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Cover: Adrian Johnson sails to victory on his Olson 30 Idexx in the Singlehanded Transpacific.

Photo: Latitude 38/LaDonna

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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 submissions to editorial@latitude38.com, or mail 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.html.

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**Beneteau Oceanis 50**
The Oceanis 50 features a sleek coachroof, long side windows, a fully integrated mainsheet arch that offers easy mainsheet handling, well positioned grab rails, an integral sprayhood and bimini, all the ergonomic ease of detailed design to make the most of every space, and new eye-catching styling below decks.

**Beneteau First 30**
Beneteau is launching the new FIRST 30, designed by the talented Juan Kouyoumdjian, well known from the America’s Cup and Volvo Ocean Race. Go backstage with design teams and sailors on the First 30 blog: www.teamfirst30.com

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Island Packet’s answer for the couple who wants:
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- Carbon mast with Nitronic rigging
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**POWER**
- Californian 1987 119,500
- Sea Ray 340 2006 reduced 134,900

**SELECT LISTINGS**

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<td>42' Californian 1987 119,500</td>
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<tr>
<td>34' Sea Ray 340 2006 reduced 134,900</td>
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Ranger 25 Tug, 2010......................................................... $139,937
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Ranger 25 Tug, 2009......................................................... $139,000

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Aug. 4-25 — Wednesday Yachting Luncheon Series at St. Francis YC. 12-2 p.m., $13.50. Enjoy lunch and a dynamic speaker every Wednesday. All YCs’ members welcome. More info under the ‘Events’ tab at www.sffjc.com.

Aug. 5 — Anchoring seminar by Jim Hancock at San Carlos West Marine, 6-7:30 p.m. Info, (650) 593-2070.


Aug. 5, 7, 12, 14, 19-20, 26-27 — Sail aboard San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park’s scow schooner Alma. Learn the Bay’s history on this 3-hour voyage. leaving Hyde St. Pier at 1 p.m. $40 adults, $20 kids 6-15. Info, www.nps.gov/safr.


Aug. 7 — 30th Anniversary Flea Market & Maritime Celebration at Galilee Harbor in Sausalito, 8 a.m.-6 p.m. Info, (415) 332-8554 or www.galileeharbor.org.

Aug. 10 — Community Day at San Carlos West Marine with 5% of sales going to the Leukemia & Lymphoma Society. Info, (650) 593-2070.

Aug. 10-Oct. 5 — America’s Boating Course by San Luis Key USPS at Oceanside YC on Tuesday nights, 6-9 p.m. Space limited, $65 fee. Info, (760) 729-6034.

Aug. 12, 1876 — Gloucester, MA, fisherman Alfred Johnson made landfall in Abercarse, Wales, after completing the first recorded solo crossing of the Atlantic — and possibly the first major solo passage done in the name of adventure — aboard a 20-ft dory he named Centennial to celebrate the United States’ first 100 years.

Aug. 12 — Fishing Seminar Series at San Carlos West Marine, 6-7 p.m. Free. Info, (650) 593-2070.

Aug. 13 — Single sailors of all skill levels are invited to the Single Sailors Association monthly meeting at Ballena Bay YC, 7:30 p.m. Info, www.singlesailors.org or (510) 233-1064.


Aug. 15 — Sailing Speaker Series with Yoga. Jennifer McKenna will discuss how she challenges herself regularly, 10 a.m.-noon at Bow Yoga Studio in San Rafael. $30 for seminar, plus yoga and meditation classes. Info, (510) 333-8846.

Aug. 19 — Green Boating seminar at San Carlos West Marine, 6-7:30 p.m. Free. Info, (650) 593-2070.

Aug. 19 — Emergencies at Sea seminar by John Connolly at GGYC, 6 p.m. Fee includes dinner. RSVP, (415) 331-8250.


Aug. 24 — Howl at the full moon on a Tuesday night.

Aug. 25 — Marina Village Flea Market at Gate 11. 9 a.m. See www.marina7villageharbor.com for directions.

Aug. 28 — 20th Annual Vallejo YC Nautical Flea Market, 8 a.m.-3 p.m. 'If it’s legal, sell it!' Info, (707) 643-1254.
Some of Catalina's best features are out of sight.

Cast lead keel for performance and stability. Oversized winches for speed and efficiency. Flexspace cabin for work, sleep or storage. In-line master stateroom. Larger fuel, water and holding tanks than boats of similar size... The closer you look at the new Catalina 445, the better she gets – and she’s at our docks now.

For more than 35 years, Farallone Yachts has been known for superior product knowledge, unparalleled service, and exceptional customer satisfaction. Farallone Yacht Sales, Inc., is the exclusive Bay Area dealer for Catalina Sailing Yachts, the largest privately owned and operated manufacturer of U.S. built sailing yachts in the world.

---

### New Catalina Yachts in Stock
- **Catalina 445, 2010**
- **Catalina 375, 2010**

### Preowned Catalina Yachts at Our Docks
- Catalina 42, 1993................................. $128,500
- Catalina 400, 2008.................................269,000
- Catalina 400, 2001.................................169,000
- Catalina 400, 1997.................................139,500
- Catalina 380, 1999.................................116,000
- Catalina 38, 1982................................. 42,500
- Catalina 36, 2005.................................129,000
- Catalina 36, 1997................................. 49,500
- Catalina 36, 1986................................. 54,000
- Catalina 36, 1983................................. 37,000
- Catalina 350, 2004.................................144,500
- Catalina 350, 2005.................................134,000
- Catalina 350, 2004.................................127,500
- Catalina 350, 2008.................................169,500
- Catalina 34, 2007.................................134,500

### Preowned Sailing Yachts at Our Docks
- Dufour 48, 1995................................. $175,000
- Hunter 46, 2004................................. 209,500
- Hunter 46, 2000................................. 219,500
- Hunter 45, 2007................................. 279,000
- Cavalier 45, 1985.................................199,500
- Morgan 45, 1992.................................149,000
- Hunter 44, 2007................................. 249,000
- Jeanneau 43, 2002.................................225,000
- Hunter 42, 1994................................. 124,500
- Fair Weather 39, 1985.................................119,900

### Preowned Ranger Tugs at Our Docks
- Ranger 29 Tug, 2009................................. $229,000
- Ranger 25 Tug, 2009.................................139,000

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**BOATS ARE SELLING • LIST WITH US • MORE THAN 65 BOATS SOLD IN 2009!**

**BOATS ARE SELLING • LIST WITH US • MORE THAN 65 BOATS SOLD IN 2009!**

Catalina 34, 2004................................. 114,500
Catalina 34, 1997................................. 75,500
Catalina 320, 2004.................................115,000
Catalina 320, 2002................................. 81,000
Catalina 320, 1999................................. 83,750
Catalina 310, 2007.................................104,000

**BOATS ARE SELLING • LIST WITH US • MORE THAN 65 BOATS SOLD IN 2009!**

Hunter 37, 1987................................. 61,500
Hunter 36, 2007................................. 139,000
Hunter 36, 2004................................. 125,000
Islander 36, 1977................................. 39,900
Hunter 35.5, 1993................................. 59,000
Hunter 31, 2000................................. 39,900
Nonsuch 30, 1981................................. 49,000

**New Ranger Tugs in Stock (base price)**
- Ranger 29 Tug, 2010................................. $224,937
- Ranger 25 Tug, 2011 ARRIVING THIS MONTH!.................................149,937
- Ranger 25 Tug, 2010.................................139,937
- Ranger 25-SC Tug, 2010 NEW MODEL!.................................129,937
- Ranger 21 Tug, 2010................................. 49,937

**Preowned Ranger Tugs at Our Docks**
- Ranger 29 Tug, 2009................................. $229,000
- Ranger 25 Tug, 2009.................................139,000
Aug. 28 — Sail the San Francisco Schooner Race aboard the scow schooner Gas Light. $85 (discount for members of the Golden Gate Tall Ship Society). Info, (415) 251-8779.

Aug. 31, 1906 — Roald Amundsen and his six-man crew completed the first successful transit of the fabled Northwest Passage aboard the 70-ft ex-fishing boat Gjøa. It’s believed that the first ship to traverse the entire route was the trading ship Octavius, but since her entire crew was frozen below decks when the boat was found adrift near Greenland in 1775, the journey was not considered a ‘success’.

Sept. 2 — Maneuvering in Close Quarters seminar by Bryan Chavez at San Carlos West Marine, 6-7:30 p.m. Info, (650) 593-2070.

Sept. 6 — The unofficial end of summer — Labor Day.


Sept. 8 — Latitude 38’s Mexico-Only Crew List Party & Baja Ha-Ha Reunion at Encinal YC, 6-9 p.m. $7 (free for registered ‘10 Ha-Ha skippers and first mates). Info, (415) 383-8200 or www.latitude38.com/crewlist/Crew.html.


Sept. 11 — Encinal YC’s Nautical Flea Market, 6 a.m.-1 p.m. Info, www.encinal.org.

Sept. 11 — Mexico Cruising Seminar by Dick Markie, Harbormaster of Paradise Village Marina in Nuevo Vallarta, at Sausalito West Marine, 10 a.m. Info, (415) 332-0202.

Sept. 10-12 — All Islander Rendezvous at Two Harbors on Catalina. All Islander owners welcome! For details, contact Don Grass at dgrass1@cox.net.


Sept. 26 — 3rd Annual SailFest at Modern Sailing in Sausalito. 1-5 p.m. Free sailboat rides starting at 11 a.m. Info, (415) 331-8250.


Racing


July 30-Aug. 1 — Aldo Alessio Perpetual for IRC, J/120s, J/105s and any other big boat one design class that fields six boats. SYFC, www.syfc.com.


July 31 — McNish Classic, for classics designed before 1952, held in the Channel Islands. PCYC, www.pyc.org.


August, 1980 — It Was Thirty Years Ago from the article
Doyle Sailmakers has the right mix of performance, durability, value and service to earn your business. We understand that if a sail lasts twice as long, it costs you half as much. We won’t over or under sell you. Our consultants will suggest a fair priced product, precisely tailored to your needs.

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Bill Colombo
Dave Wilhite
(510) 523-9411
'Singlehanded TransPac 1980':

In the firmament of the sailing world, they were a bunch of nobodies. A bunch of nobodies with nothing boats. But that’s what made this year’s Singlehanded Transpac so attractive to us; it was a plain and simple ‘people’s race’.

Take a gander down the list of 38 entries who crossed the starting line in San Francisco on June 15 and who have you got? There’s a legitimate celebrity in Transatllantic Amy Boyer, and there’s Hal Holbrook, but he’s a star on the screen, not the ocean. Let’s see . . . there are inaugural race veterans Carson, Keenan, Harting, Vielhauer, Vahey, and Upham, and those who follow crewed TransPacs probably find the name Rod Park familiar. But that’s about it. Everyone else is best known to their mothers and wives — except Amy and Linda.

And what a fleet of boats! Why, there was hardly a custom design in the whole bunch — only 5 out of 38 — and not a single one built especially for this race. The OSTAR folks would hoot them right off the Atlantic. Imagine, a fleet of entries with the likes of Cal 29s, Islander 28s, Pearson 36s, Irwin 34s, Catalina 30s, Ericson 35s — heck, these are the exact same boats we see and sail every day on the Bay. Yes, and that’s exactly what we liked! Ordinary people in ordinary boats, each entrant taking the big leap of faith in the boat he or she owns, and striving for an extraordinary personal achievement. Bravo!

After some concern the racers had about the welcome they would be afforded by the locals at Hanalei, it appeared there was no problem. Whatever became of the planned portable heads and garbage bins is a mystery, but in any event there didn’t appear to be a need for them. The racers were fastidious about their trash and sewage, and were ideal guests.

But is that bay ever growing! Not only were there an incredible amount of boats in the bay, but the entire area is rapidly developing. What used to be Club Med is being torn down for condos. Marriott has plans for a big hotel on the point, and the hills of Princeville are alive with the sound of hammers and saws. The basin itself is crawling with sailors, surfers, catamaraners, windsurfers, fishermen, swimmers, bodysurfers, health addicts, and suntanners. Hanalei — for better or worse — is no longer a sleepy little bay, and won’t ever be again.

Aug. 7 — YRA Fall #1. RYC. www.yra.org.
"BERTH" PLACE OF OPEN BOAT WEEKEND

Buying or Selling

CELEBRATING 20 YEARS

August 14-15

* OPEN BOAT WEEKEND OPENS ALL BOATS ON MARINA VILLAGE SALES DOCKS FOR EASY, HASSLE-FREE VIEWING!

FABULOUS NEW BOATS FROM

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sail California</th>
<th>Farallone Yachts</th>
<th>Passage Yachts</th>
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<tr>
<td>Santa Cruz 37</td>
<td>Ranger Tugs</td>
<td>Beneteau 34</td>
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<td>J/105</td>
<td>Catalina 350</td>
<td>Beneteau Oceanis 40</td>
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<td>J/111</td>
<td>Catalina 375</td>
<td>Island Packet Estero</td>
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<tr>
<td>Summit 35</td>
<td>Catalina 445</td>
<td>Island Packet 465</td>
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For more than 20 years, more boats have been sold at Marina Village than at any marina in Northern California.

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Wauquiez x Alerion
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SAIL CALIFORNIA
J-Boats x Sabre
Santa Cruz Yachts
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BROKERS
McGrath Yachts
(510) 521-5020
Orange Coast Yachts
(510) 523-2628
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Aug. 20 — 2nd Annual Zongo Yachting Cup, a 20-mile race from Morro Bay to Avila Beach with two classes: PHRF and Cruising. Live music ashore after. For info, contact Paul Irving at (805) 441-3344 or paul@zongoallstars.com.


Aug. 21-22 — J/120 and IRC South Beach Invitational. SBYC, www.southbeachyc.org


Aug. 21-22 — J/120 and IRC South Beach Invitational. SBYC, www.southbeachyc.org


Aug. 21-22 — J/120 and IRC South Beach Invitational. SBYC, www.southbeachyc.org


Aug. 22-26 — International 18 Skiff Regatta, including Ronstan Bridge to Bridge, a mad dash from the Golden Gate Bridge to the Bay Bridge for 18s, boards and kites. StFYC, www.stfyc.com.


Aug. 22-26 — International 18 Skiff Regatta, including Ronstan Bridge to Bridge, a mad dash from the Golden Gate Bridge to the Bay Bridge for 18s, boards and kites. StFYC, www.stfyc.com.


Sept. 4 — 22nd Annual Jazz Cup, a 26-mile romp from T.I. to Benicia YC. SBYC, www.southbeachyc.org.


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FAX (510) 522-0641

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Seattle, WA 98117
(206) 286-1004

77’ Andrews, ’03”------------------------------$799,000
53’ J/160, ’00, Novakane………………..New Listing $619,000
52’ Santa Cruz, ’00, Jais……………………..$520,000
52’ Santa Cruz, ’99, Renegade…………………. $595,000
52’ Santa Cruz, ’96, Hula……………………..$495,000
52’ Islander 36, ’72, Absolute………………… New Listing $45,000
52’ TransPac with IRC mods, ’03, bravheart”…..$499,000
48’ J/145, Hull #9, ’03”……………………… $675,000
48’ 1D48, ’96, Cal Maritime………………….. $140,000
47’ Valiant, ’81, Sunchase………………….. Reduced $125,000
44’ Kerman, wasabi………………………….. $429,000
44’ J/44, ’93, Haylson Ways”……………… Reduced $285,000
42’ Custom Wylie, Scorpio……………………..$169,000
42’ Beneteau First…………………………… $89,000
41’ J/124, ’07, Fortuna……………………… $279,000
40’ J/122, ’07, TKO………………………… $469,000
40’ J/40, ’86, China Cloud………………….. Pending $149,000

35’ J/109, ’03”………………………………. $189,000
36’ True North 38, zest…………………….. $375,000
36’ Islander 36, ’72, Absolute………………… New Listing $45,000
35’ J/105, Hull #502, ’02, ’grace ’n Malley”……… $115,000
35’ J/105, ’02”………………………………. SOLD
35’ J/105, ’01, Hull #469, Streaker…………… $115,000
35’ J/105, ’01, Hull #443, Yuga Ue…………… SOLD
35’ J/105, Hull #347, ’00, bald eagle…………… $109,000
35’ J/105, ’99, Life is Good”…………………… $83,000
35’ J/105, Hull #103, ’95, Aquavit………………. Pending $89,000
35’ J/35, ’84, The Boss”……………………… $39,900
35’ J/35, ’00, Sweet Sensation…………………. New Listing $69,000
35’ J/35, ’00, Great Sensation…………………. SOLD
35’ J/35, ’01, rexy…………………………… SOLD

34’ J/34, ’85, The Zoo”……………………… $29,900
34’ D Class Catamaran, Rocket 88…………….. $36,000
34’ MJM 34z, ’03”………………………….. $385,000
34’ Olson-Ensign, ’89”………………………. SOLD
33’ J/100, Hull #9, ’05……………………… $106,000
33’ Iners Carroll Marine………………….. SOLD
32’ J/32, ’02, tangro………………………. $119,000
32’ J/32, ’97, in Alaska………………………. Pending $109,000
32’ Catalina 320”…………………………… $61,000
30’ Knarr, ’80……………………………… $30,000
29’ MJM 29z, ’07”…………………………… $269,000
28’ Alewiler Express, ’06”…………………… $99,000
26’ J/30, ’83, Idaho”………………………. SOLD
26’ Aquapro Raider, ’02 …………………….. New Listing $59,000

* Denotes Seattle Boats

72’ Latitude 38…………………………….. $799,000
70’ Wasabi………………………………… $429,000
60’ X-119, ’99”……………………………… $109,000
52’ J/122, TKO…………………………….. Asking $469,000
40’ J/105, ’02, ’grace ’n Malley”……… $115,000
38’ True North 38, zest…………………….. $375,000
36’ 40’ J/40, ’86, China Cloud………………….. Pending $149,000

52’ J/160, 2000, Novakane
Saving word Boat of the Year.
Asking $619,000

True North 38, Zest
Like new, low hours, the perfect picnic boat.
Asking $375,000

J/105, 2002, Grace O’Malley
We have six J/105s from
Asking $83,000

J/32, 2002, Tango
Well maintained and equipped.
Asking $119,000

J/105, 2002, Grace O’Malley
We have six J/105s from
Asking $83,000

26’ Aquapro Raider, 2002
Asking $59,000

J/124, 2007, Fortuna
For the joy of sailing, experience the J/124.
Reduced to $279,000

SOLD
Pending $109,000
SOLD
SOLD
SOLD
SOLD

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CALIFORNIA SAILING COMMUNITY

CALENDAR


Sept. 11 — Spinner Island Race, an R-rated race from the Bay to a private island in the Delta. Info, www.spinnerisland.com/news.html


Summer Beer Can Regattas

BALLENA BAY YC — Friday Night Grillers: 8/6, 8/20, 9/3. Info, (925) 785-2740 or race@bbyc.org.

BAY VIEW BOAT CLUB — Monday Night Madness Fall: 8/9, 8/23, 9/6, 9/20, 9/27 (make-up). Arjan Bok, (415) 864-4334 or bayviewracing@sbcglobal.net.

BENICIA YC — Thursday nights through 8/26, 9/9-9/30. Grant Harless, (510) 245-3231 or harlessgrant@sbcglobal.net.

BERKELEY YC — Every Friday night through 9/24. Bobbi, (925) 939-9885 or bobbi_john@jfcbat.com.

CAL SAILING CLUB — Year-round Sunday morning dinghy races, intracclub only, typically in Laser Bahias and JY15s. Email Gary and Alistair at racing_chair@cal-sailing.org.

CORINTHIAN YC — Every Friday night through 9/3. Donal Botkin, (415) 497-5411 or racing@cyc.org.

COYOTE POINT YC — Every Wednesday night through 10/27. Torin Knorr, (650) 863-2570 or regatta@cpyc.com.

ENCINAL YC — Friday Night Summer Twilight Series: 7/30, 8/13, 8/27, 9/17. Victor Early, (510) 708-0675 or rearcommodore@encinal.org.


ISLAND YC — Friday Summer Island Nights: 8/6, 8/20, 9/10, 9/24. John New, (510) 521-2980 or iycracing@yahoo.com.

LAKE TAHOE WINDJAMMERS YC — Every Wednesday night through 10/13. Pete Russell, (775) 721-0499.

LAKE WASHINGTON SC — Every Thursday night through 8/26. Roy Pitts, (530) 908-7160 or rpitts@ucdavis.edu.

LAKE YOSEMITE SA — Every Thursday night through August. Steve Eyberg, seyberg505@sbcglobal.net.


OAKLAND YC — Sweet 16 Series, every Wednesday night: 7/28-9/15. John Tuma, (510) 366-1476 or j_tuma@comcast.net.


SANTA CRUZ YC — Wet Wednesdays through 11/3. Greg Haws, (831) 425-0690 or greg@scyc.org.

SAUSALITO YC — Tuesday Night Summer Sunset Series: 8/10, 8/24, 9/7, 9/21. John Mount, (415) 509-8381 or race@syconline.org.

SEQUOIA YC — Every Wednesday night through 10/13. Steve Holmstrom, (650) 400-8584 or steve@toothvet.info.

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CALENDAR

racing every Thursday night during Daylight Saving Time. Laser racing every Wednesday night, May-October. John Stedman, (650) 940-9948 or (650) 965-7474.

SOUTH BEACH YC — Friday Night Series: 7/30, 8/6, 8/20, 8/27. Kevin, rearcommodore@southbeach yachtclub. org or (650) 333-7873.

STOCKTON SC — Every Wednesday night through 8/25. Phil Hendrix, (209) 598-4415 or regatta10@stocktonsc.org.


TIBURON YC — Every Friday night through 8/27 & 9/10. Ian Matthew, (415) 883-6339 or ian.matthew@comcast.net.

VALLEJO YC — Every Wednesday night through 9/29. Gordon, (530) 622-8761 or fleetcaptainsail@vyc.org.

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

### August Weekend Tides

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### August Weekend Currents

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LETTERS

A GIRL’S GOTTA DO WHAT A GIRL’S GOTTA DO

My request is an odd one, but as salty as I am when it comes to all matters sailing. I can’t seem to tackle my problem alone, so I’m in dire need of creative solutions from Latitude staff and/or readers.

As a sailing couple who have done quite a bit of long-term cruising — a year in Central America 16 years ago as a beta test to marriage — with minions who were born in Barcelona while we cruised the Med eight years ago, we are currently on our fifth boat together, a Catana 431 cat. Our cruising plans should consist of buying a few bags of groceries and sunscreen, and hosting a bon voyage party. Instead, our sweet boat is up for sale.

The wrinkle in our plan is that our sons RC and Collin, ages 8 and 10, each have issues of an educational nature that we don’t have the expertise to address. It’s hard to fathom that these problems couldn’t be fixed with duct tape — well, the ADHD one could — but not so much the dyslexia.

My husband, Rob, has the following reasons for putting our boat up for sale: 1) She’s a bit too much boat if we won’t be embarking on a long-term voyage anytime soon; 2) she’s expensive to maintain for just weekend sailing; 3) we have no exit strategy on the horizon, as we have no way of knowing if the educational system can offer our dyslexic son the help he needs.

My reasons for wanting to keep our cat are: 1) The kids will be ready to cruise in the next few years, at which time we’d have to start searching for and outfitting another boat; 2) she’s a great boat for weekend sailing and ‘stay-cations’ to San Francisco while we live in Santa Cruz; 3) the cat costs could be defrayed if we put her in charter or took on partners — although the charter/partner idea has been rejected.

So I need help in coming up with more solid reasons to keep our boat. Some will suggest the obvious — that I keep the boat and sell my husband. But that’s not a possibility. My captain is a linear thinking, Latitude-reading kind of guy. So I can’t imagine that you, or your readers, won’t be able to come up with good suggestions for me. Please mail them directly to my husband at rob@onourboat.com. He’s going to love that, I’m sure.

I’d also very much like to hear from any cruising families who have tackled home schooling with a dyslexic child.

As any self-centered parent would, I have recruited the minions to my side of non-sale, as dad’s side nets out to non-sail. This is tantamount to treason, but a girl’s gotta to do what a girl’s gotta do.

Christine Currie
Tramuntana, Catana 431
Alameda/Santa Cruz

Christine — You’re a pretty funny lady, and you’re right, your request is pretty unusual. We’ll give you the most solid reason of all for keeping your boat — you really like her and she gives you and most of your family a lot of pleasure. We don’t think you need any reasons beyond that.

Christine Currie
Tramuntana, Catana 431
Alameda/Santa Cruz

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Installs and measures from the outside

LETTERS

With a few exceptions, such as Larry Ellison, we all have limited resources, so we have to prioritize how we allot them. Our priorities in life are as follows: 1) The well-being of our kids; 2) traveling around on sailboats; and 3)... well, there is no number three because everything else seems to be, as surfers say, just details. We've been able to travel around on boats because things like new cars, jewelry, fancy furniture, stylish clothes, fine dining, expensive wines, frequent haircuts, spa visits, car washes, movies, concerts, resort vacations, Christmases or other presents, visiting casinos, and buying pot or coke seem like foolish wastes of money. Get us out in nature on our boat, and we're pretty happy. Get us on our boat in the tropics and we're ecstatic. Oh wait, there really is a #3. We really like high-speed internet access, too.

No cruiser has ever told us that home schooling was easy. In fact, a lot of them have told us it's very hard. But in looking at the big picture we think most active young boys would get a better and more useful education cruising on a boat than they would caged up in almost any classroom in America, at least until high school age. And while we're not experts, we think this might be particularly true for boys with ADHD and maybe even dyslexia issues. But we'll let more knowledgeable people weigh in on these subjects.

By the way, in most couples it's the man who is usually more enthusiastic about sailing than the wife, but it's hardly universal. Among the exceptions have been sailmaker Jocelyn Nash at Quantum Sails; Wendy Hinman of Seattle, who wasn't very pleased when husband Garth Wilcox was ready to give up cruising their Wylie 30 Velella after just seven years in the Pacific; Caren Edwards, formerly of Portola Valley, who was outvoted by her husband, son Dana, and daughter Rachel, when it came to continuing to cruise their Marquesas 53 Rhapsodie in the Pacific after just five years; and others we just can't remember off the top of our heads. If you're a woman who belongs in this group, we'd love to hear from you.

HOLY COW NEARLY RENDERED INTO HAMBURGER

The Fourth of July this year was a great day for sailing. The weather was beautiful and, after a wonderful afternoon sail on our Treasure Island-based J/24 Holy Cow, we were heading back to our slip to enjoy a pre-fireworks dinner in the berth. I heard the skipper, Barry Vlught, yelling something as I was on the foredeck dropping the jib. With the wind picking up and blowing the gaskets out of my hands, I assumed that the skipper was yelling at me to hurry up. But when I turned back, I saw that a 35-ft cutter under power with no sails up had her bowsprit over our port lifelines amidships!

Our skipper repeatedly called out to the woman at the helm — the only person on deck — to turn to starboard and give way. She merely stared straight ahead, her hands firmly holding the wheel on a steady course, grumbling, “I know, I know, *@#& you.” Nonetheless, she made no attempt to turn the wheel or reach for the gear shift. It didn't seem to me as if she was trying to avoid a collision.

With the wind blowing us down on the cutter, the skipper...
Been there, done that!
So let us help you to get set for the Baja Ha-Ha!

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Bellevue, WA – Mike Griffith
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Mike has 60,000+ miles cruising experience in the South Pacific, Hawaii, West Coast, Canada and Alaska. Many of those miles were singlehanded. He is a former sailing instructor. He has owned and upgraded the same C&C 38 for over 30 years.

Sausalito – David Forbes
295 Harbor Dr. • (415) 332-0202
In addition to teaching all levels of boating, David has captained various vessels from 40’-80’ throughout the Caribbean, New England, Mediterranean, and Eastern Pacific. He currently owns a Colgate 26 and is active in the SF Bay Area Racing community.

Alameda – Dan Niessen
730 Buena Vista Ave. • (510) 521-4865
Dan Niessen currently owns two boats and is an avid long distance cruiser and a certified sailing instructor.

Long Beach – Holly Scott
251 Marina Dr. • (562) 598-9400
Captain Holly has been sailing all her life and has done so all over the world. She currently holds a 100-ton Masters License and loves to share her knowledge, experience and boating humor.

Newport Beach – Tom Stallings
900 West Coast Hwy. • (949) 645-1711
Tom Stallings has over 35 years of boating experience and is a current Dana Point liveaboard. Along with his thousands of ocean miles, Tom is a licensed U.S. Merchant Marine Officer and U.S.C.G. Master.

San Diego – Louis Holmes
1250 Rosecrans Dr. • (619) 225-8844
Louis has been an avid sailor for 22 years. He has over 6,000 miles of delivery experience, including two Mexico returns and a return from Hawaii, and over 10,000 miles of racing experience.
couldn’t point any higher and we didn’t have time to start our outboard. We thought Holy Cow and we were going to become hamburger! As we donned our PFDs, the bowsprit of the cutter kept moving aft alongside our boat. At one point the skipper was contemplating exactly when he should jump to safety.

Miraculously, the wind and current combined to prevent Holy Cow from being hit — although only by inches. We couldn’t believe that we hadn’t been hit.

The cutter eventually turned and paralleled us. "Why didn’t you give way?" our skipper asked. "We were under sail. You almost hit us!"

"Don’t talk to her, talk to me," an elderly man replied. "And if you want to talk to me, come aboard my boat. I was down below and didn’t see what happened."

"Where are your CF numbers?" our skipper asked.

Needless to say, they didn’t respond — or even offer an apology. They motored off, presumably to watch the fireworks. Once our sails were down, we motored into the marina and I called the Coast Guard’s non-emergency number and reported the incident. When they asked for the boat’s CF numbers, I couldn’t provide them because they weren’t displayed. I could only give them the boat’s name and a description.

The Coast Guard said they were glad I had called to report the incident, and told me that although they were busy, they had a boat headed to the Treasure Island area and would look for the cutter. I was glad for the Coast Guard’s patient and appreciative response as it provided me with a sense of relief after a harrowing experience.

We were then finally able to kick back on our boat and enjoy our picnic dinner while we waited for the fireworks display. We never learned what, if anything, happened between the cutter and the boat that almost hit us. But I trust they did their job and handled the situation as they saw fit.

Extra precautions, including looking out for other mariners who may not be looking out for themselves, must always be taken since the unexpected and unpredictable become the norm during busy times on the Bay.

Christine Nordstrom
Holy Cow, J/24
Treasure Island

Christine — We don’t want to make light of your harrowing experience, particularly if you’re not a racer for whom close calls and minor collisions aren’t that uncommon, but we think your last sentence metaphorically hits the nail on the head. We sail with the same assumption as when we ride our motorcycles: Everyone else is either an idiot or is intentionally trying to run us down. By always planning a way out of every situation with every other boat — which is very easy to do most of the time — we’re able to feel as if we have the maximum control over our lives. We recommend that everyone sail with the same attitude, particularly on Opening Days.
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**Upcoming Events**

- **August 11** - Introductory Sail (5 - 8pm)
- **August 14** - Club Sail (10am - 4pm), BBQ @ 3:30pm
- **August 19** - John Connolly talks Emergencies at Sea @ GGYC
- **August 21** - Farallones Day Trip (8am - 8pm)
- **August 22** - Member Appreciation Day - Charter Specials, Club Sails, BBQ
- **August 27 - 29** - Napa Flotilla

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LETTERS

Day, when there are fireworks shows, during Fleet Week, and on similar occasions. Those are the days when not only are there more boats out, but a higher than normal percentage of them are being operated at a lower level of skill and attention.

