

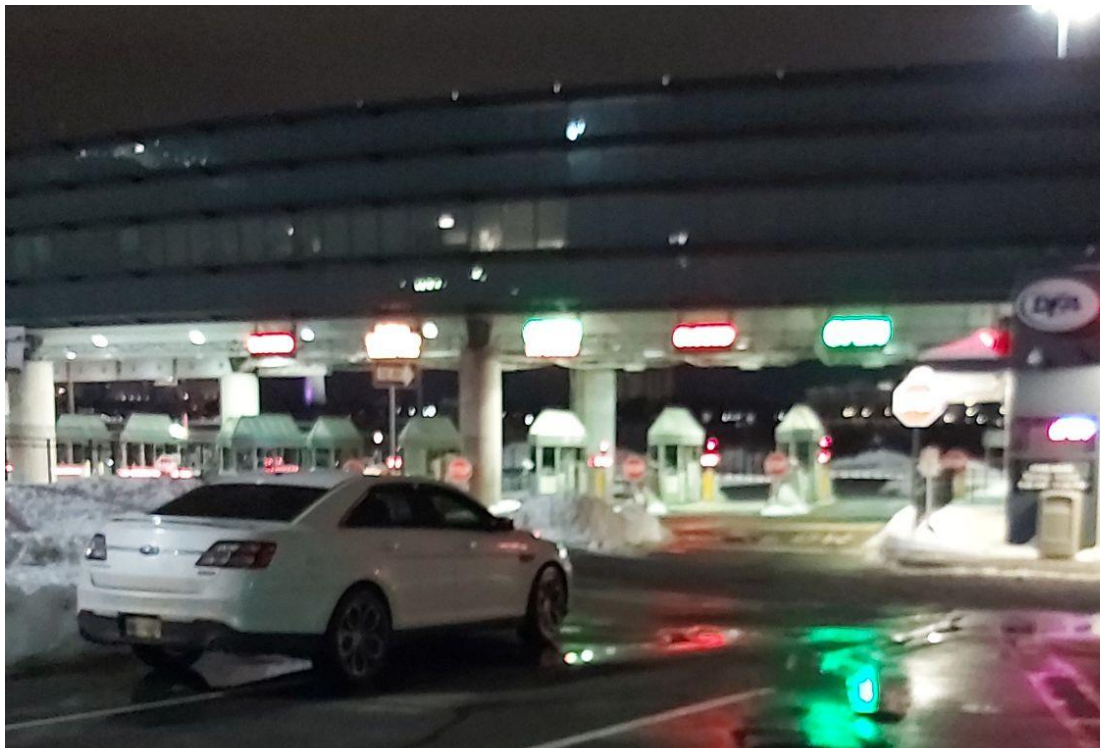
## Filleti's boat delivery on Sea Sikh

### Purchasing

With retirement on the horizon I had been looking at boats and prices for a few years. My grand plan was to retire and get a boat in the Caribbean and slowly take it home to Toronto over a couple of years. While looking at boats I usually did an international search. When I would find one in the Caribbean I would look at how far it is from island to island and see how long each leg would be. I would talk about it with friends, mostly men, to see if there was any interest in joining. For some reason, the women didn't seem to find this idea, good, or, fun. Regardless of the interest I keep looking. The longer you look and talk about it, the more you start to realize what you want.

During Covid, if you wanted to buy a boat, you had to do it fast, like really fast. I would see boats way down the Caribbean near T and T, but going there to look during Covid was not easy, or cheap. Brokers pressure you, saying things like, "I just sold a \$600,000 boat sight unseen, don't worry about anything, just buy it over the phone". This is where I wanted to get one, but not like this.

Anyway, I keep looking every month or so. When the Sea Sikh came up on the search, I got pretty serious. It checked all the boxes, and was only in Georgia. I was able to drive there to see it, in person. I knew if I bought it I would need all my vacation time to bring it home, cause I'm not retired yet (heavy sigh), so I tried to visit it on a weekend.



