turned and headed back toward an anchorage near the Porto Montenegro.

On our way out we noted that the ketch that had been anchored beside Our Lady of the Rock was gone, so we anchored there and had a little drink. I had a Gin and Tonic with Rick. It is actually a much better drink than I remember, very refreshing on a hot day. Rick, Tsipy and I went for a swim. Bonnie is not a great swimmer. I started around the boat but the crawl was not a motion my shoulder was going to stand so I dog paddled my way around. Once I got around the front of the boat I just lay on my back and let the current take me to the stern. Bonnie usually watches me as I swim to make sure I don't drown. As I floated I noticed her and “stood up” to skull, just to keep my head above water so I could talk to her as I went. The top of my body was lovely and warm. The knees were a little cool and the feet were COLD! Rick did a dive off the bow and it was COLD at the bottom of his dive.

After our swim it was time to test the systems and load up the generator. We cranked up the AC in the two state cabins, Tsipy and Bonnie did two loads of laundry, everything with a battery was being charged, and Rick flushed the watermaker and put it to work to fill the watertanks. Everything seemed to be going well.



*St Georges and Our Lady of the Rock islands from our first anchorage. What a way to start the trip!*

We spent the evening watching the sun change the light on the mountains and churches, although I was surprised that the churches stayed as consistent a color as they did. I expected the light to soften and



bring up different colors in the stone. The mountains turned a very pretty pinkish rose color as the sun set. Bonnie and Rick have been teasing me about the number of pictures that I have been taking. The Microsoft Image Composition Editor is a great tool (and FREE!) for stitching panorama's together. Just drag a bunch of overlapping images together and it does ALL of the work. Unfortunately it is very easy to generate images in the 75-100 Mega-pixel range, putting one of those up on the website can ruin your WHOLE day.

I've taken probably a few hundred pictures so far, most are destined for playing with panoramas. Sometimes I will take a sequence of 14 or more pictures for stitching together. I did a 14 picture sequence around the mountains and the churches. That panorama didn't turn out really well but when I stitched just the last four images together it ended up being a nice picture. It is a bit of a disk space hog but before I left home my usual supplier of computer bits had a 3 Tera-byte drive on sale for \$189. One of my mistakes during our RV trip around North America was taking pictures at less than the maximum resolution to save on disk space. Disk space is cheap compared to what it costs to get to the place to take the picture again.

Going to bed, Bonnie asked if I could hear something in the bathroom. I did and it was a sucking sound coming from the shower drain! I showered coming out of the water on the back swim platform so no water had been down our drain yet. We called Rick and asked if there was a grey water pump running. He went forward and checked out the sump tank which resides under the galley supply locker that is under the galley floor. Coming from the US, you can guess how full the supply locker was. It took a few minutes but the pump was indeed running empty and it was VERY warm. Thank you to Bonnie's ears.

We were anchored in about 40 feet of water with our stern in 80 to 90 feet. Most of the chain we had out was hanging vertically off the bow. We had almost no wind all night so Odelia didn't do much beyond rotate on the chain with the tide.

## ***June 21<sup>st</sup> Tivat to Budva, Montenegro***



As is usual, I awoke early. I went up to watch the sunrise over the beautiful mountains around the Bay of Kotor. It is a beautiful place with high hills that the sun lights in funny ways. If you want to see the colors of sunrise look west, the colors of sunset are better seen on the eastern slopes. The mountains are high enough and close enough that the sun is still too high to give any colors when it sets behind the mountains.



Today was a short cruise to get us a little way down the coast so we could jump to Greece. We were looking on the Lonely Planet and Albania is not really ready for the full court press of tourists. Rick had talked to a number of people who cruised in Albania. Some loved it, but some found it a little bribe ridden. Rick was looking in his cruising guide and there are still marine mine fields. They are supposed to be all disabled but no anchoring is allowed. Sounds like a pass to us. I'm really not ready to deal with mines and Rick has even less interest in them.



*The grating covered with rocks are designed to swing open*

The Austrian's had a naval base in the Kotor Bay at the end of the 1800s. Yugoslavia expanded them a lot during the Soviet era. Tivat has a couple of Russian submarines on display. They are in the process of cutting through the ballast tanks and pressure vessel so that you can tour them. On our way out we were a little more observant of the Soviet era infrastructure left behind. There were lots of interesting facilities. One of the most interesting to me was three huge holes cut into the side of the mountain. They are currently unguarded and look in disrepair, but I bet they were really cool at one time. I was guessing they were places for subs to disappear inside the mountain.

From there we made our way out of the bay by running a route using the autopilot. Rick had made

the route he wanted to travel and once we were clear of the narrow part of the harbor it was a matter of hitting "start route" and from then on the GPS would give us an alarm saying we arrived at the next corner and the Autopilot asked if we were sure we wanted to change course. Two buttons later we were on the new course. We did that all the way down to Budva. Odelia is running well.

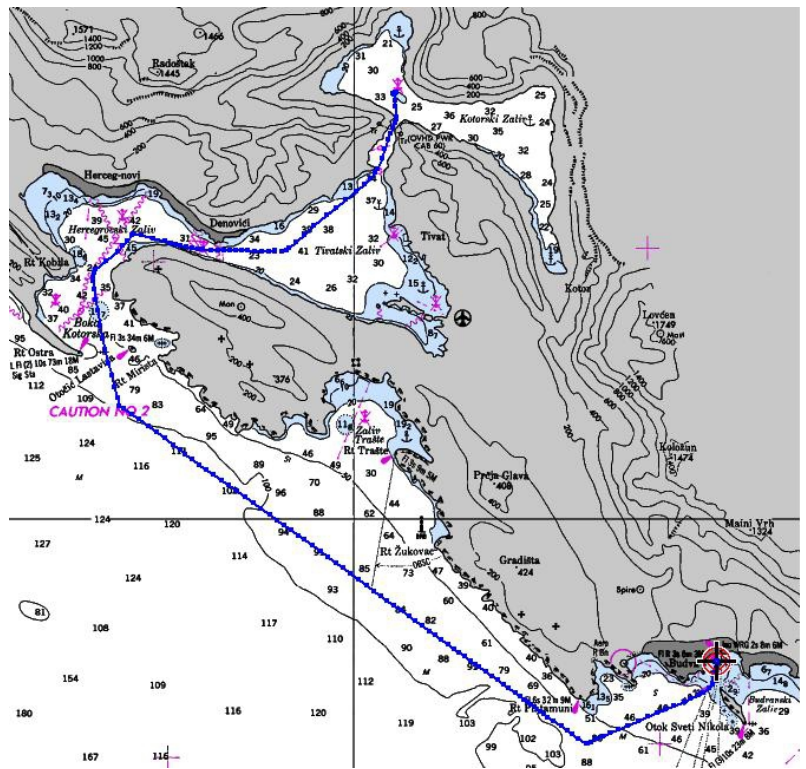
Budva is another serious tourist hotspot. This one has lots of resorts including row upon row of sun chairs, jet ski rentals, and para sail pullers, one of which seems to be enjoying going in circles around our anchor.

Rick and I took a run into town to get Internet access and I did a quick update for the website and checked my email. All's well other than the club is not going to be able to launch the docks or put the pumpout station in at Douglas Harbour this weekend, given the height of the water. This is around a month later than last year.

After getting back to the boat Tsipy had a birthday party for Rick. While we were away Bonnie and Tsipy made a lemon meringue pie, bread for Shabbat, and vacuumed the boat from stem to stern.

## June 22 Budva

Today was Shabbat so Rick and Tsipy were having a day of rest. I was up at my usual 5 am and the Internet which had been spotty all yesterday afternoon was humming. I did a lot of website stuff including putting up a bunch of pictures etc. By 7 am people were starting to get up and check their email and the service was getting overloaded, and that ended the good Internet service.



Bonnie and I took the dinghy into town and we walked around the walled city. The first layer of the walled city is all museums and shops, mostly clothing and jewelry. I looked in a marine store but it was mostly fishing, a lot of scuba stuff, and the odd boat bit. There were a number of crew uniform places to fit out the luxury yacht crews in the area. The streets were designed for walking only and we covered most of them. Then we went up to the museum which gave us access to some beautiful views and the wall. We could walk all the way around the wall of the city and did. There had definitely been a party or two in a couple of the corners of the wall and the smell was strong.

We made our way back to the boat and Rick was very frustrated with the Internet service on the boat and was unable to get a clear picture of the weather for the overnight (about a 22 hour run) trip we are planning. Rick and I are both of the same mind when it comes to the trip. If we go out with a good weather forecast and get our butts kicked because of bad weather that's life, if we go out into a bad weather forecast and get our butts kicked, that's dumb. We've had our butts kicked enough from bad forecasts, we don't need to ask for a kicking.

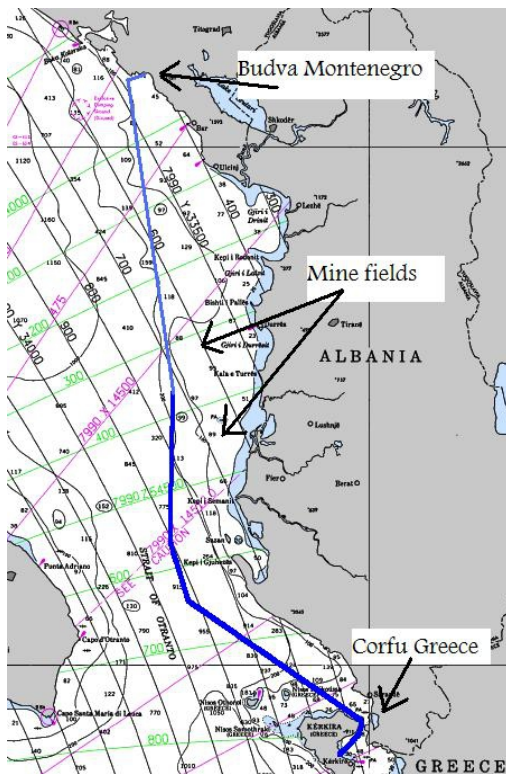
While we were in at the Old Fisherman's Pub having a beer (to pay for the Internet service) I was people watching. It is so rare to see really overweight people here that it really brings home how bad our obesity problem is in North America. If I sit in a mall at home and watch people go by it doesn't take long to see quite a few really obese people. I sat in the pub though a beer and we split a cheeseburger and fries while Rick worked on the computer and we talked about a variety of things. While I did I watched the people. I think I saw one, maybe two obese people.

The weather looks good for tomorrow. There is a bit of wind south of us, but it is only 15 knots for a short time. The winds coming behind us are less. Sea state is less than 2 feet. So it looks like we are good to go. The forecast for tomorrow is even better so if things are bad we will pull out at Ulchen in southern Montenegro and then continue to Greece the next day.



## June 23-24

On Friday when we arrived we asked the Customs people if they were going to be open on Sunday so we could check out. "No problem, open 8 o'clock".



When they found out that we were staying on anchor the customs guy said "but you need 3 copies of this form and if you are not at the marina it's a 60 euro exit tax" and the police weren't there yet. "But I'll tell the police you are at the marina and you give him a little gift! No tax." Baksheesh is alive in well in Montenegro!

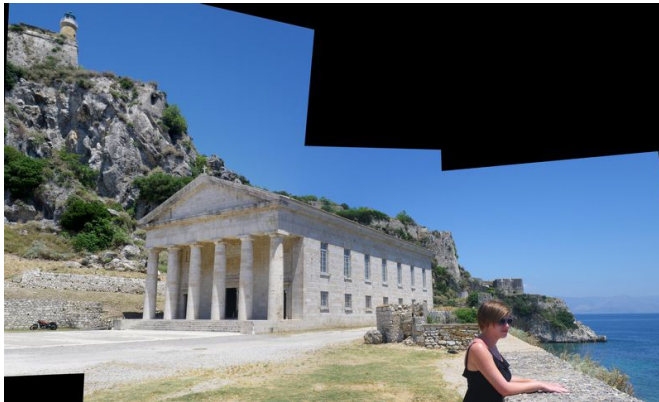
We were gone from Montenegro. Rick had been researching Albania and there were mixed reviews. Some cruisers say that it is very nice, people are friendly, others are less than happy. Then there is the issue of MINE FIELDS! The mines are supposed to be disabled but you aren't allowed to anchor in the country. So it would be marina's only. If you can't anchor maybe those mine fields aren't quite so cleared. So we decide to do an overnigher and bypass Albania. During the night we came across a couple of places where there were areas marked on the charts that said "Dangerous area due to mines and not to cross except in designated areas". There were boats inside of us (we were skirting the outside of the mine field) that didn't have any problems. We were chickens and stayed well outside the field. There was a fair amount of shipping and cruise ships in the area.

Rick installed the new broadband radar which works really very well. I was quite impressed compared to my old technology radar. Very clear, very little clutter and you can see well close in to the boat. The other really nice toy was an AIS receiver so he gets continuous reports on his navigation display of all the commercial shipping and larger pleasure craft. He also has a Class B transponder, which tells everyone with a receiver where he is, his speed and course. The nav software also automatically calculates the closest point of approach, and when. So when we saw a ship looking right at us 7 miles

away, we could check the AIS CPA (closest point of approach) calculated by the nav software to see that we were safe and the ship would pass safely by 60 feet away. 60 Feet, OK. When he was 2.5 miles away I changed course 10 degrees and increased that 60 by quite a bit before turning back on course.

One really cool thing we did see on the trip was a swordfish (or a small sailfish, not sure which) jumping beside the boat. It was pretty big, 4-5 feet I guess but not huge by adult standards.

We were doing four hours on and four off with Bonnie and I on one shift and Rick and Tsipy on another. It took us almost a full 24 hours to make the trip. Rick arrived a little early for his 8 am shift and told us to go to bed so I crashed in the main salon and awoke when the engine's dropped in RPM when he slowed to come into the marina at Gouvia, just north of Corfu Town. We are allowed to enter here and then go to the new port for customs and immigration. When it was all done Rick was pleasantly surprised, the four of us with the boat have a cruising permit for Greece for 6 months for about 45 euro. The service was friendly and the people were efficient. Compared to Montenegro where it cost over 380 euro for a ONE WEEK cruising permit, 45 euro for 6 months sounds pretty good, and that didn't cover the baksheesh to get out.



*Light house and St Georges inside the fortress at Corfu*

We went from the customs dock to the old fortress at Corfu Town. Bonnie and I walked around while Rick and Tsipy got a beer and Internet service, "Free WIFI". We walked up to the light house and it was a spectacular view. It was a very hot and very vertical walk to the light house but we made it and took a few (ok, maybe more than a few) pictures, before joining them for a beer and a bottle of water. The bill was 14 euro, maybe not so free wifi. We were thinking that Greece was going to be on the expensive side but on the way to the bus station we stopped for lunch at a local eatery and got lunch and two waters for 5.20 euro, and they had free wifi. The bus cost us 2 euro

each and brought us back to the end of the road going to the marina. There is a AB grocery store across the street from the intersection to the marina so Rick left us to go to the port authority and Bonnie and I went to the grocery store with Tsipy. We got a lot of vegetables, 2 six packs of beer for a little over 32 euro, neither Bonnie or I though that was a bad deal. Tsipy is a vegetarian and does all the cooking. She cooks meat for the rest of us.

We have a bad stretch of wind forecast until Saturday so it looks like we may be staying in Corfu for a while.

After dinner we went for a walk out to the end of the street to see the festival they were having for the town. There was a live band and kids were dancing and the adults were talking and eating, and watching the kids dance.

We watched the band for a while and then went for a short walk around the block. There were a few large mobile barbecues set up for cooking lamb. It was an impressive bit of engineering. It had an electric driven rotisserie that was driving a bunch of worm gears that would rotate the whole lamb roasts.



