Happy Father’s Day!

The cost of keeping your boat in a slip: **$6.40 – $8.40 per foot**

The cost of catering a lunch on your boat for a daysail: **$75.00**

The cost of taking your dad for a sail on Father’s Day and ending that special day at Grand Marina: **Priceless**

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- Secured Gatehouses (electronic key system)
- Dockside Electrical (up to 50A - 220V)
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- Beautifully Landscaped
- Ample Parking available
- Sailboat & Powerboat Brokers on site
- Excellent customer service
- Monthly informative newsletter

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ANDERSON-ENCINAL
510-865-1200
Leasing Office Open Daily
2099 Grand Street, Alameda, CA 94501
www.grandmarina.com
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Very fast and well behaved, they won eight out of 20 divisions in May’s race to Vallejo.

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Sails in need of repair may be dropped off at West Marine in Oakland, Alameda, Richmond or Berkeley

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Phone (510) 522-2200
Fax (510) 522-7700
www.pineapplesails.com
2526 Blanding Ave., Alameda, California 94501

*Powered by Pineapples
The New Island Packet 440 has a modern underbody, versatile, easily handled cutter rig, and state of the art construction. With only the best hardware and a beautifully hand varnished interior, a better liveaboard offshore cruiser cannot be found at any price.
This new Farr design offers value without compromise in an elegant and comfortable top flight racer/cruiser.
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Cover: Want to get away? At the Agua Verde in the Sea of Cortez, there’s no traffic, television, street lights, rap music or other rubbish. It’s mostly just you, nature, and a few friends.

Photo by Doña de Mallorca

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Latitude 38 welcomes editorial contributions in the form of stories, anecdotes, photographs—anything but poems, please; we gotta draw the line somewhere. Articles with the best chance at publication must 1) pertain to a West Coast or universal sailing audience, 2) be accompanied by a variety of pertinent, in-focus digital images (preferable) or color or black and white prints with identification of all boats, situations and people therein, and 3) be legible. These days, we prefer to receive both text and photos electronically, but if you send by mail, anything you want back must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Submissions not accompanied by an SASE will not be returned. We also advise that you not send original photographs or negatives unless we specifically request them; copies will work just fine. Notification time varies with our workload, but generally runs four to six weeks. Please don’t contact us before then by phone or mail. Send all electronic submissions to editorial@latitude38.com, and all snail mail submissions to Latitude 38 editorial department, 15 Locust Ave., Mill Valley, CA 94941. For more specific information, request writers’ guidelines from the above address or see www.latitude38.com/writers.htm.
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A SAMPLING OF OUR LISTINGS IN ALAMEDA

A LARGE SELECTION OF PRE-CRUISED BOATS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>#</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Model</th>
<th>Hours</th>
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<td>2002</td>
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<td>$292,000</td>
<td>Like New</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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“we go where the wind blows”

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Catalina 470
Catalina Morgan 440
Catalina 387
Catalina 350
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Catalina 42 MkII 2004 228,500

PREOWNED SAILING YACHTS
Catalina 34 1989 49,900
Catalina 34 1987 56,900
Catalina 320 2002 99,000
Catalina 27 1984 17,500

PREOWNED MOTOR YACHTS
Pearson 37 1989 65,000
Hunter 36 2004 125,000
C&C 34 1982 41,000
Beneteau 331 2004 119,000

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1999 • $54,500

30’ WYLIE CAT  
1997 • $105,000
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- Epoxy hull – standard
- 15-year hull warranty – standard
- Doyle race sail package

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36’ CATALINA Mk I, 1988
Popular cruiser $60,000

35’ BABA, 1979
Traditional bluewater cruiser. Call for details. $75,000

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Owner says, “Must sell!” Come see her before someone tells you about the one that got away.

39’ SEALORD, ’85 $94,500
Robust and nicely finished with excellent sailing characteristics. At our docks.

36’ ERICSON CRUISING 36, ’82 $59,900
The flush deck provides sure footing topsides and more volume for accommodations below.

35’ CHEOY LEE, ’79 $54,800
With some time and maintenance, she would be perfect for wintering in Mexico.

30’ CATALINA, ’81 $22,900
Very stable and easy to sail. 6’3” headroom, sleeps 7, lots of storage. Great boat, great price.

34’ BENETEAU OCEANIS 350, ’91 $69,000
Ready to go toward sunny climes with her new dodger and bimini and polished decks.

48’ CT KETCH, ’77 $99,900
Currently berthed in Ensenada. Call us to make arrangements to see her.

40’ WINTHROP WARNER, ’42 $38,500
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36’ ERICSON CRUISING 36, ’82 $59,900

35’ CHEOY LEE, ’79 $54,800

34’ BENETEAU OCEANIS 350, ’91 $69,000

48’ CT KETCH, ’77 $99,900

40’ WINTHROP WARNER, ’42 $38,500

1984 PASSPORT 51
The owner has enhanced this vessel for long voyages including 390-gallon fuel capacity, an efficient watermaker, a separate generator and large refrigerator/ freezer capacities, making her independent of shore facilities. Truly set up for a couple to handle. With in-boom main furling and roller furling headsails, all sails can be set and trimmed from the cockpit. Asking $299,000.

39’ SEALORD, ’85 $94,500
Robust and nicely finished with excellent sailing characteristics. At our docks.

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Owner says, “Must sell!” Come see her before someone tells you about the one that got away.

2002 HUNTER 410
Desirable options include an integrated onboard PC navigation system with a harness to run navigation software that’s a direct input to the ship’s computer, an upgraded dinette packing gland, roller furling main and jib, and all-purpose electric winch. Equipment list includes radar, autopilot and interfaced navigation. Easy to board with a walk-through transom. Shows as new! Asking $184,500.

40’ WINTHROP WARNER, ’42 $38,500
Adored by all her owners, Astral has had a storybook life, and she’s ready to sail today.

36’ ERICSON CRUISING 36, ’82 $59,900
The flush deck provides sure footing topsides and more volume for accommodations below.

35’ CHEOY LEE, ’79 $54,800
With some time and maintenance, she would be perfect for wintering in Mexico.

34’ BENETEAU OCEANIS 350, ’91 $69,000
Ready to go toward sunny climes with her new dodger and bimini and polished decks.

30’ CATALINA, ’81 $22,900
Very stable and easy to sail. 6’3” headroom, sleeps 7, lots of storage. Great boat, great price.

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Size Brand/Model Year Price Loc.
86 Staysail Schooner 1970 100,000 MZ
80 Custom Motorsailer 1987 850,000 PV
53 Amel Mango Ctr Ketch 1981 225,000 PV
51 Formosa Ketch PH 1979 175,000 MZ
50 Force Venice Ctr/Kitch 1987 210,000 PV
50 Hudson Pilot House Ketch 1979 167,500 MZ
48 Tayana Deck Saloon 2001 450,000 PV
48 CT Cutter Ketch 1977 165,000 PV
46 Hunter 460 Ctr Sip 2000 225,000 PV
46 Jeanneau Sloop 1996 79,000 PV
46 Formosa Peterson CC Slp 1978 79,000 PV
46 Beneteau 45FS 1890 139,000 PV
45 Noble Yachts Custom CC 2005 156,000 PV
45 Jeanneau Sloop 1998 225,000 PV
45 Formosa Peterson CC Slp 1978 79,000 PV
45 Columbia Sloop 1972 69,000 PV
44 Nelson Marek Sloop 1989 80,000 PV
44 Formosa Cutter 1987 179,000 MZ
44 Hylas Cutter Sloop 1986 168,500 WA
44 Miller 44 CC Cutter 1980 148,000 MZ
43 Beneteau 432 Sloop 1987 99,000 PV
43 Spindrift Ctr PH + 15k slip 1981 100,000 PV
42 Valiant Cutter Sloop 1994 319,000 PV
42 Catalina Sloop 1992 79,000 PV
42 Passport Cutter 1985 189,000 MZ
42 Pearson 424 Ketch 1979 99,000 PV
41 Morgan Classic 1989 110,000 PV
41 Jeannie Sun Legend 1986 89,000 PV
41 Islander Fleet Ketch 1977 64,500 MZ
41 Formosa Yankee Clipper Ktch 1974 94,500 SD
40 Vanille Sun Fast Sloop 2002 189,000 PV
40 Baba Cutter 1983 159,000 PV
40 Ta Shing Panda Cutter 1983 159,000 PV
40 Hardin Sea Wolf Ketch 1978 50,000 MZ
40 Valiant Cutter Sloop 1976 140,000 Sea
39 Sweden 390 Ctr Slp 2001 315,000 PV
38 Ericson 200 Sloop 1996 65,000 PV
38 Morgan 382 Sloop 1979 59,900 MZ
38 California 38Ct/Cktr 1979 59,900 MZ
37 Tayana Cutter 1976 85,000 PV
37 Tayana Ketch 1976 85,000 MZ
37 Formosa Peterson 1976 85,000 MZ
36 Oceanic 1978 59,000 MZ
36 Chung Hwa Magellan Ketch 1979 53,000 MZ
36 Chung Hwa Magellan 1977 62,500 MZ
36 Westerly Conway Ketch 1976 45,000 MZ
36 Ericson Cruising Cutter 1976 49,500 MZ
36 Columbia Sloop 1969 13,000 MZ
36 Viking MK III (Deal Pdng) 1982 65,000 PV
35 Ericson MK II 1982 65,000 PV
35 Ericson MK III (Deal Pdng) 1982 65,000 PV
35 Fuji Ketch 1974 65,000 MZ
35 Piver Calamaran 1970 11,000 MZ
33 Pearson 10 Meter 1984 450,000 PV
33 Ta Shing Baba Cutter 1985 77,900 MZ
33 Simpson-Wild Retractable Tri 1970 16,000 MZ
32 Custom Passenger MY 1980 199,000 MZ
32 Ocean Alexander MK I 1981 425,000 PV
32 Hatteras Convertible Sprtfshq 1984 349,999 PV
32 Bluewater Coastal 1991 172,000 PV
32 Lien Hwa Motoryacht Cockgt 1987 169,000 PV
32 Hatteras Conv Sprtfsh 1977 250,000 PV
32 CHS Sedan 1981 169,000 MZ
31 President Sundek 1987 139,000 PV
31 Californian Alaska 1975 120,000 PV
31 C & L Marine Trawler 1978 49,000 PV
31 Blackfin Sportfisher 1988 155,000 PV
31 Sea Ray Sundancer 1987 44,900 PV
31 Silverton Sportfish Convertible 2004 249,000 PV
31 Knoll & Carver 1997 97,500 MZ
29 Bayliner Sundancer 290 1993 49,800 PV
28 Skipjack Cuddy Sportfisher 1985 34,000 PV
20 MasterCraft Powermaster 1997 17,000 PV
19 Sea Swirl Cuddy w/trailer 1994 9,000 MZ

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**43' BENETEAU, '86.** Bow to stern refurb '05.  
New sails, electronics, wiring, rigging, canvas. Call for complete specs. $119,500.

**57' BOWMAN CC KETCH, '78.**  
110hp Perkins, new dark blue LP, cruise electronics, 3 staterooms, inflatables. Q8, VacuFlush heads. $249,000.

**36' C&C SLOOP, '81.**  
Clean, good sails and equipment. FAST. $58,500.

**38' ERICSON SLOOP, 1984.**  
New North main, Harken genoa furling. $35,000.

**33' MORGAN.** Head/holding tank '06. New stove, water heater, mast step, spreaders, mast wiring '05. Hull & deck painted with LP '02. $19,900.

**40' HANS CHRISTIAN TRADITIONALS.** Both boats have a complete cruise inventory. Excellent maintenance. From $99,500.

**45' NOLSTEEL SCHILLER, '90.** Corten steel hull & deck, Forespar masts, 50hp Perkins, inverter, solar panels, watermaker, ProFurl furling. $250,000.

**46' BOWMAN KETCH, '72.**  
New Perkins diesel, newer spars, complete refit '00/05, new sails. $180,000.

**35' CORONADO.** '72. Clean, classic! New cockpit bimini, full enclosure, and steering. Harken furling. $35,000.

**30' CATALINA SLOOP, '79.**  
New refrigeration, full epoxy bottom, custom dodger, sail covers and cockpit cushions. Tabernacled mast. $22,000.

**33' HUNTER.**  
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**30' CATALINA SLOOPS AVAILABLE.** Both boats have a complete cruise inventory. Excellent maintenance. From $99,500.

**35' CORONADO, '72.** Clean, classic! New cockpit bimini, full enclosure, and steering. Harken furling. $35,000.

**57' BOWMAN CC KETCH, '78.**  
110hp Perkins, new dark blue LP, cruise electronics, 3 staterooms, inflatable. Q8, VacuFlush heads. $249,000.

**30' HUNTER SLOOP, '98.**  
Yanmar diesel, walk-through transom, tabernacled mast, furling. Beautiful teak interior. $32,500.

**39' ANDREWS SLOOP, '85.**  
Race/cruise. UK main, genoa. Hull and deck painted with LP in '03. $29,500.

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53' J160, '99, Ruffian..........................829,000
48' J145, '03, Stark Raving Mad........... SOLD $689,000
46' J46, '01, Sequoia.........................489,000
43' J130, '99, Wreaking Havoc.............195,000
43' J130, '99, Argonanta..................... SOLD 239,000
43' Mason ketch, '91, Tiramisu.............112,000
42' Renzo PT Runner 4.0, '05..................Call
42' Renzo Express 4.0, '04...................Call
41' Beneteau 411, '00, Southern Cross..... SOLD 160,000

40' Aqua Pro Raider 1200, '04, GR Tender....179,000
40' J/120, '99, Baraka.......................240,000
40' J/120, '00, Secrets.......................249,000
39 CM1200/NM 39, '95, Velocly............84,500
37' Pacific Seacraft, '93, Esprit II.......... SOLD 130,000
35' J/109, '04, Crest Jolie.................209,000
35' J/115, '01, Hay Viendo.................. New Listing 117,000
35' J/1105, '01, Jim......................... New Listing 122,000
35' J/1105, '00, Flamboyant................. New Listing 128,000
35' J/1105, '01, Trikster.................... SOLD 117,000
35' J/1105, '02, Hibiscus....................127,000
34' Ericson, '98, Annie G.................. SOLD 50,000
33' J/100, '04, Jimmy J...................... SOLD 139,000
32' B-32, '95, IOTA ......................... New Listing 49,000
30' J/92, '93, Zippy......................... New Listing 55,000
29' Zulu, '84, Zulu......................... SOLD 25,000
22' Aqua Pro Raider 665, '04............... New Listing 48,500

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The Swedish architect, Einar Ohlson, designed the Ohlson 38 in 1967. The Tyler Boat Company of England molded it to Lloyd's specs. Of moderate displacement, it is built of solid (non-cored) fiberglass, with 14 full-length foam-filled fiberglass stringers to strengthen the hull. Dark Horse is hull #P122, finished by Brodemia Ohlson AB.

Advantages of this boat for shorthanded offshore sailing include:
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- Large foretriangle can accommodate an inner staysail
- Swept forefoot for collision resistance
- Well-balanced hull with small, skeg-hung rudder
- Excellent upwind abilities for a cruiser

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## CALENDAR

**Non-Race**

**May 27** — Free Mariners Art Show with Jim DeWitt, Mariah’s Eyes Photography, Margaret Fago and others. Starts at 3 p.m. as part of the Master Mariners Regatta at Encinal YC. Info, (510) 522-3272.

**May 27-29** — Half Moon Bay YC Memorial Day Bash on the Beach. Tons of food, music, and fun! Info, Reservations@MemorialDay@hmbyc.org.

**May 28** — Giant Nautical Flea Market at Brisbane Marina, 400 Sierra Pt. Pkwy., 8 a.m. - 3 p.m. Info, (650) 583-6975.

**May 29** — Observe Memorial Day.

**Jun. 2-4** — 16th Annual NW Wauquiez Owners Association Rendezvous, Port Townsend, WA. Call or email Ken Greff at (206) 295-8055 or kgreff@w-link.net.

**Jun. 3** — Pacific Mariners YC Swap Meet, Marina del Rey. Info, (310) 823-9717 or pmyc@pmyc.org.

**Jun. 4** — Minney’s Swap Meet, Newport Beach, 6 a.m. to Noon. Info, (949) 548-4192 or minneys@aol.com.

**Jun. 4-25** — Free sailing at Pier 40 every Sunday courtesy of BAADS. Info, (415) 281-0212 or www.baads.org.

**Jun. 7** — Singlehanded Transpac Weather and Navigating Seminar at Oakland YC, 7:30 p.m. Public welcome. Info, Ben or Lucie Mewes at (510) 522-2894 or ssstp06@yahoo.com.

**Jun. 8** — World Ocean Day was created at the 1992 Earth Summit to celebrate the stuff that makes up 70% of our planet. Go to www.worldoceanday.com to get in on the fun.

**Jun. 8** — If you want to meet other single sailors, learn to sail or need crew, go to Single Sailors Association’s monthly meeting at Oakland YC, 6:30 p.m. Info, www.sail-ssa.org.

**Jun. 10** — Corinthian Yacht Club presents their Women’s Intermediate Sailing Seminar and Regatta. CYC Members, $75. Non-members, $80. See www.cyc.org for more details.

**Jun. 11** — Full moon on a Sunday night.


**Jun. 15** — Learn about sea life from a staff member of the Marine Mammal Center. Buffet dinner from 6 to 7:15 p.m., $8. Talk starts at 7:30, free. Vallejo YC, (707) 643-1254.

**Jun. 17** — Treasure Hunt & Nav Rally to benefit TISC. Join the bash at TISC afterwards. Sponsored by Club Nautique. Info, marrin@clubnautique.net.

**Jun. 17-18** — Celebrate with sailors around the world during the ‘Summer Sailstice.’ Sign up for fun prizes and see who’ll be sailing in your area at www.summersailstice.com.
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Jun. 18 — Take Dad sailing today!

Jun. 21 — Go pagan for the Summer Solstice!


Jun. 23-25 — 6th Annual Islander Sail-In at Port Ludlow Marina, WA. Contact Tom or Jeanne Brown at (206) 595-6480 or enlightn9458@hotmail.com.

Jun. 24 — “Boating the Bay and Delta,” a free tour designed for boaters at the Bay Model in Sausalito, 10 a.m. - noon. Limited to 30 people. Info, (415) 332-3871.


Jun. 25 — Master Mariners’ Wooden Boat Show at Corinthian YC, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. $10, kids under 12 free. Visit www.mastermariners.org for more details.


Jul. 1 — Oakland’s Office of Parks and Recreation is sponsoring a high school PCISA racing team. All Bay Area high school kids are welcome. Tryouts at Jack London Aquatic Center, 10 a.m. - 3 p.m. Info, (510) 238-2166.

Jul. 4 — Celebrate Independence Day at Barron Hilton’s Fireworks Extravaganza at Mandeville Tip in the Delta.

Jul. 8 — Master Mariners’ River Rat Cruise in the Delta. Try something different this year and join this fun group cruise. Info, www.mastermariners.org/riverrat.html.


Jul. 15 — Nautical Swap Meet at Ballena Isle Marina in Alameda, 8 a.m. - noon. Info, (510) 523-5528.

Jul. 22 — Nautical Flea Market at the Napa Valley Marina, 8 a.m. - 1 p.m. Info, (707) 252-8011.

Jul. 28-30 — Stephens Yacht Rendezvous in Petaluma. Info, Classic Yacht Association at ghomenko@sbcglobal.net.


Racing


May 27-29 — 63rd Swiftsure Race, the big one for Northwest sailors. Six different race courses ranging from 78 miles to 140 miles. Info, www.swiftsure.org.

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ARE YOU READY TO HA-HA?

Although the start of Baja Ha-Ha XIII is still nearly five months away, it's high time to start making your plans for this year's event, which officially begins October 29.

As we often explain in these pages, the Ha-Ha is a 750-mile cruisers’ rally from San Diego to Cabo San Lucas, with stops along the way at Turtle Bay and Bahia Santa Maria.

Prospective entrants should be clear that this offshore sailing event definitely is not a hand-holding service for those incapable of making this trip on their own. However, it is a fabulous opportunity to get acquainted with hundreds of like-minded cruisers as you ‘cruise-in-company’ along the Baja coast. The two stops en route to Cabo give even the slowest boats a chance to catch up, and allow everyone to rest and recreate.

At this writing, over 70 prospective entrants have already requested entry packets. To get yours, send a 9x12, self-addressed envelope – no return postage necessary – with a check for $15 (for postage and handling) to: Baja Ha-Ha, Inc., 21 Apollo Road, Tiburon, CA 94920.

Application packets will be mailed out by June 10, complete with special offers from the sponsors listed in this ad.

VISIT www.BAJA-HAHA.COM
The Rally Committee encourages you to patronize the advertisers who make this event possible.

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**IMPORTANT DATES**

Aug 12 — Ha-Ha Preview Potluck at Two Harbors, Catalina.
Sep 10 — Entry deadline.
Oct 4 — Mexico Only Crew List and Baja Ha-Ha Party, Encinal YC; 6 - 9 p.m.
Oct 29 — Skipper’s meeting, 11 a.m., at Cabrillo Isle Marina, San Diego.
Oct 29 — Ha-Ha Halloween Costume Party and BBQ, 1 p.m. at Cabrillo Isle; co-hosted by West Marine.
Oct 30 — Start of Leg 1
Nov 11 — Awards presentations hosted by the Cabo Marina.

**Baja Ha-Ha Inc.**
21 Apollo Road
Tiburon, CA 94920
www.baja-haha.com
There is no phone number for the Baja Ha-Ha. And please don’t phone Latitude 38 with questions, as the Ha-Ha is a completely separate operation.
J/124
Three Sold on the West Coast

Now on SF Bay!

Two on SF Bay – one now sailing, one coming in June and one headed to Southern California!

From its large cockpit and clear coat carbon 4-spoke wheel, to the fine teak joiner work and Ultra-leather or suede upholstery below, or simply by the smooth, graceful way it slides through the water, the new J/124 is every bit a sailing yacht... in the best sense of the word. Yet, J/124s focus on shorthanded sailing qualities doesn't preclude many days of offshore coastal sailing. Her balanced dimensions are hallmarks of seaworthiness.

J/124 is a true escape... away from all the trappings and chores of home. Little-used amenities and complex cruising systems are discouraged where possible. But, all the important stuff is there: An adequate galley and chart table; the accessible top-loading icebox; 6 feet of headroom; three separate sleeping areas; a dodger for all-weather protection; and a cockpit made secure with 14" high backrests and seats that are long enough to let you enjoy some overnight comfort on those yacht club cruises, then this is the J for you.

The high-tech composite hull evolves from Js that have dominated IRC competition in Europe over the past three years. The Hall Spars mast and ACC rudder are the two island groups. TYC, www.tahoeyc.com. Info, Pierre at (530) 263-2157 or see our preview in this issue.

CALENDAR

Jun. 3-4 — YRA-OYRA Drake's Bay Race. For more info, go to www.yra.org.
Jun. 3-4 — 'Go For The Gold' Regatta for one-design classes, PHRF and Portsmouth boats, and Catalina 22 Far West Region Championship on pretty Scotts Flat Lake, Nevada City, CA. Info, Pierre at (530) 263-2157 or www.gycyc.net.
Jun. 7-8 — Coastal Cup, a 277-mile sprint to Santa Barbara. EYC, (510) 522-3272 or www.encinal.org.
Jun. 23-25 — Ullman Sails Long Beach Race Week. Alamitos YC and Long Beach YC. Championships for Catalina 37s, Olson 30s, Schock 35s, Beneteau 36.7s and more. Info, (562) 598-9401 or www.lbwr.org.
Jul. 2 — New Boreas Race, Half Moon Bay to Moss Landing, Elkhorn YC & HMBYC. Info, Jeff/EYC at (831) 277-0114 or Terri/HMYBC at (650) 726-2474.
Jul. 3-7 — 14th Biennial West Marine Pacific Cup. For details on the race and seminars, visit www.pacificcup.org. See our preview in this issue.
Jul. 4 — Brothers & Sisters Regatta, a low-key lap around the two island groups. TYC, www.tyc.org.
The Prettiest Girls at the Dance
Sailing One Will Change your Life…

With the Alerion Express 28, Bay Area legend Carl Schumacher started the trend to elegant daysailers by blending traditional topsides with a modern rig and underbody. This harmony of classic good looks with the promise of up-to-date speed, plus the bonus of singlehanded ease, elicited wide admiration and prompted frequent imitation. On the West Coast it’s also meant over 40 Alerion 28s delivered with almost 20 in the Bay Area.

However, matching this Alerion’s singular beauty proved elusive until now. Ten years after its introduction, the AE 28 remains the class of the field as the definitive elegant daysailer. With the new Alerion Express 38, the challenge was to equal the singular beauty of the AE 28, gaining the extra comfort and longer stride that comes with added length – while preserving singlehanded capability. The key here was the location of two Harken electric winches right handy to the helmsman, so that all hoisting, trimming and reefing becomes a matter of push-button ease. This enables the skipper to conveniently control all the power and grace this yacht so uniquely embodies.

To fully appreciate the beauty and elegance that only Alerion can deliver, step aboard at our sales docks.
The True North line of 33-38’ powerboats, built by Pearson Composites, represents state-of-the-art design and technology. They are efficient, seaworthy, comfortable and beautiful to behold.

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**CALENDAR**

**Jul. 8** — Midnight Moonlight Maritime Marathon, a fun pursuit race from Raccoon Strait to the Carquinez Bridge and back. Starts beginning at 5:30 p.m. SFYC, www.sfyc.org.


**Jul. 15-16** — 30th Annual Silver Eagle Long Distance Race, with a shorter course for boats rating 150 or above. IYC, www.iyc.org.


**Sept. 2** — 18th Annual Jazz Cup, a 26-mile romp from T.I. to Benicia YC. SBYC, www.southbeachyc.org.
Performance Yachts

**J/120, 1994**
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Valkyrie is an early light boat that has proven to be one of the fastest 120s in the local San Francisco Bay fleet. Valkyrie is one...
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**Baltic 51, 1982**
Rascallion
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**ELLIO T TOURER**
46, 1997
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d Incredible racer/cruiser all set up to cruise, and she sails like a dream.
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**SYNERGY 1005, 2001,** Summer Moon
This Schumacher-designed sportboat is a high-tech race boat for the sailor who is looking for performance without compromise. Asking $65,000.

**ISLAND PACKET 38, 1990,** Belle Carolina
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**WAUQUIEZ CENTURION 45s, 2003,** Angeline
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CALENDAR


**LAKE TAHOE WINDJAMMERS YC** — Wednesday nights through 10/25. Kurt Rasmussen, (530) 541-1129.

**LAKE YOSEMITE SA** — Thursday nights through early September. Jim, (209) 383-6149 or ozonejim@aol.com.

**MONTEREY PENINSULA YC** — Sunset Series, every Wednesday night through September. Ronald Baxter, (831) 626-9169 or Ron.Baxter@tdfg.com.


**SANTA CRUZ YC** — Wet Wednesdays during Daylight Saving Time. Larry, (831) 423-8111 or lweaver@cruzio.com.


**SEQUOIA YC** — Every Wednesday night through 10/11. Ron Brown, (650) 361-9472.

**SIERRA POINT YC** — Beercan Saturdays: 6/3, 7/8, 8/5, 9/1, 10/7. Beercan Tuesdays, every Tuesday night through 8/29. Larry Walters, (650) 579-3641.


**TIBURON YC** — Friday nights; 6/2, 6/16, 6/30, 7/14, 7/21, 7/28, 8/4, 8/18, 8/25, 9/15. Ian Matthew, (415) 883-6339.

**VALLEJO YC** — Every Wednesday night through 9/27. Jerry Halterman, (925) 788-8283.

Please send your calendar items by the 10th of the month to Latitude 38 (Attn: Calendar), 15 Locust Avenue, Mill Valley, CA, 94941. Better yet, fax them to us at (415) 383-5816 or email them to calendar@latitude38.com. But please, no phone-ins! Calendar listings are for marine-related events that are either free or don’t cost much to attend. The Calendar is not meant to support commercial enterprises.

**June Weekend Currents**

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Thanks to our partners: Almar Marinas • Bitter End Yacht Club • Club Nautique • GEL • J World Lagunitas • Latitude 38 • Life Learning Academy • Mount Gay • OCSC • South Beach Yacht Club Strictly Sail Pacific • Treasure Island Development Assn. • Treasure Island Yacht Club • Volunteer Center of San Francisco • YRA
WE DON’T WANT TO LIVE IN A CRAPPY APARTMENT

My wife and I are looking forward to starting our cruising life in the next couple of years, but have a question. If everyone sells their home to buy a boat and to fund their cruising kitty, we wonder where they live and what they do for money when they finish cruising? Do they continue to live on their boat, sell the boat and live in an apartment, move into an RV, or what? We’re concerned about our retirement after cruising. We’re worried that if we sell our house, there’s no way we’d be able to purchase a home in the Bay Area again. We don’t want to end up in a crappy apartment on social security. We’re interested in what your readers have to say.

Anonymous
Northern California

Anonymous — Good question. It will be interesting to see what kind of responses we get. In the interim, we’ll offer our two cents worth. The closer you get to retirement, the less sense it makes to have all your financial eggs in one basket, so you may want to think twice about selling your home and pouring all your equity into a cruising boat and cruising kitty.

Consider another option. If you’ve owned your home for some time, we presume that you’ve built up a formidable amount of equity. Rather than selling your house, we suggest that you consider tapping into that tax-free equity to buy a nice — but perhaps not the ultimate — cruising boat, and then rent your house out. The idea is for the rental income from your house to cover any remaining house payments and fund your normal cruising expenses.

This might be more feasible than it seems, because the cost of cruising is normally much less than the cost of living in the Bay Area, and the cost of a decent cruising boat can be surprisingly low. For example, in the last two months, two members of the Latitude editorial staff bought very cruisable boats. One is 36 feet, the other is 40 feet. Neither one of them cost more than $25,000. Sure, it would be nicer to have a $250,000 cruising boat with all kinds of gear and everything nice and shiny, but unless you’ve done some cruising and are absolutely sure you’re going to be passionate about it over the long term, you might be a little more conservative. The one thing you’ve got in your favor is that you’re going to work for a couple more years, and thus have the opportunity to sock away a bunch more money to spend on a boat.

Once you’re out cruising, you’ll discover there are scores of cruisers who are funding their sailing adventures through real estate rentals, often just their own home. A lot of cruisers rent their homes out for six months at a time, which allows them to enjoy six months cruising in the tropics during the winter; then come back and live in their own home for six months during the summer. Others rent their homes year-round, cruising in the tropics six months a year, then travelling around the United States in an RV — or doing other travelling — for the summer. Six months of cruising alternated with six months of doing something else is extremely popular with cruisers.

Once people of around retirement age go cruising and see other great places in the world, a lot of them begin to lose interest in returning to the Bay Area. Part of their reasoning is that the cost of living in the Bay Area is horrendously expensive, the traffic is horrible, the pace of life is hectic, and the winter weather isn’t very nice. The other part is that there are a lot of other great places in the world. As such, many of these folks like to spend their post-cruising years aboard their boats in marinas in Mexico or elsewhere in the tropics. And why not? They are among many friends, the cost of living is low, the pace of life is slower, the health care is more personal and
Congratulations from the team at Svendsen's to Rick Wesslund and his J120 ("El Ocaso") racing team.

Equipped with an expertly painted and burnished racing bottom from Svendsen's, El Ocaso won division titles and Boat of the Week honors at both 2006 Key West Race Week and Miami Race Week. No other boat has ever won both Boat of the Week honors in the same year.

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less expensive, and the weather is better. Indeed, once folks who retired from cruising get too old to even live on their boats, many simply buy or rent a place nearby. It’s all about quality of life. In places like P.V. and La Paz, for example, it’s easy to find a full-time housekeeper/cook/maid for just $300 a month. Flush with social security payments, rental income from your house, and the growing equity in your house, you’d be able to live like a king.

\[ \textbf{MONEY SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY OBSTACLE} \]

The last time I wrote was in August, when my girlfriend and I were looking for our first boat. We had a lot of questions that you were nice enough to answer. We bought an Ericson 27 named *Velella*, and sailed every single weekend until the winds died down in November. We took family and friends out, we anchored off Alcatraz during Fleet Week, we took overnight trips, I did some singlehanding — it’s been a blast.

Then in early January, we went to San Carlos, Mexico, where we spent a week sailing with David at the San Carlos Sailing School. While there, we completed the ASA Bareboat Chartering course in the challenging winter conditions. Having learned to sail on San Francisco Bay, the high winds were no problem.

Now we’re engaged to be married, and are also looking for a bigger boat to sail down to Mexico. We’ve decided that we’d like to get married on a beach down in Mexico, probably near Puerto Vallarta. We’re trying to figure out how we can sail down to the wedding and then keep cruising for a while afterwards. Doesn’t that sound fantastic?

We’re planning/dreaming about making the trip on a catamaran because of all the interior space — I’m 6’2” — and because they sail flat — Sara got a bit seasick during our Sea of Cortez experience. A cat would also be good because we have lots of friends who wish to visit us during our trip.

The problem is that cats are scarce and expensive on the Pacific Coast of the United States. We’re wondering how to compromise, and what you might recommend. Money is an obstacle, as our cruising dreams are bigger than our budget.

So here are our specific questions:

1) How do you recommend we do this? We can borrow money, but we don’t own a house, and paying down a 30-year boat loan is a scary proposition. Would it be possible to stretch our money with a long-term rental? Have you heard of anyone ‘leasing’ a cruising boat? Do you know of anybody with a cat who wants to keep it, but won’t be using it for a year? We’d sure love to talk to them.

2) If we sail south with the Ha-Ha in late October, and are married mid-January near Puerto Vallarta, what type of six-month honeymoon cruising do you recommend? How do the prevailing winds change over the year down there? If we wanted to explore Guatemala, El Salvador, and Nicaragua, is getting back north easier at one time of the year than the other? What about the heat?

If you or your readers can offer advice, we would love to hear it. We got some great replies last time. Our email is will@sitch.org.

Will Sitch & Sara Fuller
*Velella*, Ericson 27
Santa Rosa
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current boat may not be what you’d like to cruise Mexico in, but if money is an issue, she’s all you really need. Think she’s too small? Then check out this month’s Cruise Notes item on Ardell Lien of San Diego. Three years ago the 70-year-old was too weak to climb a flight of stairs or lift a bag of groceries, but in the past 12 months he’s singlehanded three-quarters of the way around the world — aboard his 27-ft Catalyst.

Two, cruising cats are expensive everywhere in the world, not just on the Pacific Coast. The bad news is that even the used ones seem to be creeping up in price. We’re big fans of cats, but you certainly don’t need a cat to enjoy a cruise in Mexico or the South Pacific, where the overwhelming majority of boats are monohulls.

Three, we’re not aware of any outfits that offer 30-year loans on boats. Based on the fact that you’re even curious about such a thing, we wonder if you’re not thinking you need more boat than you can comfortably afford.

Four, it’s extremely unlikely that anyone would lease you their cruising cat. The main reason is that it would be too easy for you to do far more damage to the boat than the owner would be getting in lease payments. And what’s to guarantee the owner that you wouldn’t just walk away from his/her boat in Mexico at the conclusion of your fun?

Knowing almost nothing about you, here are our recommendations: Sell all your crap and temporarily move aboard your Ericson 27 to save money. Based on the assumption that you’re both working now, both of you should then get second jobs. And no whining, because all kinds of people — from day laborers to small business owners — regularly work 60 to 70-hour weeks. Then live cheap. Don’t eat out. Cancel your cable service because you’ll be too busy working to watch the tube. If you’ve got two cars, sell one. By ultra-maximizing your income and ultra-minimizing your expenses for just six months, and by selling your Ericson 27, you should be in a financial position to own a perfectly fine cruising monohull free and clear. Plus, you should still have enough money to cruise for six months. If you look at it the right way, the whole thing — starting with your first hours at your second jobs — will be part of a single grand adventure.

If you do the Ha-Ha, you’ll arrive in Cabo the second week in November. If you only have six months, we suggest that you immediately head up to the Sea of Cortez for a month, because the water will still be warm. Once winter sets in, it won’t be warm enough in the Sea for comfortable swimming until the beginning of May. Come December, even the air temperature is probably going to be cool 50% of the time in the Sea, which means it will be time to head over to wonderfully warm mainland Mexico. There’s so much to do and see in Mexico that it wouldn’t make much sense to sail all the way down to Guatemala, El Salvador and Nicaragua for what would have to be a relatively short period of time. Still want to investigate these other cultures? When you get down to Zihua, take a vacation from cruising by hopping on buses to visit those Central American countries.

Does this sound fantastic or what? It should. We hope to see you at the start of the Ha-Ha!

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**LETTERS**

**DARWIN’S LAW SKIRTED BY THE COAST GUARD**

On April 20, we were doing the California Bash up from San Diego, monitoring channel 16. When about 10 miles off of Carmel, I heard a vessel doing long counts up to 10 for a Coast Guard helicopter. The skipper was saying, “One . . . two . . . three,” and so forth. This was repeated three times over the course of about 20 minutes. I figured that the helo was trying to home in on their location using an RDF. Since it sounded like some sort of emergency, we stayed tuned in.
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LETTERS

After a few more minutes, I discovered that the sailing vessel Celcion — which means 'are we there yet?' in Latin — was lost and that the helo was on its way to lend assistance. Once they found the desperately lost voyager, the helo hovered overhead in order to provide the adventurous captain with his lat/long. The coordinates were repeated several times.

The skipper then asked where he was. The Coasties in the chopper said, "You're six miles from Monterey." The skipper mumbled something about wanting to go to Half Moon Bay, then said, "Could you point me in the right direction?" He added, "I think I have a map of Monterey someplace."

The Coasties were not about to give this guy 'directions', and wisely so. The captain was strongly urged to seek an escort into Monterey for the evening, as it was just two hours from sunset. The skipper accepted, as he was a wee bit humbled at this point.

The pilot contacted Coast Guard Monterey and requested that a rescue boat be dispatched to the scene. Since we were only about eight miles away, we offered our assistance. The helo pilot asked if we could steam towards Celcion's position and act as another asset if needed. We agreed to do what we could and altered course.

About 45 minutes later a Coast Guard rescue boat arrived. We were now three miles from Celcion. Communication between the Coasties and the skipper was a little confused. Several times the Coasties asked if the skipper or his crew had suffered any injuries. The skipper finally understood, and replied, "Only my pride." Eventually the Coasties escorted this rather fortunate skipper and his crew into Monterey for the evening, and we resumed bashing back up the coast.

Unless I'm mistaken, the skipper of the Celcion had left San Francisco Bay on a trip to Half Moon Bay — and wound up totally lost and confused near Monterey. I wonder if this is how Gilligan's Island started?

With apologies to the MasterCard commercial:
• 1.5 Hours of Coast Guard Helicopter flight time = $20,000
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• Unexpected long weekend in Monterey courtesy of U.S. taxpayers and the Coast Guard = priceless!

Arnstein Mustad
Recidivist
Alameda

NO HAPPINESS WITHOUT WORK? WHAT CRAP!

I just can’t sit by and let Bill Hinkle get away with his May issue comments about how people shouldn’t go cruising when they are young. His contention that it’s a "senseless existence" until you reach retirement age got me so riled up that it took me a few days to calm down enough to compose a letter that could be printed.

I wasn’t aware that there was some national standard of accomplishments that we must live by. And since when is crossing an ocean not an accomplishment? Am I correct in assuming that personal accomplishments don’t account for anything on this national scale?

The generalization that "we" must work and raise families in order to be happy is crap. I’m a 40-year-old female with no desire to have 2.5 kids, a mortgage, a dog, a minivan and a stress level that’s through the roof. Life’s too short not to live it to the fullest, and to live it in a way that makes us happy. The way you choose to live your life is your prerogative.

I intend to continue cruising, tacking mile after mile onto the 15,000 miles that I’ve already sailed. My adventures through the South Pacific only whetted my appetite, as I learned there is a whole world out there waiting to be ex-
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For an online tour of the 3Dr plant, visit www.northsails.com/3D. The tour is available in 3D or 2D. If you need 3D glasses, call your nearest North Sails representative.

ABOVE: Michael Carroll’s New Wave won the Melges 32 class at 2006 Key West Race Week carrying a North 3Dr main and jib. Billy Black photo
There are remote islands with picturesque anchorages and sandy beaches, new and different cultures, new foods, markets, and many other things that I need to experience. All of one’s life should be a beautiful time, not just retirement. So why should I feel obligated to work my butt off hoping to stay healthy enough to maybe enjoy it after paying my debt to society?

I will not apologize for my choice to cruise, and I encourage anyone thinking about going to just go and do it. You only live once, and you should make the best of it. Do what makes you happy, not others. And do it now.

My husband and I are currently back at work — at low-stress, fun jobs — and saving every penny we can so we can get back out there again. We’ve experienced the cruising lifestyle, and can’t get enough of it. But that’s what makes us happy. Caution: The cruising lifestyle isn’t for everyone.

Emmy — Each one of us is created differently, and we’re all shaped by the culture and era we grew up in. Hinckle, like a lot of folks who lived through the horrors of the Depression and World War II, seems to have that Old Testament kind of drive, the “be fruitful and multiply, fill the earth, and subdue it” attitude. Alas, it seems that an increasing number of folks in succeeding generations — having seen that mankind has now overfilled the earth, subdued it, and seems hell bent on destroying it — don’t share that outlook. They don’t see themselves as “worker ants,” as does Hinckle, but more as artists, vagabonds and explorers. And they are more interested in new and interesting life experiences than material things, as the latter often prove less satisfying than hoped.

A guy who was a little ahead of his time in acting on this point of view was French painter Paul Gauguin, who rejected his successful life as a banker to become a struggling painter, but who eventually found great success while working and messing around in French Polynesia. Interestingly enough, Gauguin’s last work, considered to be his masterpiece, is titled Where Do We Come From? What Are We? Where Are We Going?

If you’re ever in Boston, you should check out the 5-ft by 12-ft canvas, as it’s hanging in the Museum of Fine Arts.

Of course, there are other views on the meaning of life. For Monty Python, the answer is that there is no meaning at all. “You’re born, you eat, you go to school, you have sex, you have children and you grow old if somebody doesn’t kill you first. When you die, you go to heaven, where every day is like Christmas.” For Muslims, the meaning of life is nothing short of total allegiance to God — which, thanks to extreme interpretations, can have some pretty bloody consequences. Mystics don’t worry about accomplishing things in life, as they see it as happening or unfolding. Hindus see life as a game in which everyone unwittingly plays, and in which there is no final goal. Then there are the cynics. “We’re all just here to fart around,” wrote Kurt Vonnegut. “don’t let anyone tell you different.”

A GREAT WAY TO SAIL ECONOMICALLY

I’m not part of any business and am not trying to sell anyone anything, but what if I told you that you could own a 30-foot sailboat on San Francisco Bay for — after the initial purchase price — as little as $3 per day? I know you can because I’ve done it for six wonderful years. The secret is partnerships. If you thought owning a sailboat was too expensive, then you should read on. Partnerships are a way to meet great folks and economically sail a boat of your own.
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The first step is to find your partners and pool your resources. Your partners could be family members, close friends, co-workers, or folks you meet through the Classy Classifieds. Choosing the right partners is, of course, a critical part of building a successful partnership. You want to make sure that everyone has the resources to afford a boat, has a steady job, and is not likely to be leaving the area soon. Another plus is that all the partners have a sailing background or at least be willing to take some sailing courses. It’s good to have similar sailing goals, too, as a partner who wanted to load a boat down with cruising gear wouldn’t be very compatible with other partners who wanted to strip the boat for racing. But be forewarned, even if you pick the best possible partners, compromising will still play a big part in the arrangement.

How many partners do you need? You can have as few as two, of course. We started with three, went to four, and now have five. Four works well as every partner can each have one week a month when the boat is ‘theirs’. The nice thing about our partnership is that we’ve found we all get to sail as much or as little as we want. We assign one week to each partner starting on Thursday. This way if someone wants to take the boat for a long weekend, they don’t have to worry about trading days with the other partners. If one of the other partners wants to go sailing, they just email the partner whose week it is and work out the details. When it’s ‘your’ week, you can just head out. With a partnership, you also have a built-in crew who often want to go sailing with you. Just let them know and off you go for a daysail or whatever.

Another important aspect is figuring out what kind of boat your partnership wants. Does your group want a daysailer, racer/cruiser, or maybe a coastal cruiser? We wanted a safe daysailer that we could also use for weekend trips on the Bay and week-long trips up to the Delta. As such, we needed a boat that could sleep 5-6, have a galley, and have a private legal head.

Our partners were keen on a used 30-foot boat in the $15k range, which meant we’d all have to come up with $5,000 for an initial investment. Based on the April edition of Latitude, at this price we could have had our pick of a Hunter 30, Pearson 31, Catalina 30, or an Islander 30. And with most sellers you can negotiate lower than the asking prices.

We started our boat search looking through the Classy Classifieds, and found several we wanted to look at. The third boat we looked at, a 1981 Gary Mull-designed Newport 30, turned out to be a great one. We met with the owners — who turned out to be three partners about our age. They’d had the boat for six years and were moving on. When our surveyor got done with his job, he said, “Buy this boat!” The boat sailed great in the sea trials, so we negotiated the best deal and signed on the bottom line. We got ourselves a beauty!

Once we’d done the deed, we still had some work to do — such as register the boat at the DMV, transfer the title, get insurance, and pay the sales tax. Yes, every time a boat is sold, the state wants sales tax. Lastly, we needed a place to
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keep the boat. We decided to keep her in Alameda, and just
took over the slip that she’d always been in. This worked out
well, as the less experienced of us could practice sailing in
the Estuary without worrying about getting into too much
trouble.

With five of us each paying $100 a month, that covers all
the expenses — insurance, property taxes, bottom cleaning,
canvas work, etc. — leaving a little extra for the little things
that come up. We haul the boat once every two years to have
the bottom painted and do minor repairs. Some of the haulout
is covered by the kitty, but most if it comes out of our pockets.
It usually has run about $300 to $350 a person.

In order to tie it all together, we made a simple contract and
had each partner sign it. The contract stated the purchase
price, who the partners were, and listed all the basics of our
arrangements — such as who gets to use the boat when, keep-
ing the boat clean for others, getting repairs done in a timely
fashion, and a minimum length — one year — of participation.
The contract also stated that sailing is a dangerous sport and
that no one will sue any of the partners unless there was gross
negligence.

The contract also stated that if a partner decides he/she
wants out, it will be their responsibility to place the ads and do
the sea trials for potential replacement partners. Once that is
done, each of the current partners gets to meet the prospective
partner and determine if the person would be a good fit. If for
whatever reason the majority of partners don’t feel comfort-
able with the potential partner, they can deny him/her and
the process starts over. We’ve never had a problem with the
latter.

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our website at http://addiction30.tripod.com/.

Craig Russell
Addiction, Newport 30
Emeryville

Craig — Thanks for your report. With time, money and berths
in seemingly shorter supply all the time, boat partnerships are
becoming more attractive. If any of you readers have been in
such a partnership, we’d love to have a brief report, no matter
if it was a success or failure.

ABANDONING ECLIPSE

The article about Richard Woods abandoning his 34-ft
catamaran Eclipse in the Gulf of Tehuantepec will hopefully
provide some lessons to those new to offshore sailing. Even
though Woods — a designer and builder of small catamarans
— claims to be a very experienced sailor with 70,000 offshore
miles and 45 years of experience, he made several major
mistakes.

1) Dinghies should never be carried on davits at sea. Not
ever. It’s not a matter of ‘if’ they will get filled with water and
become a hazard to the safety of the vessel, but ‘when’.

2) You should never get off a boat until you have to step up
into a liferaft. There’s no need to risk the lives of others un-
less you are seriously in danger. Being scared doesn’t qualify.
Woods commented that Eclipse was still seaworthy, could
be salvaged and, at the time of the rescue, the wind and sea
conditions were moderating. He should have called off the
rescue.

3) A lightweight vessel like a cat with no lead keel or bal-
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LETTERS

last is like a ping-pong ball on the water. For situations with exceptionally strong winds, owners of such boats need to have several heavy weather options. It turned out that the best for Eclipse was dragging warps. Woods would have been far better off if he’d bought a drogue or two to slow the boat to manageable speeds. With two, he could have streamed them from each hull, and thus been able to control the speed and direction of the boat. Also, by varying the length of the tow lines, he could have reduced the risk of both drogues coming out of the water at the same time, reducing the inevitable ‘rubber band effect’ that puts significant strain on lines and fittings.