(empty border crossing during covid and storm. Jan 2022)

Of course the day I drive there it's also during the biggest snow storm of the year that reaches from Toronto to South Carolina, with a minimum 6" of snow the whole way. You know how bad drivers are in Toronto, well imagine good ol'boys driving through Smokey Mountains in 6"-12" of snow, in the dark, with no snow tires on. I've done a lot of driving on snow covered roads in my life, and this drive was the worst. I'm on a timeline to see a broker who is also driving in for about 6 hours, and I don't want to miss him, or spend unnecessary vacation days, so I take Harsha's car with all wheel drive and 4 snows, and put the pedal to the metal. Flying down there, no one passed me (except one Jeep in Virginia). Semi trucks and pickups and cars are spinning out all around me. As I get more tired I start to think that doing this 18 hr drive in one shot will be the end of me. I try to get a room and gas in South Carolina, but hotels are booked or closed, same with gas stations. Town after town were silent under 6" of snow. No one knew how, or could get anywhere in that weather. I couldn't gas up with the automated gas stations cause I didn't have a zip code on my credit card. I convinced a guy, the one guy who was out and about, to pay for my gas and I would give him cash. Americans are nice...at least to me. Once I get gas, I find a room, and settle in with the cockroaches. I have to get up super early to meet the broker 3 states away, but it worked out.

The boat looked good enough. The wind was howling at the dock, so we decided not to do a sea trial, but did everything else you could tie up to a dock. I arranged to have it lifted after I left and we did a Zoom inspection of the underneath stuff. None of these scenarios are ideal, but imagine doing this in St. Lucia during covid.

Last hurdle, convince Harsha this is a good idea. As you can see, as Sea Sikh floats at the dock at the AYC, I can be a hell of a salesman.

The rest of the deal is done remotely, then Harsha and Tom and I go down for the first visit, and sea trial about a month later. Guess what, the second, worse storm of the year follows us all the way down there. We are still pressing since we are trying to save vacation days, and do this on the Family Day weekend. The good thing about Georgia is that even though we go through piles of snow and cold to get there, the weather is good in Georgia. Having a bit more time now, we break out the fine tooth comb and make a list of things we need to do to get this boat home.



(First sail in Feb. 2022)

### Planning

This is not easy. I don't know how fast this thing goes, or what our daily distance should be, or how much fuel it burns, or who can join us, or where we can stop, or what the weather will be, or how much money we need, or what spare parts to bring, or what is enough safety stuff to bring.

I was sure that we were going to do a crew swap every week or so, cause I had enough interested bodies. This is nice, but now there is pressure to be at certain spots at certain times. There is a saying regarding sailing destinations; pick a time or a place, knowing you can't get both.

Instead of the old stand by EPIRB, I decided to get a Garmin InReach. It's a tiny little thing that communicates by satellite. With it I can let friends follow us, or instantly transmit our location to rescue services. Texts can also be sent by satellite (anywhere in the world) so you can



communicate with rescuers. I think it's an upgrade from an EPIRB. I left the internet link so AYC could follow us. Not sure how many did, but you can still see the route here.

<https://us0-share.explore.garmin.com/seasikh>

Just click the "view all tracks" button in the top right and zoom into the Toronto Georgia area to see our drive down and sail home. There is also a test run on the 401 that is visible, and a lake crossing I did in mid April to test it out. Click around for details if you are interested.

### Drive down

We bought the boat in Feb. and then it just sat there in Georgia. On June 23 we finally headed down there with a minivan full of "stuff" and a crew of 6. One of them was the driver who was strictly going to drive us down to Georgia, and then turn around and head home...couldn't have done this delivery without him. Also we used him to do our first provisioning which was multiple carts at Target and the grocery store and the liquor store.



(Crew 1 plus driver (couldn't have done this without him) in Toronto)

The boat was parked bow in at the marina. I had deployed lots of dock lines and fenders on the boat when we were there in the winter, in case any storms passed through. I also removed the dodger and bimini and sails for the same reason. I also closed all the seacocks. When we arrived with the crew we were all interested in unloading the van and starting the preparation. With the walk through transom it would be way easier to do this if the boat was parked stern in. I jumped on board with our van driver (landlubber) to quickly turn the boat around, forgetting about the closed sea cocks. It came to me when we were off the dock and committed to about 5 or 10 minutes of engine running time. Landlubber was unable to figure out how to open the seacock, so I just docked as soon as I could. Impeller busted...welcome to the boat. I had a spare, so that was another thing to do before we shoved off.





(same crew, different location, Georgia)

We had purchased davits and mattresses to be delivered to the boat. Amazingly, both were there. We successfully did a speedy install of the sails, dodger, bimini, impeller, davits and mattress swap in the first 9 hours, while the provisions were getting got. I'm feeling like I have the right crew.

### Sail home

Boat is now ready to go. We head to the fuel dock for our first fill up and last marina payment. The woman taking our money casually mentions that she has a forgotten ladies wallet in the office and the license is from Ontario. Harsha, the only woman with us, insists it's not hers, and we untie. At the same moment another office lady brings it to the dock, just to check. Of course, it's Harsha's. Not sure if this is a good start or bad start.