*When they say BBQ they mean BBQ*

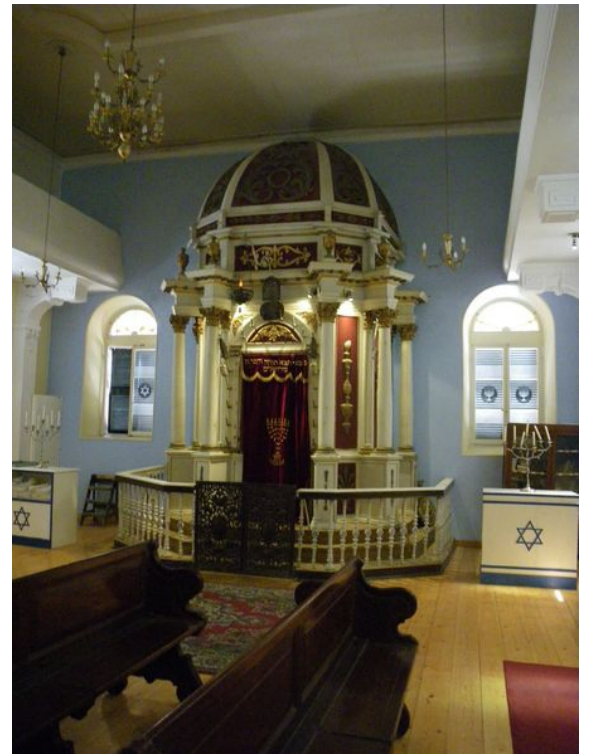
## June 25

It was very windy this morning, I slept in until almost 7:30am which is unusual, I was still the first to rise. The trip was long, almost exactly 24 hours on the “road”, so it takes more out of us than it first seems. Rick decided that he would spend another day in the marina before making a run to the next port. So we have a good Internet connection for a couple days. I downloaded a [bunch of pictures to the gallery](#)



We went back to Corfu Town for the day and did a little bit of touring around. We took the no. 7 bus from the stop in front of the Massey-Ferguson dealer in Gouvia to downtown Corfu. Since we did the old fortress yesterday, today was walking around to look at Corfu itself. We walked the park and over to the palace/art gallery where they had an exhibit of Asian art. Part of the rising tide of China is the presence of so many art galleries showing Asian exhibits. This is about the third or fourth “Asian art” we’ve seen in places around the world. We wanted to see more “Greek” art so we just walked around to see the streets and the galleries and the people. We ran into the synagogue and the woman let us in to look around. Tsipy and the woman had a great chat. It was a pretty building.

We walked and walked and it was starting to get hot. So we worked our way back to the bus station for a bus back to the marina. With the stern to the winds, the boat is relatively cool. On the bus I saw a sign that said it was 36C, I’m surprised Bonnie is doing as well as she is in the heat.



*Synagogue in Corfu, Greece*

I did a little shopping at the Boatman's World store but didn't find the chain gripper I was looking for. I'll watch for it in other places, shopping in boat stores around the world, such a pleasure!

When we were out for the festival last night we asked one of the restaurants if they BBQed the lamb every night and they said they did. So rather than have another dinner an hour after the one we just had we put it on our list for tonight. Unfortunately when we went to find the BBQ lamb there was none to be had. "Just on Sundays!", NOT what they said last night, grumble, grumble, mutter, mutter. Neither Rick nor I were pleased at not getting the BBQ lamb. We did have the mixed mesa and the mixed grill and the food was very good. I was going to tell you the name but the credit card receipt is written in Greek!

## **June 26**

### **Definition: Cruising – Boat maintenance done in nice places.**

The definition of the cruising life is boat maintenance done in nice places. Another truism is that it takes about 1 hour per foot of length per week to keep a boat in good condition. So it takes over 60 hours a week to keep Odelia in good condition. We know how hard it is and how much work it takes so we are happy to pitch in and help with the maintenance. I spent the morning removing a few tire marks from the customs dock and removing rust marks and shining the stainless rub rail. I got all of the rub rail done from the stern to the bow on the starboard side.

In the afternoon I helped Rick remove the old snaps for the sunscreens and replace them with a different kind of button tie down. Tsipy and Bonnie scrubbed the teak and oiled it.

Bonnie and I are both getting tired from the wind. It is nice in the morning but it is kicking up to 20-30 knots in the afternoon. The constant wind is annoying.

Rick and I are looking at different weather web sites trying to get a good picture of the forecast. So far we have looked at meteo.gr, and Israeli weather site, Passagemaker, wunderground and windfinder. None of them seem to be giving us much hope for the next leg of our journey.

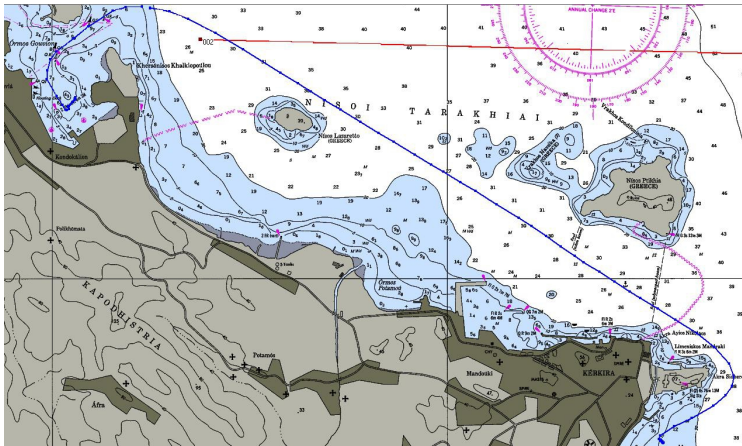
A number of boats have started filling up the marina. Mention a med mooring to most of the New Brunswick boaters and their brain freezes. It is interesting to watch people with experience do it and do it well. This marina is set up for it and it is set up well with two lines off the bow without having to use your own anchor. When it is set up properly it is a very efficient way to moor boats.

We just watched a 70 foot ketch arrive. Driven by a single hander with absolutely no help on board he landed his boat between two boats without using the fender's of either one to keep him from hitting. And the wind was blowing at 20 knots at the time. He rigged everything before arriving so things were set to work. Rick and I felt like giving him a standing ovation. It was impressive.



*Our Marina in Gouvia*

## June 27 Saturday is the day to go



*Just a short trip from Gouvia to Corfu*

leave from anchor, it's fast, just pull and we're gone. Our next stop is Prevaza in a small bay south and west of here. It is 64 nautical miles from our current position and about eight hours travel.

Once we got settled we did a bit of boat maintenance. The low pressure pump for the watermaker packed it in so we had to replace the magnetic pump part of the unit. I've never had the opportunity to take one apart before so I got a chance to play with the pump and tear it to pieces. Always fun. We have the new pump up and running and I think I've got the other pump head so that it would probably work for a short term but I wouldn't trust it very long. The sailing school in Corfu is very busy with lots of little boats, Sunfish, Optimas, and 470s as well as a few Hobie cat catamarans. There are lots of neat boats around here.



Just as we were having dinner a HUGE yacht anchored beside us. We looked it up online. You can charter it for a week in the summer for slightly over 250,000 euro! That does not include fuel, marina fees, groceries, or the tip for the crew (10%). Somehow scrubbing teak and polishing a little stainless hardly counts, We can't thank Rick and Tsipy enough.



I set up skype to make phone calls and called my mother and brother to see how they were making out. Things seem to be going ok but as always they seem to be a bit nervous when we are away.

I was talking to my stepfather John at 3pm just as I was thinking about bed. It is 9 pm here and the lights on the lighthouse in Corfu are really pretty. Unfortunately the picture isn't as good as I wanted.



## June 28 Market day!

One of the most interesting things we do when we travel either by RV or by boat is go to the market. You can get a flavor of the people that you are visiting by looking at the food that they buy. If you can get to visit a farmer's market you see more than you do in a supermarket. If you can see both you learn even more.

Today was a market day for us. We took the dinghy into the yacht club and walked almost completely across town, a slow 15-20 minute walk, if that. The market was full of fresh produce and fish; shrimp, octopus, red snapper, lots of small fish, slabs of bigger fish. Not being a fish person I'm not sure what they were. Some of them looked familiar, some were new to us.



*Tsipy enjoys the Popular Market*

A number of vendors had eggs in a bowl. Some were very fresh, some still had the odd feather and other stuff attached. We haven't seen eggs by the bowl since Black Point in the Bahamas. We will have to start carrying egg crates again. Tomatoes, eggplant (both the normal blue/black and pure white which I had never seen before), squash with blossoms still attached (with bees hovering around them), potatoes, lots and lots of greens everywhere, herbs (dill, basil, parsley) either fresh or in potted form, honey, watermelons, melons, beets. There were a couple organic producers but most were regular producers.

One of the women told us that you can tell a watermelon is sweet by the marks of a wasp. If you see the track of a wasp on the skin of a watermelon it is sweet, the watery ones do not have the tracks on them.

The produce is fresh and well tended, the shop keepers tend their stalls and the fish vendors were collecting the water from the melting ice and pouring it down the storm drains so the water didn't smell up the area. One girl seemed to be doing nothing but walking from bucket to bucket keeping them empty.

From there we walked over to the supermarket. Rick and Bonnie stayed outside with the parcels and I went inside with Tsipy to help her carry. She was looking for a few things, eggs (not refrigerated in a carton, we doubted that we could have gotten the eggs home in a bag and still had them whole), butter (which comes made from either sheep's or cow's milk, we got the cows version), chicken fillets which Tsipy calls schnitzel, and beef salami (all they had was pork). The supermarkets here have almost no fresh produce, they have meat (not usually fish) and most of it is frozen, lots of cheese, lots of canned goods, snack foods (like potato chips), and cleaning supplies (soap, laundry and dish detergent).

When we got back to the boat Rick and I did a little electrical work replacing a GFCI circuit for the aft deck. We did a little straightening in the engine room and made a teak holder for the salt and pepper grinders that keep falling over with every wave.

It is nice to see the boats coming and going. There are a lot of boats, all sizes and shapes but no two seem to be the same make except for the charter boats. Most of the boats here would make our boat look like a little toy. Anything less than a 42 is a pretty small boat. My 34 would look very tiny around here.

The wind still looks good for a travel day tomorrow.

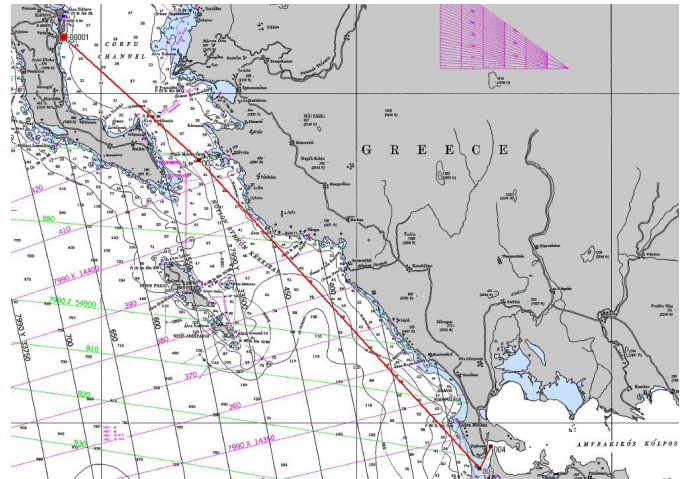
We were thinking about getting a SIMM card for our cell phone but have decided to try just using Skype telephone instead. So far the 3 cents a minute for Skype phone calls seems like a real good idea. I was able to talk to my mother and stepfather for a few minutes as well as my brother in Mass.

All in all things are going pretty well on the home front. I was talking to the friend who is taking care of our lawn and he was down to look and it really didn't need to be mowed. He wasn't hopeful about it though as the next 8 days are forecast for rain and colder temps. Doesn't sound like a good summer at home this year. I'll be missing the work party to finally get the docks in at Douglas Harbour this weekend. That will be over a month later than last year.

Time for a bit of a swim and a shower on the back deck.

## June 29

We were up early and underway at 3:30 am hoping to catch a good wind to Prevaža. The last several days were a problem due to winds kicking up the seas and the crossing seas can be a problem for Odelia. The trip down was uneventful and smooth, although a little chilly. We were in long pants, sweaters and socks. When the sun came up things cooled down for the first while but eventually we were back in shorts and t-shirts. We were anchoring in a little cove behind Prevaža when Bonnie spotted a sea turtle about 2-3 feet in diameter. It's nice to see the turtles.



Rick and Tsipy had a friend from Israel visit the boat for a short time. He is heading back home after cruising with a friend for two months from Croatia to Greece. He found Albania to be a nice place and not very expensive. Maybe next time.

My GPS didn't work for the trip from Corfu so I had to make an approximate route for the trip.

Rick and I went into town and had the requisite beer to pay for Internet service (life's tough!). Rick and Tsipy have a friend that is supposed to be flying into Athens and will meet up with us. Rick has sent him numerous emails saying where we were and has kept his sat telephone up so that he could call. But no emails, Skype messages or phone calls yet. We have no way to know if he has been getting our emails and intends to show up or has called his trip off. The closer we get to his arrival date the more frustrated Rick seems to get and I completely understand. I'd be fit to be tied. Dealing with weather and a hundred other issues, and then throwing a sort of unexpected passenger in on top makes life interesting.

We are looking at bad weather for tomorrow (Sunday). Our weather forecast says that Sunday winds are kicking up and then laying back down for Monday so the current plans are for staying in Prevaža on Sunday, getting up Monday morning and going to the Levkas Canal and staying in Levkas Marina on Monday. Rick and Tsipy's friend has until Monday night to find us as we are scheduled to leave on Tuesday morning with good winds. Bonnie and I are enjoying the extra chance to explore a little.

During dinner, the generator did an emergency shutdown and stopped very unexpectedly. Something had tripped to cause it to shutdown. We were just at the end of the meal so Rick and I took a look. We didn't see anything obvious as to the source of the problem. We could hear the generator when it shut down and it sounded normal at the time, no surge and die like you would expect from a fuel problem.

We could hear the exhaust and it sounded normal with lots of water flow, none of the hollow puff puff of a dry exhaust. I had checked the oil in the generator the day before but missed this morning because the generator starting was our alarm clock to get up at 3:00 am - the generator is needed to operate the windlass.

Further investigation found the oil fine, but the generator tripped as soon as we tried to restart it. It seemed warm but the Onan generator comes inside a sound isolating box which does cause the temp to be a bit higher as the sound isolation is also thermal insulation. We decided to work actively at the problem by having a drink on the back deck, letting the engine cool, and reading the generator manual's troubleshooting section.

There has many sensors which can trigger an auto shutdown.

1. The oil pressure sensor will trip if the generator runs out of oil or the internal oil pump fails. From the engine maintenance course I took the internal oil pump rarely if ever fails as long as there is oil in the engine. There was oil in the generator so the internal oil pump was probably fine. So if this was a problem it was probably an oil pressure sensor failure. Running without an oil pressure sensor is asking for permanent damage so if that sensor was bad it was going to have the same effect as having a bad oil pump.

2. The electrical side of the generator has a number of over or under voltage, over hertz or under hertz protections on it so if the electrical side was bad there really wasn't much we could do, and we probably wouldn't want to run the generator if it was putting out random versions of electrical current. But considering the lights were on and we were running a light load, the cooking was done and we were running the battery chargers, no cause for overloading issues, so it was unlikely to be that.

3. The coolant temperature sensor measures the temperature of the coolant in the generator to make sure the generator doesn't overheat. The coolant was still hot, around 150F when we checked, but the sensor isn't supposed to trip until over 200F. So temperature wasn't likely the cause, if there was sufficient coolant in the system and the pump was working. The belt on the front of the generator was still there so as long as the belt was turning the coolant was probably circulating.

4. The coolant level sensor measures the level of coolant in the generator to make sure the generator doesn't run out of coolant. The generator was cool enough for Rick to take the cap off and there was lots of coolant. I couldn't see any in the overflow tank until Rick took the cap off and shined a light down the hole and the tank started to glow a nice green.

5. The exhaust temperature sensor measures the temperature of the exhaust. Like most marine engines the water to cool the generator comes from the water the boat is floating in. The outside water comes in by suction generated by an impeller pump driven by the generator. The impeller pushes this cooling water through a heat exchanger to cool the generator coolant and then the warmed outside water gets pumped into the mixing elbow where the hot exhaust gasses are mixed with the warmed outside water. This mixing cools the exhaust to reasonable levels and then the exhaust pressure lifts the water overboard with the exhaust gasses. If either the impeller gives up or the water input is plugged, it will cause a loss of flow of outside water which will cause the exhaust temperature to rise very quickly. The exhaust temperature sensor is really a raw water lost sensor.

Rick hit the start button and I watched the output of the exhaust/raw water mixture and we had lots of water flow. We also checked the temperature with a laser thermometer and it was not hot, but by this time it was probably cooled from our reading time.