4) Lastly, I question the skipper’s decision-making. Woods was northbound and knew there was a gale coming. He decided to cross one of the most dangerous bodies of water despite the forecast. Then he headed offshore rather than inshore, and got into even stronger winds. I see from the location of the rescue that he was not even halfway across the Gulf of Tehuantepec when he and Jetti were rescued. How in the world did he think he could make all the way across?

Yes, I know all about us armchair sailors, and that it’s easy for us to make good decisions when hunkered down in our home by the fire on a stormy winter night. However, good decisions at sea require good planning. To all who go offshore, I recommend going by the good old Boy Scout motto of ‘Be Prepared’.

By the way, I’m a vet of the last Ha-Ha, and just completed my first long solo passage — from Mexico to Hawaii in 20 days in light wind conditions. I’m 67 years old.

Glen Read
Nootka, Island Packet 40
Port of Edmonds, Washington

Glen — Congratulations on your singlehanded crossing. We’ll be the first to agree that Woods made a very poor decision when he tried to cross the Gulf of Tehuantepec knowing full well that a gale was on its way. We wouldn’t have tried that in our old Ocean 71 ketch, let alone in a small and light catamaran. We can only assume that being from England, Woods wasn’t sufficiently familiar with how treacherous the gulf becomes when a Tehuantepecker comes through. We know some experienced sailors aboard a Freya 39 — a very good heavy-weather boat — who were reduced to lying on the cabin sole during a ‘Pecker and praying to be allowed to survive. Then there was another experienced cruising couple with a Morgan 38 who almost immediately gave up cruising after being caught in a similar storm there. Both of these cases happened about 20 years ago when Tehuantepeckers were harder to forecast and harder to be informed of. Now they are easy to forecast and therefore easy to avoid.

As for Woods’ subsequent decisions, we’re much more hesitant to be critical. We weren’t there, so we have no idea how much he and girlfriend Jetti’s physical and mental states might
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Holding power with 180-degree wrap: 57 mm up to 10:1; 75 mm up to 15:1.

LETTERS

have deteriorated as a result of the long pummeling. Fatigue has a tremendously debilitating effect on physical and mental performance. Then, too, we have the benefit of hindsight. Suppose Woods — as you recommend — had waved off the rescue, then the wind and seas started to build again, the cat flipped and the two were killed. We can only imagine the second-guessing that would have gone on then. Nor are we sure it would have been advisable to set two drogues in those conditions, as it seems as though violent out-of-sync waves might have pulled the two hulls apart like a wishbone. But as we weren’t there, we don’t know.
Woods probably could have made better decisions, but the fact that he and Jetti survived indicates to us that he could have done worse.

† ABOUT THE DIAPERS
Joe Elliot’s two-part article on cruising the coast of California seemed to be a contradiction in terms. While cruising often means many things to many people, it always seemed to have a certain amount of self-reliance to it. Elliot seemed to think that seamanship can be replaced by whining on the VHF for the Coast Guard to bail him out of his troubles.
Also, when did marina hopping, with an occasional dropping of the hook, fallen under the category of ‘cruising’?
I once owned an Islander 30, too, but it was 30 years ago, and we sailed her to Banderas Bay, Mexico. This was when you had to navigate with a sextant using sight reduction tables, a Nautical Almanac, and a Walker Log. Those days are gone, Joe, but you seem to think being a prudent mariner is no longer necessary either.
Perhaps the Coast Guard should charge a fee to recover the costs incurred bailing novice mariners — such as Elliot — out of problems they neglected to prepare for at the dock.
Elliot’s ‘got to have’ and ‘not necessary’ list was interesting. He may disagree with me, but I enjoy spending weeks at isolated anchorage, where water may not be available. And since I’ve grown tired of lugging water from land sources when it was available, I therefore disagree with his conclusion that watermakers aren’t important. After all these years of cruising, I still find that I ask questions, inquire, and try to find solutions rather than relying on some self-inflated image.
In closing, I’d like to remind Elliot that diapers aren’t just for the very old, but for babies, too. Pick up a rattle while you’re getting the diapers, because somebody may recognize it for the EPIRB that you decided was unnecessary.
Jerry Metheany
Rosita

Jerry — Elliot had a lot of controversial opinions, so we’re surprised that there wasn’t more reader reaction to some of them. Here’s our response to a couple of the things he claimed weren’t necessary for a California coastal cruise:
— A RIB tender with a big outboard. In our book, there is no substitute for a planing dinghy. In fact, it’s our opinion that while his Sea Eagle tender might be marginally acceptable for putting around in sheltered harbors, it would be grossly inadequate — both in design and construction — for the kind of coastal cruising we enjoy. We need a dinghy that can withstand being rolled in the surf, dragged over sharp rocks and barnacles, and be capable of making headway in relatively rough open ocean conditions.
— Spinnakers. We can’t imagine cruising south of Pt. Conception without a spinnaker or gennaker. In many cases it makes the difference between having a wonderfully satisfying sail and having to listen to a noisy diesel. We’ve had some fabulous
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Everyone is invited to the Golden Gate Yacht Club for some refreshments and a chance to meet other sailors that are looking for crew. The speakers for JUNE 22 will be Marc & Doreen Gounard. They built a catamaran and sailed it around the world. Come meet them and ask questions. The next dates are listed below. Admission fee at the door - $5 (mark your calendar- July 20, Aug. 17, Sept. 21, Oct 26, Nov. 30)

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* ASA Catamaran Course $595 .................. June 3 or July 15th

Calendar of Events
* Farallones Day Trip $185 .......................June 17
* CREW PARTY & Speaker $5 ....................June 22
* Coast Guard Courses ............................July 8 to Aug 6
* RYA Courses .....................................Aug 12 to Aug 23

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LETTERS

spinnaker runs in the Santa Barbara Channel between Pt. Mugu and Pt. Dume, and back and forth between Catalina and Long Beach, Redondo and Newport Beach. Contrary to Elliott's contention, we think it’s far more “suicidal” to fly a spinnaker on San Francisco Bay than it is in typical Southern California conditions.

In addition, the crack about diapers was absurd. The fact is that the oceans of the world are overflowing with guys — and a few gals — in their 60s and 70s and 80s, who can still cruise with the best of them. Elsewhere in this issue we note that Robin Knox-Johnston, the first man to singlehand around the world nonstop, will be doing it again next year, at age 67, with a big, beamy Open 60. Then there’s lifelong smoker Tony Bullimore, who at age 67 is going to attempt to singlehand his 102-ft racing cat Team Daedalus around the world. The list of people sailing the oceans of the world past age 65 is a very long one. Besides, does Elliott think it would be better for them or the world if they were warehoused in senior care facilities?

Of course, we don’t agree with Metheany on everything, either. We’ve got a wonderful Spectra watermaker on our catamaran, but the only time we’ve used it was from California to the Caribbean and back, and when we have a dozen or more people on Profligate for a Ha-Ha. If we stop at a fuel dock or marina every two weeks, we can take on all the water we need for the next couple of weeks without ever having to fire up the watermaker.

⇑⇓

VIETNAMESE ARE GENERALLY VERY NICE PEOPLE

I’m a huge and longtime fan of Latitude, but thought you might appreciate a different perspective on your cruising Vietnam story that appeared in the May 8 ‘Lectronic. Certainly a case can be made for cultural exchange and personal relationships being built between nice people, and the Vietnamese are generally very nice people. It is also one of the most beautiful spots on earth — especially the Central Highlands.

However, no cruisers will see the Central Highlands because it is the home of religious and racial persecution against the Montagnard (Dega) people. It is locked down. Journalists and diplomats are not allowed. Immigration is denied. The Dega aligned themselves with Special Forces and fought valiantly for their freedom. They fought innumerable battles that American soldiers didn’t have to fight. They were abandoned and misled by our government, which is largely to blame for their present dire situation. A pitiful few escaped through Laos and now have exemplary communities here in the United States.

The point is that we are condoning a ruthless and totalitarian country by glibly taking a tour or cruise and pretending everything is fine. It is not. If you go, please make a point of asking about the Montagnards. They may have saved your brother or uncle way back when. You owe them.

Steve Hatch
Black Irish Dive Service
South San Francisco

Steve — A clarification is required. The author of that piece is Jack van Ommen, who singlehanded to Vietnam from California. He first went to Vietnam very early in the ’60s, at which time he fell in love with the place. We don’t think his visit condones the current deplorable state of human rights in that country any more than our cruise to Cuba condoned the tyranny of Castro. Indeed, van Ommen’s article on Vietnam, like ours on Cuba, provided an opportunity to remind everyone of the terrible human rights abuses in those countries.

In case we’ve been unclear on the matter, there are three
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principles we at Latitude stand for: 1) free people, 2) free trade, and 3) personal responsibility. As such, we’re diametrically opposed to virtually everything the notably corrupt Vietnamese political and economic system stands for. Indeed, we’re encouraged that hundreds of people in Vietnam — including priests, monks, former Communist Party members, academics, engineers, teachers and many others — were brave enough to sign two public appeals two months ago. On April 8, they risked their lives by signing the Appeal for Freedom of Political Association, and two days later, by signing the 2006 Manifesto on Freedom and Democracy for Vietnam.

“In Vietnam, the mere act of signing such documents routinely triggers a police investigation, detention and often imprisonment,” said Brad Adams, Asia Director at Human Rights Watch. When it comes to human rights, Vietnam is high on the shit list of groups such as Human Rights Watch, Amnesty International, and other advocacy groups.

But talk about the ultimate irony, can you imagine a country losing two million of its people in an armed conflict — and the survivors ending up even more enslaved than ever? What an incredible waste.

THE STORY BEHIND THE PHOTO SPREAD

Thank you so much for choosing the wonderful photo of my Black Soo Mirage for the centerfold in the Singlehanded Sailing Society’s Farallones Race coverage last month. It was a great day to be out there — fine weather, gentle breezes, and being on a great boat that loves those tight reaches.

Of course, there is a story. Mirage was, of course, the ‘honeymoon ride’ for my lovely wife Lucie and me during the last West Marine Pacific Cup, so this was to be Lucie’s first singlehanded Farallones Race on the boat. I was going to take Georgia, our soon-to-be cruising boat. Well, stuff happens, and lucky me ended up taking Mirage. Thank you Lucie!

So there I was at the starting line looking for the other Black Soo, Greg Nelsen’s Starbuck, to push both of us to the limit. But there was no Starbuck in sight! I got a good start, and by the time I sailed beneath the Golden Gate Bridge, I could still read the sail number and name on Mark Holman’s Hobie 33 Sleeping Dragon. So I wasn’t doing too badly. But looking aft in the direction of Pier 39, I could see a narrow and low shape so familiar to participants in SSS events. It was Starbuck, late to the start because Nelsen’s outboard had crapped out off Treasure Island and he’d had to start sailing from there.

Well, by the time we got to the Farallones, Greg had closed so much that I could almost read his sail number. That’s why I was frequently looking back about the time the photo was taken. As it turned out, on the way back to the Bay, Nelsen opted to go to the northside of the shipping channel while I took the southern route. Although his Starbuck finished ahead of me by about five minutes, she owed Mirage time because she’s been modified. When it was all over, I corrected out ahead of Greg by a mere eight seconds! It was that close. We took second and third overall in the sportboat division, five
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corrected-time minutes behind Sleeping Dragon.

By the way, those hard-chine ‘plywood boxes’ are the greatest little sailing boats — especially in the ocean. In fact, I’m quite sure that Lucie fell in love with Mirage long before she fell in love with me!

Ben Mewes
Mirage, Black Soo 31
Alameda

Ben — Thanks for providing ‘the rest of the story’. Sailing is deceptive; for so often what looks like nothing more than a boat sailing along is actually part of an exciting on-the-water drama — albeit usually just between a few people. We were involved in competitive sports for a long time, and have to say that we rarely had more fun than when shorthanded racing with/against friends.

Speaking of ‘plywood boxes’, you probably won’t be surprised to note that Jack van Ommen, who did the ‘82 Single-handed TransPac, had no trouble sailing his triple-chine Naja 29 Fleetwood from California to Vietnam.

LIFERAFTS OFTEN OPEN UPSIDE DOWN

Did anyone see Survivorman on the Science Channel? I’m thinking of the installment where the guy inflated a liferaft from the back of a sailboat and proceeded to practice his survival techniques for a few days on the open ocean. The liferaft he was using opened upside down, which he said was common. As a result, the survival gear inside the raft got soaking wet. In addition, he had a terrible time with leaking from the floor and from the inflated areas. He had to continually bail the raft out and reinflate the sides. All this happened in relatively calm waters.

If anyone knows the type of liferaft used, I’d like to know about it so I can avoid purchasing that brand. There was no reference on the show or on their website as to the brand.

Randy Hasness
Manassas, Virginia

Randy — There are different rafts/liferaft models for different situations. Some are classified for use less than three miles offshore, some three to 20 miles offshore, and others for more than 20 miles offshore. In some ways these categories are ridiculous, because if your boat sinks three miles off the Marin Headlands when the Potato Patch is breaking, you’re likely to need a better liferaft than if you sank 2,000 miles into the Pacific.

As you might expect, the better made and equipped liferafts cost substantially more than the basic models. As you also might expect, many boat owners purchase the least expensive models in the belief it’s unlikely they’ll ever have to use it.

It’s not uncommon for liferafts to inflate upside down and/or roll over in windy conditions. That’s why candidates for Coast Guard six-pack licenses have to get into a pool and prove they have mastered the techniques necessary for righting such liferafts — in a swimming pool, at least. And if you read accounts of people who have had to spend long periods of times in liferafts during rough weather, being rolled and having the raft fill with water is not uncommon.

That liferafts flip might seem like a severe defect — until you realize that there are other important requirements that have to be met also. For instance, a liferaft has to be compact enough to fit on a small boat, light enough for one person to launch in severe weather, yet large enough to accommodate several people.

If you want to take a crack at meeting all those design requirements in one package, you’ll see that there is no way to avoid
Lewmar Hatches feature an integral seal that makes them completely leak-proof, one-piece construction for easy installation, and Low-profile, Medium-profile, and Ocean model options. The acrylic panels on Low and Medium-profile models are easily replaceable. Friction levers allow the hatch to be opened at any angle up to 180 degrees, from above or below deck.

Lewmar Portlights, available in a range of sizes, also can be opened at many angles. Interior trim moldings and frame color options ensure a perfect aesthetic fit for your boat. And do not forget Lewmar’s New Roller Shade Screen. It installs easily on any hatch and can be used as a shade or screen. Look into the Hatch and Portlight Fitting Guide at www.lewmar.com/hatchguide. You’ll see that Lewmar is the clear choice.
some serious compromises. For example, if you’re thinking of adding ballast to keep the raft upright, you’ll no doubt make the raft too heavy to be launched in the first place. And even if it could be launched, it would leave the raft relatively stationary in the water, and therefore a sitting duck for breaking waves that, over time, might tear it apart.

We think a lot of mariners have a vague notion that if they buy a liferaft, everything will turn out hunky-dory, even if their boat suddenly goes down in 35-kt winds and 15-ft seas. To assume that it would be easy to launch and board a liferaft in such conditions is complete nonsense. Having a liferaft is not a guarantee that you’ll survive such situations, just that you’ll have a fighting chance at it. The first challenge in an abandon ship situation is very physical — getting the liferaft into the water from the probably pitching deck without anybody getting hurt in the process. It’s not unusual for liferafts to be inflated — intentionally or unintentionally — on deck, in which case the problems are multiplied many times over. Even if the crew gets the raft into the water, can you imagine the force that 35 knots of wind puts on a bulky liferaft? If you can, you’ll understand why many liferafts get blown away before their crews can even climb into them. And even if they are launched upright, and stay upright, rafts can still be extremely difficult to climb aboard in stormy conditions, rope ladders notwithstanding. If you read the accounts of people who have had to spend long periods of time in liferafts, they usually had a lot of trouble with eliminating moisture. And with the moisture comes sores and often rapidly deteriorating health. As such, if you have to get into a liferaft, the most important thing is to make sure you get out as quickly as possible — which is why an EPIRB and/or satphone are so important.

Sal of Sal’s Inflatables brings a raft that we inflate at every Crew List Party, so everybody has a chance to crawl around inside. While it’s fun, hopefully it also makes everyone think twice about what it would really be like to have to survive extreme conditions in such a raft.

THE ICE MAN COMETH

Visitors to Two Harbors at Catalina Island should be aware of a new rule that we ran afoul of during a recent visit to that wonderful place. Our problem began just as the sun was setting below an adjacent yardarm, as Phil, one of our stout-hearted crew with a passion for heavily iced gin and tonic, made a seemingly innocent quip to a passing Harbor Patrol officer about our lack of ice. The officer said nothing at the time, but he, and others on nearby moorings, clearly made a note of our four rowdy crew — all in our ‘50s and ‘60s — aboard La Storia.

About an hour later, there was an insistent rapping on our hull followed by a loud, “Ahoy!” It was the same officer as before, rousting me from below where I was preparing dinner for my crew. As I scrambled up the companionway steps to meet the officer, my mind raced through the list of sinful omissions or commissions that could have brought the of-
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Officer to our vessel. The rest of my crew breathed an accusatory "Ooooh." I greeted the officer with a smile that hopefully masked my anxiety, and asked as innocently as possible how I could help him.

He gruffly informed me that one of our neighbors had lodged a complaint.

I again racked my brain for a transgression. True, we'd been having a good time, but I couldn't imagine that we were disturbing the early evening peace. After all, a cold wind was blowing across the Isthmus, so we were all down below bending elbows, listening to Sinatra, munching cheese and crackers, and roasting the political establishment while I burned the vegetables.

"What's the problem?" I asked. He replied sternly that our neighbors had observed the crew of La Storia having cocktails — without ice!

As my expression morphed slowly from confusion to understanding, the officer, now sporting a big smile, handed over a five-pound bag of frozen cubes, while captain and crew burst into relieved and appreciative laughter. The officer graciously refused payment for his contribution to our icebox, and motored off to perform his official duties with Two Harbor's unique hospitality.

Burt McChesney
La Storia, Catalina/Morgan 45
Chula Vista

Burt — We've spent quite a bit of time at Two Harbors over the last five years, and thus have had plenty of opportunity to observe how the place is run. In our opinion, the management and employees do a superb job. What gives the place such a pleasant vibe is that all the harbor patrol folks come across as facilitators of fun rather than law enforcement officers. That's probably because they aren't law enforcement officers and don't carry guns — even though they do have "Limited Police Officer Power," which does allow them to make arrests and write citations. But based on our experience, they do their best to avoid doing that or calling the L.A. Sheriff who is stationed there. We also want to put in a good word for the great harbor patrol folks at Avalon. They aren't part of the same organization, but they do an equally good job. A tip of the hat to all of them.

SHE REJUVENATES OUR SPIRIT

As a boy growing up around the Bay, I sailed two to six days a week year 'round. Sunshine, fog, rain — it didn’t matter. As an adult, however, I settled into a bimodal child-centric, workaholic lifestyle, and my time on the water shrunk. The decades raced by, responsibilities grew, and eventually my passion for sailing had to be crammed into a measly 10 or 15 days per year. In recent years, I compounded the problem by getting onto airplanes several times a month, though I still preferred sailboats. But clearly the work thing had gotten the better of me.
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Licenses held: USCG Master Upon Oceans • STCW International Yacht Master (RYA/DOT) • US Sailing Instructor: Keelboat, Cruising, Coastal Navigation

ALASKA EAGLE 2006 VOYAGE SCHEDULE

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Destination</th>
<th>Miles</th>
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<tr>
<td>Santa Barbara Island</td>
<td>120</td>
<td>Jun 8 – Jun 11</td>
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<tr>
<td>Newport – Guadalupe Island – Newport</td>
<td>650</td>
<td>Jun 24 – Jun 30</td>
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<tr>
<td>Northern Channel Islands</td>
<td>300</td>
<td>Aug 16 – Aug 20</td>
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<tr>
<td>Baja Ha-Ha Cruisers’ Rally*</td>
<td>750</td>
<td>Oct 28 – Nov 10</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cabo – Newport Beach</td>
<td>750</td>
<td>Nov 13 – Nov 21</td>
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* apply for either Alaska Eagle or Kialoa III.

ALASKA EAGLE 2006 SUMMER VOYAGE SCHEDULE

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<td>Leg 2</td>
<td>Hawaii - Fanning Island - Tahiti*</td>
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<td>Leg 3</td>
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<td>Leg 4</td>
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<td>Leg 5</td>
<td>Suva, Fiji - Vanuatu - Sydney</td>
<td>2000</td>
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* all women voyage

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In January 2003, in an attempt to restore my psyche, I took the advice of my friend Dave Parker and sent out the “mother of all racing schedules” to a group of sailing buddies who might crew for me. As Parker suggested, a company of crewmembers signed up for laughs and luck on Youngster, and ever since we have been off to, well, the races.

My wooden beauty was built in Norway in 1937. I bought her in ’91, and after an extensive restoration in ’93, have berthed her in the bucolic San Francisco YC harbor in Belvedere Cove. After paint and polish, she was renamed Youngster — “because she doesn’t look or feel her age” — by Christina, the youngest of my four children. We are thankful that our spry 69-year-old has the wherewithal to come and go as often as she pleases.

A while ago, Hank Easom mentioned that he couldn’t believe how often he had seen Youngster sailing — we keep no quarter with engines — in and out of Belvedere. I began to wonder how often that had been. So crew chief Chris Sidner and I added up our racing schedules, and discovered that Youngster indulged us with a whopping 92 races on 82 different days in ’03, 84 races in ’04, and 85 races in ’05. According to our schedule, we’ll be doing 88 races this year. I actually wish we could race her more, because each time we go out I feel privileged.

Even at age 69, she’s still a ‘Youngster’.

Ron — Getting out an average of 85 times a year is pretty rare. Can any readers top it?

†† THE TROUBLE WITH OUTDATED BOOKS

Gary Wyngarden quoted Steinbeck’s description of Cabo San Lucas in The Log of The Sea of Cortez — based on a trip the author took aboard the Western Flyer in 1940 — as a reason to question why the Baja Ha-Ha ends in Cabo. That bit of historic description reminds us of the value of contemporaneous historic accounts — the best of which is probably Richard Henry Dana, Jr.’s Two Years Before The Mast, which I am reading again with great enjoyment.

Based on that book, why would anyone want to go to:
- Santa Barbara, which lies “on a low, flat plain, covered with grass, though entirely without trees . . . and is composed of one-story houses built entirely of brown clay — some of them plastered — with red tiles on the roofs.” Dana estimated there were 300 buildings, plus a presidio that was “apparently, a little stronger.”
- San Diego, which is “composed of about 40 dark brown looking huts or houses and two larger ones,” and protected by a garrison of “12 half-clothed and half-starved fellows,” with “only two guns, one of which was spiked and the other had no carriage.”
- San Francisco, on the other hand, sounds like a place
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Tower shown includes the optional antenna hoop, available for mounting other antennas in one easy to access location.
that even back then we might have wanted to visit. It has "a magnificent bay," with "small and beautifully-wooded islands." Dana predicted that "if California ever becomes a prosperous country, this bay will be the centre of its prosperity. The abundance of wood and water, the extreme fertility of its shores, the excellence of its climate, which is as near to perfect as any in the world, and . . . the best anchoring grounds in the whole western coast of America, all fit it to be a place of great importance."

Above all, Two Years Before The Mast is a great sailing book. The new American Library edition, beautifully bound on high-quality India paper includes Dana’s To Cuba and Back, and Journal of a Voyage Around the World. They are fun to read and an inspiration to all sailors.

Ken Harms
Land Locked in Yorba Linda

Ken — Another excellent historical book that would be of interest to many sailors is David McCullough’s The Path Between Two Seas: The Creation of the Panama Canal. It’s a scholarly, rather than pop, book, in which much can be learned about: U.S. politics (why the Canal site was changed from Nicaragua to Panama at the last minute); international politics (how the United States all but created the country of Panama in a few weeks out of what had been a valuable part of Colombia); wild business speculation (how millions of innocent French investors got fleeced by investing in the failed French attempt to build a sea level canal in Panama); and medicine (at the time, malaria, literally ‘bad air’, was thought to be the cause of malaria and yellow fever.) The only bad thing about the book is that it’s so scholarly that it bogs down a bit. McCullough should have done a pop version for the layman. But it’s still an excellent book.

††WHAT’S IN A BOAT NAME?

Some people ask why we gave our Freya 39 — just back from a multi-year cruise in the South Pacific and antipodes, the name Solstice. As most readers probably know, the solstices are the two days of the year corresponding to the first day of summer and the first day of winter. These are the longest and shortest days of the year, respectively. I liked the name for its connections with the sun, and also for its symbolic allusion to highs and lows, turning points, natural cycles, and the balance and symmetry in nature.

As much as I thought of solstice as sort of a celestial yin-yang, it turns out the connection is much closer than I had originally realized. The Chinese words yin and yang literally mean moon and sun, and the yin-yang symbol comes from plots of a pole’s shadow through the seasons of the year. The dots in the yin-yang represent the sun at the summer and winter solstices!

The word solstice comes from the Latin solstitium, which means “the point at which the sun stands still” — referring to the sun’s arrival at the northern or southernmost limits of its annual travels. This happens at 23.5° from the equator, and
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the lines circling the globe at these latitudes are called the Tropic of Cancer in the northern hemisphere and the Tropic of Capricorn in the southern hemisphere. The word tropic comes from the Greek tropikos, which means "of or pertaining to a turn or change," once again referring to the turn of the sun when it reaches that latitude.

The choice of Cancer and Capricorn to name the tropics is no accident either. These are the astrological signs where the sun is at the summer and winter solstices respectively. Furthermore, the astrological signs of Cancer and Capricorn begin on — you guessed it — the summer and winter solstices.

(At one time the sun was in the constellations of Cancer and Capricorn during the solstices, but due to the earth wobbling on its axis — a phenomenon known as precession — this is no longer the case.)

So another way to think of the solstices is as the boundaries of the tropics. I can’t think of a better name for a tropical cruising boat!

Jim Hancock
Solstice, Freya 39
Alameda

Jim — Very interesting. Anybody else have an entertaining explanation for the name of their boat? If, however, your boat is one of the many named Blow Job or Wet Spot, we’re really not that interested.

WOOD BOATS AND WORKING WHILE CRUISING

I’m a novice sailor who is considering buying a boat and going cruising for a few years, and maybe more. In preparation, I’m busy taking sailing lessons, reading books and back issues of Latitude, and saving money. But I’ve got a couple of questions that I haven’t seen answers to.

First, would you recommend — or caution against — buying a wooden boat? I love the idea of wooden boats, and when looking at the ‘Classics’ section of the Classy Classifieds, it seems like you can get a lot for the money. But will I wind up spending a fortune on upkeep and will my life turn into an endless saga of repairing dry rot? I’ve read some books by happy owners of wooden boats, but other books have implied that a wooden boat will all but crumble into nothingness the instant you sail it into the tropics. Will I have a harder time finding repair facilities/materials in foreign countries? Any other considerations I’m missing?

Second, I’d like to pick up some boat-related job skills before I go cruising. I’m a computer programmer, so with some luck I’ll be able to do some telecommuting to pay some of my cruising bills. But it would be nice to have some backup job skills and/or skills that could allow me to do some of the maintenance on my own boat. I’ve considered working for free at a boatyard, perhaps learning to fix wooden boats, or learning electronics, engine repair, carpentry, sailmaking or something like that. I’ve also considered trying to pick up a mishmash of this stuff by reading books and crewing on other people’s boats. Do you have any recommendations on what skills might be most useful for saving/making money while cruising, and how you’d recommend picking them up?

Jason Duell
Berkeley

Traditional wood boats — as opposed to strip-planked and other epoxy-saturated boats — almost always require considerably more time and money to maintain than boats built of other materials. This is a shame, because wood
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is the most natural and beautiful boatbuilding material of all. If you want to get an idea of how much more work is involved maintaining wood boats, become a part of the Master Mariners fleet and volunteer to help some of the owners maintain their boats. We’re not saying that you can’t successfully cruise on a wood boat, just that there are plenty of good reasons why most people don’t try it. In addition, some wood boats seem like ‘a lot of boat for the money’ because those who aren’t experts don’t have any idea how much work is required to bring them up to snuff.

Most modern cruisers tend to have a lot more money than they do mechanical skills. As such, if you find yourself in a cruising center and know how to diagnose and repair diesels, refrigeration systems and electronics, you’ll usually have all the work that you can handle. But we’re talking about really knowing what you’re doing. There are all kinds of so-called ‘mechanics’ out there who know just enough to be dangerous, but the word usually gets around pretty quickly. If you’re serious about learning how to repair diesels, electronics, or refrigeration systems — and we suggest that you become an expert in one field rather than a jack of all trades — we recommend that you get formal training at the appropriate school.

||WEST TO EAST ACROSS THE CARIBBEAN

Elisabeth and I are planning our escape, one that will eventually take us across the Caribbean and then across the Atlantic to Europe. Everything I can find says that going west to east across the Caribbean is not just uncomfortable, but really bad. You and Profligate have done this a number of times, haven’t you? We’d like to know what route you took. It would appear that the southern harbor-hopping route would be the best, but there’s the Colombia and Venezuelan crime factor to take into consideration. Is the northern route via Jamaica and Hispanola any better? We’d really appreciate any insight that you might be willing to share.

I have Jimmy Cornell’s World Cruising Routes book and the pilot charts. We’re looking at a fall/winter/spring trip that would put us in Antigua in time for the May start of the ARC Europa.

Rod Lambert & Elisabeth Lehmber Proximity, Swan 41 San Francisco

Rod and Elisabeth — A west to east trip across the Caribbean from Panama to Antigua is one of the nastiest passages in all of cruising because it’s 1,200 miles — if you could make it in a straight line, which you can’t — directly into the relentless Caribbean trades, seas and current. In the winter, it’s not uncommon for the trades to blow 25 to 35 knots for weeks at a time. During the summer, when the trades are generally lighter, there’s always the threat of hurricanes. Every year there are people who try to make the straight shot, but Herb Hilgenberg, the Canadian weather guru for the Caribbean and Atlantic, thinks it’s a terrible idea. “Boats have such a hard time making much headway into the trades in the first place, and then they lose about 30 miles of that each day because of the current.”

In modern times, it’s been Randy and Loure Kenoffel of the San Francisco-based Beneteau 50 Pizazz who have popularized the harbor-hopping route that hugs the north coast of South America. The really hard part is the 400 miles from Cartagena to Aruba, generally thought to be the roughest part of the Caribbean. The Kenoffels have put together a rough cruising guide to making that trip with only, as we recall, one overnight passage. A just-updated version can be gotten directly from them at sy_pizazz@yahoo.com. The files are very large, so don’t
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JUSTIN SCOTT
CHAD FREITAS

June, 2006 • Latitude 38 • Page 83
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LETTERS

attempt it over SailMail or Winlink.

This southern route would probably be more popular were it not for the fact that several crews — including that of a former Ha-Ha boat — have been violently attacked at anchorages along the coast of Colombia. Despite the handful of attacks, many cruisers have been following the Kenoffel’s advice. In the opinion of the couple, the best times of year to attempt this route are during the transitions between the wet and dry seasons, meaning between March and early June, and September through November.

With all due respect, we don’t agree completely with the Kenoffel’s recommended time frames. The last time we sailed from Antigua to Panama, it was in early May, and it blew in the high 20s to the low 30s almost the entire way, and there were two swell trains. Trying to sail or motor into that would have been all but impossible. As such, we think late May or early June would be better before the beginning of the wet season, and based on Proligate’s experience, after the wet season a crossing might be doable as late as the middle of December. But you just never can tell.

Another timing strategy along this route is to wait until a hurricane passing to the north — which could happen any time between July and December — kills off the normal trades and westerly swells. At that point you want to haul ass nonstop from Cartagena to Aruba while praying the hurricane doesn’t make a surprise dip to the south. Of course, this would require waiting for a hurricane that might never come to do exactly what you want it to do. Once you’re Aruba, you’re still not home free, as it’s still a long way against the trades to Grenada, at which point you can start heading up the chain of islands. If you hug the coast of Venezuela, you can often avoid most of the trades on the way to Grenada. Nonetheless, you will have covered a hell of a lot more than 1,200 miles before it’s all over.

The northern route consists of heading from either Panama or Cartagena to the Cayman Islands or, if you can point high enough and don’t get set too much by the current, to Jamaica. You can still get the living crap kicked out of you, and once you reach Jamaica, you’re still left with an upwind, upcurrent bash of nearly 1,000 miles to get to Antigua. But at least you can dock in and out of harbors and anchorages in Hispanola, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, picking the best weather windows. Thanks to the ‘night lee’ effect of the islands, it’s possible to work eastward in relatively calm weather — but only in the wee hours of the night, and only for short distances. For details on this, you’ll want to read Bruce van Sant’s colorful A Gentleman’s Guide to Passages South: The Thornless Guide to Windward.

It’s possible to take this route more months of the year than Cartagena to Aruba because it’s usually not as rough once you get 100 miles away from Cartagena. And once again, May to June are good, as is the summer if there are no hurricanes. And you can usually do it as late as December. The worst time is mid-December through early April. There are, of course, exceptions, as you can sometimes find great weather windows during the worst months and horrible weather during what are normally the best months.

Our boats have gone eastward across the Caribbean twice. The first time, Jim Drake left Cartagena, Colombia, with Big O, hoping to take the southern passage across the top of South America to Aruba. It was February, about the worst month of the year. As we recall, he left port two or three times, and each time was turned back by winds to 45 knots and seas to 15 feet. So finally he elected to sail north to Jamaica, then work his way east across the islands. It was not a pleasure cruise, and this was with a boat that can handle heavy weather.

The other time, Doña de Mallorca and crew found a decent
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enough weather window to streak from Cartagena to Aruba to Antigua in early December. But in order for them to be able to do that, they had to leave Cabo the first week in November — right after the end of the Ha-Ha — and charge all but nonstop to Panama at an average of 8.5 knots to position themselves for the window. Few monohulls or smaller cats would be capable of doing this, nor would their crews want to try. Had the Profligate crew not reached the Canal until the middle of December, chances are they would have been turned back by the full fury of the reinforced trades — and perhaps not been able to make it to Antigua at all until the season was over. Indeed, prior to the start of the trip we’d reconciled ourselves to the fact that there was a good chance it wouldn’t be successful.

The problem with leaving California in the fall with a slower boat and trying to get to Antigua by May is that you can’t leave California until the hurricane season is over, but you have to make it to Panama before the reinforced trades kick in. If you don’t, you’ll likely have to wait until April to try to cross the Caribbean in decent weather to reach Antigua by the early May start of the ARC — meaning that you’ll have had no time to enjoy the Caribbean. And that would be a shame. If your primary goals are to cruise Mexico, the Caribbean, and then Europe in one year, you might want to see if there isn’t a Dockwise ship that could take your boat from Mexico to the Eastern Caribbean in January or February.

⇑⇓

SURPRISED THAT WE REVERSE T-BONED THEM

Thanks for your March issue advice on whether we should join a boat for the trip from St. Barth to St. Kitts and back. You gave good advice and we had a phenomenal time!

I was armed with Latitudes for both the port captain and Marius Stakelborough of Le Select. I didn’t actually get to see the port captain, but I met the gracious Marius, and he was delighted to get the April edition. I brought some more Latitudes which I gave to other cruisers we met along the way.

The boat we joined up with in Gustavia Harbor, St. Barth, was Black Angel, a CSY 41 with a custom sugar scoop on the stern. The boat is owned by friends Tracy Brash, originally from Belvedere, and Robyn Bently of St. Helena. They’d purchased her at Tortola in the British Virgins.

We enjoyed St. Barth for a few days but, before we spent all our money, departed for Saba, where we anchored for a day while getting a tour of the colorful mountain that comes straight up out of the sea. We were taken to Hell’s Gate, high above the airstrip. Trying to land on that strip on the side of a mountain must be a real white knuckler for pilots. The runway is only 1,300 feet long, and it drops 200 feet to the sea at either end.

After sailing a lively beam reach in 22 knots of wind to St. Eustatia, we pulled into the lovely bay at Oranjbaie. It was Monday on Easter week, and the sound of reggae music was booming from the beach. We picked up a mooring in the bay, and it was here something occurred that your readers who may visit Statia in the future will want to know about.

After securing the mooring, the three of us were emerging from below to take the dink in to check out the festivities on the beach — when we saw a 40-ft sailboat rapidly coming toward us, seemingly out of control. The skipper of that boat and all of us raced to our stern port quarter, where we managed to avoid full impact. After several tense moments of fending off and uncoupling, we pushed her bow away.

But get this! It was only after untangling their spare anchor from our stern rail and pushing the two boats apart that we learned that they were securely at anchor and that we’d ‘reverse t-boned’ them! Luckily, we only suffered a scraped toerail
The Sea of Cortés is not only winter home to the grey whales, it has more marlin than any area of the world as well as thousands of other colorful creatures that are not to be observed from afar. So, to get an up-close view, and to experience the adventure of this unique environment, just dock your vessel at any one of the four superb marinas in La Paz and, at your leisure, wander the streets and byways of this picturesque town, cruise to the fishing grounds, or explore a quiet island, cove or inlet. Then as Mr. Cousteau preferred, jump right into the aquarium. You'll never feel so alive.

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and they a superficial gouge in the bow. We surmised that the cement anchor on our mooring had crumbled, setting us adrift in the offshore breeze. We were amazed that they, Rico and Jackson Verburg of the Austin-based 40-ft Apparition, were so calm and nice about the whole incident. We gave them a bottle of our best wine and chalked the whole thing up to experience. We now know not to trust unknown mooring balls. The park ranger who spoke with a Dutch accent was unapologetic as he collected our $10 fee for spending the night, no matter if we were tethered to a mooring or at anchor. Later, on a hike up the volcano, I told a local what happened. He told me that just a couple of weeks before a Moorings charterboat had dragged her mooring and wound up on the rocks. Later, while fishing the reef outside the breakwater, we saw a fairly new Moorings 37 in a junk pile, with the bottom of the hull looking pretty trashed. Yikes! In a stronger offshore breeze, and no one to stop us, that could have been us aboard Black Angel!

We went on to St. Kitts and Nevis without incident, except for a pod of four humpback whales that surrounded Black Angel for some exciting moments. I left Tracy and Robyn anchored in Oualie Bay off Nevis. At last word, they were in Guadaloupe on their way to Venezuela for the hurricane season.

But thanks once again for the good advice.

Joe Bunker
San Rafael

The Relative Costs of Homes and Boats

I’m asking your readers and the Latitude staff for some perspective and wisdom with regard to boats. I need to buy a yacht, and would like to be doing some cruising in about four years. I have looked at a plethora of boats in the $150k to $250k range. But what’s the deal when it comes to the relative costs of owning a boat when compared to a house? I realize that real estate is obviously a better investment, but I’m wondering more about the ongoing costs.

After doing some cost analysis — based on lots of reading of Latitude and sites on the Internet — I think I have a decent idea of boat costs. Say I buy a boat that costs $200,000. The ballpark figures I come up with are about $2,000 a year for insurance, $400 a month for berthing, and about $10,000 a year for maintenance. With regard to the latter, I’m assuming that I’ve bought a well-maintained yacht without any brightwork, and that I will be doing some of the maintenance myself. So let’s say it costs $1,500/month to run the boat.

Having not owned a home, I’m not familiar with the associated costs.

I’m interested in opinions on whether I should forego buying a house and simply plunge into a yacht. And yes, I realize that I’d have to live in a studio apartment until I leave the Bay to cruise.

Anonymous
Planet Earth
Jack London Square Marina
An Almar Marina

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Anonymous — Let’s clarify a few things. First, real estate is not obviously a better investment. While it’s been a terrific investment for the last few years, many experts believe there is a bubble that’s about to burst anywhere from 15 to 25%. We personally don’t think that’s going to happen because the supply-demand ratio for housing is so out of whack, but it’s certainly possible. If it did happen, and you had purchased a median-priced house — $700,000 — in the Bay Area, you might lose anywhere between $105,000 and $175,000 — or darn near what you were thinking about paying for a boat. So when it comes to investments — real estate included — nobody knows for sure what the future holds.

There is one thing, however, that many experts agree on — that this is a great time to rent rather than own. Why? Because even with relatively low interest rates, it’s a hell of a lot cheaper to rent a $700,000 house than it is to make payments on a $700,000 house. And if you buy instead of rent, the personal property taxes are just devastating. If you buy a $700,000 house, you’re going to be paying more than $700 a month in personal property taxes alone. Yeah, you’d have to pay those taxes on a boat, too, but because the boat would cost so much less, the tax bill would be so much less. It’s just our opinion, but given the much higher cost of making mortgage payments than rent payments, and the extremely high expense of personal property taxes, everyone who buys a house now is speculating that the market will continue its blistering rate of appreciation. It could happen, but we wouldn’t bet on it.

Although we’ve owned a house for nearly 30 years, we’re so disinterested in it that we can’t even remember what the expenses are. And, of course, the cost of home ownership can vary wildly depending on what style you like to maintain. But any good realtor could give you some good estimates.

As for your estimate of $1,500/month to berth, insure, and maintain a boat, we think that’s a little high for a typical $200,000 boat used for sailing on the Bay. The berthing and insurance sound about right, but $10,000 a year for maintenance seems over the top to us, assuming the boat is reasonably well equipped and in good condition to begin with.

We don’t know if this is at all applicable to you or your situation, but one option you might consider is buying an even nicer boat than you were considering, and then living aboard instead of buying a house or renting an apartment. You’d clearly be way ahead in terms of cash flow. It was the only way we could afford a boat in the beginning, and it helped us buy a house later. And now, like a lot of boomers, it gives us the option of renting our house out to pay for our cruising. The problem with this approach, of course, is that it can be very hard to find a legal place to live aboard.

For what it’s worth, few people refer to their boats as a ‘yacht’, as it seems a wee bit on the pretentious side. ‘Yachte’, on the other hand, is much accepted, as it has a whiff of self-depreciation.

I found rules and limitations comforting

I was a bit dismayed by George Backhus’ letter in which he expressed his apparent disdain for Amateur Radio operators. As an avid reader of Latitude over the years, I have enjoyed the letters from Mr. Backhus, and admired his achievements as a bluewater cruiser. But I would like him to know that not all Hams whine about the rules and restrictions for “our club.” As an avid amateur for the past 40 or so years, I found the rules and limitations somewhat comforting in that they kept out the duffers and folks with lots of money but no radio knowledge.

As for his comment about making Ham band utilities
available to SSB, it’s apparent that he doesn’t understand the function of the Federal Communications Commission and “their” rules. By the way, SSB is a form of radio frequency modulation, not a set of bands set aside for a particular group.

Finally, I was one of those who was violently opposed to the abolishment of the Morse Code requirement. I hope Mr. Backhus enjoys sending email by SSB as much as I do using Amateur Radio — even with its attendant rules and limitations.

Byron Corley, Ha-Ha ’00
Sabrina, Rawson 30
Fremont

Byron — Here’s what we find troubling about your point of view. We use computers even though we don’t know how they work. We use cell phones even though we don’t know how they work. We use SSB radios even though we don’t know how they work. As such, how much do we have to know about how Ham radios work before we can use them?

Similarly, it’s befuddling to many of us why we should have to know Morse Code — a completely outdated skill in this era of satphones — in order to get a Ham license. It’s almost like saying that nobody should be allowed to drive a car in the fast lane unless they can prove they can drive a car with a manual transmission. As such, it seems like hazing to those thinking about applying for a license.

DEGREES OF SEPARATION

Too bad you were so quick to belittle Rick Gordon in your reply to his question about how far it was from San Diego to Ensenada. Look at line six and seven of your reply, and you’ll see where better proofreading might have spared you some embarrassment. You stated “one degree of latitude is equal to 1/60th of a nautical mile.”

Please print a correction. You might add that one minute of latitude is equal to one nautical mile, and one second of latitude is equal to 1/60th of a nautical mile — and that these degrees, minutes, and seconds are related to angles of arc and not temperature and time.

Capt. Dave
Los Gatos

IT WOULD BE JUST A SHORT STROLL TO ENSENADA

Not only does Rick Gordon show a lack of knowledge about navigating in his letter in the May issue, but you are leading him farther astray with information such as, “one degree of latitude is equal to 1/60th of a nautical mile”. If that’s true, Gordon wouldn’t need a boat or any form of transportation other than his feet to get to Ensenada, as it would be a short stroll.

I think what you meant is that one degree of latitude is equal to 60 nautical miles, and if you use the latitude scale on a small scale chart, use the latitude scale opposite your estimated position. The latitude scale varies when using charts that cover large areas.

Dan Haynes
Pappy, Wilderness 21
Menlo Park

Dan — Either we planted that misinformation to find out how many of you were reading closely, or we made an embarrassing typo that new editor Herb McCormick will be glad happened before he comes on watch on June 1. You decide.
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PETE DID MY PILOTHOUSE

During the Latitude 38 Crew Party at the Golden Gate YC on April 5, one of your staffers asked who did the transom extension on my Perry 47. At the time I’d had a beer or two too many to recall, but now I can tell you it was a fellow named Pete from H&H Boatbuilders in Auckland.

What got me interested in them doing the job is that I met Pete and his girlfriend in New Caledonia. They’d just sailed there from New Zealand aboard his Ranger 36 catamaran that he’d extended to 39 feet. Interestingly enough, he extended the bows as opposed to the transoms — and did a flawless job. He also did some work inside the pods that was again flawless.

Pete designed and built the pilothouse for my Perry 47, and did a typically excellent job. What a maestro of design and fiberglassing! I learned a lot from him, and he even helped with the design of my stern extension. But when it came to the setting of the mold and fiberglassing for that job, a shipwright, a laborer, and I did all the work.

At the time Pete did the work, he was so meticulous that it drove me crazy. After all, it took a lot more time and the additional time cost me a lot of money. But when I look at the pilothouse and can’t find a flaw, I realize it was all worth it.

The last I heard from Pete was three years ago. Someone in Fiji had hired him to come up there and do some work on his 65-ft ketch. The last email address I have is: peteandjudi@igrin.co.nz — or maybe peteandjudi@egrin.co.nz.

Max Young
Reflections, Perry 47
Antioch / Thailand

HARD DODGER FOR A WYLIE 38

I thought you might be interested in seeing the latest addition to our Wylie 38+ Flashgirl after we cruised her from San Francisco to New Zealand — a rigid dodger. It has been painted and fitted, we just took measurements for making the windows, and soon we’ll attach flexible solar panels to the top. It will have two LED lights on the underside, one on port and one on starboard, with switches down below.

Since a major expense of such a project is the making of the mold, those of you with similar Wylie yachts — and you know who you are — might be interested in having one of these puppies made down here. We have determined that the dodger could be made down here, shipped to the States in two parts, and then custom-fitted to individual housetops.

Another photo shows my husband, Commodore, sanding our lightning dissipater spider. We plan to coat it with prop guard, the same stuff we’ve used to coat and protect our propeller.

Doesn’t our boat look nice with her new Micron 66 bottom paint job, her raised waterline, and her newly painted vivid red topsides?

Our launch date is May 16, the next time the tide will be high enough here at Waipapa Landing. Flashgirl was hauled on January 16, so she will have been in the yard for exactly four months. We’ll launch with the boat mostly empty, then
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stay at Dove's Bay in Kerikeri while reloading the boat. Once she’s reassembled, we plan to sail down to Auckland to test all the systems and visit a few friends. Then we’ll return to Opua Marina and provision for our departure to Tonga. I’m thinking it will be mid-to-late June by the time we leave New Zealand.

As I write this in early May, yachties are heading north to Tonga and Fiji in droves. There was a cruise rally that left Opua last weekend for Tonga, and Bob McDavitt, the Kiwi weather ambassador, recently gave a South Pacific weather presentation at the Russell Boat Club. I think there are 25 boats leaving for Fiji this week. Perhaps we’ll arrive there in the lull between the cruisers leaving here and those arriving from California and Mexico.

Nancy Tompkins
Flashgirl, Wyle 38+
Mill Valley / New Zealand

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**LETTERS**

I was telling the story of auctioning off copies of *Latitudes* for Heinekens at the Dinghy Dock Bar in Marigot Bay, St. Martin, the other day when I just happened to get a current issue of *Latitudes*. Your response to Jim Prevo’s letter asking for advice on buying a boat is typical of one of many reasons why your magazine is so valuable. The way you succinctly worked your way through this difficult area — which is fraught with myth, urban legend, insanely strident true believers, and the world’s wide-set spectrum of opinion — was not only a joy to read, but full of valuable information.