### June 26, 8:00am - day 1 Brunswick Ga to Creighton Narrows 30 nautical miles

We are underway, motoring. Firsts include: all day sweating on the water in 100+ temps, dolphin sightings (eventually gets boring, yawn...not), 65' bridge clearing (never gets boring, even with a 58' mast), running aground (not my favorite thing). We are stuck hard, in the muck, on an ebbing tide, in a swamp at noon that day. We have another hour and a half for the turn, and enough time to wait it out. Lunch is made, and swims are had. Alligators sighted and swimming ends. 15:45 we are free. The rest of the day is spent being very careful to stay in deep water as we wind through endless turns in the river/ICW. 17:30 we are on the hook. Day 1 completed, successfully? Night 1, not so "successful". The river we are in has a current stronger than the wind (almost no wind at all), so the hatches don't point into the wind, they block the wind. We have no generator or A.C. It's still 100 degrees. Fun.



(first bridge...no problem)

The ICW is too narrow to sail in, there is no wind anyway. We motored all day on our first day. Not knowing that even in the ocean, there is no wind, and by the time we get into Toronto, we will have only sailed 1 time in Virginia for about an hour, and one more time in the ocean for 12 hours. More about that later.

June 27 6:30am - day 2 Creighton Narrows to Hilton Head 55 nautical miles

Raise anchor and gone at 6:30. No more winding through the river, today we head out into the ocean. We've got harnesses, jacklines, life jackets...but no wind. It takes the pressure off our first ocean run on this boat I guess, but it would be nice to sail. We stopped for a dip in the ocean, which was 30 degrees. Unusually hot, even for the locals; they say this is pre hurricane



weather. We dock for the first time at Harbor City around 16:30. We had planned to go to a different Marina nearer to Savanna but we couldn't get under a low bridge; plans changing already. They have power, we have air conditioning, but the AC is not working. Marina staff refer me to a local mechanic who diagnoses the problem over the phone. He says a guy will be over in the morning with a new part. We do tourist stuff on the island during the day, and sweat at night.

#### June 28 - day 3 Hang out in Hilton Head

We meet the AC guy in the morning and he has the part. I swap it out, and it works. He wants \$50 for the diagnosis and part - no problem. Also, I have to listen to him tell me how Kapernick ruined black and white relations in football and the country - conversation seemed to last way too long. Spent the rest of the day touring the island. Didn't see any of Savanna, but lots of Hilton Head. Saw a manatee refreshing itself with some warm outboard discharge. Saw a show by local celebrity Greg Williams. Met a guy who knew the old owners of our boat. It was nice to confirm its history with an unbiased person, instead of taking the broker's word for it. Harsha gets her first hit of AC that night and she's hooked like it's crack. No more anchoring for her, and we all agree.



(manatee drinking outboard discharge at Hilton Head)

#### June 29 - day 4 7:00am Hilton Head to Beaufort SC 36 nautical miles

Gloomy day, but still hot. We motor all day for 10 hours and dock at Dataw Island Marina. Nothing much happens all day. On shore we noticed people driving around in golf carts. First



I've seen of this, but apparently you can drive them on city streets with no insurance, while drinking. They are very popular. People sup them up.



(my first glance at fancy golf carts)



June 30 - day 5 6:00am Dataw to Charleston 39 nautical miles

Still no wind, and we motor the whole way in the ICW for 7.5hrs. Docked at Charleston City Marina, on the Megadock. Our Boat's 40ft long, and we were the tiny boat on the dock. Each slip had its own fuel pump, and the totals on the display were large. Do tourist stuff. Storm is coming in. We discover it's tropical storm Colin, and the boat gets rocked, at the dock with 35-45kt wind sustained. We decide to stay an extra night.