The coolant levels were fine and the temperature was not hot for engines. It was a tad hot for us to be poking around with fingers but well within normal operating temps. The fault circuit immediately

tripped as soon as the engine started. So one of the sensors was immediately tripping, causing the generator to die as soon as it was started. The trip shut down all of the electricity to the generator including the oil pressure sensor so we would get a flick of the needle on the oil pressure but an instant later the fail-safes would kill the power to all of the sensors and shutdown the generator. We checked all of the obvious things. The belt driving the impeller pump and coolant pump was spinning. We had coolant. We had oil, it was down a bit but about 7/8s of the way up between the empty and the full mark, well within operating specs. We gave it a glug to bring it up some more but that didn't do anything. With all of the temperatures within reasonable values and lots of raw water in the exhaust it was either a bad oil pump or a bad sensor. Rick checked and we didn't have a spare sensor for the oil pressure. It was way too risky to assume it was a bad oil sensor. If the sensor was good and the oil pump was bad, disconnecting the sensor to make the generator run would shortly write-off the generator.

All we could really do was check the rest of the sensors. We gradually checked each sensor one by one, starting the generator to see if it would run after each check and when we finally got to the exhaust temperature sensor one of the connectors was bad. We had to replace a bit of wire which sent Rick into the basement of the forward cabin to a locker with the wire in it (under the floor between the bilge and the floor). Odelia has a lot of storage space. We replaced the connector but still no joy. When we checked the generator with the exhaust temperature sensor disconnected, the generator ran like a charm.



*Sunset in Prevaza*

We were good to let the generator run and charge the batteries. The nice sound isolating box around the generator had been completely dismantled by the time we were done searching for and testing the sensors.

The box was scattered around the engine room but we would reassemble it tomorrow.

The searching for wire in the basement led to the discovery of another problem, water in the bilge. Normally Odelia is a dry boat with very little water in the bilge. There wasn't a lot of water but there was a "more than normal" amount which bears investigation. Tasting said it was fresh water not salt so that meant it came from the boat not from the ocean. This left two water tanks, with lots of pumps and stuff to check. Rick took the inspection hole out of the forward sump and found the tank full of water, it was the source of the problem. The pump that Bonnie had heard days before was not pumping water out of the tank so the tank overflowed into the bilge. We turned on the pump from the 12 Volt panel and the pump emptied the tank, so the pump was not the problem. The switch to turn the pump on and off was the problem. Rick replaced the switch and it tested out fine. All I ended up doing was fetching tools while Rick did all of the nasty work. After cleaning the bilge, closing up the hatch between the basement and the bilge and repacking the basement of the galley where a lot of Tsipy's dry stores are located the job was done. Another day of cruising (see definition in a previous note) and the four of us were sitting on the aft deck having G and Ts and listening to the flow of cooling water from the generator.

## June 30 +



*Pretty colors and buildings in Prevaža*

Today was an anchor day. All of us had a nap at one point or another. At one point I finally woke up and Bonnie was still napping so I slipped into the engine room and reassembled the generator covers. It was great all except for one screw was missing, and when I checked with Rick this was not new.

We went into town to walk around and check emails etc. Utz, Rick and Tsipy's friend is flying into Athens and is going to take a taxi to Prevaža. I hope he realizes that it is a half hour plane ride or a 6 hour taxi ride. For one person I bet the plane is cheaper!

We walked around town. Prevaža is a nice little place. Rick and I are still outnumbered in the gender

department and I've noticed an uptick in the obese population, nothing close to the problem at home but still a notable difference from Montenegro or even Corfu.

After another round of naps, (it was decidedly cool, Bonnie and I had to cover ourselves with a sheet), we headed into town for supper. Bonnie had the mixed souvlaki and I had the grilled octopus. Octopus is a dangerous thing to order; cooked right it is a wonderful flavor and texture, done badly it is a rubbery, tasteless chunk of shoe leather. I noticed that the fisherman's market in Corfu and the small market we walked by had octopus on ice. So I was hoping that I was going to get someone who knew how to do octopus well. I'd never consider ordering it at home but I went for broke and it was spectacular.



Tender, slight smoky taste, full of flavor it was wonderful. Bonnie's dish was also good but the octopus was the winner hands down, Rick had a taste and loved it too. It had to be about the best I've ever had. If you are ever in Prevaža at the Mythos Restaurant, have the octopus.

We came home and ran the generator to bring up the batteries and Tsipy made tea and then she and Bonnie made waffles for the morning. I spent a few minutes on the blog and processing pictures. I never take a single picture, 10 or 20 maybe but never one. Today was a light day we didn't do a lot.

Tomorrow Rick wants to go to the fuel dock and top up the two saddle tanks and then we have reservations at the Levkas Marina for a day. It is only about 7-8 miles away so about an hour by boat after filling the tanks. We should have a good day to explore. The weather looks like the next day is an excellent weather day for making the trip into the Gulf of Patras and on into the Gulf of Corinth. Rick mentioned that he was interested in going to Delphi which is along the way. Bonnie and I are both excited about the prospect of seeing the home of the Gods. According to the Greek Waters Pilot Delphi is one of the most spectacular and beautiful classical sites in Greece.

## July 1 (Happy Canada Day!)

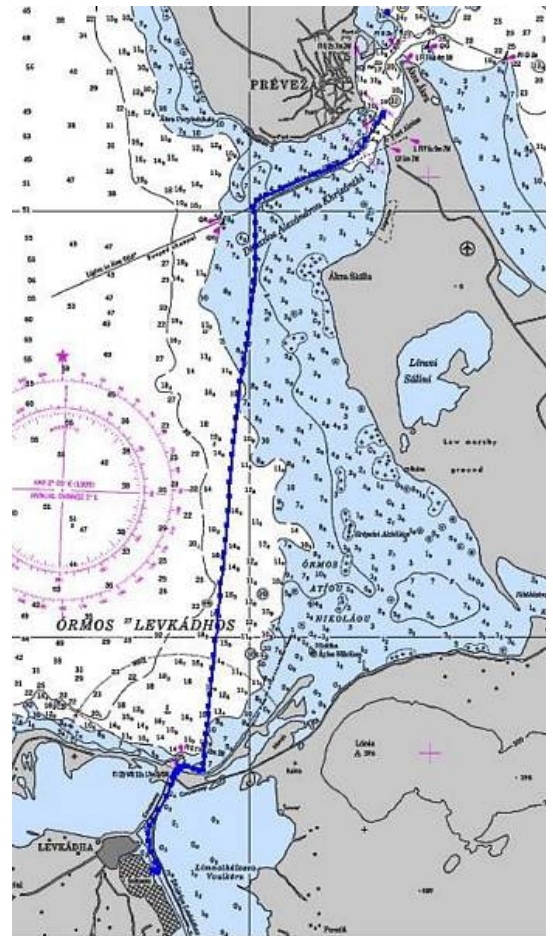
We were up and at the fuel dock at 8 am. We were met by the fuel dock operator at the Cleopatra Marina. He was friendly and helpful. We were done filling by about 10 minutes to 9, a little over 1000 liters and 1500 euro, ouch! Rick had to go to the office to pay but the office didn't open until 9 am. At ten after 9 the office still wasn't open. The attendant shrugged "9 am GMT, Greek Maybe Time".

After leaving the dock we were underway for a long 8 mile day to the marina at Lefkas. To get to the marina we needed a bridge to open for us. It opened on the hour (GMT) and we had about a 40 minute wait. We got a chance to watch the world go by. We could see the remnants of a canal built in ancient times off to our starboard. When the bridge opened the operator must have figured that it was safer to have the full bridge open. Normally they can open just a section of it for about 30 feet width. But with Odelia and other boats wanting to pass he must have figured that the full meal deal was on order. He lifted the two ends and the center floating span swung out of the way, allowing us to pass without an issue. The marina is just after the bridge so we had a quick day. We were tied up by 11 am. After brunch, Rick and I walked up to the marina office to check in. They were doing long term leases of slips (which you could sublet and make money on) for only 49000 euro for a 20 years lease.

We got back to the boat and Tsipy had started cooking the bread and doing a load of laundry, I was out of clean T-shirts. We went for a walk around Levkas and found every other shop seemed to be either a taverna, a bakery, a meat or fish shop, or a veggie stand. Tsipy was in her glory. Unfortunately the stores are all closing at 2 pm and we didn't get off the boat until almost two. So Rick was out of luck getting a SIMM card for his phone. So we still have to suffer getting through a beer for Internet service. Life's tough.



*Entrance to the Levkas Canal*



Utz missed the flight to Lefkas and is now on a bus. He should get here around 6 pm. We'll see.

Levkas is a huge sailboat charter base with at least three or four charter companies. It is interesting watching the charters come and go. There are lots of cruisers here and it certainly has a lot of appeal as a place to come. I could see Bonnie and I spending a long time in this area. It is a wonderful cruising ground. Utz showed just before supper and wanted to take us all out to celebrate his getting his 500 ton commercial master's license. Utz works as a captain on a ship tending wind turbines in the North Sea, NEVER pleasant weather. He reminded us of a friend of ours that is always telling stories and







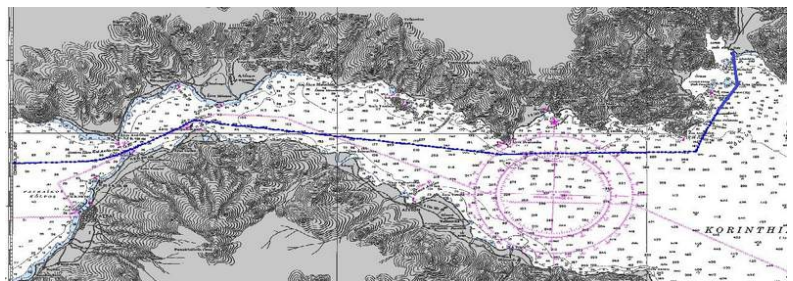
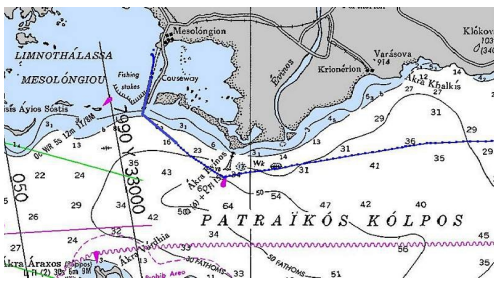


Church in Mesolongian

We are walking around town looking for an Internet connection that works. Unfortunately the first two Internet cafe's didn't work so I'm working on my third Mythos, Burp! Bonnie thought it was really cool when the foam overflowed and froze on the glass. COOL GLASS!



### July 4 (Happy Birthday America)



We were up early to catch the quiet winds. A bit too early as we had to wait for the light to get high enough for us to see the marks coming out of Mesolongia. We did a slow trip out of the channel. Rick is very conscious of his wake and does a good job at not dragging a big wave. The weather was about as good as you could possibly ask for, for motor boat people. No wind, no waves, beautiful sunrise underway.

There is a bridge that marks the Gulf of Patras from the Gulf of Corinth. It is a huge suspension bridge with navigation control. We have to call 5 miles out, boats a little bigger than us have to call at 12 miles. We are instructed to pass with "1 pier to the right and 3 on your left." The current was said to be up to 2 knots here but we only saw 0.5 to 1.0 knots against us. Rick was worried about the winds kicking up and they did a bit, winds gusted to maybe 5 knots but on the other side of the choke point it was calm. Other than the ferries that run under the bridge there was very little traffic.



Considering the size of the bridge it was odd to see ferries running under it. We say two crossing side to side about three times while we were approaching but I didn't see anything on them. There were nine ferries tied up on one side and we could see about four on the other but couldn't get a good count.



Our next big challenge is the Corinth Canal. Utz has been regaling us with stories about waiting two to three hours waiting for a transit. They hold traffic on the east side while vessels come through from the west and then once they're through they send the bunched up traffic from the east. One direction at a time through the narrow canal. It is closed on Tuesday. Night passages are prettier with the lights but there is also a 25% surcharge for passing at night. Passing on Sunday adds a 30% surcharge. Sunday night is 55% extra. We're thinking Monday morning!

We were passed by a beautiful classic British yacht of the late 40s, early 50s vintage. Very pretty. We see a couple of large yachts going the other way. There are a few small fishing boats that we give a wide berth, partly because we are not exactly sure how they are fishing and don't want to bother their equipment. The other reason being that we are doing 8 knots and don't want to wake them too hard. I got used to sitting at the helm of our boat for six or eight hours a day when we doing the long trips up and down the ICW. Rick's helm is much more comfortable and much more automated than mine. It is also much higher so it is easier to see the things around you. I don't mind spending a few hours sitting in the helmsman seat while Rick does other things. At one point Bonnie and Rick are flanking me and I was doing my look around. There was nothing in front of us, nothing behind us. We had seen one cargo ship hours before. The sea was flat, the wind was nothing, the only air motion was ours as we moved through it. It was a little weird. Did everyone else on the planet leave and not tell us? There is so little traffic that we can't see having to wait a very long time at the Corinth.



We made our way to Itea and tied up at the town dock. The EU gave Greece a lot of money to build marina's and gave them the basic infrastructure, the docks, power and water hookups and the lead lines. All the Greek government had to do was connect the power and water to the docks, set up the administration and they would have a marina capable of generating 80 to 100 euro a night for a boat Rick's size. The police came by to tell Rick he had to do the check in and pay the dock fees. They were nice and gave us both the check in and check out at the same time so we don't have to track them down on Sunday before we leave. The fees for staying on the T-head for three nights was 35 euro. The docks are filled with tiny boats and the odd yacht. With a little work this could be a beautiful marina

generating a lot of business.

The yacht on the next T-head was a crewed yacht, a 655 Oyster. The owners were coming for a two month visit, it's rare to have the owners on for such a long time. The captain (another Mike) and his wife, Adele, are the only crew. It's a hard life for them. The owners want to spend a week here and then go over to the Cyclades where the meltemis are blowing 25 to 35 knots at the moment. They listed a few places where the owners wanted to go so it looks like they are going from one end to the other in the middle of meltemi season. Friends of Rick's just sent him a skype message. They have been stuck in the Cyclades for over 2.5 weeks waiting for the winds to die down enough for them to make it to Turkey. It's about a 35 mile run for them.

We are looking at the course we are going to travel. We have a plan that will take us up the east coast of mainland Greece in the protection of the islands and then up to the north coast where the meltemis are weakest, nothing much above 10-15 for the last week or so, and then across to Turkey and down the east coast of the Aegean.

We settled in Itea and Utz rented us a car to go to Delphi. Utz was going to stick around the boat and hit the bars and the restaurants.

Rick and I checked the long distance wifi antenna and found a strong signal from a cafe. So we went in search of the cafe for Internet service. We paid the fee and walked back to the boat.

## **July 5 Delphi!!!!**

It was a beautiful morning. I did a little research on Delphi on [Trip Advisor](#) and [Wikipedia](#). I printed off directions but it was all Greek to me, Bonnie's the navigator. One section of the map had a lot of back and forth squiggles.



The directions I had were in Greek with English subtitles. The road signs were much easier, so much for being helpful. I just handed the map back to Bonnie and started looking for road signs. Just outside of the town was an olive grove, the greyish green of the trees is quite distinctive. I took a picture from the car window. It was a big grove and the first BIG grove of olive trees that I have seen. We have seen small groves here and there around the Med on our last trips over. When we gained some height, we were able to stop on the side of the road and see that the WHOLE VALLEY was olive trees. It was incredible, a sea of olive green bigger than the section of blue water that we could see. Rick's comment was that



*Aqueduct and Valley of Olive trees near Itea*

it is no wonder that they are known for their olives. Apparently you don't start getting a real production of olives until the trees are 30-40 years old. Planting trees for your children.

We continued up the hill and started hitting the switchbacks. The map was right, there were a lot of squiggly bits.

We took the scenic route up through a little village and saw a restaurant with a beautiful view, a definite lunch option.

We were amazed that the whole valley and up a large part of the hills were covered with olive trees. When we got to Delphi there were a few cars, a bus or two and lots of parking spaces. We walked up to the entrance and paid for the admission to both the museum and the site. Nine euro a person which I didn't think was too bad. We wanted to get the site done early. Adele had told us to take lots of water



*The Rock of Sibyl*

because it was hot. Bonnie and I had three 500ML bottles and Rick had a 2 litre. The day was warm and a bit cloudy, great for doing the site. There were quite a few young people on the site and again Rick and I were outnumbered. I volunteered to take pictures for people taking pictures of each other. Taking pictures of pretty young women, tough job but someone needs to do it. Too bad I have to give the cameras back, some were very nice, cameras I mean!

The site was pretty well organized and had several spots to hide from the sun. There were lots of plaques and things were well documented. Pictures of the site with the objects in front of you labeled with numbers and the text on the plaque referred to the numbers on the objects. So it was pretty clear what was what.

The Oracle of Delphi, a woman named Sibyl, was actually sitting on a rock outcrop that was actually a gas vent from the earth and most of the time she was talking she was rather stoned. A man "interpreted" her ramblings to the person seeking information from the oracle. Yet another case of man sticking himself between the "Gods" and the people to make money.

