

Post



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Aug 18, 2024 · 3 min read

# Tee martoonies - August 19, 2024

Updated: Sep 14, 2024

## ***SUMMARY***

It's amazing how quickly the days pass when you're doing basically nothing and how enjoyable it can be! If you have the time, I recommend this method of avoiding jet lag - sail east to west over seven days, gaining an hour every day or so. I don't think I'd do the Queen Mary 2 again, too big and a definite caste/class system in action with portions of the ship (including several dining rooms) off limits except to those spending exorbitant amounts on their suites. - Karen

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## ***DETAIL***

Today we're more adventurous for our breakfast, venturing away from our cabin and foraging for food on our own. On the ship the two biggest eating spaces are the formal dining room (decks 2 and 3) and the "serve yourself" buffet (deck 7).

Near the buffet is a separate kitchen/eating area where they do burgers, pizza, and pasta at lunch. At dinner this becomes the "special" restaurant, earlier it was Bamboo Asian, and now it's La Piazza (Italian). At breakfast, we've learned, it's the "healthy dining" space. So today we're checking it out.

I'm not sure all this stuff is healthy, but we get lots of cut up fresh fruit, muesli, yogurt, stewed prunes, toast, and coffee. It's a nice change. I think this'll be our new breakfast 'go to' spot.

We're a little more social and talk for a long while with a delightful older couple from Düsseldorf. He's an ex urologist, parachuter who drove a VW Beetle to North Cape, Norway. He also drove a different VW (a Vanagon camper) from Germany to Kathmandu. Crazy.

I attend the second talk by Mick Dawson, the guy who rowed from near Tokyo to San Francisco. Boy talk about your midlife crisis. Harrowing tale. There's a movie/documentary about it out. I'll have to find it. I did buy a copy (signed) of his book "Rowing the Pacific". I look forward to reading it. No rowing plans for me, though.

On the PA system we get an update from the good captain. We listen with bated breath. He says we'll be 1/2 way to New York this evening around 7:30. If he can't skirt it, we'll feel some effects of Hurricane Ernesto. Possibly four to five meter swells (maybe six) and rain. Sounds like no fun. We're keeping our fingers crossed that he can avoid all that nastiness. The captain does say after that it should be "smooth sailing" the rest of the way to the Big Apple.

We do more hot tubbing followed by a shower, dressy clothes, and dinner at the special La Piazza (Italian) restaurant. It's where Bamboo Asian was, they just changed the sign and menus. Oh, and no more chopsticks. It's good.

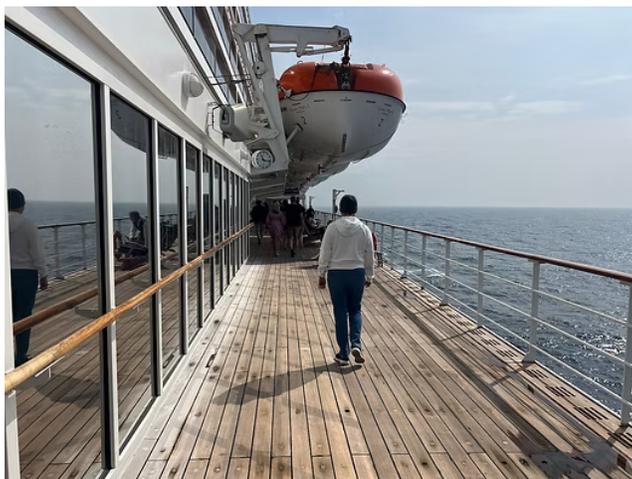
I attend the 8:15 show in the big theater. It's Peter Howarth (with the ship's musicians). I'd not heard of Peter, but he's been the Hollies lead singer for the past 10 years (after his predecessor retired). Yes, The Hollies are still touring, who knew? He's also been a session musician with the Who, Moodie Blues, and was Roy Orbison in West End productions in London. He is very good, doing tunes from all those singers/groups (plus "Sandy Girl" by Bruce Springsteen). He ends with the Hollies hit "He's not heavy, He's my brother". It gives us all goose bumps as we sing along and wave our smartphones with the flashlight turned on.

Peter did not perform Karen favorite Roy Orbison tune ("I drove all night") so she's OK she missed it.

We are periodically getting an extra hour of sleep as we "sail" westward. We joke about "How can we get everything done? There are only twenty-five hours in a day!"

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## Photos



Walking outside in the sunshine. A good way to start the day. It's not always this empty of walkers.



Karen walks, I stand around taking silly pictures.



Enrichment time. Rick Dawson. Crazy guy rowed (with a friend) from just north of Tokyo to San Francisco. Facinating story. No one's done it since.



5 o'clock, time for martinis.



Out the window not much to see. No marine life the whole trip. Calm seas now, the only white is made by the ship.



OK, off to dinner. Taking a half bottle of wine from the last time we were at one of their fancy restaurants.



Karen's ready for whatever's coming next.



Entree prepared table-side. It smells

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Trio of desserts. Karen's ready!



The lead  of (the current incarnation of the band) The Hollies. Very good, lots of fun.

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