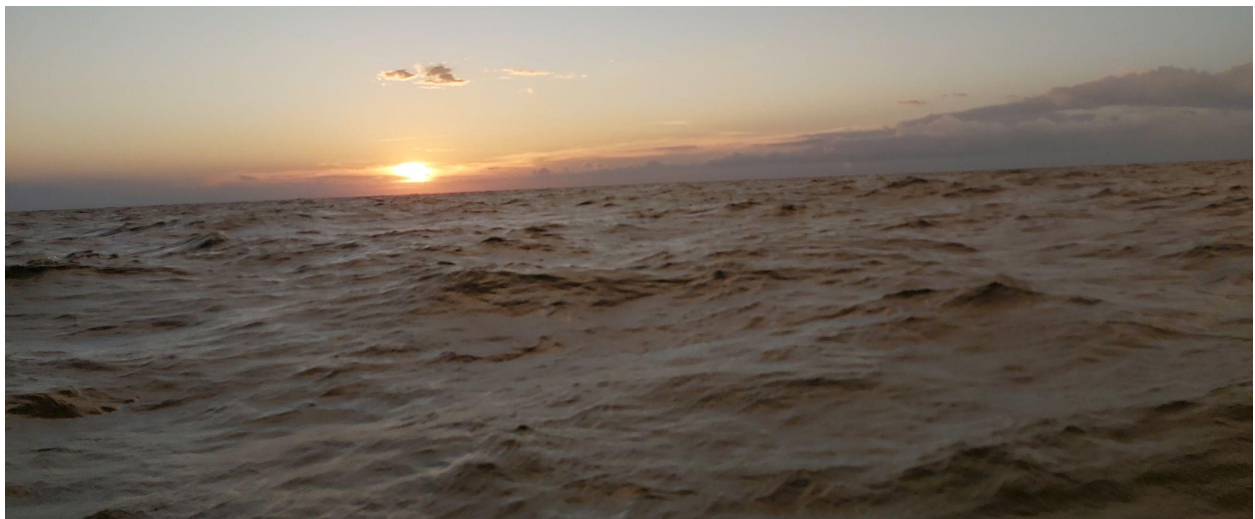
(Charleston carriage ride)

### July 1 - day 6 Hang out in Charleston

More rain. Tomorrow we start a 48hr ocean leg, so we do prep for that. More tourist stuff. A neighbour says we should get a custom forecast for tomorrow. I pay for advice from a pro. It's like don't go past this longitude, stay on this course, leave at this time...\$40

### Jul 2 - day 7 13:30 Charleston to nevermind 71 nautical miles

We leave after lunch as instructed by the forecaster. Finally we have wind. We sail Wind is about 8kts on a run. The boat actually can sail. It feels good. That storm has passed by us, but we can see it in front of us. The water is still 30 degrees so we do another ocean swim, but the waves are up, and the kids puke while the boat bobs. We decide it's best to keep moving. As it gets later the wind keeps building. The boat is doing about 8-9kts for most of the day, it seems that we are catching the storm that passed us. I hear radio calls of bad weather ahead, in the area we were told to sail to. I text the guy with our InReach to ask if the forecast had changed. "Yes" was the extent of his response. At around 23:30, with lightning and rain all around us, but not on us, we decide to abandon the 48hr crossing and duck into shore. A huge wave came out of the dark and filled the cockpit to seal this decision. The motor was in reverse the whole time we sailed cause that's how I used to sail with my folding prop. That's not what you do on a fixed prop, and we couldn't get it in neutral to start the engine. After several failed attempts we just started it in gear, and everything worked. We were entering a channel that had loads of lit red and greens to bring us into shore. They are confusing in the dark. Thank God for GPS and chartplotters. We safely get to calm water, but we can't see anything cause it's so dark from the storm. Again, more lights, but these are yellow and the AIS keeps going off. Not sure what is going on exactly. When we finally decide it's a good place to anchor for the night it's about 2:00am. We realize we are way behind our schedule now, and the crew have to get off the boat in a few days, and new crew have to meet us by air. The crew is knackered, but we make the decision to get up early and do long days to make up the lost time in the ICW.



(before things get a bit nuts)



July 3 - day 8 7:45am Georgetown SC - Holden Beach NC 72 nautical miles

In the morning we discover we are in the middle of some sort of on water construction site. All the yellow lights were marking big floating pipes and barges. The AIS was an anchored boat. We wanted to leave earlier but just couldn't cause we were so tired. A day of uneventful ICW and motoring are ahead of us.

In Holden Beach we plan to stay on the wall run by the "city". We text to try and reserve a spot. The person I'm texting says it shouldn't be a problem, and just call 911 when we tie up. Then someone will bring us a key to the washroom. I thought it was a joke, and replied as so in the text. So she calls me to confirm that you call 911 when you arrive. She says it's a holiday and most of the 9 city staff are away on vacation, so the dispatcher will take care of us. We get there at 20:45 on a holiday weekend and there is some liveliness. We went to a bar, and heard a band. However at 21:00 everything closes. All these small towns love to close up around 6 or 7 at night. At least this place was open till 9.