OK, I'm a pessimist.

The main site has lots of things to see and has a great view from anywhere. We were continually being bombarded by smells as well, rich fragrant smells. We were never able to clearly identify what they all were but there were olive trees, trees that were covered with fruit that looked like blackberries and were edible as one of the people in front of us was eating a handful off of a tree, Tsipy identified the plant that we get capers from, cypress cedars, and pines trees. There was a cypress cedar so covered in cones that it looked like a decorated Christmas tree. A couple of pines were so laden with cones that they were almost black.

Tsipy, Bonnie, and I walked up as far as the stadium above the main site, as far as you can go, but Rick stopped to rest his foot. His foot was injured in a motorcycle accident and doesn't always do down hill well. He is OK on stairs but gentle slopes can cause him misery. It was a long way up to the top. By the time we got up there it was time to kill a bottle of water or two. We were able to refill them at the fountains in front of the museum. After coming down off the site we went to the museum where there were lots of bus tours arriving. We were hoping for air conditioning and it probably is but just set at a higher temperature than we were hoping for.



There are lots of statuary and metal work to be seen in the museum and they give background on the archeology of Delphi. One of the pictures we really liked was of the dig with the statuary in place on the site. As you look around the room, you can identify the statues around you in the picture of the dig.

The site is beautiful looking down on the hills below. From the main site you could see down to the Temple of

Athena and the ancient Gymnasium. The Gymnasium is closed off but after we left the main site we headed down to the Temple of Athena. It is a much smaller site but still very well worth a visit.

From there we went down the hill in search of lunch, we drove by the restaurant and had to turn around and go back to it. When we got there it was closed for a siesta. The people there suggested we go up to another restaurant, the Bassanos, "maybe open at this time". We saw an advertisement on the road farther up the hill but never found it.

We stopped at a place with advertising on a rough sign that said "Rooms to rent and Food taverna." It had a spectacular view and the open air dining area was covered with grapes vines loaded with grapes, "Would you like white, red, or rose?". We had a beer but when I turned to leave I saw the wine bottles, DEFINITELY locally made, probably within a few feet of where I was standing. Should have had the wine. I had the stuffed grape leaves with a lemon sauce, Bonnie had a spinach pie, Rick had the spinach pie and Tsipy had bamia (okra). The young





man that came first had very little English, his mother had a bit more and we ended up with a lot of food, all of it was excellent. Normally there is something that we wouldn't have again but this time everything we had was very good. Rick tried some of my stuffed grape leaves and he thought they were the best he had ever had.

From there it was back to the boat. After Shabbat dinner we went for a walk over to the dock where it was set up for a local traditional dance troop. We listened to the music and watched the dancers for a while and then walked home. Bonnie and I were dead on our feet and it was time for bed.

## July 6



Shabbat, a day of rest, well sort of. We didn't go anywhere but Rick and I changed the sea water pump on the starboard engine with his spare pump. That was a 20 minute job at most. We needed to redo the seals in the pump that we removed and that took several hours. The instructions we had for doing the rebuild was not exactly clear as there were instructions for newer style pumps and older style pumps intermixed. We appeared to have a newer style pump in one part of the instructions and an older style pump in some of the other parts of the instructions. After several tries we finally got all of the bits removed that had to be removed and installed all the bits that needed to be installed. With any luck we won't find out if we did anything wrong.

After the pump and the mountain of tools we used to do the install were put away we relaxed around our computers and worked on the web. Rick was doing a few emails and playing crosswords and Sudoku, Utz was facebooking, and I was doing pictures and updating the web site.

The next thing for me is either a nap or supper. Probably get supper before I get a nap. I'm off cooking while I'm here. Utz is much more of a chef than I am, and so is Tsipy. Tsipy is head chef and Bonnie is sous chef when Utz is not around. I'm helping Rick with boat stuff as best I can.



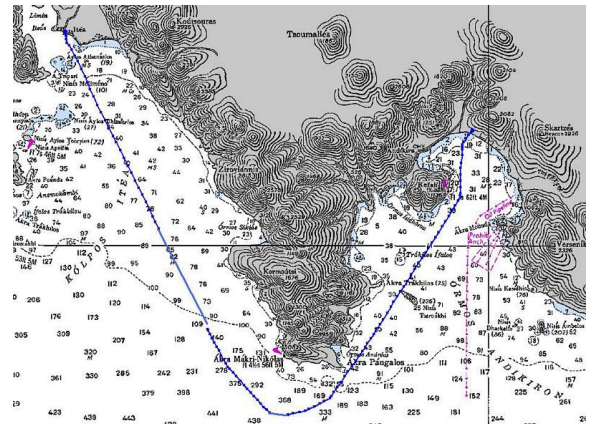
## July 7

We had a quiet day around the dock, we had a visitor, another boater from the head of the slip. Vascilli and his partner Robert are trying to get a day charter business running out of Itea. It is a beautiful place and I hope he does well. Robert invited us over to his place for dinner. Roberts speaks English and Greek, Robert's partner speaks French and Italian. Robert's partner is Vascilli's mother, and he translates for the two of them on occasion. We had a beautiful meal with Bonnie and I looking out over the beautiful harbour. The whole third floor apartment wall facing the harbour was glass, and as the sun set the colors were fantastic, unfortunately, no camera.

## July 8

We were up early to try to get to the Corinth. We were going to try to go over to the southern side of the Bay of Corinth to wait for passage for the canal. The weather on Passageweather was OK. The weather on Meteo.gr, a new site suggested by an acquaintance, said the weather wasn't as good and meteo was right. The weather was not friendly and Tsipy was not happy. So we turned back north to get covered by the mountains.

We pulled into Andikiron. The main industry is the aluminum smelter on the edge of the bay. The bay was surrounded by at least three sets of high mountains and deep valleys. The wind whistled around the three valleys causing the winds to swing in weird directions.



We set our anchor anticipating the northerly winds in the forecast but they were anything but. We were getting blasted from all sides so we pulled up our 100 pound anchor that must have weighted 200 pounds with all the mud and grass on it. We reset and tied our stern to a tree. The wind picked up from the side and it was blowing so hard that the stern line was bar tight. We released from the tree and the wind died, for a short time. Then it blew us in a clockwise circle, then a counter clockwise circle. The boat swung around and around and around. We finally just turned off the anchor drag alarm and let the boat spin in circles. We knew the holding was good!

**July 9**



*The shoreline colors of Confused Windy Bay*

## **July 10 The Corinth Canal**

We left Confused Windy Bay, our name for the anchorage we were in Andikiron. It came by the name by the weird winds we got.

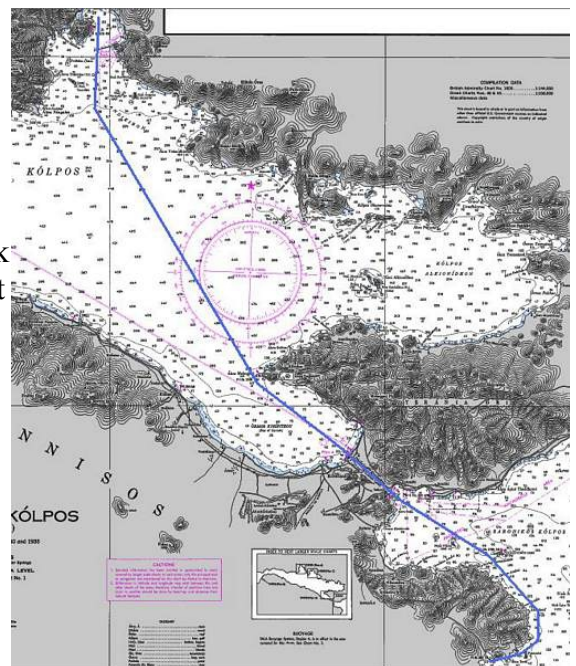


*Sunrise over Akra Melangavi*

We left early, another 3 am anchor up, and the wind was about what we expected, maybe a little more but not bad. We made the tip of Akra Melangavi, which gave us good protection and the waves died down to almost nothing. We continued on and switched the radio to channel 12 for the Corinth Canal. We had been following a freighter for several hours. The freighter was a little faster but he was not leading us by a lot. We heard a call from the freighter with a reply from the canal tenders. Then a sailboat called, “follow the blue freighter” came the reply. Wait a sec, we were following a blue freighter! Rick called and was told to speed up and follow the blue freighter. After being told stories of waiting for hours to enter the canal, Rick was

speeding up to 9 knots to get in at the stern of the freighter, with two sailboats following us, and another one paddling as fast as he could to get into the convoy. Once in the canal Rick slowed down to match the speed of the freighter as reported by the AIS transponder. We went through the canal without slowing down hardly at all. The tug was towing the freighter through at 7.2 knots rather than our usual 8.

Now we just had to pay for the transit. The other horror story that turned out false was the terrible place to tie up and fend off huge black tires that would mark your hull. The tires were gone and a reasonable rub rail for your fenders was installed. Rick was tied up and on his way back by the time the sailboats were tied up. The only painful part was the fee at a little over 100 euro per kilometer! It cost around 350 euro for the 3.5 km trip. The difference in the cost of fuel was probably a wash for Rick but the trip was probably easier on the stress level.







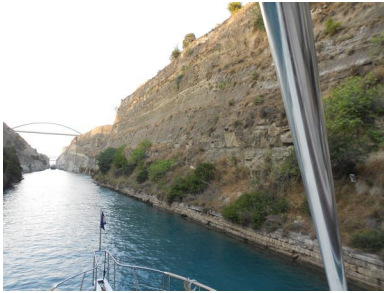
*Following the Freighter over the sunken roadway*



*The lowlands at the west end*



*Nice colors on the hills as they rise from the lowlands*



*Plant life clings to the edges*



*Wind and wash carve interesting patterns in stone*



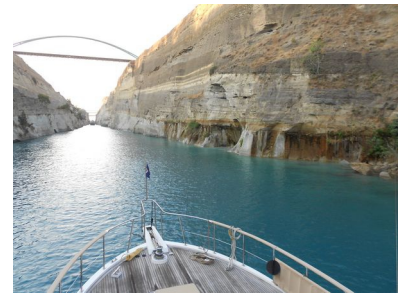
*The colors a milky blue the soft stone of the edges*



*There are lots of bridges over the Corinth some very high!*



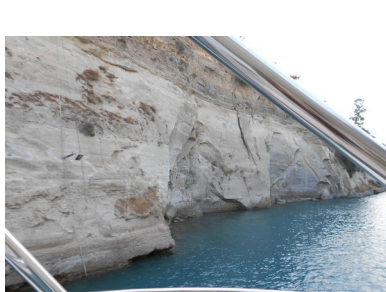
*Beautiful strata in the rock as the sun rises*



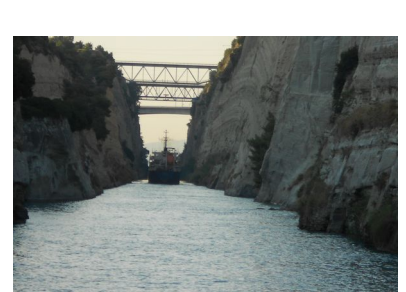
*Interesting colors in the deck, water, and sides*



*The wash from the boats finding soft spot in the stone*



*The gray of the sandstone*



*Following the freighter*



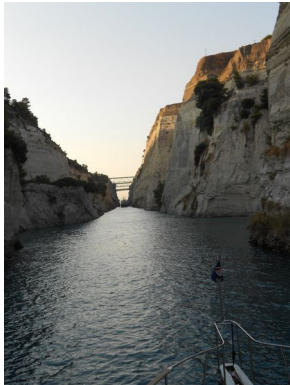
*The plant life adds to the colors*



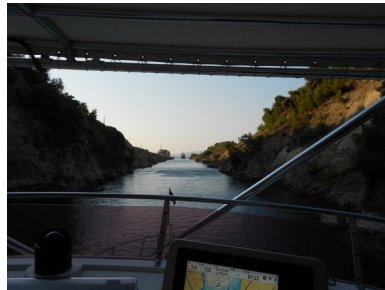
*The old and the new, Bridges over the Corinth*



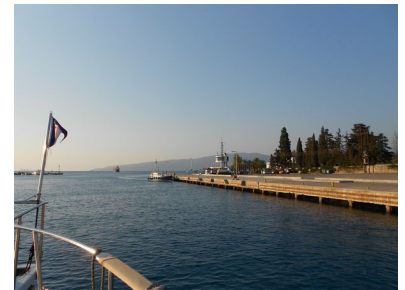
*Looking behind us at the walls, bridges, and boats*



*Here comes the sun*

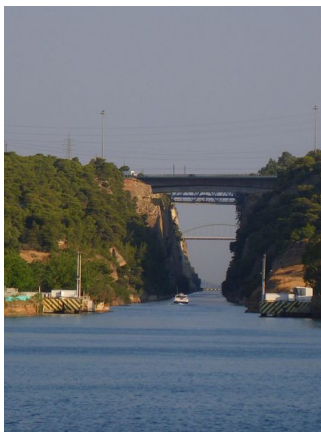


*Approaching the lowlands in the East*



*Coming to the dock to pay the bill, 344.40 Euro*

The Corinth Canal was started by the Greeks in ancient times, they actually dragged ships over the area using logs. The French dug the canal in the 1800s and it requires a day of dredging a week to keep it open.



*Small powerboat entering the east end of the Corinth Canal*

The canal was very pretty in the early morning light. The colors in the sandy walls were everything from almost pure white to a pinky-rose to a dark beige. There are many high bridges over the Corinth now and there is a sinking bridge at the west entrance. We've seen several ways of opening bridges in the ICW, but we have never seen one SINK! They drop the bridge on cables and ships go over it. The tanker in front of us was being towed by a tug. We didn't get to see the bridge actually sink, it was gone by the time we got to the canal. There are markings at the east end for a bridge and I was hoping to see it rise and fall but by the time Rick was out of the building and ready to leave, another boat was heading west and the bridge never moved. I don't know if the road is still in service or not, but I bet there is a section of bridge down there.

From the Corinth canal we entered Saronikos Kolpos just 40 miles from Athens. We were thinking about continuing on as it was still early in the day. But the winds were supposed to kick up so we headed toward Korfos in a lovely protected bay about 20 miles away.

Utz wanted to go to one of the free docks so he could wash the boat. Washing the boat is a full crew



*Entrance to Korfos*

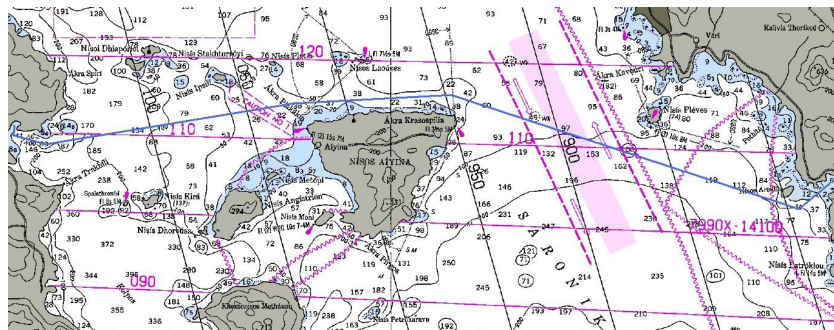
Food should never look better than it tastes, this food definitely did.

We went for a walk and walked all the way out of town, less than a football field away. They seemed to be set up for the tourist trade but things appeared very quiet. None of the restaurants were busy even after our walk. We eat later here than we do at home but the Greeks eat later than we do. None of the restaurants we passed had more than one or two tables busy. The restaurant owner insisted on us paying cash and if anything got reported to the government I would be shocked. When we were here before there was one price for credit cards and one price for cash. The cash price was always much cheaper than the credit card price as the cash prices didn't include the value added tax (from my understanding of the bill, 23%). On this trip at most places we have been been, cash and credit are the same price. People are starting to get the idea that if they want a functioning government they have to pay for it. From the bureaucracy that we see and the number of excess staff they have, the Greeks have a long way to go but it looks like they are starting down the path.



*All washed up!!*

## **July 11 Korfos to Palaia Fokaia**



We were up at a reasonable time, the winds were supposed to drop during the day so there was no advantage in getting underway too early. We left Korfos and had an easy trip over to Palaia Fokaia, a small community about 30-40 km down the east coast from Athens.