By complete accident, I started my boat-owning career with one of the recipes you recommended — a washed-up race boat. Specifically, an IOR Santana 525 Quarter Tonner. She served me wonderfully for 10 years.

I would like to suggest that you consider writing a column or a book installment on sailing advice, caveats, great blunders, insights, guidance, moral teaching, good bets, secret weapons, shoal avoidance, relationship counseling, and weather forecasting. Maybe you could get a TV show. Dr. Spindler presents *The Sea Was Angry, But We Were Bravish Sailing Through Life and Oceans*, Too. I can see it now. Somebody says, “Dr. Spindler, I want a monohull, but my wife favors the new catamarans, and our marriage counselor is into powerboats. What do we do?”

I’m about to start cruising, and I’d love to hear your recommendations from A-Z for getting started. I plan to start my cruise by doing this year’s Baja Ha-Ha.

Keep up the great writing, and hold forth for the unlearned. Your advice is very, very valuable.

Dan A. Baker
Lake Havasu, Arizona

Dan — Thanks for the kind words. We’re just expressing one person’s opinion, not the gospel truth, so don’t believe everything you read in this space. Besides, the one thing that
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we’ve learned from our 30 years of kicking around boats and waterfronts is that there are usually a number of different ways to do things.


Our advice for how to start cruising? 1) Buy a boat that was designed for the ocean and has been well maintained. 2) Learn how to sail the boat really well. Be able to tack, jibe and do a figure-eight by yourself at the drop of a hat. To us, this is one of the keys to being able to really relax and enjoy cruising. 3) Learn the basics of your diesel and charging systems. 4) Go oversize on the anchor and rode. 5) Keep it simple. You can always add stuff later. 6) Be active. In addition to sailing, go on hikes, swim, surf, snorkel, take bus trips, learn about the sea and birdlife, and interact with locals. 7) Monitor your alcohol intake.

By the way, thanks for bringing up Marigot Bay on the French side of St. Martin. It was the site of some of the best cruising debauchery we’ve ever enjoyed, and the memories are delicious. Long live the Bar de La Mer!

MARINA DEL REY TO SAN DIEGO

I want to remind all Latitude readers of the annual Marina del Rey to San Diego Race, which will be held July 1-2. This year will be the 39th running of the event, and we’re expecting about 75 boats for this ‘survive the night’ overnighter from as far away as Northern California, Arizona, Nevada and Washington.

This year’s event promises to be one of the best ever, as the huge pre-race party for racers, cruisers, and friends will kick off with a BBQ feast of tri tips and chicken — complete with Pussers’ Rum Painkillers — at the Santa Monica Windjammers YC on Friday the 30th. The next morning the Order of the Blue Gavel will prepare a pre-race breakfast. The race will finish early Sunday morning in San Diego, where the Southwestern YC will host another great party. July 3 will be the awards breakfast at the same club, with countless trophies and prizes from Pusser’s Rum.

On July 4, a flotilla of race participants will head back up the California coast, with planned stops at Mission Bay, Oceanside, Dana Point and finally Isthmus Cove on Catalina Island. The parties continue for a week with events on Catalina Island hosted by Arizona YC.

Because it’s often light between Marina del Rey and San Diego, cruisers will have a mandatory three-hour motoring period, with an engine time offset. In addition, the use of autopilots and windvanes will be allowed. Classes will be established using PHRF based Off Wind Course ratings, with divisions for racers, cruisers with spinnakers, cruisers without spinnakers, doublehanders and multihull sailors. Participating boats must be 24 feet or longer, have a minimum waterline length of 20 feet, and be equipped per PHRF Category 2.

All entries received prior to June 19 will be provided complimentary berthing for the week prior to the start of the event. Guests berthing at the Southwestern YC can also be made in advance.

Last year Carl Radusch of the South Coast Corinthian YC took racing honors with his custom 48-ft Sparta, posting an elapsed time of 23 hours and 44 minutes. The San Diego YC-based Speedplay took honors in the J-105 fleet, while the Arizona YC-based Zonnie took honors in the PHRF C fleet. Ray Durand and Gary Green took first in the two cruising classes, with the Catalina 320 Bellezza and the Catalina 380 Green Dragon, respectively.

Because the race usually features light winds and gentle seas, it’s considered an ideal event for skippers and crews to
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LETTERS

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Orlando Duran
Cuba Libre 2
Marina del Rey

† WAS OR WAS IT NOT A ‘MIRACLE’?

In the January Changes, you characterized it as a “miracle” that the Mexican Navy towed Sam Thayer’s Hans Christian 33 from Los Frailes to Cabo. I did not realize it at the time, but apparently I witnessed a pretty significant miracle a few years before.

Back in 1997, I was crew for my friends Barry and Ann Graf on their Stevens 40 Abacus. During our trip down the outside of Baja, we stopped in Bahia Santa Maria, where a Mexican navy ship was anchored. Not long after we arrived, a launch from the ship arrived alongside our boat with six armed men. The senior officer asked permission to board and inspect our boat. About 20 minutes later they were all done. All in all, it was pretty painless.

The same cannot be said for our neighbors aboard another cruising sailboat in the anchorage, the name of which I can’t remember. The navy launch pulled up to their boat, but after one hour they were still there! Eventually the launch left, but two sailors had been left aboard the boat. Boy, did we think they were in trouble. Over the remainder of the day and into the next morning the launch made several more visits, picking up and dropping off more sailors. It seemed that our neighbors had to be in hot water over something.

Well, it turns out that our neighbors had a serious problem with their rudder. Upon learning of the situation, the Mexican Navy jumped into action. First, they attempted to make the repair. Determining that a part had failed, they took it to their ship and attempted to repair it there. After all of the attempts to fix the rudder failed, the Navy performed their ‘miracle’ and towed the boat from Bahia Santa Maria to Cabo — a distance of over 150 miles — and at no charge! How’s that for service?

I want to be clear in relating this story. I’m not implying that one can assume the Mexican Navy will ‘be there’ — as we assume the Coast Guard will be while we’re sailing in U.S. waters. In general, I believe that all sailors should assume they are on their own when it comes to dealing with problems as they arise. That said, situations do occur where one needs outside help — and as you reported many times, cruisers are certainly a fantastic bunch, especially when one of their own needs help.

I do, however, want to make sure that credit is given where credit is due, and I am sure that the Mexican Navy has offered more than their fair share of assistance to cruisers.

Jamie Rosman
Tardis, Taswell 54

Jamie — Our apologies for not running your letter when you first sent it, as it disappeared into cyberspace for a few months. The Mexican Navy certainly has helped cruisers over the years. Nonetheless theirs has been a very spotty record. Most troubling are those cases where the Mexican Navy has told the U.S. Coast Guard that they will be assuming responsibility for a particular rescue, but don’t do it — and worse yet, don’t even inform the Coast Guard that they’re not going to do it after all. We reported on just such a case in the January issue. The Mexican Navy has done nice things for cruisers, but if our life depended on their coming to our rescue, we wouldn’t feel all that confident.
Caveat Emptor

Main Entry: caveat emptor
Function: noun
Etymology: New Latin, may the buyer beware: a principle in commercial transactions: without a warranty the buyer takes a risk as to the condition of the property or goods

Source: Merriam-Webster's Dictionary of Law

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**LETTERS**

†† **WE SHOWED THEM OUR PERSONAL BOTTOMS**

In the April issue, Julie Bassett mentioned that your female readers were interested in pictures of scantily clad men. You corrected her by saying that men are never "scantily clad," but are sometimes "buck-naked." That reminded me of a photo of a sailboat that I have in which the male crew may not be buck-naked, but they are at least butt naked. I’m not sure that this is what Ms. Bassett had in mind — it does show some male ‘buns’ — but I thought your readers might get a kick out of it anyway.

The boat is *The Endeavor*, a 50-foot cutter-rigged ferro-cement ketch. The owner kept her at Treasure Island — one of the perks of being an old Navy vet. After sailing her around California for years, he reluctantly had to sell her. In order to do that, he thought it would be good to get a photo of her sailing and framed by the Golden Gate Bridge in the background. So he positioned his wife on the dock by Crissy Field with a camera, and sailed by with all of the sails up.

Unfortunately, there were fishermen on the dock who took exception to his sailing so close to the docks — and they let us know how they felt in a loud and colorful manner. My father thought that we had every bit as much right to sail the Bay as they had to fish it, so he took offense to their profanity. So he handed me the helm, and gave the command to come about and show them our bottom paint. My younger brother, who was also aboard, suggested that we should show them our personal bottoms as well. And it was so ordered. All male sailors were ordered on deck — the females were spared. The result is captured in the accompanying photograph, which as unlikely as it might seem, has become something of a family treasure.

P.S. I read *Latitude* from cover to cover each month.

Robert Vallentyne
Lafayette

†† **TUG AND BARGE**

While on a hike at Land’s End on the afternoon of May 8, I watched a near-disaster unfold a short distance outside the Golden Gate Bridge. Hearing the constant sounding of a ship’s horn, we ran to an open vista to see a sailboat headed toward a tug towing a barge. The horn blasts continued. It was blowing about 25 knots, and it seemed to us that the sailboat wasn’t coming around fast enough — and therefore was either headed into the barge or the cable between the tug and the barge.

The sailboat passed between the tug and the barge. To those of us watching from shore, it looked as though the sailboat’s mast and sails would be cut down by the cable between the tug and the barge. But apparently the skipper...
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of the tug slowed down, allowing the cable to go slack, which allowed the sailboat to pass over it without being damaged. If that’s what indeed happened, it was a case of good seamanship on the part of the tug captain.

As the sailboat continued out to sea, her jib flapping in the wind, another tug rode her ass like a big bull seal, no doubt having a few choice words for the skipper of the sailboat.

John Graham
San Francisco

John — It’s inexplicable to us why the skipper of any sailboat would want to be anywhere near a tug and barge, as that combo is even much less maneuverable than a ship. And when you’re talking about anywhere in or around the Bay, there are strong winds and currents, not to mention lots of other boat traffic, that the tug captain also has to worry about. It’s real simple, if you’re on a sailboat and you see a tug and barge — or any other commercial traffic coming — get way the hell out of the way. It’s not only easy when you do it early enough, it’s required by law.

HELP, I THINK I’M TOO DEEP

I have a question for anyone who might be able to help. I have an Ericson 30+ with a deep keel. The boat has too much draft for low tides, keeping me from getting into marinas. So I’d like to either find someone with a shallow-draft keel that we might swap, or information on how to change my keel so it won’t be so deep. I was told that you might have recently run an article like that.

Latitude has been a big part of my life since I started reading it several years ago. I did the ’95/96 Ha-Ha with my boat, and have left her in Mexico.

Rich McCracken
Talisman, Ericson 30+
San Carlos

Rich — One solution would be to ‘wing it’. Chop off the bottom foot or so of the keel. Then, using that lead — and a bunch more because you’ll be reducing the righting moment by ultimately having a more shallow keel — create wings that you would attach to the stump of the keel. It would require making wing molds, heating the lead to molten, shaping the keel, and all that stuff. It sounds like a tremendous amount of potentially dangerous work and expense for very little benefit. According to the specs, an Ericson 30+ doesn’t even draw six feet, so we’re having trouble figuring out what marinas you can’t get into.

In any event, if we were you, we’d leave the boat stock. Then when absolutely necessary, extend the boom with buckets of water at the very end to heel the boat over to momentarily reduce the draft. If that didn’t do the trick, we’d skip that marina.
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FEARS ABOUT CLIPPER COVE MARINA EXPANSION

Clipper Cove has always been one of our favorite spots to anchor, as it’s unique in the Central Bay in that it’s protected from almost all wakes and from all winds except those from the east. And it’s scenic. Fortunately, the problem of derelict boats has been much reduced since your articles on the subject earlier in the year. Thank you!

What concerns me are the plans for the marina expansion into Clipper Cove as part of the development of Treasure Island. If the marina is expanded southward into the center of Clipper Cove, it will greatly reduce access to the most scenic and peaceful parts of the anchorage. However, if the marina is expanded eastward along the Treasure Island shoreline, the impact on anchored boats would be minimized. I believe boatowners need to band together to have a voice in how the marina is designed. Representatives of the group could attend design meetings, write key decision-makers, and generally make sure the cruising boaters are represented.

Compared to the San Juans and much of the East Coast, we have few places to anchor, so we need to protect — even increase — them. I’ve been told that such a boater’s group was formed in Canada’s Gulf Islands, and they have been instrumental in creating many marine parks, with state run mooring buoys, as well as anchorage areas. We chartered there two summers, and were very envious of the wonderful anchoring opportunities.

What are your thoughts on forming such a group?

Martin Thomas
Kokopelli, Sabre 34
Alameda

Martin — If there are people who have the time and interest to form a boatowners group to, among other things, encourage the development of anchorages and the placing of mooring buoys to better serve the boating public on San Francisco Bay, we think that would be great. But we imagine it would be pretty hard to find people with the free time and expertise to effectively deal with all the different government agencies in order to get something like that done. We imagine it would also cost a small fortune in environmental impact reports.

When it comes to the new marina at Treasure Island, we think the plans have already been approved. As one has to expect, there have been tradeoffs, specifically, the number of permanent berths versus the amount of room that will be left for anchoring. We think the best that can be hoped for is that mooring buoys will be put in to most effectively make use of what space will be left.

It’s true that there are more places in the San Juans and the East Coast to anchor than there are on San Francisco Bay, but we should count our blessings. We do have Clipper Cove, Hospital Cove, Belvedere Cove, Richardson Bay, the lee of Angel Island, and the lee of the Tiburon Peninsula to enjoy, not to mention China Camp, the Petaluma and Napa Rivers, and the whole Delta. Plus, we’ve got one huge thing they don’t — reliable summer winds.
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Aw, Ma, can we keep him?
John Eldredge is a good guy to have as crew. He’d recently sold his Soverel 33 Fandango (ex-Cheap Sunglasses) to Len Yundel of Dana Point, who’d entered the boat in April’s Newport to Ensenada Race. John really wanted Len to have a good race so he offered to crew for him.

John was on watch at 2 a.m. — Fandango was barely moving in the light winds — when he picked up a hitchhiker. A juvenile seal found the open transom the perfect platform for a quick rest stop and hopped aboard. Not finding his new perch all that stable, he moved up to straddle the base of the tiller. Like Goldilocks trying to find a comfy spot to sit, the seal found it too hard. Lo and behold, the little guy found John’s lap to be juuuuuuuust right.

The unexpected hitchhiker bummed a ride for the next 12 hours. When John needed to move, he’d gently lift the seal’s head; when he sat down again, the seal would just put his head back in John’s lap. Worried that he’d been the attempted meal of a bigger animal, the crew thoroughly examined the rascal — which he patiently tolerated — but there was no apparent sign of injury. “I guess he was just really tired,” speculated Eldredge.

After 12 hours of near constant sleep, the seal woke up, looked around, waved a flipper, and jumped off the boat. It must have been his stop.Shortly after the race, in which Fandango placed fourth in PHRF F, Len called John to see if he wanted to crew for him again. Being the good guy he is, John agreed. “Okay,” Len said, “but this time don’t bring any of your friends!”

Tiger by the tail.
Golf superstar Tiger Woods recently settled a lawsuit against Christensen Shipyards in Vancouver, Washington, for breach of contract after they used photos of him and his new 155-ft yacht Privacy for promotional purposes — after signing a contract which expressly forbid them to do so.

The figure mentioned in the suit, filed in 2004, was $1.6 million, although the exact amount awarded in the out-of-court settlement last month is being kept secret.

Woods is no stranger to litigation. Remember that commercial he did in 1999 where he bounced a Nike golf ball off the head
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LOOSE LIPS

of his club 49 times, then ‘caught’ the ball with the club and whacked it a country mile? Well, it turns out that at the time, he was a paid endorser for Titleist golf balls. Oops. Once that one was settled, Woods switched to endorsing Nike’s ‘Tour Accuracy’ balls. Then Nike got sued when it was discovered Woods didn’t use the Tour Accuracy balls at all — he used balls custom made by Nike and unavailable to the public.

Geez, this golf stuff is almost as bad as the America’s Cup.

Smoke and mirrors.

We’re all for clean air and clean water — hey, part of the appeal of sailing is that it’s one of the least-polluting of all pastimes. So basically we’re in agreement with all the press releases we get advocating cleanup of, well, whatever dirty stuff that particular agency is ‘outing’ that particular week. What we don’t particularly appreciate is the scattergun approach most of them take to get our — and by extension, the public’s — attention. For example, a recent release by the Blue Water Network noted that, “A single cargo ship coming into New York Harbor can produce as much pollution as 350,000 current-model-year cars in one hour.”

What? Are we talking parked cars that aren’t running?

So we went on the internet to see if we could get some confirmation. What we found was lots of different numbers, hardly any of which agreed with one another. Check it out.

“A single cruise ship, while docked in port everyday, spews as much air pollution as thousands of cars or trucks.”

— The Epoch Times, 2006

“In various cities across the country, commercial marine vessels pollute as much as hundreds of thousands of onroad vehicles, including diesel freight trucks, passenger cars and buses.”

— Environmental Defense, 2004

“Containerships long enough to ferry the Space Needle, some belching as much exhaust as 12,000 cars, are cutting through the bay toward the ports of Los Angeles/Long Beach.”

— Seattle Times, 2004

“Ocean-going ships that cruised past Santa Barbara’s coast each year emitted more smog-forming pollution than all vehicles on the county’s roads combined.”

— Truthout Environment, 2004

“In total, marine vessels in the ports (of LA-Long Beach) emit more than 47 tons per day of smog-forming nitrogen oxides. That is more than one-fifth the amount emitted by all of the region’s cars.”

— Air Quality Management District, 2002

“One ship each day produces diesel exhaust that is equivalent to the exhaust of 10-12,000 cars.”

— KAHEA, the Hawaiian Environmental Alliance, 2005

“In the ports of Los Angeles/Long Beach, the 16 container ships each day in port produce as many smog-forming emissions as one million cars.”

— Blue Water Network, 2004

Gas pains.

Speaking of fuel burning, rising gasoline prices may be changing people’s plans ashore, but apparently not afloat. At least, that’s one inference you could draw from the results of a survey by Nationwide Insurance which revealed that 67% of boaters indicated high fuel prices would not cause them to use their boats...
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LOOSE LIPS

less often. The survey also showed that 36% of boaters consider their boating time more important than all other leisure time.

This study was only for powerboaters by the way. We don’t know if any similar surveys have been done in the sailing demographic. But we wouldn’t be surprised to learn that sailing may be one industry that actually grows in popularity in response to rising gasoline prices. After all, our ‘alternative fuel’ will always be free.

Tapping the Admiral.

A story reminiscent of Nelson’s final trip home was published in a Hungarian newspaper last month — and picked up by Reuters — relating a grisly tale of death and drink. The story goes that construction workers chugged their way through a barrel of “special tasting” rum, only to find, upon opening the barrel, the finely pickled corpse of a Hungarian diplomat inside. It was reported that his wife had shipped his body in the barrel of rum from Jamaica 20 years ago to avoid paying repatriation fees.

We were instantly reminded of Admiral Lord Nelson’s transport home after his death at Trafalgar. The way that story goes, he was carefully stowed in a barrel of rum for preservation but, when the ship arrived in England, the level of the rum was suspiciously low (or gone, depending on who’s telling the story). It seems the crew couldn’t see letting a little thing like the body of a national hero interfere with their daily ‘tot’ of rum. This heartwarming tale reportedly brought about the British Navy saying “tapping the Admiral,” and the reference to any grog-based drink as “Nelson’s blood.”

Not surprisingly, the first story was quickly pulled by Reuters, who claimed it appeared to be more than 10 years old and could not be verified. What they didn’t say was that it was also listed on the rumor-dispelling site www.snopes.com as the latest spin on an old urban legend. Really old — some versions go back to the 13th century, and the preserved bodies range from dead Irishmen and Egyptians to “a great ape of Borneo.”

The same website also dispels the Nelson story. Apparently, the Admiral was indeed pickled for the trip home — this being the only means of preservation available aboard ship — but he was stored in brandy, not rum. And the barrel was still quite topped off when the Victory arrived back in England.

Darn.

What a sucker

Those prone to seasickness will try anything to prevent feeding the fish. If over-the-counter pills make you drowsy and the bumpy wrist bands only leave a dent in your arm, consider trying a new all-natural product that claims to ease mal de mer. Queasy Drops and Queasy Pops come in a range of flavors — from ginger to cinnamon to papaya — and are made with natural herbs and ingredients. To find out more, check out their website at www.threelollies.com. At a starting price of $9.99, they might seem a tad spendy. But hey, there have been times we’d have spent $1,000 on a single pill and considered it a bargain if the stuff worked.

Getting your priorities straight.

In the May issue of Vanity Fair, they did one of those 2-minute interviews with Senator Edward Kennedy. We were intrigued by his answers to two questions:

What is your greatest extravagance?
Maintaining my 60-year-old wooden sailboat, Mya.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Sailing on Mya with Vicki at my side and my dogs, Splash and Sunny, at my feet. And, of course, a Democrat in the White House...
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LOOSE LIPS

They're baa-aaack!

As expected, sea lions have returned to roost in Newport Beach, but this time harbor officials are ready for them. Last summer saw a swath of destruction left in the wake of the sea lions' rampage. Okay, that may be a little melodramatic, but probably isn't to the multitude of boat owners whose pride and joys were damaged, destroyed, defiled or sunk by the efforts of the pesky pinnipeds to sun themselves. They've already damaged several boats so far this spring.

The high-tech and elaborate plan is to fend off sea lions from boarding boats by attaching automatic sensors to a sprinkler system — and squirting them with cold water. Yes, you read right. It appears that seals and sea lions sun themselves to raise their core body temperatures and — just like teenage girls sunbathing by the pool — they hate to be sprayed with water. If that doesn’t work, what’s next? A low-flying cropduster to spray slippery dishwashing liquid on every boat?

Last Titanic survivor dies.

Lillian Gertrud Asplund, the last American survivor of the world’s most famous sinking, passed away in Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, on May 7. She was 99. Asplund was only 5 when the ‘unsinkable’ Titanic hit an iceberg on her maiden voyage in 1912 and sank in the icy Atlantic, taking Lillian’s father and three brothers with her. Her mother and a younger brother also survived the sinking.

Titanic show in town.

Speaking of Titanic, it may surprise you — or it may not — that the endless fascination with the doomed White Star liner has spawned an industry. Two years after Woods Hole researcher Bob Ballard found the wreck in 1985 — in 12,000 feet of water 450 miles southeast of Newfoundland — Premier Exhibitions of Atlanta was granted ‘salvor-in-possession’ rights. That gave them the exclusive right to recover Titanic artifacts, as well as the responsibility to conserve them. Since none of the objects can be sold, the money to cover costs (each expedition runs between $1-3 million) comes from ticket sales to exhibitions of the artifacts. At any one time, there are seven such shows going around the world. One of the bigger shows with the coveted ‘big piece’ debuts at the Metreon in San Francisco on June 10.

The ‘big piece’ is a 15-ton slab of Titanic’s riveted hull, complete with six portholes. Two of them still have the glass. The 13x30-ft chunk was first spotted in 1994 and finally brought to the surface in 1998. It has since been cleaned and preserved — and is here for all to see.

The exhibition also features 300 other artifacts, including a number of never-before-seen objects that will ‘debut’ at the San Francisco show. Other highlights include a focus on two San Francisco citizens who were aboard (a politician who survived and a miner who didn’t), as well as recreations of a first-class stateroom and the grand staircase. There will even be a downsized ‘iceberg’ that’s modeled after sketches done by survivors of the iceberg. It’s made of aluminum, but is actually covered with ice so visitors to the show can ‘feel’ how cold the water really was that fateful April night in 1912.

And back to that endless fascination: 16 million people in 50 cities around the world have viewed one of the Titanic shows, making it the most successful and enduring exhibition in history. We’re not immune, and we admit to being among the endlessly fascinated. So yeah, we’re going.

Titanic — The Artifact Exhibition runs through January 7 at the Metreon (Fourth and Mission). Tickets are $15-$20. For more information, log onto www.SFTitanic.com.
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riding the whale

Paul Farr’s J/105 Jupiter was homeward bound after rounding the Lightship during the April 22 St. Francis YC Ocean Race. They were coming in on the south side of the channel, with the kite up in 15-20 knots of breeze, hitting 15s on surfs down the big swells and having a grand old time — until they came to a screeching halt about two miles west of Mile Rock.

“It felt like we’d hit the bottom,” says crewman Dave Tanis. But the depth gauge revealed 80 feet of water. Maybe it was a net, or a line wrapped around the rudder? One look over the side confirmed the bizarre fact that they had somehow landed atop a whale about the same size as the 34-ft boat. Not only that, the whale was stuck between the keel and rudder — and quite obviously not happy about it. It immediately began thrashing around and throwing the J and her crew around like ragdolls.

new records

The 110-ft French trimaran Geronimo arrived in Yokohama, Japan, on April 27 — 14 days, 22 hours, 40 minutes out of San Francisco. This breaks the old record for the 4,525-mile course, set in 1996 by Steve Fossett’s 60-ft trimaran Lakota, by nearly five days.

Skipper Olivier de Kersauson skippered the big boat through storms and calms, always pushing the envelope just enough to avoid damage. “For us, capsizes and breakages are failures. To win you have to finish, and that’s our job,” ODK said after arriving in Yokohama.

In a congratulatory email to ODK,
**for geronimo**

Steve Fossett noted, “I confess to a twinge of jealousy over your success, but you have honored us with the recognition of our prior record by seeking to break it. Please accept warm congratulations from myself and my original crew.”

Gerónimo then went on to set a new benchmark 4-day, 17-hour record from Yokohama to Hong Kong. This is the fifth straight record for the boat, which has been chasing major Pacific records for the last year. The big tri was scheduled to wrap up their Pacific ‘campaign’ with a record run attempt back to San Francisco starting at the end of May.

**whale — cont’d**

“I was standing on deck holding onto the shrouds and trimming the spinnaker so I had a great view,” says Dave. “I saw its tail on one side of the boat and the mass of its body on the other side. It rolled over several times trying to free itself.”

Needless to say, everyone aboard was, shall we say, concerned. The wind was still blowing hard, the seas were rough, the boat was still trying to sail — but it was impossible to steer it or to take any sails down. The strange dance went on for perhaps 5 minutes, during which Farr radioed a *mayday* to the Coast Guard and reported that “a whale was attacking our boat.” The Coasties asked if the whale was hurt, to which Paul replied, “No, but it’s really pissed.”

He didn’t know how true those words were. When the whale finally extricated itself, it turned around — and started ramming the boat!
whale riders — cont’d

“...bump us under the aft quarter and slew us sideways as it slid the length of the boat,” says Paul. “Then turn around and do it again.”

After two or three hits, the whale swam up right alongside the boat — giving some of the crew their first good look — and paced them for several minutes. “We were doing 8-10 knots, and it stayed right there beside us, not three feet away,” says Paul. “I could have reached out and touched it.”

“Oddly,” he adds, “at that point it seemed very friendly and curious — not threatening at all.” Then it just pulled away and disappeared.

cruiser killed in

Respected cruiser Mark Saunders was killed April 18 following the grounding of the Nordhavn 62 trawler Charlotte B at the entrance to Mag Bay. Saunders, 62, and his wife, Sue (who lived aboard the sailboat Blue Suede Sue in La Paz), were crewing aboard the Charlotte B on a delivery from La Paz to the States when the accident occurred.

It is still unclear how Charlotte B ended up on the rocks, as she is a ca-
Soon after that, a Coast Guard motorlifeboat arrived on scene. The Jupiter crew had examined the boat and found no leaks or obvious structural damage. And once they got sails and lines squared away, the boat seemed to be tracking okay, so they told the Coas-ties they no longer needed assistance. The 47-footer followed for about 10 minutes, then returned to base.

Of course, when they jibed just west of the Golden Gate Channel about 20 minutes later, they found they suddenly had no steering. The Coast Guard eventually came back out and towed them the rest of the way to the San Francisco Marina.

A haulout revealed that the rudder bearings had been munched, and the steering gear in the pedestal had partially sheared. Paul doesn’t know if the latter was caused by the whale, or by his death-grip trying to steer against it when it was caught. Also apparent with the boat out of the water — deep barnacle gashes extending from stern to bow where the whale had pushed the boat around.

"I still don’t believe this happened, and I was there," says Paul, who can laugh about it now. At the time, it wasn’t so funny. "You don’t know what’s going to happen," says another crewman, Tomi Tianen (the fourth crew was Jeanne Lyons). "We’d all read these articles about how every now and then a whale sinks a boat. If we’d ended up swimming out there, it would not have been a pretty sight."

At this writing, several members of the crew had talked to Pete Winch, an interpretive naturalist for the Oceanic Society and FIMSA — the Farallon Islands Marine Sanctuary Association. Based on those conversations and the time of year, Winch’s best guess is that the whale was a gray that was headed back north from the annual migration to Baja. If so, he and others at the Oceanic Society and FIMSA came up with two possible scenarios for the whale’s behavior: 1) It was a female whose calf was nearby. In the old days, when the whalers used to harpoon whales in the Baja lagoons, the grays were nicknamed ‘devilfish’ because they used to aggressively defend their young. 2) The whale, male or female, may have thought it was being attacked by orcas. The type of orcas that attack whales do so silently — without using their echolocation. Like those animals, Paul Farr’s boat ‘pounced’ silently and ‘captured’ the surprised whale.

While he can’t be positive it was a gray, Winch confirms that if it was, it was an adult. They average about 30-35 feet in length and weigh about 35 tons. For comparison’s sake, a J/105 displaces not quite 4 tons.

It kind of goes without saying, but Winch cautions boaters to give whales a wide berth — when you can see them.
separated at birth

Rowan Fennell and his older twin brothers Forrest and Nathaniel learned to sail on a Moore 24. In fact, since they were little kids they virtually grew up on Paramour, a boat their father Michael got way back in the Fast Is Fun heydays of 1986.

“It was our summer home on the Delta,” recalls Rowan, who last month won the Moore 24 Pacific Coast Championships on the same boat. “We used to go up there every year and camp out for extended periods throughout the summer.”

As he got older, Rowan — now a 30-year-old environmental scientist — started racing the boat more and more and, a few years ago, decided to get really serious. Paramour was stripped down and

continued on outside column of next sightings page
sailing their much-modified SUI 75. Act 11, which featured fleet racing instead of Act 10’s match racing, had just gotten underway as this issue went to press.

Whether or not it seems like just yesterday or an eternity ago, the countdown for the next America’s Cup has definitely begun. There are two more Acts, late this month and again next spring. The Challenger Elimination Series gets underway off Valencia next April, with the best-of-nine Cup races starting in late June.

totally tricked out for competition. She is currently one of the top boats in the very competitive local fleet.

“Dad wasn’t exactly upset, but he felt kind of bad that he was losing the Delta toy,” says Rowan. That’s when serendipity stepped in, in the form of an eBay auction for a sad-looking Moore parked in a field halfway across the country. But not just any Moore . . .

It seems that Paramour was the 74th Moore built. But there was some kind of mixup at Moore’s Reef and Paramour came out of the mold wearing #75. When the mistake was caught, the remedy — this was Santa Cruz, remember — was just to build another #75. So, technically, there is no 74th Moore 24 . . . and there are two #75s.

For all their fun-loving ‘whatever, dude’ attitude, the Moore 24 Association is actually quite organized. They keep active track of 90% of the 24s built, and only a handful have fallen off the radar. One of these was the ‘second’ #75. Nobody knew where it was. But after Rowan had pretty much ‘stolen’ Paramour from family summer outings for the foreseeable future, right there on eBay, this auction appeared — for Moore 24 hull #75! What are the odds?! It was located in Arkansas, looked kinda sad, had really old sails and was perched on a so-so trailer.

“So Dad bid on it,” says Rowan. Unfortunately, he lost (by $25) to a guy in Missouri. But a few days later, that guy called and offered them the boat for the price they’d bid! SOLD — to the crazy people from California!

Last July, the Fennell men — all of whom admit to terminal cases of MDS (Moore Dementia Syndrome) — piled into a truck and drove to Missouri.

“We showed up at dawn with a complete set of new running gear for the trailer,” says Rowan. (More serendipity: the axles and wheels were donated by Rowan’s uncle Justis who owns Oakland Rim and Wheel — and who worked for Ron Moore building boats in the late ’70s.) After five straight hours of hard work in the hot, humid conditions, the boat was on the road, headed back west.

An interesting sidebar to the trip occurred in Tulsa, where they met the original eBay seller, a non-sailor who told them the story of how he came to own the boat. He said it was one of a dozen boats he’d been storing for a guy. When payments stopped coming, he looked for the owner only to discover he had mysteriously disappeared. After a couple more months, this fellow filed for, and received, ownership of the properties.

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to follow

BMW Oracle’s new IACC boat has a short bowsprit. You may recall that in the 1992 Challenger Elimination trials in San Diego, NZL 20 — on a winning streak at the time — was protested out for having a sprit. USA 87 is legal under the rules — so far.
**separated — cont’d**

“This story was full of inconsistencies and seemed really fishy to us, as well as to all the other patrons within earshot at Carl’s Junior,” says Rowan. “When the guy finally left, my father proclaimed, ‘He killed him’ — and half a dozen patrons agreed!”

“That’s my only memory of Oklahoma.”

Moore #75-B — renamed Moore Amour during the road trip —

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**angel island**

Summer has finally arrived, boats are straining at their docklines, and owners need a weekend escape — but don’t have time for a long trip. What to do? Look no farther than that verdant hump just north of The Rock.

If it’s been awhile, we’re here to remind
revisited

you that Angel Island State Park is a fantastic getaway within an hour or so of just about anywhere on the Bay. Accessible only by boat, the island is big enough to accommodate thousands of yearly ferry visitors but still leave you with a sense of

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We never have figured out what cockles are, but
the ones in our heart always warm at the sight
of a lovely schooner bowling along under a
cloud of sail. This spectacular lady is ‘Eleonora’
on her way to a class win at the annual Antigua
Classic Regatta.

separated — cont’d

arrived back in the Bay in August and was sailing a week later. Its maiden voyage was from Richmond YC to Sam’s in Tiburon, which is one of 75-A’s favorite passages. The next day, it was headed to the Delta to provide the Fennell clan much needed R&R for the remainder of the summer.

So now Rowan has his racing machine, Pop Fennell has his Delta toy, and all is once again right with the world.

crew overboard

In sailboat racing, losing a crew over the side now and then is almost commonplace. In the Bay alone, rarely a season goes by when we don’t hear about half a dozen people taking a dive off different boats — and that’s just the ones we hear about. Most are recovered quickly, with the only lasting damage being the boat’s ranking in that particular race. Most are quickly forgotten.

Sometimes crew overboard incidents deserve ink, if for nothing else than to remind folks that it happens, and keep you guys thinking ‘what if’ when you’re out there sailing around for pleasure or competition. John Yares’ unscheduled swim on May 20 was one of those times.

John is the brother of Jim Yares, who is partners with Curtis Press in the J/24 Running With Scissors. The Scissor-hands are good sailors, winning among other things the J/24 Season Championship in 2004 and 2005, so they know what they’re doing. Still, May 20’s windy Elite Keel Regatta was pretty gnarly, with 20-25 knots blowing across a choppy ebb. On the downwind leg near the Berkeley Circle, Scissors rounded up. Not a bad one, but enough to put the boat partway on its side. They luffed the chute, blew the guy, and were in the process of moving crew weight aft to get the bow up when John simply took a bad step and slid off the boat. He immediately grabbed a stanchion. Brother Jim, at the helm, tried to spin the boat up to get it to stop completely, which rolled the lee rail under further, at which point John just let go.

John was wearing his inflatable PFD, which worked fine. It’s also salient to tell you at this point that John is a Lieutenant in the Coast Guard, so he’s had extensive water survival training. He put that training into practice by kicking back, floating on his back, and saving his energy.

Meanwhile, the remaining Scissors crew (a couple of whom were new to the boat and to sailing in heavier air) were trying to contain the kite and get it down — a task made all the harder due to their missing comrade. “It’s tough to do a textbook QuickStop recovery when you’re in full race mode with the chute up,” says Jim. “We never lost sight of John, but it was clear he was doing fine and not panicked, so we weren’t in a panic either.”

Enter Chris Owen and his crew on the Catalina 34 Mottley. They were engaged in their own race, the Treasure Island YC’s second InterClub race, whose course happened to intersect the Elite Keel’s. Mottley was headed toward the Bay Bridge under reefed main and jib when one of the crew yelled, “There’s someone in the water!”

Chris, who was driving, took a quick look around and realized that they were the closest boat to the man in the water. He yelled for the crew — two of whom were also new to the boat, and in fact were sailing for the first time ever — to furl the jib while he started the motor. He left the main up, thinking it might give the boat stability in the bouncy conditions (and, okay, because they didn’t have time to get it down).

Chris half-circled John, positioned himself upwind and allowed Mottley to drift slowly down with the engine in neutral. There

continued on outside column of next sightings page
overboard — cont’d

was no Lifesling on the boat, and their horseshoe float didn’t have a line attached, but the maneuver worked like the textbooks say it should. *Mottle*y drifted right to John, who was able to grab the hand of crewman Forrest Knowlton, who helped pull him around to the stern where the ladder had been rigged. John was able to climb up himself, bringing about five gallons of water with him.

No one could say for sure, but the best estimate was that John was in the water for about five minutes. That was long enough that his teeth were chattering and his fingers were beginning to cramp. But he’s a young guy in his 30s and recovered fast. Since the conditions were so rough, both boats headed to the shelter of Clipper Cove, where John was transferred back to *Scissors*.

Both boats took DNFs for their respective races. Chris didn’t ask for redress, but it was awarded by the TIYC race committee anyway, noting “Even a first place award would pale in comparison to the knowledge you may have saved another sailor’s life.”

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angel

The island’s most popular destination by far is Ayala (Hospital) Cove. Fees have gone up a bit (docks: $15; mooring balls: $20 from May-September — knock $5 off each in the off season).

The docks are open from 8 a.m. to sunset, but if you pay the day-use fee, you can move to a mooring ball that evening for an extra $5. If you plan on hitting the docks more than a handful of times, you should consider the yearly day-use pass (dock only) for $125.

The State plans to replace the moorings, and possibly add more, sometime in the near future, though no specific date has been set. If you do tie to the existing
— cont’d

balls, be sure to tie up both bow and stern. It’s considered bad form — and can be dangerous — to swing on just one.

Ashore, you can choose from a guided tram tour (worth every penny of its $12.50 price tag), bike rentals, the many historic interpretive centers, or a nice long walk or bike trip around the island. If you’re energetic, you can even hike to the top of Mount Livermore for a spectacular view of the entire Bay.

No matter how many times you’ve been, Angel Island always has something new to offer. So whatever your summer plans are, be sure to include at least one trip to the Bay’s largest island.

overboard — cont’d

Says Chris, “Despite our DNF, I can tell you every member of the Mottley crew was smiling as we headed back to South Beach. They did an incredible job and I am very proud of each of them.”

From the Scissors gang: “We are all grateful to the sharp eyes on Mottley, and the fast decisions and excellent seamanship of the crew,” says Jim Yares, who notes that the Elite Keel was John’s last race on Running With Scissors for awhile as he’s being transferred to Texas. “On the way out to the race course, we ‘dedicated’ this regatta to him . . . who knew!”

pacific cup poised for departure

With the various divisions of the 14th Biennial West Marine Pacific Cup slated to begin July 4 through 7, several hundred West Coast sailors are undoubtedly scrambling this month to tick off the myriad items on their ‘to do’ lists. Beginning in the Central Bay off
pac cup — cont’d

the St. Francis YC, the rhumb line course to Kaneohe, Hawaii — on the island of Oahu — measures 2,070 nautical miles.

This year’s fleet roster lists 48 doublehanded and fully crewed entries, ranging in size from Jeff Duvall’s Portland-based Moore 24 Keeli Quinn to Isao Mita’s BVI-flagged Marten 72 Beecom.

While it’s not the largest fleet in the event’s history, this year’s contest boasts a few notable innovations. Most significantly, perhaps, is the inclusion of a multihull division for the first time. Ironically, though, after multihullers lobbied for years to be included, only one signed up: Lawrence Olsen’s San Francisco-based Green 35 tri Humdinger. Olsen and crew may get a little lonely for boat-for-boat competition out there, but at least they’ll ‘set a record’ and bring home a trophy, as the mono and multi fleets will be scored separately.

Another first this year is the event’s partnering with the ocean conservation organization Oceana — an outfit highly regarded by the event’s title sponsor, West Marine. A special award will go to the entry which demonstrates “the most concern for the ocean realm through environmentally conscious preparations.”

A set of Million Mile Trophies are another first this year, in commemoration of the approximate total mileage sailed by the event’s 600-odd entries since its inception in 1980. Other new awards include trophies for the Best Prepared Boat and Best First Passage — a ‘spirit’ award not necessarily equated with a top finish time. And who can forget the new Latitude 38 trophy, which will be given to the boat which sails the best race relative to other boats in her division. (Don’t ask us how this is figured. Max talked Lee into doing the formula. We have no idea what all the numbers mean, but we’re assured the system will work flawlessly.)

Although details have not yet been finalized at this writing, also look for at least a half dozen boats to carry transponders, which will automatically record their positions en route using technology from iTrack. Although experimental this year in the Pac Cup, this and similar systems are rapidly gaining favor with a variety of offshore race organizations.

As always, one of the biggest challenges for owners and navigators will be how far south to sail in order to maximize the wind potential of the Pacific High. We like renowned offshore navigator Stan Honey’s advice on this subject: “Pick your strategy, and stick to it. Then, whatever happens, make up your story for the bar in Kaneohe, and stick to that too!”

Look for a complete event preview in our July edition, with a wrap-up report in August. (See www.pacificcup.org for complete event info.)

no fun for

Stan Glaros and crew aboard his Cheeta 30 Great Fun II were headed out the Golden Gate in the April 22 Duxship Race (Bay — Duxbury Reef buoy — Lightship — home), when the keel fell off. The boat went onto her side and subsequently turned turtle.

Glaros’ pal George McKay was also sailing the ‘Dux that day aboard his Moore 24 Cookie Jar. He radioed the Coast Guard, reported his position and tacked over to
ha-ha race packets go out june 10

“We’ve been getting an average of three requests for Baja Ha-Ha packets a day,” reports Ha-Ha Honcho Lauren Spindler, “suggesting to me that we’ll once again have a fleet of over 120 boats for the third year in a row.”

For those new to sailing, the Ha-Ha is the 750-mile cruisers’ rally from San Diego to Cabo San Lucas, with stops at Turtle Bay and Bahia Santa Maria. The main goal of the Ha-Ha is for everyone to make it to Cabo safely. To that end, there will be a roll call each morning, plus weather forecasting from Commander’s Weather. And to a certain extent, there’s safety in numbers.

continued in middle column of next sightings page

Philippe Kahn’s ‘Pegasus 52’ blasts into hyper-space at last year’s Big Boat Series. Imagine doing this in the Trades for days on end.

Great fun II

lend a hand. Soon after, a Fish and Game vessel arrived on scene, took Glaros and his crew aboard and released Cookie Jar, which resumed racing.

“That would have been the end of the story, except that on the way in, we damn near ran into the half-submerged remains of Great Fun II,” McKay claimed.

Glaros called to let us know he was offering a reward for information lead-
continued in middle column of next sightings page

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A second goal of the Ha-Ha is for all participants to make lots of new cruising friends. This will be facilitated by the West Marine Kick-Off Halloween Costume Party in San Diego, as well as the traditional Ha-Ha beach parties and get-togethers in Turtle Bay, Bahia Santa Maria, and Cabo. The parties are informal and G-rated. If you want to get wild and crazy, the time and place is after the Ha-Ha in Cabo, where such behavior is often the norm.

This year’s 13th running will be open to boats — sail, motor, monohull, multihull — 27 feet or longer that were designed, built, and have been maintained for ocean sailing. Although the Ha-Ha weather conditions have traditionally been quite mild, make no mistake, everyone will potentially be exposing themselves to the full fury of the Pacific ocean.

The Ha-Ha is not an offshore babysitting service, so each boat must have at least two crew with navigation and overnight sailing experience. Everyone is expected to be in reasonably good physical

no fun

ing to the recovery of the boat, but as of presstime, there had been no word of further sightings.

Readers may recall that Glaros’ last boat, the original Great Fun, a Davidson 50, sank nine months ago after hitting a container. As Stan put it when we last spoke, “It hasn’t been a good year for me.”

playing

Not everyone was sailing to Vallejo on May 6. On the way back home from shooting photos of the race, we spotted
ha-ha — cont’d

shape and health. The event starts on October 30 from San Diego, and ends in tropical Cabo on November 11.

If you’re interested in the Ha-Ha, send a check for $15 to 21 Apollo Road, Tiburon, CA 94920. Around June 10, you’ll be sent a complete entry packet, plus discount offers and other good things from sponsors. The Ha-Ha itself costs $299. Even though that’s far less expensive than similar events, you’ll get more swag than you’ve ever seen. We’re talking Ha-Ha hats, T-shirts, burgees, sunglasses, frisbees, beachballs, tote bags, and lots of other stuff. And you never can tell what other prizes and freebies West Marine and Pusser’s Rum might add. The material stuff is definitely fun, but the best thing you’ll take away is all the new friends you’ll make.

The much-experienced Ha-Ha volunteer management team — the Wanderer as the Grand Poobah, Banjo Andy as the Assistant Poobah, and Dona de Mallorca as the Chief of Security — will all be back aboard Profligate, the mothership, having done a total of 30 Ha-Has among them. They wouldn’t miss it for their lives. How about you?

hookie

the folks pictured below. From the looks of things, they were having just as much fun as any racer.
Looking good

Our ‘Looking Good’ feature this month includes both a boat and her owner. It really couldn’t be otherwise, as the Kettenburg 38 Chorus and Peter English have been together so long you can’t really mention one without the other.

Peter bought and rebuilt the 48-year-old boat in 1979, and has been actively racing her ever since. Master Mariners, HDA, OYRA, coastal races, beer cans — Chorus’ beautiful bright-finished hull has graced them all — and done well in them all. Until last year, when her original box-section spruce mast broke. Repairs were delayed while Peter battled with the insurance company — a story worth telling on another day — but as these photos show, she is finally back, better than ever. These photos were taken in April as the boat went through tuneups with her new suit of sails and new aluminum mast. The modification adds 6 seconds to Chorus’s PHRF certificate, but all aboard on this flat-water day felt she was at least that much quicker.

English himself got ‘dismasted’ last year, too, with the news that the abdominal pains he’d been experiencing required both surgery and extended therapy. The worst of it was that he would have to ‘take it easy’ for a while — which in this case meant no sailing.

In a sense, Peter and Chorus went through a tough time together. Peter managed all the details and work assignments of ‘healing’ the boat — and watching the boat coming back together hardened his resolve to sail her again. Bolstered by friends and family, they both made it through, and we are happy to report that both are on the way to a complete recovery.

New international travel rules

If you’re planning on doing the Ha-Ha this year, you’ll be required to have a passport to return to the States. According to the U.S. State Department’s travel website, the Intelligence Reform and Terrorism Prevention Act of 2004 requires that by December 31, 2006, all air and sea travelers to and from the Caribbean, Bermuda, Panama, Mexico, and Canada must have a passport. By December 31, 2007, the requirement will extend to all land border crossings as well.

This is a big change, so if you’ve been putting it off, now’s the time. Figure on at least a six week wait after applying — and that’s if there are no glitches. If you’re a procrastinator by nature, expect to pay an extra $60 plus overnight shipping charges to get it quicker. Info on passports and the new traveler requirements can be found at http://travel.state.gov.

Heyerdahl sails again

Following in the wake of his famous grandfather, Olav Heyerdahl set sail with five others on April 28 with five other men aboard Tangaroa, a balsa raft similar to Thor Heyerdahl’s Kon Tiki. “We want to test the navigation system of the indigenous people of the Peruvian coast, to survey for environmental damage, and to follow in the path of Thor Heyerdahl,” grandson Olav said.