(typical ICW signage)

July 4 - day 9 6:25am Holden Beach - New River 64 nautical miles

The ICW is filled with boats. It's the 4th of July. Trump flags everywhere. Even a LGBT flag, which obviously stands for Liberty, Guns, Beer, Trump. Who knew? We run aground again, on an ebbing tide again. We don't have time to wait this one out, so we call our BoatUS insurance. We paid \$100 for this towing insurance when we bought the boat but have yet to use it. After calling, we were floating again in 40 minutes, amazing. When we finally get to New River we stay at Sneeds Ferry, or at least we try to. Run aground again, about 3 feet from the dock. They find a way to wedge us in there. Only one restaurant, but it's far, so they call the owner to see if he can pick us up, but he's busy in the shower. A lot of info. He comes by soon and brings us there. It's good fresh fish, and he even drives us back, no charge of course. This guy

is rich. He owns the whole place, marinas, fishing boats, restaurants, but he looks and talks like Boomhauer.



(typical gas pump signage)

July 5 - day 10 7:00am New River - Beaufort NC 37 nautical miles

This is a short motoring day so we can do some relaxing in Beaufort. We did a bunch of long days to try and get back on schedule, so while in Beaufort we rent jetskis and eat at a nice place. On the way there we meet a sailboat, first one I think, but he has a 67' mast and he's just waiting in the ICW for the tide to turn so he can get under a bridge...too bad for them. We also pass some old burned out army vehicles where they do training. You can tell we are getting close to Norfolk. Beaufort has lots of huge Viking fishing boats, including one owned by Micheal Jordan...we are told.



(military junk)



July 6 - day 11 6:00am Beaufort - Belhaven 59 nautical miles

Nothing happens all day, just a grind to Belhaven. The marina there is supposed to have enough water for us, but we run aground again as we are just a few feet away from the dock. The owner comes to guide us in, and somehow we are tied up. There isn't enough power to run the air conditioning. This place is off to a bad start, but it gets better by the minute. It's a small place in a small town. There are lots of games for us to play at the marina (boche and darts...) and the owner takes us by golf cart into "town". We eat at the Mexican restaurant, and it's amazing. When we get back, the AC power is up enough to run our air conditioning. Harshas meltdown is averted. Even though I haven't been reporting the temperature for each day, know that everyday is over 100, all day and night. The owner tells us it's possible to do a long day tomorrow so we can complete 2 legs, and put us back on schedule. Alright then.



(massive mexican meal)

July 7 - day 12 5:30am Belhaven to Coinjock - 72 nautical miles

Nothing happens all day, again. We manage a bit of motor sailing and get the boat speed up to 8 knots. A big powerboat passes us on the way, and the transom says he's from Toronto. When we get to Coinjock, he's tied up at the dock. It's a little place in the middle of nowhere, but there is a restaurant at the marina and it's packed. Great steaks, the waiter almost forces us to order them, but they were good. After dinner we meet the folks from Toronto. This is a major boat, millions for sure. They just got it new from Florida and are delivering it to their dock in Cape Cod. They won't bring it to Canada so they avoid paying the tax, and will just fly to it, when they want to go boating...rich people. Tom makes a woodworking buddy in the marina office and they argue about best wood finishes. They have a really well stocked shop and I find a hard to get filter there, amazing.



(middle of nowhere)

July 8 - day 13 6:00am Coinjock to Norfolk - 40 nautical miles

Our arrival to a big city. We go through our first lock, and it was easy, not like the rest we will go through in NY. As we near Norfolk we start sharing the water with a variety of large and weird boats and barges. One of the first military boats we see is an aircraft carrier. Amazing, but then, another aircraft carrier, and another. We dock right downtown. Nice location, but nothing for facilities. Our crew Marc and Bennett leave us. We wait for the next crew to join us. Tonight we eat at a fancy restaurant for our anniversary. Take an uber and the driver is a gay trump supporter. Who isn't. We did a tour of the battleship Wisconsin (one of the largest floating battleships in the world) in the harbour.



July 9 - day 14 Norfolk

Do some boat repairs and find a place that sells the biggest pizzas I've ever seen. You have to angle the boxes to get them out of the front door. God bless america. Jeff and Sandra arrive that night, and we prep for the ocean crossing. Jeff convinces me to do some more sight seeing tomorrow morning and do a short day to Virginia Beach, making our ocean crossing more manageable. Sounded like a good idea...

July 10 - day 15 13:30 Norfolk to Virginia Beach - 21 nautical miles

Bad weather day as we peek out of shelter to the ocean. 20-25knots on the nose, lots of rain, big waves. Our little 21 mile jaunt was not easy. On our way out of Norfolk we pass 4 military gun boats and they tell us to keep out of the marked channel. Why? A sub is right behind us and taking the channel. The escort and sub are going exactly where we are going and it was a little freaky. What else is down there? We have the dingy on the davits and the davits are not well supported. The davits are ripping out of the transom, and I do my best to secure everything



with ropes while being tossed underway. We finally get to Virginia Beach and there are even more weird military boats, and Cobbs Marina. The worst marina we have been to so far. There was a decent restaurant about 10 min walk away, but everything at the marina was pretty nasty.