The windlass on Rick's boat is driven on AC power. It can run on the inverter but we normally turn on



*Palaia Fokaia from our anchorage in the bay*

effort so at one point or another Utz washing the boat had all of us working. But working with a spray hose, wearing a swim suit on a 35+ Celsius day was not a bad thing. We could just soak ourselves when the day was too hot. The free dock is paid for by having supper at the restaurant we were tied up at. The food was expensive, looked good, and was our worst meal so far.

the generator because the windlass is just at the limit of what the inverter can do. Rather than trip the inverter we just run the generator. When Tsipy starts the generator she checks for cooling water as fast as Bonnie checks for cooling water when we start our engine. After anchoring Rick came down to the deck level and immediately turned off the generator, there was no cooling water. We went down and checked. The generator was hot, about 195 degrees, but not damagingly hot. So the ladies and Utz went looking for groceries and Rick and I replaced the water pump on the generator.



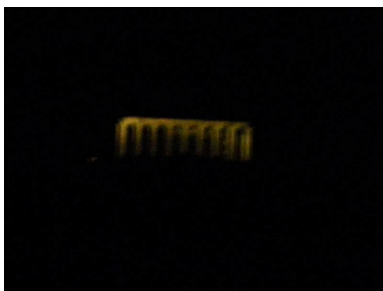
*Sunset in Palaia Fokaia*

I've been on boats that have not had a spare impeller for their engines, Rick has spare water pumps! We replaced the water pump completely and started fishing for impeller bits. The entire impeller was completely shredded into very tiny bits. We took the down stream hoses off and dumped bits out of them. Then we took the cap off of the heat exchanger and fished out a few errant bits that made it that far. Once we were convinced we had the passages clean and everything installed correctly we reassembled the generator and started it up. We took the bad pump up to the back deck and started working on removing the impeller. That took most of the afternoon. We tried everything and finally taking a two pound sledge and driving what was left of the impeller down into the pump broke it free of the shaft and we were able to remove it. After checking for any damages from our increasingly violent attacks on it, we reassembled the pump, and were just finishing up as Utz and the girls arrived back. Tsipy was all smiles to see the water spurting from the generator hole.

Rick and I took a swim and a shower on the swim platform to freshen up. From there it was a case of plotting and figuring where we could go while the weather window was open.

The weather was clear as far as Evia. Evia is north of Kea and lies along the east coast of mainland Greece. On our previous trip we left from Athens. The meltemis nailed us just beyond the point so we went to Kea as a harbour of refuge. This time the weather was much better and we were looking at light and variable winds with almost no seas, but we had to leave very early to get them. Winds were scheduled to pick up starting at noon. Every day has a lot of calculations on weather, accompanied by lots of worry and a few thousand what ifs.

## ***July 12 Up to Khalkis***



*The Temple of Poseidon*

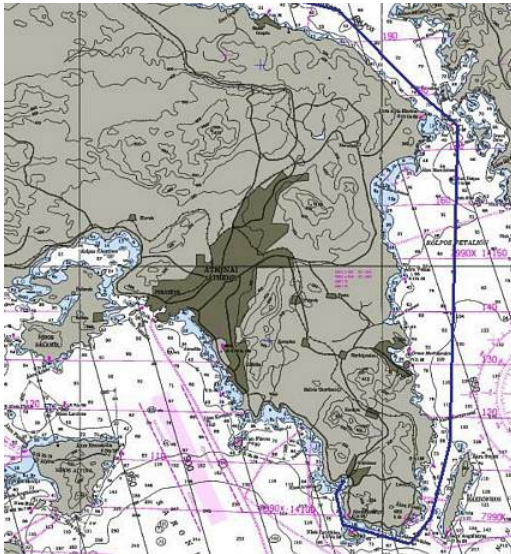
We were up at 3 am and around the point early. Along the way the Temple of Poseidon was lit up very prominently, high on the top of a hill. I tried to take a few pictures but the exposure was too long on a moving boat.

The weather was spot on with very light winds, Rick and I shared the helm during the night hours and once the light started coming up Utz took a watch. Just before Utz came up a bat that had been somewhere on the boat sleeping woke up and didn't like where he was. He circled the boat several times and still didn't find a spot he liked so he headed off toward the mainland after about 3-4 minutes of scaring Tsipy to death. At one point I wasn't sure if Tsipy wasn't going to jump off the boat to get away from it. It was a very big bat, not sure what species. It was about 9 inches or more across and the body was about 6 inches long and very light brown.



*Sunrise over Evia*

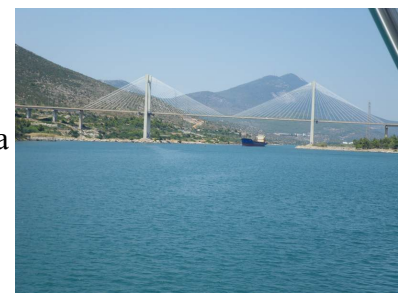
I went down for at least a couple of hours and when I got up, Utz was ready to give up the wheel. He was worried about a



couple of fast ferries that were “going to be crossing very quickly, very dangerous”. He asked me to watch a point of land for the ferry. When he saw me looking at the radar and the AIS, he said to watch “THAT point of land AIS is not always accurate”. I didn't have the heart to tell him the point of land he was pointing at was at about 1 o'clock and the AIS indicated the location of the ferries were abeam of us. You could clearly see the ferries tied up on the port side just where the AIS said they were. So far the AIS system is really accurate. When the data is lost on a ship there is a line through the triangle indicating the last known position. When the triangle is showing, it has information and it is has been very accurate.

As we came up to our anchorage at Khalkis we had to pass under a high, but narrow bridge. There was one tanker tied up near a cement plan and ahead of us was a pilot boat waving for us to go off to one side. We were already on our way to a safe spot as we could see a freighter on AIS about to make a turn for the bridge. Bonnie really understood the value of AIS over radar. She could see the ship turning toward the bridge before it was visible. We could see the ship around the corner before we could see the ship with our eyes. Bonnie approved AIS for the next trip south.

Once we were settled in our anchorage we went by dinghy over to the Khalkis Bridge. It is a low bridge and not overly wide either. Room for a tanker, so lots of space for us. This is another strange bridge for us, it retracts. The bridge opens once a night between 10pm and 4am at slack tide. The current through the bridge reminds me of a mini Reversing Falls in Saint John, NB. Rick was having a great time with the current spinning the dinghy around. On our way back to the boat we had to maneuver around a whirlpool about 12 feet wide and a foot deep in the middle. The currents were wildly confused and reminded me of the falls.



*Awaiting our turn*

A couple of blogs that Rick had read on the Khalkis bridge talked about going down an “unlikely” alley



to find the port police to pay for passage and get the information on the bridge opening. The guide book showed the Port Police on the other side of the bridge. We tied up along the east wall just down from the bridge in front of a bunch of restaurants. We were tied at the feet of a young Greek couple who were very friendly and told us the Port Police were on the other side of the bridge in the white building with the blue trim. Score one for the guide book. We walked over and that Port Police pointed us back across the bridge “up street behind the Internet cafe”, score one for the Internet! We walked up the street and just beyond the Internet Cafe and Online Game place was an alley blocked by a couple of cars and a couple of dumpsters leading to the second Port Police office. We found the place to pay but you have to pay the day of the passage, the office opens from 4 to 8 in the afternoon. You can't pay for tomorrow's passage today. So Rick has to come back into town tomorrow with the ship paperwork.

Another win for the day was stopping at a restaurant for a beer. The first place didn't seem to be the least bit interested in serving us so we went to the next where the waitress was nice and prompt, and on the beer list was a “Schneider Weisse”. Really good beer! And one of Rick's favorite beers.

We were back and all was well on the boat. Shabbat is coming up so we are settling in. Tomorrow, Rick will have to come to the dock but Tsipy will be on the boat for the day. Bonnie and I will get Utz to drop us at the dock and we'll get a ride back with Rick at 4pm.

### **July 13 Toddling around Khalkis**



*Odelia at anchor in the small bay south of Khalkis*

Bonnie and I went ashore and spent several hours walking around Khalkis. We wanted the first part of the day to be the walk up to the fort. It was closer to noon than we wanted but we were a little late getting going. We figured we would walk up to the fort, spend a little while there and then walk down for a snack near the water to get cooled off. We walked, gradually weaving our way up the hill. At one point we stopped a gentleman and asked if he spoke English, he nodded “A little”. When we started to ask about the fort, he put up his hand to stop us, “Castle?” he asked and pointed up the hill, then made a motion to the left and then put his hands together indicating a small path, “Castle.” he said and kept walking. Why else would two VERY OBVIOUS tourists be this far up the hill.

It was already hot, the nice walkway up to the fort was lined with cactus, cypress trees and many other trees. Very pretty, very good at cutting the wind to nothing, and there wasn't much to start with.





*Odelia at anchor*

developed. One of the nice things was that the plaques that talked about the items were made after the items were placed in the museum. So the plaques included pictures of the wall beside you with the display items numbered and those numbered items were referred to in the information on the plaque. Everything was easy to identify and everything had a reason to be there. All in all, very well done. From the museum, we walked down the hill to the Jam Cafe where Rick and I had a beer the day before. I was thinking about a beer but decided on one of Bonnie's



Waffle chopped into individual cups and the cups were filled with a chocolate mousse and sprinkled with icing sugar. Very tasty.

frappe. I had a taste of her's when we were in Corfu and it was great. I don't know what was going on but the top foamy area of the drink tasted the same and was great, but the bottom half was not good at all. If you stirred it up a lot it gradually tasted better but we both thought that they were disappointing. They did bring us a cute little bite, a Belgium

We left the Jam and started walking around the other side of Khalkis. Bonnie didn't quite believe our "unlikely alley" story so I walked her over to the building where we found the port police. We were on the opposite side of the street from where Rick and I were walking and it is true that if we kept walking there was a more obvious entrance. But this is where we went to find the Port Police for dealing with the bridge.

We walked past the alley and toward some of the old buildings that we saw from the boat. We have been hearing the bugle calls for the military base, early in the morning and at sunset. Rick recognized the same ones from his time in the military.

The fort was one of the most well done exhibitions we had ever seen. It was almost empty with only a half dozen other people in the place. We ended up spending a couple hours there looking at the exhibits and taking lots of pictures (over 200). The exhibits spent a lot of time on the history of the architecture, columns and ornamentation from the different periods of Khalkis' history dating back to 500 BC.

We were impressed and if you get a chance to get to Khalkis it is well worth the history lessons on Ionic and Corinthian columns and architecture and why the columns were



*Middle Byzantine animal representations*

tasted the same and was great, but the bottom half was not good at all. If you stirred it up a lot it gradually tasted better but we both thought that they were disappointing. They did bring us a cute little bite, a Belgium



*The "unlikely" alley*



There are lots of old buildings being repaired and some of them don't look like they have had much work done for a while. Words that seem very abstract to us are very real here, the Byzantine era, the Ottoman empire, the Roman Empire. Instead of abstract concepts of time vaguely familiar, they are very real and exist as buildings and objects that you can lay your hands on.

Another thing that we love to see are the flowering trees and vines that snake up the sides of buildings and produced massive explosions of color three and four stories up. We sat down and rested in a little park that had a grape arbor so thick that the occasional spot of light that made it through looked garishly white. Olive trees, rosemary bushes, grape vines, lime trees, and fig trees appear from random places as we walk.

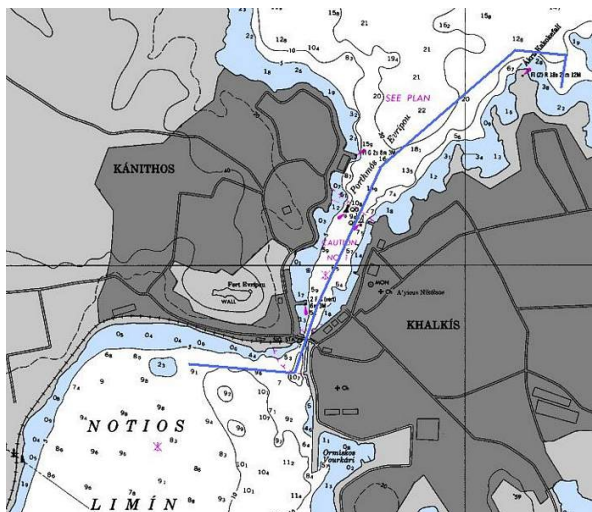
We walked back along the second street from the waterfront and found lots of little shops, supermarkets and hair salons, the cafe's rule the waterfront. We walked along and the little date, time, and temperature sign was reading a few minutes before Rick was supposed to leave the boat and only 32 degrees. We didn't see the dinghy so we walked up to the bridge so we check if the dinghy was still attached to the big boat. It was, so we sat where we could see it and watched the world go by. Bonnie watched the current under the bridge with the whirlpools as well as the colorful people. Fashions are bright here. Just as Rick and Utz were coming to the bridge they were headed off by a 35-40 foot powerboat dragging a huge wake. They followed behind and got caught in the reflection waves from the side of the bridge. Utz looked a little nervous. They were squirted through very quickly.



*Retracted bridge above the man's head with crowd above it*

Utz had his pack with him. He was heading off to Athens to play tourist for a day before heading back to work. Bonnie and I were left guarding his stuff. Bonnie wasn't allowed to go with him to the grocery store "She says no too often" and Rick was off to the port police. By the time Utz got back, Rick and I were on our third beer. It was time to head back and for Utz to go to the train station. We waved to him as we passed under the bridge on our way back to the boat.

The instructions for the bridge were for us to listen to the radio on Channel 12 starting at 9:30pm. They would call 20 minutes prior to the opening. We went up on a short scope on the anchor, turned on the radio and waited. At 11:30pm they called. Southbound boats would go first. The first through was



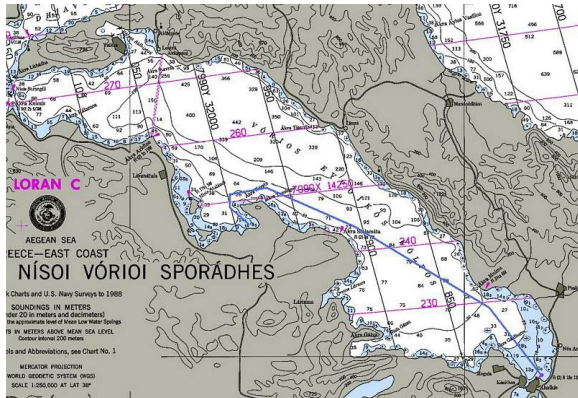
Carpe Diem a good sized sailboat (43), the next through was a freighter. Then a few smaller boats. The first after that was a large motor yacht from the northbound crowd of which we were one. We had heard him call the port police about his agent arranging for him to go through. After that the call came for all the rest of the boats to proceed at safe distances. That instantly turned into a dogs breakfast of 7-8 boats, one of which was us, trying to go for the small space on the seawall in front of the cafes. We were wedged into a bunch that had several sailboats and a power boat in front of us and a pack behind us. We really couldn't get out of the pack or pass the pack, all we could do was sort of fit in. As we passed the bridge we started to



notice the crowds on both sides of the bridge, all taking pictures and having a party watching the boats. We were eye level with most of them. We took a few pictures of the retracted bridge, strange system.

We didn't have any chance at the seawall, and the music from the cafes was so loud I'm not sure we would have wanted to tie up beside it anyway. We did a little loop out of the channel and anchored beside a small lighthouse and went to bed for the night.

## July 14 Under way again

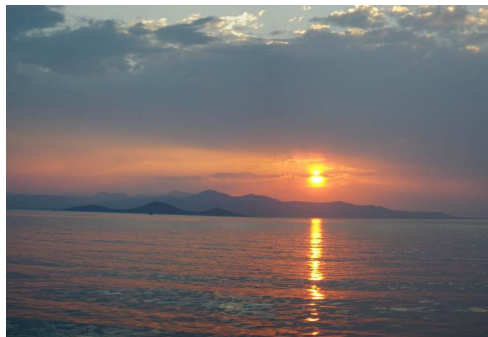


We were all tired and a short day was called for. We did about 25-30 miles up to Atalantis on the east side of mainland Greece. As we were up and underway by 6 am the anchor was down before noon. We all had a nap at one time or another during the hot part of the day. We swung by a sailing catamaran called Swanie, another boat with an American flag. There are a lot of American flagged vessels here and a lot of them are from Delaware. Europeans can use Delaware registered companies as a tax dodge to avoid paying taxes on their boats. As a result there are a lot of American boats that don't have any Americans

on board. Swanie had a tattered American flag which is usually a sign of a Delaware boat, but this one was labeled as San Diego so we went over to say hi. Mike and Swanie are from California and are cruising here. They were having problems with their outboard and were looking for a place to have it fixed. I have the feeling boat maintenance was a check writing procedure for them. They gave us info on where to land the dinghy and we went ashore looking for Internet service, a bakery, and a market, the three staples of any good stop.