↑↑ALAMEDA COUNTY’S FAIR TAX ASSESSOR

Last fall, my husband and I sailed Peregrine, our Fuji 45, away from her slip in Alameda County to San Diego, then to beautiful Mexico. She now lives in Guaymas, Mexico.

Our good news is that we just received confirmation from the Alameda County Assessor’s Office that, since Peregrine is no longer in Alameda County, her personal property account has been closed! And our friends Doug and Linda Simms of the formerly Alameda County-based Tayana V42 Aquadesiac got the same good news about their boat.

I received Form 576D at my sister’s home — she gets my mail — early this year. During a trip back to California in February, I completed the form and personally delivered it to the counter at the Assessor’s Office. I explained our situation and completed the form, which has a box for “Removal Information.” The clerk suggested that I indicate the address as being “c/o” my sister — that way they would know that we really didn’t live there! This particular civil servant was smart and helpful.

Muggs Zabel
Peregrine, Fuji 45
Guaymas, Mexico

Readers — One would think that all California county tax assessors would interpret tax law the same way, but they don’t. There are some counties that don’t care if you take your boat out of the country and go cruising for 10 years: they claim that you still owe personal property tax on your boat for each and every year. That hardly seems fair since the theory behind tax on personal property is that you’re compensating the government for services rendered or at least available.

Tax assessors in other counties say that if you can prove your boat was out of the county for more than six months, or in some cases the entire year, you don’t owe the tax. If you’re about to go cruising in an expensive boat, you owe it to yourself to find out what the policy is in the county where you keep your boat. It may make financial sense to have your boat establish residence in a more tax-friendly county before you take off on your cruise.

↑↑CRUISING THE CREW LIST

For a couple of years I have wanted to crew in the Ha-Ha — and I finally have enough control of my schedule to do so. I signed up for the Crew List, and recently received two requests for further info. In both cases I was asked to send a photo. The first guy was very specific, and said he needed a good face shot to see what I looked like. Hmmmm. The second guy was a bit more subtle. But in both cases it seems I have failed the beauty contest, for I sent them both two photos, and I have not heard back from either one.

I’m not writing to complain — and both parties, who happen to be single males, shall remain nameless. I don’t even want you to do anything about it. But I was wondering if this was indicative of the Ha-Ha, or did I just stumble onto playboys looking for sleeping partners with blond hair and big boobs?

What I really want to know is what do I have to do to get on a decent boat? My skills are modest, and I’m neither fat nor ugly — or at least I don’t think so. Anyway, I’m a nurse
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2. Register online for your FREE UPS shipping tag and **25% SAVINGS** on your new North Sail.

3. Return your old sail to the North recycling center AND get a FREE North tote bag made from recycled sails!

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To show our appreciation we’ll send you a free large tote bag made from recycled sail cloth by Sea Bags, Inc. Thanks for thinking green!
and will be working in Modesto for the next three months, and hope to get to the Bay Area and do as much sailing as possible. If you have any suggestions, advice, or even a person I can contact who needs a willing crewmember for either the summer or the Ha-Ha, drop me a line at ph3cp@yahoo.com.

Thanks. And again, I’m not looking to do anything about a couple of sorry-assed sailors who are babe-hunting, as it’s their loss.

Maureen O’Malley
Modesto

Maureen — We empathize with you, but isn’t the lesson of history and all cultures that males go for females they perceive to be beautiful and females go for males they consider to be rich and/or powerful? It’s not fair to women and it’s certainly not fair to men either — but it seems to be reality.

On the other hand, there are several reasons to believe that you may be jumping to negative conclusions. For one thing, whenever Doña de Mallorca looks for delivery crew, one of the first things she asks is for applicants to send a couple of photos of themselves. She’s not looking to see if the respondents are blondes with big boobs, but rather to get a rough sense if they seem like someone she might want to be spending time with in close quarters and perhaps have to work through a crisis situation or two. And if you were in her TopSiders, you’d be surprised at what some of the photos say about the people who send them. When applying for a crew position, you only get to make one first good visual impression, so it’s worth putting effort into having a good photo or two to represent yourself in the best light.

Having heard a million stories of how Ha-Ha crews get put together, we can assure you that it’s not an orderly or entirely rational process. In many cases skippers put out requests for crew, get busy with other stuff in their lives, and don’t get back to the potential crew until two weeks before the start of the event. The majority of crews are in a state of flux until almost the start. So don’t be surprised if one of the two guys — or both — call in October and hope you still want to go with them. It’s just the way it works on a lot of boats.

We won’t lie to you and tell you that your modest sailing skills might not be an issue. When doing a Ha-Ha, you’re going to be spending two weeks in very close quarters with several other people, and skippers sure don’t want to be faced with one of their crew saying stuff like, “Oh gee, I didn’t know I was going to have to stand watch in the middle of the night!” More than a few inexperienced sailors assume that crewing on the Ha-Ha is like taking a vacation on a cruise ship, and that the skipper and first mate will wait on them hand and foot. It’s much more adventurous than that. More than a few skippers have groused that crew without offshore experience have been much more of a liability than an asset to their Ha-Ha experience, so you have to understand their position.

On the other hand, your being a nurse would be a big plus if we were looking for crew. To us it suggests that you’re bright, that you’re used to working with people, that you’re not lazy, and that you may have had some experience in emergency situations. So that’s something you might want to emphasize.

We never get involved with getting people on boats because it causes more trouble than trying to be a matchmaker. So all we can do is encourage you to keep working the Crew List, come to the Mexico-Only Crew List Party on September 8 at Encinal YC, sail as much as you can, and get to know people who will be doing the Ha-Ha. The cruising community is actually relatively small, so it’s not that hard to be successful if you keep at it. Good luck!
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MEETING FELIX WAS A GIFT

While recently flipping through the June issue of Latitude, I came across a photo of a familiar face, that of Felix Knauth. My eyes clung to the picture in disbelief, fearing what my heart already knew by the nature of the photo. Sure enough, the accompanying headline read 'Four Sailors lost in May'.

Felix Knauth, one of the four, literally stumbled his way into my life, as well as the lives of Paul, Daniel and Sarah, three of my good friends. With our boat docked at the Santa Cruz Yacht Harbor, the four of us were getting ready to sail across to Monterey and explore some of the Big Sur coast. Before we left, Sarah, who works in a cafe, told us she'd struck up a conversation with an old man who had tripped over her computer cord. This was Felix.

Sarah described him as someone who had been deeply involved in establishing the Peace Corps, had raised his children in Somalia, and had basically sailed singlehanded — the other person was too drunk the entire time to raise a finger to help — across the Atlantic. Paul, Daniel and I weren't quite sure what to make of this description, and were curious to meet this mystery man.

Felix showed up looking old and frail, and walking with a cane. Yet there was a certain strength in his body. He introduced himself and immediately began a conversation while examining my 34-ft sloop. He complimented my boat and joked about watching out for the nicer items I had mounted on it. Within a minute, the floodgates to his life story had been opened up. He spoke about the challenges of growing up with polio, and about sailing across oceans with no radio and minimal navigation equipment. His description of sailing to Ireland sounded something like this: “Well, I had to go east, and if I began to see a bunch of white I knew I'd have to turn right, and if I came across a bunch of brown, I'd go left, and if I saw green I knew I was right on target.”

When the four of us, all avid rock climbers, broached the subject of climbing, Felix inundated us with stories that were hard for any rock climber to believe. He told us about being on the climbing expedition that made the first ascent of The Nose on El Capitan in Yosemite — arguably the most famous climb in the world. His stories touched every fiber of each of our adventurous beings: first ascents of difficult mountaineering routes in the California High Sierra Nevada, horse camps and summit trips at Mount Shasta — there were too many to list.

And then there was the most current story, the reason 80-year old Felix was at S Dock in Santa Cruz with us. Having lost his wife less than two years before, he'd spent 18 months at his son's home in Texas, mostly watching television and living a rather sedate life — as might be expected of a lonely elderly man. He told us that he woke up one day, realized that this was not the way he wanted to live his final years, and proceeded to research boats he could afford. He ultimately came across a Santana 22 in Santa Cruz. This is where our paths crossed.

It was Felix's plan to sail south singlehanded past Pt. Conception to Southern California in the windy month of May. He would later leave Monterey, his first anchorage, the same morning we did. He left so early that we didn't see him go. But before he said his goodbyes to us, he'd gone back to his boat...
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and grabbed a manuscript that appeared to have been typed up on an old-fashioned typewriter. It was the story of his life, right up to the purchase of his Santana 22. I wonder today if we were the last people with whom he shared his stories.

Felix’s easy manner and the nature of his stories really gripped the four of us. The single meeting and conversation we had with Felix deeply affected all of us, for as young folks — all in our 20s — we’re looking to live our lives to the fullest. Felix was a true inspiration. Even in death he’s become something of a mentor. We’ve often thought about him when we were sailing or climbing, and we’d ask ourselves, “Would Felix reef right now?” or “Do you think Felix would have climbed this route back in the day?” We each will continue to have Felix as our mentor. His presence in our lives has been a privilege and a gift.

Jakob Laggner
Patience, Coronado 34
Santa Cruz

KEEP YOUR FINGERS AND TOES INSIDE THE RIDE

Your advice, offered in the June 28 Lectronic report on Greg Dorland’s broken leg, “to remember to never straddle a loaded block or use a traveller track or loaded block for a handhold,” came 10 years too late for me. It wasn’t that big a deal, but I stupidly held the mainsheet during a gybe in 20 knots of wind as we were headed for the rocks. I lost part of a finger.

After realizing that my finger was hanging off the upper mainsheet block, the next thing I realized was that I was bleeding all over the cockpit. As I tried to wipe up the blood, my wife told me it might be a good idea for me to lie down before I fainted. She was right.

Although I didn’t faint, it was an ordeal to get to an anchorage and get help. Prior to going out, I’d thought, “It’s just a daysail, who needs Band-Aids?” Was I ever wrong!

Steve Bondelid
Whidbey Island

Steve — There are lots of famous sailors in the Missing Digit Club. Two who come to mind are Aussie Ben Wright, who used to run the 60-ft ORMA trimaran Lakota and the 110-ft catamaran Playstation for Steve Fossett, and Southern Californian Ben Mitchell, who not only navigated many of the best West Coast racing boats in the ’70s through the ’90s, but who also lost a finger to a traveller block. But you don’t have to be named Ben to be a member of the Missing Digit Club. Dino Dipasquale of Colorado Springs lost a finger in a pizza parlor accident, but he’s a member of the club because he’s done a lot of Ha-Ha’s and charters in the Caribbean. On the other hand — pardon the pun — Rahm Emanuel, Chief of Staff for President Obama, doesn’t belong to the club because, although he lost his ‘Bird’ finger in a meat-cutting machine while working at a fast food emporium but doesn’t sail.

Anybody else want to join the club and explain the circumstances of their loss? Send your application to richard@latitude38.com.

ZILCH. ZIP. NADA. NOTHING.

I think Brian Trelivijg was right on the mark in his criticism of San Francisco’s pathetic welcome of the Clipper Round the World Race fleet. My wife and I hosted two of the sailors from California during their stopover here. I can assure you that they were considerably less than impressed by the welcome they received from the City of San Francisco and the State of California. Everywhere else the Race has stopped before and
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Our patented woven Vectran® sailcloth performs like the laminates with the durability of Dacron®, especially in roller furling applications. In fact, Vectran® is lighter, lower stretch, and retains its shape over a longer life than any sailcloth we’ve ever offered to cruising sailors. That’s because Hood Vectran® is woven, not laminated to Mylar® film. And you can be sure that each sail we roll out is built by hand, with the same care and craftsmanship that has been the Hood hallmark for 50 years. To discuss your sailcloth needs – whether our state-of-the-art Vectran® or our soft, tight-weave Dacron®—give us a call today.
since, there have been parades and receptions. In Kinsale, Ireland, where the fleet most recently left, 45,000 people turned out to welcome them. That probably represented most of the residents of Kinsale. In San Francisco the turnout was zilch.

I wouldn’t have expected much from the San Francisco Board of Supervisors, none of whom know which way is up, much less which is the sharp end. But I would have hoped for more from Mayor Gavin Newsom. I was mistaken, as he didn’t even show up for the official welcoming and just sent a flunky instead.

The real culprit, however, was our beloved Governor. He promised sponsorship, which is the reason one of the boats was named California. But then he reneged on his promise. This may not have been widely known by the people in our area, but the sailors in the Clipper Race knew it. Subsequently, he was too embarrassed to show his face or organize any welcome.

Lee — San Francisco has never been a good town when it comes to welcoming bold and brave sailors. We’re not sure if it’s because we’d rather be sailing ourselves or because there are so many other competing activities in our area, but we’ve just never responded to those things with any kind of enthusiasm. The only really good crowd we can remember is when Tom Perkins sailed beneath the Gate with his 289-ft Maltese Falcon and, to a slightly lesser extent, for the face-off between BMW Oracle and Alinghi, along with the other IACC boats, in ’03. Beyond that, zilch.

And frankly, we’re not sure what kind of obligation the Governor, Mayor and Board of Supervisors should feel toward supporting what is, after all, a for-profit endeavor. If their constituents don’t seem to care, why should they? And it’s not as if they shouldn’t be addressing much more serious issues, such as the inevitable bankruptcy of the State of California and the City of San Francisco.

Despite the indifference of Northern Californians, the Clipper Race seems to be going gangbusters, thank you, as the fleet is getting ready to go around again in ’11–’12. We haven’t checked to see if they plan on stopping in San Francisco again but, if they don’t, we’d understand why, wouldn’t we?

Lee Turner
Greenbrae

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WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE

Here is my rebuttal to the silly argument about how much freedom there is in Thailand. I love Thailand. I love the food, the anchorages, the weather, the economy — but mostly I love the people and the freedom they enjoy. We aren’t as free in the good old U.S. of A. I know a lot of Americans don’t want to hear that, but it’s true. Let me give you an example.

After six months of the dry northeast monsoon in Thailand, and right at the beginning of the six months of the wet southwest monsoon, all of Thailand celebrates with the Water Festival. No, there are no marching bands or speeches by politicians. Instead, everyone fills balloons and any contain...
### Available Berths*

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Berths subject to availability

*all rental agreements & permits subject to approval of application and vessel inspection. Customer responsible for 1st month rent plus deposit, and all applicable fees.
ers they might have with water, and the waterfights begin. Everyone is game — including policemen directing traffic! Try throwing a water balloon at a cop in America and see what happens!

It’s nice to be back in Latitude-land, as the magazine is hard to come by in the Western Caribbean. I love the glossy ads. Soon you might have a glossy cover!

Mike Riley
Beau Soleil, Dickenson 41
Coronado / Presently in the Sea of Cortez

Readers — Most readers probably don’t remember that Riley took off around the world on his soon to be engine-less Columbia 24 Tola in ’85, starting what would become a five-year small-boat circumnavigation. Along the way, he met and married Karen, a Kiwi woman. Their son Falcon was conceived in the middle of the Indian Ocean, and was born in Malta. After completing a five-year circumnavigation, the family spent two years in Coronado getting their new boat, the Dickenson 41 Beau Soleil, ready for the 11-year circumnavigation they completed in ’03. Most recently, they’ve been cruising the Western Caribbean.

The proper name for the festival Riley refers to is the Songkran Festival, which comes from the Indian Holi Festival, and means `astrological passage’. It was traditionally held April 13-15, which is not only the hottest time of year in Southeast Asia, but also the beginning of the new year in much of that part of the world. The Thai version of the festival started in Chiang Mai in the north, where it now continues for six days and draws countless fun-loving visitors.

Like a lot of big holidays in the west — such as Christmas, Easter and Burning Man — Songkran started as a religious observance but has grown increasingly secular. The original idea was that at the beginning of the new year, everyone would go to the wats, or Buddhist monasteries, to pay respect to their elders, and while they were at it, pour water mixed with fragrances over the Buddhas in order to clean them. But one can see how easily the splashing of the water on dusty Buddhas on the hottest days of the year by the fun-loving Thais could get out of hand. So now the most well-known aspect of Songkran is the water fights, in which Thais roam the streets with containers of water, sometimes mixed with mentholated talc, or post themselves at the side of roads with a garden hose to drench each other and passersby. In Chiang Mai, all the Buddhas are paraded through the streets with everybody throwing water at them to ‘bathe’ them.

Latitude glossy? You must have seen the boat show issue, in which there was a glossy insert. Latitude is never going glossy.

Mike Riley, who has sailed around the world twice, says we Americans aren’t as free as people in other countries.

Mike Riley, who has sailed around the world twice, says we Americans aren’t as free as people in other countries.
Whether you are replacing one stanchion or upgrading your entire boat, we manufacture a complete line of stanchions, bases and gates.

- Stanchion tubes available in 3 different tip styles
- Stanchions and gates can be made removable or with fixed bases.
on that boat’s ill-fated voyage, the one that resulted in her cat being flipped and her three crew nearly dying of hypothermia despite the best efforts of the Coast Guard. Nor do I understand why they didn’t stream some kind of drag gear, as even an anchor line run in a loop from one transom to the other would have greatly improved the cat’s stability and control. I did that on a Catana 38 cat once in 50 knots of wind in the Med, during which time we flew a scrap of the roller furling headsail. The cat broadreached nicely at 9 knots under the autopilot. Nor do I understand why none of Catalyst’s crew put on PFDs.

It’s usually sea state that causes the biggest danger for catamarans. The problem is that some cats have a tendency to run too fast, which causes them to pitchpole. Cruising catamarans are wonderful boats and, in my view, are more seaworthy than monohulls. But the smaller cruising cats, and even the mid-sized ones designed for the charter market, were not designed to sail at much over 14 knots. The problem is that they don’t have enough reserve buoyancy in the bows, which allows them to pitchpole. So in conditions where a 32-ft cat might be in serious danger of flipping, the crew on a 45-ft Outremer — which is both significantly larger and built for higher speeds — might be sleeping in comfort while the autopilot drives. As I tell all my clients who are looking for a cat to sail across oceans, you’ll be way safer with a 15-year-old 50-ft cat than a brand new 38-footer.

I remember being in a hurricane on a Privilege 51. While the captain and I ran off comfortably for two days, his wife was too frightened to assist. So we just had her watch videos and feed us hot food. Hey, she’s a Le Cordon Bleu chef, so it was a good idea in more ways than one. In really big seas, I think the most important thing is to not look back, as the helmsman might get so frightened/distracted when looking up at overtaking waves that he could lose confidence and concentration in maintaining a safe course.

I was also aboard a Catana 47 when the carbon fiber mast failed in 60 knots of wind some 100 miles off Morocco. We then ran all night at 10 knots in 36-ft seas, despite not having a mast. We were quite safe even though we were heavily loaded down with fuel and provisions for an Atlantic crossing. The scariest part was that the only way to remain at the helm — on Catana 47s, so far out in the open next to the lifelines that you’re at risk of sunstroke in light conditions and slipping overboard in heavy conditions — was to lash ourselves in.

Incidentally, the mast shattered while we were running downwind because we had a triple reef in the main while still carrying half the genoa. The aft loading of the headboard of the main lower down on the mast and the forward loading of the genoa much higher on the front of the stick caused it to invert and break. Oops!

Mike Stevens
Noyce Yachts
Annapolis, MD
Learning by doing...

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Alaska Eagle is the perfect offshore sailing platform. Built for the Whitbread Round the World Race, she has proven her mettle over the past 28 years Orange Coast College has operated her. On all of our passages you will be intimately involved with the daily running of the boat, learning by doing. Sail changes, standing watch, steering in the calms and gales, Alaska Eagle voyages are for those who want to be involved.

Easter Island - Puerto Montt - Nov 24 - Dec 13, 2010

Famous for Polynesian culture and giant Moai statues, Easter Island is a place most sailors only dream about. Sailing from the open anchorage, Eagle will head toward Puerto Montt, “the Gateway to Patagonia.” The Humbolt current and weather systems will dictate the route Alaska Eagle will take as she moves toward the South American mainland and some remote little coves.

Antigua - Panama Canal - May 3 - 20, 2011

Naval history, white sand beaches and beautiful private yachts may entice you to arrive early for this leg. Once onboard, robust downwind sailing will be punctuated with stops as we head toward the Panama Canal. Going through the canal is, of course, the icing on the cake.

For an application or information on all our Adventure Sailing Voyages, look for Alaska Eagle at: occsailing.com or email: karen@occsailing.com or call 949-645-9412.

Newport Beach - Easter Island . . . . . . . . Oct 30 - Nov 23, 2010
Easter Island - Puerto Montt. . . . . . . . Nov 24 - Dec 13, 2010
Puerto Montt - Ushuaia . . . . . . . . . Dec 19 - Jan 11, 2011
Buenos Aires - Rio de Janiero . . . . . Feb 4 - Mar 7, 2011
Antigua - Panama . . . . . . . . . . . Apr 1 - Apr 29, 2011
LETTERS

Mike — We have an exclusive feature in this issue on the flipping of Catalyst. It’s an incredible story with accurate details — such as the fact that warps were streamed. Also remember that if you’re on a cat that has flipped, wearing a PFD can just as likely kill you as save you.

That said, everything else you’ve written is consistent with our experience on cats. The only other thing we’d add is that, if the boat is in danger of pitchpoling, the crew should also move as much weight as far aft as possible, just as on monohulls. Indeed, some of the big ocean racing multihulls have provisions for flooding the aft compartment of each hull to both slow the boat down and keep the bows up.

Size really does matter when it comes to cat safety offshore. Longer cats can sail faster with less danger and, everything else being equal, bigger cruising cats are far less prone to flipping. These are the reasons that we opted to make Profligate a very simple but very big cat. This is not to say that people haven’t done amazing things with small cats. Take the Gounard family who live in Sausalito’s Galilee Harbor, where Doreen is the harbormaster, for six months a year and most recently have been cruising for the other six months. They self-built their 33-ft catamaran Imani, with which they have since circumnavigated.

It’s not something that we would do on a cat that size, but then we’re not half the sailors that they obviously are.

A RARE ‘YELLOW ALERT’ CARIBBEAN VACATION

I read about the attack on Mike Harker aboard his Mariner 49 Wanderlust 3 while at anchor in Simpson Lagoon, St. Martin. We’ve just returned from a charter in St. Martin aboard a Moorings 4300 cat, and I found it interesting that, during the charter briefing, The Moorings woman kept repeating how important it was to lock the dinghy and outboard, no matter if we went ashore or if we stayed on the boat. She also added that we should lock the boat when away and at night. We have chartered numerous times in the British Virgin Islands and never locked our dinghy — or our boat, for that matter.

But while in St. Martin, we did notice numerous ‘groups’ of young adults and teenagers eyeballing people as they strolled by in Phillipsburg. Having been in law enforcement for the last 32 years, I didn’t find it hard to figure out what they were thinking. As a result, we remained vigilant when out shopping, and made a habit of making eye contact with and even saying hello to these people as they walked by.

If anyone is going to St. Martin, they need to pay attention to what is going on around them and, if ashore, not drink so much alcohol that they lose their ability to sense danger. Our charter in St. Martin was a unique experience for us, because when on family vacations in the Caribbean, I’m not usually on ‘Yellow Alert’. Maybe this is why I didn’t enjoy St. Martin as much as I did the British Virgins.

Keith Jensen
Optimus Prime, Beneteau 49
Emerycove Marina

Keith — Having spent a lot of short periods of time in St. Martin over the years, and most recently in May, and having never had a problem, we feel that you can enjoy an excellent charter out of that island. But as you say, you need to know what’s going on and use common sense.

Given a seven-day charter out of St. Martin, we’d spend three of them, at the very most, at St. Martin itself. Using normal precautions, we think you can have fun and be safe at: 1) Pelican Bay, where you can have fun ashore at the friendly St. Martin YC, enjoy delicious Indian food at La’s, check out the megayachts at the Palapa and other marinas, visit the great...
LET’S BE CLEAR ABOUT IT…

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Disease, contamination, low oxygen levels and unsightly water are just a few of the devastating effects of boat sewage illegally dumped anywhere in our waterways and shorelines.

It’s simple: You have to plan to properly dispose of human sewage from your boat. Boats with holding tanks must pull in and pump out at shore side pump out stations.

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Don’t waste away our waterways! Proper disposal of sewage allows the living things in our waterways to keep on living.

IF IT’S YOUR BOAT, IT’S YOUR RESPONSIBILITY.
California Department of Boating and Waterways

For more information visit our website www.BoatResponsibly.com
Budget Marine chandlery, and tour the massive lagoon in your dinghy; 2) Grand Case, where there is lots of fine dining to be had at any one of a number of cool little restaurants, or all the delicious ribs you can eat on the beach for less than $10; and 3) Isle Pinel in Orient Bay. Oyster Pond is also safe, and Marigot isn’t bad if you don’t get so drunk that you wander the dark streets late at night. If you’re looking for trouble, you can find it by trying to buy drugs, visiting the strip clubs and whore-houses, or flaunting your jewelry on Front St. in Phillipsburg, which is where the hordes from as many as four cruise ships a day come to buy stuff that sparkles. St. Martin’s charms are all on the water or within a few feet of the beach, and they are usually safe.

So what do you do with the other four nights? It’s only 15 miles to St. Barth — probably the only island in the Caribbean where there is no violent crime, which is why it’s so popular with more affluent people — so you head over there. Spend one night at Ile Fourchue, one night at Corossol, one night at Baie St. Jean, and one night at Colombier. Yeah, dining out is very expensive on St. Barth — but if you’re not careful, it’s très cher on St. Martin, too. So if you’re on a budget, plan to do most of your eating on the boat. If you don’t mind paying pretty steep cruising fees, you might change your plans to do one or two nights at St. Martin, one or two nights at five-mile distant Anguilla, and three to four nights at St. Barth.

We would not avoid chartering out of St. Martin because of the Harker incident. Just avoid anchoring inside Simpson Lagoon, where you’d be more vulnerable to desperate people.

ST. MARTIN IS A LOT LIKE OAKLAND

With regard to the Mike Harker thing, which was just awful, is there any kind of investigation pending? Is there any word as to who was responsible or why this happened? Was any of his gear recovered? Are these kinds of things common in St. Martin and the Caribbean?

Marianne Armand Club Nautique Sausalito

Marianne — Harker was beaten and robbed because St. Martin, like most of the islands in the Caribbean, has a lot of poverty, big problems with drugs and AIDS, cultures that don’t particularly revere education or hard work, and an arguably corrupt government. The unfortunate result is that there is a percentage of the population that is desperate. St. Martin is a lot like Oakland, a city that inherently has so much going for it, but is nonetheless being brought to its knees by an out-of-control criminal element and culture, and once again, an arguably incompetent and corrupt city government.

To the credit of the press in St. Martin, the Harker incident received quite a bit of press. That doesn’t always happen in tourist areas. While there may be a file on the incident, it’s probably not going to be investigated any more than such a crime
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would be investigated in San Francisco. Which is to say not at all. There just aren’t the resources—or the concern. Mike has made no mention of any of his gear being recovered.

While there is a lot of crime in the islands of the Caribbean, we want to remind everyone that most of it takes place ashore and in dodgy areas or circumstances. And in most cases tourists are not the victims of violent crime because of the negative effects such things have on tourist economies.

OVER THE TOP GROSS
The first photo you ran of a bloodied Mark Harker in the July 6 'Lectronic Latitude was bad enough. The second photo was over the top gross.

Dudley Gaman
Kia Ora, Catalina 36
Gold Country YC / South Beach Harbor

Dudley—We know the photo was gross, but sometimes we think people need to be shocked in order to be reminded that violent crimes are more than just statistics. As you’ll read in the following letter, we’re not alone.

However, you’re not the only one who didn’t like the gruesome photos. We, the publisher, had laid out that 'Lectronic piece with the second, “over the top” photo as the first photo. We were ‘overruled’ by the rest of the staff.

THE PHOTOS WERE IMPORTANT TO THE STORY
What happened to Mike Harker was so sad. But the photos were an important part of the story, so I’m glad that you posted them. I sent Harker a note. Please keep us informed, as I’d like to know if I can help in any way.

Bill Kelly
Surface Time, FourWinns
Rio Vista

Bill—Harker reports that he received over 200 messages of support and offers of help from ‘Lectronic readers. We think that was the best ‘help’ he could have received, and he wants to thank everyone for taking the time to express their concern. As of mid-July, Mike was recovering nicely and heading down island to Bequia and Grenada to get out of the hurricane zone. For the full story on what happened, turn to this month’s Sightings.

DON’T LET IT KEEP YOU FROM VISITING
I guess my wife and dog and I should consider ourselves lucky, as we’ve spent March or April of the last four years anchored on the French side of St. Martin’s Simpson Bay Lagoon off the Witch’s Tit — right where Mike Harker was attacked. We’ve never had a problem, let alone been beaten as our fellow Manhattan Beacher Mike Harker was. I guess we’ll just have to be more careful in the future. I also suspect that Mattie, our great watch dog, has kept people away.

If things are as bad as they seem in St. Martin, we may have to add it to our list — along with Antigua and St. Vincent — of places to avoid in the Caribbean. It’s sad to hear about the violence in many of the Caribbean islands. Maybe it’s time to rethink our keeping a boat there and returning to
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LETTERS

John and Cynthia — While we’re horrified and disgusted by the Harker incident, too, it wouldn’t keep us from taking our boat to St. Martin, Antigua and St. Vincent. That’s because the overwhelming number of robberies and other violent incidents take place ashore, usually in situations that can be avoided. Furthermore, being anchored so close to shore at a place like Witch’s Tit — where Harker was attacked — is not for us. We have no proof, but it’s our belief that you’d be safer if you were anchored a good distance from the beach where access would be more of a problem for miscreants.

As for Cuba, there is no reason not to visit now. Cuba wants your Yankee dollars, and it would be political suicide with his base if the Obama Administration were to try to prosecute such cases. We personally know of five U.S. boats that have visited Cuba this year, and more are on the way.

⇑⇓

THIEVES ARE LAZY

I’ve been waiting for a bit of editorial wisdom from Latitude — beyond anchoring out farther than a quick swim, to prevent something like what happened to Mike Harker.

After completing a Pacific circuit on his 60-ft monohull, the first thing my friend did was install what I called ‘BBQ grills’ on his deck hatches and companionways. Made of welded ¼” stainless rod, they could be removed completely or swung inboard while still mounted on one side. He had combination locks to hold them in place. The rods were about two inches apart, and had a brace down the center at a right angle to the main rods. Such devices could be custom made as a drop-in for the companionway, with take-apart hinges for the hatches.

Initially, I laughed and made jokes about these ‘grills’, but the owner explained that someone had broken into his boat while he was away. The thieves had gotten in via the unlocked deck hatch. As for intruders, I can see their being able to enter a boat undetected if the companionway were wide open, but not if they had to cut through a locked ‘grill’.

As we say in L.A., ‘Lock it or lose it’. What do you think about this?

