

There was almost no wind for the first 3 hours and typical of the times we had no motor; we made little progress, perhaps a knot but not much more. Eventually the wind did pick up and by early afternoon we were exiting the Ambrakian gulf and going into the gulf Actium. A bit over 2,000 years ago this was the site of an historic sea battle that influenced our civilization to this day. The forces of Anthony and Cleopatra faced those of Octavian. The prize to the winner was the entire Roman Empire and Egypt. Octavian won and the rest, as they say, is history.



A bit of chop forming as we head for Lefkas

found a loop hole by building a floating bridge and registering it as a boat, piloted by a licensed captain. It is fixed on one end on a piling and with the help of thrusters it can swing away from the shore to open up a passage for boats or swing the other way closing the gap and becoming a “bridge” with cars driving up one “gangplank” and down the other. The channel was in use by the Romans and though it silted up in medieval times, the Venetians dredged it and fortified the north entrance with two castles and another one on the south.

The channel is narrow with shoals on both sides so buoys mark the channel. They are however, colored the opposite compared to those in the U.S. So it is “Red right exiting”. Mick seemed to like the buoys based on the number of pictures he took. The wind was picking up from the NW and the seas were a bit choppy but we sailed south on a broad reach for the dredged channel that separates the Island of Lefkas from the mainland. In Greece the islands get tax breaks. So by definition you live on an island if it is not attached to the mainland by land or a bridge. The Lefkadians cleverly



Mainland side Venetian castle guarding the entrance

When I first visited the island, 40 years ago, we would tie up on bollards that on closer examination, proved to be cannons from the castle placed muzzle down in the concrete quaysides.



Sailing down the channel with Lefkas in the background

We waited for the bridge, I mean ferry boat, to open and under sail headed down the channel in a brisk wind to the town of Lefkas a mile or two away. To port, was a causeway used by cars with a shallow lagoon on the other side.

To starboard of the channel was a low stone wall and bank backed by extensive salt marshes. Forty years ago, I was here with my own small boat and other than my dad's boat

and another English boat we were the only foreign "yachts" there. What a change has taken place!

There was a forest of sailboat masts at the huge marina opposite the town. We sailed into the harbor and after dropping our stern anchor, headed into the wind between two Med moored sailboats directly for the quay side. With sails flapping, we coasted up to the quay and dropped a line around a bollard, in front of quayside restaurant. We dropped the sails, secured them and then stepped ashore. We took 5 steps and sat down at a table and ordered cold drinks and hot souflaiki with roasted potatoes and a big Greek salad. Mmmmm, good food and cold beer (for me) it can't get much



Lefkas Marina, later, my wife and I would stay there

better than this.