Olav’s 56-ft raft differs significantly from Thor’s in that it’s loaded with electronic gear, rudders, and much more sail area. In light of Kon Tiki’s demise on a reef, the Tangaroa crew — four Norwegians, a Swede, and a Peruvian — decided there was one more piece of equipment they’d make room for: a liferaft. To read their occasional updates, go to http://tangaroa.nettblogg.no./english.html.
the 10-minute rule

When sailing in mid-ocean, shark sightings are common. That’s not to say that you should avoid going swimming in mid-ocean, just take care and follow the 10 Minute Rule. That is, don’t swim for more than 10 minutes at a time. If possible, a person should also be on watch to see if any uninvited ‘toothy guests’ drop in for a snack.

The accompanying photo was taken from Suisial during the crossing to French Polynesia last year. We were in a dead calm area 1,000 miles offshore and I went over the side to clean the stuff off the waterline. This oceanic white tip came by to see who was splashing around in his ocean. It’s a bit unnerving to realize that not all animals see man as being at the top of the food chain!

summer

Now in its sixth year, Summer Sailsticce is an international celebration of sailing held on or about the summer solstice. What better day to enjoy sailing than on the longest day of the year?

In the Bay Area alone, there are numerous events and cruises to choose from. The largest will be a two-day extravaganza hosted by Summer Sailstice and Club Nautique at the Treasure Island Sailing Center. There will be racing for all ages, a cruise-in to Clipper Cove, a Navigation...
sailstice

Rally and Treasure Hunt (go to www.clubnautique.com to register for the Rally), and a party Saturday afternoon. You can find out more and buy tickets online at www.tisailing.org.

To check out what’s happening in your neck of the woods, from Portland, Oregon, to Portland, Maine, check out www.summersailstice.com. Not only is it a great way to hook up with other sailors in your area, you can sign up for great prizes, too.

10-min rule — cont’d

The oceanic whitetip shark (carcharinus longimanus) is a large pelagic shark of tropical and warm temperate seas. It is named after both its oceanic habitat (living in deep waters), and of course the white tips on its fins. It is a stocky shark and its most notable features include its rounded fins and the fins’ extreme length. It is an aggressive fish which dominates feeding frenzies, and is said to attack more humans than all other shark species combined. As such, it is a significant danger to survivors of open ocean ship sinkings and plane wrecks. Given their abundance and potential threat to humans, oceanic whitetips were a serious concern during the World Wars. For example, a Nova Scotia steamship carrying 1,000 was sunk near South Africa by a German submarine and only 192 survived, with many deaths attributed to whitetip sharks. A more infamous example occurred after the sinking of the cruiser USS Indianapolis near the end of World War II. This dramatic story was retold in the first Jaws movie by the grizzled shark hunting captain, Quint.

Here’s hoping that all of this year’s Puddle Jumpers — ourselves among them — have a great crossing and arrive with everybody they left with.

— bob & brenda

suisiutl

tsunami hits tonga

A 7.8 magnitude earthquake, significantly larger than the 1989 San Francisco tremblor, jarred Tongans out of their beds in the early hours of May 4. Within 15 minutes, the Pacific Tsunami Warning Center in Hawaii had issued international warnings, but not before a tsunami — defined by NOAA as “an ocean wave produced by an earthquake or underwater landslide” — reached the shaken island. Luckily for the residents, it was only two feet high.

What’s disturbed officials is that Tonga never received the warning. According to reports, a power failure prevented it from reaching the island nation. Not that it would have mattered. “Even if they had received the warning, it would have been too late — it takes 10 minutes at best to issue a warning from the onset of seismic recordings at the PTWC,” said Costa Synolakis, a USC tsunami researcher. Which is about how long it took for the baby tsunami to reach Tonga.

A previously scheduled Pacific-wide tsunami drill, Exercise Pacific Wave, took place on May 18 to find out how well the international warning system worked — a direct response to the failure of the system when a massive tsunami in 2004 wreaked widespread devastation over a dozen Indian Ocean nations, killing more than 200,000 people.

Ironically, another quake — this time only 6.0 in magnitude — struck Tonga at the exact time emergency authorities were broadcasting the simulated alerts. No damage or injuries were reported — although confusion was understandably rampant.
short sightings

OAKLAND — A man wielding a large knife near Jack London Square in the early morning hours of May 9 jumped into the Oakland Estuary rather than be taken into custody by the Oakland Police Department. The Coast Guard tried to reach the man, but each time the small boat would approach, he would duck under the water and swim away. The Coasties tried throwing him a life ring but he refused to grab it. Finally, after the fourth try to reach him, the man went under and never came back up. The Coast Guard and Oakland PD searched the shore and waters of the estuary but found no sign of the man. The search was called off around 7 a.m. and it’s presumed the man drowned though no body has been found.

CLEAR LAKE — Willows resident Lynn Thornton died several days after suffering injuries in a boating accident on Clear Lake on the night of April 29. Thornton was one of three people aboard Beats Workin II, an O’Day 27, when it was struck head-on by a 24-ft powerboat driven by Russ Perdock, an off-duty Lake County Deputy Sheriff. Everyone on both boats suffered injuries, but none as severe as Thornton’s. Before they even arrived at the dock, Thornton (whose age was not noted) had stopped breathing. CPR was administered and she was transported by air ambulance to UC Davis Medical Center where she died on May 3.

Blood alcohol tests revealed that while Perdock had no alcohol in his system, the operators of Beats Workin both had levels well over the legal limit .18 and .12 respectively.

The accident is still under investigation but witnesses state that Beats Workin II was under sail in light winds with no running lights, when Perdock’s vessel rammed them at high speed. A call to Clear Lake State Park confirmed that while slower speeds after dark are recommended, there is no stated speed limit on the lake.

OFF OXNARD — If you just read the previous ‘short sightings’, you will know how often we end reports with, “The incident is under investigation” And then we (or you) never hear anything more about it. Well, here’s at least one ‘rest of the story’ . . .

Back in March of 2003, Ahmet Artuner’s squid fishing boat Junior went down about three miles off Oxnard’s Channel Islands Harbor. On the same day, Artuner showed up at a local dock in an inflatable dinghy — but didn’t report anything wrong.

Thing was, when the 73-ft Junior went down, it apparently set off the boat’s automatic EPIRB — emergency position indicating radio beacon. This sets a series of events into motion at the Coast Guard’s Search and Rescue center that — unless they have good cause to stand down (such as an owner who accidentally activates the device) — can eventually lead pretty quickly to them launching boats and aircraft for an SAR mission. The new EPIRBs have electronic ‘fingerprints’ that identify the owner, but when Artuner was contacted, he stated he was not on the boat, and didn’t know who was. So the Coast Guard launched a full-on search for ‘survivors’ that went on for two days. None were found.

Now it turns out that Artuner was not only aboard, he deliberately sank the boat. According to the U.S. Attorney’s office, Artuner has pleaded guilty to federal charges relating to that, plus causing the U.S. Coast Guard to launch an unnecessary rescue mission, plus making false statements to Coast Guard officials. Artuner faces up to 10 years in prison for his actions and must repay the $132,000 in search costs. We assume at some point the insurance company that paid off the loss of Junior will also be knocking on his door.

PENSACOLA — Where’s the largest artificial reef in the world? Funny you should ask, because the correct answer — as of just last month — is “Pensacola, Florida.” On May 18, strategically-placed explosives charges blew 20 holes in the bottom of the aircraft carrier USS Oriskany, and the 888-ft flattop slipped beneath the waves to settle 212 feet down. (This may also qualify as the most-observed

San Francisco has its own ‘Green Mile’. Of course, Alcatraz is no longer a working prison, but winter rains have turned its craggy slopes a lovely shade of green.

worldy

Great Britain’s Dee Caffari and American Donna Lange have accomplished high goals they set for themselves.

Lange, a 45-year-old grandmother, left Rhode Island on November 11 aboard her Southern Cross 28 Inspired Insanity on a planned two-leg solo circumnavigation. She finished Leg One by reaching New Zealand on April 30. 168 days and 17,000 miles after leaving the dock.

Backed by Sir Chay Blythe’s Challenge Business, 33-year-old Caffari had her sights set on a record: first woman to sail around the world non-stop singlehanded against the prevailing winds and currents.

Setting sail from Cornwall, UK, on November 20 aboard Aviva, her 72-ft high-tech
SIGHTINGS

women

Challenge Class yacht, Caffari grabbed the record with both hands, crossing the finish line on May 18 after 178 days, 3 hours, 6 minutes, 13 seconds — nearly six months and 29,227 miles.

In March, both women were crossing the Indian Ocean going opposite ways when their paths nearly intersected. Bad weather ultimately prevented them from getting any closer than 100 miles, but just being that near another soul, after so many months alone, reportedly lifted the spirits of both.


shorts — cont’d

sinking ever, as thousands of boaters in everything from dinghies to million-dollar yachts came out to watch.) In the short term, the ‘Mighty O’ has already been called “An underwater Mt. Everest” by dive groups, who were exploring the wreck within the week. In the longer term, it’s hoped the sea life that accumulates around the sunken ship will give a boost to the local fishing industry. Tourism in Pensacola has never quite recovered after Hurricane Ivan tore through in September, 2004 — and the potential ‘draw’ of the sunken carrier was part of the reason that the Florida city beat out several other contenders for the ship.

The Oriskany — named for a Revolutionary War battle — was launched in 1950 and saw action in the Korean and Vietnam conflicts. It was from her deck that Senator John McCain took off for the 1967 mission in which he was shot down and spent the remainder of the war as a prisoner. James Stockdale, Ross Perot’s one-time running mate, was also shot down and imprisoned after taking off from the Oriskany.
riding the whale

Paul Farr’s J/105 Jupiter was homeward bound after rounding the Lightship during the April 22 St. Francis YC Ocean Race. They were coming in on the south side of the channel, with the kite up in 15-20 knots of breeze, hitting 15s on surfs down the big swells and having a grand old time — until they came to a screeching halt about two miles west of Mile Rock.

“It felt like we’d hit the bottom,” says crewman Dave Tanis. But the depth gauge revealed 80 feet of water. Maybe it was a net, or a line wrapped around the rudder? One look over the side confirmed the bizarre fact that they had somehow landed atop a whale about the same size as the 34-ft boat. Not only that, the whale was stuck between the keel and rudder — and quite obviously not happy about it. It immediately began thrashing around and throwing the J and her crew around like ragdolls.

new records

The 110-ft French trimaran Geronimo arrived in Yokohama, Japan, on April 27 — 14 days, 22 hours, 40 minutes out of San Francisco. This breaks the old record for the 4,525-mile course, set in 1996 by Steve Fossett’s 60-ft trimaran Lakota, by nearly five days.

Skipper Olivier de Kersauson skippered the big boat through storms and calms, always pushing the envelope just enough to avoid damage. “For us, capsizes and breakages are failures. To win you have to finish, and that’s our job,” ODK said after arriving in Yokohama.

If there’s sailing in heaven, it can’t be any better than the May 16 Sausalito YC Tuesday evening series, outtakes of which you see here. Nice breeze, beautiful sunset, friendly people, good competition. . . hey, it was so nice that a couple of times we thought we’d died and gone to heaven.
for *geronimo*

Steve Fossett noted, “I confess to a twinge of jealousy over your success, but you have honored us with the recognition of our prior record by seeking to break it. Please accept warm congratulations from myself and my original crew.”

*Gerono*m then went on to set a new benchmark 4-day, 17-hour record from Yokohama to Hong Kong. This is the fifth straight record for the boat, which has been chasing major Pacific records for the last year. The big tri was scheduled to wrap up their Pacific ‘campaign’ with a record run attempt back to San Francisco starting at the end of May.

**whale — cont’d**

“I was standing on deck holding onto the shrouds and trimming the spinnaker so I had a great view,” says Dave. “I saw its tail on one side of the boat and the mass of its body on the other side. It rolled over several times trying to free itself.”

Needless to say, everyone aboard was, shall we say, concerned. The wind was still blowing hard, the seas were rough, the boat was still trying to sail — but it was impossible to steer it or to take any sails down. The strange dance went on for perhaps 5 minutes, during which Farr radioed a *mayday* to the Coast Guard and reported that “a whale was attacking our boat.” The Coasties asked if the whale was hurt, to which Paul replied, “No, but it’s really pissed.”

He didn’t know how true those words were. When the whale finally extricated itself, it turned around — and started ramming the boat!

continued on outside column of next sightings page
whale riders — cont’d

“It would get behind us and come up from underneath, bump us under the aft quarter and slew us sideways as it slid the length of the boat,” says Paul. “Then turn around and do it again.”

After two or three hits, the whale swam up right alongside the boat — giving some of the crew their first good look — and paced them for several minutes. “We were doing 8-10 knots, and it stayed right there beside us, not three feet away,” says Paul. “I could have reached out and touched it.”

“Oddly,” he adds, “at that point it seemed very friendly and curious — not threatening at all.” Then it just pulled away and disappeared.

continued on outside column of next sightings page

cruiser killed in

Respected cruiser Mark Saunders was killed April 18 following the grounding of the Nordhavn 62 trawler Charlotte B at the entrance to Mag Bay. Saunders, 62, and his wife, Sue (who lived aboard the sailboat Blue Suede Sue in La Paz), were crewing aboard the Charlotte B on a delivery from La Paz to the States when the accident occurred.

It is still unclear how Charlotte B ended up on the rocks, as she is a ca-
Soon after that, a Coast Guard motorlifeboat arrived on scene. The Jupiter crew had examined the boat and found no leaks or obvious structural damage. And once they got sails and lines squared away, the boat seemed to be tracking okay, so they told the Coasties they no longer needed assistance. The 47-footer followed for about 10 minutes, then returned to base.

Of course, when they jibed just west of the Golden Gate Channel about 20 minutes later, they found they suddenly had no steering. The Coast Guard eventually came back out and towed them the rest of the way to the San Francisco Marina.

A haulout revealed that the rudder bearings had been munched, and the steering gear in the pedestal had partially sheared. Paul doesn’t know if the latter was caused by the whale, or by his death-grip trying to steer against it when it was caught. Also apparent with the boat out of the water — deep barnacle gashes extending from stern to bow where the whale had pushed the boat around.

“I still don’t believe this happened, and I was there,” says Paul, who can laugh about it now. At the time, it wasn’t so funny. “You don’t know what’s going to happen,” says another crewman, Tomi Tianen (the fourth crew was Jeanne Lyons). “We’d all read these articles about how every now and then a whale sinks a boat. If we’d ended up swimming out there, it would not have been a pretty sight.”

At this writing, several members of the crew had talked to Pete Winch, an interpretive naturalist for the Oceanic Society and FIMSA — the Farallon Islands Marine Sanctuary Association. Based on those conversations and the time of year, Winch’s best guess is that the whale was a gray that was headed back north from the annual migration to Baja. If so, he and others at the Oceanic Society and FIMSA came up with two possible scenarios for the whale’s behavior: 1) It was a female whose calf was nearby. In the old days, when the whalers used to harpoon whales in the Baja lagoons, the grays were nicknamed ‘devilfish’ because they used to aggressively defend their young. 2) The whale, male or female, may have thought it was being attacked by orcas. The type of orcas that attack whales do so silently — without using their echolocation. Like those animals, Paul Farr’s boat ‘pounced’ silently and ‘captured’ the surprised whale.

While he can’t be positive it was a gray, Winch confirms that if it was, it was an adult. They average about 30-35 feet in length and weigh about 35 tons. For comparison’s sake, a J/105 displaces not quite 4 tons.

It kind of goes without saying, but Winch cautions boaters to give whales a wide berth — when you can see them.
separated at birth

Rowan Fennell and his older twin brothers Forrest and Nathaniel learned to sail on a Moore 24. In fact, since they were little kids they virtually grew up on *Paramour*, a boat their father Michael got way back in the Fast Is Fun heydays of 1986.

“It was our summer home on the Delta,” recalls Rowan, who last month won the Moore 24 Pacific Coast Championships on the same boat. “We used to go up there every year and camp out for extended periods throughout the summer.”

As he got older, Rowan — now a 30-year-old environmental scientist — started racing the boat more and more and, a few years ago, decided to get really serious. *Paramour* was stripped down and

hard act

They started inauspiciously, but by the end of Louis Vuitton Act 10 last month off Valencia, *BMW Oracle Racing*’s newest boat, USA 87, is suddenly the hottest thing going. With syndicate founder Larry Ellison often at the helm, 87 handily dispatched almost all comers from the other aspiring America’s Cup teams, most of whom were also sailing their newest boats. *BMW Oracle* lost only one race out of 10 to perennial rival (and 2003 America’s Cup winner) *Alinghi*, who were
to follow

sailing their much-modified SUI 75. Act 11, which featured fleet racing instead of Act 10’s match racing, had just gotten underway as this issue went to press.

Whether or not it seems like just yesterday or an eternity ago, the countdown for the next America’s Cup has definitely begun. There are two more Acts, late this month and again next spring. The Challenger Elimination Series gets underway off Valencia next April, with the best-of-nine Cup races starting in late June.

separated — cont’d

totally tricked out for competition. She is currently one of the top boats in the very competitive local fleet.

“Dad wasn’t exactly upset, but he felt kind of bad that he was losing the Delta toy,” says Rowan. That’s when serendipity stepped in, in the form of an eBay auction for a sad-looking Moore parked in a field halfway across the country. But not just any Moore . . .

It seems that Paramour was the 74th Moore built. But there was some kind of mixup at Moore’s Reef and Paramour came out of the mold wearing #75. When the mistake was caught, the remedy — this was Santa Cruz, remember — was just to build another #75. So, technically, there is no 74th Moore 24 . . . and there are two #75s.

For all their fun-loving ‘whatever, dude’ attitude, the Moore 24 Association is actually quite organized. They keep active track of 90% of the 24s built, and only a handful have fallen off the radar. One of these was the ‘second’ #75. Nobody knew where it was. But after Rowan had pretty much ‘stolen’ Paramour from family summer outings for the foreseeable future, right there on eBay, this auction appeared — for Moore 24 hull #75! What are the odds?! It was located in Arkansas, looked kinda sad, had really old sails and was perched on a so-so trailer.

“So Dad bid on it,” says Rowan. Unfortunately, he lost (by $25) to a guy in Missouri. But a few days later, that guy called and offered them the boat for the price they’d bid! SOLD — to the crazy people from California!

Last July, the Fennell men — all of whom admit to terminal cases of MDS (Moore Dementia Syndrome) — piled into a truck and drove to Missouri.

“We showed up at dawn with a complete set of new running gear for the trailer,” says Rowan. (More serendipity: the axles and wheels were donated by Rowan’s uncle Justis who owns Oakland Rim and Wheel — and who worked for Ron Moore building boats in the late ’70s.) After five straight hours of hard work in the hot, humid conditions, the boat was on the road, headed back west.

An interesting sidebar to the trip occurred in Tulsa, where they met the original eBay seller, a non-sailor who told them the story of how he came to own the boat. He said it was one of a dozen boats he’d been storing for a guy. When payments stopped coming, he looked for the owner only to discover he had mysteriously disappeared. After a couple more months, this fellow filed for, and received, ownership of the properties.

continued on outside column of next sightings page
“This story was full of inconsistencies and seemed really fishy to us, as well as to all the other patrons within earshot at Carl’s Junior,” says Rowan. “When the guy finally left, my father proclaimed, ‘He killed him’ — and half a dozen patrons agreed!”

“That’s my only memory of Oklahoma.”

Moore #75-B — renamed Moore Amour during the road trip —
continued on outside column of next sightings page

Summer has finally arrived, boats are straining at their docklines, and owners need a weekend escape — but don’t have time for a long trip. What to do? Look no farther than that verdant hump just north of The Rock.

If it’s been awhile, we’re here to remind
revisited

you that Angel Island State Park is a fantastic getaway within an hour or so of just about anywhere on the Bay. Accessible only by boat, the island is big enough to accommodate thousands of yearly ferry visitors but still leave you with a sense of

continued in middle column of next sightings page

separated — cont’d

...arrived back in the Bay in August and was sailing a week later. Its maiden voyage was from Richmond YC to Sam’s in Tiburon, which is one of 75-A’s favorite passages. The next day, it was headed to the Delta to provide the Fennell clan much needed R&R for the remainder of the summer.

So now Rowan has his racing machine, Pop Fennell has his Delta toy, and all is once again right with the world.

crew overboard

In sailboat racing, losing a crew over the side now and then is almost commonplace. In the Bay alone, rarely a season goes by when we don’t hear about half a dozen people taking a dive off different boats — and that’s just the ones we hear about. Most are recovered quickly, with the only lasting damage being the boat’s ranking in that particular race. Most are quickly forgotten.

Sometimes crew overboard incidents deserve ink, if for nothing else than to remind folks that it happens, and keep you guys thinking ‘what if’ when you’re out there sailing around for pleasure or competition. John Yares’ unscheduled swim on May 20 was one of those times.

John is the brother of Jim Yares, who is partners with Curtis Press in the J/24 Running With Scissors. The Scissor-hands are good sailors, winning among other things the J/24 Season Championship in 2004 and 2005, so they know what they’re doing. Still, May 20’s windy Elite Keel Regatta was pretty gnarly, with 20-25 knots blowing across a choppy ebb. On the downwind leg near the Berkeley Circle, Scissors rounded up. Not a bad one, but enough to put the boat partway on its side. They luffed the chute, blew the guy, and were in the process of moving crew weight aft to get the bow up when John simply took a bad step and slid off the boat. He immediately grabbed a stanchion. Brother Jim, at the helm, tried to spin the boat up to get it to stop completely, which rolled the lee rail under further, at which point John just let go.

John was wearing his inflatable PFD, which worked fine. It’s also salient to tell you at this point that John is a Lieutenant in the Coast Guard, so he’s had extensive water survival training. He put that training into practice by kicking back, floating on his back, and saving his energy.

Meanwhile, the remaining Scissors crew (a couple of whom were new to the boat and to sailing in heavier air) were trying to contain the kite and get it down — a task made all the harder due to their missing comrade. “It’s tough to do a textbook QuickStop recovery when you’re in full race mode with the chute up,” says Jim. “We never lost sight of John, but it was clear he was doing fine and not panicked, so we weren’t in a panic either.”

Enter Chris Owen and his crew on the Catalina 34 Mottley. They were engaged in their own race, the Treasure Island YC’s second InterClub race, whose course happened to intersect the Elite Keel’s. Mottley was headed toward the Bay Bridge under reefed main and jib when one of the crew yelled, “There’s someone in the water!”

Chris, who was driving, took a quick look around and realized that they were the closest boat to the man in the water. He yelled for the crew — two of whom were also new to the boat, and in fact were sailing for the first time ever — to furl the jib while he started the motor. He left the main up, thinking it might give the boat stability in the bouncy conditions (and, okay, because they didn’t have time to get it down).

Chris half-circled John, positioned himself upwind and allowed Mottley to drift slowly down with the engine in neutral. There
was no Lifesling on the boat, and their horseshoe float didn’t have a line attached, but the maneuver worked like the textbooks say it should. Mottley drifted right to John, who was able to grab the hand of crewman Forrest Knowlton, who helped pull him around to the stern where the ladder had been rigged. John was able to climb up himself, bringing about five gallons of water with him.

No one could say for sure, but the best estimate was that John was in the water for about five minutes. That was long enough that his teeth were chattering and his fingers were beginning to cramp. But he’s a young guy in his 30s and recovered fast. Since the conditions were so rough, both boats headed to the shelter of Clipper Cove, where John was transferred back to Scissors.

Both boats took DNFs for their respective races. Chris didn’t ask for redress, but it was awarded by the TIYC race committee anyway, noting “Even a first place award would pale in comparison to the knowledge you may have saved another sailor’s life.”

**overboard — cont’d**

**angel**

The island’s most popular destination by far is Ayala (Hospital) Cove. Fees have gone up a bit (docks: $15; mooring balls: $20 from May-September — knock $5 off each in the off season).

The docks are open from 8 a.m. to sunset, but if you pay the day-use fee, you can move to a mooring ball that evening for an extra $5. If you plan on hitting the docks more than a handful of times, you should consider the yearly day-use pass (dock only) for $125.

The State plans to replace the moorings, and possibly add more, sometime in the near future, though no specific date has been set. If you do tie to the existing...
overboard — cont’d

Says Chris, “Despite our DNF, I can tell you every member of the Mottley crew was smiling as we headed back to South Beach. They did an incredible job and I am very proud of each of them.”

From the Scissors gang: “We are all grateful to the sharp eyes on Mottley, and the fast decisions and excellent seamanship of the crew,” says Jim Yares, who notes that the Elite Keel was John’s last race on Running With Scissors for awhile as he’s being transferred to Texas. “On the way out to the race course, we ‘dedicated’ this regatta to him . . . who knew!”

pacific cup poised for departure

With the various divisions of the 14th Biennial West Marine Pacific Cup slated to begin July 4 through 7, several hundred West Coast sailors are undoubtedly scrambling this month to tick off the myriad items on their ‘to do’ lists. Beginning in the Central Bay off...
pac cup — cont’d

the St. Francis YC, the rhumbline course to Kaneohe, Hawaii — on the island of Oahu — measures 2,070 nautical miles.

This year’s fleet roster lists 48 doublehanded and fully crewed entries, ranging in size from Jeff Duvall’s Portland-based Moore 24 Keeli Quinn to Isao Mita’s BVI-flagged Marten 72 Beecorn.

While it’s not the largest fleet in the event’s history, this year’s contest boasts a few notable innovations. Most significantly, perhaps, is the inclusion of a multihull division for the first time. Ironically, though, after multihullers lobbied for years to be included, only one signed up: Lawrence Olsen’s San Francisco-based Green 35 tri Humdinger. Olsen and crew may get a little lonely for boat-for-boat competition out there, but at least they’ll ‘set a record’ and bring home a trophy, as the mono and multi fleets will be scored separately.

Another first this year is the event’s partnering with the ocean conservation organization Oceana — an outfit highly regarded by the event’s title sponsor, West Marine. A special award will go to the entry which demonstrates “the most concern for the ocean realm through environmentally conscious preparations.”

A set of Million Mile Trophies are another first this year, in commemoration of the approximate total mileage sailed by the event’s 600-odd entries since its inception in 1980. Other new awards include trophies for the Best Prepared Boat and Best First Passage — a ‘spirit’ award not necessarily equated with a top finish time. And who can forget the new Latitude 38 trophy, which will be given to the boat which sails the best race relative to other boats in her division. (Don’t ask us how this is figured. Max talked Lee into doing the formula. We have no idea what all the numbers mean, but we’re assured the system will work flawlessly.)

Although details have not yet been finalized at this writing, also look for at least a half dozen boats to carry transponders, which will automatically record their positions en route using technology from iTrack. Although experimental this year in the Pac Cup, this and similar systems are rapidly gaining favor with a variety of offshore race organizations.

As always, one of the biggest challenges for owners and navigators will be how far south to sail in order to maximize the wind potential of the Pacific High. We like renowned offshore navigator Stan Honey’s advice on this subject: ‘Pick your strategy, and stick to it. Then, whatever happens, make up your story for the bar in Kaneohe, and stick to that too!’

Look for a complete event preview in our July edition, with a wrap-up report in August. (See www.pacificcup.org for complete event info.)
ha-ha race packets go out June 10

“We’ve been getting an average of three requests for Baja Ha-Ha packets a day,” reports Ha-Ha Honcho Lauren Spindler, “suggesting to me that we’ll once again have a fleet of over 120 boats for the third year in a row.”

For those new to sailing, the Ha-Ha is the 750-mile cruisers’ rally from San Diego to Cabo San Lucas, with stops at Turtle Bay and Bahia Santa Maria. The main goal of the Ha-Ha is for everyone to make it to Cabo safely. To that end, there will be a roll call each morning, plus weather forecasting from Commander’s Weather. And to a certain extent, there’s safety in numbers.

great fun II

lend a hand. Soon after, a Fish and Game vessel arrived on scene, took Glaros and his crew aboard and released Cookie Jar, which resumed racing.

“That would have been the end of the story, except that on the way in, we damn near ran into the half-submerged remains of Great Fun II,” McKay claimed.

Glaros called to let us know he was offering a reward for information lead-
A second goal of the Ha-Ha is for all participants to make lots of new cruising friends. This will be facilitated by the West Marine Kick-Off Halloween Costume Party in San Diego, as well as the traditional Ha-Ha beach parties and get-togethers in Turtle Bay, Bahia Santa Maria, and Cabo. The parties are informal and G-rated. If you want to get wild and crazy, the time and place is after the Ha-Ha in Cabo, where such behavior is often the norm.

This year’s 13th running will be open to boats — sail, motor, monohull, multihull — 27 feet or longer that were designed, built, and have been maintained for ocean sailing. Although the Ha-Ha weather conditions have traditionally been quite mild, make no mistake, everyone will potentially be exposing themselves to the full fury of the Pacific ocean.

The Ha-Ha is not an offshore babysitting service, so each boat must have at least two crew with navigation and overnight sailing experience. Everyone is expected to be in reasonably good physical health to the recovery of the boat, but as of presstime, there had been no word of further sightings.

Readers may recall that Glaros’ last boat, the original Great Fun, a Davidson 50, sank nine months ago after hitting a container. As Stan put it when we last spoke, “It hasn’t been a good year for me.”

Not everyone was sailing to Vallejo on May 6. On the way back home from shooting photos of the race, we spotted...
The much-experienced Ha-Ha volunteer management team — the Wanderer as the Grand Poobah, Banjo Andy as the Assistant Poobah, and Dona de Mallorca as the Chief of Security — will all be back aboard Profligate, the mothership, having done a total of 30 Ha-Has among them. They wouldn’t miss it for their lives. How about you?

ha-ha — cont’d

shape and health. The event starts on October 30 from San Diego, and ends in tropical Cabo on November 11.

If you’re interested in the Ha-Ha, send a check for $15 to 21 Apollo Road, Tiburon, CA 94920. Around June 10, you’ll be sent a complete entry packet, plus discount offers and other good things from sponsors. The Ha-Ha itself costs $299. Even though that’s far less expensive than similar events, you’ll get more swag than you’ve ever seen. We’re talking Ha-Ha hats, T-shirts, burgees, sunglasses, frisbees, beachballs, tote bags, and lots of other stuff. And you never can tell what other prizes and freebies West Marine and Pusser’s Rum might add. The material stuff is definitely fun, but the best thing you’ll take away is all the new friends you’ll make.

The much-experienced Ha-Ha volunteer management team — the Wanderer as the Grand Poobah, Banjo Andy as the Assistant Poobah, and Dona de Mallorca as the Chief of Security — will all be back aboard Profligate, the mothership, having done a total of 30 Ha-Has among them. They wouldn’t miss it for their lives. How about you?

hookie

the folks pictured below. From the looks of things, they were having just as much fun as any racer.

Great Fun II’ was last seen heading out to sea.
looking good

Our ‘Looking Good’ feature this month includes both a boat
and her owner. It really couldn’t be otherwise, as the Rettenburg
38 Chorus and Peter English have been together so long you can’t
really mention one without the other.

Peter bought and rebuilt the 48-year-old boat in 1979, and has
been actively racing her ever since. Master Mariners, HDA, OYRA,
coastal races, beer cans — Chorus’ beautiful bright-finished hull
has graced them all — and done well in them all. Until last year,
when her original box-section spruce mast broke. Repairs were de-
layed while Peter battled with the insurance company — a story
worth telling on another day — but as these photos show, she is
finally back, better than ever. These photos were taken in April
as the boat went through tuneups with her new suit of sails and
new aluminum mast. The modification adds 6 seconds to Chorus’s
PHRF certificate, but all aboard on this flat-water day felt she was
at least that much quicker.

English himself got ‘dismasted’ last year, too, with the news
that the abdominal pains he’d been experiencing required both
surgery and extended therapy. The worst of it was that he would
have to ‘take it easy’ for a while — which in this case meant no
sailing.

In a sense, Peter and Chorus went through a tough time togeth-
er. Peter managed all the details and work assignments of ‘healing’
the boat — and watching the boat coming back together hardened
his resolve to sail her again. Bolstered by friends and family, they
both made it through, and we are happy to report that both are on
the way to a complete recovery.

new international travel rules

If you’re planning on doing the Ha-Ha this year, you’ll be required
to have a passport to return to the States. According to the U.S. State
Department’s travel website, the Intelligence Reform and Terrorism
Prevention Act of 2004 requires that by December 31, 2006, all air
and sea travelers to and from the Caribbean, Bermuda, Panama,
Mexico, and Canada must have a passport. By December 31, 2007,
the requirement will extend to all land border crossings as well.

This is a big change, so if you’ve been putting it off, now’s the
time. Figure on at least a six week wait after applying — and that’s if
there are no glitches. If you’re a procrastinator by nature, expect to
pay an extra $60 plus overnight shipping charges to get it quicker.
Info on passports and the new traveler requirements can be found
at http://travel.state.gov.

heyerdahl sails again

Following in the wake of his famous grandfather, Olav Heyerdahl
set sail with his five other men aboard Tangaroa, a
balsa raft similar to Thor Heyerdahl’s Kon Tiki. “We want to test the
navigation system of the indigenous people of the Peruvian coast, to
survey for environmental damage, and to follow in the path of Thor
Heyerdahl,” grandson Olav said.

Olav’s 56-ft raft differs significantly from Thor’s in that it’s loaded
with electronic gear, rudders, and much more sail area. In light of
Kon Tiki’s demise on a reef, the Tangaroa crew — four Norwegians,
Swede, and a Peruvian — decided there was one more piece of
equipment they’d make room for: a liferaft. To read their occasional
updates, go to http://tangaroa.net/tblogg.no/english.html.
the 10-minute rule

When sailing in mid-ocean, shark sightings are common. That’s not to say that you should avoid going swimming in mid-ocean, just take care and follow the 10 Minute Rule. That is, don’t swim for more than 10 minutes at a time. If possible, a person should also be on watch to see if any uninvited ‘toothy guests’ drop in for a snack.

The accompanying photo was taken from Suisitul during the crossing to French Polynesia last year. We were in a dead calm area 1,000 miles offshore and I went over the side to clean the stuff off the waterline. This oceanic white tip came by to see who was splashing around in his ocean. It’s a bit unnerving to realize that not all animals see man as being at the top of the food chain!

summer

Now in its sixth year, Summer Sailstice is an international celebration of sailing held on or about the summer solstice. What better day to enjoy sailing than on the longest day of the year?

In the Bay Area alone, there are numerous events and cruises to choose from. The largest will be a two-day extravaganza hosted by Summer Sailstice and Club Nautique at the Treasure Island Sailing Center. There will be racing for all ages, a cruise-in to Clipper Cove, a Navigation
sailstice

gation Rally and Treasure Hunt on the beach hosted by Treasure Island Yacht Club, and a party Saturday afternoon. You can find out more and buy tickets online at www.tisailing.org.

To see what’s happening in your neck of the woods, from Portland, Oregon, to Portland, Maine, check out www.summersailstice.com. Not only is it a great way to hook up with other sailors in your area, you can sign up for great prizes, too.

10-min rule — cont’d

The oceanic whitetip shark (carcharhinus longimanus) is a large pelagic shark of tropical and warm temperate seas. It is named after both its oceanic habitat (living in deep waters), and of course the white tips on its fins. It is a stocky shark and its most notable features include its rounded fins and the fins’ extreme length. It is an aggressive fish which dominates feeding frenzies, and is said to attack more humans than all other shark species combined. As such, it is a significant danger to survivors of open ocean ship sinkings and plane wrecks. Given their abundance and potential threat to humans, oceanic whitetips were a serious concern during the World Wars. For example, a Nova Scotia steamship carrying 1,000 was sunk near South Africa by a German submarine and only 192 survived, with many deaths attributed to whitetip sharks. A more infamous example occurred after the sinking of the cruiser USS Indianapolis near the end of World War II. This dramatic story was retold in the first Jaws movie by the grizzled shark hunting captain, Quint.

Here’s hoping that all of this year’s Puddle Jumpers — ourselves among them — have a great crossing and arrive with everybody they left with.

— bob & brenda suisiutl

tsunami hits tonga

A 7.8 magnitude earthquake, significantly larger than the 1989 San Francisco temblor, jarred Tongans out of their beds in the early hours of May 4. Within 15 minutes, the Pacific Tsunami Warning Center in Hawaii had issued international warnings, but not before a tsunami — defined by NOAA as “an ocean wave produced by an earthquake or underwater landslide” — reached the shaken island. Luckily for the residents, it was only two feet high.

What’s disturbed officials is that Tonga never received the warning. According to reports, a power failure prevented it from reaching the island nation. Not that it would have mattered. “Even if they had received the warning, it would have been too late — it takes 10 minutes at best to issue a warning from the onset of seismic recordings at the PTWC,” said Costa Synolakis, a USC tsunami researcher. Which is about how long it took for the baby tsunami to reach Tonga.

A previously scheduled Pacific-wide tsunami drill, Exercise Pacific Wave, took place on May 18 to find out how well the international warning system worked — a direct response to the failure of the system when a massive tsunami in 2004 wreaked widespread devastation over a dozen Indian Ocean nations, killing more than 200,000 people.

Ironically, another quake — this time only 6.0 in magnitude — struck Tonga at the exact time emergency authorities were broadcasting the simulated alerts. No damage or injuries were reported — although confusion was understandably rampant.

Watch out for whitey!
SIGHTINGS

short sightings

OAKLAND — A man wielding a large knife near Jack London Square in the early morning hours of May 9 jumped into the Oakland Estuary rather than be taken into custody by the Oakland Police Department. The Coast Guard tried to reach the man, but each time the small boat would approach, he would duck under the water and swim away. The Coasties tried throwing him a life ring but he refused to grab it. Finally, after the fourth try to reach him, the man went under and never came back up. The Coast Guard and Oakland PD searched the shore and waters of the estuary but found no sign of the man. The search was called off around 7 a.m. and it’s presumed the man drowned though no body has been found.

CLEAR LAKE — Willows resident Lynn Thornton died several days after suffering injuries in a boating accident on Clear Lake on the night of April 29. Thornton was one of three people aboard Beats Workin II, an O’Day 27, when it was struck head-on by a 24-ft powerboat driven by Russ Perdock, an off-duty Lake County Deputy Sheriff. Everyone on both boats suffered injuries, but none as severe as Thornton’s. Before they even arrived at the dock, Thornton (whose age was not noted) had stopped breathing. CPR was administered and she was transported by air ambulance to UC Davis Medical Center where she died on May 3.

Blood alcohol tests revealed that while Perdock had no alcohol in his system, the operators of Beats Workin both had levels well over the legal limit, .18 and .12 respectively.

The accident is still under investigation but witnesses state that Beats Workin II was under sail in light winds with no running lights, when Perdock’s vessel rammed them at high speed. A call to Clear Lake State Park confirmed that while slower speeds after dark are recommended, there is no stated speed limit on the lake.

OFF OXNARD — If you just read the previous ‘short sightings’, you will know how often we end reports with, “The incident is under investigation” And then we (or you) never hear anything more about it. Well, here’s at least one ‘rest of the story’ . . .

Back in March of 2003, Ahmet Artuner’s squid fishing boat Junior went down about three miles off Oxnard’s Channel Islands Harbor. On the same day, Artuner showed up at a local dock in an inflatable dinghy — but didn’t report anything wrong.

Thing was, when the 73-ft Junior went down, it apparently set off the boat’s automatic EPIRB — emergency position indicating radio beacon. This sets a series of events into motion at the Coast Guard’s Search and Rescue center that — unless they have good cause to stand down (such as an owner who accidentally activates the device) — can eventually lead pretty quickly to them launching boats and aircraft for an SAR mission. The new EPIRBs have electronic ‘fingerprints’ that identify the owner, but when Artuner was contacted, he stated he was not on the boat, and didn’t know who was. So the Coast Guard launched a full-on search for ‘survivors’ that went on for two days. None were found.

Now it turns out that Artuner was not only aboard, he deliberately sank the boat. According to the U.S. Attorney’s office, Artuner has pleaded guilty to federal charges relating to that, plus causing the U.S. Coast Guard to launch an unnecessary rescue mission, plus making false statements to Coast Guard officials. Artuner faces up to 10 years in prison for his actions and must repay the $132,000 in search costs. We assume at some point the insurance company that paid off the loss of Junior will also be knocking on his door.

PENSACOLA — Where’s the largest artificial reef in the world? Funny you should ask, because the correct answer — as of just last month — is “Pensacola, Florida.” On May 18, strategically-placed explosives charges blew 20 holes in the bottom of the aircraft carrier USS Oriskany, and the 888-ft flattop slipped beneath the waves to settle 212 feet down. (This may also qualify as the most-observed

worldy

Great Britain’s Dee Caffari and American Donna Lange have accomplished high goals they set for themselves.

Lange, a 45-year-old grandmother, left Rhode Island on November 11 aboard her Southern Cross 28 Inspired Insanity on a planned two-leg solo circumnavigation. She finished Leg One by reaching New Zealand on April 30. 168 days and 17,000 miles after leaving the dock.

Backed by Sir Chay Blythe’s Challenge Business. 33-year-old Caffari had her sights set on a record: first woman to sail around the world non-stop singlehanded against the prevailing winds and currents. Setting sail from Cornwall, UK, on November 20 aboard Autoz, her 72-ft high-tech
women

Challenge Class yacht, Caffari grabbed the record with both hands, crossing the finish line on May 18 after 178 days, 3 hours, 6 minutes, 13 seconds — nearly six months and 29,227 miles.

In March, both women were crossing the Indian Ocean going opposite ways when their paths nearly intersected. Bad weather ultimately prevented them from getting any closer than 100 miles, but just being that near another soul, after so many months alone, reportedly lifted the spirits of both.


shorts — cont’d

sinking ever, as thousands of boaters in everything from dinghies to million-dollar yachts came out to watch.) In the short term, the ‘Mighty O’ has already been called “An underwater Mt. Everest” by dive groups, who were exploring the wreck within the week. In the longer term, it’s hoped the sea life that accumulates around the sunken ship will give a boost to the local fishing industry. Tourism in Pensacola has never quite recovered after Hurricane Ivan tore through in September, 2004 — and the potential ‘draw’ of the sunken carrier was part of the reason that the Florida city beat out several other contenders for the ship.

The Oriskany — named for a Revolutionary War battle — was launched in 1950 and saw action in the Korean and Vietnam conflicts. It was from her deck that Senator John McCain took off for the 1967 mission in which he was shot down and spent the remainder of the war as a prisoner. James Stockdale, Ross Perot’s one-time running mate, was also shot down and imprisoned after taking off from the Oriskany.
Some people gauge the arrival of spring by the blooming of wildflowers, the blossoming of fruit trees or by air temperatures which inspire them to pack away their winter woolies. But our annual springtime barometer has always been the running of the Vallejo Race, which celebrated its 106th anniversary on the first weekend in May, drawing a field of 266 entries in 21 classes.

We've been reporting on this procession from the Central Bay to the Vallejo YC and back for nearly 30 years, but have never before had the pleasure of sharing full color images with readers. And that's been a shame, since the massive cluster of spinnakers gliding north across San Pablo Bay during the Saturday half of the race is arguably the area's most colorful on-the-water event — while also drawing the largest fleet of any local regatta. For the more pragmatic, Vallejo also serves as the YRA season opener.

This year, light but steady winds at
The start sent the fleet around the single windward mark, after which the chutes quickly emerged for the run north. Near Red Rock, the breeze shut down for a while, leaving many of the early starters temporarily parked, allowing the back of the pack to gain ground. One notable exception was Lani Spund’s Santa Cruz-based custom Santa Cruz 52 Kokopelli II, which seemed to be sailing in her own air, accumulating a massive lead by the time she reached The Brothers.

By the time the fleet assembled at the Vallejo YC that afternoon, all hands seemed to be in high spirits, celebrating the day with animated conversations and soulful gyrations on the dance floor.

Sunday’s race back to the Richmond-San Rafael bridge was an easy beat in light-to-moderate conditions with a push from the ebb — what we’d call idyllic.

— latitude/aet
Welcome to the soft parade (this page, clockwise from here) — ‘Razzberries’ (left) and ‘Rocinante’ lead a contingent of boats north; ‘Warp Speed’ getting things straightened out; ‘Zamazaan’ looked like a Cal Trans project — except everyone was busy; ‘Kokopelli 2’ glides by Red Rock.
More kite runners (this page, clockwise from here) — charge of the heavy brigade, ‘Sobrante’ showing a nice, um, ‘backhand’ at the Brothers; a wave rolls over ‘Rocinante’; ‘Strike Slip’ looking sharp; ‘Made Easy’ making tracks. All photos latitude/ladonna.
VALLEJO RACE 2006

DIV. 1 (PHRF< 0) — 1) Kokopelli 2, SC 62, Lani Spund; 2) Cipango, Andrews 56, Bob/Rob Barton; 3) Astra, Farr 40, Mary Coleman. (5 boats)


DIV. 3 (60-75) — 1) Bodacious, Farr 40, Clausewitz; 2) Somewhere in Time, Schock 35, Thomas Ochs; 3) Tivoli, Beneteau 42s, Judy & Torben Bentz; 4) Stray Cat Blues, J/35, Bill Parks; 5) Tupelo Honey, Elan 40, Gerard Sheridan; 6) Sky High, J/35, John West. (14 boats)

DIV. 4 (78-99) — 1) Regazzoni, Melges 24, Nigel Donnelly; 2) Tinseltown Rebellion, Melges 24, Cam Lewis; 3) Eurydice II, Ross 930, George Biery; 4) Mintaka 4, Farr 38, Gerry Brown; 5) Razzberries, Ericson 34, Bruce Nesbitt. (12 boats)

DIV. 5 (102-120) — 1) Cappuccino, Ericson 38, Donald/Mary Lou Oliver; 2) Balaeneau, Olson 34, Charles Brochard; 3) Mon Desir, Jeanneau 35, Jerry Nassoly; 4) Nuvola, Cal 39, David DeMeter; 5) Breakout, Santana 35, Lloyd Ritchey; 6) Harp, Catalina 38, Mike Mannix. (13 boats)

DIV. 6 (123-144) — 1) Wile E Coyote, Express 27, Dan Pruzan; 2) Cassiopeia, Islander 36, Kit Wiegman; 3) Desperado, Express 27, Mike Buzzzone; 4) Dianne, Express 27, Stephen/Steve Hodges; 5) Mirage, Express 27, Terry Cobb; 6) Kolibri, Express 27, Tibor Ivacic; 7) El Raton, Express 27, Ray Lotito; 8) Andiamo, SC 27, Michael Warren; 9) Xena, Express 27, Mark Lowry; 10) Warwhoop, Contessa 33, Chuck/Deborah Hooper. (22 boats)


DIV. 10 (201-210) — 1) OLOFSON 25 — 1) Hot Betty, John/Dave Scarbo; 2) Naked Lady, Jeffrey Blowers; 3) Family Hour, Blafer Family. (5 boats)

DIV. 11 (211-220) — 1) IOR WARHORSE — 1) Zamazaan, Farr 52, Charles Weghorn; 2) True North, Baltic 42, Jeff Dunnivant; 3) Samiko, Serendipity 43, Dexter Bailey; 4) Aleta, Peterson 46, Keith Brown. (7 boats)

* YRA scores Saturday and Sunday separately. For Sunday’s results see www.yra.org.
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SATURDAY RACE RESULTS*

DIV. 1 (PHRF< 0) — 1) J/35, Dan Pruzan; 2) Cal 38, Mike Mannix. (13 boats)

DIV. 2 (9-57) — 1) Cal 38, Mike Mannix; 2) Cal 39, David DeMeter; 3) Cal 39, David Blackman. (12 boats)

DIV. 3 (60-75) — 1) Bodacious, Farr 40, Claire; 2) Somewhere in Time, Schock 35, Thomas Ochs; 3) Tivoli, Jeanneau 35, Jerry Nassoy; 4) Stay Cat Blues, J/35, Bill Parks; 5) Star Ranger, Farr 38, Jerry Nassoy; 6) Starbird, Blue Moon. (12 boats)

DIV. 4 (78-99) — 1) Regazroni, Melges 34, Nigel Donnelly; 2) Tinseltown Rebellion, Melges 24, Cam Lewis; 3) Eurydice II, Ross 30, George Biery; 4) Mintaka 4, Farr 38, Jerry Brown; 5) Razzberries, Ericson 34, Bruce Nesbit; 6) HS, Farr 40, Claire.