Bill Humphreys
Marina del Rey

Bill — What happened to ‘Honk if you’re reloading’ being the motto of L.A.? The grills are certainly a possible solution. Other boats have motion sensors across the companionway that automatically set off lights and horns. We’re not sure if any one solution fits all, but don’t knock our ‘anchor way out solution’ either. After all, it’s our impression that thieves are basically lazy, and therefore go for the easiest targets, meaning unlocked dinghies and boats closest to shore.

⇑⇑RUDE TREATMENT FROM U.S. CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

Do most American sailors know that you don’t have to clear your vessel out of the country when leaving the U.S.? And most don’t when sailing to Mexico, because Mexico doesn’t require that you arrive with a clearance. But if you leave the U.S. and attempt to clear into a foreign port other than Mexico, you must be able to prove what your last port of call was. Thus, you must clear out of the U.S. if sailing to a foreign port other than Mexico.

Two weeks ago, I went to the U.S. Customs office in Bal-
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timore to get a clearance out of the country so I could sail to Bermuda. The woman in charge informed me that I did not 'need' to clear out in order to leave the U.S. I explained that I knew I didn’t need to clear out of the U.S., but I wanted to clear because the officials in Bermuda would want to see it.

Well, she told me that she “. . . would not just arbitrarily issue me a clearance.” I told her the law required her to do so. She countered by saying that she'd been working U.S. Customs for 32 years, and that she knew what the law was.

I then asked to speak to a supervisor. She told me to have a seat, and left the office. She returned with a copy of the U.S. Codes and spent the next 20 minutes poring over the Codes trying to find a way to deny me a clearance. She finally relented and filled out a form CBP 1300.

But you can’t believe how angry she was with me for asking her for the clearance. Is this what we can expect from someone who has worked for Customs for 32 years? I just don’t understand it. Why aren’t these people trained to deal with the public in a civil manner instead of becoming confrontational?

This woman simply didn’t want to fill out the form.

I’m going to send a copy of this letter to the Customs Office in Baltimore, as maybe it will save another sailor a problem in the future.

Ed Hart
Hooligan, Cascade 29
San Diego / Lying Bermuda

Ed — As yet, Mexico has not required a clearance from the U.S. for boats arriving from the States. But there has been talk that they are considering it.

You didn’t hear it from us, but one way to avoid having to put up with the incompetence and guff of the few uncaring U.S. Customs officers is to simply create, fill out, and approve your own CBP 1300. In these days of computers and the internet there is so much you can do on your own.

If you think you had a bad time with U.S. Customs, you have no idea what problems the owners of foreign cruising boats in the U.S. have had. According to U.S. law, foreign boats are required to check in with Customs each time they move from one port to another — although what ‘port’ means is not well defined. But more than a few foreign cruisers have told us that on the occasions they did stop by Customs to check in, they were often abusively told they didn’t know the law by Customs officers who themselves didn’t know the law. In most cases the foreign cruisers simply stopped complying with the law, and with no repercussions.

According to their very own website, “Customs and Border Protection pledges to treat the public with dignity and respect and to perform our duties in a professional manner. If you have had an experience with CBP in which you do not believe that pledge was honored, we invite you to submit a complaint to us for review. We will carefully research your complaint, and while, due to privacy laws, we cannot always tell you the outcome of our findings, we will respond to let you know that your complaint has been given serious consideration.”

“. . . while due to privacy laws we cannot always tell you the outcome of our findings . . .” Geez, is it any wonder so many Americans have become so cynical about government and government employees?

STARTING THE ENGINE WITH A SAIL TIE

I was thumbing through some recent issues of Latitude and came across your lament in the February ‘10 issue about no one having responded to your request for “creative fixes” when it came to compression starting diesels with dead batteries.
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We were faced with a similar situation on *Wind Dancer* while leading our class halfway through the '03 TransPac, but managed to get the diesel restarted, although not by a compression start. What happened is that we missed our scheduled start of the engine to charge the batteries, and soon discovered our battery charge was below 12 volts. We were devastated when, despite our prayers, we got only a partial revolution producing sputters when we pressed the starter button. Our collective hearts sank when subsequent depressions of the button produced nothing at all.

While we certainly could have sailed to Honolulu with a dead battery, it wouldn't have been the same, as we would have missed all the daily roll calls, and therefore would have been disqualified.

Our 'thank God' solution was to turn off all circuits and wait a half hour for the battery to hopefully recover enough charge to produce another partial rotation. This was to be augmented by our strongest crewmember simultaneously pulling on a nylon sail tie taped to and wrapped around the hub on the water pump pulley.

When the time came, we gave it a try — and it worked on the first attempt! This allowed us to cancel the keelhauling of the individual responsible for the snafu.

P.K. — Brilliant. Our only concern with such attempts is that the person pulling on the sail tie might not let go quickly enough once the engine started, resulting in his arms being ripped out of their sockets.

Although there are contrary points of view, we think the best way to prevent a dead engine battery is not to have it/them connected to the house batteries. We also suggest carrying at least one solar panel so you have the ability to bring the engine starting battery back up to snuff for starting the engine.

By the way, check out this month's *Cruise Notes* for an instance of a catamaran whose diesel inadvertently started by compression as the result of a folding prop flipping open at high speed.

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**REMOVING A DIESEL IN FAVOR OF AN OUTBOARD?**

A couple of friends and I are considering acquiring a boat in the low 30-ft range to do the Ha-Ha and possibly cruise beyond. One of us — not me — really doesn’t like diesel power, and would much prefer the advantages — as he perceives them — of an outboard motor. If we find a boat that has adequate bluewater capabilities, and a diesel engine, he thinks we should replace the diesel and replace it with an outboard on an adjustable mount on the transom. I’d like to know the pros and cons from anyone who has had experience with using an outboard for extended cruising.

Mark Dawson
Bainbridge Island, WA

Mark — About the only people who cruise with an outboard on the transom are those with very small boats, or those who are on smallish boats and even smaller budgets who can’t afford to repair or replace their dead diesel.

It would be interesting to know what your possible partner perceives to be the advantages of an outboard for cruising. Low initial cost and lighter weight are the only two things that come to mind. But you might ask him why, if diesel engines aren’t better than the other options, virtually all cruising boats over 30 feet come with them. Back in the '70s, some 30- to 40-ft
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boats did come with gas rather than diesel inboards, but only because they were less expensive. Nobody even offers gas inboards anymore, except on smaller powerboats where swift acceleration, even with the expense of extreme fuel consumption, is more important than torque.

A few of the advantages of diesel over outboards for cruising boats are as follows: 1) Safety. Unlike gas, diesel can’t explode. Indeed, touch a match to a puddle of diesel and it won’t even burn. 2) Diesels use fossil fuels more efficiently than any other type of engine — and particularly more efficiently than fuel-inefficient gas outboards. 3) Diesels are inherently more rugged so, if they are properly cared for, they will last forever. And at the end of forever, they can still be rebuilt a couple of times. 4) Diesel engines are designed to efficiently charge batteries and provide electrical power to the rest of the boat. Most outboards don’t do either, and none do it well. While solar panels and wind generators are great tools, it would be a real drawback not to be able to charge the batteries with the engine. 5) Unlike an inboard diesel, a transom-mounted outboard is vulnerable to waves, would make the boat pitch, and in a seaway would experience severe cavitation problems.

We’re confident that most experienced sailors would agree that removing a functioning diesel to replace it with an outboard would be one of the worst ideas ever. If any folks with transom-mounted outboards on cruising boats would like to argue to the contrary, we’d love to hear from you.

If your friend somehow manages to convince you that gas is the way to go, the good news is that you can pick up some great boats from the ‘70s with inboard gas engines at bargain prices. For example, we came across an Ericson 35 MKII, which is a very decent boat for Mexico and Central America, with a gas engine in Oxnard with an asking price of just $16,500. We also saw an Ericson 32, another fine Mexico boat, also with a gas inboard, for an asking price of just $8,000. The good news is that, even if your friend comes around to diesel, as he should, we’ve never seen a time when you get more cruising boat for your buck than right now, particularly at the low end of the market. And we’ve been in the sailing business for more than 35 years.

IT TOOK THEM TWICE AS LONG

We motored out the Gate early on the morning of May 28, and set sail for Pillar Point at Half Moon Bay. Thanks to a nice wind, our 28,000-lb Slocum 43 was able to kick along at as much as 7 to 8 knots.

About mid-afternoon the boats in the Spinnaker Cup Race to Monterey started to fly by us as if we were standing still. Even though we motored the first two hours, it still took us seven hours to get from Emeryville to Pillar Point. The next day we motored out of the harbor at 6 a.m., found some decent wind offshore, and got ourselves to the dock in Monterey by 6:30 p.m. When we arrived, the harbormaster told us that the R/P 77 Akela had finished the 88-mile course in just 6.5 hours! The official record shows 7 hours 11 minutes, so we’re a little confused.

By the way, Bill Turpin is listed as the owner/skipper. Is he related to Latitude’s Andy Turpin, who is the Assistant Poobah of the Ha-Ha and Mr. Pacific Puddle Jump?

Mark Wieber
Goliard, Slocum 43
Emeryville

Mike — It’s remarkable how two boats — your Slocum 43 and Turpin’s R/P 77 — can perform so differently. Akela’s elapsed time was, in fact, 7h. 11m. Thanks to about
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76 feet of sailing waterline, she reaches at about 13 knots in 11 knots of wind with a full main and fractional reacher. Andy Turpin and Bill Turpin aren’t actually related — as far as either knows — but both are really neat people!

↑↑"COULD MY FREYA HAVE BEEN YOUR FREYA?"

In the June Letters, you made the comment that you used to keep your Freya 39 in Ventura. I traded for a maroon Freya 39 in Ventura in the late ’80s and wonder if she might have been your old boat. Any idea what happened to your Freya?

Gary Anthony
License to Chill, Express Cruiser
Lake Oswego, OR

Gary — We kept our Freya 39. Contrary to Ordinary, in Ventura for a year or so, then brought her back to San Francisco Bay before selling her. Ours had a yellow hull with a full length lighting bolt. We sold her to a gentleman on the Peninsula in the late ’80s, so we doubt she’s the one you bought. We’re not sure where our old boat is now.

↑↑DOS AND DON’TS OF WORKING FROM A BARE HULL

My girlfriend and I recently purchased a ’78 fiberglass Freya 39. Actually, it’s nothing more than a bare hull, so I definitely have my work cut out for me. We love the boat’s wonderful lines and interior room. But it seems there aren’t a lot of them around.

The good folks at a cruising and sailing forum suggested that I contact you, as the publisher of Latitude used to own one. I sure would appreciate any photos and any dos and don’ts that would aid me in the building process.

Eric & Jeanna Brown
About Time, Freya 39
Brunswick, ME

Eric and Jeanna — You’re not going to like what we have to say, but we’d be negligent if we didn’t at least raise the subject. Don’t get us wrong, the Freya 39 is a terrific design. In the mid-’60s, a Freya was the overall winner in the prestigious Sydney to Hobart Race an unprecedented three years in a row. Of course, that was a long time ago when a rather heavy, 3/4 keel boat with an attached rudder and canoe stern could do such a thing. Today the Freyas make great cruising boats, and two Northern California-based Freyas — Roy and Tee Jenning’s Foxglove and Beau and Annie Hudson’s Lion — did circumnavigations. As you might have read, Jerry Borucki has been singlehanding his Freya, Arctic Alpha Wulf, to the Arctic Circle for the last several years. And we loved our Contrary to Ordinary, because at the time we were looking for a brick shithouse of a boat that nonetheless sailed reasonably well. She was even the cover girl for the West Marine catalog in the early ’80s.

The troubling question we feel we must raise is whether you’re absolutely sure that you want to finish a boat from a bare hull. One of the things you need to keep in mind is that while it physically looks like a lot, a hull is one of the quickest and least expensive parts of a boat to complete. It’s once the hull is done that the really hard, dirty, not-very-healthy, and seemingly never-ending work begins.

If your plan is to build a boat from a bare hull in order to save money, you’re going to find those savings illusory. In fact, we can all but guarantee that you could buy a used Freya 39 with loads of cruising gear for less than the materials alone to complete the hull you have. And that’s not even taking into account the thousands of hours of labor you’re going to have to put in.
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Labor such as pouring 10,000 lbs of molten lead into the keel, which you're certainly not going to be able to do alone. Sure, if you finish a Freya from a bare hull you'll get a new boat with exactly the layout and features that you want. But please don't underestimate the cost in terms of money and the amount of labor required. We wish we didn't have to bring this up either, but boatbuilding projects have a history of killing relationships. We don't want to bum you out or necessarily stop you from your project, but we highly recommend you speak with other amateur boatbuilders before going 'all in'.

One of the best people you could talk to would be Rick Gio of Sebastapol, who finished off his Freya 39 Gypsy Warrior from a bare hull. Gio would also be about the most confidence-inspiring person you could speak with, as it only took him 16 months to complete his boat from a hull. But before his short build time gets you too enthusiastic, understand that Gio had monumental focus, dedication and desire to finish the project. For example, he put in 2,322 hours — an average of 96.2 hours a week building his boat. And this was after he put in a 40-hour week at his real job, which was as a mason. Gio tells us that building his boat was a work of passion, and each time he later went down below, he fondly remember picking out matching grain for the wood, each stroke of varnish, and so forth. "I loved every minute of it," he says. On the other hand, he admits that it did cost him his first marriage and, even at low '79 prices, it cost $80,000 in materials. Gio figures that the materials would cost well over $100,000 today. He also benefitted greatly from being able to build his Freya at the Gannon Boatyard in Petaluma, where he only needed to walk a few feet to see how the other Freyas had been built.

To put this all in perspective, about a year ago Gio sold his fully fitted-out Freya, which for 29 years he had relentlessly raced and cruised to Hawaii, Mexico and the South Pacific, for $85,000. And she even had a brand new diesel. His wasn't the least expensive Freya on the market, but she was the best equipped. He now regrets selling her and buying a newer boat. But he can't buy his Freya back because she burned in Ventura shortly after the new owner took possession.

If you email Gio at rickgio@msn.com, he’ll be happy to share his experience and insights. If anyone else with firsthand boatbuilding experience would like to offer their thoughts, we’re sure Eric, Jeanna and others would enjoy reading them.

↑ CHECK THAT IMPERIALISTIC TONE!

In your Hurry to Cuba While It’s Still Illegal piece in the July 9 ‘Lectronic Latitude, you wrote the following: "Ever since ’59, when Castro took power in Cuba and nationalized the holdings of U.S. investors, then later tried to import nukes from Russia, it’s essentially been illegal to travel to Cuba because of the Treasury Department's prohibition against 'trading with the enemy'."

That could have been phrased with a less imperialistic viewpoint, such as: “Ever since ’59, when Castro led a successful revolution for Cuban independence, the U.S. government, as punishment for rejecting American colonialism, has imposed an embargo that has essentially made it illegal to travel to Cuba.” It was not so much Castro’s wanting nukes as Russia’s responding to Kennedy’s placement of nuclear missiles...
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in their backyard, an intolerable situation that Kennedy could have easily defused, but chose not to. That left Khrushchev no alternative but to try to place missiles in America’s backyard.

John Vincent
Planet Earth

John — We don’t know that Khrushchev had “no alternative,” but since Russia had previously been invaded by Napoleon and Hitler, with the loss of many millions of lives, the Cold War Russians had reason to be paranoid about U.S. missiles in their backyard.

But in order to make the statement less imperialistic while not shortchanging the achievements of Castro, we will re-word the statement as follows: “Ever since ’59, when Castro led a successful revolution, after which he would deprive Cubans of their basic human rights and steadfastly stick to economic policies that would doom them to decades of abject poverty, the U.S. government foolishly imposed an embargo as punishment for rejecting American colonialism that has essentially made it illegal to travel to Cuba.”

But to heck with politics, the important thing is that if you want to rebel against the U.S. government by taking your boat to Cuba, or by doing a charter there, you’d better hurry because the opportunity may not last long. As we wrote in Lectronic, legislation is moving forward in Congress that, if passed, would eliminate the prohibition on Americans traveling to — actually, spending money in — Cuba. But if you do travel to Cuba, be prepared to have to comply with countless idiotic petty rules and policies, and don’t assume that you’ll necessarily be able to interact with regular Cubans. Despite all the romantic notions about Cuba, it’s still a totalitarian state run by a couple of ancient farts who are iron-fisted control freaks.

Richard Brown
Callinectes, Farrier F-39
Annapolis, MD

Richard — With all due respect, you’ve got the facts all wrong and don’t understand the subtleties of the matter. There actually isn’t any ban on Americans travelling to Cuba, but rather a Department of Treasury prohibition against “trading with the enemy.” If you go to Cuba, it’s assumed that you’ll spend money, which is where you’d be breaking the law. Our friend
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Commodore Jose Escrich of the Hemingway International YC has always been willing to write letters on behalf of American cruisers saying they’re being “sponsored” by the Cuba government, and thus didn’t spend any money, and thus didn’t break the U.S. law. But the Bush Administration didn’t buy this. You claim that the prohibition against Americans visiting Cuba — a.k.a. spending money there — has been enforced by all administrations. Nonsense. When we sailed from the Dominican Republic for Cuba in the mid-’90s aboard Latitude’s Ocean 71 ketch Big O, we were stopped in the Windward Passage and carefully searched by the United States Coast Guard. The woman who headed the six-person boarding party, backed by a 278-ft cutter, asked where we were going. When we told her Cuba, she said she had to advise us not to travel there. We asked for a clarification. Was she, on behalf of the U.S. government, advising us not to visit Cuba, or ordering us not to visit Cuba? When she admitted that it was the former, we responded by saying, “Fine, then we’re going to Cuba anyway.”

As an example of how screwy the whole policy was/is, before departing with her boarding crew, the woman told us to make sure we took plenty of money. She explained that her uncle, an American citizen, had been cruising Cuba on his sailboat for six months and had found it to be quite expensive. Lastly, she told us to remember to call the U.S. Coast Guard if we had boat troubles in Cuban waters. We were surprised to hear that the Cubans allowed U.S. Coast Guard vessels in their territorial waters, but she explained that the U.S. Coast Guard, with the full approval of the Cuban government, rescued American boats in Cuban waters on a regular basis.

The facts are that Americans were not prosecuted for spending money in Cuba during the Clinton administration, but they were during the Bush administration. The Obama administration hasn’t explicitly said what its policy is, but it’s pretty clear they won’t be prosecuting. When a group of 300 Americans recently returned from a visit to Cuba, and demanded that the Department of Justice charge them with ‘trading with the enemy’, a spokesman for the Obama administration said they had more important things to do. This is why several Ha-Ha boats have visited Cuba this year, and when a Newport Beach couple called us last night to ask us if they thought it was safe to take their Florida-based boat to the island, we responded by saying, “Absolutely.”

Were you being facetious when you asked if we were accusing progressives of not enforcing certain laws? Because yes, that’s precisely what we were doing. After all, that’s exactly what being a ‘sanctuary city’ is, to cite just one example. But before you get too worked up about this maybe being a right versus left comment, conservatives do exactly the same thing when they are in office.

### SUBSTITUTING AN iPAD FOR A CHARTPLOTTER

I’ve read your comments about using the iPhone for navigation, but how about the iPad? It’s by far the most cost effective way to get a 9.7-inch display, so I’m wondering how it would
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work as a chartplotter. Have you given it a try, and how does it work? What’s the resolution like? Which app did you use? How’s the screen visibility in daylight? Do you think it would be reliable? Would you put it in a Zip-Loc and let the waves splash it? Bottom line, would you pick a $500 chartplotter or a $500 iPad?

Sheldon Erickson
Polaris, Tayana 37
Oakland

Sheldon — If we only had $500, we’d probably get the iPad because it does a much better job doing what a chartplotter does than the other way around. Keep in mind, however, that if you want 3G speed on your iPad, you have to pay $39 a month, and if you cruise to another country, you’re going to have to get another SIM card and perhaps sign up with another data program. In addition, we think a dedicated chartplotter is a very good and convenient thing to have on a boat. But since Camilo Martinez has much more experience sailing with an iPad, we’ll let him answer your questions.

ADVICE FROM AN iPAd CONVERT

Based on my experience, both the iPad and iPhone are great aids when sailing. I used both extensively during the most recent Coastal Cup Race aboard Macondo, especially after an accidental jibe knocked my helm station chartplotter repeater out of action.

I keep both my iPhone and iPad in Aquapac waterproof cases, and I usually leave my iPad down below, plugged into the 12-volt outlet while I use the iPhone above. The lanyard on the Aquapac cases allows me to secure the iPhone, and I store it in my pocket. When I am off watch, I top off the iPhone’s charge.

The apps I use most often on the iPad are (“*” means optimized for iPad):

**For Navigation:**
- Navionics Marine U.S. West HD* — Great charts and tracking functions.
- Charts and Tide* — Interesting views, but less detail in the charts.
- MotionX GPS HD* — Great for tracking, and you can pre-download the NOAA charts.
- FlyToMap — Good all-inclusive chart package for $20.

**For Readings at Buoys and Tides**
- Bombora — Great for polling buoys and forecasts.
- Buoy Data* — Less comprehensive than Bombora, but a great iPad interface.
- TideGraph HD* — Great interface for tide data.
- Tides — Tides and currents.

**For Weather:**
- MarineCast* — Sailflow.com info. Often more reliable than the website.
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- RadarScope, CA Radars, Radar — Radar info.
- WunderMap — Weather info on a map.

In addition, I browse many websites using the iCab browser because I can have more tabs open than in Safari.

Thanks to the iPhone and iPad, I have found that I often don’t have to lug my laptop around anymore.

Camilo Martinez
Macondo, Beneteau First 47.7
San Francisco

We’re Pro Choice on the iPad

I got an iPad 3G for my birthday, and we have since used it on the boat numerous times. The Navionics app is pretty good for low cost charts, finding marks, and determining one’s lat/long location. We used the app last weekend to help us stay in the channel while going to the Marin YC. Shipfinder is another good app, as it shows the position of all commercial vessels on the Bay and out in the ocean, complete with their speed and bearing. You can double click on any ship and get a picture of it along with other info about it as well. For races, I have loaded courses and race instructions onto Goodreader, which is a great app for storing PDFs and other documents.

Once we get to our destination, it’s nice to use the iPad to get email and stay current with events via the web. My oldest has downloaded a couple of books, and she reads them during downtime on the boat. I have used the Pages word processing app to write a number of papers for a professional development course I am taking through Rutgers University. My kids enjoy the games and video, of course, but for obvious reasons we try to keep this to a minimum.

But this raises the all-important question of how much technology and cyber connection is too much. After all, we go to the boat to get away. We prefer to have technology available and exercise restraint, and try to be disciplined in maintaining a proper balance. But it’s not easy. Nonetheless, for now I prefer to have the choice.

Steve Zevanove
Diana, Islander 36
Alameda

The glare is a deal breaker

It would make a difference if you could read the iPad screen while on a boat. If that were the case, combined with the Navionics navigation, it would make for a great onboard navigation system — especially if you could get a real GPS chip. But since you can’t read the iPad screen in direct sunlight — I’ve tried it in Seattle, and can only imagine what it would be like in Mexico or elsewhere in the tropics — we’ve found the iPad to be more of a toy for home. In addition, there are very few apps on the iPad that work without being connected to the internet, which one wouldn’t necessarily have while on a boat.

Lauren Buchholz
Piko, Wauquiez Pretorien 35
Seattle, WA

Lauren — You’re right about the iPad’s screen being not so easy to read while out in the sun and in other glare situations. But we find ours easy to read at the nav station, and anti-glare screens are available.

While you do need to be connected to the internet to use all of the apps, many of the most popular marine apps — such as
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LETTERS

Navionics — work without an internet connection. We value your opinion, but we wouldn’t go sailing without our iPad.

⇑⇑“NOW I CAN SAIL AND WORK”

I just got my iPad a couple of days ago and am looking for sailing-related applications, so thanks for the article. But the thing that sold me on the iPad — and I think others might like it — is that it allows me to stay in touch with my home office. I have a PC at my home office, and occasionally I like to take off to have some fun. For example, I helped bring up my brother’s boat from Cabo to San Francisco a few weeks ago, and then my wife Julie and I went down to Santa Barbara for a week of R&R and to spend time with my daughter. It would have been nice to have the full functionality of my desktop, but I only had my iPhone. My old eyes are finding it increasingly difficult to do any serious reading, especially using Safari on the iPhone. Plus I’d like to connect and use files that are on my PC.

Enter LogMeln for the iPad. It’s a $30 application, but it enables you to remotely take over a PC or Mac. I’ve found it to be quite fast, and it gives me access to everything on my PC but sound. I have some useful plug-ins on Firefox that I can now access from my iPad — take that, Steve Jobs! — plus all my log-in IDs that I have in Roboform, plus all the files, etc. LogMeln is an excellent app, and it’s what convinced me to get an iPad now.

Mark Leonard
Corte Madera

⇑⇑BATTERY LIFE VS. LIGHTER WEIGHT

I have a new client who is a senior engineer at Apple, and just this morning we were talking about the phenomenal battery life of the iPad. He explained the reason for this is that about 80% of the iPad is taken up with the battery, whereas the battery only takes up about 29% of the iPhone. He says he wishes that Apple had decided to make the battery a little smaller in the iPad, so that it might last 8 hours instead of 10, but with a significant savings in weight.

Apple having set a high bar for all their products, he fears it’s going to be more difficult to maintain such levels of improvement. I love my iPad also, but I wish they could resolve the dispute with Adobe about the Flash Player. My client thinks it will be resolved in Apple’s favor soon, but he has his own obvious biases.

Doug Thorne
Tamara Lee Ann, Celestial 50
Alameda

Doug — We’d go for 20% less battery power if it meant the iPad weighed 20% less, because weight is one of the device’s legitimate negatives. And as great as we think the iPad is, we’re still mad at ourselves for dropping and breaking the screen on our Kindle. When it comes to reading lots of books, the Kindle is not only much lighter, its screen is easier on the eyes than the iPad’s for those of us who are voracious readers.

In a typical month, we receive a tremendous volume of letters. So if yours hasn’t appeared, don’t give up hope.

We welcome all letters that are of interest to sailors. Please include your name, your boat’s name, sailing port and, if possible, a way to contact you for clarifications.

By far the best way to send letters is to email them to richard@latitude38.com. You can also mail them to 15 Locust, Mill Valley, CA, 94941, or fax them to (415) 383-5816.
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Local mariners, and particularly Master Mariners, bid a sad ‘Fair Winds’ to respected local sailor and Captain Al Lutz, who passed away June 27 after a long battle with cancer. He was only 55.

Sailors, and many non-sailors, will best remember Al as the thick-bearded captain of the San Francisco Maritime Museum’s 1891 scow schooner Alma. The story goes that Al retired from a 20-year career in the Coast Guard on a Friday in 1993, and the next Monday joined the National Park Service. Under Lutz’s direction, the 60-ft LOD Alma was transformed from a more or less static display to a Coast Guard certified vessel which, over the next 17 years, racked up more than 10,000 miles sailing the Bay and its estuaries from the South Bay to Stockton. Rather than hay and potatoes, as she carried in the old days, Alma’s modern ‘cargo’ consisted of schoolchildren, nonprofit groups, disabled people, park personnel and just about anyone else who wanted to go. There was always plenty of room on her wide, stable decks.

One of the highlights of Al and Alma’s year was the Master Mariners Regatta. Befitting a doyen of her age, Alma always takes the honorary first start at noon. Okay... the real reason she’s first to start is because she’s something of a tortoise to more modern ‘hares’, meaning just about every other boat out there. And like Aesop’s tortoise, under Al’s competent hand, Alma made her slow and steady way to the finish line. She rarely ‘won’, but it was sometimes hard to tell from all the smiles onboard.

One of the highlights of a long career under traditional sail — among other billets, the Ohio-born Lutz was chief boatswain’s mate on the Coast Guard tallship Eagle — was the 2007 Master Mariners Regatta. Befitting a doyen of her age, Alma always takes the honorary first start at noon. Okay... the real reason she’s first to start is because she’s something of a tortoise to more modern ‘hares’, meaning just about every other boat out there. And like Aesop’s tortoise, under Al’s competent hand, Alma made her slow and steady way to the finish line. She rarely ‘won’, but it was sometimes hard to tell from all the smiles onboard.

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One of the highlights of a long career under traditional sail — among other billets, the Ohio-born Lutz was chief boatswain’s mate on the Coast Guard tallship Eagle — was the 2007 Master Mariners Regatta in which Alma took third in the Big Schooner Division, while his wife Jill took first in the Bear Division. After the race, Al couldn’t have been prouder if he’d just won the America’s Cup.

Our dealings with Al — whether it be a simple question over the phone, a funny story from Alma’s ‘mothership’ duties during the ’07 Gunkhole Rally, or something like setting up a photo shoot when Alma carried the Olympic Flame across the Bay — were always conducted with competence, professionalism and plenty of good humor. We will miss him.

Our condolences go out to Jill, son Brendan, daughter Jessica and all the extended Lutz family.

— jr
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the legend of imp

There are two boats that came out of the Bay Area that have had a huge impact on the international world of sailing — and coincidentally, both of them were featured in the inaugural issue of Latitude in 1977. One of these boats was Merlin, the boat designed and built by Bill Lee of Santa Cruz. She was a revolutionary large ultralight displacement boat that, in time, would change the way everybody thought about performance boats.

The other was Dave Allen’s Belvedere-based Ron Holland 40 Imp, which was much more of an evolutionary boat, but one, thanks in large part to the extraordinary sailing skills of some young Northern Californians, that would change everything in the IOR world, which at the time was the height of sailboat racing.

The definitive book on Lee and Merlin has not been written yet, but Bill Barton, who often crewed on Imp, has taken care of that boat’s story with the 200-page book titled The Legend of Imp: The Magical Yacht That Rocked the Sailing World. It is a superbly written book that will prove fascinating to all sailors, and features such Northern California sailing legends as Warwick ‘Commodore’ Tompkins, Skip Allan, Tom Wylie, Steve Taft, Ron Holland, Dave Wahle, Tad Lacey, Gary Mull, and countless others. Unlike most sailing books, which tend to be big on photos and short on text, Barton has written one of the most detailed and well-researched sailing books ever, one that is packed with history, colorful characters and delicious trivia. We love, for example, Barton’s initial sketch of Dave Allen:

“With aquamarine eyes and unassuming air, David positively affected all around him. He was playful and impish at 5’8” and 160 pounds. Clever and smart, a free spirit and trickster of sorts, David was wealthy yet never flaunted his money. He was humble and lived simply, respecting Nature’s resources. He was ‘green’ and promoted green long, long before the term was even coined. He led by example and would use fresh water like it was gold, brushing his teeth with just a quarter inch of water in the cup. His showers were brief, and he would always finish with an ice-cold rinse. I never saw him wear a tie, ever. Even when he went to dinner at the Royal Yacht Squadron in Cowes with Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, there was no tie for David. For that encounter he wore his dark green corduroys, green Imp shirt and a tweed coat. He was not a control freak and had no ego issues. He had no axe to grind, didn’t care to be waited on, and shunned the spotlight, preferring to be the planner and organizer extraordinaire who left no stones unturned . . . I will always remember seeing David in his Peugeot with his six-year-old granddaughter propped up on his lap and her steering the car as he laughed in glee while they cruised around the streets of Tiburon. The man was a non-conformist who loved life and adventure, freely embraced. Bay sailing and ocean treks were his playground, and he relished, more than anyone might fathom, the nasty conditions that Nature can dish out.”

