

Well, we left early in the morning ***under motor*** no waiting for the wind! The wind did come up and we raised sails and sailed. Since it was to be almost a 30 mile sail to Anti-Paxos, as the wind died off, we started up the motor. So far it ran like a clock. After about 4 hours of motoring at about 5 knots the engine began to lose power and finally sputtered to a halt about 4 miles from the cove where we were to spend the night. Boy that was a short vacation! After a couple of hours we crept into the cove and dropped the anchor in 15 feet of crystal clear water in a sand patch. There were a couple of other boats but they left long before sundown and we had the cove



A typical end to a typical day in the Ionian, aboard the Heart of Gold

to our selves. We swam, I looked for the missing inscription, and as the sun set we cooked dinner and set up the cockpit with filler cushions (like the ones I have on the Rhodes). We spent a lovely evening talking, sipping wine, and listening to music.

The next morning shortly after I got up I went for a swim in the next cove. As I was snorkeling in shallow water, no more than 10 feet deep, I saw a very strange smooth round boulder. Now, the limestone of the island fractures into parallelograms or blocks but no nice round boulders. I dove down and fanned the sand away with my fins. After several dives, I had uncovered a third of the “boulder”, it had evenly spaced spikes protruding from the surface. It was also hollow and was obviously an anti ship mine. It was probably left over from the 2<sup>nd</sup> world war or a German mine set loose by the Albanians at the behest of their Soviet masters against the British shortly after the war. The Brits had several ships badly damaged by the Albanians. They would set the mines adrift at night and when the British ships tried to force the straits between Albania and Corfu they would sometimes strike one.



Afterwards, I worked on the motor and got it running but realized we didn't have much gas perhaps a half hour's worth. Fortunately, our next destination was Porto Gayo only 5 miles away, we could easily sail the distance even in the typical light morning winds and motor the last bit if necessary. This we did with fumes to spare. I walked a couple of hundred meters to a petrol station and got the gas and schlepped it back to the boat with appropriate stops at a taverna or two. An hour or two later I was back at the boat and had the motor and tanks fueled up.

Alice went to the internet café that we used the last time we were here and contacted to couple who we were supposed to originally meet up with in Croatia. With all the problems, delays, and the motor hunt we were way behind schedule. However, we had several alphabetical plans and were currently on plan "E". It was agreed that we would meet them at a small harbor called Lakka, on the northern part of Paxos Island. They would arrive sometime the next day. So, early that afternoon we left under motor. The motor part of the trip ended shortly after and try as I might I could not get it to run.

We had nice winds and initially made good time up to Lakka about 6 or 7 miles away. About a mile out (as usual) the wind quit and we had a heck of a time working our way into the harbor in very light winds. This took us about 2 hours but eventually we found a nice spot to anchor in the crowded harbor. Looking around we fell in love with the place. It was not too big and there weren't any noisy disco bars, mostly just nice quiet restaurants lining the quayside with scattered houses and villas along the sides of the natural bowl of the surrounding hills. This is what Greece is in the imagination of so many people, only greener. As much as it was a hassle not having the motor working, it was nice too, to sail in so quietly and drop anchor all under the power of the wind. I rowed into the dingy landing and purchased two 600ml cold Mythos beers, a couple of Gyros to go and brought them back to the boat. We listen to quiet music and as we sipped the cold drinks and ate the tasty food, watched the people in the distant restaurants watch us. This was one of the nicest "town" anchorages in Greece that we had experienced.





**Lakka harbor looking SW** (Google Earth)

It was here that I discovered that the charger for the camera was no longer working so sadly, we have few pictures from here on out. The few we do have are from the couple, Sean and Harmony, who had a working camera. The next morning I made lots of inquiries about who could fix the motor but in the end determined it could wait until we got to the big marina in Corfu only 25 miles away. Oh, when will I ever learn?

We spent the next day caulking the boat, and redoing our “fix” of the gudgeon. This time I did it right. I had to “carve” out some fiberglass with my \$7.99 12v Dremmel tool and cut off

some stainless steel bolts. This, plus copious amounts of sealant did the trick. When we were finally done, the rudder was rock solid and there were almost no deck leaks.

Sean and Harmony arrived that evening and we had a delightful dinner. Sean and Harmony are close friends of our son Nick and Sean and Nick have known each other since each was in high school. They’ve sailed and traveled together and even climbed a 9,000 ft Cascade volcano in the dead of winter. Harmony is a perfect match for Sean and they both would prove to be great teachers and learners for each other in the interesting, upcoming week long course in Adriatic survival.



**Sean and Harmony, enjoying dinner**