DIV. 5 (102-120) — 1) Cappuccino, Ericson 38, Donald/Mary Lou Oliver; 2) Baleineau, Olson 34, Charles Brochard; 3) Mon Desir, Jeanneau 35, Jerry Nassoy; 4) Nocia, Cal 39, David DeMeter; 5) Breakout, Santana 35, Lloyd Ritchey; 6) Harp, Catalina 38, Mike Mannix. (13 boats)

DIV. 6 (123-144) — 1) Wile E Coyote, Express 27, Dan Pruzan; 2) Cassiopeia, Islander 36, Kit Wiegman; 3) Desperado, Express 27, Mike Buzzone; 4) Dianne, Express 27, Stephen/Steve Hodges; 5) Mirage, Express 27, Terry Cobb; 6) Kobirli, Express 27, Tiber Ipavic; 7) El Ratón, Express 27, Ray Lofto; 8) Andiamo, SC 27, Michael Warren; 9) Xena, Express 27, Mark Lowry; 10) Warwhoo, Contessa 33, Chuck/Sheilty Hooper. (22 boats)


SF 30 — 1) Shameless, Schumacher 30, George Ellison; 2) Peggy Sue, Laser 28, John Davis; 3) Stink Eye, Laser 28, Jonathan Gutoff. (7 boats)

BENETEAU FIRST 36.7 — 1) Mistral, Ed Dunkin; 2) Serendipity 2, Thomas. (Bruce; 3) Chances R, Raffaele Sera. (5 boats)

ANTRIM 27 — 1) Arch Angel, Bryce Griffith; 2) Always Friday, John Liebenberg; 3) Max, Bryan Wade. (7 boats)

CATALINA 30 / CAL 29 — 1) Goose, Michael Kastrop; 2) Starkite, Laurie Miller; 3) Boog A Loo, Nancy Rogers. (5 boats)

EXPRESS 37 — 1) Stebbew, Caleb Everett; 2) Expeditious, Bartz Schneider; 3) Golden Moon, Bridge/Richards. (6 boats)


NEWPORT 30 — 1) Topgallant, Frank Hinman; 2) Harry, Richard Aronoff; 3) Fast Freight, Bob Harford. (7 boats)

OLSON 25 — 1) Hamburger Haus, Jens Jensen; 2) Pearl, Thomas Blagg; 3) Vivace, Larry Nelson; 4) Shank on Bluegrass, Falk Meissner; 5) Synchonicity, Steve Smith. (10 boats)

OLSON 30 — 1) Hot Betty, John/Dave Scarbo; 2) Naked Lady, Jeffrey Blowers; 3) Family Hour, Blafer Family. (5 boats)

IOR WARHORSE — 1) Zamazaan, Farr 52, Charles Weghorn; 2) True North, Baltic 42, Jeff Dunnavant; 3) Samiko, Serendipity 43, Dexter Bailey; 4) Aleta, Peterson 46, Keith Brown. (7 boats)

* YRA scores Saturday and Sunday separately. For Sunday’s results see www.yra.org.
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Sunday July 2, 2006
1000: Race starts
Elkhorn YC open all night with snacks
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Late entries will be accepted but will cost $65.

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DELTA DAYDREAMIN'

For years we’ve been extolling the virtues of the California Delta so we’re always surprised when we find a longtime local sailor who’s never been there. When asked for a reason, they stutter a bit and admit to having no decent excuse — and that (funny you should ask) they were planning to go this year . . . really!

Sailors generally tend to be an adventurous lot — or so we like to tell ourselves — so why do so few Bay sailors choose to explore their own backyard? We don’t have an answer, but those guilty of this heinous crime against the spirit of exploration know who they are. This year we challenge them — and you — to pack up the boat with sunscreen, wind scoops and awnings, and spend a week or at least a long weekend poking around the thousand or so miles of navigable waterways just a few miles inland from your normal stomping grounds. Imagine spending your vacation in a bathing suit instead of foul weather gear!

Sailing in unknown waters always makes the heart beat just a little faster, but it also burns the memories of your vacation onto your brain forever. Who can forget their first ripping sail on the Bay, or their first trip out the Gate to Drake’s Bay? The same will be true of your first vacation upriver. And, as with any journey, a little preparation goes a long way.

Charts are probably the single most important piece of equipment any boat can have aboard when meandering along the Delta’s maze of rivers and sloughs. Most Bay Area chandleries carry Maptech’s San Francisco Bay and the Delta waterproof chartbook, but you can also pick up the individual NOAA charts (18652, 18656, 18661, and 18662) if you prefer to go old school. And no boat should be without Hal Schell’s Delta Map and Guide, an invaluable tool for enjoying your Delta adventure. It shows the locations of marinas, shares some Delta history and lists annual events, in addition to scads of other cool stuff. Franko’s Map of the California Delta is a newcomer on the scene, and shows much of the same info Hal Schell’s map offers, but also points out fishing holes, windsurfing spots, and anchorages. And for you procrastinators out there, the paltry price of these maps offers no excuse not to get one — or both!

Even armed with the most up-to-date charts, however, you’re likely to find the listed depths aren’t all that accu-
rate. Many of the less-travelled sloughs haven’t had soundings taken since the ’30s, so it’s vital to have a working depth sounder and a little patience. There’s only one written-in-stone, never-to-be-broken rule (well, okay, a strong suggestion) when plying these muddy waters: Move only on a flood tide. Why? Because when you cruise the Delta, it’s not if you run aground, it’s when — and if all else fails, a rising (flood) tide will lift you off.

What do we mean by “all else”? Well, first you should know that the Delta bottom is nice, soft mud so groundings are more like hitting a pile of sticky pillows, meaning the boat isn’t going to be damaged. Most times, unless you’ve been steaming along at flank speed, a sustained burst of reverse will extricate you. Didn’t work? Try ‘rocking’ the boat with alternate bursts of a little forward, followed by more reverse.

Still stuck? You can try the time-honored technique of heeling the boat by swinging the boom out and piling people on it (kids love this job), then try reverse. No? Try kedging off with one of your anchors or hopping in the dinghy and using the outboard to push the boat off. Still there? May we suggest breaking out the chips and dip?

By the way, when other boats go by, don’t hide below in shame. Running aground is a rite of passage in the Delta, and the favored etiquette is to wave and smile confidently — you know, like you meant to do it!

One of the qualities of the Delta in which the Bay is severely lacking is the multitude of safe, calm anchorages. Practically anywhere you feel comfortable — with the obvious exception of a channel — is good enough to drop the hook . . . stern hook.

THE DIRT ON DELTA DRAWBRIDGES

Most of the drawbridges on the Delta’s busy waterways are tended during the day and an opening can be requested on VHF Channel 9 or by simply sounding one long and one short blast on your horn. A few — such as the bridge on the North Fork of the Mokelumne River, leading to The Meadows — require at least 24 hours notice for an opening. To make an appointment, call Caltrans at (707) 374-2134 or contact Station Rio Vista at (707) 374-2871. Many bridges open to schedules, and opening times may change with the seasons. Most Bay Area tidebooks have drawbridge info, as does Franko’s Map of the California Delta and Hal Schell’s Delta Map and Guide.
that is. Most rivers and sloughs are too narrow to swing on a bow anchor and, even in the spots where you could, in the summer months there are too many boats to do so.

Anchoring in the Delta generally means scouting out a suitable spot on shore in the form of a tree, piling, or large stump, pointing the bow toward the object of your desire, dropping the stern anchor as you ease toward shore, and wrapping a bow line around the tree. Depending on your draft, you may have to use the dinghy for this last step. Most folks then pull the boat close to shore during the day, for easy disembarking, and pull it back out in the evening when the bugs show up for dinner.

When you’re in the mood for some civilization, stop at one of the many marinas that dot the area. Some of our favorites are Pittsburg Marina, Antioch Municipal Marina, Delta Marina Yacht Harbor in Rio Vista, Herman & Helen’s Marina on Little Potato Slough, Outrigger Marina on Three Mile Slough, Oxbow Marina on Georgiana Slough, Willow Berm Boat Harbor on the Mokelumne, and the Stockton Sailing Club. Of course, this is far from a comprehensive list, so before you head out, surf on over to www.californiadelta.org and print up a list of possible stops. It’s wise to call to confirm their depths and make reservations.

**Fourth of July Fireworks and Doin’s**

- **Antioch** — The Fireworks Spectacular barge moves down the San Joaquin River from Downtown Antioch to the Antioch Marina. Don’t miss the hometown parade, classic car show, and other terrific entertainment. Info, (925) 779-6957.
- **Lodi** — Fireworks and Milk Carton Regatta at Lodi Lake. Info, (209) 367-7840.
- **Mandeville Tip** — The massive Hilton Fireworks Extravaganza is now staged in honor of Baron Hilton, who passed away in 2004. This popular show attracts over 5,000 boats and is the largest boat-in event in the Delta.
- **Old Sacramento** — Parade, fireworks, and other fun stuff. Info (916) 264-7031.
- **Pittsburg** — Fireworks are usually shot from either an offshore barge near the waterfront, or from shoreside. Info, (925) 432-7301.
- **Stockton** — On the waterfront at Webber Point. All day food, live entertainment, fireworks and much more! Parade at 4 p.m. Gates open at 5 p.m. Info, www.visitstockton.org.
- **Suisun City** — A signature family event with games, races, kiddie carnival, arts & crafts, live music, and ‘Sky Concert’ fireworks over the harbor. Info, (707) 421-7309.

**Other Doin’s to Mark On Your Calendar**

- **June 16-18** — Whether you call ‘em craw-dads, crawfish or crayfish, these little bugs sure are tasty! Eat your fill at the wildly popular Isleton Crawdad Festival, www.crawdadfestival.org.
- **July 15** — Lodi Summer Fest at Woodbridge by Robert Mondavi Winery. Food and wine tasting with 15 area restaurants and caterers. Starts at 6 p.m. Call Donna for info, (209) 339-7582.
- **July 16-Aug 27** — Suisun City’s Sunday Jazz Series. Live jazz concerts from 3-6 p.m. every Sunday on the Harbor Plaza. Info, (707) 421-7309.
- **July 22-23** — Bridge-to-Bridge Waterfront Festival in Old Sacramento. Offshore boats will make timed runs past the boardwalk between the bridges. Vendors, sky diving stunts, CG rescue demos, live music, and, most importantly, a beer garden. Info, www.sacramentocvb.org.
- **July 29** — Village West YC’s Annual Luau in Stockton. Polynesian dinner, mai tais, live music, hula dancers and flame throwers! It’s no surprise that this event sells out fast. For reservations, call Blair at (209) 478-9900 ext. 6.
- **July 30** — Courtland Pear Fair. If you like pears, you’ll love all the pear-oriented food & drinks. Info, www.pearfair.com.
- **Sept. 16** — Delta Blues Festival, 12-7:30 p.m. on the waterfront, free. Great boat-in venue! Info, www.delta bluesfestival.net.
- **October 7** — Suisun City Waterfront Festival at Harbor Plaza. Art, Wine and Chocolate are the delicious theme of this annual fall festival, 10 a.m.-6:30 p.m. Info, (707) 421-7309.
Stocking your boat for a Delta trip is quite different from prepping it for a trip to Monterey. Leave the sweaters and foul weather gear in storage, and pack plenty of swimsuits, shorts, T-shirts, and the like. Toss in a pair (or two, if you must) of long pants, a sweatshirt and lightweight jacket, and you’ll have a complete wardrobe. Some kind of sun cover-up, sunglasses, sandals and hats round out the list of must-haves. Anything more will just use up space that could be filled with fun stuff.

The balmy days and sultry nights inspire water sports and general idleness. Regardless of whether your crew’s median age is above or below 12, pack plenty of fun stuff that everyone will enjoy. Water toys are a must and probably account for the most space allotment on any Delta boat. Inner tubes, air mattresses, kayaks, windsurfers, dinghies and small sailboats are great vehicles on a hot afternoon while a hammock and a stack of paperbacks are perfect for those moments when you just feel like kicking back, which will be surprisingly often.

Keep in mind that temps in the Delta can easily soar into the 100s for days at a time, which means windscoops and an awning or two are mandatory for summer cruising. Drape one over the cockpit for shade and the other over the bow to keep the boat’s interior cool. Even if it’s just the ubiquitous blue tarp, the shade will protect you from the very least, a really nasty sunburn.

Speaking of which, the sun’s rays reflecting off the water may be a lovely sight, but even in total shade a good sunscreen with 30 SPF or higher is a good idea to prevent the painful consequences of prolonged exposure. Slather up every time you get out of the water — after all, no one ever said “I wish I hadn’t put on sunscreen.” And don’t forget your lips! Pack several tubes of 15+ SPF lip balm — they’re easy to lose.

Speaking of bugs — okay, so we weren’t but it’s the best segue we could come up with — the mosquitoes in the Delta can be voracious feeders, and you’re the main course. No-see-ums and flies are also aggravating, so bring plenty of bug spray, citronella candles (though they sometimes seem to attract more bugs than they repel), those nasty mosquito coils, and screens for your ports and hatches. Bay sailors may question this commandment — just how many more bugs can there be up there compared to just a few miles away? Just trust us on this one, okay?

If you subscribe to bumper sticker mentality, maybe you really would rather be fishing. If that’s the case, the Delta waters offer plenty of opportunity to get your line wet. Depending on the season, your rail-mounted BBQ could see catfish, black bass, stripers, sturgeon, or even salmon. Crawdads are plentiful up-Delta and, if you’ve never tried them, are essentially just tiny, freshwater lobster. A pole and trap are all you need to hone your angling skills and feed your family. Just do yourself a favor and get a license before you make that first cast. Hefty fines tend to put a damper on the fun.

What if your bumper sticker says “sailing” instead of “fishing”? No problem! The Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers offer plenty of wind during the summer, so much that you might think you’re still on the Bay if not for the flat water and the golden tan you’re acquiring. The farther off the rivers you go, the lighter the winds become, offering the chance to pop the chute. The most secluded spots inland may only see light breezes — perfect for learning a new sport, such as windsurfing or dinghy sailing. It’s not likely you’ll be able to swing a “sail-only” Delta vacation, but...
DELTA DAYDREAMIN'

destinations are so close together, engine time will be minimal.

Since you'll only run your engine for short periods of time, it's a good idea to bring a generator and a solar panel or two to keep your batteries charged. The sun shines endlessly up-Delta, so even a small panel can make a significant contribution. Nothing's worse than looking forward to a nice blended beverage at the end of a hot day, only to find you're out of juice — both the liquid and electrical kinds.

Now that you're all packed and ready for your trip, where do you go? There are countless destinations in the Delta — try to pick up Hal Schell’s Dawdling on the Delta and Robert Walters’ Cruising California’s Delta (both long out of print) on eBay for invaluable information and history on the Delta — but here are a few of the most popular stops:

- Decker Island — Conveniently located right on the Sacramento River, the anchorage tucked behind Decker Island is perfect for the first, or last, night of your vacation.
- Mandeville Tip — Barron Hilton’s legacy continues with his annual 4th of July Fireworks Spectacular.
- The Potato Sloughs — Circumnavigating Boudin Island via Potato Slough, Little Potato Slough, and the South Fork
- The Meadows — The most popular anchorage in the Delta, but it can be troublesome for deeper draft boats to reach.
- Georgiana Slough — The prettiest waterway in the Delta begins at the historic towns of Walnut Grove and Locke, neither of which are to be missed.
- Steamboat Slough — Relatively wide, it’s home to the famous Grand Island Mansion and a bascule bridge that attracts hordes of fun-lovin' folk.

Whether you're on the board or taking a snap from the cockpit of your Delta-bound boat, windsurfers rule the rowdy downriver waters.

We've issued the challenge, the rest is up to you. Will you spend yet another summer engulfed in Mark Twain’s "coldest winter I ever spent," or will you choose to expand your horizons by exploring the labyrinthine waters of your own backyard — and getting a tan while you're at it?

latitude / lr

Bruno's Island Yacht Harbor
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DELTA DAYDREAMIN'

For years we’ve been extolling the virtues of the California Delta so we’re always surprised when we find a longtime local sailor who’s never been there. When asked for a reason, they stutter a bit and admit to having no decent excuse — and that (funny you should ask) they were planning to go this year . . . really!

Sailors generally tend to be an adventurous lot — or so we like to tell ourselves — so why do so few Bay sailors choose to explore their own backyard? We don’t have an answer, but those guilty of this heinous crime against the spirit of exploration know who they are. This year we challenge them — and you — to pack up the boat with sunscreen, windscoops and awnings, and spend a week or at least a long weekend poking around the thousand or so miles of navigable waterways just a few miles inland from your normal stomping grounds. Imagine spending your vacation in a bathing suit instead of foul weather gear!

Sailing in unknown waters always makes the heart beat just a little faster, but it also burns the memories of your vacation onto your brain forever. Who can forget their first ripping sail on the Bay, or their first trip out the Gate to Drake’s Bay? The same will be true of your first vacation upriver. And, as with any journey, a little preparation goes a long way.

Charts are probably the single most important piece of equipment any boat can have aboard when meandering along the Delta’s maze of rivers and sloughs. Most Bay Area chandleries carry Maptech’s San Francisco Bay and the Delta waterproof chartbook, but you can also pick up the individual NOAA charts (18652, 18656, 18661, and 18662) if you prefer to go old school. And no boat should be without Hal Schell’s Delta Map and Guide, an invaluable tool for enjoying your Delta adventure. It shows the locations of marinas, shares some Delta history and lists annual events, in addition to scads of other cool stuff. Franko’s Map of the California Delta is a newcomer on the scene, and shows many of the same info Hal Schell’s map offers, but also points out fishing holes, windsurfing spots, and anchorages. And for you procrastinators out there, the paltry price of these maps offers no excuse not to get one — or both!

Even armed with the most up-to-date charts, however, you’re likely to find the listed depths aren’t all that accur-
rate. Many of the less-travelled sloughs haven’t had soundings taken since the ’30s, so it’s vital to have a working depth sounder and a little patience. There’s only one written-in-stone, never-to-be-broken rule (well, okay, a strong suggestion) when plying these muddy waters: Move only on a flood tide. Why? Because when you cruise the Delta, it’s not if you run aground, it’s when — and if all else fails, a rising (flood) tide will lift you off.

What do we mean by “all else”? Well, first you should know that the Delta bottom is nice, soft mud so groundings are more like hitting a pile of sticky pillows, meaning the boat isn’t going to be damaged. Most times, unless you’ve been steaming along at flank speed, a sustained burst of reverse will extricate you. Didn’t work? Try ‘rocking’ the boat with alternate bursts of a little forward, followed by more reverse.

Still stuck? You can try the time-honored technique of heeling the boat by swinging the boom out and piling people on it (kids love this job), then try reverse. No? Try kedging off with one of your anchors or hopping in the dinghy and using the outboard to push the boat off. Still there? May we suggest breaking out the chips and dip?

By the way, when other boats go by, don’t hide below in shame. Running aground is a rite of passage in the Delta, and the favored etiquette is to wave and smile confidently — you know, like you meant to do it!

One of the qualities of the Delta in which the Bay is severely lacking is the multitude of safe, calm anchorages. Practically anywhere you feel comfortable — with the obvious exception of a channel — is good enough to drop the hook . . . stern hook.
that is. Most rivers and sloughs are too narrow to swing on a bow anchor and, even in the spots where you could, in the summer months there are too many boats to do so.

Anchoring in the Delta generally means scouting out a suitable spot on shore in the form of a tree, piling, or large stump, pointing the bow toward the object of your desire, dropping the stern anchor as you ease toward shore, and wrapping a bow line around the tree. Depending on your draft, you may have to use the dinghy for this last step. Most folks then pull the boat close to shore during the day, for easy disembarking, and pull it back out in the evening when the bugs show up for dinner.

When you’re in the mood for some civilization, stop at one of the many marinas that dot the area. Some of our favorites are Pittsburg Marina, Antioch Municipal Marina, Delta Marina Yacht Harbor in Rio Vista, Herman & Helen’s Marina on Little Potato Slough, Outrigger Marina on Three Mile Slough, Oxbow Marina on Georgiana Slough, Willow Berm Boat Harbor on the Mokelumne, and the Stockton Sailing Club. Of course, this is far from a comprehensive list, so before you head out, surf on over to www.californiadelta.org and print up a list of possible stops. It’s wise to call to confirm their depths and make reservations.

WHAT’S DOIN’ IN THE DELTA

Fourth of July Fireworks and Doin’s

• Antioch — The Fireworks Spectacular barge moves down the San Joaquin River from Downtown Antioch to the Antioch Marina. Don’t miss the hometown parade, classic car show, and other terrific entertainment. Info, (925) 779-6957.

• Lodi — Fireworks and Milk Carton Regatta at Lodi Lake. Info, (209) 367-7840.

• Mandeville Tip — The massive Hilton Fireworks Extravaganza is now staged in honor of Barron Hilton, who passed away in 2004. This popular show attracts over 5,000 boats and is the largest boat-in event in the Delta.

• Old Sacramento — Parade, fireworks, and other fun stuff. Info (916) 264-7031.

• Pittsburg — Fireworks are usually shot from either an offshore barge near the waterfront, or from shoreside. Info, (925) 432-7301.

• Stockton — On the waterfront at Webber Point. All day food, live entertainment, fireworks and much more! Parade at 4 p.m. Gates open at 5 p.m. Info, www.visitstockton.org.

• Suisun City — A signature family event with games, races, kiddy carnival, arts & crafts, live music, and ‘Sky Concert’ fireworks over the harbor. Info, (707) 421-7309.

Other Doin’s to Mark On Your Calendar


• June 3 — All the Wop’s Annual Chili Cook-Off in Locke. Info, www.locketown.com.

• June 16-18 — Whether you call ‘em craw-dads, crawfish or crayfish, these little bugs sure are tasty! Eat your fill at the wildly popular Isleton Crawdad Festival, www.crawdafestival.org.

• July 15 — Lodi Summer Fest at Woodbridge by Robert Mondavi Winery. Food and wine tasting with 15 area restaurants and caterers. Starts at 6 p.m. Call Donna for info, (209) 339-7582.

• July 16-Aug 27 — Suisun City’s Sunday Jazz Series. Live jazz concerts from 3-6 p.m. every Sunday on the Harbor Plaza. Info, (707) 421-7309.

• July 22-23 — Bridge-to-Bridge Waterfront Festival in Old Sacramento. Offshore boats will make timed runs past the boardwalk between the bridges. Vendors, sky diving stunts, CG rescue demos, live music, and, most importantly, a beer garden. Info, www.sacramentocvb.org.

• July 29 — Village West YC’s Annual Luau in Stockton. Polynesian dinner, mai tais, live music, hula dancers and flame throwers! It’s no surprise that this event sells out fast. For reservations, call Blair at (209) 478-9900 ext. 6.


• July 30 — Courtland Pear Fair. If you like pears, you’ll love all the pear-oriented food & drinks. Info, www.pearfair.com.


• Sept. 16 — Delta Blues Festival, 12-7:30 p.m. on the waterfront, free. Great boat-in venue! Info, www.deltabluesfestival.net.


• October 7 — Suisun City Waterfront Festival at Harbor Plaza. Art, Wine and Chocolate are the delicious theme of this annual fall festival, 10 a.m.-6:30 p.m. Info, (707) 421-7309.
Stocking your boat for a Delta trip is quite different from prepping it for a trip to Monterey. Leave the sweaters and foul weather gear in storage, and pack plenty of swimsuits, shorts, T-shirts, and the like. Toss in a pair (or two, if you must) of long pants, a sweatshirt and lightweight jacket, and you’ll have a complete wardrobe. Some kind of sun cover-up, sunglasses, sandals and hats round out the list of must-haves. Anything more will just use up space that could be filled with fun stuff.

The balmy days and sultry nights inspire water sports and general idleness. Regardless of whether your crew’s median age is above or below 12, pack plenty of fun stuff that everyone will enjoy. Water toys are a must and probably account for the most space allotment on any Delta boat. Inner tubes, air mattresses, kayaks, windsurfers, dinghies and small sailboats are great vehicles on a hot afternoon while a hammock and a stack of paperbacks are perfect for those moments when you just feel like kicking back, which will be surprisingly often.

Keep in mind that temps in the Delta can easily soar into the 100s for days at a time, which means windscoops and an awning or two are mandatory for summer cruising. Drape one over the cockpit for shade and the other over the bow to keep the boat’s interior cool. Even if it’s just the ubiquitous blue tarp, the shade will protect you from, at the very least, a really nasty sunburn.

Speaking of which, the sun’s rays reflecting off the water may be a lovely sight, but even in total shade a good sunscreen with 30 SPF or higher is a good idea to prevent the painful consequences of prolonged exposure. Slather up every time you get out of the water — after all, no one ever said “I wish I hadn’t put on sunscreen.” And don’t forget your lips! Pack several tubes of 15+ SPF lip balm — they’re easy to lose.

Speaking of bugs — okay, so we weren’t but it’s the best segue we could come up with — the mosquitoes in the Delta can be voracious feeders, and you’re the main course. No-see-ums and flies are also aggravating, so bring plenty of bug spray, citronella candles (though they sometimes seem to attract more bugs than they repel), those nasty mosquito coils, and screens for your ports and hatches. Bay sailors may question this commandment — just how many more bugs can there be up there compared to just a few miles away? Just trust us on this one, okay?

If you subscribe to bumper sticker mentality, maybe you really would rather be fishing. If that’s the case, the Delta waters offer plenty of opportunity to get your line wet. Depending on the season, your rail-mounted BBQ could see catfish, black bass, stripers, sturgeon, or even salmon. Crawdads are plentiful up-Delta and, if you’ve never tried them, are essentially just tiny, freshwater lobster. A pole and trap are all you need to hone your angling skills and feed your family. Just do yourself a favor and get a license before you make that first cast. Hefty fines tend to put a damper on the fun.

What if your bumper sticker says “sailing” instead of “fishing”? No problem! The Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers offer plenty of wind during the summer, so much that you might think you’re still on the Bay if not for the flat water and the golden tan you’re acquiring. The farther off the rivers you go, the lighter the winds become, offering the chance to pop the chute. The most secluded spots inland may only see light breezes — perfect for learning a new sport, such as windsurfing or dinghy sailing. It’s not likely you’ll be able to swing a “sail-only” Delta vacation, but...
DELTA DAYDREAMIN'

destinations are so close together, engine time will be minimal.

Since you’ll only run your engine for short periods of time, it’s a good idea to bring a generator and a solar panel or two to keep your batteries charged. The sun shines endlessly up-Delta, so even a small panel can make a significant contribution. Nothing’s worse than looking forward to a nice blended beverage at the end of a hot day, only to find you’re out of juice — both the liquid and electrical kinds.

Now that you’re all packed and ready for your trip, where do you go? There are countless destinations in the Delta — try to pick up Hal Schell’s Dawdling on the Delta and Robert Walters’ Cruising California’s Delta (both long out of print) on eBay for invaluable information and history on the Delta — but here are a few of the most popular stops:

- Decker Island — Conveniently located right on the Sacramento River, the anchorage tucked behind Decker Island is perfect for the first, or last, night of your vacation.
- Mandeville Tip — Barron Hilton’s legacy continues with his annual 4th of July Fireworks Spectacular.
- The Potato Sloughs — Circumnavigating Boudin Island via Potato Slough, Little Potato Slough, and the South Fork of the Mokelumne River is a popular trip.
  - The Meadows — The most popular anchorage in the Delta, but it can be troublesome for deeper draft boats to reach.
  - Georgiana Slough — The prettiest waterway in the Delta begins at the historic towns of Walnut Grove and Locke, neither of which are to be missed.
  - Steamboat Slough — Relatively wide, it’s home to the famous Grand Island Mansion and a bascule bridge that attracts hordes of fun-lovin’ folk.

We’ve issued the challenge, the rest is up to you. Will you spend yet another summer engulfed in Mark Twain’s “coldest winter I ever spent,” or will you choose to expand your horizons by exploring the labyrinthine waters of your own backyard — and getting a tan while you’re at it?

—管理层 / irb

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What evil lurks in the minds of men? The Shadow knows — and so do most long-distance singlehanded sailors. Short of surviving cancer and frontline combat in Iraq, there are few endeavors that can tell you more about yourself than crossing an ocean alone.

Which is as good a segue as any into the 2006 Singlehanded TransPac, which starts off the Corinthian YC on June 24. This is the 15th running of this biennial 2,120-mile marathon sail from San Francisco to beautiful Hanalei Bay in Kauai. There are 17 entries this year, down slightly from 24 in 2004, but well up from the 8 in 2002. (The race record is 38 boats and 27 finishers in the race’s second running in 1980.) As ever, they are as eclectic a bunch as you could meet — sailmaker, retired general, software engineer, doctor, retired doctor, philosophy teacher and, well, who knows what else.

Also as ever, the fleet is about half ‘newbies’ — who come mostly for the personal accomplishment — and half returning veterans. Most of the latter return to improve previous performances, and/or just to have another adventure with old friends. It might seem counter-intuitive at first, but this event is notable for forging ‘instant’ friendships among racers, some of which have lasted for years and extend well beyond sailing. The event’s (unofficial) slogan may be ‘It’s a race you do for yourself,” but no matter how you place, you ‘win’ the camaraderie of all participants, past and present.

Although it has never achieved the glitz nor nearly the participation of any of the shorthanded trans-Atlantic events, if the truth be told, Solo TransPac’ers like it that way. The post-race tradition of gathering under the ‘big tree’ on the beach in Hanalei Bay (now a figurative place since the tree was cut down a few years ago) every evening further enforces the ‘people’ aspect of this event, as families get to mingle along with the racers.

If we’ve piqued your interest, we encourage you to visit the SSS website at www.sfbaysss.org — or better yet, plan to come by the Corinthian YC the afternoon before the race (Friday, June 23), when all skippers are required to have their boats at the club for the final pre-race inspection. They invite everyone to come down, check out the boats and meet the racers.

And on Saturday, June 24, if you’re planning to go out, why don’t you swing by the Corinthian at mid-morning (or the Golden Gate around noonish) and give a thumbs up to these 17 intrepid folks (they’ll be easily identified by the numbers on each bow).

When your own boat is put away Sunday, and when you’re back at work the next week, these skippers will still be sailing, ever west over the horizon. We’ll tell you all about their adventure in the August issue.

Phil MacFarlane
**Sail a Vie** — Ericson 35
San Francisco
Age: 44

We start with Phil because he is the man to beat — he won the 2004 race overall with a boat he has owned for more than 25 years, the 1971 Ericson 35 Sail a Vie.

Phil’s first Solo TransPac was in 2000. He finished third in division but admits to not having much fun. With time, the experience mellowed to “not so bad” and, finally, “pretty cool.” He took off in ’04 with the same motivations as 2000: “I don’t expect to win; I just hope I’m not last.”

But win he did, aided quite a bit in the quest by the desire to beat other Division V competitors Ken Roper on Harrier and Jim Kellam on Haulback. Concerned that they might beat him in the homestretch, Phil — an electrical contractor in ‘real life’ — stayed up almost three days straight near the end, tweaking the boat and watching as his favorite 18-year-old Larson spinnaker slowly unwove itself before his eyes. By the time he finished, it was full of small holes, and the whole bottom seam was gone. But it never blew. Since repaired, the 20-year-old ‘lucky’ kite will again be flying from Sail a Vie’s masthead in the ’06 race.

Ken Roper
**Harrier** — Finn Flyer 31
Virginia and San Pedro
Age: 77

The sailor that most veteran solo TransPac’ers know as “The General” is back once again — for his ninth Solo TransPac! “It’s habit I guess,” he says by way of explanation. “Plus I still need to correct out first overall. Been close, but no cigar yet.”

Roper also holds the record for ‘most senior’ competitor. He will be 77 at the start of this year’s race.

Ken retired from the Army as a Brigadier General in 1977 (he was a master aviator flying fixed and rotary wing aircraft, serving two tours of duty in Viet Nam) “to go sailing and scuba diving.” He has done lots of both and, in fact just recently returned from his fourth diving trip to Palau. As far as sailing goes, we’re surprised Harrier can keep any paint on the bottom. Ken lives in Virginia with his OW (original wife) of 54 years, but these days keeps the boat in San Pedro. As always, the most difficult part of the race for him is the prep and pre-race delivery from L.A. to San Francisco.

During the race itself, Roper’s tactics are well, Roper’s tactics. He carries “a golf-bag-full” of autopilots and changes them out like spent rifle clips when they go bad. He sleeps pretty much normal...
hours during the night except when crossing shipping lanes or "when the boat tells me something has changed." And it's said that, as soon as the wind goes aft, Ken starts mixing evening martinis and gains several hours a day on the fleet. This race wouldn't be the same without him.

Andrew Evans
Foolish Muse — Olson 30
Victoria, BC
Age: 45

Andy's interest in shorthanded sailing started with the BOC Challenge in the 1980s. The eastern Canadian actually started in 2001 when stepson Steve bought him a Tanzer 22 for Father's Day. Andy was singlehanding Foolish Laughter a week after launch, and within three months entered his first long-distance race, the Fall 50-Mile Race on the Ottawa River. He received two awards: Keenest Sailor in the Race, for maintaining good spirits despite finishing a distant last; and the Mayu Rock Trophy, for spectacular performance in shoal waters — he hit rocks three times.

More races followed, with Andy — a VP for a manufacturer of solar-powered traffic lights — almost always the only singlehander amid a sea of crewed boats... and almost always well down in the ranks. All that began to change in 2003 when Andy traded Foolish Laughter for a quick and agile Olson 30 he named Foolish Muse. He subsequently won both the Fall 50 and 100 Mile races against crewed competition.

Evans originally planned to make his ocean debut in the Bermuda 1-2, but in the spring of 2004, he and wife Sharon moved to the west coast (of Canada) and he decided to do the Solo TransPac. He notes that the qualification run for this race is nearly equal to the singlehanded first leg of the B1-2.

Bill Merrick
Ergo — Ericson 35,
Sausalito
Age: 57

Inspiration comes from unexpected places. Bill's interest in shorthanded sailing was sparked when he met Nance Frank, skipper of the Whitbread boat US Women's Challenge in Annapolis in 1993. In exchange for fundraising advice (Bill makes a living as a fundraising consultant), he asked Nance to teach him to sail. She did, he sailed with the team for about a year, and they raised enough money to start the race.

Merrick moved to the Bay Area in 1994 and was once again lucky to fall in with a good group of sailors, in this case the Olson 30 fleet where he crewed regularly with Al Holt on Think Fast. Two years later, he bought his first boat, a Catalina 22, sailing it alone "because it was easier than finding good crew." In 1999, he moved up to Ergo and has been converting her into a singlehanded offshore boat ever since.

His first solo TransPac was in 2004. "I wondered what it would be like to be a thousand miles offshore by myself," he says, doubtless echoing other budding soloists. "I discovered that it's exactly the same as being 50 miles offshore, ex...
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Age: 57

Inspiration comes from unexpected places. Bill's interest in shorthanded sailing was sparked when he met Nance Frank, skipper of the Whitbread boat US Womens Challenge in Annapolis in 1993. In exchange for fundraising advice (Bill makes a living as a fundraising consultant), he asked Nance to teach him to sail. She did, he sailed with the team for about a year, and they raised enough money to start the race.

Merrick moved to the Bay Area in 1994 and was once again lucky to fall in with a good group of sailors, in this case the Olson 30 fleet where he crewed regularly with Al Holt on Think Fast. Two years later, he bought his first boat, a Catalina 22, sailing it alone "because it was easier than finding good crew." In 1999, he moved up to Ergo and has been converting her into a singlehanded offshore boat ever since.

His first solo TransPac was in 2004. "I wondered what it would be like to be a thousand miles offshore by myself," he says, doubtless echoing other budding soloists. "I discovered that it's exactly the same as being 50 miles offshore, ex-
Within days of finishing the ’04 race, Merrick decided to do it again. Like most first timers, his goal in the inaugural race was pretty much just to finish. This time, he’s in it “to finish, to have fun, and to knock at least 12 hours off my last time.”

**Terry Cobb**
Mirage — Express 27
Pt. Richmond
Age: 62

Terry grew up crewing for his Dad in the family Lightning, but he didn’t fully appreciate sailing until he started skippering a Penguin in high school. “A really cute girl crewed, we won our class, I was hooked,” he says.

A long hiatus ensued when Terry entered college, then medical school. It was not until he was an intern in Los Angeles that he decided to rent a boat and pick up where he’d left off. Not knowing much about renting boats, he drove to Marina del Rey. He didn’t have much luck in the boat department that weekend, but he picked up a hitchhiker on the way home and ended up dating the guy’s sister. A year later, he proposed to Mary on a boat he’d bought. “Despite being seasick at the time, she accepted,” says Terry.

For the next 18 years, sailing took another backseat while family and his career as a neurosurgeon took center stage. Then, in the late ’80s, Mary returned from a local yard sale with a surprise: a Catalina 22. It’s been a long road from there to the Express 27 Mirage and the Singlehanded TransPac, but it’s safe to assume Terry’s ‘hooked’ once again — this time for good.

And though it’s his first solo effort, he and the boat know the way to Hawaii. He’s doublehanded the last three Paciﬁc Cups (a couple with the hitchhiker, Don Abrams, who’s been his brother-in-law for the last thirty-some years). Now, he notes, ‘I’ve run out of friends, so singlehanded racing seems like the next logical step.’

**Greg Nelson**
Starbuck — Black Soo
Berkeley
Age: 36

Greg is a four-time Singlehanded TransPac starter, three-time ﬁnisher (he dropped out early in ’04 with shredded headsails) and one-time overall winner (against 22 other boats in 2000). He returns in ’06 intent on winning again — on one of the oldest boats to do the race, his hardchined 31-ft plywood ﬂyer Starbuck, which was built in Holland’s famed Van de Stadt yard in 1968.

Greg, a network engineer, will certainly be a contender for overall honors if he gets the right conditions. He is one of the most accomplished shorthanded sailors on the local scene. In addition to numerous individual events, Greg has won ﬁve of the last six Singlehanded racing seasons and — for a change of pace — took season honors in 2005 in the Doublehanded Division.

**Al Hughes**
Dog Bark — Custom 60
Seattle
Age: 53

Al is also a returning 2004 veteran, and is once again sailing the race’s largest boat, the John King-designed Open 60 Dogbark, which started life as Kangas Birtles’ 1990-91 BOC solo ‘round-the-world racer Jarkan Builders.

Hughes put in an amazing performance last time, especially considering it was not only his first visit to Hawaii, it was his ﬁrst race ever! Nevertheless, in an exciting homestretch run, he came from behind to capture ﬁrst-to-ﬁnish by less than an hour over Chuck Beazell’s well-sailed Hunter 54 Joe. This time, who knows? Al’s had two more years to sail and update the boat, and this time he knows not to go as far south as ’04 (which added several hundred unnecessary miles). If he gets good
breeze and the dog gets to romp, Hughes could threaten the monohull record for this race, set by another Open 60, Ray Thayer’s Wild Thing, in 1996: 11 days, 10 hours.

The curious name of Al’s boat comes from the family dog, Gus, as well as “dogbark” navigation — in the old days, mariners in fog could tell where they were by listening to farm dogs barking along the coast.

Synthia Petroka

Eyrie — Hawkfarm
San Francisco
Age — 48

Synthia, this year’s only woman competitor, was introduced to sailing by her father, but didn’t start seriously racing (SJ’s and Lasers) until college. After graduation, she rode the dot-com train and — via a premonition during a two-week sailing charter in Belize — jumped off just before it derailed.

Choosing to blend avocation and vocation, she landed at Sally Lindsey-Honey’s Spinnaker Shop in Palo Alto. Sally showed her a lot about sailing and sailmaking, but it was another employee, Sylvia Seaborg, who would have the biggest impact when the two of them started sailing Sylvia’s Eyrie together. As the ‘Dolls with Balls’, they went on to win the 2004 Doublehanded season, as well as the Doublehanded Division of the 2004 Pacific Cup — that event’s first doublehanded women’s team.

For the TransPac, Eyrie is still so well set-up for shorthanded sailing that Synthia says about the only concern she has “is finding an autopilot that can steer as well as Sylvia!”

Paul Woodward

Hesperus — Modified Kirby 24
Bath, North Carolina
Age — 49

Paul learned to sail in Seattle as a youngster on a boat his Dad bought. He first started racing in the late ‘80s on a local Thunderbird, then moved up to bigger boats and bigger races, including several Swiftsures, and the ’94 Vic-Maui on the Peterson 43 Carissa.

Woodward moved to Bath, North Carolina, 10 years ago, where he teaches philosophy at East Carolina University and sails more than ever. As a member of the Pamlico Sailing Club, he sails either his own boat or with others up to four nights a week as well as on weekends.

Feeling they don’t take sailing as seriously in North Carolina as they do out here (despite the fact that one of Bath’s main claims to fame is that Blackbeard homesteaded his Queen Anne’s Revenge there), he maintained an interest in doing a shorthanded Hawaii race. That’s the main reason he added a small scoop to the back of his Kirby 23 — since the smallest boat the Pacific Cup allows is 24 feet, and they have a doublehanded division. But the Pac Cup dreams never came to fruition, mainly because “I couldn’t think of anyone I’d want to spend two weeks with cramped up on a small boat.” Eventually, he came around to the Singlehanded Sailing Society and focused on the Singlehanded TransPac.

Paul tried to do the 2004 race, but got out here late and wasn’t able to complete a qualifier by the early-June deadline. This year, the boat is ready (well, reader) and he planned to take off in late May to complete the necessary 400-mile sail (200 out, 200 back) out of his homeport. If all goes as planned, little Hesperus will then be loaded on a trailer and driven cross country to join the other competitors in the ‘06 Solo TransPac.

Mark Deppe

Alchera — J/120
San Francisco
Age: 53

A veteran of the 1996, 2002 and 2004 SSS TransPac, Mark is setting out once again in Alchera, his custom J/120 that is as fine-tuned an instrument as one of Paganini’s violins. Among the special features that Mark, a retired software developer, incorporated into the boat are a watertight compartment in the bow section in case he hits anything (during the ’96 race, he hit T-bone a whale in his former boat), a radar repeater screen mounted in the quarterberth, and an additional set of winches in the cockpit that allows Alchera (‘dreamtime’ in aborigine) to be singlehanded from either behind the wheel or in front.

Those who follow the race will also know that Mark is kind of the poet laureate of the event. His daily logs, posted on the SSS website, really bring the race to life for friends, family and fans’
ashore. (You can access Mark’s dispatches at www.sfbaysss.org)

**Lou Freeman**

Seabird — Swan 51  
San Diego  
Age: 62

Lou is another returning veteran. He raced the ‘02 Solo TransPac, but has also crossed the pond twice in the crewed (Los Angeles to Honolulu) TransPac — the last time in 1991 aboard his Swan 391 Cignet.

He’s had Seabird, a stock 1982 Swan 51, since 1998. And though she still carries some original gear (autopilot, SSB, Aries windvane, etc.), he has also added a lot: watermaker, diesel generator, G4 Mac laptop again — perhaps the most important item for those hot tradewind afternoons — a freezer for ice cubes.

Lou has lightened the boat from her 2002 configuration — to the point that he will ship his Avon, outboard and some other gear over by plane. His motivations are to do well in the race, of course, but his main motivation may be that July 9 is his 40th wedding anniversary, and wife Marge would not look kindly on the situation if he misses it. Talk about pressure!

**Bob Johnston**  
*Ragtime* — J/92  
Alameda  
Age: 49

Bob learned to sail on El Toros in the late ‘60s in Aquatic Park — Berkeley’s Aquatic Park — noting that “the semis on I-80 taught us a lot about velocity headers.” His first overnight race was at age 13 on Dick Heckman’s Santana 27 *Quetzal*, which nearly crossed between a tug and tow in the middle of the night — another lesson never to be forgotten.

Fortunately, most of the rest of the lessons he’s learned from sailing have been of the less-stressful variety. Bob’s “always had a boat on a trailer somewhere” but didn’t sail much through his college and early career as a CPA. Now that his four kids are mostly grown, he’s gotten a chance to get out more. His wife “where the largest body of water was a stock tank that we swam in as kids.” He met a wonderful lady in medical school who taught him to sail on Galveston Bay. He was so grateful that he married her. After moving to the Bay Area, Dwight, a retired physician, got into the sport bigtime with a Catalina 22, Santa Cruz 27 and Niagara 35 preceding his present boat.

Both Dwight and the boat are readier than they’ve ever been, including some new sails and the fully-tested double-head sail arrangement so favored by solo TransPacers. Melissa (and another friend) will help sail the boat home again — with Dad no doubt vowing, “That’s enough of that. . .” somewhere along the way.

**Ken Stuart**  
*Second Chance* — Pacific Seacraft 37  
San Francisco  
Age: 70

El Toros? Hah! Optimists? Smirk! Ken’s first sail — his first sail — was on the 295-ft Coast Guard square rigger Eagle! He was one of 175 cadets who learned how to trim the giant barque’s 22,000 square feet of sail.

Fortunately, he didn’t let that go to his head. Or maybe he did. It certainly instilled the sailing bug but, until recently, all his sailing has been of the cruise variety.

In 1999, Ken, a retired aerospace scientist, bought Second Chance with the idea of doing some extended offshore cruises. Those have yet to happen, but over the years, he began following the Solo TransPac, got more and more interested in the latter, and, well, here he is.

Like a couple of fellow competitors, this will not only mark Ken’s racing debut, but his first trip to the islands. He’s looking forward to the personal accomplishment, “and perhaps being competitive if the skipper doesn’t spin off into the dreaded Pacific High.”

**Steve Wilson**  
*Westerly* — Westsail 39  
Alameda  
Age: 60

Steve was weaned on Snipes and Lightnings on the Great Lakes. He moved west to a career as a dentist (now semi-retired), and to do more sailing. He’s been a semi-regular participant in SSS events with *Westerly* (including the 2002 Singhanded TransPac), which he bought in 1991.

“Fourteen years of ‘improvements’ will require the waterline to be raised for the fourth time on the pre-race haulout,” notes Steve, who adds, “But I can’t think of anything I’ve done that would make her slower.”

While the light boats sail hot angles and others head south or north looking for the best breeze, Steve’s ‘Plan A’ is to sail the big, heavy *Westerly* right down the rhumbline and hope for the best.

**Chris Humann**  
*Carroll E* — Dana 24  
Berkeley  
Age: 39

This will be Chris’ first Solo TransPac, and his first trip to Hawaii. Having been an avid follower of the race for the past decade, this time he decided enough was enough with this vicarious stuff — “It was time to observe the race from the deck of my own boat . . . at the back of the fleet.” With a PHRF rating of 243, Chris is confident he can realize this goal.

(Realistically, small boats have done well in this race. Doug Graham’s Pacific Dolphin 24 *Big Dot* brought up the rear of the 1996 fleet, and won on corrected time; and in 1980, Bob Counts sailed the race’s oldest boat, the 25-ft Golden Gate *Sanderling*, which was built back in the ’30s, to first overall in that biggest-ever 38-boat fleet.)

Chris, who in ‘real life’ is an architectural designer, grew up sailing ‘shorthanded’ — it was usually just his Dad and him — on the East Coast. Most of his racing experience comes from summers in the Laser and 420 fleets on Massachusetts’ Buzzard’s Bay.

Well, that’s a quick glimpse at the Singlehanded TransPac class of ’06. We wish them all fair winds, following seas — and aloha!

— latitude/jr
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June, 2006 • Latitude 38 • Page 153
We will never forget the date, October 9, 2005, when we crashed our 37-ft cutter Whinchat onto one of Fiji’s infamous platform reefs.

Lying approximately 1,000 miles north of New Zealand, the nation of Fiji is comprised of 320 habitable islands. Its warm waters hide many — perhaps thousands — of reefs. In fact, there are some 2,000 square miles of them. They are natural wonders and many are blessed with hundreds of species of beautiful living corals.

Of the thousand different kinds of reefs here, the flat-topped platform reefs are the most common. These submerged shelves often cover many miles in every direction, are far out to sea, and become clearly visible slightly above water only when the tide is lowest. There is roughly a 5-foot tidal range. Their consistent flatness and immense size is a wonder to behold. Mind you, even at low tide you have to be up on the spreaders to really see them. Early explorers, including Captain Cook, stressed their perilous nature.

It has come to my attention recently that I have always had an affinity for reefs. Paul Suominen, a 75-years-young fellow cruiser from Finland who is cruising the South Pacific in his 26-ft sloop, informed me that my last name, Riutta, means ‘reef’ in Finnish. Furthermore, it was appropriate that we ran into Duff Reef because I’ve often been called a ‘duffer’ on the links.

Of course Captain Cook would have been excused for running into one of these hidden land masses in his day, but for us it would seem almost impossible. We had all the information at our fingertips as to their location and our own exact position. We had charts and GPS and plotters up the yin yang. Cook had nothing.