Part of what makes the Imp tale so interesting is that sailing, like society and the world, was changing rapidly in the early ‘70s, when the seeds for Imp were being planted.

“Skip Allan [who at 18 had been the winning skipper in the Trans-Pac with his family’s Cal 40 Holiday Too] was working at a communal bookstore in Palo Alto in April of 1970 when the phone rang. ‘President of IBM calling,’ Skip could barely hear as there was a loud anti-war rally going on outside, but Vince [Learson] invited Skip east to join

charges filed against

Four Coast Guardsmen involved in a collision between their 33-ft patrol boat and a 26-ft Sea Ray, which killed 8-year-old Anthony Cole DeWeese and injured five others, had criminal charges filed against them by the Coast Guard on July 1.

The accident occurred at 5:45 p.m. on December 20, shortly before the start of the annual holiday Parade of Lights. The patrol boat was reportedly responding to a grounded vessel — not a life-threatening incident — and was estimated by witnesses to be speeding through the crowded waters at between 35 and 45 mph.

Petty Officer Paul Ramos, the man at the helm, faces the most serious charges, including involuntary manslaughter for...
coast guardsmen

failing to post lookouts and maintain a safe speed. POs Ian Howell and Brittany Rasmussen both are facing charges of negligent homicide, and PO Lavelle Teague has been charged with dereliction of duty. No date has been set for an Article 32 preliminary hearing to determine if the case will be heard at a court-martial. If convicted, Ramos, Howell, and Rasmussen could face more than 50 years, and Teague three months. A spokesman for the Coast Guard says no one “could remember an involuntary manslaughter charge against a Coast Guardsman in connection with something they’ve done on duty. It’s very rare.” — ladonna

imp — cont’d

the Nepenthe crew for the 1970 Bermuda Race. That much Skip got, and he agreed in an instant. Skip was picked up by Vince’s limousine driver and driven to the Learson house in Rye, Westchester County, New York. Skip rang the bell and was greeted by a servant who ushered him inside. Immediately in front of him was the family at dinner. There was Vince’s wife Gladys, with a strand of large pearls around her neck and large gold earrings. There was Vince in a coat and tie. There also were two of his four beautiful daughters, Beth and Elaine. And there was Skip, six feet tall with a ponytail, scruffy beard and ragged jeans. Skip immediately took a fancy to Beth. She was likewise intrigued by this world-famous young yachtsman and California ‘hippie’."

Barton writes wonderfully about the people, boats and races that led up to Imp. He details Imp’s stunning successes, such as at the SORC and the Admiral’s Cup in England, the premier sailing events of the era, and what an inspiration the boat’s successes were for other Bay Area and West Coast boatowners and sailors. And naturally

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

Barton doesn’t skip the infamous Fastnet Race of ‘79, during which the Imp crew battled to survive 60-ft waves and Barton struggled to keep one of the depressed crew from committing suicide. This is no creampuff book — Barton doesn’t hide the fact that Dennis Conner, Ted Turner, and even his dear friend Dave Allen expressed such cavalier sentiments about the fact that 15 of their fellow competitors had died. Barton notes that it was left to British Prime Minister Edward Heath to put the Fastnet Race in proper perspective. “He called it the worst experience of his life,” upon returning to the dock with his yacht Morning Cloud.

Barton remembers what effect that Fastnet Race had on him: “Our English friend Andy McConnell had called from Rye and wanted to speak with me ASAP. We had an easy hour before dinner, so I dialed him up. And shared his relief as I recounted some of what we experienced in our 15 hours of hell. Then he said, ‘I’m holding The New

continued on outside column of next sightings page
day on the bay

for Easter Seals participants as well as for members of both the Corinthian and San Francisco YCs. It gives club members an opportunity to offer service to people facing great challenges in life, while also exposing them to the remarkable, positive attitude of those challenged with disabilities, and to the hard work done by their caregivers, who focus not just on the special needs, but also on the abilities of their charges.

Judging by the smiles on the faces of both volunteers and participants, this Day on the Bay yielded rewards for all involved.

— john a.

imp — cont’d

York Times, and it says that Imp was sunk and the crew lost!” We laughed about that and I promised to stay in touch.

“I hung up. I began to shiver all over. The shivering increased. Soon my whole body was shaking uncontrollably. I was wracked with chills and sick to my stomach. Was it a seizure? I jumped into bed fully clothed and wrapped myself in blankets. My jaw was chattering. Mental health professional or not, I was having a panic attack. The Times story had got me. I wasn’t supposed to be alive.” The torment would continue for weeks.

Thanks to some great trivia, Barton conveys how different the world was in the late ’70s. “[After the Fastnet Race] and on his way to his hotel room, Skip Allan passed through the streets of Plymouth and was stopped by a phone ringing in one of the red public booths that were a standard of the time. On a whim, Skip decided to answer it. He found himself speaking to a sports reporter from the San Jose Mercury, almost a hometown newspaper. The reporter had obtained the phone number from an operator in an act of professional desperation. All the other lines to Plymouth were jammed. The reporter told Skip that the word in the press had the U.S. Admiral’s Cup team all missing and believed sunk. Skip corrected that and agreed to give the reporter a firsthand story if he would agree to call Skip’s pregnant wife.”

In addition to doing almost every race on Imp during her glory years of ’77 to ’79, author Barton — known variously as Dr. Feelgood, Duke, Big Bill, The Doctor, and Toons — is a superb racer who has been sailing since age four. He still competes at the highest levels, having done 15 Etchells World Championships, with nine finishes in the top 10. He lives in Bolinas and is a clinical psychologist with a practice in San Francisco.

— richard

mike harker brutally beaten

Mike Harker, who started sailing with the 2000 Ha-Ha and later did mostly singlehanded passages from Florida to Europe, Europe to the South Pacific, the South Pacific to California, followed by an 11-month singlehanded circumnavigation, reports that he was brutally beaten aboard his Manhattan Beach-based Hunter 49 Wanderlust 3 while anchored off St. Martin in the West Indies in late June.

The 62-year-old Harker’s sailing achievements are all the more remarkable because more than 20 years ago he was severely injured in a terrible hang-gliding accident that left him bedridden for years and had doctors assuring him that he would never walk again. While he has no feeling below mid-thigh in either leg, he walks with only the slightest of limps. Friendly, self-reliant, unpretentious, and thrifty — he cruised the Med on $750 a month — Harker is a great friend of Latitude, and we’ve published many of his reports over the years.

According to Harker, “Last week [meaning sometime in late June] at 4 a.m. two men swam out to my boat, which was anchored off Witch’s Tit in Simpson Lagoon. They pulled me to the cabin sole from my bunk and stomped on my arms. The smaller of the two, who had straight hair and a Latin-looking nose, said, “I know you’re rich, where is your money?”

“My money is in the bank,” I replied, “but I’ll give you all my credit cards.”

continued on outside column of next sightings page
“We want all your cash,” the little man insisted. “Where do you hide your cash?”

“You can have all the cash in my wallet,” I responded, “it’s all I have.”

“Stick him!” The little man ordered the big man, who had a “squashed nose” and short black hair. The big man put the tip of a spear-like instrument to my forehead and pushed.

“So I raised my right arm and grabbed the end of the spear, then with my left arm pulled the spear out of his hands and bent the spear end across my knee. The men then kicked me and grabbed for my arms. I was able to slug the little man a good one and kick the big man in the balls. But they took their revenge by getting an arm across my throat while the big man kneeled on my arms.

“Knock him out!” ordered the little man.

“They beat me and I passed out from a lack of oxygen. Just before I passed out, I thought to myself, “Someone finally killed me after all.”

“When I came to a few minutes later, my wrists were tied around my knees and my ankles were bound. I watched as the two men ransacked my cabin, putting all the valuables and electronics into a big black bag. Then I passed out again. I later awoke to the sound of my dinghy being driven away. They’d taken all my handheld radios, cell phones and even ripped the microphone out of the built-in VHF and SSB radios. I crawled out to the cockpit and saw that they had forgotten to remove the VHF mic from out there, so I called a “Mayday” on channel 16 and blew the air horn five times, followed by a pause and five more blasts. A neighboring boatowner was at my side within two minutes. And although it was in the wee hours of the morning, the gendarmes and a medical team were at my side in 15 minutes.”

“I then called the net on channel 14 for everyone to be on the lookout for my special Walker Bay dinghy with new 8-hp Yamaha. Within 20 minutes someone near the three-mile distant FKG dock reported that my dinghy was drifting a short distance away. Security tapes would later show two men such as I described, plus a third, who looked Latin and who was carrying a black bag, run from my dinghy at the dock.”

“When I came to, a cracked cheekbone, a splinter around my right eye socket, a cracked rib, and more. As I write this, I’m in the hospital and still can’t chew solid food, but will be transferred to Guadeloupe for a special face surgeon to try to save my face.”

As it turned out, Harker didn’t have to go to Guadeloupe for surgery. After several weeks of healing, Harker felt he was in good enough condition to head south to the Grenadines to get out of the hurricane zone — and to get away from where he was attacked.

The police got DNA samples of the attackers, and said if the assailants have records, they will be apprehended. But there has been no news on that. Despite his injuries, Harker knows it could have been worse. For while in hospital, he overheard police interview an Asian man who had been sitting on a desk behind the cash register of a friend’s little market. With about eight customers in the store, two men entered, one with a rusty gun, and demanded all the money from a woman behind the counter. The gunman looked very nervous and his hand shook. The next thing anybody knew, the gun went off — and a bullet went through a seven-year-old girl’s liver, killing her on the spot. The men got away with $300 and the Asian man received a minor wound.
ing a law or two, we have to applaud his ingenuity, and we’d sure like to know if he pulled it off. But, having once gotten a hefty fine for simply parking too long in that lot, we fear this frugal sailor’s plan may have been quashed long before he got his sloop rigged and launched.

Shortly after it ran, we received this email from the boat’s owner:

Talk about busted! Hell, now I’m infamous! But the facts are clear and accurate: I’m a very broke sailor, knew I was flirting with a citation, and indeed, could not have gotten any closer.

The one-man, covert operation of flying the block off the bridge was supposed to occur at oh-dark-thirty. Instead, having taken more precautionary time to haul

— richard

“Since I was attacked I’ve asked, ‘Why me?’” says Harker. I honestly don’t know. I’m very friendly, have no enemies, and hang with cruisers rather than locals. All the cruisers and restaurant people know me as being, well, cheap, so nobody has the impression I’m rich. I don’t drink — except to nurse a $1 beer at a happy hour once a week or so. Perhaps I was attacked because it was low season and there were no longer all the high-season boats and people around. I anchored my boat in almost the exact same spot on the outer edge of the French side of Simpson Lagoon, right on the Dutch border next to the channel. During high season there are lots of other people on boats around me, but with low season they had all gone. So I guess I stuck out.”

“The gendarmes asked which locals I hung out with, and if I ever visited the nude bars such as Bada-Bing, or if I’d brought prostitutes aboard. I hadn’t because I’ve never wanted to associate with that crowd. The attack on me has lots of local cruisers — and especially those who are staying through hurricane season — worried, because nobody can recall a swim-out attack and robbery before. I hope there isn’t another.”

— richard

Spread, another cruiser renders aid to Mike as he talks to the authorities on the VHF. Right, a shocking before-and-after — Mike during his solo circumnavigation, and then after he was treated at the hospital. We wish him a speedy recovery.
kkmi sausalito turns green

Few people like change, but in the case of KKMI’s new Sausalito boatyard, there’s little not to like. Since taking over the space several months ago, KKMI has worked closely with Clipper Yacht Harbor, the owner of the property, to create a facility that not only serves the needs of the boating public, but also respects the environment — not an easy, or inexpensive, feat to accomplish.

On July 21, a celebration was held at the new yard to announce the completion of ‘Phase 1’ in bringing the property into compliance with existing environmental laws. “We’re not talking about new rules,” said Ken Pedersen, President of Clipper Yacht Harbor. “We’re talking about the Clean Water Act of 1972. We’re finally following it.”

Once finished, several features will distinguish KKMI Sausalito from nearly every boatyard in the country, if not the world. As you ap-

mast

carved out of the sandstone walls of the San Francisco Bay, the 1967 O’Day Outlaw makes its first California dip in the San Francisco Bay. I arrived well after sunrise — not good. While scurrying up the narrow side of Highway 37 to launch the block, I was seen, and worse, reported by a passing commuter. Imagine my horror when not 10 minutes after those scandalous images were taken, a Highway Patrol car swung around directly next to me and the boat — the mast now overtly hanging from the bridge.

“We got a report that someone jumped off the bridge. How long have you been waiting? Wait a minute. That can’t be legal. Perhaps it comes under the heading of putting tax dollars to a secondary use.

The spread looks benign enough — just some guy getting ready to launch his boat. But when you pull back . . . wait a minute. That can’t be legal. Perhaps it comes under the heading of putting tax dollars to a secondary use.

the spread looks benign enough — just some guy getting ready to launch his boat. But when you pull back...wait a minute. That can’t be legal. Perhaps it comes under the heading of putting tax dollars to a secondary use.
— cont’d

here? ‘Oh, about two hours, sir.’ ‘Well, I guess nobody jumped then. Have a good day.’ He then drove off. I’m not sure how to sum that one up — just damn lucky. I guess, but I definitely had to chuck the underwear.

Anyway, I used the Barlow winch to hoist the 125-lb mast, and as quickly as I could, rigged the shrouds and retrieved the block. Other than that, the launch went incredibly smooth; not a single dissaster — and this was my first time launching her.” — andy

kkmi — cont’d

proach the yard, you can’t help but notice the concrete retaining wall and tall fencing ringing the property. Once inside, it’s easy to see that the entire yard is below the level of the ground surrounding it. “We’ve basically created a bathtub,” noted KKMI partner Ken Keefe. “Everything — all the dust, water, overspray — stays in the yard.”

A revolutionary water filtration system then not only removes heavy metals and other pollutants from the water collected by massive underground pumps, but treats it in such a way as to make it resusable. “I want to process as much as we use so we won’t have to send any to the sewer or use fresh water,” said Keefe.

And then there is, of course, ‘Haully Green Giant’, the green — and ‘green’ — Travelift that runs on biodiesel. Who says change is bad?

— ladonna

another political tin ear

It’s not quite as bad as if he’d won the Presidential election and discovered that his Vice President had been a bald-faced liar in repeatedly denying that he was a baby daddy, but longtime Massachusetts Senator John Kerry has foolishly sailed into some very hot water with his constituents.

As is being reported all over, Kerry recently took delivery of the 76-ft Isabel, a $7 million sailboat designed by Ted Fontaine. While Kerry came by his money the honest way — he married a widowed heiress who had married the heir to the Heinz ketchup fortune — a public servant with a multimillion dollar sailing yacht with a sumptuous Edwardian interior is asking for trouble with his peeps.

But as if that weren’t enough foolishness, Kerry had the boat built halfway around the world in New Zealand at Friendship Yachts. The folks in New England — who, by the way, have been allotted about 10 too many senators ever since about 1800 — are wondering if Kerry wasn’t aware that the New England boatbuilding industry, like the rest of the country, is suffering from terribly high unemployment. And if their craftsmanship wasn’t good enough for the Senator.

The apparently tone deaf Kerry didn’t stop there. Seemingly unaware that the voters in Massachusetts had replaced legendary Senator Ted Kennedy with a Republican, in part because the deceased Senator had his estate go through probate in Florida thereby stifling the Bay State of taxes, and in part because the supposed supporter of the environment had thwarted a wind farm because it would have been remotely visible from the family’s Hyannis Port compound, Kerry didn’t think there would be anything wrong with berthing his new yacht in neighboring Rhode Island.

The problem is that the ‘average man’ didn’t think it was a mere coincidence that by so doing, the multi-gazillionaire senator would save having to pay $450,000 in sales tax — to the treasury of the very state he represents! A state, by the way, that is facing a ‘$1.000 million’ deficit this year. By keeping the boat in Rhode Island — instead of near his estate at Nantucket or his townhouse in Boston, both of which are in Massachusetts — Kerry will also save paying another $70,000 a year to his state in excise tax.

While this all may be legal, the ‘do as I say, not as I do’ behavior has been the moral equivalent of the senator spilling a case of bright red ketchup all over himself. Lest anybody think this is an anti-Democratic Party screed, it’s not. We’re fully aware that Republicans have done things as bad, if not worse. That doesn’t excuse any of them.

— richard
As Calvin Coolidge famously said, “Nothing in the world can take the place of persistence.” That contention was confirmed for us recently when we ran into Kat Gartin and Brian Morrison on the Tahitian island of Moorea. As you’ll read below, without unwavering persistence toward their goals, they never would have made it to the islands.

We’d only met Kat and Brian briefly during the ’08 Ha-Ha Rally, but because they both seem to possess eternally upbeat attitudes — and wear ear-to-ear smiles — we instantly recognized them under the coco palms along Opunohu Bay: “Hey! What the heck are you guys doing here?” We recalled that at the end of the Ha-Ha they’d been eager to find a ride to the South Pacific, or perhaps buy a boat of their own in order to continue their adventures.

As Brian explained, they’ve had plenty of adventures all right — some that they remember fondly, and others that they’d probably like to forget: “After the rally we were going to buy a 44-ft cruiser in San Carlos, but the owner changed his mind the morning we were going to give him the check.” They almost scored a crewing gig there, but that fell through also, so the intrepid couple traveled to Mexico’s Caribbean coast where they did a short stint on a charter boat. While there, they lined up a gig taking a boat from Ireland to Malaysia — Brian has a 100-ton captain’s license and Kat has had EMT training. Unfortunately, the boat broke down before they even got out of U.K. waters — it had all sorts of electrical problems — and the skipper decided he wasn’t up to the trip after all. So Brian and Kat brought her back to Ireland, then backpacked around Europe for a month while waiting for another opportunity to pop up.

“In Plymouth, England, we got spots aboard a 65-ft ocean cruiser that was going from England to Australia,” explains Brian. Just prior to their arrival, however, it was stranded on the sands of Plymouth Harbour, then flooded when the tide came in, ruining all the electronics in the process.

“That boat was kinda sketchy, but we knew if we got it together and out of England, we wouldn’t get stuck there for the winter. So we took off sailing across the Bay of Biscay with only a handheld GPS for navigation.” They made it safely to Spain, where they were supposed to pick up a bunch of new equipment. They soon learned, however, that the project’s funding had run out, so they had to leave the marina and anchor out. Unfortunately, it blew 50 knots that night and the anchor-to-chain shackle parted in the middle of the night, sending the boat adrift and soon grounding it on the seawall. That turned out to be the lesser of evils, though. If they’d washed out beyond the breakwater, they’d have come up on a rocky shoreline in a 20-ft swell.

Brian and Kat decided they’d had enough of that boat, and soon after got a ride in Lisbon, Portugal, aboard a Westerly 33. “We sailed aboard her through the Med, across to North Africa and on to Israel, continued on outside column of next sightings page
to sailing records

ally complete it in about three months. Di Benedetto’s claim to fame is that he did it on a Mini TransAt boat which, at 21 feet, makes it the smallest boat ever to complete a nonstop circumnavigation.

Alessandro had his share of adventures, including a dismasting near the Horn, which he repaired and kept going. You can read about the voyage — or try — at www.alessandrodibenedetto.net. Be warned that the English “translation” is a tad wanting. For example, when we were trying to figure out what the guy ate,

waylaid — cont’d

stopping along the way at Greece and Malta.” No sooner had they arrived in Israel, though, than they found out they’d gotten a job lined up for the Puddle Jump. Less than 24 hours later, they were on a plane back to the U.S., where Brian renewed his captain’s license before traveling to Mexico to sign aboard a large cruising yacht. But they were in for yet another let down. As often happens in the realm of cruising, the crew dynamics didn’t work out as well as they would have hoped, so they decided to look for other options.

Their luck soon changed. Nearby was the ketch Spirit of Nyami Nyami, whose owner, Don Walter of Zimbabwe, already had a full crew. But he decided that having a licensed captain aboard would be a wise idea. So Brian and Kat finally got the ride to ‘paradise’ they’d been hoping for. Calvin Coolidge would have been proud of them.

— andy
SIGHTINGS

**a quick look at the ha-ha schedule**

Having been accused of ‘Ha-Ha’ing our readership to death in the past by dedicating too much editorial real estate to our annual San Diego-to-Cabo San Lucas rally, we’ll keep this short. But we do have a few important notes to convey.

First, if you’re still thinking about signing up for this year’s event, let us remind you that the entry deadline is September 10. Our new online sign-up system is simple to use and takes only about 10 minutes to complete — okay, a bit longer if you’re a two-finger typist. You can access it via the “register” button at [www.baja-haha.com](http://www.baja-haha.com). (The entry fee is still $350, or $300 if your age or your boat length is less than 35.) If you need general info about the rally, see “About the Ha-Ha” on the site, and if you’re new to Mexico cruising be sure to check out our newly updated *First Timer’s Guide to Mexico*. It’s there on the site and downloadable for free.

Second, we don’t know who coined the phrase, “The more the mer-

**record**

we came across: “This outstanding sailor knows how to handle both the harpoon on the sea beams — to improve his ordinary meals, as well as the vocalizations of the Italian ways, when the wind sulks him.” We think that just means he fished a lot. And we sure hope ‘harpoon’ really means ‘speargun,’ or armchair experts are going to have something new to rant and rave about.

Kidding aside, the completion of any nonstop circumnavigation is a feat of skill, strength, courage and determination unimaginable to most casual sailors. To pull it off in a boat about the same length as a Santana 22 really boggles the mind.

Spread, Alicia and Louie bid farewell to their beloved Westsail 32 ‘Tar Baby II’. Inset, ‘Tar Baby II’ in happier days.
(To be fair, Findomestic was heavily modified and strengthened.) With the Vendée Globe regularly touted as the ‘Everest of Sailing’, di Benedetto’s feat might compare to the venerated Seven Summits — climbing the tallest mountains on each of the continents, including Everest.

For comparison’s sake, Robin Knox-Johnston took 313 days to sail his 32-ft ketch Suhaili nonstop around the world in the 1968-1969 Sunday Times Golden Globe Race. In the 2008-2009 edition of the Vendée Globe, Michel Desjoyeaux completed the round-about in 84 days and change on the 60-ft Foncia.

— jr

— cont’d

— ha-ha — cont’d

We’d be willing to bet that somewhere out there in the South Pacific a stout little Westsail 32 named Tar Baby II is still bobbing along over the wavetops, despite being dismasted, then abandoned on June 21. The reason for our hunch is that these full-keel double-enders are among the most bulletproof ocean cruisers ever built. Plus, we’re doing our best to believe in the power of positive thinking because we’d sure like to see Louie and Alicia van Praag get their boat back.

We met them via email in January when they registered for our Pacific Puddle Jump rally, and were immediately taken by their story. Louie, 36, who is Australian — and, not surprisingly, a lifelong sailor — met Alicia, 27, an American, a year and a half ago while she was on a “working holiday” in the ‘land down under’. Their love affair was apparently kindled when he took her on a champagne sail in Sydney Harbor. She’d never been aboard a sailboat before!

She invited him back to California to meet her family and friends, and while he was there, Louie pitched the idea — jokingly at first — of buying Tar Baby II and sailing her back to ‘Oz’. They ended up attempting to do just that, after first getting hitched in California.

Their 29-day, 3,000-mile crossing from Puerto Vallarta to Hiva Oa, in the Marquesas, went quite well — apart from a few days in the ITCZ when they were actually going backwards. But a few months later, they found themselves in real trouble. While en route from Palmerston Island, in the Cooks, to remote Beveridge Reef, they encountered strong winds, rough seas and a continuous phalanx of nasty squalls that carried gusts up to 40 knots. The tumult proved to be more than their windvane steering device, dubbed Wall-E, could handle.

When they finally reached Beveridge Reef, the wind and current were too strong to allow them in, even with the help of their engine. So they reluctantly decided to press on to Niue, a full day’s sail away. “I was on my 40-minute shift at around 12:30 a.m.,” Alicia wrote later, “with surprisingly high spirits, despite my sore body from holding the weight of the swell on the tiller, when the unthinkable happened . . . What I recall most is the sound: a loud cracking, lashing, crashing; sails screaming and tearing as the mast went down in front of me, right before my eyes.”

Luckily, the boat was not holed, and they still had a functioning, yet
feeble, engine. “We didn’t feel the situation was overwhelming, but it was very dangerous,” recalls Alicia. Their engine was too weak to push them through the weather, and with the forecast they had, they figured it would have been days before they could have jury-rigged a sail. So they put out a *mayday* via their EPIRB, hoping to get a tow the final 75 miles to Niue. The vessel diverted to their aid by New Zealand Search and Rescue authorities was the Taiwanese longliner *Tunago*. The young couple was safely pulled aboard, but neither they nor the New Zealand rescue staffs could persuade the ship’s captain to take them to Niue. Instead, they ended up at Pago Pago, Samoa — 330 miles away.

“Leaving *Tar Baby* behind was the hardest thing either of us have had to do,” recalls Alicia. “We think of her out there each day, and hope the person who sees her wash up somewhere will contact us. But we are so grateful to have overcome the whole ordeal unharmed.”

— Andy

### road warriors

When it comes to travelling, the Moore 24 fleet ranks with the best of them for its members’ commitment to hitching up the trailers and getting the show on the road. Sixteen Moores carried on that tradition the last weekend of June at Huntington Lake for the class’s PCCs. One of those, Gilles Combrisson and Mark English’s *Numa Boa*, had a more challenging journey than the rest. Combrisson, the Pt. Richmond-based rigger picks up the story:

“We were on our way up to the PCCs on June 24, roughly 15 miles east of Madera and coasting down a hill near a cattle ranch. A pickup truck was in a dirt parking lot ahead on the left, looking like he was getting ready to turn and drive in the opposite direction; and there was a Highway Patrol vehicle about 200-feet away, driving towards us. I kept coasting and just as we passed the pickup truck, the driver suddenly turned into us, smashing right into the trailer. I must have been going about 45 mph, so it was a massive crunch. His truck spun around from the impact, but the trailer swung hard to the right and started to topple before settling back down and swinging hard to the left. It finally came to a rest, still attached, but doing the ‘crab’, as the axle had been jammed about 40° off-center. The Highway Patrol officer drove up and started redirecting traffic, and we all got out and surveyed the damage. The patrolman was in disbelief that the boat had stayed put and didn’t get dumped into the ditch on the side of the road. More CHP showed up, and then a tow truck — which promptly left after seeing what was at stake. The trailer was totalled, but the boat didn’t have a single scratch, nor did our tow vehicle; the trailer hitch ball was bent back roughly 30° from vertical. Apparently the other driver ‘just didn’t see us.’

“While all this was going on, iPhone pics were flying, there were phone calls right and left, and folks from the fleet were stopping to see what the heck had happened. We quickly determined that we really wanted to do the event, and that the only way would be to

On July 26, after 128 days and 8,000 miles, *Plastiki*, the 60-ft eco-catamaran made from 12,500 plastic soda bottles, completed her epic voyage by arriving in Sydney Harbor. Built on the Bay using previously untried materials and techniques, *Plastiki* was the brainchild of wealthy environmentalist and adventurer David de Rothschild, who hoped to raise awareness about plastic pollution in the world’s oceans.

*Plastiki* sailed — ok, she was technically towed — out the Gate on March 20 on the first leg of her mission with world-class skipper Jo Royle at the helm.
makes oz

Some scoffed at the admittedly ridiculous-looking boat, insisting it would fall apart or lose the carbon dioxide-filled bottles that comprise 70% of its flotation. It did neither. In fact, the boat proved surprisingly seaworthy after surviving 60-knot winds and 25-ft seas in the final leg of the journey.

“We made it! We made it! We made it!” tweeted an obviously thrilled de Rothschild. Find out more about the project at www.theplastiki.com.

— ladonna

warriors — cont’d

transfer the boat to a healthy trailer. The CHP got us hooked up with a towing/crane company in Madera. Meanwhile the fleet made calls and we secured the trailer from Joel Verutti’s hull #55 Mercedes as the boat was already in the water. So the plan solidified: the towing company would take the boat and trailer to their yard in Madera, and we would drive up to Huntington Lake to get Joel’s trailer. Once we were an hour out of Madera, we would call the towing company and they would get their crane ready. It all worked like clockwork, and five hours after the accident, we were driving past the spot of the crash on our way up to the lake! The next day we were on the starting line, albeit a bit tired, but very happy to be there. We went on to take 5th overall after great first and second days, and a mediocre third day. The boat will vacation up there in a borrowed slip while we secure a trailer, most likely a new one.”

— rob
Hawaii races are commonly referred to as the "milk runs" of offshore races, but for the 55 boats that started the '10 Pacific Cup, the 2,070-mile course was anything but what the brochure promised. Instead of running under sunny skies or a full moon in stable, 12- to 14-knot northeasterly trades, this year's fleet got everything from slatting conditions to days of reaching on the edge of control in breeze into the high-20s. The wind direction never seemed to settle and was accompanied by a wall-to-wall carpet of high clouds that smothered the fleet almost the entire way to Kaneohe YC. The weather and the route it allowed forced the bulk of the fleet to sail somewhere between rhumb line and the great circle route, and meant the 16th running of "The Fun Race to Hawaii" could have been more aptly titled "The Weird Race to Hawaii."

But what the race lacked in comfort and predictability, it more than made up for with some pedal-down sailing that saw many boats in the fleet run up some seriously impressive numbers — a couple 400-mile days anyone? How about a conventionally-ballasted elapsed-time winner in 6d, 16h, 19m? A Mini Transat knocking off 276 miles in one day? A Santa Cruz 50 packing away 288 miles in the same amount of time and finishing the trip in 8d, 11h, 46m? A 45-ft boat knocking off 397 miles in 24 hours? This race had all that and more. The toll the conditions took on the sailors and their gear underscore that this was one of the fastest Hawaii races ever.

"We were in giggle mode the entire time," said Tom O'Keefe, who along with Robert Plant, Jason Adamson, Peter Kornhaber, John Berry, Erik Shampain and his father, navigator Jon Shampain plus skipper Jack Taylor sailed the Dana Point-based SC 50 Horizon to overall honors in the race. "It was pitch black at night. It was binnacle driving the entire time."

The crew have been sailing the boat together for the last three years, and have racked up an impressive record of division wins in Hawaii and Mexico races including this year's PV Race and last year's TransPac. But finishing the '10 Pac Cup in 8d, 11h, 46m, they sailed what has to be hands-down the fastest SC 50 trip to Hawaii ever. Taylor, who owns a perishable foods brokerage, attributed the success to a couple factors.

"Jon does such a good job prepping the boat that aside from a few little things, we didn't break anything," he said. "Everyone drove, and I think at least three or four of us hit our first 20s. Most of all the boat is like a family. There are never any cross words. We all get along together, we all hang out after the racing and all our families get together around racing."

