

On Jul 3, 2010, at 10:37 AM, Nancy K. wrote:

Hey there,

Our trip on Quantum Leap has been fabulous so far... only participating in one storm of note thus far. Quantum Leap is a fast and sexy Beneteau 473.....and with all furler sails and electric barrel winches the size of Alaska.....she is a piece of cake to run. We left Hampton Yacht Club at 8:15 on Tuesday and ran two on and two off for 48 hours and a half to the entrance of Block Island. The harbor was very inviting and user friendly with plenty of mooring balls and we slept the day away to recuperate the journey up. Oddly enough, 1st nite at sea we ran into storms at 1 am off the Cape May coast...wet and choppy, in a bowlful of lightening. Very exciting stuff.... I kept my tongue off the mast and was harnessed in the whole time. Jay Rickles (my partner in crime) is an ex airliner pilot turned old salt and he switched out his old uniform for a shackle earring long ago. I've gotten just enough information to be quite deadly on the radar and route tracking systems and this boat is so blinged out I've only touched the tip of the iceberg as far as systems are concerned. We went to Cuddyhunk on our second day and met up with 3 other boats and had a pot luck dinner. Contrary to all my efforts... the nite shade comes down quick on a boat in harbor and we proceeded to Martha's Vineyard to Oak Bluffs and two whole days of milling about, tasting ice cream, smoking cigars and drinking wine. I met this real cute guy who turned us on to some great live music in the form of John or Jim Benjamin. We hung out for hours. The boats in the harbors are nothing to shake a stick at, looking darkly sleek and Very Very expensive. Though we were the only ones with a Va. license plate. We had to plan well and accordingly with the tides to traverse the Woods Hole Passage from Vineyard sound to Buzzards Bay. The Oceanographic Institute is located in Woods Hole and you can easily see the boats and facilities from the channel when you dare to take your eyes off all the rocks when you're flying through. At slack tide we got the help of an extra knot.....but the navigating is tricky and you only want to go through in a slack. The locals are real helpful with their knowledge and the seamen are quick to lend in expertise. We stayed for the evening in a place called Hadley Harbour... which is maintained by the Forbes family. There were a couple of gorgeous sleek 1904 sailing dinghies tied up on their dock and the house (if you want to call it that) was up on a hill overlooking the horse barn and the panorama. Which goes to show: You can't hide money. After a nite green with envy.... we smoked cigars and proceeded to the Cape Cod Canal on the north end of Buzzards Bay. The current gave us an extra 4 and 1/2 knots so we cooked through at an astounding 12 knots. (mind you we are loaded down with beer, wine, cigars (ok so they're not that heavy) and navigational bling. PROVINCETOWN IS HYSTERICAL. MAKE NO MISTAKE. I met several new best friends in the Monkey Bar. The Guys sipped daintily on their daiquiris and cosmos (peach?) whilst I slogged down pints of beer. The food was exceptional..... had some fish at a place called Betty's by the sea that was to die for. Although Betty was actually probably Eddie. I took a three mile hike out of town and saw the most extraordinary gardens EVERYWHERE. It truly is a very photogenic place with crisp and vibrant colours and there may not be forty acres, but there is a lobster in every pot. I had my first lobster roll, another story. We left early to head out to Stellwegen Banks to whale watch. It was blowin like stink.....and we were beating into it

for a couple of hours when we spotted our first whale. Saw a couple of blow hole clouds and some birds working it....when she breached. Jay got a terrific picture of her tail. WELL WORTH THE CHOPPY SEAS AND THE NANTUCKET SLEIGHRIDE TO SEE THAT. An abrupt left turn and a couple hours later....we're into Rainford on the outer islands on Massachusetts Bay near Boston. Rainford is a rocky coasted little island where some of the locals have pitched tents permanently for the season and there is a huge beach fire pit. I picked up more than my fair share of plastic and floated detritus while hiking.....and I am beginning to hate plastic now. So last nite I was in the Little bar on Milk St. tasting what kinds of beer they had (it was delicious) and watching Ghana get beaten by Uruguay, bummer..... I've e decided that one has to be very very good-looking to play soccer and a tad bit on the drama queen side. Today... I'll root for Argentina as their coach has the biggest diamond earring of all time except for Dion Sanders of course. I'll post another report after more stuff happens or when I sober up... whichever comes first. Boston has a great little Italy by the way. much love to all..... and Jonathan if you could pass this to whomever does the clubs letter..... it'd be great.
Nancy