

Friday morning, May 11, 8:00 a.m. We're docked at Hop-O-Nose Marina in Catskill, NY, about 30 miles south of Albany, waiting to have the mast de-stepped so we can go under the low bridges and through the locks of the upper Hudson and Champlain Canal.

We left Cape May on Tuesday, one day later than planned due to winds of 40+ kts and high seas. On Sunday, we explored Cape May with Kathy's childhood friend Sherri and her husband Rick, wandering through the shops of downtown, the Cape May lighthouse, the beaches and local haunts of our guests. Monday morning's high winds gave us a good excuse to remain in Cape May and enjoy the town, just the two of us.

We left Cape May at the crack of dawn on Tuesday. Strong northeasterly winds of 20-30 kts. and high waves on our nose forced us to motor most of the way up the New Jersey coast, passing by Ocean City and Atlantic City on our way to our planned destination of Sandy Hook, the northern most point of the Jersey coast, 114 miles from Cape May. We made it as far as Manasquan River Inlet, some 20 miles short of our goal, tucking into the River at about 6:30 p.m. for the night. Wednesday morning we fueled up at Brielle Marina, run by a gruff, but personable heavy-set woman, who volunteered, "you should have been here about 10 years ago, when my husband was still alive if you want better prices". With that advice, we set sail for the great New York harbor.



Kathy, Rick & Sherri,  
Sunset Beach, Cape May

And a great the harbor is. New York City gleamed even in the overcast sunlight. What a trip to go by my hometown of Brooklyn from the sea – pointing out the sites to Kathy – Coney Island parachute jump, Trump's first development started when he was a teenager, the Williamsburgh Savings Bank building – the tallest in Brooklyn with its huge clock tower getting facelift – and the Verrazano Narrows Bridge, gateway to New



York's upper harbor. And then the City's skyline! Magnificent!! The City was pulsing – water taxis EVERYWHERE!

Freighters, 'copters, THE STATUE OF LIBERTY!!! But my very favorite was chugging up the Hudson and seeing the Little Red Light House tucked under the George Washington Bridge – you know the one that entitles the children's book that I read a zillion times in my pre-



pubescent days. With that, let's move on...

The mighty Hudson was mighty indeed – the current so strong it slowed us from a motoring speed of 8 + knots to around 6, even with the tide flooding. UGH! Forever, puttering until finally at sunset we arrived upstream some 30 miles from the City at Haverstraw Bay. Dropped the hook, enjoyed grilled dogs smothered in mustard and sauerkraut with good old fashioned baked beans and Kathy's excellent homemade pickles. Good night to us!

Thursday morning cracked of dawn we hoisted the anchor and started the 64-mile motor journey to Catskill – 10 hours of motoring against the tide and current, arriving at 4:30 p.m. And here we are!



Dawn on Haverstraw Bay