According to Kornhaber, the only time there was any discord was when he inadvertently swiped the navigator's coffee cup on Day 2. But it's tough to argue with a navigator who has you in first in division and first overall by the division's third position report. And while he uses all the typical tools of the trade, Shampain said that by and large, he doesn't use them consistently.

"I'm more of a seat-of-the-pants type guy; I never ran new routes with the new weather data from day to day, just looked for small corners to cut here and there, and the routing proved to be really
The third night out was the heaviest night I’ve had in a long time,” Shampain said. “The first night felt like February, we finally dried out on Day 5, and didn’t see the sun until the seventh day.”

O’Keefe has a race-boat preparation background, having run Newport Marine from ’89-’97 and with six Hawaii races and Mexican races since 1982 on his resume. He said that Taylor — whom he also pointed out is an “awesome driver” — and Shampain’s commitment to the boat paid huge dividends.

“The boat has a sail for every gear, and you don’t have to worry about it being frayed or questionable,” O’Keefe said. “I don’t have the time to go through a boat before leaving the dock any more. It’s a lot of fun to be able to step aboard, and the boat’s ready to go.”

But all the boat prep and crew chemistry in the world won’t get you to Hawaii fast if the weather doesn’t cooperate, and Shampain, who modestly puts his Hawaii race total at above a dozen and under 18, said he’s never sailed anywhere near that close to rhumbline and the great circle route. In fact, he said they even had a hard time getting south.

Usually, the challenge for all Hawaii race navigators is getting west, but it wasn’t until Horizon and the frontrunners from the first three start days encountered a small depression on about Day 8 that they found a path south.

“We said, that’s our elevator, better get on board,” O’Keefe said.

They rode that elevator straight to Kaneohe Bay and in the process finished the race in a time that would have been iffy for the Wednesday start, but that we’d be sailing the first couple days in light air.”

As it turned out, the opposite was true. Doublehanded 1 and Division A, which started on July 5, sailed what one racer dubbed, “The fun race to the Farallones.” After a fast beat to the islands, it was slattsville in lumpy seas and no breeze. Doublehanded 2 and Division B, which started Tuesday, had the same thing. Although some boats were able to set kites early, the pressure didn’t arrive within 100 miles offshore until after Division C succumbed to the same fate the following day. It wasn’t until Division D started on July 8 that the breeze filled in and thrust everyone in that group into the top eight overall in less than a day.

“The third night out was the heaviest...
'10 PACIFIC CUP

to handle some lumps in the effort may have been the decisive factor. The first came when Jeffers had to have his appendix removed before the Spinnaker Cup as they were working up to this race. The second came when they lost regular Joe Penrod to a family emergency. Their initial replacement for Penrod had to bail. Then, their second replacement had to cancel just two days before the start! Fortunately they were able to pick up navigator Artie Means at the last minute. It turns out that when Means wasn’t trading off time with Thorpe on the computer working on the polars and performance analysis while the latter analyzed the weather and called the angles, he was kicking everyone else off the pedestal and grinding for hours.

One of their most key decisions was in sail selection. Megeath and his crew put a lot of effort in this area. Specifically they brought along a masthead genoa, which on the surface would seem like a funny sail to rate-in with on a primarily downwind race. But it couldn’t have been a better call when Division E encountered a light southerly after starting on July 10. While other boats were undoubtedly trying to establish any kind of heel to keep their sails full, the Criminals were fully hiked in the 5-knot breeze, allowing them to make significant gains in the first part of the race as they sailed past the Farallones on port tack.

The Criminals’ tipped Gutenkunst as their trip’s MVP. Seventy miles from the finish line, he went up the rig to uncross a spinnaker halyard for a sail change. When he got to the masthead, he realized that the sheave pin had worked itself halfway out of the sheave box, and the loaded spinnaker halyard was in danger of ‘unzipping’ the front of the boat’s topmast. After scrambling back down to the deck to get tools, Gutenkunst went back up armed with some spectra and a few tools, he lashed both the spinnaker and himself to the top of the rig, and went to work retrieving the sheave, which had settled down on the halyard lock flipper. He managed to get the sheave aligned with the pin and re-installed, saving the rig and the race.

Criminal Mischief was locked in a two-boat race w/ Hector Velarde’s Mirafloros, Peru-based SC 70 Mirage, with the latter finishing just 21 minutes ahead on elapsed time and just over three hours behind on corrected time. Together, the two boats broke Division D’s deadlock on the overall standings with the Criminals coming in second and Mirage rounding out the top-five overall, while taking honors in Doublehanded 2 and the award for the fastest Carl Schumacher-designed boat were Steve Carroll and Patrick Lewis aboard the Express 27 Tule Fog who overcame those initial cruddy days to win their division by more than 10.5 hours after a 2,070-mile two-boat race with Rachel Fogel and J.P. Sirey on Fogel’s Express 27 Great White. If you discount the time they spent slatting off the California coast, Carroll and Lewis would have easily been the overall winners in the race.

It was mostly about finding that wave train that was moving about 2-knots faster than we were, and staying with it.” Lewis said.

And find it they did.

“We were able to just wiggle and surf on a lot of waves that other boats can’t catch,” Carroll said.

Tule Fog, née Geronimo, has been in Carroll’s family since he was 16 years old, and apart from a .5-oz. Cuben Fiber drifter built by Lewis, who works at Santa Cruz Sails, the duo didn’t do anything extreme. They did however blow up one spinnaker, one that’s well known to many Bay Area sailors — it looks like a patchwork quilt of varying colors.

“We were joking that once it’s put back together, no one will ever know.” Lewis said.

The sail, which was built with remnants and looks like a cross between a Mondrian painting and a TV color test, was Lewis and Carroll’s secret weapon.

“It was great at night,” Lewis said.

“Because there are so many contrasting colors, it was really easy to see even when it was pitch black.”

The two Express 27s didn’t come into their own until the last few days of their race, while up ahead, another two-boat battle had raged between the initial frontrunners: Jody and Skip McCormack

Steve Carroll, left, and Patrick Lewis on the Express 27 ‘Tule Fog’ were the only starters from any of the first three start days to sneak into the top five overall, winning Doublehanded 2 by over 10 hours.
and would challenge us," he said. "We hit our physical limits. I'm not used to not pushing, but we had to throttle back."

The McCormacks weren't the only ones who found the going taxing.

"We were in a race to the finish with our bottle of ibuprofen," Creighton said. "I think we won."

Meanwhile Creighton and Hamilton put Pocket Rocket's powerful hull form and canting keel to work, finishing just three hours behind Trunk Monkey, despite having fried their satphone-computer connection four days into the race and thus leaving them without updated weather for the remainder of the race. At the Kaneohe YC, the two duos compared notes on the other's race.

"We thought they were sailing a textbook race," Skip said. "They rode the depression south, jibed to cover and then jibed back on a perfect angle, while we were completely spent."

Hamilton and Creighton were bombing along, with no weather info in a boat that Hamilton — who won the division two years ago in his Moore 24 — described as having "negative creature comforts."

“We were imagining them sitting at the nav station sipping their morning cappuccinos while they did their routing,” Hamilton said. “The only reason we went south when we did was that we needed to warm up!”

Creighton is planning an assault on next year's Mini Transat race from La Rochelle, France to Salvador de Bahia Brazil, and said the race taught her a lot about her powerful little boat.

“I realized what makes the French guys so good,” she said. “The boat is sensitive, and getting it into the right mode is challenging, but once you do, it will sail itself. The French mini sailors can find every gear quickly.”

Although it was beyond the scope of this article, look for more on her effort to compete in next year's Mini Transat in future editions of Latitude 38.
have taken a physical toll on them, but Nancy’s crew never let up.

“We were looking over our shoulder the entire run into the finish,” Andrews said. “Friction Loss kept gaining on us on each of the last two position reports, and we knew they were going to threaten. At the 100-mile check-in, we knew it would be close, so we never let up. It wasn’t until the 25-mile check-in and we had an hour on them that we finally relaxed a little.”

The final delta? A scant 45 minutes of corrected time between the two equally-rated boats.

Division B was all about Dean Treadway’s bright-finished, cold-molded Farr 36 Sweet Okole, which finished almost 18 hours ahead of Greg Paxton and Arnold Zippel’s Sydney 32 Relentless. Treadway and his crew of navigator Bill Keller, David Hodges, John Norheim and Alexis Tucker scored a wire-to-wire victory, leading the division at every check-in, and ended up ninth overall. The effort was strong enough to fend off a challenge from Moonshine for the Latitude 38 Performance Award. Together with Josh Grass’s Division C runner-up, the Synergy 1000 Summer Moon, Sweet Okole and Moonshine took home the Yacht Club Trophy for Richmond YC, which fielded five three-boat teams in the race to represent the largest contingent from any yacht club by miles.

Summer Moon sailed a fast race, finishing in just 10d, 5h, 18m, but it was James and Chris Gilmore’s Columbia 30 Sport Uncontrollable Urge that took home the top prize in Division C with the second tightest delta of any of the divisions. The Gilmore’s, along with Michael Skillcorn and Brian VanderZanden, took advantage of the breezy conditions to correct out by just a shade over an hour against their larger division rivals.

The northerly course also meant that the boats saw a lot of trash in the water, and it wasn’t just the typical plastic kind that’s thankfully been getting so much attention as of late.

“It seemed like you couldn’t go more than 15 boatlengths without seeing trash,” Jody McCormack said.

Aboard Mark Howe’s Farr 36 War Pony, navigator Will Paxton punched through the back of the wave only to find he’d speared a bicycle inner-tube with the boat’s prod. Hamilton and Creighton surfed Pocket Rocket down a wave and into a trough where they found a telephone pole they were fortunately able to sail around. Other hazards included skin infections, due to the damp, cold conditions, which sent at least three sailors to the hospital upon arrival.

The race was a sailmakers’ dream, with kites blowing up on quite a few of the boats, and some torn mainsails thrown in for good measure.

Probably the most attention-grabbing breakdown was that of Buzz Blackett’s brand-new Antrim Class 40 California Condor, which lost the use of first one, then both of its rudders to what the scuttlebutt was saying was a failed weld on the rudder gudgeons. After a blistering start, Blackett and his crew of son David, designer Jim Antrim, Tom Paulling, Liz Baylis and Todd Hedin were forced to steer with a drogue for four days until they could effect a repair that got them to Kaneohe and an official finish. Although the story had a happy ending thanks in no small part to the experience of those aboard, the incident will likely reignite the debate over whether twin-ruddered boats should be required to also carry emergency steering gear.

When all were present and accounted for, six of the 55 boats that started the race retired with gear failures.

A laptop loaded with a routing software like Expedition that’s plugged into a satphone or SSB for GRIB files has become the norm for offshore racing other than the MiniTransat — in that race, competitors are allowed only the race committee-provided weather over VHF — and the Pacific Cup is no exception.

“Technology has leveled the playing field,” said War Pony navigator Will Paxton, who was sailing his 10th Hawaii Race. “This year you saw it more than ever before; by and large everyone was going the same way, and the finish deltas bore that out.”

The purist would point to that and say that as a result, no one is “really a navigator,” or that it rewards programs with bigger budgets; one sailor pointed
out that quite a few boats are already hiring top-level weather routers like Rick Shema or Commanders’ Weather to do their pre-race routing, and that once you’ve purchased the laptop — which almost everyone has already — and the routing software, all you have to do is learn its functions, and keep it all dry!

With that in mind, the navigator’s award, one of the race’s special awards, was awarded not on the basis of performance — Horizon’s Shampain would have been a very likely winner under this system — but rather to a boat that made a significant contribution to the race. This year it went to Philippe Kahn, who armed with only an iPhone 4, iPad, Fleet 250 satellite dome and his MotionX software, posted onboard video — a Pac Cup first as far as we know — that garnered an impressive 200,000 views.

“It’s time consuming,” Kahn said. “I lost a lot of sleep because of it, but I think it’s really good for sailing. I don’t think someone beating someone else by 5 or 10 seconds interests the public at all. I think their interest lies in a love of the ocean and a love of the wilderness; that’s what it’s about, that experience, that feeling.”

While the Fleet dome and the cost of its airtime are the one piece of the puzzle that’s outside the reach of many of the racers’ budgets, everything else, or equivalent products, definitely aren’t. Hopefully it won’t be long before every boat in the race is posting video from onboard, for now the race’s profile and media output is certainly bolstered by the Pegasus program. Kahn’s Open 50 Pegasus MotionX 90 didn’t have as fast a trip as we would have expected, despite knocking off a 400-plus-mile day. It turned out that three days into the race, the ferrules and sleeve through which the topmast backstay strops pass had crimped and started unzipping the boat’s topmast — a fact the team, which included Zan Drejes, Mark Christensen and David Giles, kept to themselves. As a result, they sailed the rest of the race with only fractional kites and two reefs in the main.

For the technophobe who wants to do this race, but lives in an inescapable fear of anything that requires electricity beyond an incandescent light-bulb, a future edition of the race might have a division just for you. The idea to have a celestial navigation division in an upcoming edition of the race was mooted over mai tais around the pool at Kaneohe YC, and was well-received. With the ever-expanding prevalence of AIS, there will likely come a time in the not-too-distant future when having once-a-day skeds will be a creative anachronism, and there’s no reason there shouldn’t be a forum for those who would like to keep the tradition alive. It should be said that DR would’ve taken a very active role in this particular race, as no one we talked to saw the sun or the stars until a couple days from Hawaii.

This year’s race marked the first time that the smaller boats were permitted to go without an SSB. The ubiquity of sat-phones, plus the fact that you can buy a $99 receiver-only that allows a boat to listen to both children’s hour and the skeds, was a boon for the smaller boats, who instead of having to lug around generators to feed the 30-amp power draw of the SSB, could make do with just a few solar panels.

“We probably wouldn’t have done the race if we’d had to install an SSB,” said Tule Fog’s Lewis. As it was, they carried two solar panels that satisfied all of their charging needs, as they were running handheld GPSs that required new batteries every couple of days.

The response to the change was overwhelmingly positive, at least among those to whom we spoke, and for those of you making plans for ‘12, it’s definitely

Not even two broken rudder gudgeons could keep Buzz Blackett’s sweet, brand new Jim Antrim-designed Class 40 ‘California Condor’ from reaching Kaneohe Bay for the awards.

It might have taken almost the entire trip to see it, but the sun did come out as the boats got close to Hawaii. Bob Gardiner’s Olson 40 ‘Spellbound’ enjoys the brochure conditions here.
something to keep in mind if your budget or technical expertise with establishing a ground and a sufficient power source are preventing you from thinking about the race.

While it was certainly full-on, the race did provide some lighter moments; there were three engagements that came about during that two-week period, and while we’d love to tell you all about them, we’d rather not go anointing the Latitude jinx in this arena.

There was plenty more to report from this year’s race but we lacked both the time and space to get it all in. We even decided to forgo our custom of printing the full results as we have in the past. The Pacific Cup YC is faithfully storing that info at its website at www.pacifcupp.org. As it was, we were forced to skip all the parties in order to get back home and get this together by the end of our editorial cycle. The pool-side scene at Kaneohe YC was a little more demure than in ’08, as just about no one we talked to had arrived in Hawaii with any reserve energy this year. The ’10 Pacific Cup was one for all time, and no one summed it up better than Criminal Mischief’s Megeath:

“Everyone who sailed this race is a hero.”

— latitude/rg

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"During the last two hours, when I looked behind the boat it scared the hell out of me — and I've got a few miles under me," recalls sailmaker Steve McCarthy. "The waves were really steep, and conditions just kept getting worse and worse."

When he agreed to help his girlfriend, Kristy Lugert, deliver her newly purchased catamaran to the Bay early last month, Steve — a lifelong sailor who's been racing offshore for years — had no idea that he'd signed up for what he now describes as the "fun house ride from hell."

For Kristy, buying Catalyst, a meticulously maintained PDQ 32 cat, was the fulfillment of a dream she'd been nurturing since her early sailing days, more than 15 years ago. After sealing the deal at Sidney, on British Columbia's Vancouver Island, her original idea was to have the boat trucked south to Alameda. However, Kristy says that her surveyor, Kristoffer Diel, talked her into letting Steve deliver the cat there and have it rigged with twin Yamaha 9.9hp outboards. Sixty miles down their track they were abeam of Humboldt Bay, which they knew was — realistically — the only safe haven they'd encounter until well south of Cape Mendocino. But conditions at the time seemed fine, so all agreed to press on.

During the first half of the night they saw 18 to 22 knots of breeze. "It was bumpy," Steve remembers, "but not really nasty." Sometime during the middle of the night their route took them outside Cape Mendocino's offshore buoy, which lies roughly 10 miles off the point, warning mariners of inshore hazards. It was then that they really missed that third GPS, as the two they had on board were not in complete agreement. As a result, they stayed farther offshore than they might have done otherwise.

During the pre-dawn hours of July 3 the wind built continuously, reaching a steady 30 knots by 9:30 a.m. And with the increase came larger and larger swells. Knowing she had the least experience driving in such conditions, Kristy opted to let the guys trade one-hour stints at the helm while she handled navigation and worked on slowing the boat down. Long before, they'd stowed the main, and were running with only about 15 square feet of jib rolled out.

"When Catalyst would surf, it would go 10 to 15 knots," recalls Kristy. Because much of her sailing experience has been aboard multihulls, she knew as well as the guys that one of the greatest dangers in such situations is burying the bows and pitching. So, as she'd been taught to do, she trailed numerous warps of spare line off the stern, with monkey's fists tied in them to create more drag. Just as the textbooks promise, the warps slowed the little cat down to 6 or 7 knots, giving it much-improved directional stability, which in turn made it much easier to steer. Because PDQ 32s are not designed for such conditions, they have relatively small rudders.

During the first half of the night they saw 18 to 22 knots of breeze. "It was bumpy," Steve remembers, "but not really nasty." Sometime during the middle of the night their route took them outside Cape Mendocino's offshore buoy, which
course low. There were two defined wave angles: one heading toward 170° (nearly due south) and the other toward 120° or 130° (roughly ESE to SE)." Being forced to sail deep — nearly dead down — they

"Those waves were huge, at least 20 feet. . . breaking, crashing, frothing. . . It was horrible."

found themselves farther and farther offshore as the coastline faded away to the east.

Throughout the morning, conditions got uglier and uglier, with sustained winds in the mid- to high 30s, and frequent gusts in the mid-40s. For drivers with less experience, trying to maintain control would have been impossible, but Steve and Greg hung in there hour after hour. "A wave would line up behind you and the boat would want to surf," Steve recalls. "So we’d wait until a wave got pretty much beneath the boat — you could tell that it wanted to go — then we’d spin off the top of it so we wouldn’t catch it, then spin back again. With the two wave angles coming in, we had to be very careful, as we were avoiding one, not to catch the other one. We were spinning the wheel 270° or so, then having to spin back in the other direction."

In moderate conditions PDQ 32s — like this sistership — are fast and fun. But they weren’t designed to ride 20-foot swells.

A bout 11:15 a.m. Steve came up from belowdecks where he’d been trying to rest: "The first thing I noticed was how much bigger and steeper the seas had gotten since I’d been below. It was pretty amazing how much things had changed. I sat there with Greg for about five minutes just to get a better feel for what was going on."

When Steve eventually took the wheel, Greg went below to rest. But not long afterward Kristy strongly recommended that they all stay above decks — just in case — and the guys agreed. While no one was obsessing about the possibility of a rollover, the thought was definitely on all their minds. Before lashing the large main hatch shut, they brought up the GPIRB and lashed it to one of the hardtop bimini’s supports. Without being asked to do so, Kristy’s dad, Jerry, had taken the initiative to rent the unit from Boat US, out of fatherly concern. (Due to the demand from Pacific Cup skippers, this particular unit had to be FedExed from Annapolis, arriving the day before their departure.)

In contrast to the roaring seas and howling winds, it was actually a gloriously sunny day with clear blue skies. And protected by the cat’s full cockpit enclosure, the crew was dry and relatively comfortable, considering the tumult outside. But that was all about to change.

"I’d just kicked off a wave," remembers Steve. "Greg saw a big cross wave coming from abeam — from inshore — and said something like, ‘This is going to hurt.’ It was ready to break. It didn’t pick the boat up, it just nailed the port hull, just aft of the beam, and moved the whole boat to starboard."

Because Steve was hanging onto the wheel "with a death grip," he was flung to the portside as the blades of the rudders were pushed to starboard by the force of the monster wave.

Catalyst hinged up onto her starboard hull and for a few unnerving seconds teetered at a balance point. "We all fell in a heap on the starboard side of the boat," recalls Kristy, "then looked at each other and thought, ‘What’s it going to do?’" But the wind apparently caught the underbelly of the bridgedeck and finished the job. It was about 12:40 p.m., and they were roughly 20 miles west of Fort Bragg.

The three crewmembers suddenly found themselves in a truly surreal situation: They were standing on the firm surface of the bimini’s underside, with their heads and shoulders sheltered within the air-filled well of the overturned cockpit. For a few moments Kristy actually felt a sense of relief, realizing that the three of them and Jakey were unharmed and sheltered together. But the illusion of security faded quickly as they realized that the boat was slowly settling deeper, thus forcing their precious air out through the cockpit drains overhead. This cat was designed with four watertight compartments, fore and aft, so in theory it couldn’t sink completely. But the center portion was slowly filling.

Steve manually activated the GPIRB, then stuck it underwater just to make sure. Amid the tangled spaghetti of lines and gear, Kristy grabbed a floating
he surfaced, more than a boat-length away. Despite the churning wave action, he was able to swim to the cat's stern and join his shivering crewmates. Sadly, Jakey didn't make it out.

Now out in the elements with no protection, no shoes and only one lifejacket among the three of them, they were completely at the mercy of the raging wind and seas. All they could do was huddle together for warmth and wait to be rescued. With Greg still clipped to the outboard, they lashed themselves together with a random piece of line. Oddly enough, the inflatable dinghy, which had been stowed on davits, was upright and afloat behind the boat, still attached by its painter. "It was scary," says Kristy, "because it kept washing up over the transom and trying to ram us." They didn't dare cut it loose, though, as it brought some comfort as a last-chance bailout option.

Initially, the boat lay parallel to the dominant swell angle, so the windward hull gave them some protection. But about 15 minutes into their topside ordeal, the main came unfurled below the surface and acted like a giant windvane, rotating the boat so that every wave crashed over the bows and washed down the bridgedeck. "Waves just kept smashing down on us, trying to rip us off the boat," says Kristy. As the minutes passed they got colder and colder, with each new wave prolonging their agony. There was no possibility of drying out, but they all did their best to stay positive. "There was no panic," recalls Kristy. "I was more scared than the guys, though. I'd occasionally ask, 'Where are they?' And the guys kept saying, 'They're com-
ing. Don’t worry. They’re coming.”

And, in fact, they were. Through the miracle of modern electronics, the rented GPIRB had been periodically transmitting their lat-long coordinates, which were picked up by U.S. Coast Guard Search and Rescue coordinators. After confirming with Kristy’s dad that the boat associated with that GPIRB was, in fact, somewhere off the Mendocino Coast, they began putting their resources into action.

These GPS-enhanced transmitters give amazingly accurate location data, but, of course, no info as to the nature of the emergency. So — as is standard practice — a 47-ft. motor lifeboat was dispatched (out of Fort Bragg’s Station Noyo River) as well as an MH-65C Dolphin helicopter (out of Air Station Humboldt Bay at McKinleyville).

According to copilot Lt. j.g. Bernie Garrigan, his helo was on maneuvers about 25 miles NW of Eureka when his team got the alert. They quickly returned to Arcata airport to refuel, and while there received an updated lat-long position for the vessel in distress. Once airborne again, it took them about 45 minutes to travel the 92 miles to the site.

Meanwhile, after more than two hours exposed to the elements, both Steve and Kristy felt they were reaching the end of their endurance. Greg was in a bit better shape, as he’d been in the 50° water for a shorter time, and was dressed in a full fleece suit. “All three of us thought we were going to die,” recalls Kristy, “but we weren’t crying or screaming. All we could think about was how devastated our families were going to be.”

She and Steve both felt as if they only had a short while left before slipping into unconsciousness, so she made a bold suggestion. “I don’t remember exactly what I said, but somehow I proposed — something like, ‘If we’re going to die, can we be married?’ I figured Steve was the captain, so he had the authority to marry us!” Steve agreed, and they hugged each other a bit tighter.

Not long afterward, Steve thought he heard the faint sound of a helo engine — just for a few seconds — whirring faintly in the distance. But the others could hear nothing but the din of the churning ocean. Steve was thinking he’d probably imagined it, when all of a sudden the bright red Dolphin appeared overhead. “Seeing that helicopter was like a religious experience,” says Steve, “I thought, oh my God, we’re not going to die!” recalls Kristy.

Garrigan remembers looking down and seeing that only one survivor (Greg) was waving to them. To him, that was a sure sign that the other two sailors were extremely hypothermic. And indeed they were.

With sustained winds in the mid-30s, gusting to 45, and steep swells up to 20 feet, it is truly remarkable that the helo crew could pull off what appears in the on-scene video of the incident to have been a textbook rescue. The team’s rescue swimmer, Petty Officer 2nd Class David Foreman, was lowered into the rolling waves, then swam the crewmembers, one by one, to the cage-like rescue basket, in which they were hoisted to safety.

Inside the helo their wet clothes were stripped off and they were wrapped in blankets. Kristy and Steve “were incredibly hypothermic,” recalls Garrigan. Even after the half-hour ride in the helicopter with the heaters on full blast, they couldn’t walk. “There are different stages of hypothermia,” explains Garrigan. “As you get close to the end, you stop shivering and lose situational awareness. They were in that scary final stage.” Ironically, the fact that Greg was shivering violently was a sign that he was in much better condition.

At Ukiah Valley Medical Center the three survivors were put in the intensive care unit and given an IV solution to counteract the effects of rhabdomyolysis, a frequent byproduct of severe hypothermia which can cause cardiac arrest and/or organ failure. A hypothermia specialist, who happened to be on call, told Steve that the survival rate for extreme hypothermia is only about 50%.

A remarkable footnote to this story is that four days after the rollover Catt-
FUN HOUSE RIDE FROM HELL

lyst drifted into a tiny reef-fringed grotto along the Mendocino coast, just north of Saddle Point, near the town of Albion. Once within the protection of the cove’s surrounding boulders, the boat’s broken mast apparently stuck in the bottom, keeping the hulls from being pulverized on the rocky shore. After being alerted to the cat’s arrival by longtime Latitude disciple Greg Yarman, we published his photos of the cat online, and apparently Kristy’s brother, Jerry Jr., saw them. Unbeknownst to Kristy, he took it as a personal challenge to rescue and right the boat — which he did with the help of a salvage team. The hulls look to be in relatively good shape, but considering the cost and complexity of refitting, we assume an insurance adjuster would consider the tough little cat to be a total loss.

Needless to say, the Catalyst crew learned plenty of valuable lessons from their horrifying ordeal, not the least of which is never to let time pressure have too much influence on an offshore sailing plan. “The next time I go offshore,” promises Steve, “I’m going to have a personal EPIRB, a waterproof handheld VHF, and maybe a wetsuit or survival suit.” “I think we’re all going to be a lot more conservative in the future,” says Kristy. “It’s human nature that you never think you’re going to be the one caught in a disaster. Once you’ve been through something like this, though, you know how fast you can be disabled. For us it only took three seconds!”

Garrigan complimented the crew for having given a realistic float plan to Kristy’s dad before setting out, and for having the presence of mind to stick with the boat. He tells us, ”If there’s one thing I’d like to pass on, it’s that those EPIRBs are worth their weight in gold!”

Naturally, we were curious to know if the marriage vows held up once Kristy and Steve got back to dry land. “Well,” she says with a smile, “there’s a joke going around that Steve said, ‘Burrrrrr,’ not ‘Sure.’” But, in fact, they made it official shortly after returning home to Alameda. So, despite all the horror and drama, we’re happy to report that this story does have a happy ending. And we always love a happy ending.

— latitude/andy

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The way Aesop tells it, when Mr. Tortoise challenged Mr. Hare to a race, Bugs took a nap midway through, allowing the glacial-paced reptile to win. But what happens to the fable if the tortoise breaks a leg — and the hare never sleeps? If the 2010 Singlehanded Trans-Pac was the setting for the tale, you'd have what was for some a surprisingly close race between two disparate competitors: a lightweight Olson 30, a boat that was specifically designed to win Hawaii races — and has many times — and a Westsail 32, a heavy displacement cruising boat. The end of this thrilling tale would see the hare — Adrian Johnson on his Seattle-based Olson 30 — perform flawlessly to take top honors in this 2,120-mile solo marathon from San Francisco Bay to Hanalei Bay on the island of Kauai.

Just 6.5 corrected hours behind this indefatigable 27-year-old aeronautical engineer was Portland boatwright and delivery skipper Dave King, 61. King shocked those who thought they knew what Westsail 32s were all about by establishing himself as a serious contender the moment he crossed the start line aboard the venerable Saraband. For those in the know, King's stellar performance was anything but unexpected.

"Before the start, I was impressed with Dave's pedigree," Johnson said of Saraband's overall win in the '88 Pacific Cup.
and subsequent division win in ’90. “But the minute I saw how impeccable his boat was, I thought, ‘This guy’s serious.’”

He had no idea how serious until halfway through the race. After realizing he had a substantial lead on his main competition — Ronnie Simpson, 25, aboard the Jutson 30 Warrior’s Wish — he took a metaphorical look around only to find Saraband nipping at his heels.

Even after breaking his boom during an accidental jibe 650 miles from the finish, Dave ‘The Terminator’ King kept plowing along at six knots. “I’m still racing to the finish,” he noted in that day’s log update. It wasn’t until a few days later that it became clear his jury rig wouldn’t allow him to keep up his competitive pace, ensuring Johnson’s position as top dog.

For the past two runnings of the Singlehanded TransPac, racers have seen excruciatingly light winds at the start. This year, they were thrilled to find their prayers had been answered with good winds predicted for the June 19 start off Corinthian YC.

What’s that saying about being careful what you wish for?

As the boats in Division A crossed the line around 11 a.m., a moderate northwesterly and a massive ebb were whipping up a bit of chop on the Bay. By the time they reached the Bridge, skippers were seeing 25-plus knots and decidedly grumpy seas. Almost before they knew it, the entire 14-boat fleet was out the Gate and halfway to the Farallones.

“I’ve never made it under the Bridge so fast,” reported Ken The General’ Roper, a retired Army brigadier general who is the undisputed grand master of the event, having now completed his 11th TransPac aboard his Finn Flyer 31 Harrier . . . at the age of 80! “But each one’s different — there’s no such thing as ‘normal’.”

An offshore low earlier in the week had added some good-sized rollers to gale-force conditions outside the Gate, forcing more than a few sailors to make offerings to Neptune over the leeward rail. “I always say I never get seasick, and I usually don’t,” wrote Simpson after the weather had mellowed, “but those first two days . . . wow. The velocity with which my mouth and covered the cockpit was most impressive.”

Johnson, who grew up in France idolizing solo sailors and who’s literally sailed his entire life, also claimed to have never suffered from mal de mer before this race. “I kept thinking, I can’t believe you guys do this for fun. I had to believe that it would get good at some point, if all these guys were willing to go through it again.”

(In fact, only five racers were returning vets.)