Duff reef is 7 miles long and about 3 miles across. It is ‘U’ shaped with a lagoon of deeper water in the middle, facing, and open, to the south. The sides of the ‘U’ are barely submerged limestone rock, a half mile wide. If it was land it would be the first land you would see as you approached Fiji from Samoa, which lies 400 miles to the East. My wife, Liette, and I had left Samoa three days earlier in brisk SE trades. Along the way, 6-to-10-foot seas gave the boat plenty of motion in otherwise ideal sailing conditions, making it difficult for Liette to find her sea legs. The day before our grounding, we had sought rest at Tonga’s most northerly island, but it proved to be too rough for anchoring anywhere so we had continued on. We needed rest badly. The watches were kept, but navigation had become minimal. It was my responsibility, but I felt that we were in no danger until we reached the coast of Fiji’s second largest island of Vavau Levu.

Our Navman chart plotter in the pilothouse showed us still some six hours away at 4 a.m. when we changed the watch, with no known dangers ahead. I had it (C-Map) set on the 91.7-mile scale which doesn’t show the reef. Just one click to the 46.1-mile scale would have shown it — dead ahead. Liette went to sleep. I kept only an occasional lookout for ships while blissfully awaiting daylight down below.

Normally, we mark our position on a paper chart about every 12 hours. We had last marked it 10 hours earlier, at 6 p.m. If I had opened the chart, I would have seen Duff Reef right in our path, but the chart stayed folded in just the wrong spot. An hour later, at 5 a.m., under full sail with the wind behind us, the 6- to 8-foot seas suddenly became huge breakers and it seemed as if our world had come to an end.

You cannot imagine the shock of such a totally unexpected catastrophe. During heavy weather, a reef front is the site of indescribable violence. Few living corals exist there. Our boat was picked up by breaking waves and tossed as though it were a piece of driftwood onto solid rock, which was covered by only a few inches of water and strewn with boulders of all sizes. Water poured in through open hatches as the waves broke over us, and we crashed this way and that way in the maelstrom.

Liette and Raine strike a pose during happier times. They left mainland Mexico last spring with the Pacific Puddle Jump ‘Class of 2005’.
Lockers opened to spill their contents into the growing mess inside while we just held on, expecting at any moment for the whole thing to roll. It took an eternity to expell enough water so that we could go out and see what we had run into. Fortunately, the pilothouse doors had been closed. Looking out through the first light of dawn, I could see no land anywhere, but realized by this point that we were on a reef. The waves were carrying us further and further onto it, but at the same time were diminishing in size and violence. Downwind you could see almost calm water. Our panic began to settle as the boat still scraped along on its side with each wave. Sails, partly in the water, flapped in the twenty knots of wind. As it got lighter, we could look down and see the bottom just two feet below.

Finally, we both got on the radios—me on the SSB down below, and Liette on the VHF in the pilot house. I first tried the 'distress' button on our ICOM, but nothing. Then I went to various channels and simply called a mayday over and over, giving our position. Liette did the same over channel 16. We continued calling for perhaps 30 minutes until I finally received acknowledgment from somewhere in the USA. A while later Natalie on Renegade relayed to us that help was on the way. Three men in a speed boat had left the Lau group, 25 miles away, and would reach us in two hours. New Zealand Rescue Center and others also started to organize help for us. We were relieved beyond expression, although completely exhausted.

Later, we learned that at about 5:20 a.m. Tony Philp, who was just about to leave his retreat on Vanua Balavu for a business trip, went to turn off his home VHF and heard Liette’s faint voice calling for help. Knowing where we were, he rounded up two other men, John Taylor and Paul Schneider, from yachts in the beautiful private harbor, and raced to our rescue. John told us that Tony’s open boat, doing 18 knots in the 6- to 9-foot seas, was airborne much of the way.

Certain that the boat was lost, we had launched and loaded our inflatable by the time we saw them anchor in the lagoon portion of the reef. It was quite a sight to see them wading and swimming the quarter mile up to where we were now stranded, although 2- to 3-foot swells hampered their progress. Upon reaching us, there was an immediate consultation about the possibilities of saving the boat. Amazingly, the engine room bilge was still dry, and no sea water was coming in through the hull, despite the severe pounding received earlier. Now in one foot of water and on its side, Whinchat looked hopeless. But our rescuers determined that the tide was going up, and we could see deeper sections a few boat lengths away. Tony said, “We’ll get her off,” then he and the others got into furious action with our two anchors, tugging the boat to the deeper sections as the swells picked it up. They also moved rocks and boulders in her path. This went on for hours with little help from us. Finally, Tony brought his 28-ft speed boat closer and, pulling from long lines attached to the top of the mast, got us into deep water, just as the tide started to go down again.

Two hours after ‘Whinchat’ charged onto Duff Reef, Raine shot this image with a video camera as he was packing the ditch bag.

During heavy weather, a reef front is the site of indescribable violence.
OF REEFS AND HEROES

The following day, Paul and John came to our anchored vessel early to get us mobile. They checked everything, including the bulkheads for structural damage — none could be found — and dove under to examine the rudder and hull, etc. They then proceeded to fix what was necessary. The engine pump impeller was replaced; the anchor gear was re-stowed; Peter Finch, a rigger on another yacht, was called to help tighten up the mast shrouds and stays which had all become quite loose. At the end of the day they also gave us lessons on sailing Fiji’s waters, reading electronic charts, and many other safe practices such as not traveling near reefs at night time, or with the sun ahead because the reflection makes it hard to see the shallows and bommies (large coral heads).

These three men, Tony Philp, Paul Schneider and John Taylor, were true heroes in our book, even before they refused anything in return. We will always be grateful for their selfless sacrifice to save fellow mariners in distress.

Early the following day we left for Savusavu, our original destination. It was nerve-racking all the way on that overnight crossing with many reefs to negotiate. Our arrival was expected by the Fiji Customs officers, who processed us efficiently and courteously. We moored there at the famous Copra Shed Marina, owned by the same Tony Philp, who also owns many other businesses on these beautiful islands. After resting for a whole month, we continued on to Vuda Point Marina, on Viti Levu to haul out for repairs to our chewed-up hull.

Whinchat was built by Cooper Yachts in Vancouver, Canada, in 1981, with a shallow draft, full keel and center cockpit. Our first boat had been a 38-ft Alajuela double-ender, which we had built from a hull and deck kit in California 30 years earlier. On this one, I added a pilothouse and in-boom furling before we left in 2004.

Coming down the West Coast, we stopped in Monterey, California, where I added a step keel for more stiffness, and nearly a ton of lead, encapsulated and bonded to the bottom of the original keel. This extra 15 inches of keel draft took the greatest part of the punishment on the reef and protected the rudder considerably. The hull was solid hand-laminated fiberglass, nearly an inch thick. This was very fortunate, because the reef had gouged some spots more than a half inch deep. I did all the glass work myself, having done so much of it in the past. Also repaired was the Autohelm wind rudder installed in Hawaii.

It took four hard weeks in Fiji’s very warm climate, but the results were most satisfying. Whinchat now looks better than ever and, we feel, as solid as ever. We hope to meet up with Tau, Renegade, and Midnight Sun (Tony, Paul and John’s boats respectively) after the hurricane season, somewhere among these luscious islands. As for future October 9ths, they will be good days to celebrate new friends and true heroes.

— R.L.
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With the region’s 5-foot tidal range, Duff Reef looks substantially different between high tide, as seen on the left, and low tide, right.
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Certain that the boat was lost, we had launched and loaded our inflatable by the time we saw them wading and swimming the quarter mile up to where we were now stranded, although 2- to 3-foot swells hampered their progress. Upon reaching us, there was an immediate consultation about the possibilities of saving the boat. Amazingly, the engine room bilge was still dry, and no sea water was coming in through the hull, despite the severe pounding received earlier. Now in one foot of water and on its side, Whinchat looked hopeless. But our rescuers determined that the tide was going up, and we could see deeper sections a few boat lengths away. Tony said, “We’ll get her off,” then he and the others got into furious action with our two anchors, tugging the boat to the deeper sections as the swells picked it up. They also moved rocks and boulders in her path. This went on for hours with little help from us. Finally, Tony brought his 28-ft speed boat closer and, pulling from long lines attached to the top of the mast, got us into deep water, just as the tide started to go down again.

### During heavy weather, a reef front is the site of indescribable violence.
Launched in 1981, you’d think that ‘Whinchat’s hull was purposely built for reef bashing. Her hull is nearly an inch thick.

How nice it was to be vertical again. It was at about that time that a second boat arrived with more men and gear, earlier arranged by Tony just in case they were needed. They headed back. Curly Carswell in Savusavu was notified to call off all rescue parties. The dramatics were over, but our new friends’ assistance was not. Our rudder had blown a hydraulic line. They fixed it temporarily so we could proceed back to Tony’s haven — a peaceful, lush tropical island hideaway — for a rest.

As we neared Vanua Balavu, the engine started to overheat. Claudia, from the luxurious S/V Whirlwind came out to tow us the last mile or two. We learned a lot about Fijian reefs during that long afternoon, zigzagging around almost invisible, barely submerged land masses. Tony, Paul and John were all experienced sailors who encouraged us not to give up, saying that almost everyone hits a reef sometime. In fact, a Beneteau had struck Duff Reef in almost the same spot a year earlier — though with grimmer results.

LESSONS LEARNED

- Never allow anything, even exhaustion, to prevent you from practicing very diligent navigation.
- If possible, stay on the radios even when you don’t get any response. Many others heard our mayday when we could not hear them, especially on the VHF which has only a short range for receiving. Always give your position, number of persons on board and your boat name, as well as your last port. We did, and it enabled Tony to establish which side of the 3-mile-wide reef we had hit.
- We were glad that we did not panic too much — it was hard to control — and leave the ship too soon. It would have been very dangerous to venture outside when we first hit the reef. Calling for help is the correct action, whenever possible.
- Your handheld VHF needs regular charging. A week after our adventure I went to use ours, which had been stowed in our emergency grab bag since leaving Mexico, only to discover that the battery was dead. Imagine if we had abandoned ship relying on it!
- Don’t give up on your ship. It might still make it. Too often mariners have left their safe haven only to perish in a raft.
- There is a God and there still are true heroes.

The following day, Paul and John came to our anchored vessel early to get us mobile. They checked everything, including the bulkheads for structural damage — none could be found — and dove under to examine the rudder and hull, etc. They then proceeded to fix what was necessary. The engine pump impeller was replaced; the anchor gear was re-stowed; Peter Finch, a rigger on another yacht, was called to help tighten up the mast shrouds and stays which had all become quite loose. At the end of the day they also gave us lessons on sailing Fiji’s waters, reading electronic charts, and many other safe practices such as not traveling near reefs at night time, or with the sun ahead because the reflection makes it hard to see the shallows and bonnus (large coral heads).

These three men, Tony Philip, Paul Schneider and John Taylor, were true heroes in our book, even before they refused anything in return. We will always be grateful for their selfless sacrifice to save fellow mariners in distress.

Early the following day we left for Savusavu, our original destination. It was nerve-racking all the way on that overnight crossing with many reefs to negotiate. Our arrival was expected by the Fiji Customs officers, who processed us efficiently and courteously. We moored there at the famous Copra Shed Marina, owned by the same Tony Philip, who also owns many other businesses on these beautiful islands. After resting for a whole month, we continued on to Vuda Point Marina, on Viti Levu to haul out for repairs to our chewed-up hull.

‘Whinchat was built by Cooper Yachts in Vancouver, Canada, in 1981, with a shallow draft, full keel and center cockpit. Our first boat had been a 38-ft Alajuela double-ender, which we had built from a hull and deck kit in California 30 years earlier. On this one, I added a pilothouse and in-boom furling before we left in 2004. Coming down the West Coast, we stopped in Monterey, California, where I added a step keel for more stiffness, and nearly a ton of lead, encapsulated and bonded to the bottom of the original keel. This extra 15 inches of keel draft took the greatest part of the punishment on the reef and protected the rudder considerably. The hull was solid hand-laminated fiberglass, nearly an inch thick. This was very fortunate, because the reef had gouged some spots more than a half inch deep. I did all the glass work myself, having done so much of it in the past. Also repaired was the Autohelm wind rudder installed in Hawaii.

It took four hard weeks in Fiji’s very warm climate, but the results were most satisfying. ‘Whinchat now looks better than ever and, we feel, as solid as ever. We hope to meet up with ‘Midnight Sun’ (Tony, Paul and John’s boats respectively) after the hurricane season, somewhere among these luscious islands. As for future October 9ths, they will be good days to celebrate new friends and true heroes.

— r.r.
20 YEARS AGO

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For as long as anyone can remember, the Sausalito waterfront has been home to freethinking individuals whose ideas were a bit out of step with the mainstream. Over the decades, bohemians, beatniks, hippies, artists and a wide variety of salty shipwrights have all added character to Sausalito’s waterfront culture, and the trend continues today.

One of the best examples of outside-the-box thinking these days can be found in a quiet corner of a Sausalito dry storage yard. There, on any given day, you’re likely to find a lanky, gray-mopped fellow fiddling intently with what appears to be a modern race boat perched on a trailer. His name is Gordie Nash, and his boat is a 38-year-old Santana 27, which only acquired her modern look in recent months, having undergone a makeover more ambitious than that of even the most narcissistic Hollywood starlet.

Born into a family of active Bay sailors, Gordie, now 56, has raced everything from class dinghies to offshore ultralights and has never lost his passion for sailing at either end of the spectrum. Despite his 6’1” height, he’s become a legend among El Toro sailors, and has won national championships in both El Toros and International 110s. Next month, he’ll crew aboard the Schumacher 40 Auspice in yet another Pacific Cup.

In addition to his sailing (and rowing) credentials, though, this project may soon earn Gordie a reputation as the ultimate recycler. His goal, after all, was to resurrect an out-of-fashion production sloop into a go-fast racer that would be competitive with contemporary designs, for a fraction of the cost. We have a feeling that even if he could afford a brand new race boat, Gordie would rather rebuild a plastic classic such as this, just to prove his point. “There are so many good boats out there that are going to end up in dumpsters. But by making modifications like a new keel, a new rig and a new cockpit, they can be really nice boats for about 1/3 the cost of buying a new one.”

His contention sounds logical enough to us, but perhaps we’re more open-minded than some. Long before he ever cranked up his Sawzall to begin the makeover, Gordie’s ideas met with skepticism from a wide variety of disbelievers. He laughs now, for example, when he recalls his attempt to introduce his ideas for radically modifying this old Santana to a WD Schock Corp. — builder of the Santana line — salesman at a local boat show a few years back. “He didn’t even bother to tell me I was crazy. He just walked away!”

The boat’s designer, however, the late Gary Mull, was much more open-minded. Years ago, when Gordie first in-

"There are so many good boats out there that are going to end up in dumpsters. . ."

roduced his ideas to Mull over lunch, he was pleasantly surprised. “Every design can be made better,” Mull acknowledged, “because no design is perfect.” He took out a piece of paper and said, “So what do you have in mind?”

Gordie’s goals were to modernize both its look and performance by extending the waterline with a plumb bow and a scooped transom, adding a bulb keel, rebuilding the cockpit to be more comfortable and functional, as well as...
shifting the mast base forward to accommodate a fractional rig with a large main, small jib and asymmetrical chute for better downwind performance. The modified boat also needed to be easily trailerable.

Fast forward to the present and that’s exactly what Gordie’s created, after countless hours of labor during the past two and a half years. In 2001, he and his wife, accomplished local sailor Ruth Suzuki, bought this good ol’ boat for a pittance up in Stockton, renamed her Arcadia and, soon after, tested her racing prowess in that year’s double-handed George and Gracie Regatta. “We were dead last,” recalls Gordie with a laugh. After learning of the refit plan, sailmaker Kame Richard’s dockside quip probably summed up the feelings of others in the fleet that day: “You’re not starting out with much!” But Gordie had a vision and, much to his credit, was willing to see it through. The first step was to store this venerable 27-footer on the hard at Napa Valley Marina for the better part of a year in order to thoroughly dry her out. In October of ’02 she was trailered to Sausalito and was unceremoniously dumped on the ground, where her resurrection would soon begin.

Today, the boat’s basic lines are still reminiscent of the original, but with some very distinct changes — most notably a new bow shape, cockpit and keel.

After gutting her, one of the first big steps was to replace the wooden main bulkhead (which supported the original deck-stepped mast) with a much stronger one built of foam core and glass. Gordie gave it a rounded shape so that its outer ends could support the chainplates of the new rig’s swept-back shrouds, while its midsection supports the new keel-stepped mast — it drops down through what used to be the forward hatch.

The original side windows remain, although the cabin sides have been moved 4” inboard to create wider side decks. The old cockpit was completely cut out, and replaced with a more comfortable, modern insert which was built as a single piece nearby, and has an open transom. The waterline was extended aft, with the addition of a sugar scoop.

Inside, there’s bunk space for weekending, with a head and a simple galley that features a pull-out icebox for quick access while shorthanding. A modified 12-hp Honda outboard has replaced the original Atomic Four engine, resulting in a substantial weight savings. The new unit is called a Saildrive 280 (marketed by Arne Jonsson Boatbuilders), and its lower end is glassed right into the hull, while its upper section is housed in an insulated box, lodged beneath the companionway.

The original 2,400-lb keel was replaced by a custom bulb keel of half the weight but twice the length (6’8”), essentially giving equal stability with a huge weight savings. A product of much study and brainstorming, the keel’s modern design incorporates a lead bulb, which Gordie formed himself in a homebuilt “Hey, nothin’ to it.” While most sailors would be horrified to attempt such an ambitious rebuild, Gordie makes it sound relatively simple.

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The new outboard rudder is also innovative. As the photo above shows, it’s composed of a removable blade which slots into a steel housing. Attached to the housing is a permanent rudder section that rides forward of the gudgeons and pintles in order to balance the helm.

The most noticeable element of the makeover, however, is the new plumb bow, which gives Arcadia a substantially extended waterline and much better forward buoyancy — an idea which Mull thought to be particularly apt during that memorable lunch, acknowledging that the original 27s lacked sufficient buoyancy in their bows.

Gordie is the first to admit that if you look close enough, you can see slight imperfections where the new bow shape blends into the old. Nevertheless, he did an amazing job, considering the challenge of reshaping a fiberglass form which had been set in place for 35 years. The process began with Gordie slitting the bow right down the middle with his Sawzall, from the stem head to the bilge, as though he was about to gut an animal of prey. When a well-known Sausalito boatbuilder — who shall remain nameless — dropped by to check out the carnage, he simply howled with laughter and walked away, shaking his head. These days, though, the mocking laughter has stopped, and Gordie hears a lot more compliments than wisecracks — although, before passing final judgement, waterfront pundits are understandably anxious to see how well the ‘new’ boat sails.

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Obviously a guy who enjoys working with his hands, Gordie is no stranger to boat building projects, although the bulk of his previous fiberglassing experience came from building both traditional and high-performance rowing boats years ago. If you were to see him walking around in dirty jeans and a resin-splattered sweatshirt, you might assume he's just another waterfront wacko, but Gordie is actually a very smart guy with a background in engineering. He did a stint at Scanmar doing design work, and later did engineering work for a big

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{PROJECT COSTS:} \\
&\text{Cost of Hull.......................} \$1,000 \text{ (after selling off some original gear)} \\
&\text{Cost of Materials, Part I ....} \text{He started with a war chest of} \$10,000, \text{ which took 2.5 years to spend on materials to complete the hull modifications.} \\
&\text{Cost of Materials, Part II ...} \text{He then spent another} \$20,000 \text{ on the keel, mast, trailer, sails and electronics. Most of this, Gordie notes, you'd have to spend anyway if you bought a relatively new hull that needed upgrading.} \\
&\text{MATERIALS:} \\
&\text{Roughly 50 gallons of resin} \\
&\text{A roll of 9-oz fiberglass cloth; the stitched, 'medium-tech' variety} \\
&\text{Kevlar cloth for the cockpit floor and new side decks} \\
&\text{Unidirectional carbon fiber} \\
&\text{Lead, steep pipe and steel sheeting for the keel} \\
&\text{MAN-HOURS:} \\
&\text{"Whoa! I don't even like to think about that."}
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relatively small mains and masthead 150 genoas. They went well upwind, but were dogs — at least relative to newer designs — off the wind. Gordie aimed to solve this inconsistency by moving the center of effort forward, and shifting more of the sail area to the main. When he first called Ballenger Spars to discuss his ideas, "they almost hung up on me," he recalls, but to their credit they eventually took him seriously and produced a sleek carbon spar with a custom backstay wand to accommodate a big-roached main (made by Quantum). Gordie built the new carbon-fiber box boom himself.

Another key element in the new sailplan is a telescoping sprit pole — after the fashion of those used on modern sportboats — for his asymmetrical's tack fitting. In addition to telescoping forward, however, this sprit also articulates from side to side allowing the crew to tweak the tack position.

As you poke around his creation, you notice all sorts of subtle design innovations, and get a true sense of Gordie’s talents as a craftsman. The new cockpit, for example, features a center console where a cluster of control lines converge

Left to right: Like a dinghy’s daggerboard, the keel slides up for trailering; the outboard rides beneath the companionway; the sprit pole articulates for better performance.
GORDIE'S WORLD

construction firm. "I made big bucks, but hated every minute of it." Clearly, Gordie is much more at ease puttering away like a mad professor in the solitude of Schoonmaker Marina’s back lot, gradually breathing new life into this vintage war horse.

While most sailors wouldn’t dream of tackling such an ambitious project, Gordie swears it’s really not that difficult — even the carbon fiber work, which was completely new to him. "Hey, fiberglass work can’t be that difficult — even I can do it!" Although Gordie is not one to boast, he’s obviously proud of his accomplishment, and he’d undoubtedly be thrilled if other sailors with more time than money were to follow his lead by refitting other plastic classics which would otherwise be destined for a dumpster. Or, better yet, hire him to do the work!

"There are hundreds of old boats out there that have amazing potential, but I guess people just don’t want to work on them. You go out and buy a boat cheap, put $20,000 and put $20,000 into it, it will still be 1/3 the cost of a new boat. And would a new boat be three times better? I don’t think so.

Now that the project is near completion, the obvious questions are: How well will she sail? And what kind of a rating will she be given? In addition to the changes in waterline, rig and keel, Gordie shaved about 1,000 lbs off her original 5,000-lb displacement.

If all goes as planned, this smart yellow sloop will make her racing debut at the Encinal YC’s doublehanded George and Gracie Regatta on August 12. Win or lose, it will undoubtedly be a great day for Gordie and Ruth — and Arzadja.

These days, former disbelievers are conspicuously silent. And a recent passerby gave Gordie what he considers to be the ultimate compliment: "Good job, Gordie. I think Gary Mull would be proud!"

— latitude/ajet

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RESURRECTION OF A PLASTIC CLASSIC

shifting the mast base forward to accommodate a fractional rig with a large main, small jib and asymmetrical chute for better downwind performance. The modified boat also needed to be easily trailerable.

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Late April — what better time of year to head to the western Sea of Cortez for a week-long cruise to see what’s changed and what hasn’t changed since we first visited by boat in the late ’70s? Actually, there is no better time of year — so stand by for our — with apologies to that Steinbeck fellow — Blog of the Sea of Cortez.

Day One — We had to fly to San Jose del Cabo because, unlike when Jimmy Carter was President and some Pacients used to spit at American women who dared to wear shorts on the streets of La Paz, the airport that serves Cabo now gets 50 times more flights a day than does La Paz. After a needlessly long wait at passport control and for baggage, everybody had to run their stuff through a scanner normally used to check baggage before it goes on a plane. “We’re looking for large bundles of cash, weapons, and other interesting things coming into the country,” explained the woman operating the machine.

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Spread above: The basin for the Puerto Los Cabos Marina will have an island. In the background is where an entrance to the sea will have to be dredged. Inset above: Some of the berths are already completed. Below, a curved fairway at the lovely new Costa Baja Marina in La Paz.

David and Jan Vidmar of ‘Polar Bear’ are just two of the cruisers who love La Paz.
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The dinghy dock and common areas of Marina de La Paz are — and always have been — a beehive of cruiser activity.

The entire stretch, as did newly-planted palms. Somebody has been making an effort to give La Paz a signature look, and when the palms mature, we think it's going to be very attractive. We were also pleased to notice many garbage cans on the various, and later on even saw uniformed beach cleanup crews. Way to go, La Paz!

Only open a year, the Marina Costa Baja is the centerpiece of a blossoming luxury residential, hotel, golf, and marina development. Managed by the Bellport Group of Newport Beach, big bucks have clearly been spent to create a first-class facility. The marina was playing host to large powerboats such as the California-based 190-ft Halcyon with a helicopter on the back. We didn't used to see yachts like that in La Paz. Also new in the marina are a trio of 80 to 100-ft gulets — straight from Turkey — about to engage in Turquoise Coast-style charters in the wonderful cruising grounds in the 140 or so miles between La Paz and Loreto. While Marina Costa Baja is a little further out of town than some boatowners might want, the tranquility and elegance are exactly what others will be seeking. Marina Palmira, La Paz's third major marina, and the base for The Moorings charterboat operation, is located about halfway between downtown and Marina Costa Baja.

All the driving and looking around made us hungry. In the next issue of Latitude, Ray Durkee of the Tartan Velella is going to argue that typical Mexican food is terrible. As such, we wish he could have joined us that night at the Rancho Viejo Arachera, as the food — arachera refers to different kinds of marinated meats — was delicious! The bill for four of us — including several rounds of beers — came to just $24 dollars. The next night we ate at a somewhat similar places, also packed with locals, and once again had a terrific meal. The tab, including drinks, came to $21. We're don't know about the rest of you, but paying $5-$6 for a beer and a tasty and filling dinner agrees with our pocketbook.

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the Ha-Ha each year, we took the 30-minute longer alternate route to La Paz, which goes past the east cape and up over the mountains. If you love rugged desert landscape, giant washes, lots of buzzards, and real Mexico — and we do — it’s the only way to drive north. We arrived at the outskirts of La Paz at about dusk, and were flabbergasted at how it had grown, both in size and style. It doesn’t seem that long ago that we used to shop in the mercado, where a teenage friend almost barfed at the not-uncommon sight of a man carrying a skinned cow’s head down the aisle. Now La Paz has a place on the outskirts called Sorriano’s, which is such an mega all-purpose store that it makes average Costcos look like 7/11s. This place had everything you’d find in the U.S., from wine cellars to high end cosmetics, and everything in between. American-style mass consumerism has established a powerful beachhead in La Paz.

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...call this your backyard!
When it comes to making “where to next” decisions, my choices are often . . . unusual. But one can’t lead an authentic sea gypsy life by making such selections based on sound reasoning. And besides, there are extenuating circumstances in my case. That’s because I’m not just trying to cast my fate to the wind; I’m also trying to cast three bowling balls.

As an itinerant juggler/sailor I need to find those uncommon ports of call where street performing is not a felony — but merely a misdemeanor. Thus did Key West beckon. There in the Conch Republic, thousands, if not dozens of tourists meander down to Mallory Square each evening to celebrate the sunset and usher in the revelries of the night. Waiting there to greet them are as motley a crew of brigands — disguised as entertainers — as you would find even if you sailed the Seventeen Seas.

You might encounter the Dumpster Wizard, so-named because of the apparent source of his ‘costume.’ Most of the meager tips in his hat seem to come from people who are amazed that he can actually remain standing, considering the quantity of malted medicinals he appears to have ingested.

Or how about the strongman, whose brain is apparently lagging a bit astern of his brawn? He once asked the nearby tightrope walker how he managed to be so successful with the ladies. The highwire daredevil jokingly claimed that his secret was simple — he hides a salami in his tights. The strongman decided to try that alluring technique the next evening.

Midway through his first show he turned around to pick up a prop. At that point some of his audience started screaming and others started to race away. The tightrope artist hurried over to see what had gone wrong. After one quick glance at the strongman’s encumbered tights he said, “No, my friend, you’re supposed to put the salami in the front!”

Upon arrival in Key West, after a six-day singlehanded passage from Grand Cayman, my land legs seemed a tad wobbly. Their joints definitely needed lubrication, but instead of settling on a tourist bar, I sought a locals’ hangout. A red-nosed but wise counselor directed me to The Green Parrot.

Within 90 seconds it was obvious that this was the right place. What clued me in were the bartenders’ T-shirts. They were both emblazoned with the Green Parrot logo, but different slogans. One read, “No shirt — no shoes — no problem!” The other proclaimed, “No cover — no minimum — no wonder!” This was my kind of bar and soon I would learn that Key West was my kind of town.

My shows went pretty well during the next few months and the cruising kitty started to fatten up. So I decided to spend some of that bounty on boat upgrades. My inflatable was now 20 years old and, although it was venerable, it was also vulnerable. I had named the dinghy Ling for the opening lines of the bawdy drinking song, “My dinghy Ling being the cutest thing . . .”

It was an Avon Redcrest that had provided me superb service for many years and many miles. Likewise, I had always endeavored to treat it well. I took pride in the fact that I had never defiled it with an outboard motor. All the miles that we covered together were achieved with oars, delts and lats.

As most sailors know, Avons are constructed out of a miracle material called Hypalon, which is extremely resistant to abrasion and abuse. In two decades, the homely but sturdy little rubber boat had only required two patches.

But since I finally had un poco dinero ahead, it seemed like a good time to buy a new dink. Unfortunately, my dinero was so poco that I couldn’t afford the higher-priced Hypalon, and would have to settle for one of the less durable PVC brands — in this case a West Marine Zodiac with a roll-up floor. My closest sailing friends advised against this, saying that such a decision would come back to haunt me. Little did I realize that it would only take a few days before the Hypalon gods would punish me for rejecting them in favor of the cheaper fabric.

I was living in a funky little marina that had unreliable electricity but very reliable eccentricity. My neighbors included writers, painters, cabbies and many people “with no visible means of
REVENGE OF THE HYPALON

My next unforgettable episode with Ling II occurred down in the West Indies near the tiny island of Mayreau. My friend Hillary had flown in from Sausalito for a 17-day visit. You might remember her from some of my previous stories, where it was revealed that her childhood nickname was Celery.

We had spent a lovely evening anchored in Salt Whistle Bay, which is one of the prettiest spots in the entire Caribbean. The morning weather report was predicting 15-20-knot easterlies as it had done for the last 10 days. This had us giggling, since we had finally figured out that such an estimate was actually a code that really meant 23-33 knots.

So we headed out for the next island up the chain, which was only about four miles of open ocean north of us. The first mile featured the typical between-islands rambunctious seas — or rodeo waves as Hillary likes to call them. But out of the proverbial nowhere, which is apparently upwind of somewhere, we suddenly got hammered by winds that swiftly accelerated from 25 to 40 knots. And faster than you can say “Rush Limbaugh pharmaceuticals,” the dinghy, which was trailing astern of Aventura, was now upside down.

I had of course taken the outboard off and secured it to the stern pulpit before departure. I had also double-reefed the main and fueled out only about 60% of the jib.

Whatever hit us — I’ll call it a white squall for lack of a better term — transformed the sea from its usual confused and lumpy condition into a state that was contorted and nasty. Even a 100-ft megayacht went by us sideways in a vain attempt to steer toward their destination. As for our own predicament, we eased the sheets, put the wind on the jib. However, she let out a robust cheer. However, she soon followed that with an equally robust expletive as my dinghy started doing multiple somersaults! It looked like it was auditioning to be a thrill ride at Sea World.

The aerodink would do about five complete propeller spins above the waves and then come crashing down

Adventures With Inflatables, Commandment 8
— the Bay is always dead flat until you launch the dinghy.

slumber, and managed to get himself into a battle on the dock. Who knows whether his opponent was a cat, a dog, or a human foot. Whatever it was propelled him into the water — right beside my five-day-old dinghy!

Since cats are only distantly related to fish, Charley decided to climb rather than swim. And with no kitty ladder in the vicinity, he clawed his way up my rubber boat — puncturing it eight times and transforming it from an inflatable into a deflatable. Because there had been a layer of teak sawdust in my dingy from my toilettail project, there was an obvious three-legged feline escape trail.

Being greeted the next morning by the sight of my faccoid dinghy Ling, I was a bit . . . displeased. Charley showed no remorse, and his owner wasn’t much help either. The obvious dilemma was whether to approach West Marine. But it seemed highly unlikely that their warranty included plunderings by paraplegic cats.

It took a week to fix the dinghy because the punctures were so needle-like that initially only three were evident. But each time one was patched, the increased air pressure revealed another. All during the repairs I wondered whether the considerably thicker Hypalon fabric would have withstood the black cat assault.

But since Ling was not particularly adept at the missionary position, my disoriented dinghy was having a rough go of it. As I tried to pull it closer to Aventura to flip it back upright, I got some help from a big wind gust and a wave that was escorting it. Suddenly Ling was rightside-up again, and Celery let out a robust cheer. However, she soon followed that with an equally robust expletive as my dinghy started doing multiple somersaults! It looked like it was auditioning to be a thrill ride at Sea World.

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**REVENGE OF THE HYPALON**

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*towels and wallet into a plastic pail and swim for shore. Ah, the romantic life of the West Indies sailor — skinny dipping in the jasmine-scented darkness with . . . an old paint bucket!*

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June, 2006 • Latitude 38 • Page 173
When it comes to making "where to next" decisions, my choices are often . . . unusual. But one can't lead an authentic sea gypsy life by making such selections based on sound reasoning. And besides, there are extenuating circumstances in my case. That's because I'm not just trying to cast my fate to the wind; I'm also trying to cast three bowling balls.

As an itinerant juggler/sailor I need to find those uncommon ports of call where street performing is not a felony — but merely a misdemeanor. Thus did Key West beckon. There in the Conch Republic, thousands, if not dozens of tourists meander down to Mallory Square each evening to celebrate the sunset and usher in the revelries of the night. Waiting there to greet them are as motley a crew of brigands — disguised as entertainers — as you would find even if you sailed the Seventeen Seas.

You might encounter the Dumpster Wizard, so-named because of the apparent source of his 'costume.' Most of the meager tips in his hat seem to come from people who are amazed that he can actually remain standing, considering the quantity of malted medicinals he appears to have ingested.

Or how about the strongman, whose brain is apparently lagging a bit astern of his brawn? He once asked the nearby tightrope walker how he managed to be so successful with the ladies. The high-wire daredevil jokingly claimed that his secret was simple — he hides a salami in his tights. The strongman decided to try that alluring technique the next evening.

Midway through his first show he turned around to pick up a prop. At that point some of his audience started screaming and others started to race away. The tightrope artist hurried over to see what had gone wrong. After one quick glance at the strongman's encumbered tights he said, "No, my friend, you're supposed to put the salami in the front!"

Upon arrival in Key West, after a six-day singlehanded passage from Grand Cayman, my land legs seemed a tad wobbly. Their joints definitely needed lubrication, but instead of settling on a tourist bar, I sought a locals' hangout. A red-nosed but wise counselor directed me to The Green Parrot.

Within 90 seconds it was obvious that this was the right place. What clued me in were the bartenders' T-shirts. They were both emblazoned with the Green Parrot logo, but different slogans. One read, "No shirt — no shoes — no problem!" The other proclaimed, "No cover — no minimum — no wonder!" This was my kind of bar and soon I would learn that Key West was my kind of town.

My shows went pretty well during the next few months and the cruising kitty started to fatten up. So I decided to spend some of that bounty on boat upgrades. My inflatable was now 20 years old and, although it was venerable, it was also vulnerable. I had named the dinghy Ling for the opening lines of the bawdy drinking song, "My dinghy Ling being the cutest thing . . ."

It was an Avon Redcrest that had provided me superb service for many years and many miles. Likewise, I had always endeavored to treat it well. I took pride in the fact that I had never defiled it with an outboard motor. All the miles that we covered together were achieved with oars, deltis and lats.

As most sailors know, Avons are constructed out of a miracle material called Hypalon, which is extremely resistant to abrasion and abuse. In two decades, the homely but sturdy little rubber boat had only required two patches.

But since I finally had un poco dinero ahead, it seemed like a good time to buy a new dink. Unfortunately, my dinero was so poco that I couldn't afford the higher-priced Hypalon, and would have to settle for one of the less durable PVC brands — in this case a West Marine Zodiac with a roll-up floor. My closest sailing friends advised against this, saying that such a decision would come back to haunt me. Little did I realize that it would only take a few days before the Hypalon gods would punish me for rejecting them in favor of the cheaper fabric.

I was living in a funky little marina that had unreliable electricity but very reliable eccentricity. My neighbors included writers, painters, cabbies and many people "with no visible means of
My next unforgettable episode with Ling II occurred down in the West Indies near the tiny island of Mayreau. My friend Hillary had flown in from Sausalito for a 17-day visit. You might remember her from some of my previous stories, where it was revealed that her childhood nickname was Celery.

We had spent a lovely evening anchored in Salt Whistle Bay, which is one of the prettiest spots in the entire Caribbean. The morning weather report was predicting 15-20-knot easterlies as it had done for the last 10 days. This had us giggling, since we had finally figured out that such an estimate was actually a code that really meant 23-33 knots.

So we headed out for the next island up the chain, which was only about four miles of open ocean north of us. The first mile featured the typical between-islands rambunctious seas — or rodeo waves as Hillary likes to call them. But out of the proverbial nowhere, which is apparently upwind of somewhere, we suddenly got hammered by winds that swiftly accelerated from 25 to 40 knots. And faster than you can say “Rush Limbaugh pharmaceuticals,” the dinghy, which was trailing astern of Aventura, was now upside down.

I had of course taken the outboard off and secured it to the stern pulpfit before departure. I had also double-reefed the main and fueled out only about 60% of the jib.

Whatever hit us — I’ll call it a white squall for lack of a better term — transformed the sea from its usual confused and lumpy condition into a state that was contorted and nasty. Even a 100-ft megayacht went by us sideways in a vain attempt to steer toward their destination. As for our own predicament, we eased the sheets, put the wind on our starboard quarter and ran off to the northwest. After all, Belize is lovely at that time of the year!

But since Ling was not particularly adept at the missionary position, my disoriented dinghy was having a rough go of it. As I tried to pull it closer to Aventura to flip it back upright, I got some help from a big wind gust and a wave that was escorting it. Suddenly Ling was rightside-up again, and Celery let out a robust cheer. However, she soon followed that with an equally robust expletive as my dinghy started doing multiple somersaults! It looked like it was auditioning to be a thrill ride at Sea World.

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Captain Bob let me use his inflatable during my dinghy patching sessions. Unfortunately, after a few weeks the valve on his old boat started leaking, so I was now a pumping fool, trying desperately to keep at least one of these rubber beasts afloat long enough to get ashore, juggle some bowling balls and buy more glue.

This was not a fulfilling life. It might even be argued that my psychological condition was becoming . . . marginal. My friends, Jeff and Mario, who are the manager and assistant manager of our local West Marine store, had been monitoring my steady deterioration during my glue purchasing visits. Perhaps they were weary of hearing my latest tale of PVC travail; or maybe they feared that I might finally snap and in a jealous rage take an icepick to the immaclate inflatables on their showroom floor.

I will never truly know, but for whatever reason, they decided to become my PVC angels. They asked me if my ‘burden’ was still under warranty and I replied that it was probably down to its last few months. Then they led me to the storeroom and unrolled a beautiful, almost-new Zodiac.

Mario explained that “keeping the customer happy” was not just an empty phrase with West Marine — at least not at their store. The dinghy they were showing me had been returned by a customer less than a year after its purchase. It had a couple of leaks but they had been professionally patched at the West Marine facility.

Then Jeff said that they wished they could give me a new one to replace my current ‘troublesome’ one, but extenuating circumstances (perhaps the cut, the samourais, the (jealous) maniac) made that impossible. However, they wanted to know if I would be willing to trade my dinghy for this ‘slightly used’ one?

I was so overwhelmed by this generous offer that I remained speechless for a few seconds while deciding whether to prostrate myself and kiss their deck shoes. Eventually, I realized that such behavior might be unseemly, even by Key West standards, so instead I thanked them profusely.

And now, a few months later, as I watch Ling III float peacefully astern of Aventura. I again send my thanks to Jeff and Mario. But the happiness I feel is tinged with a trace of sadness. That’s because their noble gesture did have one unforeseen tragic consequence. It prevented some lucky psychiatrist from being the first doctor to diagnose and name a previously unknown mental disorder — hypalonosis.

— ray jason
One of the best things about my marina is that we share the space with a university sailing club, and that place is a breeding ground for great dinghy sailors. And dinghy sailors make great crew — so it's well worth dealing with the occasional beginner blocking the channel in return for a ready source of race crew.

My pick-up crew of college students did so well on last month's ocean race that I was looking for more for the upcoming Bay race. But rather than hope they would magically appear at the yacht club when needed, for this race I would leave nothing to chance: I took a walk down to the small-boat launching area to recruit some likely prospects from the university sailing club.

As luck would have it, I ran into Lee Helm before I even reached the tiny shack that serves as their clubhouse. She was with two friends and a large black dog, all of them — except the dog — wearing wetsuits and windsurfing harnesses. She deduced my intentions almost immediately.

"Scouting for more fordeck fodder?" she asked.

"That's right," I said. "Next week's YRA race. Interested?"

"Not me," she said as she glanced over at her friends. "But like, Kay and Jocelyn might be up for it. Kay's a totally awesome windsurfer, and that means she can sail anything with a mast and a sail."

"I won't try to confuse her with the rudder," I joked. "Are you Lee's colleagues from the naval architecture department?"

"A futurist, doing a post-doc in the City Planning department," Lee informed me as she introduced me to Kay Serra. "And this is Jocelyn Shaike, a seismologist."

"Let's talk," said Kay. "But first, could you watch my dog for about a half hour?"

She passed me the leash before I could come up with a good excuse.

"Sure, I guess so," I mumbled, not thinking fast enough to get out of this.

"Great! We'll be back soon!" and the three of them ran to the gangway where three fully rigged windsurfers were waiting.

"Uh, what's the dog's name?" I called after them.

"Nimby!" Kay yelled back as she sheeted in and flew off on a broad reach at speeds unknown to sailors with bal-last.

"Well, Nimby, it's you and me for the next half hour," I said as I tugged on the leach of my new best friend, thinking he would enjoy a walk along a small gravelly beach.

But Nimby wanted to go the other way, so I let him lead me along the seawall to the next gangway, stopping to examine bits of shrubbery that caught his attention. At the gangway it was my turn to stop for something interesting. A small sailboat was heeled over about 45 degrees, struggling to get back to the dock through the shallow water. I could see a plume of mud behind it every time the sailor pivoted it around into a direction that would get it closer to the dock and the hoist. The tide was falling fast.

"You might try some centerboard up," I suggested helpfully.

"Thanks, but it's a fixed keel," answered the sailor, heeling beyond what I would have thought was the point of no return from a capsizing dinghy, but still wants to sail fast. "What's a Bongo?"

"It's a 15-ft skiff-like boat, very fast but with a comfortable cockpit and a deep keel for capsize resistance and easy recovery. I think the designer wanted to build a high-performance dinghy for people with bad knees."

It looked like an attractive boat for someone who believes they are too old to get launched by a capsizing dinghy, but still wants to sail fast.

"I was hoping for a chance to sail it today. I think it's the perfect boat for someone like me who just wants to sail fast, but doesn't want to race or work too hard to contort themselves into strange body positions . . ."

This person could sure talk, and the material started to repeat after just a few minutes. I learned that his name was Bjorn Toulouse, and he loved sailing fast but avoided racing.

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"No problem, he can ride in the sidecar. In fact, with that dog in the sidecar you won’t even have to reef."

The “sidecar” was a small trampoline deck between the main hull and ama. The designer explained that with a passenger in the sidecar the boat had all the righting arm it needed to be docile for beginners. The dog would add the perfect amount of extra righting moment for a safe lesson while still allowing me to fly the ama in the gusts. Or so he imagined.

After a quick briefing on the controls, I climbed into the cockpit, and Nimby, apparently used to riding windsurfers, jumped onto the tramp. We cast off with the sail still rolled up. I let the boat drift backwards to clear the dock area and, after a few false starts, got the rudder controls right for going astern in a straight line. I unrolled the sail, fell off on port tack, and we were off.

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It was a fascinating boat to play with. Really two boats, I concluded, because it behaved so differently on each of the two tacks. But Nimby wasn’t enjoying it nearly as much as I was, especially as the wind continued to build.

Suddenly, three windsurfers came into view around a bend in the channel. Nimby’s nose picked it up before my eyes did, because it was Lee, Jocelyn and Kay, Nimby’s human.

He was too good-natured to whine, but he was clearly impatient to switch boats.

“Max! Like, what are you doing on that thing?” Lee halled as she planed past me.

“Nimby!” shouted Kay, “How did you get out on the . . .”

And that’s when Nimby jumped for it. Startled, I pushed down on the lever instead of pulling up to hold the ama at constant altitude.

A half hour later, after Nimby and I were both dragged back to the fuel dock, we were all drying off and warming up on a sunny patch of grass behind some trees that made a good windbreak.

Lee explained that the tide was still going down, and their skegs were too deep to get back to the small boat dock at the sailing club, so they had sailed into the harbor to pull out.

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"We’re definitely going after that market segment," said the designer. "In fact, we plan to allow the use of paddles during races. It should have a lot of appeal to competitive paddlers."

"I don’t know," said Kay. "I think you would have to paddle for the entire race to be competitive, and if I were entering a sailboat race I’d want to test a different skill set than how hard I could paddle."

"Top-end windsurfer racers pump their way around the course," he countered.

"That’s different," she replied, but she couldn’t really explain why.

"But clearly the windsurfer is like, the most efficient high-performance single-handed small boat we have," Lee maintained. "And like, for people who just want to float on the water and direct their own course into interesting waters, the kayak is the best machine. There really isn’t much market share left in between those two solutions, especially when you subtract out the totally conventional dinghies and daysailors that are already established.

"But Lee," I said, coming to the defense of innovation. "This thing has to be sailed to be believed. You get to control the ama with a hydrofoil."

"And the heaviest piece is only 45 pounds," added the designer.

"That would be a tank to a windsurfer," said Lee.

"But actually it could be important," said the futurist. "Here we are looking down from Hubbert’s Peak, with the price of oil about to change everything."

"You don’t think car-topping will become a thing of the past, do you?" I asked.

"No way. We’ll still be driving cars, but they’ll be much smaller, lighter and less powerful cars, and the conventional paradigm of boat-trailer-RV has got to go. So very light car-toppable boats will be in, and on-site dry storage for kayaks and windsurfers will be in. Even wet berths for boats under 25 feet might make a comeback — especially when marina operators figure out that there’s more revenue per square foot of harbor in small berths than in big ones."

"And they’re all going to have to rebuild after the earthquake," added Jocelyn, "which will be an opportunity for marinas to reconfigure."

"We’re off the subject," I said. "Today I saw the Bongo, the Hoot and the Raptor, all sailed by their designers. Which do you think has the best chance?"

"They’ll all find their market niche," Lee predicted. "But like, that design space between the windsurfer and the kayak is filling up fast."

Nimby, who had been chasing tennis balls into the harbor again, shared his opinion of this conversation by shaking off on us one more time. — max ebb
One of the best things about my marina is that we share the space with a university sailing club, and that place is a breeding ground for great dinghy sailors. And dinghy sailors make great crew — so it’s well worth dealing with the occasional beginner blocking the channel in return for a ready source of race crew.

My pick-up crew of college students did so well on last month’s ocean race that I was looking for more for the upcoming Bay race. But rather than hope they would magically appear at the yacht club when needed, for this race I would leave nothing to chance: I took a walk down to the small-boat launching area to recruit some likely prospects from the university sailing club.

As luck would have it, I ran into Lee Helm before I even reached the tiny shack that serves as their clubhouse. She was with two friends and a large black dog, all of them — except the dog — wearing wetsuits and windsurfing harnesses. She deduced my intentions almost immediately.

“Scouting for more foredeck fodder?” she asked.

“That’s right,” I said. “Next week’s YRA race. Interested?”

“Not me,” she said as she glanced over at her friends. “But like, Kay and Jocelyn might be up for it. Kay’s a totally awesome windsurfer, and that means she can sail anything with a mast and a sail.”

“I won’t try to confuse her with the rudder,” I joked. “Are you Lee’s colleagues from the naval architecture department?”

“A futurist, doing a post-doc in the City Planning department,” Lee informed me as she introduced me to Kay Serra. “And this is Jocelyn Shaikie,” a seismologist.

“Let’s talk,” said Kay. “But first, could you watch my dog for about a half hour?”

She passed me the leash before I could come up with a good excuse.

