

We did get a lead and early the next morning I rented a scooter and went over to the mainland and back to Prevesa. It seems that Dimitri (who ran the boatyard where the boat had been stored) had a friend in the business, but with a modern boatyard and repair shop. The route would take me out the causeway and over the “ferryboat” bridge then right next to the castle and moat so I could get some good pictures. It was perhaps 15 miles to Prevesa including an underwater tunnel portion.



The backside of the Venetian Castle and moat, formidable fortifications

I ended up chasing the guy all over Prevesa and thru the tunnel to his boatyard to the south side of the channel out of Prevesa. While waiting for him to arrive “any minute” I had a couple of hours to kill and wandered around the marina. It is exposed and has a few mooring buoys and a quayside where you can tie up in settled weather. There were a lot of new buildings and a huge many acre concrete pad where boats can be stored out of the water in the winter. I discovered the repair shop, and there clamped on to a board along with several other outboards was a 5hp, long shaft, Yamaha 2 stroke. It still had its 50hr service tag and had not been used since. It was a trade in by a French couple who purchased it by mistake for their dingy. After some negotiations I got the motor for about \$900 vs. the \$2,500 I would have to pay for a new one. All we had to do was bring the boat over and pickup the outboard the next day!

The reason small used outboards are so hard to find is that there are now so many charter boats in this part of the Ionian and each has a dingy. The charter is for the big boat and a dingy with oars, if the client wants a dingy motor it is \$120 a week more. Since they are

shelling out \$3500 the \$120 is readily agreed upon. A new motor cost a lot, and parts are very expensive. So, no one wants to sell a good used small outboard when they can make so much money in such a short time. Then when the motor is too old they cannibalize it for parts.

So, it was rush back to Lefkas, drop off the scooter by 2:00 pm, settle the marina bill, and cast off under sail. We did the, by now familiar, short sail up the canal in time for the 3:00pm opening of the “ferryboat” and past the Venetian castle. Fortunately, it was a



good day for a sail and we got to Prevesa in just under 2 hours (12nm). Since the Marina where the motor was is a bit exposed we chose to go to the town quay in Prevesa. After a clever attempt and some help from an Aussie on the lines, we were tied up and ready to see the town. As mentioned earlier, the town of Prevesa is not really a tourist town it is a real town with an economy not primarily based on tourism.

Alongside the quay in Prevesa, not Med moored!



The old Church in Prevesa



The narrow, cobble streets of Prevesa

After dark we left the quayside and ghosted along to where we could safely anchor. We spent a very quiet night on a glassy inlet and watched the moon set through the orange smoke and haze. Up early the next morning, we sailed the short mile to the marina on the other side of the channel and tied alongside the quay there. By 9 am they were open, and after buying a few supplies we picked up the motor and took it back to the boat. I had to do a few modifications to install the outboard in the motor well. Since there was time I thought I ought to organize the two deep lazeretts.

Murphy's Law! There was 6 inches of water in them and more coming in. It seems that the lower gudgeon was supposed to be secured by a minimum of three, quarter inch bolts, there were only 2 and both of them were loose. This meant we were not going to be leaving that day. We spent the rest of the day trying to re-bolt the gudgeon on to the transom while I was wedged in an impossible space and Alice had to hang off the stern, upside down, with a socket wrench. We worked without breakfast or lunch and finally it appeared the leak had stopped and the fitting secured. It was sunset and we were starving. Just a few hundred yards away beneath the walls of an old fort, like the one in Lefkas, was a restaurant where we had a fantastically delicious meal and cold drinks. The fact that the power went out for an hour just added to the romantic and epicurean pleasure of that evening. A Good companion, a good boat, a good motor, good food, and cold beer; let the vacation begin!



The restaurant during the blackout, thank goodness for candles and propane