(sub passes us; gun boat in the spray behind it)

July 11 - day 16 13:00 Virginia Beach to Cape May NJ - 148 nautical miles

Second try at an ocean crossing. We plan to leave at noon so that we arrive at Cape May around noon instead of in the dark. Make all our preparation good and head out. Windless, waveless, clear skies. We motor the whole way on a mill pond. AIS works, and warns us of 4 collision courses we are on. Lots of big boat traffic. Out of the warm gulf stream we are now in the water that comes from the north, and the ocean has finally dropped from 30 degrees to 23 degrees. Manage to get a swim in; getting more like the water I'm used to. Crystal clear too. I have all these complicated shifts planned so that we don't get bored with the same person, but Jeff vetoes it all and makes us do one shift each. Somehow I manage.



(typical ocean leg?)



### July 12 - day 17 Cape May

We arrived here at noon, wiped out. Naps taken by all. Jeff and Sandra went for a walk and found the tourist part of Cape May; no cars, just walking paths with loads of shoppes. We join later for dinner and walked the Jersey Shore. Cape May is so nice, who knew. Our Marina is also very very nice. You can tell we are nearing civilization.



(Jersey shore)

### July 13 - day 18 12:00 Cape May to NYC - 130 nautical miles

Third and last ocean crossing. We plan to leave at noon so we arrive in NYC in the morning. I bring a pizza for the crossing, what a good idea, I highly recommend it for an overnight. Once again, windless, waveless, clear skies. We just motor the whole way on the mill pond. For some reason we realize we are running ahead of schedule and will be in NYC too early, so we pull over at Atlantic City and grab dinner. There is a huge Jimmy Johnson fishing derby going on and we can't find a place anywhere to dock. With the dingy on the deck, and unable to anchor, we make a deal with a restaurant to let us tie up to the fuel dock as long as we eat and drink alot...no problem. Can't leave to see the boardwalk though. We are back underway after eating and make our arrival in the morning. Lots of fog and traffic through the night. AIS was very helpful again.



### July 14 - day 19 arrive at NYC

We arrive in the morning and take pics in front of the S.O.L. then dock just across from Manhattan in Jersey City. Big place, expensive place, great facilities. We have to take the ferry to get to Manhattan, and we do. Al and Josh are there to meet us. Jeff and Sandra take off and begin their NYC vacation. We all eat together at a Korean place (we aren't in the south anymore) and walk down to Times Square. Jeff gets roped into a street performance, then me, and the women empty their wallets to these guys. Then they empty our wallets. It's like a friendly NYC mugging. Empire State building is \$77usd p/p, and we have all seen it except for the kids, so Harsha sends them on their own to see it. Wow.



(view from ESB)



(SOL)

July 15 - day 20 10:00am NYC to Croton on the Hudson - 35 nautical miles

We do another tour of S.O.L. with Josh and Al then head up the river. There is lots of trash in the water. First pollution we've seen since we got on the boat. The view of Manhattan from the water is amazing. It slowly turns to forest and we head for Ossining to dock. They are under construction and have no power. No AC is a hard NO from Harsha, so we head north to the next place. Halfmoon Bay takes us for the night but again, we run aground on the way into the slip. The tide won't be high enough for us to get out of the slip till 10 in the morning...so be it. We eat at a Greek restaurant within walking distance from the marina. On the way home we go to a concert with live music in the park. We have found civilization.

July 16 - day 21 10:30am Croton on the Hudson to Poughkeepsie - 33 nautical miles

Heading upstream now, but we are going fast enough by riding the tide. Nothing happens. We stay at Shadows Marina which is part of a convention centre. Very nice docks, nice building, but we aren't allowed into the building. For boaters, we get a trailer / porta potty. Very weird, but the dock master is very nice, so it's all forgiven. Tom catches his first slimy catfish. We are still in civilization, so we go Go Karting. After karting we eat at the Olive Garden. Almost stay too late, and literally catch the last ride home at 10

July 17 - day 22 10:00am Poughkeepsie to Catskill - 32 nautical miles

On the way there we see another sailboat going our way. I hail them on the radio and get to talking. He recommends we have the mast unstepped for us, instead of doing it ourselves. Harsha agrees, so we end up going to Riverview to have the work done. We also hear from the Vitalis' and meet them there. There is now the 3 of us there all hoping to get the mast down and cradles made so we can carry on asap. Tom catches another catfish, 1 foot long, but there are



brochures everywhere saying NOT to eat the fish. We walk to town and get the last piece of food before it all closes down...it's 7:00. Civilization is giving way to upstate NY...

