



# CHARLESTON, SC TO GEORGETOWN, SC

*From the Logs of the Knotty Dog 2013*

## CHARLESTON, SC - 2013

Charleston is such a fabulous city. I just can't get enough of the architecture. Sadly though, we noticed something different about Charleston. It's the cruise ship influence on the town. Everywhere we went on the waterfront were crowds of cruise ship passengers and all that comes with it. The restaurants and shops, many of them, are catering to the cruise ships. I hope the charm of Charleston can survive the impact. Many of the owners of the old historical houses don't like it either and in protest they hung banners across their porch railings saying as much. I think the influence of money will win out unfortunately.

Charleston is a tough town if you have a dog in tow, especially if it is hot and muggy. There are very few outdoor restaurants that allow dogs but we did a good job snouting out some nice ones. The Mills House Hotel across from the historical society has a beautiful patio dining area and they allow dogs. Also just a couple doors down is Eli's Table and they also welcome dogs on their pretty back patio. In the more tourist-trap-like-places, we found Awe Shucks and Bubba's to be dog friendly. We tried lunch at Bubba's. If you can survive the gimmicky drinks that light up and glow in the dark, the food was actually good. The







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shrimp was fresh and delicious and sauces tasty. I'm sure there are more places to go with dogs but that gives you a few options. Eli's and the Mill's hve you covered for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

There is a great chain grocery store near the marina called Harris Teeter. It had everything from freshly made pizza and sushi, to gourmet items and also all your basics; nice fresh produce and meat. It's a great place to provision.

We walked the entire city, well almost, it sure felt like it anyway. I love the old buildings and cobblestone streets and the loving care that Charlestonians take of their houses, buildings and courtyards. There is just something magical about this place...so please, cruise ships...don't wreck it.

We were there at the start of the big Charleston Race week. Race boats were practicing out on the inlet each day. We had a great location to see all the waterfront activity but it was very exposed to the bay activity. If only the boats going by would not make such bigwakes then it would be tolerable. So be warned, great location but dangerously roly at times.

Flags throughout the city were flown half mast because of the Boston Marathon Bombing (April 15th, Patriot's Day) and it seemed the local Homeland Security and police boats were were hyper, racing up and down the waterfront flexing their muscles. It was a little crazy at times.

Just down from us was the *Monge A106* which



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restful. Things were falling over and you had to stow things like you were going out to sea in bad weather. This was not fun.

The next morning we work up early when the wakes started. We could feel the storm coming in the air. We had another night to stay but that's the last night before we had to leave. We decided right then that we were going to leave. We didn't know where we'd go but didn't want any more of these wakes at the dock and didn't want to be traveling tomorrow in the storm with thunder showers. So, I took ziggy to shore and by the time we got back Larry had the engines running and lines ready and off we went just that quick. So today we will have 20 knot winds and possibility of thunder showers but tomorrow it will be worse, 25-30 knot winds and thunder showers. We decided to go all the way to Georgetown and hope we will be able to get a slip. It's too early yet to call for a reservation.

The whole time we were at the Maritime Center dock we could hear and feel a vibration. At first Larry thought the pump was breaking down on the AC but we turned everything off and still felt and heard this vibration. It was like a loud hum. Larry asked another cruiser at the dock about it and he too was wondering what it was. He said he thought someone was running their generator. We finally decided it was the *Monge A106*.

It's overcast and grey. The winds are picking up in the inlet. Nothing deters the racers though as they seem to be coming out of the wood work from all directions and heading out to the ocean for the start of the race. It should be an exciting day for them.

We cross the harbor and go through the tricky shallow entrance back into the cut to the ICW. We left just before low tide so have to be careful of shallow depths. We were fighting the current going out the inlet but will be with the current now and not bucking the waves. We pass lots of houses and docks. Nothing too interesting to look at except some funny "no wake" signs and then we are back into the marshes and long dredged channels. It got very very shallow in some spots just inches below us. We are now at low tide and it

was an amazing ship to see but after the Boston bombing you wondered if you wanted to be near such a ship.

We were bombasted with people the whole stay as we walked around the city. They were so curious about Ziggy riding around in a buggy. They were such nice people but we were a bit exhausted answering the same questions with friendly enthusiasm over and over again.

On the second day, after a long day of walking, we came back to the boat to get some rest and it was frightening to see how wildly the boat was rocking at the dock from the non-stop wakes. We became very concerned about the boat getting damaged and just wondered how it survived while we were gone all day. We put another fender on but weren't sure it would do much good. Larry said something about it to the couple in the trawler in front us and all he said was, "it calms down at night". You literally could not sit on the boat without getting a head ache so it wasn't

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would have been more comfortable if we had left a little later but the good thing is it will only get better.

Around 9:00 we finally get through to the dockmaster at Georgetown. He has no room on the floating docks as he says people are hunkering down for the storm. "Eeek!", I think to myself. He says "Come on anyway, I will get you in at the fixed dock if all else fails". I thought they all were fixed docks. I don't remember them having floating docks. Seems like everytime we go to Georgetown they get us in, even during their busy Wooden Boat Festival. So we can relax now as we know we have a place to go to sit out the storm that is coming.

Lots of long dredged channels this morning and we passed many old derelict boats stuck and left on the side of the channel.

Around McCleenville, we see beautiful landscapes again. Trees are either multi-colored or are spotted with new lush fresh spring growth. Pollen is in the air and covering the boat inside and out. I'm constantly wiping surfaces and the rag is yellow with it. The comorants we see now look like slightly different, like a different variety. They have a more prominent brown tan throat and seem timid and unsure of themselves.

We're still seeing many dolphin and lots of black



headed terns. They are very aggressive and very adept at flying along our wakes hunting for fish or whatever.

There are no more shell covered banks to the ICW, now replaced with mud berms. The water is brown like black coffee. We pass several old dams for old plantations. The marshes have changed from short green and yellow grass to tall brown reeds. There seem to be a million barn swallows fluttering across the water and landing and swinging on the tall reeds. Oops, that probably means lots of bugs in this area. By the way, we had no problem with bugs in Charleston. Must be all the concrete.

We run the narrow shoot and spill out into the ocean's inlet are by Georgetown.



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As we near Georgetown, the winds picked up to 30 knots for the docking of course. We hailed the dock master and he said he had a spot for us on the fixed docks. It was a very difficult docking because of the strong winds. The dockmaster who later said he was 70 years old wanted me to throw him the two spring lines which I did but the wind was blowing us off the dock. Instead of hooking the lines under a cleat he tried to hold us like Hercules. I thought we were going to get into trouble and was freaking out wondering what he was doing. Luckily a guy came over from a sailboat and I through him the stern line and he secured it and finally Larry could use the bow thruster to get us to the dock safely. The old man with the two spring lines about gave me a heart attack!

We both decided we are going to stay for a few day

At least we were safe and at the dock because by now the storm blew through with great force. We spent the rest of the afternoon watching the rest of the cruisers coming in that afternoon. It was really windy and we had a huge rain, thunder and lightening. The old man said he had space because several people didn't show because of the weather.

I think we will stay here for a few days as the weather is not looking very good. Haven't checked for bugs, too windy for them anyway.



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