We were successful in all three. We checked the weather and the next day looked good for a trip up the Northern Gulf of Kolpos between Evia and mainland Greece. It was here that we figured out that our route was actually becoming a circumnavigation of mainland Greece from Albania on the west side to Turkey on the east. We are looking at heading up to the finger's off the mainland to get out of the meltimis. We were amazed to see the amount of agriculture that is going on in Greece. As we turned the corner on Atalantis, there were lots of houses that were stopped in mid construction, evidence of the economic problems existing here.

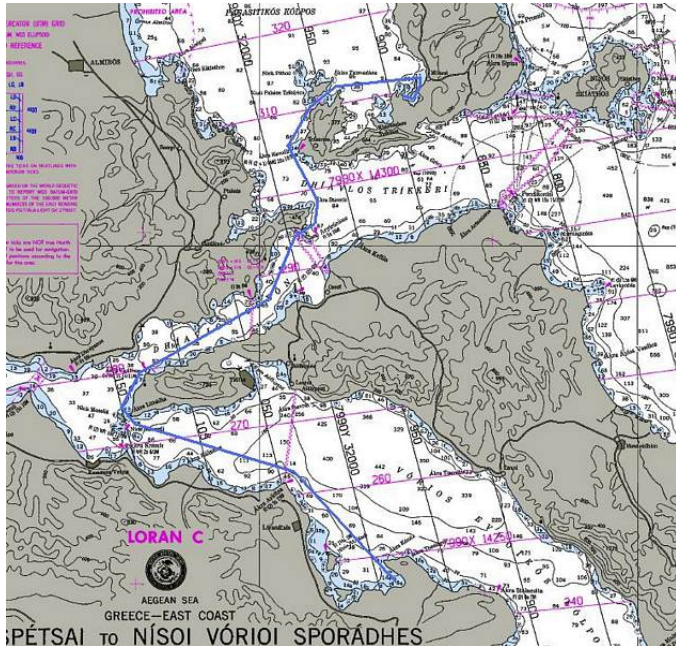


*Sunset on anchor at Atalantis*

Tomorrow would be another longer day. The guide book tells us that our next port is a Sunsail base with space for yachts on non-turnover days. There should be several taverns, fuel by mini-tanker. We only have about 400 gallons on board so Rick is looking for a mini-tanker to get the bulk rate on fuel. That's enough for about 40 hours of travel but he doesn't like to run it that low. We are thinking about a day off so that's a good place for it.

## July 15

We were up for another “crack of dark” trip. We like to be up early and underway before the wind kicks up so just before dawn is not unusual. If we leave early we get in early. Also if we get there early, we could tie up at the dock, arrange for a mini-tanker to refuel, go out to a taverna for supper and go to bed for a nice night on a dock.



### July 15

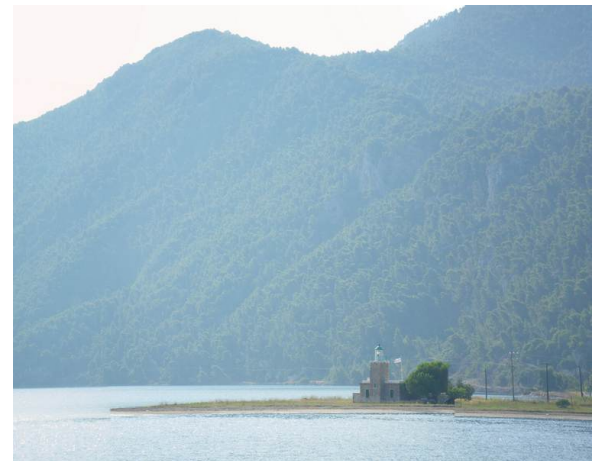
rip it to pieces if the wind kicked up. The one taverna was open but the Sunsail base wasn't really a place where we could tie up for getting fuel by mini-tanker. The anchorage didn't turn out to be the best either, so we looked at the weather and decided to try for Skiathos the next day as our layover day.

We like it when the three weather sites that we check actually agree on what the weather is going to be. So far Meteo.gr has done a much better job for getting the land effects right while Passageweather.com seems to do a



*The Castle Monastery*

better job at getting the open seas right. Poseidon seems to match Passageweather MOST of the time. Meteo.gr had the winds at force 3-4 early



*Cute little lighthouse*

and by 9 am force 5 at the cut between the mainland and Skiathos. Passageweather was showing no winds, period (force 2 hardly counts as wind). We decided that if we got up and it was dead calm we would go with the Passageweather forecast and go at least as far as Skiathos. If the wind at the cut was really dead, we could turn up and run for the fingers (three peninsulas of Greece at the top of the Aegean). If we got up and it was the Meteo forecast then we would try for Skiathos or if the cut was too rough, we could bail

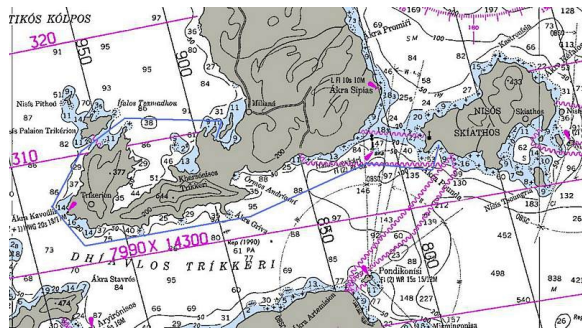
and turn back to one of a couple anchorages we would pass just five or so miles from the cut.

## July 16 Skiathos



When we got up there was no wind. We pulled anchor and were seriously considering a run for the fingers. We got little to no wind until we passed our first bail out anchorage marked by a conspicuous marble quarry near the entrance. The quarry was fascinating, the cuttings and waste from the stone had just been tossed over the side and over the centuries the waste rock covered the whole side of the mountain right down to the sea. It was hard to see the tractors and equipment used to cut the stone, they were tiny among the cuts and folds of the mountain. We could see some equipment with the binoculars.

When we were looking with the binoculars you could actually see the grain in the marble running across the cuts of the stone. The colors of the marble changed as the quarry wound round the mountain. The purest white low near the point, a reddish hue near the peak, light gray bands in the middle. As we passed the quarry the angle of the sunlight changed and the colors changed. It was very interesting to see.



As we passed the quarry we started to see the winds blasting through the cut. By the time we got to our second bailout anchorage it was clear that going on to the fingers was not an option, Skiathos was a question as the wind was piping up. We decided to try it and three miles of force 5 winds (or more), we were safe into the harbour on the western end of Skiathos. This being an island, it was in Bonnie's guide book. Skiathos is known for its beaches. This beach in particular is known as the

third best beach in the world, and the guide book also comments that it can feel like there is also a third of the world's population on the beach too. We tried a couple spots before we found a place that the anchor would bite. The first time we pulled on it and it didn't hold. When we pulled it up, the bowl of the anchor was solidly filled with grass and weeds. We moved to another place that had reasonable water depths (30 feet, not the 65-80 all around) and as we approached we could see a nice sandy patch under us. We coasted forward and dropped into 25 feet of water. We ran out 150 feet of chain and the hook set nicely. Just as we started to back up, Tsipy looked down and she could see the anchor resting on the sandy patch.

We were in early and, being a nice day, the tour boats started to arrive. It wasn't long before I was wondering if the guides were right and there was a third of the world's population on the beach. It

looked very packed from where we were.

We went out to dinner at the Big Bad Wolf Grill and had an excellent meal. We quite enjoyed the walk and the meal, it was home for a glass of wine and bed.



## July 17 Skiathos layover day



*A daytripper leaving with another waiting for the dock space*

The first rain of the trip, thunderstorms too. We were pounded with rain for hours during the night. When we got up Odelia was squeaky clean, washing the boat just can't do what mother nature can do with a few hours of really hard rain. The winds were giving us a lay day so we relaxed and had a quiet day. It was still rainy most of the morning so the day trippers weren't running and with no tourists, the water ski boats, the banana boat rides, the tube rides, and the buzzing jet skis were down to nothing.

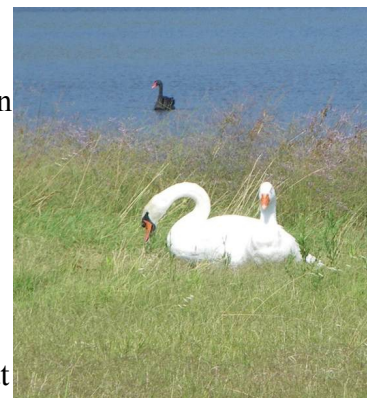
By afternoon the sun was out and the day trippers were arriving. Lots of people but not so many day trippers and not so many boats buzzing Odelia.

We went for a run over to the beach and walked down the little wooden path behind the three and four rows of beach chairs and umbrella stands; 8 Euro a day for two chairs and an umbrella. We walked about half way down the beach and turned into the Koukounaries Nature Preserve. The nature preserve houses all kinds of small animals and birds. We saw white and black swans, peahens, a bunch of different ducks and a butterfly.



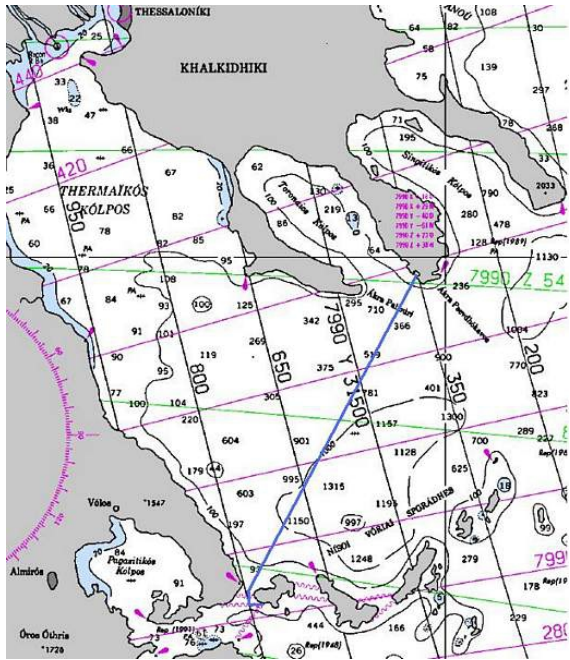
swimsuit, and it was a bikini!

We walked back to the beach, had a beer and did some people watching. There were lots of people, young and old, even if it was a slow day. It was rare to see a swimsuit that was not a bikini. On beaches at home you see lots of one piece suits. There were some very beautiful people and people who really shouldn't have been in a bikini. Bonnie said later of one swimsuit that that was the most material she had ever seen in a



When we got back we removed the chaps from the tender. The chaps were old, the material was shot and every time you stepped on the pontoons the seams gave way. The chaps have been on the dinghy for at least 4 years. The pontoons under the chaps were pretty dirty and the job of the day was to clean the dinghy. Up close you can see that it needs to be done again but it came up pretty good.

## July 18 Dinghy Woes



*52 miles in a straight line and we even missed a freighter*

It started as a beautiful morning and when we checked the weather the wind was falling in the afternoon and we would be able to leave and get in just after dark. We looked again just before lunch and the winds were dying early. "Pick up the dinghy and let's go." That's when the trouble started happening. The first was the davits which are raised and lowered by an electric winch crashed down into the dinghy. The wire rope on the windlass had slipped off of the roller. It had been held by a compression screw and that was done. We put a piece of tape a couple inches up to hold things together, ground off the frayed cable and slipped it back into the slot, did up the compression screw and we were good to go.

Rick went down into the dinghy to attach the davit clips to the dinghy and lift it. Earlier in the trip Utz had noticed that there were stress cracks in the forward mounts so we were wrapping an extra orange strap around the dinghy. Rick was working on that when the boat went by with the water skier. The first forward mount ripped out with the first jerk and the second went with the pass of the next ski boat.

We tried to bring the dinghy up suspended by straps but after three tries we knew we couldn't do it without putting way too much stress on the inflatable pontoons. So if we were going anywhere, we were going to have to go by towing the dinghy. We hooked up a couple of towing bridles and started off. We tried it with a longer tow but with the waves it didn't seem happy, so we shortened it up. That seemed to work better in the chop we had at first but when we turned, the waves changed direction and it was better off with a longer tow again. It was riding pretty good so we let it run.



We watched it pretty closely the whole way across and as the winds dropped the dinghy ran easier. We were pulling into Porto Koufo on the southern tip of the middle finger just as the sun was starting to get low enough to give us good colors.



*Entrance to the bay at the end of the middle finger*

## *July 19 A day to work on the dinghy*



*Sunrise in Porto Koufu*

The first job of the day was to try to round up the parts for repairing the dinghy. We needed fiberglass and we needed new pad eyes. We had epoxy, epoxy fillers, plywood, sandpaper, paint brushes and mixing paraphernalia that we would need. So Rick and I set off to try to find the fiberglass and the new pad eyes. Porto Koufu is a fishing village so the stuff had to be available at a local hardware store. No hardware stores. The gas stations had a bit of hardware stuff but not the stuff we needed. So we split up, Rick was going to try to get a ride to the next town and the girls were off to groceries and I was going to wait for the girls, take them back to the boat and start working on the dinghy repair.



*Gardens in a private home*

The idea was to clean up the holes and make plywood covers for the holes. For the lifting points we would sandwich the existing locker bulkhead with 1/2 inch plywood on each side epoxied to the bulkhead with additional tabbing on each side of the plywood inside and out.

I was getting the girls to check every once in a while for Rick waving from the dock. I looked over as I was working and thought I saw Rick walking along the dock and got Bonnie to check. While she was looking at the dock, I noticed a dinghy approaching and Rick waved at me from the dinghy. He had hitch hiked a trip out to the boat with some Italian couples who were vacationing in the area. The bikinis on the Italian boat had a very small amount of material and accented beautifully!

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*Interesting Iron work*

By the time Rick got back we had the dinghy basically ready for the epoxy work. Now we had to make patterns for the plywood and cut it out. As he was working on drilling the holes for bolting the sandwich together, we noticed that we were moving. So we stopped the dinghy project, picked up the anchor and tried four or five times in four different locations before we finally got the anchor to stick



*Bonnie with her head in the locker*

Earlier Rick had no luck hitch hiking until he got picked up by Panagiotis, a guy vacationing from Germany (he was Greek and has grandparents in the area north of us). Rick invited him and his girlfriend Marieka over to the boat for drinks. It was nice to visit with them. It also kept us from messing with the wet epoxy.

where we had enough room to swing. Every time we anchored we had either no room on boats or on land. The anchoring depth is 30-40 feet in most places and the area with less than 40 feet is small. If you don't have 30-40 feet you have 65 to 95 or worse. We had a big yacht come in while we were trying to anchor and he dropped in about 90 feet of water.

We got anchored and Bonnie worked on the dinghy while Rick and I painted the plywood bits with epoxy.



## **July 20 More Dinghy, and Other, Maintenance**

Today was a maintenance day. The 24 volt system has been bugging Rick for a while, something wasn't right. And today it seemed to be worse than normal, both the battery and the amount it bothered Rick. Bonnie and I were starting to work on the dinghy while Rick went to seriously investigate the problem. Before Bonnie and I could do much, Rick had determined the problem. One of the two BRAND NEW Duracell 8D batteries that form the 24V starting system for the engines was flaky. Sometimes it showed 800 CCA (cold cranking amps) not the 1100 it was supposed to, sometimes it showed 60, sometimes a bad connection.

When Rick and I were in the gas station yesterday looking for boat parts I noticed batteries there. I saw a box and went to investigate to see if it said "fiberglass" but when it said "battery" I dismissed it and went looking for other boxes. When I took Rick to the dock to see if he could find a battery, I really didn't expect him to be back in 20 minutes with a new 8D battery. They had an amazing selection of batteries in the local gas station that I wouldn't expect to see in any store at home. The battery came in two pieces, the black battery and a five gallon jug of acid.

The new battery in two pieces was manageable. Getting the old battery out and over the top of the engine and out of the engine room was, let's be polite and call it an effort. It was a four stage lift. 1) Climb up on top of the cabinet holding the saddle tanks and lift the battery out of the box while sitting on the cabinet; then one person steadies the battery and the other moves to the floor level behind the engine where he steadies it and the other person climbs down. 2) Lift the battery to rest on a safe spot on the engine on the near side to you; one person steadies it and the other moves to straddle the engine safely where he steadies it and the other person moves to straddle the other side of the engine (I was at



*The school ship Encounter anchored behind us*

the front so I had an easier lift point). 3) Lift the battery to the next safe point on top of the engine (Note these engines are a tad bigger than the ones in a one ton truck, nor would they probably fit in a one ton truck). This time we get to move to the floor between the two engines and 4) lift the battery off the engine to the engine room floor. A full 8D battery weighs about 160 pounds.