“Sure, I guess so,” I mumbled, not thinking fast enough to get out of this.

“Great! We’ll be back soon!” and the three of them ran to the gangway where three fully rigged windsurfers were waiting.

“Uh, what’s the dog’s name?” I called after them.

“Nimby!” Kay yelled back as she sheathed in and flew off on a broad reach at speeds unknown to sailors with ballast.

“Well, Nimby, it’s you and me for the next half hour,” I said as I tugged on the leash of my new best friend, thinking he would enjoy a walk along a small gravelly beach.

But Nimby wanted to go the other way, so I let him lead me along the seawall to the next gangway, stopping to examine bits of shrubbery that caught his attention. At the gangway it was my turn to stop for something interesting. A small sailboat was heeled over about 45 degrees, struggling to get back to the dock through the shallow water. I could see a plume of mud behind it every time the sailor pivoted it around into a direction that would get it closer to the dock and the hoist. The tide was falling fast.

“You might try some centerboard up,” I suggested helpfully.

“Thanks, but it’s a fixed keel,” answered the sailor, heeling beyond what I would have thought was the point of no return from a capsize to make a few more boatlengths of progress before rounding up again as the boat pivoted around into the wind on the tip of its keel.

“Is that the Bongo?” asked an onlooker who had been watching from the gangway.

“Don’t know,” I said. “But it sure is stuck. What’s a Bongo?”

“It’s a 15-ft skiff-like boat, very fast but with a comfortable cockpit and a deep keel for capsize resistance and easy recovery. I think the designer wanted to build a high-performance dinghy for people with bad knees.”

It looked like an attractive boat for someone who believes they are too old to get launched by a capsizing dinghy, but still wants to sail fast.

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**SPREAD: ONNE VAN DER WAL (COURTESY OF PAUL CRONIN) / INSET: MAX EBB**

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**Latitude 38**

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Nimby and I watched with great interest as one of the boats was paddled away from the dock using what appeared to be a very fancy carbon canoe paddle with a blade that seemed to curve in the wrong direction. Once the paddler was in clear water he slid the paddle into a kind of holster and unrolled the sail, which had vertical battens to allow it to roller-furl around the mast.

Port tack revealed no surprises, with the ama to leeward. The boat was sailing fast considering the wind speed and the small sail, although I’d always thought that pros and outriggers sailed best with their amas to windward, to give the crew some hiking leverage and to keep all the displacement on the longer of the two hulls.

Then it tacked to starboard. The mainsail was sheeted in, and, as the boat accelerated, the ama, now on the windward side, rose just clear of the water.

“There it goes,” I said out loud, remembering what I’d seen happen to outriggers after the ama clears the water. There’s virtually nothing to keep it from going all the way. Even with paddlers ready to correct the mistake, it’s very hard to prevent a capsize. But this thing just hovered there with only a centerboard penetrating the surface below the flying ama.

I could see a gust approach on the water surface. “He’s done for if he doesn’t have a hand on the mainsheet,” I remarked to Nimby. But instead of a capsize or a luff, the boat just accelerated and the ama remained that same few inches above the water. And the sailor hadn’t moved his weight an inch — he just sat there in that bucket seat, his enjoyment increasing as the wind did.

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**Bongo**

- LOA: 15’ 2”
- Maximum beam: 6’ 6”
- Draft: 3’ 11”
- Weight: 415 lbs. fully rigged
- Sail area: 131 ft²
- Designer: Paul Cronin
- Price (with trailer): $15,000
  
  [www.sailbongo.com](http://www.sailbongo.com)

**Hoot**

- LOA: 14’
- Maximum beam: 8’ 4”
- Sail area: 107 ft²
- Weight: 140 lbs. fully rigged
- Sail area (full size sail): 90 ft²
- Designer: Doug Kidder/Chris Maas
- Price: $7,500
  
  [www.gohoot.com](http://www.gohoot.com)

**Raptor 16**

- LOA: 16’ 9”
- Maximum beam: 8’ 0”
- Weight with rig and foil: 95 lbs.
- Sail area (full size sail): 90 ft²
- Sail area (high wind sail): 70 ft²
- Designer: John Slattebo
- Price: $5,000
  
  [www.hydrovisions.com](http://www.hydrovisions.com)
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“For sure,” Lee interrupted, “but the problem with selling a new small boat concept is that there are two kinds of boats that are already mature technologies, types that have like, optimized the most popular kinds of small boating.”

“And these are?” I asked.

“Kayaks and windsurfers,” she said as if this were obvious to everyone. “I mean, what did you think?”

“The outrigger canoe has to count as a ‘mature technology’ too,” noted the designer of the Raptor.

“For sure,” Lee admitted. “And I think outrigger paddlers will be the biggest market for that boat, because they’re like, already used to asymmetrical
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"Outrigger paddlers and Moore 24 sailors," I added.

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With wrap-ups this month from the Moore 24 PCCs, the J/24 Nationals, the Elite Keel, the Elustrom-Zellerbach Regatta and the Mayfest Regatta. There are also reports on a surprise ending at the Ensenada Race, as well as tragedy and redemption in the Volvo Round the World Race. Couldn’t get everything in, but we tried to stuff a few more high points into Race Notes.

**J/24 Nationals**

Sixty J/24s and more than 300 sailors converged on Galveston Bay April 27-29 for the J/24 2006 US National Championships hosted by the Houston Yacht club and sponsored by Sailing Anarchy. San Diego sailmaker Chris Snow and the crew of Bogus positively dominated the three-day, eight-race, no-throwout event with three bullets and a 46-point spread over the second place boat, Mike Ingham’s 2005 winner Brain Cramp. Ingham’s own bullet gave him the tiebreaker over the Zaleski brothers in third place.

Michael Whitfield and his TMC Racing team made the long haul to Texas as the lone Bay Area representative in the competition. TMC performed well, posting a ‘top half’ finish in 25th place. Onboard TMC were Lulu Yang, Michael’s wife and mast person; Lou Anna Koehler, fordecker; Lester Igo, trimmer; and Jim Yares, tactician. In San Francisco, Whitfield and Yares are competitors in the local J/24 fleet (Yares sails Running With Scissors), but the two joined forces for this event.

“Over the past two years, we’ve competed in two Nationals and two North Americans on both coasts,” said Whitfield. “What made Houston unique was that it brought together the best sailors from both sides of the country. The depth and talent in the fleet here in Houston was by far the toughest we’ve ever seen,” he added.

Other West Coast competitors included Deke Klatz (Jaded) in 6th, Ryan Cox (of Moraga) in 7th, Pat Toole (3 Big Dogs) in 19th, and Kent Pierce (Watermelon) in 23rd — all from Southern California. Pierce was joined by Brian Geopfrich from Lake Tahoe who served as his tactician. Geopfrich is a longtime J/24 sailor who frequently sails his Tahoe-based J/24 Snowjob in the San Francisco fleet regattas.

The fleet was treated to three excellent days of racing with a wide range of conditions — wind ranging from 6 to 28 knots, 40-degree shifts, warm weather, cold weather, sun, clouds, thunderstorms that delayed racing on Saturday, and even a tornado warning. Can’t get much ‘wider’ than that!

Houston YC’s race committee, led by PRO Jim Tichenor, took it all in stride, running a nearly flawless series. The extra-long start line even featured a mid-line committee boat to help watch over the aggressive starters. As a result there were few general recalls and only one 1 flag start.

The first day of racing on Thursday featured the lightest and shiftiest breeze. Friday was the ‘heavy weather’ day, with cool 15 to 28-knot southeasterlies. The final races on Saturday — after the thunderstorms and tornado warning — were perhaps the most enjoyable of all, with a mild 8 to 13-knot breeze and partly cloudy skies.

The event concluded with the Sailing Anarchists Ball, which included copious amounts of adult beverages, shot girls, and all manner of debauchery. On Sunday morning, bleary-eyed crews loaded up boats and started their long journeys home.

The healthy turnout at the Nationals as well as the strong 15-boat fleet in San Francisco are continued evidence that J/24 racing is alive and well and thriving. “The J/24 is still one of the best values in competitive one-design racing,” Whitfield noted. Since its introduction in 1977, more than 5,100 J/24s have been built, and thousands are still racing all around the world.

— Jim Yares

1) Bogus, Chris Snow (San Diego), 25 points; 2) Brain Cramp, Mike Ingham (NY), 71; 3) Twins, Chris and Waldek Zaleski (CT), 71; 4) Running on Empty, John Kolius (TX), 76; 5) Spoilsport, Stuart Challoner (NJ), 84; 6) Jaded, Deke Klatz (CA), 88; 7) USA 3324, Ryan Cox (Moraga), 93.5; 8) Flood Tip, Bill Worsham (TX), 102; 9) Team Tarheel, Peter Bream (FL), 115; 10) Jesus Lizard, Daniel Borrer (FL), 119. Other California Boats — 19) 3 Big Dogs, Pat Toole, 170; 23) Watermelon, Kent Pierce, 185; 25) TMC Racing, Michael Whitfield, 207; (60 boats)


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**Moore 24 PCCs**

A lifetime of sailing Moore 24s paid off bigtime for Rowan Fennell on May 6-7, when he and his Paramour crew topped a 22-boat fleet to win the 2006 Moore 24 Pacific Coast Championships. Hosted by the Tiburon YC, the 5-race, no-throwout series was sailed in light to mostly medium breeze on the warm, flat waters off Paradise Cay.

Fennell and his twin older brothers learned to sail on Paramour after their father, Michael, bought the boat in 1986. “Every summer we’d sail all over the Delta and camp out on the boat,” Rowan recalls.

Although his father and siblings still
Sail mostly for pleasure, Rowan got the racing bug and has been campaigning *Paramour* for the last several years in the Moore 24 Roadmaster Series — which he won in 2004 — as well as other events. And he’s long been considered one of the ‘top guns’ in the A-fleet. Nevertheless, this is his first major class championship — and yeah, it felt pretty good.

“Great racing, great venue, great crew,” he said. “I’m totally stoked.”

Going into the weekend, things didn’t exactly look promising. Fennell, who sails with wife Vikki on the bow, had lost his other two regular crew to moves or kids. So he was kind of scrambling around in the week leading up to the race to secure replacements. One of them he found in longtime friend Mick Burns, whose lack of experience — this was his first time sailboat racing — was more than made up for by his enthusiasm. The other had a tad more experience: Will Baylis is partners with Rowan’s uncle in a Soverel 33. For those unfamiliar with it, Will’s long resume includes five Moore 24 Nationals sailing with the likes of Dee Smith and Dave Hodges back in the mid-80s. It was soon clear that Will, who steered *Paramour* while Rowan skippered and trimmed, hasn’t forgotten much.

“We were very aggressive and had excellent starts, nailing the favored end of the line in every race,” says Rowan. “In between, we were tactically smart and often made up boats at the corners.”

There were three races on Saturday and two on Sunday, with Saturday’s last race enjoying the most breeze of the regatta — about 20-22 knots. By the end of the fourth race, *Paramour’s* 2,1,2,1 score had all but sewn up the championship. A nice points cushion...
allowed them to throttle back and sail a conservative last race, but their 8th place was still good enough to best Scott Sorensen’s second-place No Idea by four points.

In the bigger picture, the PCCs was the third event in the nine-race Roadmaster Series, which sees the fleet race in such far-flung venues as Stockton, Huntington Lake and the Columbia River Gorge. Next on that list is the Delta Ditch Run in mid-June.

Next up for the Para-sailors, though, was the Whiskeytown Regatta over Memorial Day weekend when, per family tradition, ‘Papa Mike’ Fennell will help crew.

The ‘Big One’ of the year that Fennell and most of the other Moore faithful are looking forward to is the 30th Annual Moore 24 Nationals, scheduled for October 5-8 in Santa Cruz, the big-wave venue where the Moore 24 started the whole ‘fast is fun’ ultralight thing back
in the early ’70s. “We’re looking to get 40 boats out for that,” says Fennell. “Wouldn’t that be something?”

in your-face-competition was a hallmark of the PCCs; getting kicks on Moore #66; heavy current had the fleet racing the marks as much as each other; ‘Paramour’ crew (l to r) Will Baylis, Rowan Fennell, Mick Burns and Vikki Fennell do a post-race Red Stripe commercial; ‘Wildfire’ making us glad we’ve gone all-color; (l to r) ‘Sparrowhawk’, ‘Wasabi’ and ‘Frenzy’ in close formation.

Fast is still fun (clockwise from above) — ‘Paramour’ leads the way to the winner’s circle; in-your-face-competition was a hallmark of the PCCs; getting kicks on Moore #66; heavy current had the fleet racing the marks as much as each other; ‘Paramour’ crew (l to r) Will Baylis, Rowan Fennell, Mick Burns and Vikki Fennell do a post-race Red Stripe commercial; ‘Wildfire’ making us glad we’ve gone all-color; (l to r) ‘Sparrowhawk’, ‘Wasabi’ and ‘Frenzy’ in close formation.

Indeed it would.

Dinghy sailing on San Francisco Bay — the only way you can get wetter is to swim around the course, and even then it’s a toss-up. But a little cold water down the neck never kept the small boat faithful away, especially when the Elvstrom-Zellerbach Regatta rolls around each spring. This ‘big boat series’ of dinghy racing on the Bay dates back into the ’60s for the Zellerbach, which was then exclusively for the Finn class. The Laser-only Elvstrom — with the Great Dane himself sailing in the first event — started in 1975. The two events merged about 20 years ago and the modern E-Z now hosts fleets as diverse as 29ers, Finns, Lasers, Laser Radials and Formula sailboards.

Bright, sunny skies and 15 to 25 knots of breeze greeted the 47 boats/boards in five divisions that participated in this year’s 8-race, 1-throwout series, which was sailed on the Olympic Circle.

Chuck Eaton’s Eagle posted straight bullets for the weekend, easily topping the six-boat AE 28 fleet. Over in the Etchells — at 14 boats the largest fleet — Tim Wells and Bill Barton’s Wilder Beast topped the leaderboard with a 1,2,1. Tom Baffico and Forrest Baskett’s Express 27 Baffet had the exact same score to take that class trophy, while Michael Whitfield’s TMC Racing, still humming from her trip to the Nationals in Texas, sailed to a narrow 1-point win in the J/24 class. The J/24 ’05 season champions on Running With Scissors dropped out after losing a crewman overboard in Race 2. (See Sightings for details on his rescue.)

Ensenada Race

Some 454 boats showed up for the 59th Annual Lexus Newport to Ensenada International Yacht Race on April 28. Light breeze for the duration of the 125-mile sprint took a big toll — 109 boats either DNF’d or motored in for their THWI (to hell with it) disqualifications. Amazingly, that’s only the second worst attrition rate since the race’s debut in 1948. (In 1996, 179 of 446 starters dropped out.) But hey, some people do have to go back to work Monday, you know.

The big surprise of the event was the first-to-finish boat. No, it wasn’t Doug Baker’s Magnitude 80 or Rich DeVos’ maxZ86 Windquest. It wasn’t even Lo
of pre-dawn breeze Saturday morning.

“It could not have gone better,” said Kilpatrick. “We had a great start and were always going 2 knots faster than the wind.”

When the numbers were crunched on Sunday, Pyewacket ended up sixth in Maxi A. The overall corrected time winner turned out to be the King Harbor-based Hobie 33 Mad Max. Owner Max Rosenberg and Madmen Paul Wren, Jack Lemaire and Tim Harris were also the first Class D boat to finish, in just 25 hours.

One of the only Northern California boats in attendance, Robert Youngjohn’s DK 46 Zephyra got third in PHRF A.

Along with division trophies, some special awards were given out Sunday to special entries. These included 83-year-old Vic Stern, whose catamaran Imi Loa was doing its 44th consecutive Ensenada Race, and Dennis Conner’s chartered Kelpie, an 82-ft schooner built in 1928. Ironically, both dropped out in the early going.

Perhaps the best Ensenada race story of '06 was that of Division L winner Valkyrie. Owner Stan Albrecht of Newport Beach has been sailing the Cal 25 for 33 years, and this was the boat’s fifth division win in 16 total Ensenada Races.

But how she got it was, well . . . bowman Paul Self explains:

“One of our guys hit the MOB (man overboard) button on the GPS and we sailed eight miles outside the rhumbline before we realized what was happening. It turned out to be a good thing, because it found us some wind.”

Crewman Frank Martin, at first blamed for the error, later bathed in the tactical brilliance of it. “I meant to do that,” he said.

**SELECTED RESULTS**

MAXI A — 1) Staghound, R/P 50, Alec Ober-
Volvo Ocean Race Turns Deadly

Tragedy struck the Volvo Ocean Race on May 18, when a crewman was swept off ABN Amro Two and died, despite heroic efforts to resuscitate him.

At the time of the incident, ABN Amro Two was sailing downwind in 25-30 knots of wind at night, making 20-25 knots over the bottom under main, fractional spinnaker and staysail. Sebastian Josse, skipper of the boat, was at the helm when the boat nose-dived into a wave, which washed over the deck. When the foam cleared, 32-year-old Hans Horrevoets, who had been trimming the spinnaker, was no longer on board.

Josse immediately hailed a “Man overboard.” The navigator punched a position into the GPS and the crew got the boat cleared to turn around. Alarms were raised both ashore and at sea and the nearest racer to ABN Two, Paul Cayard’s Pirates of the Caribbean, also stopped racing and turned around to proceed to ABN’s position.

ABN Two, under power, somehow found their crewman (remember this was at night, in 25-knot winds and 10-15 ft seas — incredible) and got him aboard. However, he had no pulse and could not be revived.

The loss of one of their own hit the whole fleet hard, but especially the Dutch boats, ABN Amro Two and ABN Amro One.

Cayard, writing for the crew of the Black Pearl, voiced what everyone in the fleet was feeling:

“At 0500 we got word that the crewman (on ABN Two) had passed on. There was about five minutes of total silence in the pitch black of night as all 10 of us huddled in the cockpit of the Pearl. Finally, after next of kin had been notified, we learned that it was Hans who had perished. A very shocking and sobering three hours.

“We have all thought about the possibility of falling overboard. The reality is, that if you fall off of one of these boats, the likelihood of being recovered is very low. It is a harsh world out here when it gets rough and these boats start doing in excess of 30 knots. I think the crew of ABN Two should be given a special recognition from the highest levels of our sport for finding Hans in 40 minutes on a pitch black night with 4-meter waves.”

The incident occurred during Leg 6 of the round-the-world race which started last November in Vigo, Spain. Leg 6, a 3,200-mile race from New York to Portsmouth, England, started May 8, with the first boats due to arrive in Portsmouth the third weekend of May. ABN Amro One was on track once again to win the leg. Right behind them was the Swedish entry, Ericsson, and then Pirates of the Caribbean.

For 2005-2006 Volvo Ocean Race wraps up in June with two short final legs, from Portsmouth to Rotterdam (1,500 miles), and Rotterdam to Gothenburg (500 miles).

ABN Two dropped out of the Leg and was proceeding to Portsmouth under reduced sail. Almost unbelievably, the drama of Leg 6 was not yet over for them. Barely a day had passed since they had recovered Hans, when Sebastian Josse got a call from Bouwe Bekking of the Spanish entry movistar — requesting rescue! The severe keel problems which have plagued movistar through several legs had returned, and compounded. The boat was leaking badly and the crew did not think she could survive another big storm system that was approaching.

Once again, ABN Amro Two turned into the wind and went to the aid of fellow sailors. They rendezved with movistar about 300 miles southwest of the Lizard, and between storm systems were able to make a trouble-free transfer of all 10 movistar crew. Movistar was left with pumps, generators and a beacon going, and it’s hoped, if the storm doesn’t sink her, that she can be recovered.

“Seb and his crew have been fantastic,” radioed Bekking from ABNTwo.

“A thousand pardons. With an early deadline for this issue, we weren’t able to include coverage of the Melges 24...
Nationals held off Santa Cruz May 18-21. What we can tell you is that 31 boats came to race, and that the weather, at least by Santa Cruz standards, sucked. After terrific windy, sunny conditions for the practice racing on Wednesday, the first two days of the Nationals featured uncharacteristically light winds and haze in the morning. The breeze filled in in the afternoon, but on Friday, that was accompanied by rain. On Saturday, racing was cancelled altogether when the wind failed to appear at all.

We finished this issue Saturday night. At that point, it appeared the '06 National Champion was either going to be Chicago's Brian Porter or the seemingly ageless Dave Ullman of Newport Beach, who after six races and one throwout were separated by only one point.

We hope the wind returned with a vengeance on Sunday and that all teams were treated to at least one day of classic Santa Cruz conditions. For final results, go to www.melges24.com.

Frenchman Yves Parlier is the fastest man alive — at least on a sailboat. On May 18-19, in the Atlantic, he sailed his twin-rig 60-ft catamaran (masts mounted on both hulls) Mediatis Region Aquitaine to a new singlehanded 24-hour record: 585 miles, an average of 24.33 knots. He thinks he can go much faster.

Parlier is an engineer and innovator of the first order, and few of his boats have looked, well, ‘normal.’ Mediatis is no exception. Besides the twin rigs, she is an astounding 50 feet wide, giving her the biggest beam-to-length ratio of any big cat. But perhaps the strangest thing about her is her hulls. Instead of the narrow rapier-like hulls so common these days, Mediatis’ hulls looks like they belong on an old PBY flying boat. In fact, flying boats were exactly the inspiration. Parlier feels the odd prow and ‘stepped’ hull will make for a better, faster craft. We don’t understand the tech stuff, but the gist is that these are planing hulls, and that — when optimized — they will allow Mediatis to get on a plane quicker, and go faster once she’s there.

Crazy, you say? You’re not alone in that thinking. But we remind you once again that Parlier is the world’s fastest solo sailor — so who’s crazy now? Want to find out more? It’s worth checking out this long website (and it’s even in English): www.parlier.org/hydraplaneur/partenaires/partenaires_officiels.php?lang=eng&contenu=mediatis.

Speaking of crazy, with the Bay’s dependable summer winds, we’ve always thought it was crazy that nobody’s ever staged speed trials here. We apparently weren’t alone in this thinking because this month the first ever San Francisco Speed Sailing Event kicks off.

On June 15-18, the SF Speed Sailing Management folks will set up a 500-meter ‘box’ off Crissy Field, and all speed freaks (sailing craft only) can ‘go for pinks’ — or at least for bragging rights. The event is open to all sailcraft, large or small. Expected entries include catamarans, skiffs, windsurfers, kiteboarders and who knows what else. If this all sounds a bit ‘free-form’ to you, we’re happy to note that Matt Jones is on tap to run the show on the water, so it should come off with a minimum of confusion. For more, check out www.sanfranciscospeed.com.
the sailing chores is definitely not mandatory, 

"Put your back into it, maties!" Participation in the sailing chores is definitely not mandatory, but few can resist the urge to join in the fun. pression. But despite the hard times which choked the national economy, Swift soon found a ready market for his innovative sailing cruises. Then, as today, the lure of nature, physical exercise, hearty home-cooked meals and comradeship were the selling points that kept customers coming back again and again.

By the time Swift retired in 1961, he'd bought and refurbished many proud schooners, and had built the vacation option dubbed 'windjamming' into a thriving business.

Today's fleet is comprised of 14 vessels, which sail out of the 'mid-coast' towns of Camden, Rockport and Rockland — part of the region that locals call Downeast. Ranging in size from 46 to 132 feet, they accommodate between 6 and 40 passengers on three to six-day cruises. Within this classic armada are two of Swift's original vessels, the Grace Bailey and the Mercantile. Built in 1871, they are America's oldest working 'coastal schooners'. Others in the group have similarly impressive pedigrees, having been fishing schooners, cargo schooners or racing yachts — eight of these, in fact, have been designated as National Historic Landmarks. In addition, four new schooners of similar lines have been built for the fleet since Swift's era.

Unlike most charter boats today, these vessels are traditionally rigged without the aid of such new-fangled contraptions as roller-furling and self-tailing winches — if winches are used at all. Instead, sails are raised and trimmed the old-fashioned way, with many arms and backs pulling together. Although each schooner carries a relatively large professional crew, hands-on participation is part of the fun. The camaraderie born of such shared experiences often generates lasting friendships and leaves participants feeling revitalized, with a new appreciation for America's maritime heritage.

Scheduled sailings run between May and early October, and the guest list on any given cruise is likely to be quite diverse. Folks of all ages, from many walks of life and many parts of the U.S. and Canada enjoy these trips annually. Accommodations are in two, three or four-person cabins.

Maine boasts roughly 3,000 islands clustered along 3,000 miles of coastline. While you'll only see a small portion of it during a week-long cruise, you'll certainly get a good sampling of the area's dramatic,
OF CHARTERING

verdant scenery, its historic waterside towns and villages, and even its culinary traditions. Bountiful meals served ‘family style’ in the great salon or on deck are a long-established tradition. In addition to special treats such as fresh-baked breads, pies and sometimes even hand-cranked ice cream, every schooner cruise includes a traditional lobster bake ashore on an island beach. As the promoters like to say, no one has ever gone hungry on a schooner cruise.

Besides the sheer majesty of sailing aboard such vintage craft in these well-protected waters, the region’s prolific wildlife is a big draw for vacationers. On a typical cruise, you’re likely to see bald eagles, ospreys, dozens of varieties of ducks, as well as seals, porpoises and sometimes a whale or two.

As you can see by the accompanying box, a variety of special events are staged throughout the summer. While any schooner cruise would be great fun, some of these sound particularly festive and picturesque. Whatever dates work best for you, however, we would urge you to lock in your plans as soon as possible. After

— Races and Rendezvous
  • Music Festival, Week of July 31 — Fleet will gather on Friday night for live shipboard performances. The wide range of entertainment includes blues, folk and sea chantey singers as well as story-tellers.
  • Camden Windjammer Weekend, Week of August 28 — The fleet gathers in picturesque Camden Harbor for festivities, reminiscent of the days when hundreds of coastal schooners lined the waterfront — including a parade of sail, live music, dancing and fireworks.
  • WoodenBoat Sail-In, Week of September 11 — Now celebrating it’s 20th year, this annual fall gathering of the fleet takes place in Brooklin, Maine, headquarters of WoodenBoat Magazine and WoodenBoat School.

For further info, see www.sailmainecoast.com/ and http://midcoast.com/~schooner/
all, the windjammin’ season has already begun.

— latitude/aet

Turkish Delight

Turkish delight is a type of candy made and sold in Turkey and throughout the Middle East. It’s sweet and comes in many different colors, sizes and flavors — something for just about everyone. That description could fit sailing in Turkey as well, with its many different flavors, sizes and colors — something to appeal to almost every sailor.

My wife Miri and I, both longtime sailors, cruised Turkish waters 14 years ago, and had vowed to return someday. Last summer we finally did, chartering a Jeanneau 37 bareboat with Miri’s two sisters and their husbands — all of whom were non-sailors.

Because we were not anxious to face the inevitable growth and development of the coastal areas we had visited years ago and loved, we chose a stretch of coast that was new to us: Gokova Bay, located on Turkey’s southwest coast adjacent to Marmaris. The main harbor is the historic town of Bodrum.

After arriving at Istanbul, Turkey’s ancient capitol, a one-hour flight took us to Bodrum Airport. With the Crusader Castle of St. Peter guarding a tranquil harbor, Bodrum is the quintessential picture-postcard Mediterranean port.

This historic town is a wonderful departure point for a one- or two-week sailing trip, with a variety of itineraries to consider. It’s also a busy tourist Mecca with a bustling waterfront. Dozens, if not hundreds, of beautiful, hand-crafted wooden sailboats called gulets are based here, offering both week-long catered cruises and daysails to nearby swimming holes. Somehow, the hordes of tourists, shops and restaurants didn’t disturb the experience. Bodrum’s streets were very clean and tidy and, less than two blocks from the bustling waterfront, all was peaceful and quiet.

After contacting several charter companies, we went with the British firm Nautilus Yacht Charters, which has a base right at Bodrum. They were great to deal with: prompt, courteous and efficient. Our three-cabin 2003 Sun Odys-
sey 37 never felt crowded.

We sailed out of Bodrum and headed southeast twenty miles across the Gokova Bay for Cece Buku, one of dozens of scenic, protected anchorages. Due to a problem with the boat’s GPS chart plotter, however, we soon were diverted to Čokertme, a well-known town with several restaurants, where one of the charter technicians would meet us to try to repair the problem. This unexpected detour turned out to be one of the highlights of the trip. We had the best traditional Turkish food with fresh fish at Captain Ibrahim’s Restaurant, a scenic open air waterfront ‘taverna’, and enjoyed fresh grapes from vines which overhang the restaurant. We also met Timocin Oncur there, a 73-year-old sailor from Bodrum, who is said to be one of the area’s most notable sailors and racers. Timocin pointed out many good spots on our chart for the coming week.

Soon the family crew got into the on-board routine. Miri’s two sisters and their husbands, all in their early 50’s, soon proved to be an able, willing and capable crew. None of them had ever been on a boat before, much less a sailboat for a week. Motion sickness was never an issue, despite the fact that we often had over 25 knots of wind — who says there’s no wind in the Med? — and had to pound into head seas more than once.

While pumping the head and conserving fresh water were novelties to them, they soon became accustomed. By the trip’s end, they were all seasoned sailors, launching and retrieving the dinghy, ty-
WORLD

ing a stern line ashore, grinding winches, trimming sails and steering a compass course.

Gokova Bay offers many islands, coves and anchorages. We sailed up Amazon Creek, then around Seven Islands, on to English Harbor and Degerman Bay, then to Sogut and past Cleopatra’s Island. Each stop was delightful. We often moored stern-to (Mediterranean style) a dock or wharf, making it easy to go ashore for a stroll, pick up a fresh loaf of bread and mingle with the locals.

Other times we dropped the hook in a quiet anchorage and enjoyed great swimming, delicious dinners cooked onboard and lots of beer and wine.

We found the local restaurants and markets to be very reasonable and the food excellent. We loved the local beer, named Efes. (Ironically, ‘efes’ is the Hebrew word for ‘zero’, but Efes beer definitely rated much higher.)

After a week of wonderful sun, good consistent wind and great sailing, we reluctantly headed back to Bodrum, arriving on Sunday night, just in time to be Timocin’s guests at an awards ceremony at the Bodrum Yacht Club. We had a wonderful time meeting Timocin’s crew, while enjoying some wonderful finger food, beer, wine and Raki (the local drink, very similar to Ouzo). It was a great ending to a wonderful charter trip, which had indeed been a real ‘Turkish Delight’.

— john skoriak

John — Thanks for your insightful report. To complete our look at Aegean chartering, we’ll follow up next month with a report on chartering in Greece, by a professor of ancient history.

Exploring the Path Less Traveled
With the Globe-Trotting Swede

We don’t often profile skippers of private charter boats based outside the Bay Area, but the offerings of this fellow are pretty remarkable.

We first met Lars Hassler — aka the ‘globe-trotting swede’ — in the early ’90s, when he was in the middle of an around-the-world cruise, financed partly by taking paying crew. Smart, athletic and easy-going, Lars is an instantly likable guy who’s had several diverse careers and many unusual sailing adventures. Trained as an attorney in Sweden and the U.S., he bailed on that career in the late ’70s to backpack around the world by land and sea. Later, he built up a kitty to buy a brand-new Beneteau 50 by working as a commodities trader. In 1988, he moved aboard Jennifer,
OF CHARTERING

everything he owned and set out to circumnavigate.

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In September, Jennifer will explore the Greek Isles and the Turquoise Coast of Turkey. She’ll winter there, then sail to the Suez Canal in the summer of ‘07, and on into the Red Sea, eventually returning to Greece. In addition to being a marathon runner and mountain climber, Lars is a certified PADI divemaster.

For itinerary info and photos see www.yacht-jennifer.nu. Lars can be contacted directly at lars@yacht-jennifer.nu or lars.hassler@chello.se.

— latitude/aet

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Charter Notes

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A young, fit sailor with an RYA certificate might land a gig at an idyllic waterside resort such as Sunsail’s Club Colonna in Antigua.

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You can find a number of US Coast Guard captain’s courses advertised right here in Latitude. But until recently, you had to fly to Europe to get RYA instruction. Sausalito’s Modern Sailing Academy now offers a range of RYA courses, taught by the school’s head instructor, John Connolly, the only American certified to do so. Earning your RYA ‘ticket’ just might help you land that cushy job on some swank European megayacht or at a tropical seaside resort such as one of Sunsail’s Watersports Beach Clubs. Call (800) 995-1668 or see www.modernsailing.com.

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Formerly President FD Roosevelt’s private yacht, she is available this summer for a variety of special sailings (booked by the head), including a Fourth of July Champagne Cruise. See www.usspotomac.org for complete info.

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Deadline is the 18th at 5pm. See page 216 for details.
We Be Jammin’!
Windjamming in Downeast Maine

Given the scope of international turmoil these days, it’s no wonder that some American sailors are nervous about vacationing abroad. Although we think the fears of many would-be travelers are overblown, we can understand how uncertainty can lead to angst and stress—two emotions you can do without while vacationing. That’s precisely why we’ve decided to focus this month’s charter column on a decidedly worry-free sailing destination: the waters of ‘Downeast Maine’.

Although plenty of modern yachts ply these waters, and bareboats are available in limited quantities, the most highly revered vessels here are a fleet of vintage schooners whose legacy dates back more than 200 years.

Until steamships encroached on their market at the beginning of the 20th century, coastal schooners were the mainstay of commercial transport all along the Eastern Seaboard, carrying cargos such as lumber, granite, bricks, lime, farm produce, fish and shellfish. By the 1930s, however, most of these grand old workhorses had been left to rot in New England backwaters. It was indeed a lucky twist of fate when a rural artist named Frank Swift concocted a novel use for these aging beauties, as pleasure-cruise vessels for urban escapes.

Swift bought his first schooner in 1936, at the height of the Great Depression. But despite the hard times which choked the national economy, Swift soon found a ready market for his innovative sailing cruises. Then, as today, the lure of nature, physical exercise, hearty home-cooked meals and comradeship were the selling points that kept customers coming back again and again.

By the time Swift retired in 1961, he’d bought and refurbished many proud schooners, and had built the vacation option dubbed ‘windjamming’ into a thriving business.

Today’s fleet is comprised of 14 vessels, which sail out of the ‘mid-coast’ towns of Camden, Rockport and Rockland—part of the region that locals call Downeast. Ranging in size from 46 to 132 feet, they accommodate between 6 and 40 passengers on three to six-day cruises. Within this classic armada are two of Swift’s original vessels, the Grace Bailey and the Mercantile. Built in 1871, they are America’s oldest working ‘coastal schooners’. Others in the group have similarly impressive pedigrees, having been fishing schooners, cargo schooners or racing yachts—eight of these, in fact, have been designated as National Historic Landmarks. In addition, four new schooners of similar lines have been built for the fleet since Swift’s era.

Unlike most charter boats today, these vessels are traditionally rigged without the aid of such new-fangled contraptions as roller-furling and self-tailing winches—if winches are used at all. Instead, sails are raised and trimmed the old-fashioned way, with many arms and backs pulling together. Although each schooner carries a relatively large professional crew, hands-on participation is part of the fun.

The camaraderie born of such shared experiences often generates lasting friendships and leaves participants feeling revitalized, with a new appreciation for America’s maritime heritage.

Scheduled sailings run between May and early October, and the guest list on any given cruise is likely to be quite diverse. Folks of all ages, from many walks of life and many parts of the U.S. and Canada enjoy these trips annually. Accommodations are in two, three or four-person cabins.

Maine boasts roughly 3,000 islands clustered along 3,000 miles of coastline. While you’ll only see a small portion of it during a week-long cruise, you’ll certainly get a good sampling of the area’s dramatic...

*Put your back into it, maties!* Participation in the sailing chores is definitely not mandatory, but few can resist the urge to join in the fun.
verdant scenery, its historic waterside towns and villages, and even its culinary traditions. Bountiful meals served "family style" in the great salon or on deck are a long-established tradition. In addition to special treats such as fresh-baked breads, pies and sometimes even hand-cranked ice cream, every schooner cruise includes a traditional lobster bake ashore on an island beach. As the promoters like to say, no one has ever gone hungry on a schooner cruise.

Besides the sheer majesty of sailing aboard such vintage craft in these well-protected waters, the region’s prolific wildlife is a big draw for vacationers. On a typical cruise, you’re likely to see bald eagles, ospreys, dozens of varieties of ducks, as well as seals, porpoises and sometimes a whale or two.

As you might imagine, the traditional lobster bake that’s part of every cruise is always a highlight.

— Races and Rendezvous

• **Music Festival, Week of July 31** — Fleet will gather on Friday night for live shipboard performances. The wide range of entertainment includes blues, folk and sea chantey singers as well as story-tellers.

• **Camden Windjammer Weekend, Week of August 28** — The fleet gathers in picturesque Camden Harbor for festivities, reminiscent of the days when hundreds of coastal schooners lined the waterfront — including a parade of sail, live music, dancing and fireworks.

• **WoodenBoat Sail-In, Week of September 11** — Now celebrating it’s 20th year, this annual fall gathering of the fleet takes place in Brooklin, Maine, headquarters of WoodenBoat Magazine and WoodenBoat School.

For further info, see www.sailmainecoast.com/ and http://midcoast.com/~schooner/
the windjammin’ season has already begun.
— latitude/aet

Turkish Delight

Turkish delight is a type of candy made and sold in Turkey and throughout the Middle East. It’s sweet and comes in many different colors, sizes and flavors — something for just about everyone. That description could fit sailing in Turkey as well, with its many different flavors, sizes and colors — something to appeal to almost every sailor.

My wife Miri and I, both longtime sailors, cruised Turkish waters 14 years ago, and had vowed to return someday. Last summer we finally did, chartering a Jeanneau 37 bareboat with Miri’s two sisters and their husbands — all of whom were non-sailors.

Because we were not anxious to face the inevitable growth and development of the coastal areas we had visited years ago and loved, we chose a stretch of coast that was new to us: Gokova Bay, located on Turkey’s southwest coast adjacent to Marmaris. The main harbor is the historic town of Bodrum.

After arriving at Istanbul, Turkey’s ancient capital, a one-hour flight took us to Bodrum Airport. With the Crusader Castle of St. Peter guarding a tranquil harbor, Bodrum is the quintessential picture-postcard Mediterranean port.

This historic town is a wonderful departure point for a one- or two-week sailing trip, with a variety of itineraries to consider. It’s also a busy tourist Mecca with a bustling waterfront. Dozens, if not hundreds, of beautiful, hand-crafted wooden sailboats called gulets are based here, offering both week-long catered cruises and daysails to nearby swimming holes. Somehow, the hordes of tourists, shops and restaurants didn’t disturb the experience. Bodrum’s streets were very clean and tidy and, less than two blocks from the bustling waterfront, all was peaceful and quiet.

After contacting several charter companies, we went with the British firm Nautilus Yacht Charters, which has a base right at Bodrum. They were great to deal with: prompt, courteous and efficient. Our three-cabin 2003 Sun Odys-
sey 37 never felt crowded.

We sailed out of Bodrum and headed southeast twenty miles across the Gokova Bay for Cece Buku, one of dozens of scenic, protected anchorages. Due to a problem with the boat’s GPS chart plotter, however, we soon were diverted to Cokertme, a well-known town with several restaurants, where one of the charter technicians would meet us to try to repair the problem. This unexpected detour turned out to be one of the highlights of the trip. We had the best traditional Turkish food with fresh fish at Captain Ibrahim’s Restaurant, a scenic open air waterfront ‘taverna’, and enjoyed fresh grapes from vines which overhang the restaurant.

We also met Timocin Oncur there, a 73-year-old sailor from Bodrum, who is said to be one of the area’s most notable sailors and racers. Timocin pointed out many good spots on our chart for the coming week.

Soon the family crew got into the on-board routine. Miri’s two sisters and their husbands, all in their early 50’s, soon proved to be an able, willing and capable crew. None of them had ever been on a boat before, much less a sailboat for a week. Motion sickness was never an issue, despite the fact that we often had over 25 knots of wind — who says there’s no wind in the Med? — and had to pound into head seas more than once.

While pumping the head and conserving fresh water were novelties to them, they soon became accustomed. By the trip’s end, they were all seasoned sailors, launching and retrieving the dinghy, ty-
ing a stern line ashore, grinding winches, trimming sails and steering a compass course.

Gokova Bay offers many islands, coves and anchorages. We sailed up Amazon Creek, then around Seven Islands, on to English Harbor and Degerman Bay, then to Sogut and past Cleopatra’s Island. Each stop was delightful. We often moored stern-to (Mediterranean style) a dock or wharf, making it easy to go ashore for a stroll, pick up a fresh loaf of bread and mingle with the locals.

Other times we dropped the hook in a quiet anchorage and enjoyed great swimming, delicious dinners cooked onboard and lots of beer and wine.

We found the local restaurants and markets to be very reasonable and the food excellent. We loved the local beer, named Efes. (Ironically, ‘efes’ is the Hebrew word for ‘zero’, but Efes beer definitely rated much higher.)

After a week of wonderful sun, good consistent wind and great sailing, we reluctantly headed back to Bodrum, arriving on Sunday night, just in time to be Timocin’s guests at an awards ceremony at the Bodrum Yacht Club. We had a wonderful time meeting Timocin’s crew, while enjoying some wonderful finger food, beer, wine and Raki (the local drink, very similar to Ouzo). It was a great ending to a wonderful charter trip, which had indeed been a real ‘Turkish Delight’.

— john skoriak

John — Thanks for your insightful report. To complete our look at Aegean chartering, we’ll follow up next month with a report on chartering in Greece, by a professor of ancient history.

Exploring the Path Less Traveled
With the Globe-Trotting Swede

We don’t often profile skippers of private charter boats based outside the Bay Area, but the offerings of this fellow are pretty remarkable.

We first met Lars Hassler — aka the ‘globe-trotting swede’ — in the early ’90s, when he was in the middle of an around-the-world cruise, financed partly by taking paying crew. Smart, athletic and easy-going, Lars is an instantly likable guy who’s had several diverse careers and many unusual sailing adventures. Trained as an attorney in Sweden and the U.S., he bailed on that career in the late ’70s to backpack around the world by land and sea. Later, he built up a kitty to buy a brand-new Beneteau 50 by working as a commodities trader. In 1988, he moved aboard Jennifer, sold...
OF CHARTERING

everything he owned and set out to circumnavigate.

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Now available everywhere in the world at the beginning of each month in electronic form – and looking more spectacular than ever! The issues will be exactly like the print version, as they will be magazine rather than scrolling format, and include all the display ads and Classy Classifieds.

No matter if you’re at anchor in Zihua, hanging on the hook off Bora Bora, making your way up the Red Sea, cruising off New Caledonia, or pretending to be working at your office on Montgomery Street, if you have Internet access and a reasonably up-to-date computer, you’ll be able to get the latest issue of Latitude 38. That’s right. From Pichilinque to Peru, from Cape Horn to Hong Kong, from the South of France to Catalina, from your house in Orinda to your boat at South Beach Harbor, Latitude 38 is going to be there and waiting for you.

But there is even better news. Your issues of Latitude — and particularly the photographs — will look more dazzling than ever, because rather than appearing on newsprint, they’re going to be on your computer screen. The difference in the quality is, well, astonishing! You won’t believe the difference until you check it out.

The May, June, July and August, 2006, issues of Latitude on e-Book will be free. Single issues after that will be $7 each with a one-year subscription at $36. Once you see the photos, we think you’ll agree that it’s well worth it!

And don’t worry, it only takes a couple of minutes to do a once-only free download of the FlipViewer software. From then on, access to entire issues will be almost instantaneous.

To get your free issue of Latitude 38 on e-Book, visit our website at www.latitude38.com, and follow the easy directions. We think you’re going to love it.
Reba — Celestial 48 Ketch
Steve & Jamie Sidells
On Being Self-Reliant
(Incline Village, Nevada)

Since returning from the South Pacific in ‘04, we’ve hosted several preparation seminars for prospective Puddle Jumpers at the Vallarta YC. In the seminars we’ve tried to stress the value of knowing one’s boat and being prepared for the unexpected at sea, because every boat is on her own out there. But it often seems as if our message is a bit wide of the mark for some attendees, who are so anxious to get started. So maybe our recent experience coming back to Puerto Vallarta from Tenacatita Bay will help reinforce that our advice applies to everyone.

After motorsailing all day into increasing wind and seas, Reba’s engine suddenly overheated off Chamela right about sunset. I assumed that it was a saltwater pump impeller problem, but it was rough, so I couldn’t investigate until later. So I just shut the engine down.

By midnight, we had 30 knots of wind and about 8-foot seas. It was wet, but we were fine. At 1:15 a.m. — yes, that magic hour for gremlins — we noticed that the bilge pump was going on whenever we were heeled hard to starboard. A quick check of the engine room revealed that we had bilge water two feet deep — almost as high as the electrical panel! It was also clear that we had heavy flooding somewhere aft.

Quickly checking, I found the sump pump was very hot and just barely running. The bilge pump was running, but not keeping up with the flooding. While Jamie quickly manned the bilge pump, I searched for the source of the incoming water. It was critical, because with our main engine out of order, our ultimate last ‘bilge pump’, the ship’s raw water pump, would not be available. And we were eight miles at sea.

I looked into the packing inspection port, and it was flooded — even though the packing itself seemed fine. But water was already over the floorboards. What was going on?! It was no time for fatigue or to feel sorry for ourselves. It was time to prove that we knew our boat, our spares, and our tools.

Thinking about the aft of the boat, I remembered that Reba has a hose inside the aft deck locker that connects the three deck scupper drains on each side. Usually it’s 18 inches above the waterline, but could it have something to do with the ingress of water? While the wind and sea swirled, I went — with life-jacket and safety harness on — to the aft deck and opened the locker. The hose had somehow become disconnected, so deck water was pouring inside the hull through a 1-inch hose.

After a quick trip to the tool box, grabbing a few wedges along the way, I reconnected the hose and stopped the flooding — and just in time. Apparently, pounding into the sea had shifted items in the locker and somehow pulled the hose loose.

We hope this example demonstrates how important it is for everyone to know their boat intimately, for you also may be called on to solve a similar problem at night. And even though you might be fatigued or even injured, it’s probably going to be up to you to solve the problem.

Amazingly, by the time we got to normally breezy Cabo Corrientes, we were becalmed. That gave us the chance to repair the engine at sea. So once we got back to the dock, we only had to take care of the extensive damage caused by the flooding.

— Steve & Jamie 04/15/06

Breila — Contessa 39
Mike & Catharine Whitby
Patagonia And Cape Horn
(Vancouver, B.C.)

There have been lots of reports in Latitude about the wonders of Ecuador — especially since it is such a great place to wait out Central America’s rainy season and/or jump off to the South Pacific. But it’s south of Ecuador that cruisers find themselves really off the beaten path. We know, because we’ve been cruising the Pacific Coast of South America for two seasons now. The primary reason for cruisers to sail south of Ecuador, of course, is to reach Patagonia and to round famous Cape Horn. That was our goal, and now that we’ve accomplished it, we’d like to share some of our thoughts about cruising in the ‘far south’.

There Are Cruisers Down Here. Thanks

With reports this month from Reba on repairing a sudden ingress of water; from Breila on cruising to and around Cape Horn; from Eaux Vives on the Antigua Classic Regatta; from Swell on surfing adventures in Mexico; and a generous helping of Cruise Notes.
to sailing magazine coverage given this area in recent years, the number of cruisers has continued to grow. The previous season, there were as many as 35 yachts checking in with the HF radio net in Patagonia — which covers the Falkland Islands to Easter Island. This year there are 50 yachts checking in. Most of the cruisers are from Europe, Australia, New Zealand, and Canada. It puzzles us that the United States is so under-represented. There were only two U.S. boats this season, including Holger Kreuzhage and Tracy Brown’s Sausalito-based 72-ft gaff topsail schooner Lord Jim, which was on a passage from the South Pacific through the Straits of Magellan.

Yes, There Are Singlehanders Down Here, Too. We are amazed at how many singlehanders there are here this year — eight out of 50 boats. The ones we’ve met are exceptionally good sailors who have always had adventure high on the list of things they enjoy. They were not about to let the fact that they were alone deter them. Some take on crew when available, others do not. We truly marvel at how they can manage here — especially with having to go through the anchoring hassle each day.

Six Months On, Six Months Off, Still Works. Most cruisers in Mexico — ourselves included — spend six months on their boat, then return north by plane or road for six months. We assumed that once we’d left Mexico, all cruisers would be full-timers, but that hasn’t been the case. Even this far south, about half of the cruisers spend four to seven months a year away from their boats. If you plan in advance, you can find plenty of places down here to safely leave your boat, making part-time cruising possible.

