



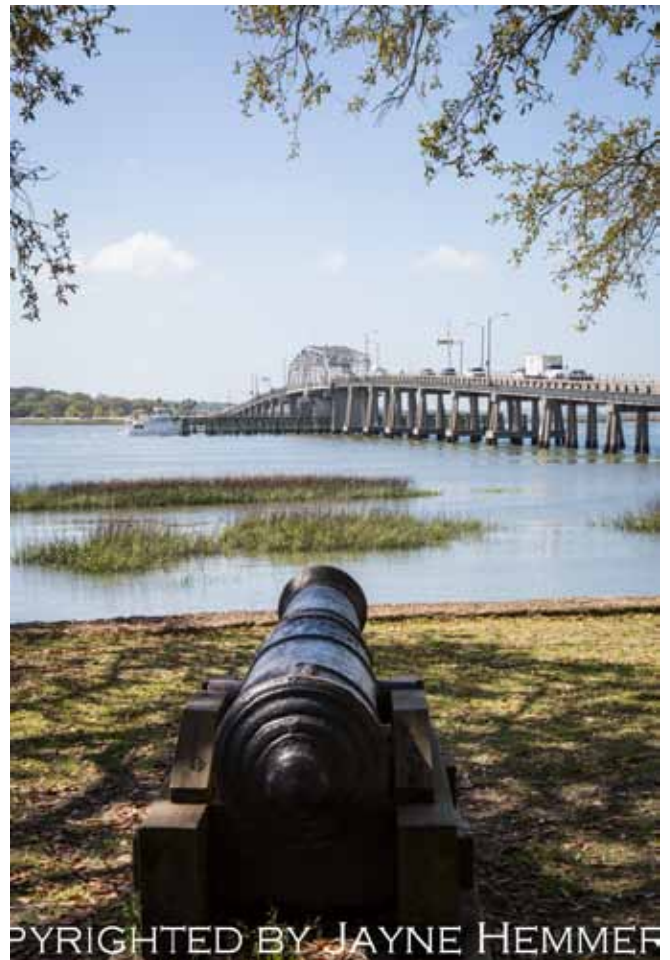
BEAUFORT, SC TO CHARLESTON, SC

From the Logs of the Knotty Dog 2013

BEAUFORT - APRIL 2013

We left Beaufort's dock about twenty minutes to nine, while swatting bugs and spraying ourselves with knat spray. It was horrible. I feel like the bug buster with my vacuum cleaner. The biting knats are getting stuck in our new blinds so we've had to figure out all sorts of ways to get them out; double stick tape on a long dowel and the most successful is using the long narrow attachment on the vacuum to suck them out. How do these people stand these bugs? Thank goodness the dock master told us about their homemade knat spray for sale in the marina office. It seems to work pretty good but not enough. I even had to spray Ziggy as the bug's were attracted to his white fur.

We didn't stay long at Beaufort because of the bugs. Because of Ziggy is getting forgetful, deaf and partially blind we don't leave him by himself in the boat so were relegated to outside eateries and activities where the bugs were in charge. The heat was hot and muggy too so hard to do much walking. We had lunch the first day at Plum Cafe and that's when we got the worst bites right on their deck.





Sadly we just hit Beaufort during their bug season. We were so disappointed because this is one of our favorite stops. Instead of enjoying Beaufort, we stayed inside the boat with the AC on. So, not a surprise, we left after two nights.

The Beaufort bridge requires an opening for most sailboats and opens at 9:00 so we were pretty much wading our way through the sailboats lined up and waiting for the opening. Since we are low in height we just scooted right by them and underneath the bridge.

It's too bad about the bugs. We don't even have high hopes that Charleston might be bug free as it seems each place we stop, they are there. It must be that time of year and now we worry that as we head north, will we be following the spring blossoming of bug season?

We are running with the AC underway to keep the bugs out. That's a first. (Note: We met another cruiser in the Chesapeake weeks later who said he was "eaten alive by the bugs in Beaufort" - guess we weren't the only ones.)

Suddenly we hit a thick fog bank. It's so thick we can't see the markers until we are right upon them. We are depending on the chart's ICW's "magenta line" and the radar as there is no visibility.

Just outside of Beaufort, we pass a restricted military area. Oops, "can't take pictures", says I'm being "monitored"! Too late I already did; "sorry officer, I was just taking a picture of an osprey nest!" Wonder what is so secret as we sure can't see a thing in this fog.

While we were in Beaufort we did walk the town and enjoyed the architecture and cute shops. We had lunch two days at Plums, one day taking our lunch to the waterfront park. We also witnessed a buggy collapse. It was the horse drawn kind of buggy. It collapsed with several, let's say, somewhat overweight senior citizens. Luckily no one was hurt.

The fog has lifted but humidity is thick. I slap the bugs off the ceiling of the cockpit as I go outside to take pictures of some crabbers. We pass the tug





Sara Katlain pushing another tug near the inlet. We saw her in New Smyrna, Florida.

We eaves drop on some other cruisers talking on the radio. They are cruising together and one says to the other that the Charleston City Marina is full. They are trying to figure out a place to anchor and the other one suggests trying to find a space to anchor near the bridge just down the way from the marina. There's another storm coming so people are hunkering down again but also there is a big regatta this weekend so dock space is very limited right now. It's a good thing Larry made our reservations early although we have to leave by the weekend because of the race.

We are going to stay at the Maritime Museum docks this time. It is within walking distance to downtown so should be a fun place to stay.

It's a flat calm day and very flat as we cross a wide stretch out to the ocean. Little arctic terns are following us and diving in to the mirror like water like torpedos looking for something to eat. One surprisingly comes up with a little snake tightly clasped in its beak. He flies for a long time with the snake wiggling until they disappear out of sight. Dolphins are slowly and so elegantly swimming along side the channel as we pass them.

There is a lot of radio chatter today, one guy in particular. You can hear him come on every few minutes on 16, asking for a slow down so he can





pass and the annoying thing is how he chit chats with everyone he passes them while still talking on 16 the working channel. It is becoming really annoying. One boater must feel the same way because he cut him off and told him to just go on by.

We pass several boats today that have brown mustaches from the brackish waters. It makes them look dirty. I guess there are some advantages to having this dark blue hull.

We cross St. Helena Sound now and head back into the marshlands and a narrow cut. The depths drops to 4-5 feet so we slow our speed. The tide is coming up so it will get deeper. We pass beautiful marsh areas with lots of foliage and trees. This

area is filled with crab men. They must have certain areas, like territories, staked out with some agreement between each other as we don't see any of them overlapping with their crap pots. Each area seems to be pretty well defined.

And finally as we near Charleston, we come out of the shoot and into a more open area where get a glimpse of the Charleston Marina and a very full anchorage by the bridge. We head around the eastern tip of the peninsula of Charleston and can see the old fort in the distance of the inlet to the ocean. Off to our port are the magnificent historic and stately homes along the waterfront and as we come around the corner and to our diappointment, a cruiseship. I hate to see cruise ships overtaking charming Charleston. Behind



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the cruise ship is another very striking white ship, the Monge A106. We learn later that it is a French ship and has highly sophisticated satellite surveillance equipment on it. We will be docking directly behind it. We hail the Maritime Museum. We get no response after several tries so call them on the

cell phone. They give us a slip assignment. We come in and dock and soon realize this is a very exposed area to wakes from boats going by. Larry puts on some extra fenders.

We are looking forward to visiting Charleston. So far, no bugs.



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