July 18 - day 23 15:00 Catskill to New Baltimore - 16 nautical miles

We wake to rain, the marina doesn't want to demast till the weather gets better. We are 3rd of the 3 boats on the list to get dismasted, so we take our time making a cradle. We are finally ready to go at 3pm, so we decide to head up the river a bit to make a bit of way. What a good idea. We stay at Shady Harbour in Cocksackie. Nice marina, but they are closed when we arrive. I manage to talk to a staff who is going home and he connects me with the owner. The owner reopens the store and we buy lots of stuff, then he just gives us the keys to a courtesy car so we can get dinner; no paperwork required, Americans are nice. Cocks roam free at the marina, obviously, we are in Cocksackie.



(cocks at the marina)



July 19 - day 24 6:00am New Baltimore to Schenectady in Mowhawk River - 36 nautical miles

Big day, last crew change, and we start up the canal with the mast on deck, as we go through lots of locks. We meet with the Vitalis' again in the locks. In one of the locks I click the boat in gear and the transmission makes a horrible noise. I dive down to see what is going on as we are rising up the lock. I see 4 bolts and 4 nuts around the prop shaft flange. All the bolts came out, one broke. I hand tightened 3 bolts and limped out of the lock. I was able to tighten the remaining 3 bolts and measure them. I called Duncan and Elizabeth, who are enroute to meet us for the crew change, and asked them to get replacement bolts at the hardware store. We dock at a just built marina (Mowhawk Harbour) and run aground in the entrance. The marina was very new and clean, but had no showers and only fancy porta potties. We meet Duncan and Elizabeth who didn't get us the bolts. We use their truck to provision and get the bolts. We explicitly tell them, no glass bottles, and no red wine on the boat. Duncan gets the biggest glass jug of red wine. What a surprise. Al drives their truck home, and leaves Josh with us. Tom orders the biggest mac and cheese for dinner that I have ever seen. It took 3 attempts to eat it. God bless America.



(Vitalis' hot on our tails)

July 20 - day 25 6:30am Schenectady to St.Johnsville - 40 nautical miles

We are going up and down lots of locks now, so our daily distances are less. We dock at St. Johnsville and the dockmaster tells us there is only one place in town to eat. The Vitalis are with us now. We all go to Cosmos Beer and Wine Grill. They have no food at all, and are out of wine. They said we should order food from the gas station (which wasn't as bad as it sounds), and we could bring our own booze from the boat...so we did. We didn't spend a nickel at Cosmos, but they let us use their tables and chairs. The kids played pool. They were closed at 7.

July 21 - day 25 8:00am St. Johnsville to Utica - 31 nautical miles

The Vitalis' want to do long days and get home, but we are in less of a hurry so we split up. We are in a tiny canal now and run aground once. There aren't many places to stop or provision anymore. We plan to tie up to a restaurant on the canal, but when we get there there is no room for us. We decide to at least get an ice cream there and tie up to a temporary dock that is under construction. We run aground again. We send the kids in the dingy to shore (5' away) to get us ice cream. After we are done we can't get free, and need some big boys at the restaurant to drag the boat forward with the dock lines, and the kids pulled with the dingy. It eventually works, and we head up the canal with no destination. We end up tying up to a wall at a lock 20. No power, but it's 18 degrees at night now, so Harsha approves of her first night with no AC. We take an uber to town and eat Japanese food. Although it looks like we are in the middle of no where, I guess it's not too bad.

July 22 - day 26 6:00am Utica to Brewerton - 40 nautical miles

I take a transom shower in the nude at 5a.m. thinking no one will see, but there are people at the lock just roaming around at 5 in the morning...too bad for them I guess. Long day with locks and a lake crossing of Oneida. We get to Brewerton at 13:00 and meet some loopers at the marina. I share the courtesy car with them to do laundry. She tells me about this looper lifestyle...amazing. She was selling her house in Arizona while we were doing laundry in upstate NY, no big whoop. Found out there was a dirt track race that night in Brewerton. We went. It was amazing. The cars Spewed dust all over the bleachers, so everybody ended up eating nachos infused with dirt. Harsha hated it; she left after ten minutes, but we stayed to the end.