Sea sickness was the least of Ben Mewes’ worries that first day. Sailing his 30-ft Black Soo Mirage, Ben realized just after dark that his batteries weren’t holding a charge. Since he wasn’t that far out, he flipped a ‘U-ey’ to address the situation. Two new batteries, a readjustment of the solar panel, and a nap later, and Ben was back in the game.

Around the same time Mirage was sailing out the Gate on Sunday night, Al Germain on the Wyliecat 30 Bardicoot reported — via a passing container ship — that he was retiring from the race due to what he thought was a failed SSB. “Everyone knows that saltwater and electronics don’t mix,” Al said, “and a lot of water was getting into the boat. But it turns out that the sensing wires for the battery charger were corroded. It didn’t take much water sloshing around in the bilge to corrode them. After I replaced the connectors and moved them higher, the radio worked perfectly.”

In the meantime, Mewes had once again turned around due to charging issues. Defeated and exhausted, he pulled into his slip in Pt. Richmond determined to withdraw from the race.

But concerned friends encouraged both racers to restart — it wasn’t too late to catch up, they insisted — so on Wednesday afternoon, four days behind the rest of the fleet, Bardicoot and Mirage sailed in company out the Gate. By then, conditions had settled down considerably, resulting in less water washing over the decks — which startled Ben into the realization that much of the water coming into the boat wasn’t actually from deck leaks, as he’d first thought.

Discretion being the better part of valor, Mewes turned Mirage around for the last time and headed for home.
mileage on their first few days. “I flew for the first part of the race,” said John Hayward on the Valiant 40 Dream Chaser. “I even had thoughts of beating my wife Jan to Kauai.”

The rest of the fleet — now joined by Sam Burns on his Catalina 309 Southernaire, who was forced to start a day late due to problems with his own SSB — weathered the gale surprisingly well. AJ Goldman on the Cascade 36 Second Verse, who reported suffering a near-knockdown the first day out, lost a blade to his wind generator; George Lythcott on the Express 27 TAZ!! blew out a block and a traveler car; and Jeff Lebesch on the Hammerhead 54 Hecla also blew out a block — the spinnaker halyard block at the top of his 59-ft mast.

“I was below when I heard a big bang,” Jeff recalls. “I looked out the window and saw the spinnaker falling like a big sheet. It got under the boat, wrapped around the headstay, then yanked the spinnaker halyard clutch right off the mast.” That clutch exploded into oblivion just before the main halyard clutch was also torn off, the latter at least surviving the ordeal. Instead of risking a mast climb in less-than-calm conditions — imagine Lebesch as the bouncy part of a Paddleball game — he decided to wait for a light air day to effect a repair.

He got his wish . . . and then some. Many racers reported record

THE NEW NORMAL

rigged his ATN climber and started up. “I had one chance — there would be only one climb,” he said later.

As a triathlete, Lebesch would seem better prepared than most to perform such a task, but even for him, the experience was exhausting. Once at the masthead — actually, about a foot shy of where he needed to be — Jeff says his “legs and arms were shaking like a sewing machine.” Having only one hand to work with (the other was desperately trying to prevent him from ricocheting off the mast), Jeff found the normally ‘simple’ job of adding a new block to be a feat of determination and endurance.

Meanwhile, Idefix and Warrior’s Wish were duking it out as best they could in their own private mini-race. Seemingly at every check-in, they would switch the lead position: Simpson ahead by 16 miles, then Johnson by 10, then Simpson by 15. “I was just trying to keep up with Ronnie,” admits Adrian.

The freshening of the breeze gave everyone hope that the Trades were finally filling in. While one group of racers, including Warrior’s Wish, had followed the wind north of the rhumb line, the rest nosed south. Idefix among them.

“I thought I’d played the weather card

George Lythcott’s entire family flew in to surprise him at the finish.
2010 SINGLEHANDED TRANSPAC

pretty good," said Simpson. "I thought I'd played the tactics properly."

Who could have predicted the High wouldn't so much explode as melt?

"It spawned all these little highs, right where I was," he continued. "I went from being 54 miles ahead to 100 miles behind in two days. That demoralized me." Coming from a Marine who was nearly killed by an RPG in Iraq, then subsequently lost his first boat on his first attempt at a Pacific crossing, that says a lot.

Much farther south — off Mexico, in fact — potential trouble was brewing for the TransPac fleet. Hurricane Celia had developed offshore and was heading right for the race course. While a Category 4 hurricane is nothing to sneeze at, Celia was all but guaranteed to fizzle out long before reaching the racers, so no one was too concerned. The worst damage she could inflict would be some awkward seas. Big deal.

As everyone kept one eye on Celia, those south of the rhumbline thought they'd found the breeze. "Yesterday was a truly glorious sailing day," Lebesch reported one morning. That night he wrote: "I've sailed a lot of miles in this ocean looking for reliable wind, and I thought now that I'm in the tradewind zone, I would have it to the finish. But no! Today was a drifter, squeezing what I can out of a five-knot, barely perceptible breeze."

Particularly frustrating to Jeff was that the day marking his halfway point in the race was the day he'd been hoping to cross the finish line. Not only had Hecla shot out the Gate like a rocket, leading some to wonder if he might not be on track to set a record, but he'd also made the radical tactical decision to take a hard left in search of wind, a gamble that didn't pay off.

But Lebesch wasn't the only one finding the 'Trades' to be fickle. Fleet-wide, it took all their physical and emotional energy to eke out every tenth of a knot possible toward Hanalei — or Chile, or the Aleutians; whichever direction would get them moving.

Around the time Adrian was realizing that Ronnie wasn't his only serious competition in the race, the fleet began breaking up into two distinct groups — one being decidedly closer to the finish than the other. As the racers in the first group were opening their halfway presents — spirit-elevating gifts and notes given by family and friends before the start to be opened the day the racer reaches the halfway point — the ones bringing up the rear were struggling to catch up.

Bandicoot had made good time toward the fleet after his late restart, but his trajectory north left him searching for wind. Once he found it, though, he shot ahead fast enough to finish at the back of the first group.

The core trio of the afterguard consisted of Sam Burns on Southernaire, AJ Goldman on Second Verse and Adam Correa on the 26-ft International Folkboat Blue Moon. The three had gotten to know each other before the race, and spent countless hours bantering on the radio after check-ins.

Indeed, SSB chats are such a part of the personality of this race that, while radios weren't exactly required, the race committee "strongly" recommended each boat be equipped with one. Correa had initially planned to go with only a satphone to save money, but a number of race vets insisted a radio would elevate his race experience beyond his wildest expectations.

"I'm so happy to have the SSB for my trip," Adam wrote in a log update. "I've really enjoyed the chatter, and the check-ins help create a focus for me." And focus is easily lost when check-ins become shorter every day as your friends reach the idyllic shores of Hanalei.
end of Johnson’s spinnaker flying.

George Lythcott on TAZI! described
the seas to his family via satphone: “The
waves are like mountains. Waves driven
by wind equals natural waves. But add-
ing them to the waves driven by the hur-
icane equals confused seas which are
really hard to sail through.” As proof of
this, Lythcott casually mentioned that
one particularly large wave sent him
flying across the cabin, resulting in an
impressive black eye.

But the biggest carnage of the event
also effectively ended the unexpected
drag race between Idefix and Saraband.
King had been quietly chugging along
throughout the race, positioning anywhere
between five to seven knots on his po-
sition reports. His consistent forward
movement — even in the lightest of winds
— coupled with his 199 rating, made him
Adrian’s last serious threat.

That all ended late one night when the
rolling seas sent Saraband’s boom fly-
ing in an accidental jibe. “Normally that
wouldn’t have been a real problem,” said
King, “but when it jibed, the mainsheet
hooked up on the boom gallows, jerking
it back. Since it wasn’t able to complete
its jibe, it commenced to do it a second
time. That’s when the boom broke.”
The irony of the boom breaking at the
vantage point while racing against an Olson
30, a boat that has a habit of breaking
booms in that exact spot, was not lost
sort of splint. “They were a bit wider than
the boom so it kept sagging down,” Dave
noted. In an effort to prevent the sag, he
clamped a spare tiller into the bottom of
the splint, but it didn’t help much. “I duct
tape it all together, then
used continuous link hose
cams to strap it all together.”

Sadly, whether or not he wanted to
acknowledge it at the time, with 650 miles
left to go, Dave’s race for overall honors
had come to an end. “But a Westsail 32
coming in second to an Olson 30 in a
downwind race to Hawaii is still pretty
good,” he said with a smile.

Agreed.

Once Hecla took line honors on
July 2, the next four finishers were
each spread a day apart: Idefix — who
naturally won his division in addition to
overall — on July 3. Warrior’s Wish on
July 4. Max Crittenden on the Martin 32
Solar Wind — who won the Latitude 38/
Nelson’s Trophy for the First Northern
California monohull on corrected time
— on July 5, and Harrier on July 6. But

As the leaders neared the islands,
Celia’s wrath was finally felt by the fleet.
With the Trades finally starting to fill in,
bringing with them their typical swell
from the northeast, Celia sent some
sloppy offspring up from the southeast,
creating havoc-wreaking seas. “They
were like the topping on lemon meringue
pie,” recalled Paul Nielsen.

The crazy cross swell meant more
tough going across the entire fleet, from
Hecta to Blue Moon. “Why does the last
day have to be so hard?” wondered
Lebesch the day before his finish. “Boat
motion alone causes big sails to deflate
and repower with a bang, and it doesn’t
take too many bangs before something breaks.”

That was a hard-learned lesson for
Adrian Johnson, who suffered an acci-
dental spinnaker jibe due to the swells
days out from the finish. “When
I brought the chute back, it caught on
something at the masthead, and appar-
etly pulled out the pin for the spinnaker
sheave box. I heard a chunk and thought.
‘That’s probably really important,’ but I
didn’t bother to find out where it came
from. I figured I’d find out pretty soon.”

Sure enough, when he finally doused
the spinnaker some time later, the
various parts that had remained at the
masthead — the sheaves had long since
dropped into the base of the mast —
came raining down. And that was the
on Dave. But instead of wallowing in
self-pity, he got to work on a jury rig.
Using the main halyard, he winched the
unnaturally angled spar relatively level,
then used two windvane rudders as a

as a testament to either how well the rac-
ers sailed or how much they wanted to
‘get off the ride’. July 6 was a busy day,
with three more fininers finishing right behind
Harrier: Culebra, Saraband — who

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*Overall winner** Finished After Deadline
also won his division — and TAZ!!.

One of the more heart-warming moments came just after George Lythcott on TAZ!! crossed the line. Poor George had been reduced to surviving on rationed granola and dried fruit for the last half of the race after overestimating the lifespan of dry ice, which resulted in most of his food spoiling. "I’m going to have a BIG lobster dinner!" shouted George as the race committee boat gathered him up to take him ashore. There he was shocked to find 15 members of his extended family waiting to greet him. The next night they took him out for his lobster.

Dream Chaser was the next finisher at dawn, with Gary Gould on the Islander 36 Pakele, then Bandicoot following the next day. Gould, who has solo circum-navigated aboard Pakele, was the first — and for a while looked as if he might be the only — finisher in his division. But Sam on Southernaire managed to heat it up enough to cross the line a few hours before the race’s official deadline. That left two soldiers on the battlefield: Second Verse and Blue Moon. Fighting through 24 hours of miserable conditions, the dynamic duo finished what they’d started 21 very long days earlier. Though both had finished after the race’s deadline, they were greeted by their fellow racers as returning heroes and, along with Burns, were honored at a special ‘Tree Time’ (a nightly get-together on the beach) to award them their well-deserved belt buckles.

In a poignant example of the spirit of this race, Sam Burns, who had received the Perseverance Trophy as the race’s last official finisher, immediately handed it to his compadre Adam, the “real winner.”

We honestly have no idea why this race flies so far under the radar of the big-name racers, but we can’t say we’re sorry that it does. The Joe Everyman-dynamic is part of what makes it so special. There are no rockstar egos, no underhanded tricks, no protests — just a group of ordinary people sailing across an ocean together to achieve one extraordinary goal.

— latitude/ladonna
ARE YOU READY TO HA-HA?

With the September 10 entry deadline fast approaching, more than 130 boats have signed up for this year’s rally, and more are added daily. If you’re on the fence about joining this year’s southbound migration, we’ll remind you that your “To Do List” will never be complete, so don’t fall prey to procrastination. As thousands of rally vets would tell you, at some point you’ve just got to forget the list and “Do it!” You’ll find the complete list at www.baja-haha.com.

If you’re not familiar with the event, let us explain that 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.

You’ll find frequent updates on this year’s event, in addition to all sorts of other hot sailing topics at Latitude’s 3-times-weekly news portal, ‘Lectronic Latitude’ (found at www.latitude38.com.)
MEET THE FLEET

Among the important dates to note (at right) is Latitude's annual Mexico-Only Crew List and Ha-Ha Party, September 8. There, hundreds of potential crew mix and mingle with Ha-Ha boat owners looking for extra watch-standers. Get a headstart on the process at our constantly updated Crew List site at www.latitude38.com. As many Ha-Ha vets will confirm, the best way to prepare for doing the event in your own boat is to crew for someone else first.

IS THE PACIFIC PUDDLE JUMP IN YOUR FUTURE?

For many cruisers, the next logical step after cruising Mexican waters for a season or more is to hang a right and head west into the Pacific. We call that annual springtime migration the Pacific Puddle Jump, and report on it heavily in the pages of Latitude 38. Making that 3,000-mile passage is one of the most thrilling accomplishments in the realm of sailing. Learn more at www.pacificpuddlejump.com.
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IMPORTANT DATES
Sept. 8 — Mexico-Only Crew List and Baja Ha-Ha Party, Encinal YC in Alameda; 6-9 pm.
Sept. 10 — Final deadline for all entries.
Oct. 16 — Ha-Ha Welcome to San Diego Party, Downwind Marine, 12-4 pm. Ha-Ha entrants only.
Oct. 23 — Informational Meeting about the Pacific Puddle Jump, West Marine, San Diego, 5 pm.
Oct. 24, 9 am — Final deadline for all crew and skipper waivers, West Marine, San Diego.
Oct. 24, 11 am — Skipper’s meeting, West Marine, San Diego. Skippers only please.
Oct. 24, 1 pm — Ha-Ha Halloween Costume Party and Barbecue, West Marine, San Diego.
Oct. 25, 10 am — Fleet Parade through San Diego Harbor
Oct. 25, 11 am — Start of Leg 1
Oct. 30, 8 am — Start of Leg 2
Nov. 3, 7 am — Start of Leg 3
Nov. 5 — Cabo Beach Party
Nov. 6 — Awards presentations hosted by the Cabo Marina.

Please note: There is no phone number for the Baja Ha-Ha Rally Committee. Please don’t call Latitude 38 with questions. The Ha-Ha is a separate operation.

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Please note: There is no phone number for the Baja Ha-Ha Rally Committee. Please don’t call Latitude 38 with questions. The Ha-Ha is a separate operation.
FOGGY FRIDAY FUN
One thing we've always been complimented on here at *Latitude* is our willingness to tell it like it is — even when the truth isn't so rosy.

So, let's get this out in the open. You know that famous wisecrack that Mark Twain supposedly made about a summer he spent in San Francisco having been the coldest *winter* he'd ever endured? *(What a whiner!)* Okay, so we'll admit that from May through mid-August it's usually not exactly 'Baywatch' weather along the Cityfront. But, hey, the City also has something that few other California coastal towns can boast: dependable breeze! *(Note: Wind is an essential requirement for the sport of sailing.)*

Besides, we like to think that Bay Area sailors are a bit tougher than our brethren in, say, Florida or Long Island. When a thick loaf of fog envelops

*If rompin' and stampin' suits your style, the Golden Gate YC's Friday night beer can series is the place to be. Races continue through September. — all photos latitude/andy*
FOGGY FRIDAY FUN

the City on a Friday night, local sailors don’t run for cover and cancel their plans to go beer can racing. No way. Instead, they just throw a few more ‘layers’ in their gear bags, slip on watch caps and head out into the mist.

As these photos confirm, on a particularly gray Friday last month many boatloads of zipped-up sailors braved the elements to do battle during the Golden Gate and South Beach YC suds-fests. And despite the lack of evening sunshine, they all seemed to regard the experience as time well spent. After all, even getting a face full of cold sea spray on a foggy night is preferable to sitting in the Bay Area’s mind-numbing Friday-getaway traffic.

Regardless if it’s sunny or dreary, when you’re out on the water the stress and worry of the workaday world just seem to melt away. By the time you get back to the yacht club, your attitude will be brighter, your muscles will feel a bit tauter, and you’ll feel substantially more

Around the corner, off the South Beach YC, dozens of boats competed on broad courses that stretched halfway to Alameda.
'alive' than you did a few hours earlier, when you were hunched over a computer in your soulless office cubicle.

All throughout the Greater Bay Area beer can racing continues through the end of September. So we encourage you to get out and join in the fun. If you don’t have your own boat, it’s relatively easy to catch a ride. To do so, we suggest you show up early at a sponsoring club with a smile on your face, an upbeat attitude, and something to share like, oh, let’s see... a six-pack of beer perhaps?

By the way, we haven’t had a single sailor step up to tackle Latitude’s famous Beer Can Challenge this season: The idea is to sail a beer can race every night for a week, then send your story — with photographic proof — to rob@latitude38.com, and we’ll reward you with a write-up in the mag and some official Latitude swag. What a great excuse to have fun!

— latitude/andy
You can never tell who will be having a meeting in your own yacht club.

I was about to take a non-sailing co-worker and his wife out for a long-promised sail on my boat. I wouldn’t call him my boss, per se, but he was senior to me in the company, and it was important to make a good impression. So while his wife made the required last pass at the bathroom in the yacht club, I thought I’d show off the portrait of my boat on the dining room wall. But we stopped short when we entered the room — a meeting was in progress, and it looked at first like another lunchtime corporate rental.

Except that there was a large map projected on the wall that I recognized. It was a nearby waterfront property — large and mostly undeveloped — that had been operated for generations by the military. Now it was being cleaned up and detoxified, and was about to be turned over to private hands for a major commercial development project.

"Let’s take a minute to see what this is all about," I whispered to my guest as we took chairs in the back of the room near the door.

The point of the meeting was obvious soon enough. It was a sales pitch by the developer, trying to build up political support for the various zoning changes and building permits that would be necessary to make the project fly. I recognized a few members of the City Council and some local environmental activists.

The discussion was all about hiring practices, economic benefit to the city, traffic mitigation measures, and tax revenue. But I was intrigued by the detailed site plan, showing a spectacular shoreline. The site included an existing deep-water pier, a semi-protected beach, and miles of shoreline previously off-limits to the public. This could be a fantastic opportunity for sailors. I imagined new waterfront restaurants with guest docks, new berthing for mega-yachts that would enhance the development’s upscale image, maybe even a new marina and yacht club. And new off-the-beach water access for small boats and sailboards, with more than enough space to support a community sailing center.

But then it was the park advocates’ turn, they drove a hard bargain. Open space, and nothing but open space, near the shoreline. Habitat protection where things were growing. Habitat restoration where things were not growing. No docks, no boat launching, not even hand-launched kayaks or canoes had a place in their “compromise” proposal. Just paths and park benches. When we discreetly left the room, they were describing the elevated observation points for wheelchair viewing that would be placed along the boardwalks running through the new wetland habitat, created at great expense to the developer.

We met my colleague’s wife back in the yacht club bar just as she was returning from the head. She was with, of all people, Lee Helm, the naval architecture grad student who can sometimes be persuaded to crew for me when she’s not windsurfing — or when she doesn’t have a ride on a faster boat. Apparently they met in the bathroom and had already determined their connection.

"Lee," I said. "Good to see that you’re part of this workshop. They need a windsurfer at that meeting."

They already totally have my POV, and then some," she answered. "What’s amazing is that, with all this buzz about ‘saving sailing,’ there’s not one person from the industry in there trying to save us a tiny bit of waterfront access."

“Maybe all the industry flacks spend their weekends volunteering with junior sailing programs,” I said as I looked out at the harbor where a dozen pre-teen kids in tiny sailing dinghies were being blown into the leeward docks faster than the instructors’ powerboat could pull them off.

“Naw. They’re all worried about meeting next month’s payroll. And I can’t, like, blame them."

A copy of Saving Sailing by Nicholas Hayes had been left on one of the tables. Lee picked it up and handed it to me. He says that participation in sailing is down 40% since ’97, and down by a whopping 70% since ’79.

Not having my reading glasses handy, I pretended to skim through the first couple of pages. There were no pictures, so I walked over to the open window for a better look at the kids’ sailing les-
Yacht club junior programs — such as last month’s annual Sail Camp at Stockton SC — do great work, but the throughput is not high enough to reverse the national trend.

son. I could hear one of the instructors shouting “Pull the tiller toward you! No, toward you!” through his megaphone. I couldn’t help observing that the poor girl was sitting in the bottom of her boat, on centerline directly forward of the helm, and whichever way she moved the tiller it could only be moving away from her.

"Well, if anything really saves sailing," I said, "it will be the junior programs and the public 'Learn to Sail' classes. That has to be an important part of any revival, in the long run."

"For sure," admitted Lee. "It's much more productive than a media blitz about some celebrity race event, or public tours of the latest batch of round-the-world racers. But it totally doesn't scale. I mean, if Hayes' numbers are right and we really have 1.8 million sailors in the U.S. right now, and if sailing is down by 70% since '79, then to return to pre-'79 levels we have to add 4.2 million new sailors, not even adjusting for population growth. Divide that by the number of yacht clubs you think could support junior sailing programs, work in a reasonable attrition rate, and it just doesn't compute. Yacht clubs alone can't make this happen."

"But in the long run," I asked, "what other way is there to build the fleet?"

"Look at it another way," Lee continued. "Hayes says only one in five sailors belongs to a yacht club. So just to break even, each club has to have a junior program that cranks out five new non-member sailors during the course of each membership. To grow back to pre-'79 levels, each club membership has to result in 11.7 new non-member sailors who stay active for as long as each YC member is active. No way. For long-term growth you have to make it easy for people to get into sailing without relying on the yacht club infrastructure. The yacht club pipe is too narrow, and the sailboat racing pipe is even narrower."

"You can't blame the industry promoters for going after short-term gains via publicity," suggested my co-worker. "They're in it to make a profit next quarter, just like any other business."

"True, but they're fighting the last war," Lee asserted.

"What do you think the industry promoters are missing?" I asked. "The ones I know understand the importance of small boats and entry-level opportunities."

"Land use, Max. Land use. It's all about what's going on in the dining room, and how the waterfront is used. The only way we will ever have a large-scale return to sailing is if new access points are created with every new waterfront park or shoreline development project. And not just in the urban core — the new access opportunities have to, like, follow the demographics to the waterfronts farther out in the 'burbs. I blame the sailing and paddling communities for not being right in there at every stakeholders' meeting and planning workshop, having it out with the enviros and fighting for access. I mean, some of those blue-hairs who run the park advocacy show think it's more important to preserve the view of the Bay from the freeway than it is to give kids a chance to sail or paddle on it."

Lee probably hadn’t noticed that my colleague’s wife had a slight tinge of blue dye in her hair. I also happened to
know that she was on the board of one of the more active local environmental advocacy groups.

"Lee, I never thought I'd hear you making disparaging remarks about environmentalists."

"I'm with them 110% on wilderness issues," Lee explained. "But get them inside the city limits and they don't know how to balance things. I mean, the main problem is that they don't seem to understand the value of any form of boating, and they do a lot of damage to urban park design in the name of their open space monoculture. I see them waste a lot of resources blocking facilities that would allow people to float on or touch the water instead of just looking at it. Those resources would be much better spent protecting habitat where there are fewer people and it's way more cost-effective. I can go on for, like, hours about this, with lots of examples, but I have to be at a meeting downstairs in the library."

"Which meeting is that?" I asked, not being aware of any other group using the club that day.

"It's an organization of kayakers, windsurfers and small boat sailors who helped get the Water Trail legislation through a couple of years ago. Now we're trying to get some funding directed at improvements at launch sites. These cats have their heads on pretty straight."

"Well, fight the good fight for us," I said as she ran to her meeting.

"Land use!" she repeated over her shoulder. "Land use and water access!"

Fortunately we didn't run into any other acquaintances on our way to my boat. And once on the water I gave a pretty good introduction to sailing, if I say so myself. The weather was perfect. No fog, a good breeze in the mid teens, and warmer than usual on the Bay.

But we had to come back early — my friend was showing signs of motion sickness, and that's a sure way to turn someone off to sailing. Bearing off for the downwind sail back to the club didn't help much. Even putting him on the tiller, which almost always works in the marginal cases, did not restore color to his face.

"Those kids don't seem to be getting seasick at all," his wife observed as we threaded our way through the fleet of dinghies that were now sailing outside the breakwater.

"You know, motion sickness is almost unknown in very small boats," I informed them.

But it was too late. He lost his cookies over the side, and at that moment the world of sailing lost another prospective member. One who would have doubtless spent a lot of money in the industry if he had decided he liked it. His wife, on the other hand, was looking at a brochure for the university sailing club — Lee must have slipped it to her when they had first met.

"Honey, this looks like it could be fun," she said with a sly grin. "And Max," she added as she turned back to me. "I'm sure I can count on your presence at the next park planning workshop."

— max ebb

A Better Plan To Save Sailing

- Show up at meetings that address waterfront land use planning. Take back the priority list from the advocates of waterfront parks habitat restoration. They seem to believe the Bay should be observed from a park bench or trail but never touched or floated on. Urban waterfront parks work best when they mix open space and habitat with built space and water-related recreation. Carrying these principles to new park projects in the suburbs is critical.

- Promote easy access to entry-level non-motorized water activities of all types, especially paddle sports with a very low entry bar. Kayaks, canoes and dragon boats are usually an easier entry route than small sailboats, and far more cost-effective.

- Support on-site storage for small craft. Cars of the future will not be very good at hauling boats around. Housing in the future will be less likely to have garages or driveways and there will be reduced options for storing even small boats or sailboards at home. On-site storage keeps small craft ownership viable. Note that even if on-site storage facilities include parking, they still reduce driving miles because after-work or other combined trips do not have to go home first to pick up the gear. Build it and they will come (and rent storage space).

- Infiltrate the most powerful open space and environmental advocacy groups. It's for their own good. Audubon Society needs to realize that every kayaker becomes a birder, and Sierra Club needs to understand that every sailor becomes a stakeholder in the natural shoreline. These groups should be the natural allies of non-motorized sailors and paddlers — the trailerable powerboat or Jet Ski (usually hauled around by an SUV) is the natural enemy. Join these groups and help set the policies.

- Support no-wake areas and powerboat bans. Thrillcraft activity is usually preemptive of quiet and non-annoying forms of boating, and reduces the carrying capacity of small bodies of water. We don't need to wait for the next fuel price shock to divert some of the market back to sail and paddle.

- Support mandatory licensing for powerboat operators. Powerboats are many times more hazardous than sailboats, yet the popular perception is that beginners need lessons for sailing but not for power. This perception
needs to be reversed.

- End the monopolistic protection given to waterfront concessions by public agencies. Commercial rental operations generally charge fees that are too high to offer access opportunities to the broader public. But non-profit clubs and co-ops rely heavily on volunteers and offer dramatically lower costs to the user. These organizations should always be allowed to operate in close proximity to commercial operations at popular sites — experience has shown that neighboring facilities of even slightly different character will usually enhance each other’s markets rather than divide them.

- Go for the low-hanging fruit in potential new access points. New parking lots, bathrooms and ramps have become incredibly expensive, but multi-use opportunities abound. Every marina can add a few on-site small craft storage racks with minimal parking loss and neutral (if not positive) cash flow impact. This should be a requirement for Cal Boating grants and loans. Most marinas have otherwise unmarketable inside tie space for small sailing dinghies, dragon boats and outriggers. Ferry terminals have bathrooms and a vast excess parking resource on weekends. Historic ships have overnight accommodations without upsetting camper-phobic neighbors.

- Forget about big boats. It’s the wrong demographic for growth. Promoting big-boat events may generate short-term gains for the industry, and is always valuable for its own sake. And of course it’s vital for people in the big-boat business. But it brings in little new blood compared to new small craft access.

- Forget about big-name corporate or institutional sponsorship. Local sponsors with a direct interest in sailing activity have a direct interest in sailing activity. But hawking unrelated products and charities does very little for the growth of the sport. These sponsors might bring up the number of spectator eyeballs, but they would rather have us all sitting at home watching it on TV or viewing their ads on the web than out sailing our own boats.

- Do all the stuff that Saving Sailing recommends. But keep in mind that it’s far easier to change land use, architecture, infrastructure, and public policy than it is to change human behavior. Nick Hayes is asking us to change human behavior as the primary approach to the problem. One-on-one mentoring, valuable as it may be for the mentee, does not scale up to the level needed to reverse the decline in sailing participation.
Thank heavens August is here; hopefully we’ll get some weather that resembles summer for a change. In this month’s Racing Sheet, we take a look at the Star Lipton Cup, then it’s on to the Bay View Boat Club’s visually appealing Plastic Classic Regatta. Following that, we head back South for Ullman Sails’ Long Beach Race Week. Then we come right back to the Bay for the Sperry Top sider N.O.O.D. Regatta. After that, it’s time to honor a group of successful Beer Can Challengers before heading for the mountains and the Trans Tahoe Regatta. The Westpoint Marina Regatta gets a belated look and finally we check in with the El Toro Jr. North Americans. Enjoy!

Star Lipton Cup

With the class’s North American Championship coming up in Marina Del Rey later this month, the Santa Barbara YC-hosted Star Lipton Cup — doubling as the District 5 Champs — was bound to have a quality fleet. It didn’t disappoint. Steeped in tradition that’s nearly a century old, the Star Boat has some unique protocols. For instance, when you’ve won a World Championship in the class of all Olympic classes, you get to change the color of your class insignia to gold.

At the Lipton Cup — dedicated to the Star Class for the last forty years after being deeded to the Yacht Club in 1923 — on July 10-11, there were three gold stars flying among the nineteen boats.

One belonged to George Szabo, the ’09 World Champion who would end the regatta in fourth place sailing on a borrowed boat with Isao Toyama in the hiking harness. Another belonged to Louis Vuitton Cup veteran and ’99 World Champion Eric Doyle, sailing with another Louis Vuitton Cup veteran John Ziskind, who finished third. The third gold star belonged to Mark Reynolds and Hal Haenel, who between them have a few Olympic medals also.

You might recognize these two . . . Hal Haenel, left and Mark Reynolds, winners of the ’10 District 5’s.


Who?

In a class where the top finishers usually have more name recognition than just about any other sailors, these two ended up in second in a loaded top five that was rounded out by longtime Pyewacket regular Ben Mitchell and crew Mike Marzhal.

It turns out that Gould, a resident of San Francisco, and Sieck who lives in Mill Valley, sail out of St. Francis YC, which surprised us, because other than the odd year where the Joe Logan Trophy is the District Championship, we didn’t know that there had been any kind of Star boat presence on the Bay in a long time.

After a short delay on Saturday, the breeze filled from the south at 6 to 8 knots. After four races, Reynolds and Haenel led Gould and Sieck by just two points with Doyle and Ziskind another seven points back.