Putting the new battery in was much easier, I think the battery case empty weighed less than the acid. The acid was a little scary. I would pour from the five gallon jug into a funnel to a plastic container



*Rick's Italian ferry crew*

which Tsipy was holding. Tsipy would put the funnel into the five gallon jug and hand the small container to Rick to pour via funnel into one cell at a time, trying to fill each cell of the battery up evenly. The container we were filling held about 2-3 cups at a time, IT TOOK A WHILE. At the end we had no spills or splashes and everyone was safe.

Back to work at the dinghy. We got the wooden supports in place with through bolts holding it together. We did the covers and epoxy to cover the holes left by the departing pad eyes. After that was the wait, the epoxy was hard enough to work after about 5 1/2 hours. We cut patterns for the fiberglass and then fitted



everything, and adjusted the patterns again. By the time we were done the cutting it was getting dark fast enough that all we could really do was cut the glass roving that Rick had bought. I work better with cloth than the chopped strand roving but it will work fine.

While we were waiting the Italian people that had ferried Rick over from the dock motored by and waved. I was pleased to see them but I think they had bigger bikinis on today.

## July 21

Another day of boat projects, there are always boat things to do. When ever I hear that someone has retired and is bored, I tell them "Buy a boat and you'll never be bored." Maintenance is a constant, when you aren't doing maintenance, you can cruise and enjoy the world. Learn to enjoy the challenge of doing the maintenance and a boat will be a source of constant challenge and enjoyment. The trick is balance, too much maintenance and it becomes work and not enjoyment, too much cruising and not enough maintenance and the boat falls into disrepair and you can't cruise anymore. The trouble is finding balance. Living on a boat makes you more intimate with it's



*Fig tree with Figs!*

quirks and foibles, and I think it is easier to find a balance when you are living on it. Weekending on the boat makes it easier to miss the little problems that can grow if you don't catch them. We have discovered that the Gas Station is THE place to go. Need fuel, "go to the Gas Station"; need paint, "go to the Gas Station"; need sand paper, "go to the Gas Station"; need minutes on the phone, "go to the Gas Station". The gas station has a mini-tanker that can bring fuel to the dock. He will load 1000 litres and come to the dock, Rick suggested closer to 1500 and he nodded. As long as we can get to the dock he can bring the mini-tanker in about 20 minutes. We are anchored not far from the dock. We're pretty sure we can just back toward the dock and put out another 200-250 feet of chain, fuel, let go of the dock and just roll the chain in again. Unfortunately there are two large fishing boats on the face of the dock at the moment.

We walked over to the flat where Panagiotis and Marieka were staying and Tsipy and Bonnie went for a ride with Panagiotis to the



*The color of the water changes from a few inches to 60 feet*



*Olive trees with Olives!*

grocery store while Marieka stayed on the beach. She had been studying 4 hours every morning for her CPA exam and this was her last morning to visit the beach so she was taking advantage. We left her alone and agreed to meet for supper that night. Panagiotis and Tsipy stopped at El Captaine and made a reservation on the way back to the dock. Rick and I did provisioning (2 cases of beer and two bags of ice) and returned to the boat to work on the dinghy and check on the provisions.



*I like the tanbark sails*

The Encounter's dinghy returned with just the contingent of girls, we guessed that they might have taken the boys over to the "third finger". The third finger, Atki Peninsula, is a self governed part of Greece kind of like the Vatican, only less modern. The calendar used is the Julian Calendar (13 days behind the Roman Calendar) and the clock runs on the Byzantine clock with hours of variable length. Females, and smooth faced men are

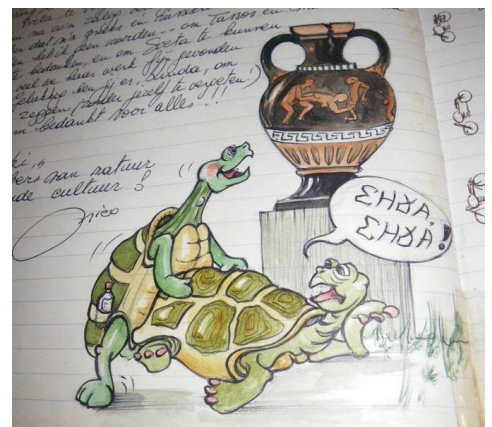


*The girls ready to raise the mainsail*

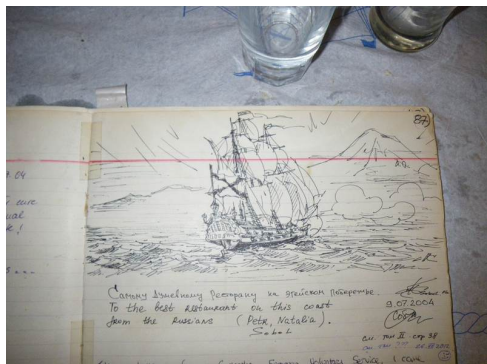
not allowed on the peninsula. Although still officially in place the rules are slightly relaxed now, female animals can be found on the island and men without beards are allowed. There is no electricity and only a few telephones. There are 17 monasteries listed in the guide and warnings to stay at least a mile off from the lower end of the peninsula (where the hermits are) if there are women on board.

We watched the girls work as a team to raise the sails and head out of the harbour. The tanbark sails were pretty on the old schooner.

We walked up to El Captaine Restaurant and Supermarket for supper, and met Panagiotis and Marieka. Tsipy had told "El Captaine" that she was an Israeli so there was an Israeli flag flying near our table. When he found out we were Canadian, out came a Canadian flag. An American flag was prominent near the table as well, Panagiotis is Greek and Marieka is Swiss. An international table to say the least.



We had a good round of appetizers and the cheesesalade and the baked brie were the hits. The calamari was bad enough that I was debating on changing my order from the grilled octopus to something safer but it was supposed to be fresh and not frozen so I tried it again, and it was wonderful. After dinner we had an ouzo and then a home-made chipura. It was supposed to be 55% alcohol but I think it was a lot stronger than that. It was the first drink I've ever had that you never had to swallow, just holding it in your mouth would cause it to vaporize, just don't breathe!



The owner brought out his "Book of Friends", the customer/guest books. There were lots of comments from people from all around the world in many languages and scripts.

There were also plenty of drawings and some of them were very good; two stood out, one was a beautiful sailing ship and the other was a couple of turtles and a vase.

We said goodbye to Panagiotis and Marieka, staggered back to the dinghy and settled for the night.



*Looking at the Books of Friends*

**July 22**



*The beachy part of Toronis*

Another day of dinghy repair for the most part. Bonnie and I walked about 2km to the next town, Toronis. We didn't go all the way to the main part of town but did walk the first part of the beach until we got to the cafe's. We were just going to go in to see if we could get a coffee and a pastry when the door closed, siesta.

We walked back toward the road to Porto Koufo and got a picture of the end of the beach where there is a Byzantine fortification. This is where the campers are. We have noticed a lot of small campers and people with small caravans, what a neat way to tour Greece.



*Campers near the Byzantine Fortificaton*

As we were walking back Bonnie noticed something growing in the ditch. She picked a leaf and tasted it, sage! There are lots of neat stuff to see and taste here.

After we got back we were able to work on the dinghy again. We have been pretty lucky in the sense that we have been able to get two sessions of work on the dinghy per day. Usually once in the morning and if we finish by noon, we can work with newly set (almost hard) epoxy by late afternoon or just before dinner. Rick is pretty happy with the results so far. Today we cut the limber hole and sealed it with fresh epoxy. Tomorrow we should be able to drill the holes for the lifting bolts and paint the inside and outside. If the paint dries as quick as the epoxy we should be able to set the lifting bolts and lift the dinghy for the run to Limnos on Wednesday. All of the models are agreeing that the weather should be 0-5 knots for the 60 mile run.



*Sage in blossom*

## **July 23**

When Rick gets fuel for Odelia, it is not a jerry can operation like on Millennium Odyssey. Odelia comes to a dock and the truck comes to the boat. Even if it is a mini-tanker it's still a lot of fuel.

When Tsipy saw that all the fisherman had left during the night she wanted to get there so she had us up early and we were tied to the dock before the sun rose. Today was the day for fuel and we needed a dock that the mini-tanker could drive on. We were thinking about going back out to anchor after refueling but were told that the



*Colors going into the bay*



*Cute little mini-tanker*

fishermen were gone for a least two days so we could stay.

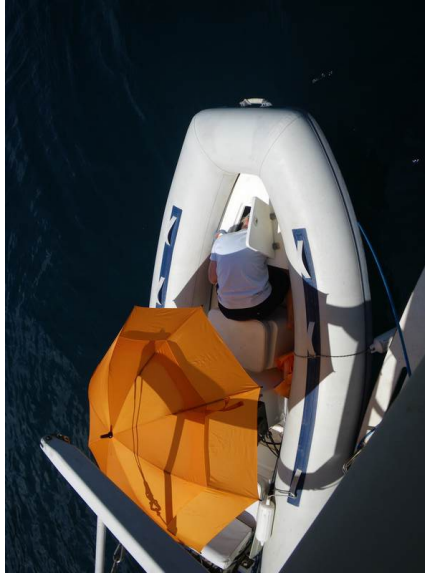
We were on the dock early and there were a lot of little sailboats on the wharf, not so glad to be awake that early. But they were happy to see us when the mini-tanker arrived. There were four sailboats that took on fuel. I think the most any one boat took was 70 litres which doesn't sound like a lot until you have to carry it a kilometer or more.

Rick did the final quality control and painting on the dinghy and we installed the lifting U-bolts. With the sun the way it is here, it was easy to get a second coat on the raw epoxy, both inside and outside the locker. So the epoxy is well protected from the sun. Rick is very pleased with the job and his boat building lessons.

I like it more when we are on anchor, but it is a lot easier to go for a walk when you are tied to a dock. Bonnie and I walked all the way to the end of the bay where the old quarry is. There were a few campers, it looks like a great way to see Greece. Walking along the beach it was easy to see the drop off in the water by the color.



*Working on patterns in the shade*



*Bonnie cleaning*



*Rick sanding and quality control*



*Plastic on everything*



*Wet out the precut pieces*



*Paint to protect the epoxy*



*Nice limber hole cut low*



*Stronger than new*



*Even the pad eyes are Beefy!*

## **July 24 Limnos**

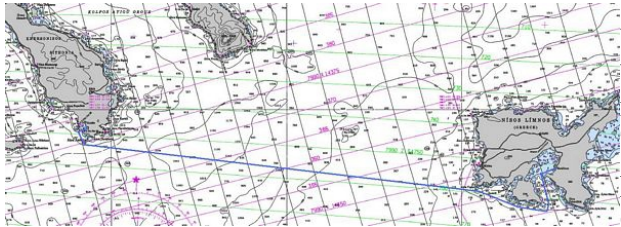


*The third finger peeking over the second finger at sunrise*

With the dinghy bolts in place and bedded with 4200 we were ready to lift the dinghy first thing in the morning. So up she came. We tossed the lines off of the dock and we were gone. It was good to be underway again. It was our longest stop for the trip and we had a big weather window opening at the same time. MILES were to be had.

We left for Limnos with the dinghy on the davits and carried her over in nearly smooth waters. We had several visits by dolphins along the way. We arrived at Moudhros, several miles into a big bay in Limnos. The bay was used to form the convoy that left Limnos to do the raid on Gallipoli during the First World War. The raid was a disaster and over 100,000 people died.

We got a visit from the port police and they wanted us to come by and check in. The check in requires four pages of paperwork, done with carbon paper to make sure they get good copies. Four pages in Rick's transit log and then four pages in their books. Then we had to pay for dockage, 0.5 Euro per METER plus vat and local taxes for a total of 8.87 Euro for the night. From there we went over to a nice vine covered



Taverna to get a beer and Internet service. It was a nice place and we enjoyed the beer on the warm day. Beer is cheaper here than in Porto Koufo, five Euro for two

rather than six.

When we got back Bonnie and I went for a walk and got lost walking around town. We made the tourist booth lady's day, she had two! She was ecstatic when Rick and Tsipy also stopped by later and got brochures, four tourists in one day!

We walked up and found the church to take pictures. We enjoyed getting off the boat and taking pictures. In one of the sidewalks we found both an orange tree and a date palm growing side by side. Tea roses, rosemary, and lots of other plants that Bonnie recognized. We tried to find the way out of town to go the 1 km to the Allied Memorial Cemetery for the people who were killed in Gallipoli, but we failed in our mission. We just couldn't get out of town.



We checked out the fishing supply place for a chain hook with no help there either.

We left the fishing supply and walked random streets downward until we got to the water, we came out not far from the pier where Odelia was tied. We stayed on Odelia while Rick and Tsipy had a walk. Between the two couples of strangers walking around town, it should keep the locals busy talking for days. Many also came down to the dock to check out the visiting boats.

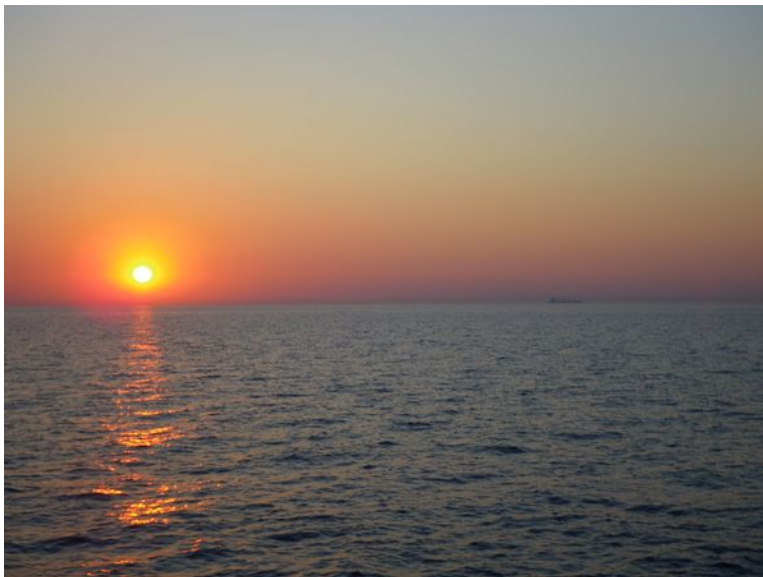
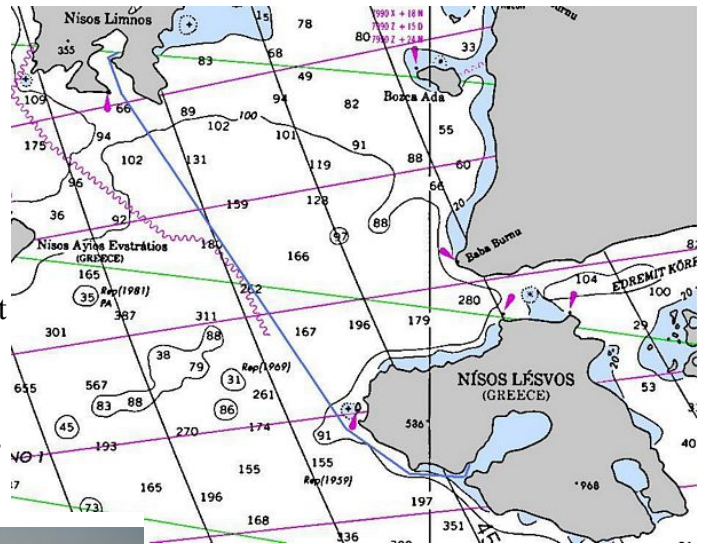


*Fisherman leaving as the sun goes down*

## July 25 Lesvos

Our last long day's travel in Greece, 65 miles if we go to the south end, 83 if we go to the east. We have to leave at 3 am to get into a safe harbour by 3 pm when the wind is supposed to kick up a bit. Sitting here writing this at 4, I'm happy to be in, the wind picked up early, it came closer to 2 pm. We got out of the harbour by just pulling in the lines, a light breeze was blowing us off the dock and it was easy.