July 23 - day 27 9:30am Brewerton to Oswego - 25 nautical miles

Lots of locks; we start taking them down to lake Ontario, instead of up, as we have been doing. We are getting close. We get there and meet the Vitalis'; it's Saturday. They got there on Friday, but couldn't get the mast on, and now they are closed till Monday. Bad planning. There is another car race at Oswego at 5. We thought we could get a cab or uber or something but there is only one cab in town, and the driver is sick, and there is no uber. We are stuck on the boat. Me and Duncan have drinks in the cockpit, everyone else goes to the movies. Duncan and I haven't moved 1mm by the time they are back. A good night.



(if you are thinking of reusing an old mast cradle, here is what you are dealing with)

July 24 - day 28 Oswego

Just waiting for the day to pass, so Monday will arrive and we can get the mast put on. We eat at a nearby restaurant and Duncan sends his wine back. Says it the first time in his life he has done so. The owner comes out to say we got the wrong wine, and right wine will be by shortly. It takes forever, and is still the wrong one. On the 3rd try they figure out how to read the label. I think people don't drink much wine in Oswego. We provision by walking to the store since the cab driver is still sick. We see lots of fishing charter boats coming back to dock, filled with big lake Ontario fish...who knew.



### July 25 - day 29 Oswego

We are second in line to get our mast stepped. Adam is first. The wind is howling 20 knots on the nose. He quickly steps rigs and heads out; he is in a hurry to get back. He is back at the dock in 15 minutes. We both decide to wait till tomorrow. Another day rotting in Oswego.



(still smiling after all these days)

### July 26 - day 30 6:30am Oswego to Rochester - 50 nautical miles

We head out with the wind blowing 20 knots on the nose and just motor through. The day is too long to waste time beating. Also, Jeff (from crew #2) is coincidentally going to be in Rochester and we want to meet for dinner. I recheck the shrouds after we get there, and they are all loose. I gotta get a Loos gauge. We stay at the old high speed ferry terminal, nice. I put on socks and a jacket for the first time in a month. Everyone is getting antsy to get home. The run to Toronto from Rochester is a long day but everyone is okay with it, so we plan for it.

### July 27 - day 31 5:00am Rochester to Toronto - 85 nautical miles

The earliest we got up this whole trip. Finally we have a bit of decent wind. We raise the sails and make way at 5 knots. Doesn't last, and we are back on the motor in an hour. Chumik has been tracking us, and was waiting for us at the dock at the AYC. He gives us a horn blast to welcome us at 16:50. I call customs and the run around begins. We are told to keep everyone at the boat, and wait. No one comes, so Duncan and Elizabeth go home. Then they call back, say to make sure we are all on board. I call D and E to get back soon. Before they arrive,

customs calls again to say I have to go in person to Billy Bishop and everyone can go home. D and E turn around and head home again. I'm told to pay the tax right there, but I don't have enough room on my credit cards. No problem they say, sort it out and be back here tomorrow. No search or questions. What I could have brought home...

Map

<https://us0-share.explore.garmin.com/seasikh>

Facts

Total days from Georgia to AYC - 31

Total hours coming home - 243

Total KM to get home 2389, total nautical miles 1290

Marina fees and diesel - \$6,910 cad

Fooling around money - \$1,782 cad

Eating out, provisions, booze (we paid for all the crew expenses, except travel to the boat) - \$12,809 cad

Total delivery costs - \$21,501

Last entry. Just pulled the boat for the winter, and realized that the draft is 6.5'. I bought the boat while it was in the water, and was told it had a 5' draft. I'm starting to realize why we ran aground so much on the way home. What will be the next surprise

CREW - #1 (Bennett, Marc, Harsha, Tom, Matt)



John - driver



Bennett



Marc





Tom



Harsha

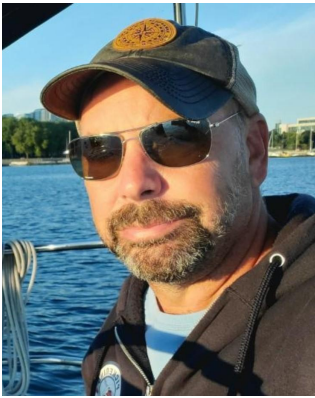


Matt

CREW - #2 (Sandra, Jeff, Harsha, Tom, Matt)



Sandra



Jeff

Crew - #3 (Al, Josh, Harsha, Tom, Matt)



Al



Josh



Crew - #4 (Elizabeth, Duncan, Josh, Harsha, Tom, Matt)



Elizabeth



Duncan