Last year we left Breila on the hard at Puerto Montt while we flew to the U.S. and Canada for eight months. It worked out very well.

You Can Charter In This Part Of The World. There is a healthy fleet of skippered charter yachts offering the opportunity to sail around Cape Horn and among the Beagle Channel glaciers — or even longer trips to Antarctica or the Falklands and/or South Georgia.

Tak about your changes in latitudes, this is Mike, reclining with a cerveza, at Zihua SailFest. He and Catharine were big organizers in ‘03.
Islands. If you’d prefer not to see these places from your own boat, you can do it on the charter boats for between $200 and $500 a day — depending on the amount of comfort and adventure you desire. In fact, many cruisers with their own boats down here decide that 10-day expedition charters to Antarctica, which leave from Ushuaia, are the best way to see the White Continent.

We Motored Often. Down here you spend much of your time in narrow north-south channels, in which the wind inevitably blows out of the north or south — no matter which direction it might be blowing in the open Pacific. Even when the wind blew from a favorable direction, we often motorsailed, as getting to the next anchorage was crucial. Maximizing one’s range under power is important because there are very few fuel stops in the 1,000 miles between Puerto Montt and Puerto Williams/Ushuaia. It’s recommended that boats have a range of at least 500 miles under power. We felt comfortable because we have a range of almost 700 miles. Nonetheless, we did sail some of the time, and even set the chute for a few hours.

Cape Horn Is Do-Able. Rounding feared ‘Old Cape Stiff’ is, of course, a major goal for those who venture this far south. Thanks to accurate weather forecasts and two anchorages within just 14 miles of the Cape, it’s actually not that hard. Making a rounding starting from Chile’s Puerto Williams usually takes between four and seven days. Surprisingly, the weather is settled often enough at the Horn itself that about 50% of crews are able to go ashore at Isla de Hornos to visit the monument, take photos, and meet representatives of the Chilean Armada. Normally, however, one crewmember stays aboard to watch the boat. But you can even buy a souvenir t-shirt at Isla de Hornos. Indeed, we were more than a little disappointed to hear that a concession is being built at Cape Horn, complete with docking facilities, so that cruise ship passengers may go ashore. It’s our understanding that once this facility is completed, landing fees will apply to everyone.

We had a great sail around the Horn, but the wind freshened considerably when we got in front of the very unprotected Bahia Leones, preventing us from being able to go ashore. In fact, we had a difficult time getting back to a safe anchorage, as it required seven hours of sailing into 40+ knots of wind and very short and steep waves. We tried to make a landing the second day also, but bad weather thwarted us once again.

Winter Isn’t That Bad. Although the marinas on the Beagle Channel at Ushuaia, Argentina, and Puerto Williams, Chile, are at about 55° South, it’s still possible to sail in the winter. In fact, that’s the time when most long-timers prefer to sail, as there is less wind and rain during the austral winter. We’ve enjoyed some really lovely sunny and windless days, comparable to cool autumn days in the Pacific Northwest. And there are considerably fewer boats about. The bad news is that it’s colder in the winter, with the temperatures averaging just below freezing. In addition, the days are much shorter, necessitating quick hops from one safe anchorage to the next, something that greatly lengthens passages.

Long Distance Days Are Out. While sailing in the channels, a good day is 50 to 60 miles, but on average we’d move about 30 miles daily going south, and
anchoring conditions. The result can be very stressful cruising. We even encountered some gales in the channels.

It’s Dangerous Cruising Down Here. While we knew this would be a challenging sailing area, the cautionary tales can’t be overstated. Every year at least one cruising boat is involved in a disaster that includes either the loss of the boat or a life. This season one boat was lost because of a propane fire. Had the boat not been in such a remote area, she might not have become a total loss. As it was, the crew had to camp ashore for 21 days before being rescued! A few months later, two boats were rolled in the 70-knot winds of a storm that hadn’t been forecast. Both boats were dismantled. One skipper managed to limp into port under jury rig seven days later, but the other boat and skipper were never seen again.

The season before, several boats endured dismantings, roll-overs, or knock-downs in very high seas and powerful winds. Even when the weather conditions aren’t horrendous, constant vigilance is required to sail in this area. It’s tiring. We think that cruisers with boats under 40 feet in length — ours is 38 feet — should think very carefully before deciding that this is an area they really want to cruise.

New Anchoring Techniques Are Required. All the previous anchoring rules are reversed down here. We’d look for the smallest gap in the rocky shoreline to sneak into, watching for areas where the trees have grown straight up, not bent over. Then we’d back in, drop the hook, jump in the dinghy, row quickly ashore, and make fast to the trees. Like everyone else, we carried four extra shorelines of chain, as well as several heavy anchors on all-chain rode. We used these for the anchorage four times a day. One occasion we had to change anchorages four times and ultimately travel 20 miles to find an anchorage with sufficient shelter from the weather. Most of the anchorages are deep right to the shore and have little swinging room. As such, we tucked right up against the land and tied off. In

15 to 20 miles going north. The 1,000-mile trip from Ushuaia to Puerto Montt takes several months, with only a few places in between to provision, refuel, and meet crew/guests. Like most others, we avoided offshore passages whenever possible.

The Weather Can Be Ferocious. Yesterday’s forecast included rachas to 100 knots — and the Horn actually recorded gusts to 130 knots! That’s nothing to be taken lightly. It’s not uncommon for the wind to blow from one direction at 50 knots, then half an hour later blow at 50 knots from the other direction. You cannot over prepare for conditions like that. Again, numerous sailing magazine articles in recent years have extolled the pleasures of sailing Patagonia, but read between the lines, because it’s truly extreme sailing. During the course of our adventure, we experienced some of the worst weather we could have imagined. Constant vigilance is required because of both changes in the weather and difficult

IN LATITUDES
conditions they have ever encountered. This year we met three boats whose crew abandoned their northbound passage through the Chilean canals, and several others said they wished they had.

It's Hard, But It's Worth It. Like all the other cruisers we've talked to, we'll forever cherish our memories of sailing in Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego, and around Cape Horn. Now we're looking forward to cruising in the warm waters of Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil. Believe us, a little warm wind sounds pretty good about now!

— mike & catharine 04/15/06

Eaux Vives — Beneteau 40
Susie Bowman & Lance Batten Antigua Classic Yacht Regatta (Berkeley)

We know you folks at Latitude love St. Barth, and so do we, but for those of us not accustomed to rubbing shoulders with the glitterati, Antigua has its charms. We came to the Antigua Classic Regatta in early April so that we could join the other dockwalkers in drooling over the acres of brightwork and all the polished brass. But it turns out that the most fun thing to do is not watch the classic yachts race from atop Shirley Heights, but actually sail aboard one of the boats. We found this out after being invited to join Skip and Barbara Eaton aboard their 44-ft French pilot boat Ragnar. Their 25-ton gaff schooner was built of wood in Germany in '02 — from a 1910 design. Ragnar is a heavy boat designed for strong winds and big seas, so we weren't very competitive in the first race, which featured abnormally light winds for Antigua. Indeed, it took us nearly an hour to make it across the starting line. The whole fleet ended up milling around and chatting until the lighter boats finally responded to a faint breeze that finally came up. As it turned out, we finished just 10 minutes before the six-hour deadline! Our exhausted crew collapsed shortly after sunset, missing the party sponsored by Mt. Gay Rum. This probably gave us the advantage in Race 2, as all the boats with crew sporting red Mt. Gay hats — purchased at the cost of three rum drinks — looked a little grey.

We had our best day on the third and final race, which was sailed on the Cannonball course. For this race they place a mark six miles off English Harbor, making it a tradewind reach both going out and coming back in. What a thrill it was to see some well-matched 135-ft J Class yachts charging down on us under a cloud of sail, their huge crews wearing matching uniforms. At one point we were temporarily becalmed because the Elenora, the 136-ft Herreshoff gaff schooner, sailed right over the top of us and stole our wind.

The very big boats — such as Ranger, Eleonora, Altair, Aschanti IV and Ticonderoga — have professional crews and take the racing very seriously. The rest of us could relax after the races and enjoy the plummy British spit & polish at a distance.

We particularly enjoyed the charming graciousness of the race committee, and loved the stately pre-racing parade of classic yachts through Nelson's Dockyard in English Harbor. But seeing — and feeling — the spray flying from these grand old ladies pressed to the hilt in indigo seas under brilliant blue skies was the thrill of a lifetime! We've put an unreasonable number of
But don't forget to watch for squalls! Huddle under a towel on the foredeck.

Comfort of the salon, and don't have to been able to view our monitor from the deck on a USB extension cord snaked up wire. We've wireless USB adaptor placed up on the those fancy antennas, but do use a good very reasonable priced internet access. We've Lucia from out in the anchorages, and this was the place to get it lubed. My backside surfing was in need of some oiling, and this was the place to get it lubed.

By the end of the first day, we'd met most of the local surfers, either in the water or while hanging at the little restaurant with the best view of the point. We couldn't remember the name of the place, but it became our daily hangout. It was almost like the bleachers at a high school football game, both because of the excellent view of the action and the perpetual chitchat amongst the mix of surfers who hung there before and after sessions.

The tiny town attracted the usual group of sundry surfers in search of their fix. Unlike the speechless surf line-ups in the States, the folks in the water at the less well-known Mexican surf spots have generally been warm and welcoming. And why not, as the locals are usually tired of talking to each other, and the newcomers are lonely. Following a brief conversation and a shared surf session, Shannon usually felt as though we'd been initiated. Such was the case at this break, as by the end of the first day we were 'in'.

Had our time there been a remake of an episode of the Brady Bunch, I surely would have found myself smiling down at Shannon from the top left square during "I'd never surfed such a long left, and after a few waves sent me into uncontrollable giggles, I knew I was going to get my fill," says Liz.

"I'd never surfed such a long left, and after a few waves sent me into uncontrollable giggles, I knew I was going to get my fill," says Liz.
CHANGES

Liz's Cal 40 'Swell' was built way back in the '60s, so she's pretty basic. Nonetheless, she's got everything a sailing surfer needs.

The intro. In the other squares would be the common overland surf traveler, the 'shoulda been here 20 years ago' guy, and the genuine local Mexican surfer. The first of these types can come from as far away as Holland, such as Klas, or as near as Seal Beach, such as Todd. And they can be everything from mega-rippers to shoulder-hopping funboarders. You can generally judge how long they've been away from home by how shaggy their hair is. The 'shoulda been here 20 years ago' guy is easily spotted by his extreme tan and his non-stop stories of how we really blew it by not being born earlier. This type says the waves used to be better and the water warmer, there was never anyone out, and a mermaid dragged him back to the line-up after every ride. Blah, blah, blah. Sure buddy. These guys just tend to be mad because now a girl can paddle faster than they can.

In absolute contrast to this type of character was Flaco, filling the 'Mexican local' square. With his explosive backhand dominance in the line-up, he just smiled and let his surfing do the talking. And then there was Pablo, in a square of his own. He was an experienced bluewater sailor and longtime lover of the sea. Shannon deemed him a true American-Mexican, as he'd lived south of the border for over 30 years. Nearly as jubilant and fiery as I can be, his whole body shook when he spoke. His laugh was loud and unconstrained, his eyes were bright and youthful — he had a spirit that hadn't been crushed by the 9 to 5 world up north. When he heard of our sailing-surfing plans, he nearly exploded with questions and advice, and quickly took us under his helpful wing.

As the week progressed, we found ourselves immersed in Semana Santa, which is both Easter and Spring Break in Mexico. The population of the little town quadrupled in size, as very large families pitched their tents wherever they could find space — high or low, in sand or dirt, it didn't seem to matter. They happily indulged in piles of fresh fruit and basked in the sun. Unlike most American campers, who seem to bring along a car full of olive green gadgets to replicate nearly everything they have at home, the Mexicans were more concerned with family and fun than appliances. It was hard to distinguish one family from another, and everyone walked through everyone else's campsites. It was customary to stop under someone else's shade, and people offered each other food, smiles, and songs. A general feeling of joy oozed through the chaos like mud between one's toes. But by midweek the town felt the burden of its new population. Trash piles overflowed, the restaurants ran out of food, and the water happened to run out right as Shannon and I rubbed perfumed dollops of shampoo into our hair. That was to have been our first showers in five days.

One evening we accepted an invitation for dinner with some Californian surfers who were being hosted at the gorgeous vacation home of the Arche family of Mexico City. As I walked through the door — late — I jabbered on about how the local restaurant was out of everything except spaghetti. "I just don't like spaghetti," I declared boldly, and prattled on about how noodles "just seem like worthless food". Twenty minutes later, we sat down at a long, dark wood table, and were served from a big bowl of shrimp spaghetti. Beatriz, the charismatic and
Most mornings we were able to flag interesting others for rides turned out to be pretty big wave from the southern hemisphere. As it turned out, deciding on relying on my dinghy took over the falls by a process. We could have gotten to shore, then from the shore to the surf spot, and then two more to reverse the shore, then from the shore to the surf — the one from our boards in the back, and jump in with one chored, so we’d throw where

Next, we had to find a way from the town to the break. On the sweltering walk up the hill towards the main road, we’d take whichever came first, be it an innocuous-looking ride or a passing taxi. By the second day, we agreed not to waste our money on taxis, and found ourselves bouncing along in the front of a bright orange Dorito delivery truck. After a brief stop to restock the local gas station with a day’s supply of chips, Armando and Juan Carlos kindly took us all the way out the dirt road, delivering us just a skip away from the point. As we disembarked from our malade-colored magic carpet, the guys already perched at the restaurant just shook their heads in disbelief. The local police became another staple ‘go-to’ option. Pablo set us up with them the first afternoon, and everyday thereafter, the police always stopped when they saw us, all three of them motioning for us to jump in. They always made a pass down the dirt road before heading back to the main town where Swell was anchored, so we’d throw our boards in the back and jump in with one of the policia, his AK-47 casually slung across his back.

The last trip of each day — the one from town back out to the boat — was always the most unusual, as it would usually begin with Shannon and me hopping out of a truck or Jeff or Clark’s slick rental minivan at about midnight, sunburned, aching, and exhausted. Having left our boards at the surf spot for the next day, Shannon and I would both make a ‘there’s no alternative’ sigh, walk out to the breakwater, and throw our dusty clothes into the dry bag. On the rise of the surge, I’d dog-dive off the rocks and into the black abyss to make sure it was deep enough. Shannon would then slide in behind me. One night a group of 14-year-old boys watched in disbelief as we plunged off the rocks and into the dark sea. Shannon said she felt like a Charlie’s Angel. Hair wet yet again, we’d swim the 200 yards back towards Swell’s faithfully swaying anchor light. There was always a bit of negative anticipation before we jumped into the water, but these actually turned out to be magical swims. We were surrounded by darkness, the lights of the town flickering on shore, the stars smeared across the overhead blackness, and glowing flecks of phosphorescence trailed our motion through the black water. By the time we heaved our fluorescently speckled bodies up the side of the boat, we’d be laughing and reminiscing about the events of the day — much of which involved Shannon breaking hearts right and left!

Okay, I saved the best for last — the waves. If you’re a surfer sitting in a cubicle under a flickering fluorescent light, save yourself the agony and don’t read on. But when it came to the waves in Mexico, I was a kid in a candy store, a fat guy at an all-you-can-eat smorgie, a different kind of curves. As early as Cabo, consecutive days of surfing would leave Liz’s arms feeling like they were made of steel.
mosquito in a room full of lightly clothed gringos, a cow in a green pasture. In other words, I was hungry. During the daylight hours, I was possessed by the waves — it was overhead all week long — that constantly caressed the point. I’d surf a morning session and eventually straggle in to the restaurant. While sucking down a mango-banana licuado that would put Jamba Juice out of business, I’d try to hang with the group of surfers recalling the waves of the morning. Just as one would launch into a story, my eyes would stick to a set lining up through the inside. My mind would wander as it rifled through the mechanics of my backside surfing.

Wave after wave would come through with enough size and power to allow me to make 10 turns! I’d crank the next one a little more vertical, drop in a little deeper, drive around a section a bit faster and smoother — mad with excitement, drive around a section a bit faster and smoother — mad with excitement, deeper, drive around a section a bit faster and smoother. Herman, dripping wet, carrying on to his infamous water backpack, and we waved the gift of ‘stoke’ to her Mexican buddies Herman and Octavio. I'd try to hang with the group of surfers recalling the waves of the morning. Just as one would launch into a story, my eyes would stick to a set lining up through the inside. My mind would wander as it rifled through the mechanics of my backside surfing.

Wave after wave would come through with enough size and power to allow me to make 10 turns! I’d crank the next one a little more vertical, drop in a little deeper, drive around a section a bit faster and smoother — mad with excitement, energy, and creativity. I was in love with surfing, the warmth, the freedom of my new life, and the victory of each small progression. It was a high that I’d previously only experienced in fleeting flashes, but now it was around long enough to get comfortable with. As I dropped into a wave on the evening of the fourth day, the sun’s reflection was hung up in the lip. I placed my feet with the perfect angle and glided down the glowing face. It all came together. I set my rail hard, went straight up into the pocket, and cracked the lip above me. Fortunately, for both peace of mind and a break for my body, the swell finally faded. If it hadn't, I'm not sure I could have left.

On our last day in the area, we arrived back at Swell’s cove midday with a heap of goods from our week on land. We’d left everything overnight at the break, and thus had accumulated quite a pile. It was Easter Sunday and the pangas weren’t heading out to fish, so I paddled a load out to Swell and grabbed the longboard for the next pickup. Upon returning to the beach, I found Shannon had lent her board to a little boy playing in the water. He clung to it like a long lost friend, floundering happily in the ankle-deep whitewash. I walked up to little Herman and asked him if he wanted some help catching a wave.

“Quieres ayuda? Soy una maestra de surfer,” I gently tempted. His eyes lit up and he excitedly plopped his belly square on the stringer where I patted the board. I launched him out over the incoming waves, reverting to my days as a summertime surf instructor in Del Mar. He looked at me with wide-eyed trust. “Listo?” I asked. He nodded with slight reluctance, as I pushed into the momentum of the incoming swell. In my rush back to the beach, I had neglected to put the fin in the tail of the board, so I held on as we rode towards the shore, doubling as the board’s rudder. Herman didn’t stand up for the first three waves, but on the fourth he rose and planted his grubby little feet beneath him — and with style. His face glowed as he dismounted that first wave, and I slapped him a congratulatory high-five. He immediately wanted his buddy to try, and so for the next hour Herman and Octavio took turns popping to their feet as we rode together toward the sand. It felt good to share the joy I’d felt all week.

I finally had to pull the plug on the fun — we would be sailing all night and needed a bit of time to get Swell ready for sea. So Shannon strapped on her infamous water backpack, and we waved good-bye to the new little surfers. I almost felt guilty as I looked back to see Herman, dripping wet, carrying on to his dad on the beach about what had happened. Surfing can change your life.

— Liz 04/18/06

Cruise Notes:
Bob van Blaricom has done a lot of sailing in his 75 years, but on his latest trip, he saw a few things he’d never seen before:

“When my friend Carl Seipel — a circumnavigator who had crewed aboard our boat Misty on two cruises to the Northwest and Alaska — decided to sail his Yankee 30 Tootsie to New Zealand, I went along for the first leg to La Paz. We had a very strange experience the first night when we sailed between Pigeon Point and Point Sur. I was on watch when I heard a very low, steady tone like that of a diaphone. It was loud enough for Carl to hear it in his bunk and to ask me what was going on. I didn’t know. But I did observe three evenly-spaced looms of light on the horizon. They were far enough away so that I couldn’t see the source of the light, meaning the source was probably 10 or more miles away — which was totally inconsistent with the volume of the tone. As I was looking at the lights through the binoculars, I was amazed to see what I can only describe as ‘reverse...
Before leaving the dock at the start of the trip from Tiburon to La Paz, Bob van Blaricom had that 'don’t give me any UFO crap' look.

A pellet gun, but still I didn’t like being in the crossfire all that much. The next scene was even wilder, as the antagonists got into their outboard-powered inflatables and engaged in a ramming battle! The Washington boat’s dinghy, with another dinghy lashed alongside, rammed the Oregon dinghy at speed, capsizing one dinghy, throwing two people into the water — including the Oregon guy — and sending his dinghy zooming round in circles with the motor at full throttle. It was total pandemonium! Miraculously, the Oregon guy managed to catch his dinghy and crawl aboard, then retreat to his boat while hurling dire threats at his attackers. Shortly thereafter, the Mexican Navy showed up to board both yachts. I decided to change neighborhoods by re-anchoring near an American schooner — whose skipper informed me that the two ferro boats had been in the harbor for a whole year, and their skippers had been fighting continuously!

"After a nice sail to Cabo, we headed on up to La Paz, but were stopped by a Norther at Los Frailes. Unsure of how long it would last, I decided to hitch a ride to the airport and let Carl get on with his singlehanding. I caught a ride to the beach, then stuck out my thumb. My first ride on the dirt road was with a couple of elderly American desert rats in a jeep. My second was with a Mexican family in the back of their rattly old pickup. The third ride toward the highway was with a silent young Mexican, who might have been some sort of cop. Finally, I got a ride with another young Mexican in a van heading south toward the airport, which is where he works. He drove like a maniac, stopping twice to water the flowers at a couple of those

The whole works is housed in one new little building right on the waterfront, and there are separate windows for the Harbormaster, Customs, and Immigration. There’s even a mini-bank to pay the fees. The only thing missing was a copy machine with which to make the multiple copies of everything that the officials require. That means you have to run all over town to find a copy shop that isn’t closed for siesta and whose copy machine isn’t broken.”

"While Carl was ashore, I anchored Tootsie between a pair of ferro-cement sailboats — a green cutter from Oregon and a black ketch from Washington. While waiting, I began to hear an unbelievable stream — in English — of profanity, ranting, and death-threats over the VHF. Looking around with the binoculars, I soon figured out that the source of the outrage was the guy on the Oregon boat, who was directing it toward a hippie-looking group on the Washington boat. Next I heard several pings — and realized that the Oregon guy had a rifle and was shooting at them! It was only a pellet gun, but still I didn’t like being in the crossfire all that much. The next scene was even wilder, as the antagonists got into their outboard-powered inflatables and engaged in a ramming battle! The Washington boat’s dinghy, with another dinghy lashed alongside, rammed the Oregon dinghy at speed, capsizing one dinghy, throwing two people into the water — including the Oregon guy — and sending his dinghy zooming round in circles with the motor at full throttle. It was total pandemonium! Miraculously, the Oregon guy managed to catch his dinghy and crawl aboard, then retreat to his boat while hurling dire threats at his attackers. Shortly thereafter, the Mexican Navy showed up to board both yachts. I decided to change neighborhoods by re-anchoring near an American schooner — whose skipper informed me that the two ferro boats had been in the harbor for a whole year, and their skippers had been fighting continuously!

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little shrines built along the roads in memory of people who died in car accidents. When I asked why he was stopping, he explained they were memorials for his relatives! I was afraid someone might have to build one for me, but we arrived safely at the airport, and soon I was on a plane bound for home. It had been a most interesting three weeks.”

Seipel’s wife later reported that Carl made a 21-day solo passage from Cabo to Nuku Hiva, experiencing almost no calms in the doldrums. He expects to reach New Zealand, where he’s bought property, by November.

How fast can you sail around the world in a small boat? Well, singlehander Ardell Lien of San Diego left ‘America’s Finest City’ in May of last year aboard his Nor’ Sea 27 Catalyst, and in less than one year has made it all the way around to Brazil, which we figure is about 80% of a circumnavigation. After a short rest, he was going to resume his trip up the coast of South America, through the Canal, and hoped to be back in California before the end of summer. Latitude readers might recall that only about three years ago, Lien was so weak from congestive heart failure that he couldn’t climb a flight of stairs or lift a bag of groceries. But after a heart and kidney transplant at the Mayo Clinic, he’s became a new man. He calls his circumnavigation “a mission to build awareness of the need for organ donations around the world.” According to the www.organ-donation-for-life.com website, as many as seven lives can be saved or enhanced from the tragedy of just one person. The least we can all do in recognition of Lien’s feat is to check the website out and seriously consider putting ourselves on the list of organ donors.

“We were in Bequia for three weeks, including April 13-17 for the just-completed 25th annual Bequia Easter Regatta,” write Terry and Evelyn Drew of Aquarelle, a former charter boat the Aptos couple bought and keep in the Caribbean. “There were never more than 12 knots of wind this year. In fact, the cruising class division of the around-the-island race had to be called off. Nonetheless, it had been a hard-fought battle, and we’d made it to within just a few miles of the finish. The after-race party, which went on for hours, made up for it. The fishing boat class was interesting, as Iron Duke, which was built in 1885, made it back out on the water for the first time in many years. There’s no original
wood left in her hull, but the Portsmouth, New Hampshire-built boat is the one that all the Bequia boats are fashioned after. Trouble, built about 1890, and rebuilt last year, was also back on the course. In less good news, the crew of Perseverance, a 17-ft whale boat, managed to bag a 40-ft humpback whale on Sunday prior to the start of racing. The International Whaling Commission now allows Bequia to kill up to four whales a year, up from just two a few years ago. The island has a long history of whaling, and all who participate in the kill get a portion. For some it’s a major source of protein. We’re down in Tobago now, and half the boats that were in Bequia are here, too. Thankfully, the loud music hasn’t come with them. That stuff was really hard to take in Bequia, as sometimes it went on until 5 a.m., and there was no way to get away from it.

It’s June, which also means it’s the start of hurricane season in Mexico. Here’s the score of Mexican hurricanes in recent years: Last year there were seven hurricanes, the first starting on May 17, the last ending on October 3. None caused any real damage ashore. In ’04 there were six hurricanes, the first starting on July 19 and the last ending on September 19. Again, there wasn’t much damage. It was different in ’03, however, as there were seven hurricanes, the first of which wasn’t until August 22, and the last of which was October 26. But two of these were very destructive. The first of these was Ignacio in late August, which really made a mess of La Paz, as well as boats in and out of the water. But he wasn’t anything compared to Marty, which hit almost exactly a month later, causing extreme damage to boats and marinas in La Paz. Up in Puerto Escondido, it blew many boats ashore. While most of the waterfront of La Paz has been cleaned up nicely, there are still many battered boats around at anchor and on the hard, reminders of the terribly destructive power of hurricanes. Good luck to everyone with a boat in Mexico this season. As for the Caribbean-Atlantic hurricane season,
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which was so horrendously awful last year, it runs from July until December. Good luck to all you folks, too.

"I regret to have to inform everyone that Sylvia de La Mora has left her position here at Marina Mazatlan," reports Antonio Cevallos. "She was much loved by the members of the cruising community for her great service, generosity, and friendship. We'll miss her badly. Before her departure, the cruisers in Mazatlan and other friends organized a farewell party attended by 120 people. The good news is that Liana Buchanan has now joined the Marina Mazatlan team. She and her husband Bob, who runs Total Yacht Services, cruised for a year before deciding to call Marina Mazatlan home. They've been here for four years now. Liana has been a key volunteer in organizing many marina events, knows most of the cruisers who visit us on a regular basis, and knows all the places cruisers need to know about in this wonderful city."

"Our time in Acapulco passed quickly," write John and Amanda Neal of their all-over-the-planet-based Hallberg-Rassy 46 Mahina Tiare, which this summer they are sailing from Vancouver, B.C. to the Baltic countries via the Canal. "After a couple of rough days with the current bouncing Mahina Tiare off a concrete finger pier, Sr. Jose Marquez, the Club de Yates harbormaster, found a much better mooring spot for us across from the fuel dock. Changing berths involved undoing six dock lines and one stern mooring line. In order to not hit the expensive sportfishing boat sharing the berth, we had to have her skipper plus three helpers assist with the docklines. A stop at the club's fuel dock — the only place to fuel in Acapulco — took several hours, as we had to wait for two large sportfishing boats to fuel before we topped our main tanks plus the additional jerry jugs. It then took over an hour to carefully back into our new Med-style mooring and adjust the lines and fenders. Although the club has recently added over 100 new berths, the demand for slips here is tremendous, as the wealthy of Mexico are buying 100-ft plus powerboats the way people buy little Bayliners in the Northwest. But the club officials did their best to accommodate all of the even modest cruising boats. Our new stern-to berth meant that we could sleep through the night without having to get up to adjust mooring lines. Plus, we gained a fabulous view of the Acapulco skyline, where the

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night lights reach up behind the city into the mountain ridges behind.

“Provisioning took a fair amount of time,” the couple continue, “as traffic was tied up with holidays and parades. But we again used Wal-Mart for bulk and dry goods, and the new Gigante for vegetables. The quality and price of fruits and veggies varied considerably from store to store. It was so hot in Acapulco that John would leave for his morning run along the beaches well before sunrise, while Amanda would spend that time with her Rodney Yee yoga workout on DVD. The yacht club’s large swimming pool was our midday and early evening respite. One of the days we must have gone swimming five times, it was that hot. The pool is surrounded by lush, tropical plants and flowers, and the entire club premises is an oasis of calm, beauty, and extraordinary architecture. Stepping out the club gate requires a quick adjustment to the intense, bustling, and slightly dirty and smelly city. Maybe we’re turning into wimps, but the $800 charge for eight nights of moorage — the most we’re ever paid — seemed a bargain compared to being anchored out in the dirty harbor and having to worry about the security of the boat and the dinghy. If we weren’t working, we could never justify the expense, but as we treasure our days between expeditions, it was a joy to relax a little. The highlights of Acapulco were a leisurely afternoon spent at Fuerte San Diego, an impressive, huge, pentagon-shaped structure built to protect the treasures passing through Acapulco from English and Dutch privateers. The fuerte has been completely restored and turned into a first class museum. Plus, it was air-conditioned.”

We spent some time with Big O in Acapulco one May, and can empathize with John and Amanda. It’s as hot there as Acapulco Bay is naturally beautiful. And the Acapulco YC — which is actually a private club as opposed to a U.S.-style yacht club — and particularly the club’s pool, is a very welcome refuge. But $100/night for a mooring. Wow! They must think they’re in South Florida or...
Martha’s Vineyard. The truth of the matter is that Mexicans, from middle class on up, are starting to take to boating in a big way. In fact, the last time we were at Paradise Village, Harbormaster Dick Markie told us they were going to have to reconfigure their docks to accommodate a 170-ft motoryacht that will be permanently based there. On a slightly different scale, but no less important, Markie reported that Paradise Village will be the site of the prestigious J/24 Worlds next March, with entries expected from 30 countries.

One of the cultural differences Americans have the most difficulty with in Mexico is that laws are interpreted and enforced very differently from one area to another. For example, if you want to clear out of most ports in Mexico for the United States — an international clearance — you have to get a time-consuming and costly medical clearance. But if you clear out of Ensenada for the United States, they don’t require one. So what do mariners do if they are headed from Puerto Vallarta or Mazatlan or La Paz for San Diego? They clear from that port for Ensenada — an easy ‘domestic’ clearance — then pop over the border, not having had to get a medical clearance. We’ve even heard rumors that boats simply clear from P.V., Mazatlan, or La Paz for Ensenada, then don’t even bother stopping there at all. As long as you can prove that you came from Mexico, U.S. officials couldn’t seem to care less about any medical clearance.

Another area of Mexican law that is interpreted differently depending on where you are concerns the legal way to charter foreign-owned vessels. Neil and Mary Shroyer of Marina de La Paz tell us that, in the La Paz area, it can only be done under the auspices of a company that is 51% or more owned by a Mexican. But David Crowe of San Jose, who owns the Paradise Marina-based Choy-Morrelli 70 catamaran Humu-Humu, says that’s not how it works in Puerto Vallarta. “I know because I have formed the required Mexican corporation, having undergone all the necessary inspections, and am now duly approved to conduct charters in Mexican waters. In fact, Humu-Humu will start summer charters on Banderas Bay on May 22. Here’s another neat thing. The corporation has Mexican liability insurance, which covers all paying passengers. It costs $500 for one year. Try to get passenger liability insurance in the good ol’ lawyer-infested U.S. for a...
What’s currently driving us to distraction about Mexico is whether or not they are going to require all boats over 10 meters to have an AIS (Automatic Identification System) — as they’ve been threatening. Here’s the strange story:

According to Mexico’s powerful SCT ministry, thanks to something called the North American Security and Prosperity Partnership, Mexico, like co-signers the United States and Canada, will be obligated to require that all boats over 33 feet, foreign and domestic, be equipped with these devices that identify what and where the vessel is. These devices cost about $700, but there would also be a monthly fee of about $20 to be paid to a private company for the service. But here’s the rub — while SCT insists that the U.S. will be implementing the exact same policy, the U.S. Coast Guard, including the department that is charged with AIS implementation, say they don’t have any idea what SCT is talking about.

The U.S. requires such devices on commercial boats over a certain size, but not recreational boats. In any event, about a month ago the Marina Owners Association of Mexico went to Mexico City, met with the SCT honchos, and came away with what they thought was a promise that the requirement wouldn’t go into effect in Mexico until it did in the United States. But then the SCT went ahead and sent the proposed legislation to Cofmer, which is an agency of the Mexican government that checks to see that no new laws contradict existing law. If Cofmer finds there are no conflicts, the legislation automatically becomes law, game over.

Will a law requiring AIS units on all boats over 33 feet go into effect in Mexico? If so, will port captains in Mexico actually enforce it? How will boats currently in Mexico get such units? What will happen to owners who refuse to get them? We’ll let you know as soon as we find out.

While getting ready to help deliver a boat from Cabo to San Diego, I looked into getting the necessary Mexican fishing licenses,” reports Bob Walden. “As many readers already know, everybody on a boat in Mexico must have a personal fishing license — even if the only fishing
gear aboard is for emergencies. What might be less well known is how easy it can be to get such licenses. Thanks to Sherry at Vagabundos del Mar, it took me less than five minutes and $50 to become legal for one year. I got my license priority mail less than 24 hours later. So anyone looking to get a license may want to check out www.vagabundos.com.

John Kelly and Linda Keigher of the Seattle-based Sirona 38 Hawkeye report it took them 23 days to cover the 3,185 miles between the Galapagos and Fatu Hiva in the Marquesas. “We are in awe of the islands — they are soooo beautiful! And the water is clean, clear, and warm. We now have a sense of accomplishment that’s hard to explain. We were so excited to get here, as when we listened on the net each day, we’d hear about boats that had just arrived. We’re sorry to say that each day there seemed to be, in addition to the reports of arrivals, reports of boats having problems. For example, Figment suffered three broken shrouds, so Bob, who was a rigger, was doing his best to jury-rig something. Another boat had an engine problem, and had been working on it for several days. Today the skipper of Trudel checked in and said he’d lost his propeller! They are fine, however, and will be sailling in — although they will need help getting the hook down in a good spot.”

Our report in ‘Lectronic Latitude’ that Jack van Ommen had singlehanded his triple-chine Naja 29 Fleetwood from California to Vietnam got a lot of reaction. For example, Scott Brear writes: “I lived in Hong Kong for 10 years, and while I cruised a lot in the Philippines, I never did make it to Vietnam. But the Royal Hong Kong YC held races to Vietnam every other year. I have a lot of knowledge regarding the problems with pirates in that region and with corrupt government officials. Vietnam is extremely corrupt, as nothing gets done without a payment. And if the payment is to the wrong person, the payee can be exposed as ‘corrupt’ and get jail time — as happened to a friend of mine. The pirates are generally in a region bordered by Indonesia, the southern Philippines, and Vietnam. They have been around for centuries and are a real problem. They used to ignore pleasure boats because of the slim booty, but now it seems that all boats are fair game. My advice would be to only travel in groups. I would also stay...
well away from Mindanao, the southern tip of Palawan, as well as virtually the entire coast of Vietnam. The people in that part of the world are beautiful, very inviting, and all of the countries are magnificent to visit in so many ways. Nonetheless, a few pirates and corrupt officials can quickly ruin a very nice journey — or charter.”

That’s right, Sunsail has a bareboat charter base at Nha Trang, Vietnam, which is just south of Danang. The boats are allowed to cruise a 60-mile stretch of coast that is, presumably, free of pirates. By the way, we’ll have van Ommen’s report on Vietnam in the next issue.

“I have to get someone to bring some more current Latitudes down to Panama,” writes Bruce Winship of the Alameda-based Crowther 33 cat Chewbacca. “I was walking by the yacht club bar carrying the May ’06 issue, and was almost mobbed. I finally relinquished it in return for a cold beer. You just gotta love capitalism! By the way, the crew of Chewbacca helped Steve and Renee take their F/P 42 cat Shiraz through the Canal a few weeks ago.

Well, Bruce, we have what we think is great news for all you folks out cruising and lusting for the latest issue of Latitude. By the time this issue gets out, you should be able to download the complete latest issue — in magazine rather than scrolling format — and read it at your convenience on your computer. It will be the complete issue in magazine form, and to ‘turn the page’, you just hit a button. The thing we like best about it is that the photographs turn out so much better than they do on newsprint. After a two-month free trial, the service will cost $24/year. We’re very excited about it, and hope you will be also. Visit www.latitude38.com for details.

Speaking of Panama, we’re told that the folks behind Red Frog Beach Resort and Marina in the Bocas del Toro area on the Caribbean side of Panama have obtained all the permits necessary to begin construction of their housing, marina, and golf course development. We’ve also been told that all 100+ slips have been spoken for. While Panama is usually a

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long overnight trip from California, it’s only a couple of hours by air from Texas and the South, and is becoming an ever more popular place for Americans to retire. Unlike the mostly murky water on the Pacific Coast of Panama, the waters on Panama’s Caribbean coast are incredibly clear. A popular feature of the Bocas del Toro area, which is already home to two small marinas, is that, historically, hurricanes haven’t ventured that far south.

The damn sea lions are back! Eric Mears, who has become a partner in the 45-ft Capricorn Cat formerly 100% owned by Blair and Joan Grinoles, reports that he’s having a heck of a time keeping sea lions off the cat at her Newport Beach mooring. "About four or five large — 400 to 500-pound sea lions showed up last week, and I’m having a heck of a time keeping them off Capricorn Cat."

Sea lions taking over boats have been and from time to time continue to be a serious problem at Pier 39, Monterey, Avila Beach, Newport Beach, and other places. Where they have been congregating on boats has not been their natural habitat. But they are cute and much-loved by the public, so almost anything you can think of to try to get rid of them is illegal or ineffective. Up close, sea lions aren’t so cute. In fact, they are mean and dangerous. As we know from first-hand experience, they make a terrible mess on boats, stink, and often make it impossible for people to sleep anywhere in the vicinity. In addition, they’ve been the cause of a number of boats sinking, including a large sailboat last summer in Newport Harbor.

It’s been a couple of years since we’d heard from old friends Garth Wilcox and Wendy Hinman, who did the 2000 Ha-Ha aboard their Port Ludlow, WA-based Wylie 31 Velella. It turns out they’ve been out cruising all along, and most recently they sailed from Saipan, in the Marshall Islands, to Hong Kong — which meant they left the Pacific Ocean for the South China Sea, having passed through the Philippine Sea along the way. It was a tricky passage, as it was transition time for the monsoon, which means unstable weather — and even the chance of typhoons (the name for hurricanes in that part of the world.) But they made it safely, and we’ll have a longer report next month.

There were three days of racing in last month’s Second Annual Marina Mazat-
Ian Regatta, with 11 boats between 27 and 38 feet participating. Much of the racing — cruiser-style, of course — was along Mazatlan’s popular malecon, where the colorful spinnakers attracted the attention of the locals enjoying their afternoon strolls. There was tremendous local support for the event, from officials such as Lt. Gabriel Fuentes, representing the Navy, and Capt. Gonzalez Dada, representing the port captain’s office, to radio, television, and newspaper coverage. It all culminated with a ramped up, catered, tableclothes-on-the-table, sit-down dinner, where the men were even required to wear shirts. The top three places went to Techumsech, Eduardo Olives’s Morgan 37; Spondylus, Jose Luis Rivera’s Catalina 27; and tied for third, Galapagos, Jose Villalon’s C&C 38, and Gypsy, Luis Algara’s Yankee 30. Nonetheless, the loudest audience applause went to those skippers who refused to lighten ship by leaving their cruising gear — washer-dryers, televisions, fuel jugs, anchors, kayaks, dinghies — ashore.

The World Cruising Club, the British outfit that’s been running the Atlantic Rally for Cruisers (ARC) from the Canary Islands to St. Lucia for 21 years, has announced that they will be hosting another Around The World Rally. If we’re not mistaken, the only previous one was the ’82 Europa ’92, in which two Northern California boats participated. Back then the event was run by Jimmy Cornell, who founded the ARC. He’s since sold the outfit, but just completed the new course on his own boat, and pronounced it good. The route wisely makes use of the Panama Canal and goes via the Cape of Good Hope to avoid political strife in the Red Sea.

The new Rally will start from the Caribbean in January of ’08, and continue as follows: Panama, Ecuador and the Galapagos, the Marquesas, the Tuamotus, Tahiti, the Cook Islands, Nui, and Tonga, Fiji, Vanuatu, Australia, and Darwin, Indonesia, Cocos-Keeling, the Chagos, Mauritius, Reunion, South Africa, and Cape Town for Christmas. In January of ’09, the rally will cross the Atlantic to Brazil for Carnival, and up to the Caribbean to complete the circumnavigation by late spring. If you’re thinking that just over a year for a circumnavigation is lightning fast, it is, as the typical cruise around the globe is three years. Nonetheless, the organizers assure everyone that there will be plenty of time for independent cruising, side-trips, and breaks.

The World Cruising Club has yet to announce a price for the event or say how many boats will be allowed to participate. They do, however, acknowledge receiving over 500 inquiries. The event will be open to monohulls 38 feet or longer, and multihulls between 38 and 60 feet. Each boat must have at least two people aboard, and there will be detailed safety requirements. If you have any interest in such an event, we’d visit www.worldcruising.com and get your name on the list. For no matter what the fee is going to be — we’re sure there will be a lot of takers.

With the summer cruising season upon us, we’d love to hear from you folks cruising in the South Pacific, the Med, the Pacific Northwest — wherever!

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FICKA 20, 1979. This boat is hull #100, hull # 28, 6 hp Yamaha. New Pineapple racing sails including main, jib, genoa, spinmakers. 3 additional jibs and main. Additional fairlead tracks and winches on cabin. Lines led aft. Race ready. Alameda Marina sail-in slip. $4,800. Ron (209) 988-2012 or wajwriter@aol.com.

KAMAKAI 20, 1999. Top sail gaff cutter pocket cruiser. See: <www.members.cox.net/dwellens/kamakai/kamakai.htm> for pictures and details. Call (619) 980-8704 or email: dwellens@cox.net.

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NEWPORT 30 Mk II, 1976. Excellent condition, original owner, fully equipped for cruising, sleeps 6, new CNG stove/oven, AM/FM/CD, 45 gallons fresh water, holding tank, rebuilt Atomic 4, GPS, VHF, depthfinder, knotmeter, autopilot, roller furling jib, extra sails. $18,500/obo. (714) 637-5538.


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Latitude 38
Classy Classifieds

“We just wanted to say thanks for your great magazine, ‘Electronic Latitude – and the Classy Classifieds. We advertised in the March and April Classy Classifieds to sell our Slocum 43. Of the 983 unique hits (or direct links) to our website, 358 were generated from Latitude – far more than from any other source. What makes it even more impressive is that we sold Allons’y in North Carolina. Keep up the great work!

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The first Swiftsure Lightship Classic Race left Victoria for the Lightship on Swiftsure Bank at the entrance to the Strait of Juan de Fuca in 1990. Since those early days of PNW sailing, the history of the race has been closely aligned with the history of the many boats that piloted her course. Dorade, Maruffa and Kate in the early years, Cassiopée, the Roaring 40 (Cal) fleet, and Ginny in the years that followed. Ginny’s classic appearance and stunning race results inspired the editors at NW Yachting to portray her as a “wolf in sheep’s clothing” – a description verified by all who did battle with her.

Today, Ginny, a Calkins 50, is awaiting new direction. When her owner retired at the youthful age of 88, he called Swiftsure Yachts to list his boat. We were honored to represent this boat for all seasons. Built by Jerry Driscoll Custom Yachts in 1960 and completely retrofitted in 1999 by Jespersen Boat Builders in Sidney, B.C., her design foretold a direction that many yacht designers would emulate. Her long waterline, raised pilothouse and canoe stern were combined with a new fin keel designed by Laurie Davidson and a new Yanmar engine, enhancing performance and adding strength and comfort. Ginny is also a boat that will nicely suit a couple or family with PNW and Alaskan cruising aspirations. Her large main salon with galley, settee and nav station are all within the bright raised pilothouse giving cook, skipper and guests equal visual access to the surrounding seascape.

And she will turn the head of all who share an anchorage with her. Ginny has been a well-loved yacht: conscientiously maintained and equipped, brightly finished, and best of all fast, fun and comfortable to sail.

– Cindy Metler, Swiftsure Yachts

More Quality Swiftsure Yachts Sailboat Listings

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<th>Length</th>
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<td>Calkins 50</td>
<td>1960</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>Yanmar</td>
<td>Excellent</td>
<td>$275,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>1960</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>Yanmar</td>
<td>Reduced</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tartan 38 Tall Rig</td>
<td>1991</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>Yanmar</td>
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<td>Yanmar</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tartan 38 Tall Rig</td>
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40' ENDEAVOUR, 1981 These US-built high-end cruising sailboats are hard to find on the west coast and this particular center cockpit vessel is well found and shows nicely. Very spacious below, finely finished in teak (6'4" hdm), and offers all amenities necessary for comfortably cruising or living aboard. Transferable Sausalito YH slip. $99,000

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31' CATALINA 310, 2000 This modern classic is well equipped, VERY lightly used (only 89 hours on the engine) and very clean (just detailed, she looks practically new). She’s also the deep keel version and is turn key for Bay sailing or coastal cruising. $79,500

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38' WAUQUIEZ HOOD, 1982 Exceptional performance cruiser, the French equivalent of a Swan. This one is bristol – the interior shows as new. Beautiful teak decks in fine shape. The retractable centerboard allows access to areas inaccessible to most sailboats this size. Transferable Sausalito Yacht Harbor slip. $89,500

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32' HUNTER 320, 2000 Very clean inside & out w/low time on Yanmar 320 (barely 200 hrs), she’s also the deep draft version (preferable on Bay). Motivated owner, offers encouraged; note she’s the most competitively priced 320 on the market at present (and this reflects the owner’s motivation, not vessel’s condition!) $64,500

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32' ERICSON, 1986 Classic Bruce King design, originally launched in 87, sporting an integral lead keel, spade rudder, deck-mounted mast and a double-spreader rig was years ahead of her time. Even by today’s standards, the boat holds her own in terms of aesthetics, build quality and performance. $45,900

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37' RAIKI, 1976 A bulletproof, heavy displacement, full keel, canoe-stern, cut-rigged sailboat, Touching Sky is a must-see timeless classic. Wonderful passagemakers; several Rafikis have completed circumnavigations without incident. Competitively priced, never cruised, shows very nicely. $76,000

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New rig and sails, roller furling boom, cruise equipped. $210,000

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Great live aboard or cruiser. AP, SSB, aluminum mast, roller furling, real roomy. $115,000

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1996 Custom. Offshore. $125,000

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Low hours on diesel, nice sail inventory, 3 staterms. You never see these on the West Coast. $79,900

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Newer Yanmar, Monitor, AP, radar/GPS, SSB, more. $125,000

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Perfect for two couples. Two cabins, two heads, great galley. $215,000

44' HUDSON SEAWOLF CC, 1979
44' Hudson Seawolf, 115% spinnaker, 43' SSB, new dodger, heads, roomy. $99,500

C&C 38. Pictured, 1986 MkIII. newer rod rigging, newer sails, newer U.S. $85,000. 1975, newer engine, good sail inventory. $53,000

HUNTER 40L, Two are 1995s from $122,000. One 1987 at $79,900. All three are in nice shape.

C & C 38
MkIII, aluminum mast, newer rigging, newer sails, 135% roller-furling. $85,000

43' RON HOLLAND, 1986
Second owner, Perkins 4-108, genset, SSB, watermaker, more, nice. $160,000

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C & C 38, pictured, 1986

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42’ MORGAN 68 center cockpit sailboat aft cabin ketch. Diesel, Inboard/Outboard, twin 671s, fully equipped, many spares & gear, 6’7” heads, 2 heads, live aboard. Never used & has been dry stored! Asking $79,950

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