We took turns, an hour at a time, Rick and Tsipy, then Bonnie and I watching for fishing gear and



*Sunrise with the freighter on the horizon, one of 13 on AIS*

other boats. There was lots of boats. At one time near dawn, I looked at the display and it showed 13 AIS targets (usually freighters or fishermen, but bigger yachts like Ricks have AIS on occasion) and 12 other targets on the radar. The other targets are usually the small fishing boats that ply the waters around Greece, fishing gear, or smaller yachts. It wasn't the record for the number of AIS targets for the night, that was around 18. One of the nice features is the Closest Point of Approach calculation that the system does. You can move the cursor over and it will tell you the name or identifier of the target; hit "Check" and it tells you about the ship, 600 ft long, 100 ft wide, speed 17 knots, COG 207, tanker, destination Austin, CPA 0.86 of a nautical mile. We play the CPA game on the screen for a while and we never have to actually change course for any of the freighters. We will pass with lots of room. The one that was iffy actually changed course several miles away and headed down on a course parallel to ours and he was long gone.

It was cool and I had my fleece jacket on. Rick and Tsipy had jacket's, long pants, and toques. By the time we got close to Lesvos we were back into shorts and t-shirts and the wind off the land was noticeably warm.

We worked our way into the large bay of Lesvos and settled into what was supposed to be the best anchorage in the bay. It is just a pretty little place. One taverna, no Internet and no bakery. We were going to walk around town but it was like a blast furnace. The temperature when we left the boat was 96



*13 AIS and 12 other targets*



degrees. Rick, Tsipy, and I went for a swim and it was wonderful.



*Cute little Taverna at Ormos Apothekes*

Bonnie and I have been noticing the multitude of great little spots that have tents and campers visiting. Greece would be a great place to go RVing, perhaps another day.

We went out to dinner at the taverna and had a great meal. The food was fresh and Tsipy had the sardines. The bay is know for its sardines and they were very good. While we were there a veggie truck came by with a megaphone announcing its wares.

Tsipy was happy to catch a little shopping in with

the meal. The fresh food came from Crete; melons, herbs, watermelons, lemons, limes and figs.

Got home to a casualty, my sandals came apart getting out of the dinghy. The one that I thought I was going to loose was OK, well still flapping but the sole was attached. The other sole was still in the dinghy and I was part way up the ladder. A goop of 4200 and we will see if it will hold together for the rest of the trip.



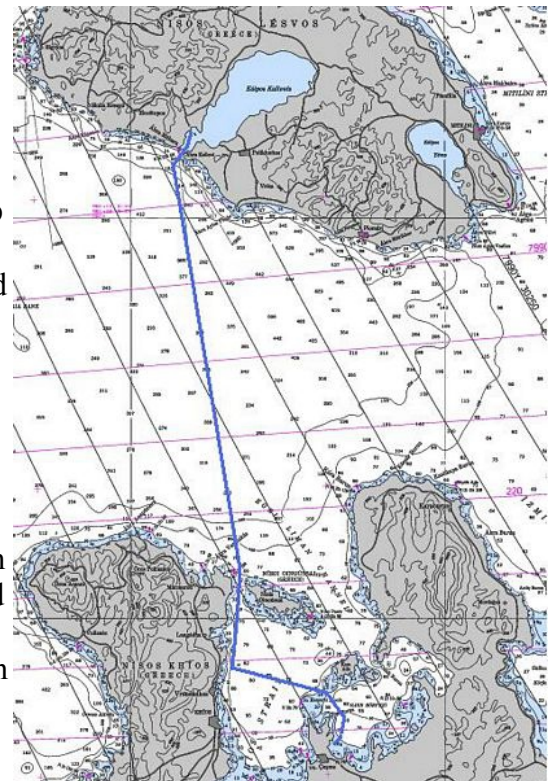
*Tsipy tasting at the veggie truck*

## **July 26 Turkey at last!**



*Coming out of Lesvos watching the small fishing boats in the channel*

With no Internet, we have no weather forecast. We decided that we would go based on yesterday's weather forecast and if was too windy, we would go around to the east end of Lesvos, check out there and get ready for the next good weather day to jump to Turkey. It was another nice day and we headed south.



It was a quiet crossing with the wind picking up slowly behind us. One of the things that a lot of the cruisers do is check into Turkey without checking out of Greece. Not exactly cricket but it allows them to keep both the Greece transit log and the Turkish transit log open so you can move back and forth between the Turkish coast and the islands of Greece. So about half way down Kethos we did a dog leg to Turkey and checked into Turkey at Cesme.



*Bonnie in her favorite spot*

We were planning on anchoring for a couple days and then coming into the marina to get the transit log and officially check in. Once we were in the marina we could arrange our trip to Ismir Airport for our flight to Istanbul and then home. We checked out a couple of anchorages but after being buzzed to death and breaking the dinghy at the last water sports resort bay, the anchorages did not look appealing. It was shabbot starting tonight so Rick decided to go into the marina and settle a little early.

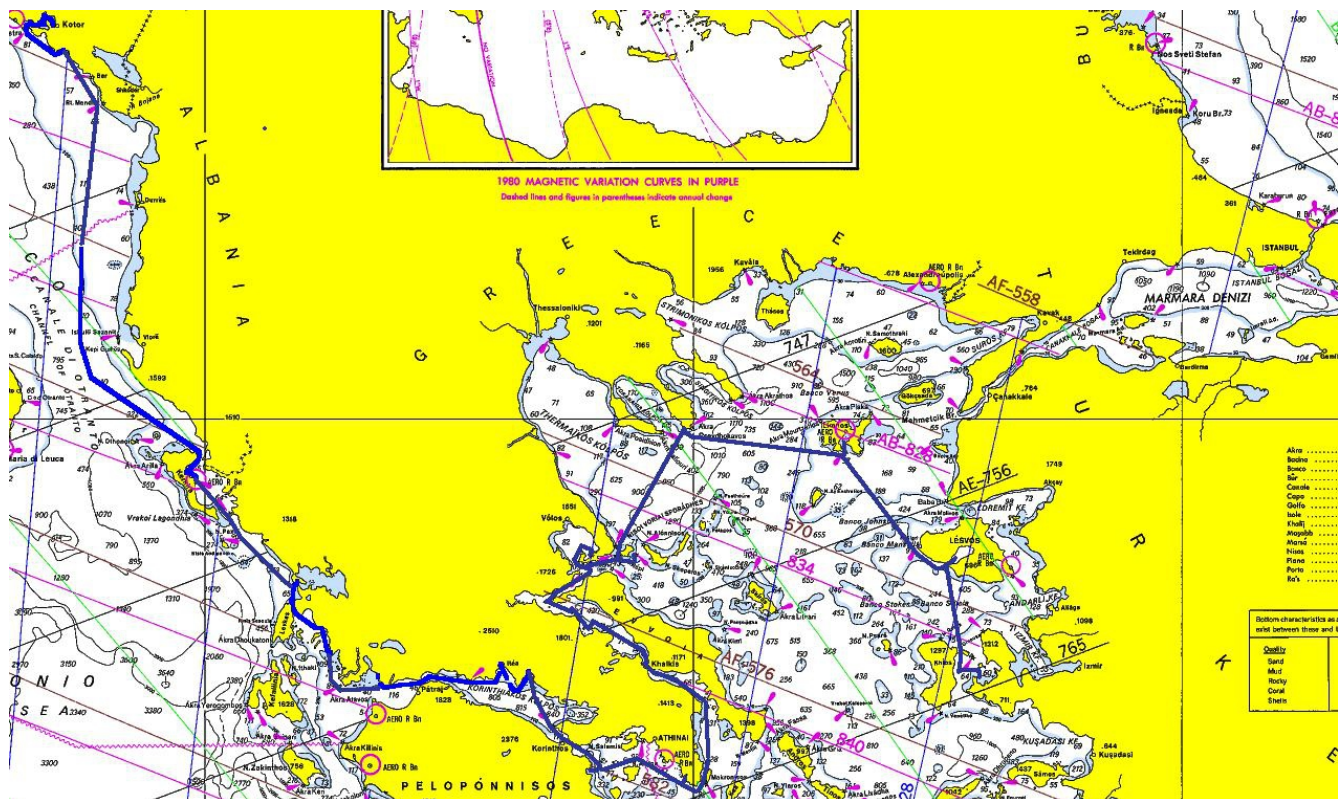


We checked on how to get to the airport and the hour taxi ride for two people was more expensive than the hour flight for two people. Checking with the marina office, they could get one of the hotel shuttles to pick us up a little earlier and get us to the airport for 20 Euro each, not bad at all.

*Our hitchhiker*

So our passage home is all arranged, we are settled in place until we leave, and the trip is almost done for us. We'll get to tour a little around Cesme and relax after the trip around Greece.

We took a long trip to get around the meltemi but we made it to Turkey. We didn't get as far as we wanted to in Turkey but we had an incredible trip. And it's still blowing 35 knots in the Cyclades.



*Our voyage as a single chart.*

## July 27 Cesme



*Setur Marina from the resort hotel*



*Even the dogs get dipped on occasion*

It was a quiet day for us. It was warm at 86 and there were lots of people swimming in the little area just across the breakwater from our stern. The people at the bar just lay out until they get hot, go for a dip and then back to the bar. At night the bar removes all of the beach chairs and brings back the tables and sets it up for dining. Last night



*Mike in the med*

was a reception and they had a piano bar and singer. She was pretty good and we enjoyed the piano solos too.



*Carport in blossom*

We took a walk to get some Turkish money so we could pay Rick back for our visa fees (45 Euro each!) and get a little exercise. Cesme appears to be a very prosperous area and there are a lot of new and very nice homes. Many homeowners put their car in a carport to keep the sun off. Often they put an open structure over it, cover that with a fabric and let the plants grow over it. Grapes were common, so were flowering vines.

We walked back to the marina via the hotel. I got a chance to get a panorama

overlooking the marina and if you look closely

you can see Odelia among the boats on the far right hand side. Walking through the little shopping area was interesting, typical little plaza, swimsuit shops, shops to get snacks as well as liquor and mix, a couple of nice art galleries, a rental car place and a body piercing and tattoo parlor (?).

Tomorrow we will check in at the marina to make sure we have a reservation for the shuttle and maybe take a taxi to the main part of Cesme, we are in the resort area not the real town. There is a nice castle and some things to see. Just after we got into bed we heard the booms of fireworks so we came up and caught the last few minutes of the fireworks.



*I wonder if they make wine*



## July 28



We are relaxing after the long journey. We walked around a bit today and didn't do much else besides people watch, read and play games. Rick and Tsipy went with a local guy who is home for vacation from Florida. He works as a painter in Florida doing commercial painting in Tampa. He took them shopping for groceries.

We walked the docks and got a few ideas for the next boat, one was an interesting table design, 1/3 of a circle that you could fold out to become the full circle.

There are lots of boats for sale, there was only one that was interesting, but it would be a project for life. Pretty boat though, REALLY NICE row-away factor.



*A life time job*



After lunch Bonnie and I went for a walk along the beach over to the water park and then up along the streets to the market (to buy gin) and back to the marina. Along the way Bonnie slipped on the sidewalk and thought "Doggy do" but when she looked it was figs that had fallen from the tree. There were lots of overripe figs all over the ground. There were also really nice flowers along the way.

A 750 ML of Gordon's Gin is 70 Turkish Lira about \$38 Canadian. That's worse than Canada, I thought we had the highest prices for booze anywhere!

## July 29



chain grabber like Rick's, only for my sized chain. There were two sizes that we have seen. one for 10-12 mm chain (3/8 chain) and another for 6-8 mm chain. Rick remembered a third for 8-10 mm chain. I really wanted a 8-10 but settled for a 6-8 at 40 TL which I think was an OK price for a nice chunk of stainless.

One of the things that I always enjoy seeing are the fruit trees for "exotic" fruits that we buy in the grocery stores. It's nice to see stuff growing freely in a place where you visit. Not only is it a connection to home, "We see that in the stores at home", it will also be a permanent connection to our trip, "We saw one of these growing in Turkey when we were there!" Today's find was a pomegranate.

The Cesme Marina is huge marina and the boats are packed in. We saw a sailboat arrive and there were two large inflatables with their noses covered with bumpers acting as tugs to maneuver the sailboat into place. The way they were working him he could have let go of the wheel and just used the throttle and the gearshift. There was a 62 foot sailing Catamaran. It must have been close to 40 feet wide, the biggest cat I'd ever seen.



*Weird blossom*

Today we were going to try for a dolmus (small bus service) into the port of Cesme as opposed to the resort side of the peninsula where we are. This seems to be a resort area for wealthy Turkish people. We walked up to the dolmus stand and got a ride just as we got to the corner. For 5 Turkish Lira a couple, about \$1.25 CDN a person, we got delivered to the marina in Cesme.

What we didn't realize was this was a serious yacht shopping place and I was in search of a



*Pomegranates growing along the street in Cesme*



*A peek inside the fort*

Cesme is not a prosperous place, but the people are friendly and keep their places pretty and neat. There are water fountains scattered here and there that we saw people stop at and fill their water jugs. Most of these fountains are very old, some dating back 600-800 years (with new plumbing!)

We got a dolmus back home. Rick and I played some backgammon and watched the people. We had some of Rick's Cajan food. It's really good and somewhere near the end of our trip we get get a feed of it. We always enjoy it.



## **July 30 Our last real day in Turkey**

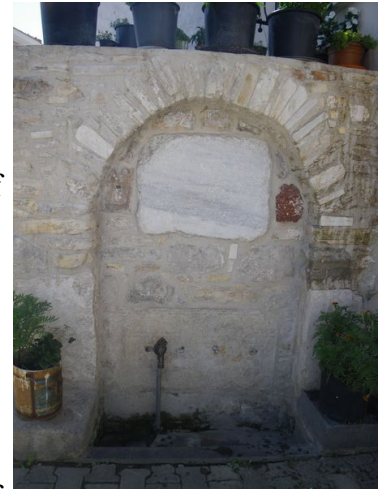
I was going to try to organize a run to Ephesus, the resting place of the Virgin Mary as the last day in Turkey. It is about 200 km from Cesme and it would have been a long day but I think worth it, but Bonnie was not keen. She was looking at the next day being a LONG trip home and wanted a quiet day. So we walked along the beach and then up into the streets, just walking around town. Bonnie and I are less interested in the sports and the "stuff to do" than just walking and watching the people live in their native land. You see rich people, you see poor people, you see the average person. We walk and we see the "odd" thing, something that is normal here and "odd" at home. Pomegranates, figs, limes, oranges, lemons, flowers that are unknown to us and we find beautiful, the locals find common.

A van load of eggs arriving to market with no refrigeration. At home the eggs arrive in a refrigerated

This marina is set up much more for foreign tourists, with ferries, many small hotels, bus stations, lots of marine stores, groceries, bars, restaurants, did I say lots of marine stores! I think Rick was sorry he went to Setur Marina on the other side. He could have come here considering the clearance was done by an agent anyway.

Beside the marina was the castle that we were looking to explore. It was closed on Monday. We stuck our heads in just to see if we could walk around the exterior but were herded away by the security guy.

We walked the streets around the castle and spent some time exploring the town looking at the houses and streets where the local



*Public water fountain, with a white plaque in Arabic that says "say a prayer for ..." dating back to 1200*



truck, stay in a refrigerated cooler and go home to the refrigerator until you eat them up. Once they are refrigerated, you have to keep them cool or they spoil. We had eggs in the Bahamas that we bought practically fresh from the chicken that we never refrigerated, kept them on the counter by the sink so Bonnie would remember to flip over the carton every day. They would last longer and still be fresher than our refrigerated eggs weeks later when we would eat the last egg.



They have all electric scooters which I thought were just the coolest thing. We could use the scooter around home and, for most of our shopping, we would never need to use gasoline at all. I'm going to look into getting one of them at home.

We watched the people at the bar and the swimmers and it is always interesting. Lots of people wear bikinis or speedos that really shouldn't but on the other hand they are more comfortable in them than the people at home would be. Quite frankly the people here probably have a much better, or are less concerned about their, self image than those at home so I guess they are the ones that are better off than we are.



### **July 31 The LONG day home**



We were up early to catch the bus to Ismir Airport and to allow Rick and Tsipy to get underway. It was supposed to be a good day so miles were to be had. We were sad to be leaving them. We had an incredible adventure with them but we were leaving with a bit of disappointment. We didn't get them as far as we wanted, their old stomping grounds was another 4-5 days of travel.



Rick and Tsipy have offered us another journey whenever we are up to the trip. So we will return to the Med. We are never sure when that will be but we will certainly go back. The trip across the pond is pricy for us but we'll start checking the seat sales when our bank account starts inflating again. We can't thank Rick and Tsipy enough for our Greek adventure.