Saturday night was reserved for a 40th birthday celebration for Szabo, and while we’d like to tell you all the gory details, bear in mind that Star crew are typically very big and strong dudes.

Sunday morning rolled around looking like what many of the sailors’ heads must have felt like — gloomy. It wasn’t looking promising to begin with, but the sun finally popped through during the first of the day’s three races and brought 8 to 10 knots. Reynolds and Haenel recovered from a seventh in the first race — their throwout — to win by a seven-point margin. Doyle and Ziskind slid into third by winning the final race.

When we asked Gould if they ever sail their boat on the Bay, their response was something along the lines of ‘not if we can help it; it’s cold.’ After July’s weather, we couldn’t agree more.

We were asked to fill in as crew with Dr. Lee Kellerhouse. A retired radiologist, Kellerhouse is 74 years old and still sailing hard in the Star Class. It had been more than a decade since we last sailed on a Star, and after three races, we were amazed to find out that Kellerhouse’s only concessions to getting older aboard these physically challenging boats are a couple modifications to his boat’s barney post to allow him faster passage under the low boom during tacks.

He was incredibly patient with us even though we probably cost him a couple places in the regatta, and had to bail during de-rigging to get photos and do the whole work thing.

After meeting guys like Kellerhouse, and Ernie Rideout, who won the Santana 22 Nationals at the age of 89, we can’t help but think that there’s no excuse to get out there and sail hard. Complete results are up at www.starclass.org.

Plastic Classics

Invoke the word “classic” for any regatta around the world and you’re likely to make a sailor think of wooden boats, but the Bay View Boat Club’s Plastic Classic regatta is as steeped in history as the vintage fiberglass boats that make up its fleet. With a banner turnout of 53 boats with a design vintage at least 25 years-old, the event, held on July 17, shows that you don’t have to be wood to be good.

With everything ranging from a few Lasers to a 40-ft yawl, this year’s event
The District 5 Star fleet battling it out off Santa Barbara for their championships and the Star Lipton Cup. Inset — the Bay’s Greg Sieck, left, and Steve Gould came away with runner-up honors.

had a little of everything on the 11-mile course set off Mission Bay, south of the Bay Bridge. The fleet was treated to sunshine that came out by the time the race started, and 7 to 12 knots of breeze accompanied by a flood that swept across the course at a max strength of a little over two knots. Antonio Rico’s Pearson Commander Mephisto Cat took top honors with a corrected time of 1h, 35m, 5s after the results were computed on the rented Cray mainframe.

One of the main attractions of the Plastic Classic is, of course, the “T” Mark, a large powerboat anchored in front of the club featuring a bevy of beauties who aren’t afraid to reward the racers’ efforts by showing off that female body part with a slang name starting with the letter “T.” The tradition dates back to the first event in 1974, when a Plastic Classic in her own right, famed exotic dancer Carol Doda, handed out the trophies. This year, Don Prell’s Sea Bop Jazz Band accompanied the racers as they rounded the mark — three times. Not surprisingly, the “T” mark garnered the attention of the San Francisco Police’s Marine Unit, which dutifully patrolled near the mark several times during the day.

While competitive on the water, the regatta also boasts a Concours d’Elegance, which drew nine boats that were judged by a panel of three wooden boat owners who accepted bribes of wine and cheese during the judging. Top honors for the “Prettiest Boat Overall” and “Nicest Interior” went to Mark Sange’s custom C&C Evening Star, while Robert Crawford’s Cal 20 Black Feathers took home the top honors for “Simplest to Single-hand.” The “Most Stock Boat” was judged to be Chuck Kruskamp’s Columbia 28 Harvest.

After the boat show, it was time for dinner, and the club’s all-volunteer galley staff served 250 plates. After the awards ceremony at 8 p.m., The Curtis Lawson Band played until the wee hours of the morning. Those who woke up in time the following day detoxed with the help of Bloody Marys. Next year’s race is scheduled for July 16, so mark it on your racing calendar.

**BAY VIEW BOAT CLUB PLASTIC CLASSIC (7/17, 10 a.m.)**


**IB (PHRF 256+)** — 1) Constellation, Islander Bahama, John Lincoln; 2) Ts, Del Ray, Kent Taylor. (2 boats)

**TRITON** — 1) Rascal II, Norman Thomas; 2) Cadenza, Chuck Miller; 3) Sanctuary, Ian Elliot. (7 boats)

**RANGER 23** — 1) Dalliance; 2) Crazy Horse; 3) Flirt, Doug Wiedwald. (6 boats)

**SANTANA 22** — 1) Hamachi, Stefan Berlinski; 2) Auggie, Sally Taylor; 3) Atunamata, Bill King. (3 boats)

**SANTANA 35** — 1) Spirit of Elvis; 2) Breakout. (2 boats)

**CORONADO 25** — 1) Spray, Ray Kytle; 2) Sanity Check, Xenon Herman; 3) Jayhawk, Peter McCool. (4 boats)

**PHRF NON-SPINNAKER** — 1) Mephisto Cat; 2) Ursa Latus; 3) Nemesis, Pearson Commander, Pat and Jeff (last name not given). (13 boats)

**PHRF SPINNAKER** — 1) Shadowfax; 2) Balien; 3) Double Play. (17 boats)

Complete results at: www.bvbc.org

**Long Beach Race Week**

As one of the West Coast’s longest-running keelboat regattas, Ullman Sails

The “T” Mark at the Bay View Boat Club’s Plastic Classic Regatta; the fleet of 53 boats were required to round this mark three times during the race; apparently so did the S.F. Police boat.
Long Beach Race Week is a must-do for many California sailors. This year’s iteration, held June 25-27 produced three awesome days of 8- to 12-knot breeze, sunny afternoons, and the legendary parties the sailors have come to expect.

Once again co-hosted by Long Beach and Alamitos Bay Yacht Clubs, the event drew 139 boats in 14 one design and six handicap divisions — the latter split between IRC and PHRF.

With the locus of handicap big boat racing having shifted to Southern California, Race Week brought out a sizable fleet of competitive boats. Ed Feo’s Andrews 45 Locomotion — equipped with a recently added bowsprit in place of a 20-ft-long conventional spinnaker pole — shook off a pair of sixth-place finishes on Friday, and an arbitration penalty, to post a trifecta of seconds on Saturday and surge to a four-point lead. Heading into the final day, Loco held on for dear life in Sunday’s final two races to win the PHRF-scored “Fast 50” fleet by a solitary point over Lorenzo Berho’s Puerto Vallarta-based Kernan 70 Peligroso, earning Feo’s crew
PHRF Boat of the Week honors. Also in the mix was the San Francisco-based, Newport Harbor YC-burgeed Wasabi, Dale Williams’ Kernan 44, which shared a -21 rating with Loco. Both boats were constantly seeing each other in their rear-view mirrors — in this case, the objects were indeed as close as they appeared. Despite claiming three bullets in seven races, Wasabi was left to settle for third in the division, just one point behind Peligroso.

Although all the non-one design big boats sailed together in one fleet, there was separate scoring for both an IRC division and the SoCal 52s, converted TP 52s which also sail under IRC. Australian Alan Brierty’s R/P 63 Limit took IRC honors. The three-boat SoCal 52 division went to David Team’s Rebel Yell. The Bay Area-based TP 52 Flash, co-skippered for the event by owner Mark Jones and charterer Mick Schlens, finished as the runner-up in the IRC division, and because of the way the event was scored, did the same in the SoCal 52 division.

The eleven Farr 40s — which keep going from strength to strength in a West Coast resurgence of the boat — marked the biggest of the big boat one design divisions. Jeff Janov’s Dark Star took the title by ten points over perennial contender, Dave Voss’ Piranha.

The Open 5.70 fleet continued its steady emergence on the West Coast, attracting 15 boats to boast the largest one-design class at the event. Tracey Kenney and her Hat Trick crew used an especially strong Sunday — posting a 1-2 — to
THE RACING

overtake Peter Drasnin and his D.I.S.C., who had dominated the division up to that point with only six points after the first five races. There were three Northern California entries in the division, including Stephen Gonzalez’ Stockton-based Delta-v; Kathy Conte’s Sequoia YC-based Boudicca, and Paul Dorsey’s DiabolicLRB from Inverness YC on Tomales Bay.

The turnout marked the largest Race Week fleet ever, so clearly the event organizers are doing something right.

“The Race Committees on all three courses were stellar,” said Ullman’s Steve Beck. “Once again, there wasn’t a single complaint. Both Clubs hosted awesome parties, the competition was great in every division, and the wind gods smiled on us again.”

For complete results and more details on the ‘10 Race Week, visit www.lbrw.org. As always, the event represented the final installment in the Ullman Sails’ Inshore Championship; go to www.ullmansailswestcoast.com/USIClone.htm for those scores as well.

Sperry Topside NOOD Regatta

The N.O.O.D. Regatta, returned to the Bay after a six-year hiatus June 26-27, bringing out 18 classes for two days of racing hosted by St. Francis YC. What used to be a regatta for offshore boats — N.O.O.D.stands for National Offshore One Design — has morphed into something that had everything from 13 kitters to a small, seven-boat IRC division.

While the idea of a mega regatta like this is theoretically worthwhile, the practical implication of having so many fleets represented was that there just weren’t enough sailors to go around. Despite the regatta being on the season schedules for many of the Bay’s one design fleets, it drew paltry numbers compared to the other events on their schedules. For example, the J/105s, which even at a smaller-scale Stone Cup brought out 16 boats, could only manage a 12-boat turnout. The Express 27s only brought out 12 boats. The Knarrs — easily capable of bringing out numbers in the 20s — turned out 15 boats vying for spots in the class’s upcoming Internationals on the first day, to see only two return for Sunday’s racing. Only seven Folkboats showed up; a month earlier there had been 13 out for the Woodies Invitational. There were only 14 Lasers; a dinghy regatta over at Richmond YC is unlikely to draw fewer than 20. A look at the turnouts among all the divisions shows that 11 of the 18 divisions had seven or fewer boats, and only two of those — the J/24s and Corsair 24s — were at their maximum practical capacity for the Bay.

There were some bright spots though, specifically the Corsair 24s. F18s and Wetas. As far as we know the Corsair 24s haven’t really ever had one design presence on the Bay, so to see seven of them out racing together is gratifying. The F18s, which were sailing their Pacific Coast Championships, were the largest class at the regatta — at least among those where most of the boats sailed both days — with a total of 15 boats, and it was really great to see these sparsely little racing cats get some traction up here beyond the Delta Ditch Run. There were 11 Wetas — their biggest turnout on the Bay so far.

St. Francis YC and the N.O.O.D. organizers need to go back to the drawing board on this one. First of all, having the regatta the weekend after the Coastal Cup is probably not the best scheduling, especially when the Ditch Run — gaining increasing popularity among Southern California sailors in classes represented at the N.O.O.D. like the Melges 24s and F-18s — is the weekend before that. HAVING the event so close to the Pac Cup also

THE BOX SCORES

LITTLE LIPTON (EXPRESS 27) — 1) New Wave, Dave Carrel, 3 points; 2) Opa!, Tom Hintz, 6; 3) Moonlight, Jim Gibbs, 13. (3 boats)

ADMARIAL’S (J/24) — 1) TMC Racing, Michael Whitfield, 3 points; 2) On Delay, Don Taylor, 6. (2 boats)

Complete results at: http://www.picya.org/LIPTON_2010_RESULTS.pdf

OAKLAND YC WEEKLY SERIES # 8 (6/22)

PHRF ≤ 150 — 1) JetStream, JS9000, Dan Alvarez; 2) Wiley Wabbit, Wabbit, Kit Wiegman; 3) Golden Moon, Express 37, Kame and Sully Richards. (5 boats)


PHRF 201+ — 1) Chile Pepper, Santana 25, Dave Lyman; 2) Blueberry, Nonsuch 22, John Foster. (2 boats)


NON-SPINNAKER — 1) Half Past, Mert 2b, Michael Law; 2) Svenska, Peterson 34, Fred Minning; 3) Kiwa, Ericson 32-2, Warren Taylor. (6 boats)

COLUMBIA 5.5 — 1) Tenacious, Adam Sadeg; 2) Alert, Liem Dao; 3) Wings, Mike Jackson. (5 boats)

MERIT 25 — 1) Bewitched, Laraine Salmon; 2) Double Agent, Robin Ollivier; 3) Bandido, George Gurrola. (4 boats)

Complete results at: www.oaklandyachtclub.org

SOUTH BEACH YC FRIDAY NIGHT SERIES SECOND HALF (CUMULATIVE) 2/10

SPINNAKER (PHRF < 99) — 1) Jolly Mon, J/105, Chris Chamberlin, 5 points; 2) Alpha Puppy, 1035, Alex Farell, 5; 3) PHAT JACK, Express 37, Bob Lugliani, 8. (5 boats)

Complete results at: www.oaklandyachtclub.org

Beer can series are in full-swing, and this month’s Box Scores covers both weekend and beer can events. We don’t have the time or manpower to chase down all the results, so please post them on your club’s website or send them directly to the Racing Editor at rob@latitude38.com. Our format is to include the name of the boat, the type and length of boat, and the first and last names of the owner(s). We’ll do our best to get that info into Latitude 38 and ‘Electronic Latitude.

WEEKEND:

PICYA LIPTON CUP (7/17, 3r, 1p)

BIG LIPTON (PHRF) — 1) Tupelo Honey, t.21, 40, Gerry Sheridan, 4 points; 2) Yucca, 8 Meter, Hank Easom; 3) Spen drift V, Express 37, Larry Wright. (5 boats)

LARRY KNIGHT (ISLANDER 36) — 1) Luna Sea, Dan Knox, 3 points; 2) Mai Pen Rai, Noble Brown, 6. (2 boats)

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means that the sailor pool is drastically reduced as Hawai'i-prep efforts are taking much of their time.

Before the hiatus, the N.O.O.D was on or near the Labor Day weekend and represented part of a Northern California swing that included the Rolex Big Boat Series, and the San Francisco YC’s now-defunct Quick Boat Regatta. Holding the regatta where it is in the schedule now is almost worse than the — thankfully now resolved — situation with the Ensenada Race and the Border Run. Ullman Sails Long Beach — situation with the Ensenada Race and San Pablo Bays with San Francisco and San Pablo Bays with the second attempt failed when this irrationally exuberant skipper assumed that all clubs raced every week. When all else failed, the crew read the directions that all clubs started their season at the same time. Earlier this season, the second attempt failed when this irrationally exuberant skipper assumed that all clubs raced every week. When all else failed, the crew read the directions scattered about the internet and found there is one week when it is possible to race every night of the week on the Bay. The only one was June 21-25.

“Setting out from our homeport of Benicia on Sunday, the crew delivered throwing a no-hitter, then Benicia YC’s Chuck Hooper sailed the perfect game of Beer Can Challenges last month. Linda Cowgill, Roger Ruud, Elvin Valverty, Jennifer Valverty, and Don Gonsalves made the rounds of San Francisco and San Pablo Bays with Hooper aboard his Contessa 33 Warwhoop, completing the challenge, plus a bonus race back home to Benicia the following Saturday.

“We had attempted to do the Latitude 38 Beer Can Challenge of doing a beer can race every night of the week on two previous occasions,” Hooper said.

The first attempt several years ago failed because this exuberant skipper assumed that all clubs started their season at the same time. Earlier this season, the second attempt failed when this irrationally exuberant skipper assumed that all clubs raced every week. When all else failed, the crew read the directions scattered about the internet and found there is one week when it is possible to race every night of the week on the Bay. The only one was June 21-25.

“Setting out from our homeport of Benicia on Sunday, the crew delivered the boat to Richmond, and picked up the skipper on Monday for the trip to the Bay View Boat Club. Bay View Boat Club only races every other week, but has a great flat water venue in the South Bay. That night the wind was light and the committee decided to shorten the course. When they fired off the two shots signaling their intention, the leader — a small woodie — who was at least a mile ahead, altered course and went home.

“That left us in the lead and one of the few finishers. Our first race and we get...
THE RACING

a 1st! The next morning found us near South Beach in need of breakfast and coffee. Sitting in the Java Café the crew struck up a conversation with a fellow customer, non-sailor Don Gonsalves, who accepted an invitation to help deliver the boat to Sausalito for their Tuesday night Beer Can race. Don was hooked, or as we told his wife, “Shanghaied” for the rest of the week!

“After a poor performance in Sausalito the boat was delivered to Vallejo YC, home to three of the crew. A good start, great wind and some local knowledge allowed us to notch our second bullet of the week.

“Thursday night was spent racing out of our home club of Benicia YC. By now we were a well-practiced crew, and Warwhoop got another first. First thing Friday morning, the boat needed to get back down bay for the Berkeley YC’s Friday Night series. The crew took the boat back down to Berkeley and I spent the day frantically running errands, managing to jump on the boat at the last possible second. Warwhoop took a third. After a full week of racing and the requisite partying, we notched three bullets, a third, and a DFL.

“On hearing that Sausalito was having a race to Vallejo on Saturday, we took off across the Bay. We were late at the start, but still ended up third. During this, our 6th race day in a row, we suffered our first major gear failure. A 25-plus-knot gust of wind off Point Pinole wrapped the spinnaker pole around the headstay, and turned our 25-year-old kite to trash. Jamie, the owner of Jazz Beau who took second, watched us blow it up. Later he said he had an old kite and pole we could have, so we are back in business!”

Tahoe Tanglin’

For some racers, summer means heading offshore to Hawaii. For others, it means heading inland for spectacular sailing on the crystalline alpine lakes dug into the Sierra. The weekend of July 10-11 was a busy one up at Lake Tahoe between the 47th annual Trans-Tahoe regatta and the Melges 24 Tahoe Race Week, both hosted by Tahoe YC.

Bill Erkelens Sr.’s modified D-Class Cat Adrenaline was the elapsed-time winner, finishing the 35.5-mile race in 4h, 12m. But it was local Dick Ferris and his J/125 August Ice that took overall honors.

Built at Berkeley Marine Center

Congratulations to Buzz Blackett on his new Antrim Class 40, California Condor. The boat was launched in May, with final preparations made in time to compete in the 2010 Pacific Cup.

Berkeley Marine Center is proud to bring custom yacht construction back to Northern California.
by 2m, 55s on corrected time. Ferris and his crew of Greg Felich, Seadon Wijsen, Justin Casey, Rob Duncan, Jake Lambrecht, Ken Frost, Mike Frost, and Marc Thomas took advantage of the 18 knots of breeze, which will get a J/125 planing with ease, and finished before the wind died later on in the evening. The win was Ferris’s fifth in the event.

Last year’s winner, Richard Courcier’s Farr 36, Wicked, managed to just squeak by Gary Redelberger’s sistership Racer X, both of which should be familiar to Bay Area sailors.

Prior to the start, Tahoe YC members and race participants placed rose petals on the water to honor the late Erik Arnold of Tahoe City, who died in May at age 40. Arnold was active in the Tahoe YC scene and a good friend to most race participants, according to the organizers. As a tribute, Arnold’s crew and friends sailed his 30-footer E Ticket in the race.

Meanwhile, Tahoe City’s Dan Hauserman, the Bay’s reigning Melges 24 Season Champion, won the Lake Tahoe Melges Race Week, which ended with the Trans Tahoe as the final race of the three-day series. Hauserman, sailing his Melges 24 Personal Puff, may have benefited from local knowledge of the conditions on Lake Tahoe, like knowing to look for ‘fan’ puffs coming out of the mountain canyons. Hauserman and his crew held it down for the home team against the visiting boats, which included entrants from San Diego, San Francisco, Santa Barbara, and Ensenada, Mexico. This was the second of the three Melges Race Weeks that comprise the class’s California Cup. The first installment was in San Diego in May, and the final one will be on the Bay this month, hosted by San Francisco YC August 20-22. Details on that series can be found at http://california-cup.com/.

Westpoint Marina Regatta
The second annual Westpoint Marina Regatta
Race went off well last month, and Steve Rienhart of the Encinal YC-based Antrim 27 Cascade sent us a report about this novel 20-miler. Unfortunately the event coincided with the Delta Ditch Run, and while it didn’t seem to adversely affect attendance, the organizers are planning on moving it back a month next year so as not to conflict with the Richmond YC and Stockton SC’s classic.

"While a far more popular downwind race was going upwind on June 12, my crew and I had the great pleasure to sail in the second annual Westpoint Marina Race to Redwood City, sponsored by Sequoia YC and Westport Marina. Not only did we sail downwind the entire race, we did so in shorts and tee shirts, because it was hot, hot, hot, on the Bay.

"In my 40 years of sailing the bay, I've never before sailed in the summer months from YRA 10 to Alcatraz, this race’s ‘weather mark,’ off the breeze or in shorts and shirts — it was amazing!

"The race was a pleasant, lower-key downwind affair reminiscent of the Ditch Run, but without the trailer logistics. The club was friendly, the reception great, and the committee work just fine.

"The only downside to the day was fighting the same massive flood and N-NE wind the sailors in that other race had to fight to get to the start line. Once at the start, it was well-run, and we were off the line first and fastest, averaging 7.5-plus knots all the way to Alcatraz.

"In the category of ‘firsts’, this was also the first time in summer months I have ever set the kite while rounding Alcatraz counterclockwise and been pointing at Crissy Field!

"Fortunately most of the competitors also misjudged the first jibe onto port, as the wind clocked farther east and we had to douse for 15 minutes to clear Pier 39. Suffice it to say, the early weather was just plain weird.

"Once near the Bay Bridge, the wind mellowed to 10-12 range, and backed into the north, where it remained N-NNW the rest of the day, gradually lightening to the 8- to 10- knot range, something that helped us save our time on the lower-rated boats coming up from behind with the flood. We sailed well enough to secure second overall and second in the Spinnaker division.

"After finishing, Sequoia YC was a warm, friendly place to relax, have dinner, and enjoy the weather.

"As to the use of downwind ratings, well, on the ‘weather leg’ we were more or less sailing to our downwind rating. As the wind lightened, particularly after Hunters Point, we were hard pressed to sail to our standard rating of 75, so you can forget about our sailing to our DW number, 45.

"Perhaps it’s time to consider a wind-speed variable that becomes a percentage factor on ratings? Food for thought. In the meantime, I’ll live with what our exceptionally wise and hard working PHRF committee determines.

"Next year look for the race to move to July, when schedules might be a little freer. We will definitely be on the line!"

The sailors raced on long windward/leewards with restricted lines in breeze that ranged from 8 to 14 knots. An ebb tide added some challenge to the fetch as if the 100-degree temperatures weren’t challenging enough.

The Silver Fleet sailed a pair of single-lap races, plus a twice-around course. Half Moon Bay’s Sampson Reynolds finished with just four points, three points clear of Santa Cruz YC’s Michael Levy. The top girl in the division was third-placed Sasha Hawley from Santa Cruz YC with 12 points.

The Gold Fleet sailed two double windward-leewards and one triple at the direction of PRO Fred Paxton, who ran the races by the book. In first place with four points was Haydon Stapleton from Richmond YC. Stapleton beat out the previous defending champion Michael Pacholski from Santa Cruz Yacht Club. Third place went to the Santa Cruz YC’s Emma Drejes, who finished with 13 points. The battle for first place was virtually a match race between Stapleton and Pacholski, with each getting a first and second in the first two races. The third race was a long, pressure-packed race with several lead changes. A crowd of over 100 gathered on the lawn at the Stockton SC to watch the two face off. The ebb provided plenty of opportunities for covering and splitting upwind, and an important decision had to be made at the weather mark as to which shore of the river you wanted to follow to stay out of the current. The favored shore changed several times during the runs.

Complete results are up at www.sailcamp.org.
At Play in the Leeward Lagoons: Three Days Just Isn’t Enough

Working as a writer with sailing as your specialty is certainly no way to get rich. But it does have its rewards, such as occasional travel opportunities to exotic sailing venues.

A case in point was my trip in June to report on the fourth annual Tahiti-Moorea Sailing Rendezvous (see our July edition). My wife, Julie, and I had a great time hanging out with all those salty cruisers who’d just transited 3,000 miles of open ocean from the west coast of the Americas. But by the time we said goodbye to them, we were itching to do a little adventuring on our own. The perfect solution? Charter a bareboat, of course, and take a laid-back spin through the islands.

From Moorea, we caught an 80-mile flight to Raiatea, in the center of the Leeward Islands (les Îles Sous-le-Vent), where this French Overseas Territory’s four bareboat companies all have their bases. Unfortunately, we only had three days to play before unchangeable obligations at home would draw us away, but we made the most of it. After all, only a few days of sailing in this tropical paradise is far better than none at all.

Before we give you the blow-by-blow account of the places we visited, allow us to share some background on these amazing islands. As you’ve probably heard before, Tahiti and her sister isles are undoubtedly some of the most stunningly beautiful islands in the world. As I always tell friends, when traveling among them, it’s difficult to decide which way to point your camera — wherever you go, you always seem to be sailing through a postcard.

Formed by a series of volcanic eruptions in ancient times, each of the principal Tahitian islands has distinctive characteristics that are rare elsewhere: First, they all have lofty mountains that are covered by a lush carpet of nearly impenetrable forest, and topped by craggy pinnacles that reach up toward the heavens. As a result, most of the population lives in the flatlands near the water’s edge, or on the lower slopes just above. Even more unusual, though, is the fact that each of these isles is encircled by a fringing reef that creates a flat-water lagoon between the reef and the island. For sailors, this phenomenon provides a rare combination of splendid trade wind sailing over flat water and peaceful nights at anchor, cooled by the steady tropical breeze.

We’re told the outer reefs are actually built on the ancient perimeters of sunken volcanic craters, and the islands that we see today are the result of much later eruptions from the same fiery sources.

Apart from Tahiti’s stunning geography, though, these islands stand out in comparison to many other travel destinations because of the genuinely friendly Tahitian people and the Polynesian cultural traditions that are evident throughout this archipelago — as well as the four other archipelagos that comprise French Polynesia. Every afternoon, for example, in virtually every lagoon in the islands, you’ll find broad-shouldered men — and sometimes women too — practicing their favorite sport: paddling one- to six-person outrigger canoes.

While sailing the lagoons, you’ll soon witness the favorite sport of Tahitians: outrigger canoe racing.

If you’re lucky enough to be here in July, during the annual Heiva celebrations, you can watch the top Tahitians compete against islanders from the Marquesas, Tuamotus, Gambiers and Australs. And in the evenings you can watch lavish ceremonial performances by hundreds of musicians and dancers wearing elaborate, handmade costumes.

In French Polynesia, cultural dances aren’t just anachronisms from olden days that are put on for the benefit of tourists. On every island we’ve visited during five trips here, we’ve seen boys and girls of all ages, as well as adults, joyfully practicing the age-old steps and gyrations of their ancestors — the girls dressed in coconut bras and grass skirts or pareos, and the boys bare-chested above their loincloths.

It’s obvious that Polynesian music is highly revered throughout the islands too, because it seems as though just about everyone knows how to play the guitar or ukulele and sing sweet island melodies.
Although the French have been administering these islands since the late 1800s, most native Tahitians have never abandoned certain elements of the traditional Polynesian lifestyle, such as fishing and gardening. On any given day, you'll see islanders fishing the reefs with nets and spears. And practically every home in the Leewards is shaded by towering breadfruit and mango trees, with papaya and banana plants lining the fences. Even at the height of the so-called dry season in July and August, the land remains incredibly lush, so that flowering plants punctuate every vista.

But what about the sailing? Because Tahiti lies in the trade wind belt, the sailing here is generally great — especially during the dry season when most vacationers visit (April to October). There can be occasional squalls during the season, of course, as well as days of very light breeze. But most of the time you can count on steady winds in the low teens to mid-20s from the east or southeast.

On a typical 7- or 10-day cruise you’d want to visit all four of the main Leeward islands: Huahine, Bora Bora, Raiatea and Taha’a. The latter two share a common lagoon and are situated in the center of the cluster. Huahine lies to the east of them and Bora Bora lies to the west, both at a distance of roughly 20 nm (from reef entrance to reef entrance).

Naturally, the channel crossings between these islands are typically bouncier than daysailing inside the lagoons, but we've always found that the combination of the two makes for well-balanced itineraries with plenty of variety. Tides, by the way, are almost a non-issue here — only about 8 inches from high to low. Due to its location in the center of the Pacific basin, high tides occur at noon and midnight every day of the year!

On this trip, since we only had three tearfully short days to explore, we elected to just throttle back and limit our cruise to Raiatea and Taha’a. After all, our goals were simply to shed some stress, swim and snorkel as often as possible, and revel in the pure joy of sunny tropical sailing — it had been a very long and miserable winter in Northern California.

Five minutes from the airport, at the combined Sunsail-Moorings base, we boarded our well-kept Jeanneau 36 Atua Matai — named after a Polynesian god. She was perfect for our needs: a bright, roomy interior with all systems working well, a simple sailplan with all lines led back to the cockpit, and a huge wheel that gave the helm great responsiveness as we glided across the lagoons. At home we sail a big multihull, which I have to admit, is a bit like driving a bus compared to Atua Matai.

We had sailed these waters before, so didn’t need much of a briefing, but first-timers would be well advised not to exit the marina before becoming thoroughly clear about the local navigation aids. Once you get the hang of it, piloting these waters is really pretty easy. The hazards are well-marked and the charts seem to be highly accurate. But especially for Americans, understanding the local adaptation of the European cardinal system of buoyage is initially a bit of a head-scratcher.

Basically, most Europeans operate...
using what we call “red, left, returning” — the opposite of the U.S. system. In Tahiti you see this at the entrances to the passes through the reefs, but they’re pretty obvious during daylight anyway, and night sailing is forbidden.

Throughout the lagoons the safe channels are delineated by red, square-topped markers on the land side, and green, triangle-topped markers on the reef side. Simple, right? What makes it a bit more complicated is the use of the four types of cardinal markers, whose distinctive shapes and markings advise you to stay to the north, south, east or west of a known hazard. It sounds complicated, but it’s really quite easy once you get the hang of it. Still, it’s always wise to keep a chart close at hand, even though many newer bareboats — such as Atua Matai — are equipped with chartplotters. Ours was a delight to have when I was joyfully singlehanding while Julie was belowdecks whipping up lunch.

Speaking of food, I should mention that although dining out in fancy restaurants here for three meals a day could definitely break your budget, bareboat provisioning has always seemed quite reasonable. The tuna we requested was fresh-caught and delicious, and came in such a large portion that it lasted for three meals. In the towns and villages, if you dine in the simple places where the islanders eat, you can get by reasonably too. But you’ll want to splurge at least once or twice, because Tahiti’s French cuisine can be sensational.

On our first afternoon we sailed north from Raiatea’s Apooiti Marina and beam-reached across the two-mile channel to Taha’a, then lolled along the coast, soaking in the beauty of these deep green, sparsely developed islands, before heading into broad Baie Apu. On the short trip across, we’d been struck by how few boats were out on the water. Apart from a few speedboats and fishing boats that were taking islanders from point to point, we saw fewer than a half dozen cruisers and charter boats sailing the channels. We’d forgotten that in the whole of the Society Islands — the more formal name for Tahiti and her sisters — there are only about 50 bareboats, yet dozens of anchorages for them to get lost in. And in these tough economic times, many boats were idling at their bases.

In Baie Apu a visit to the bar and...
restaurant called the Taravana Yacht Club — where virtually every westbound cruiser stops here due to the availability of Wi-Fi in the mooring field — was part of our plan for the evening. But after a refreshing swim and a sundowner, we were content to savor the utter tranquility of the place, elated by the realization that we had no obligations or schedules to keep for the first time in ages.

In the morning we motorsailed to the eastern edge of Taha’a’s lagoon, where a tiny palm-covered motu (islet) lies called Ile Mahaea. It defines the northern edge of Passe Toahotu, which is frequently used when returning from Huahine. Mahaea. This motu had been high on our ‘must-revisit’ list, because of the great snorkeling we’d done there on a previous trip. Fed by nutrients in the incoming water, each pass in these waters is a sure bet for spotting sealife of all descriptions.

After a long stint of exploring with masks and fins, we raised sail and headed north through the lagoon, blasting along on a beam reach over water as calm as a lake. In our book, one of the coolest things to do in these islands is to circumnavigate Taha’a under sail — roughly a 24-mile loop. Not only are there beautiful sights every inch of the way, but there are day anchorages adjacent to prime dive spots and several resort hotels that welcome sailors ashore for a meal or a drink. The small villages here are well worth a look, and a number of fragrant vanilla plantations are happy to give tours to off-island visitors.

But our favorite thing about making this loop is the sailing. As you begin to round the top of the island, you sheet out onto a broad reach. A couple of miles later, when you begin to turn down the leeward side, you’re sure you’re going to run out of breeze, or at least need to change your sail trim. But the wind wraps with you. As you turn the wheel left and head south down the leeward-side lagoon, the wind bends its course with yours. Honest! We hadn’t even been drinking rum. If you don’t believe us, you’ll just have to check it our for yourself.
When the breeze finally goes light, you know you're in the lee of Taha'a's highest mountains, and that's just about the time you'll arrive at one of the best snorkeling spots on the reefs: the Coral Gardens. Despite the fact that it's adjacent to a resort hotel, this shallow cluster of coral reefs is teeming with juvenile fish in a kaleidoscope of colors.

That night we decided to check out one of the west side anchorages that was new to us, Baie Tapuamu. Anchored in placid water, we had the whole bay to ourselves. After marveling at the sun's dramatic descent, with Bora Bora silhouetted in the foreground, we listened to the happy sounds of ukes and wooden drums drifting on the breeze from across the harbor. A local dance troupe was practicing their moves in the moonlight.

In the morning we continued south and east to complete our loop of Taha'a, and were tempted to go 'round again to test my 'bending wind' theory, but there was so much more to see.

Crossing back to Raiatea, we decided to cruise the commercial waterfront of the island's only real town, Uturoa, and see what was new. On the western end of the seawall, past mini-cruise ships bound for Bora Bora, there's a free temporary docking area where boaters can fuel up, shop and dine ashore. In addition to the large Champion supermarket there's a wonderful fruit, veggie and flower mart, plus art galleries, boutiques and a variety of restaurants.

We didn't linger long, though, as we had two snorkeling stops planned at passes along Raiatea's eastern reef. The first was just three miles from Uturoa, at a picture-perfect motu called ile Teoru. Just in front of its palm-lined shore lies a shallow reef that encircles the islet and falls away into deep water in the adjacent Passe Teavapiti. It was there that I spotted a huge moray eel, silently watching the passing parade of 'lunch items' from within the protection of his own coral 'bommie'. Because she's not a big fan of giant eels, Julie declined to be introduced to him.

After noting that many of the juvenile species of fish here appear to be cousins of Caribbean species that we know well — identical shapes, but somewhat different markings — we sailed farther south under a perfect 15-knot southwesterly and brilliant blue skies. Short-tacking...
'my' little sloop through the lagoon while Julie lost herself in a novel was great fun — and a visual feast. All along the shoreline neatly-kept waterside houses, each with its own dock and gardens, were evidence of a tranquil lifestyle that would be the envy of millions of burnt-out city-dwellers.

The next break in Raiatea’s eastern reef, Passe Irihu, is skirted by long, finger-like motus on both sides, and both are good for snorkeling. With its sandy beaches and tall palms offering shade, Ile Irihu, on the south side, is a favorite picnic spot for both islanders and day-trippers. Avid snorkelers could spend hours here watching the interplay of big and small fish, as they dart among the coral shelves that line the pass.

After we’d had our fill of exploring, we crossed the lagoon and entered a deep fiord-like bay called Faaroa, directly opposite the pass. Carved out in antiquity by waters of the Apoomau River — which still flows into the head of the bay — this mile-and-a-half-long inlet could safely harbor dozens of boats. But here again, we had it all to ourselves.

Before The Moorings and Sunsail were bought by the same parent company, the Sunsail base was here. And although the shoreside facilities have been removed by a new private owner, the moorings out in front are still intact, and free for the taking.

At Taha’a’s south end, the Taravana Yacht Club is a popular stop for both cruisers and charterers. Raiatea is seen in the distance.
twisting channel takes you into a tranquil world that seems lost in time. The few islanders we saw, who were cutting banana stocks and paddling in weather-worn canoes, greeted us with smiles and the familiar salutation, “Ia Orana!” (Hello in Tahitian.)

Before returning our little sloop to the charter base, we snuck in one last snorkel at Ile Taoru, and were rewarded with a special treat: Just as we were about to call it quits and head back to the boat, a dark shape appeared to our left, then another, and another. By the time we realized they were spotted rays, there were seven of these graceful creatures checking us out. They seemed as curious about us as we were about them.

It’s interesting to note that although you often see advertisements promoting travel to Tahiti, the lion’s share of visitors are honeymooners who stay almost exclusively in Bora Bora resorts and cruise ship travelers who observe the charms of the islands largely through the portholes of their staterooms. Statistics show that French Polynesia gets only about 1/20th of the tourism that Hawaii enjoys.

Part of the reason is that it has a reputation for being quite expensive. But bareboat pricing and provisioning seem to be on a par with other tropical destinations. And because hotels and restaurants are pricey, the place is not overrun by swarms of package-tour travelers.

All in all, we place Tahiti’s Leeward Islands near the top of our list for its sweet sailing, rich culture, eye-popping scenery and underwater fun. The territory’s affiliation with France brings sophisticated services and infrastructure, while development is cautiously restrained.

So if you’re ready for a radical change of pace, an eyeful of natural beauty, and some sweet, sweet sailing, a taste of Tahiti’s magic might be just what you need.

— latitude/andy
CHANGES

With reports this month from Beach Access on a niece’s first Baja Bash; from Geja on partying through the Adriatic; from Capricorn Cat on fun with Sea Level in Tahiti, and Kialoa III and Cirque in Baja; from Jesse’s Girl on eight months in Mexico; from Isis on a crossing from La Paz to Hilo; and Cruise Notes.

Beach Access — Lagoon 380
Alyssa Twitchell
Like A Baja Bash Virgin
(Cal State Fullerton)

When I learned my uncle Glenn was going to deliver his Lagoon 380 catamaran Beach Access back to California from Mexico, I asked if I could join him. Having done several Bashes before, he knew how rough it could be, so he wasn’t sure if at 21-year-old like me was serious. I told him that I knew it might not be fun, but I wanted to go for the adventure. Besides, I’d visited him on his cat in Barra Navidad last year, so I knew something about the boat and wanted more time in his world. So on June 28, I flew to Cabo to meet him.

I’ve had some sailing experience, but nothing prepared me for the journey I was about to embark on. After waiting four days for a weather window, we headed out up the coast of Baja on July 2. The four nights and five days I’ve had at sea on the Bash was the most enlightening experience of my life. I live in Orange County, where the fast pace of life had been consuming me, so being at sea was an enormous change. For if I wasn’t witnessing the free sea life, the amazing sunrises and sunsets, or standing adrenaline pumping night watches on my own, I was savoring the peace and serenity of the oceans.

Alyssa found that there was more true beauty to be found along the waters of Baja’s west coast than in all the shopping malls in SoCal.

Having spent a little more time at sea, I began to feel the passion other sailors have described. Each passing day as we made our way up the coast seemed more spiritual. Being at sea made me feel as if I were on another planet, a planet where beauty and contentment weren’t to be found in make-up and clothes, but in things like the sun’s reflection off the ocean or the sight of dolphins swimming along with the cat. I found my sense of being, my true soul that had been constricted by the compulsive thinking society had forced upon me.

It’s frustrating not to be able to adequately put my feelings into words, but the bottom line is that the trip showed me what true beauty is and what true joy can be.

There wasn’t much wind, and the seas were smooth for the first two days of our passage. But on the third day I came to realize why sailors call the trip up from Cabo ‘The Bash’. For two days we had 20+ knot winds on the nose, which had us bouncing around and reduced the boat speed to as little as two knots.

But as the time passed and we neared Southern California, the marine layer replaced the sun. Although the weather had begun to sour, our spirits were still soaring. It was a wonderful and educational trip for me, and since Uncle Glenn says the Ha-Ha is 10 times more fun than the Bash, I guess I’ll have to see for myself.

— alyssa 07/10/10

Geja — Islander 36
Andrew Vik
Boras, Babes, and Albania
(San Francisco)

I’m back in the Med for a third straight season of party cruising aboard Geja, the ’76 Islander 36 that the Sandys of Palo Alto sailed most of the way around the world during the ’90s. I arrived in Geja’s winter home near Split, Croatia, in mid-June during an oppressive heat wave. After four long, sweaty days in the boatyard, Geja was back in the water and I was ready to go — just in time for Europe’s reliably unreliable weather to return. Unlike most cruisers, I commit to a precise, but relaxed, summer schedule, which enables my many friends and acquaintances in both San Francisco and northern Europe to book flights ahead of time and join me for one- or two-week legs. I manage to see a lot this way and rarely have to sail alone, which I don’t consider to be safe or fun.

Among my first crew this year was Norwegian Sven Halle, owner of the Vancouver-based Jeanneau 49 Norfinn. We first met in ’06 in Cabo, where he’d just finished trailing the Ha-Ha fleet down the Baja coast. I myself being half-Norwegian, we became quick friends. Just shy of 70 years old, Sven was my second-oldest crewmember to date, trailing a 71-year-old Dane from the ’08 voyage. Despite his age, Sven is still a great sailor, and not one to allow a happy hour to be skipped. If only he’d joined me at the bars as my wingman!

I spent the first two weeks sailing down Croatia’s Dalmatian Coast, which is one of Europe’s most popular charter destinations. Cruisers are hard to find among the huge fleets of newer Bavaria
brand sailboats. In fact, many cruisers don’t spend long in Croatia, one of the big reasons being that they are charged as much as 20 euro a night to anchor off some places. The 150-euro annual cruising permit is another reason. And just added this year is a new method of collecting the Sojourn Tax, which tacks on up to another 175 euro a year.

In Croatia’s defense, it’s probably the safest and cleanest country in the Med. Sven and I, with an assist from Oakland native Allison, set sail toward Dubrovnik in the south, visiting the islands of Hvar, Korcula, Mljet and others on the way. The weather was ridiculously unstable. Although we managed not to get slammed by anything while underway, there were some interesting moments at anchor. From time to time powerful wind gusts came out of nowhere, and rain fell as I had imagined possible only in the tropics. But we still managed to get in some fine sailing down to Dubrovnik, the crown jewel of Croatia. What a marvelous walled town behind a magical 1.5-mile wall! The anchorage off the centuries-old, locals-only harbor was rolly, but offered both a view to die for and easy dinghy access to the old town.

With Henkku of Finland joining a leg for her third straight summer, we continued south, checking out of Croatia at Cavtat, the country’s southernmost port of entry/exit. Anchored out the night before checkout, I was reminded of a huge sailing topic in the Adriatic — the bora wind. This nighttime catabolic wind comes out of nowhere in the summer, blowing down from the steep mountains along the coast. During other times of the year, it’s a dry, cold, fierce wind that can blow for days. The strongest gust ever recorded was 160 mph.

Montenegro, a small country of fewer than 700,000 citizens, is Croatia’s neighbor to the south. Formerly part of Yugoslavia, and until ‘06 part of Serbia, Montenegro is often skipped by cruisers. After all, cruisers are a thrifty bunch, and cruising permits in Montenegro start at 40 euro per week. I opted for the one-month permit, which cost 100 euro.

Montenegro’s primary nautical attraction is Kotor Fjord, which is comparable to the fjords in Norway. Kotor Fjord runs 16 miles in from the Adriatic through a series of bays, and the town of Kotor is at the head of the fjord. The fourth UNESCO World Heritage site I’ve visited during my voyages, Kotor is yet another walled town with narrow, stone alleyways. I never seem to tire of places like that. Unlike in tourist-infested Croatia, the trendy folks of Kotor seemed to genuinely be interested in us, so it had a

For Henkku and me, the fun began at midnight. The wind built, along with a mile of fetch, and the 20-kg Bruce anchor began to slip slowly through the weedy bottom. In the dark of night, with the wind over 30 knots, we used the Navionics app on my iPhone to scour the bay for a spot less affected by the fetch. After several failed attempts to get the anchor to stick, we motored around the corner into an eerily calm Cavtat. We tied up at the Customs Dock, assuring us a good night’s sleep and our being first in line to clear out in the morning.

This is St. George’s Monastery in Kotor Fjord, the largest fjord in southern Europe. There are several similar man-made islands in the fjord.
much more friendly and open vibe. Even berthing was a relatively good deal at just 30 euro per night — especially when the bora came up later.

Five miles northwest of Kotor lies the mellow seaside village of Perast, which was to be one of my favorite stops. In stable weather we could tie to the harbor wall of the coziest of small towns, backed by steep granite mountains, for free. Joining me for the fun in Perast was Sepideh, an Iranian-born San Francisco resident on her way home from Tehran.

Next up was Herceg Novi, where I completely botched my Med-mooring attempt — twice! Given the narrow fairway, the slight crosswind, and the Islander’s insane prop-walk, Geja was hard to handle. If only she had a bow thruster.

We reached Budva, the final stop in this leg, in time to celebrate the Fourth of July. The Budva Riviera is a somewhat bloated tourist area, although it has a fantastic old town and features the best partying on the coast of Montenegro. While Croatia typically tempts with Brit and Aussie backpackers, Budva gets the holidaymakers from Serbia and Russia, so every night there was a spectacular parade of thin, long-legged supermodels. One of my female crew was so impressed that she declared that Budva would be the place to become a lesbian! How the backpacker contingent has missed Budva is beyond me. Although the local pop music, called turbo-folk, takes some getting used to, we spent five nights at Budva.

A young Swedish couple having joined me, we headed farther south, where we had the waters almost to ourselves. While at a small bay north of Bar, I got another taste of nighttime bora winds. Around midnight, Geja was hit by rig-shaking gusts in the 30s that came down from the high coastal mountains — that we had so enjoyed viewing during the day! The noise and vibrations were nerve-wracking, and sleep was impossible. But the 20-kg Bruce anchor held fast to the sandy bottom until the winds abated at 10 a.m. It’s true that we’d been on a windward shore and therefore had been in little danger, but still, I hadn’t come to the Med to challenge the wind gods, and I needed my sleep.

Bypassing Bar, which is an industrial town, we stopped at Ulcinj in southern Montenegro, where we discovered how schizophrenic this nation with the population of San Francisco can be. For in contrast to the supermodel parade in Budva, Ulcinj was like a Turkish bazaar, complete with mosques and more kebab vendors than one could visit in a month. Folks in the Ulcinj region are ethnically Albanian, with a large number of tourists from Kosovo, both of which have significant Muslim populations.

We then crossed our fingers — and toes — and sailed across the border to Albania. Rather than stopping at Albania, the most paranoid communist countries ever. Rather than stopping at Albania, most cruisers opt for the straight shot to Corfu, Greece, or across the Strait of Otranto to Italy. You see, Albania has a bit of a seedy past, there are few good anchorages, checking in can be troublesome and requires berthing in industrial ports, and the charts indicate that hundreds of square miles of the coast are infested with mines — although the cruising guide insists that surface navigation is now safe everywhere. Despite these negatives, we decided to go for it.

Sailing south toward Albania, we really had Geja flying along, averaging 7.1 knots on the most dreamlike broad reach ever. That was for the first three hours. The remainder of the trip was 18 hours under power, after which we arrived at Orikum in Vlore Bay, which is Albania’s only marina. The marina was in a place isolated from the town of Vlore. It seems as though the Italians who made the marina had a ‘build it and they will come’ attitude, but they haven’t come. There were about 20 boats when we arrived, most of them resident boats. Our official check-in to the country was done at no charge by the marina staff, so by afternoon we had headed in for our first glimpse of Albanian life. We’ll get into that in next month’s report.

From Croatia to Albania, I covered 500 miles, although only 30% was under sail alone. The stable weather in July provided some nice afternoon sailing, but the mornings and nights were calm — except for boras. Geja, which handles so beautifully under sail, has again performed reliably and comfortably. The only real casualty in 2.5 summers of Med cruising has been the outboard for the dinghy, which died recently. For an older boat, I’ve got Geja pretty well tricked out, with NMEA data flowing this way and that, all originating from a simple Garmin 72 in the cockpit. Most of my navigation is done using a MacENC on a 13-inch MacBook Pro. New this
IN LATITUDES

—I am an unlocked iPhone, which does pretty much everything but the dishes. Throw in a local SIM card, and you can Facebook your way along the coast at 3G speeds. The best is the Navionics app, which provides basic chart plotting and detailed charts of the entire Med for about $18.

I know that data over cell towers are the way to go in the U.S. and Mexico, but they aren’t as practical when there are as many national borders as there are here. For onboard WiFi, I picked up a Bad Boy Extreme, an outdoor weatherproof router/repeater made by a Canadian company. Run an Ethernet cable between it and your nav station, and you can surf from hotspots up to a few miles away. It’s designed well and is powered by injecting 12 volts into the Ethernet cable. Unlike with remote WiFi, cable length is not an issue. The higher

— Andrew 07/15/1

Cap Cat — Hughes 45
Wayne Hendryx and Carol Baggerly
Mexico and Tahiti
(Brisbane)

One of the great things that happens when you go cruising is that you become friends with scores of other cruisers who later invite you to join them in other great parts of the world. So it was that Wayne and Carol recently flew to Tahiti to spend 12 days aboard Jim and Kent Milski’s Schionning 49 Sea Level, which Jim completed from a kit in Vallejo. The two couples were friends from Ha-Ha’s and cruising in Mexico.

“We had a fabulous time with Jim and Kent, and we really enjoyed the terrific Tahiti Rendezvous for Pacific Puddle Jump boats that was put on by Tahiti Tourism with huge help from Andy ‘Mr. Puddle Jump’ Turpin of Latitude,” says Wayne. One of the most hilarious parts of our visit was when we were at this sandy spot on a reef off Moorea where all the tourists are brought to feed the ‘domesticated’ sting rays. Jim was the first in the chest-deep water, and in a few seconds a ray started to come right at him. It was with love, of course, but it was a little spooky because the ray was four feet across and just kept coming . . . right up Jim’s chest and into his face! “I’m okay with this! I’m okay with this! I’m okay with this!” Jim kept repeating. We laughed like crazy, but before long the rest of us got into the act.

“Feeding the rays at that spot is a really popular tourist activity,” Wayne continued. “It wouldn’t be if the tourists knew what was going on beneath the surface. We were the only ones with masks, so we knew that just 40 feet away in the pass were countless numbers of eight- to ten-foot sharks! The big ones pretty much minded their own business, but before long the two- and three-footers were swimming with the rays around and between the legs of the tourists! If they had known, some of them surely

After a great visit with friends in Tahiti, Wayne and Carol are going with their cat. Cal cat-ers on Moorea; From left, Steve and Manuela of ‘Endless Summer’, Kent and Jim of ‘Sea Level’ and Carol and Wayne of ‘Cap Cat’.

...
we were there. For example, we had a great time while we were in the wrong place at the start, so we fell quite a bit behind the rest of the fleet. But then the wind filled in strongly, and we took off. We hit speeds up to 19 knots under white sails alone, and were soon passing the typically overloaded cruising monohulls as if they were standing still. In the end, there were two other cats, including Steve May and Manjuela aboard the Gualala-based Corsair 41 cat Endless Summer, a couple of other cruising friends from Mexico, and a big monohull battling for line honors. After it was over, all four of the skippers agreed that they should have reefed. But you know how competitive sailors can get — particularly if you’d seen Steve in the banana race.

"Because of our visit with Jim and Kent, we’ve changed our cruising plans. We were going to cruise Mexico this winter and then make the easy sail to Hawaii in March to ease Carol into long ocean passages. But after being in French Polynesia, Carol said there was no reason to wait. So now we’ll do Mexico, but in March we’ll head to French Polynesia, instead of Hawaii. But we’re doing a ton of work on Cap Cat before then.

While family issues back home meant we’d only been able to spend about one of the last seven months on Cap Cat in Mexico, we did have a great time while we were there. For example, we had a fabulous 400-or-so-mile trip from P.V. up to Caleta Partida off La Paz. We first got wind at Isla Isabella, so we put the sails up and were doing 8s and 10s. We pulled a beam of Mazatlan so quickly that we decided to just continue on across the Sea instead of stopping for the night. We close-reached across the Sea at about 12 knots. After dropping the hook at Muertos for the night, we woke up to a southerly — which isn’t uncommon in May — so we put the chute up and had a spinnaker run from there to Caleta Partida. It was our fastest and most fun trip ever from P.V. to Caleta Partida, and I’ve done a lot of them.

"Once at Caleta Partida, we pulled a great cruising couple over to the dark side. For when we got into Ensenada Grande, our favorite anchorage in those parts, we motored around, and swung by the legendary S&S 79 Kialoa III that was on the hook. She had been purchased about seven months before from Orange Coast College by Canadians Dave and Kim Griffith, and they were sitting on deck chairs beneath an awning really enjoying life. “You set a good example for the rest of us,” I shouted.

The following day this really terrific couple had us over for cocktails, and we learned that Dave had been in the used car business — but not just any used cars. He specialized in buying used Rolls and Bentleys and sending them back to England. He worked his way up to owning a Rolls dealership and now, in his early ’50s, was able to retire. We had so much fun with the couple that we invited them to join us on Cap Cat the next day for a trip up to dive with the sea lions. After our dive, the wind came up, so we set sail. That’s when Dave and Kim started going over to the dark side.

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"To say these great folks were impressed with a catamaran would be an understatement. One reason is that, unlike Kialoa, Cap Cat doesn’t have 1.5-inch jib sheets, it doesn’t take 10 men to drop her main orner at the sailmaker, and she doesn’t have a spinnaker pole — let alone a 35-foot one like Kialoa. In addition, Cap Cat doesn’t heel, an important consideration for Dave, who has had both hips replaced, and Kim, who was about to have a hip replaced in La Paz.

"A couple of days later, Dave and Kim told us that they’d put Kialoa III up for sale and were in the market for a cruising cat. About this time Louis Kruk and Laura Willerton of the San Leandro-based Beneteau 42s7 Cirque showed up and joined us. Louis had raced all over the world aboard Kialoa III, so he regaled us with stories of the tragic Fastnet Race of ’79, of sailing with King Juan Carlos of Spain, some big shot from Monaco, and stuff like that. Louis had a million Kialoa stories.

Kialoa is a handful for a cruising couple, but she’s still in good shape and still looks great. Kim says that when Dave walked down the dock to see her for the first time, he got that certain look in his eye. “You’re going to buy this boat, aren’t you?” she told him. “Probably,” he replied. I haven’t been without a boat in 40 years, and that’s the way I’ve bought all mine. I fall in love with them at first sight, buy them, and just deal with any problems later.

I’m not surprised the couple aren’t interested in a cruising cat. After all, of
In Latitudes

the 36 Puddle Jump boats that braved the strong weather to make it across to Moorea for the party. 12 of them were cats. And when we pulled into the police dock in San Diego after a windless Baja Bash in July, there were more cats than ever."

— Wayne 07/20/10

Jesse’s Girl — Cat/Morgan 440
Jesse and Shanna Hibdon
Cruising Mexico
(Ex-Alameda / San Diego)

After talking with Jesse and Shanna at the police dock in San Diego following their July Baja Bash, we were reminded of how adventurous, unpredictable, and comedic the cruising life can be. The couple moved aboard their boat at Marina Village in Alameda the day they bought her in ‘06, had an onboard party for 38, and have been living aboard ever since. In ‘08, they decided to relocate in San Diego.

“I’d always wanted to do a Ha-Ha so bad,” says Shanna, “so even though we weren’t going to be doing it ourselves, I was excited that we were going to be in San Diego and could enjoy the festivities of the Kick-Off Party. Two couples — Scott and Sue Rader of the Sausalito-based Catalina 42 Suebee, and Michael and Judy Stouffer of the Alameda-based Catalina Mi-
lagro — who are good friends of ours, were going to do the ’08 Ha-Ha on Suebee. Well, on the Saturday before the Monday start, Michael went to see an eye doctor about an infection. The doctor told him it was possible he could lose vision in that eye if he did the Ha-Ha. So Michael and Judy were out and Scott and Sue needed crew. So I said, ‘I’ll go!’ And I did."

“That did it,” remembers Jesse. “Shanna kept calling me to say what a good time she was having, so I decided right then that we’d be taking our boat down on the ’09. And we did. In fact, we took the Stouffers as crew. And oh God, did we have a great time in Mexico! We spent eight months down there, and even though we didn’t get south of Banderas Bay, the good times were really good, and the bad times weren’t that bad at all."

One of the most unpredictable things about cruising is how differently rules and laws are interpreted by Mexican officials. For example, the couple noted that, depending on what port you’re checking in or out of, you can just call in your clearance, or you might be able to have a marina do it, or you might have to show up at the port captain’s office.

Then there are the strange rules when clearing for the States from La Paz. “If you clear from La Paz to San Diego, says Jesse, “you have to have your boat inspected and pay $100 per crewmember to get a health clearance. La Paz is the only port that requires this, so we just cleared out of Ensenada for the States instead.

“You’d think officials would require a health clearance from a crew when they were arriving in Mexico, not departing,” laughs Shanna.

When they got to Ensenada, the Customs guy demanded to know where the

During the Ha-Ha in ’09, Jesse and Shanna really got into the spirit of things, joining the band for a rousing version of ‘La Bamba’.

Inter-species fun at its finest! A wonderfully friendly sting ray fearlessly glides up to Jim Milski to lay a wet one on him.

COURTESY JESSE’S GIRL

Shanna went blonde — but only for the Ha-Ha Kick-Off Party.

COURTESY MILSKI

Shanna went blonde — but only for the Ha-Ha Kick-Off Party.

COURTESY JESSE’S GIRL

COURTESY MILSKI

COURTESY JESSE’S GIRL
CHANGES

other two people on the crew list were. As we’ve written previously, when you cruise in Mexico, the proof that you cleared in is your crew you had at your port of entry — even though crew will later leave or join the boat. Somewhat understandably, the Customs folks in Ensenada demanded to know where the other people on Jesse’s Girl’s crew list were. It took a while to get that straightened out.

While checking out of Ensenada, another official demanded to see a certificate proving that Jesse’s Girl was insured — just as all the marinas had. Jesse told the official that the boat was insured, which she was, but that the proof was out on the boat. The official told him to bring it with him when he returned. Jesse did, but the official didn’t ask to see it again.

If you think Mexican officials are out to harass cruisers, here’s proof that they aren’t. When Jesse and Shanna sailed up into the Sea of Cortez, they realized that their six-month tourist visas had almost expired. So they went to Immigration to get an extension. The official at Immigration told them not to worry: they didn’t need an extension! Indeed, when they cleared out of Ensenada a couple of months later, no official said anything about their visas having expired two months before!

Before anyone starts to criticize the professionalism of Mexican officials, remember that U.S. officials aren’t any more consistent. For when Jesse and Shanna sailed up into the north anchorage at Cedros for Colnett a little bit after the Helena, Montana-based Columbia 50 Bliss. The 50 was for all intents and purposes being singlehanded by a really likeable fellow named Scott, who was new to sailing. Jesse and Shanna got to Colnett first, and later got a VHF call from Scott saying he was eight miles from Colnett and was having trouble getting their eggs, would have to boil them right then. Mind you, these officers didn’t say anything about having to confiscate meat or anything meat had touched, including packaging. And this was less than a week after different Customs officers on the very same police pock had told Doña de Mallorca of Profligate that not only did all meat products, and everything they had come in contact with, have to be confiscated, but would have to be incinerated at great expense.

Then came the matter of the annual $27 Customs sticker. Jesse said he wasn’t familiar with it. One of the Customs officers told him, “We never used to enforce the law requiring them, but we’ve started now.” Funny, because we’ve had to buy one for Profligate every year.

Of course, if you want real unpredictability, there’s the weather on the Baja Bash. “There were seven boats that got stuck in Bahia Santa Maria for 12 days,” laughs Jesse. “I had to start making water for some of the other boats because they were running out.”

Then we started to run out of food,” remembers Shanna. “We were down to rice and beans. So when we eventually made it to Turtle Bay, we bought most of the food in town. I walked out of a store with 22 bags of groceries,” she laughs.

If you’ve done a Ha-Ha, you know how salubrious the weather is at Bahia Santa Maria in late October. Well, it’s not like that in June or July. “It was cold,” says Jesse, “so cold that we even had to wear jackets in the afternoons.”

A few days after the food-buying binge in Turtle Bay, Jesse’s Girl left the north anchorage at Cedros for Colnett a little bit after the Helena. Montana-based Columbia 50 Bliss. The 50 was for all intents and purposes being singlehanded by a really likeable fellow named Scott, who was new to sailing. Jesse and Shanna had to tow him the 90 or so miles up to San Diego. “Scott told us it was going to cost him $1,500 out of pocket,” remembers Shanna.

Do Jesse and Shanna ever want to do another season in Mexico?

“Ohio yes!” says Shanna. “I want to go again this fall.”

“We’ve got about 12 close friends who are going to do the Ha-Ha,” says Jesse, “but I’m not sure we’ll make it again this year. But when you cruise, every day is an adventure, so we sure want to go again in the future.”

— richard 06/10/10
ging, and a couple of times a minute the entire deck and cockpit would be drenched with the spray of a wave that smacked into our beam. Good fun. Oh yeah, and the little salty drip constantly working through the corner of the window over the sea berth added to it.

Over the middle couple weeks though, a couple of good things happened. One was that our bodies acclimated to being at sea. Like the poor folks living a couple feet away from the subway tracks, we were amazed to find ourselves sleeping through the cacophony. The twin miracles of ear-plugs and abject exhaustion helped. The other development was that the wind slowly abated and clocked around to the northeast — as it’s supposed to do in the northeast trades. The wind was still what they call “reinforced” for the majority of our trip. As a result, we were amazed to find ourselves sleeping under deeply reefed jib, reefed mizzen and no main, yet making a consistent 6+ knots with little bursts of actual surfing. Who knew our 38-year-old girl — buried in a literal ton of provisions by my amazing wife, a descendant of Mormons, had it in her?

Further, with only about 1,000 miles to go, the conditions turned pretty sweet. For several days, we zipped along pretty comfortably, which allowed us to make a few loaves of bread, do some dishes, straighten things up, catch a beautiful mahi, and grab some quality sleep. And in addition to chatting to a nice Russian skipper on a ship en route from Korea to Panama, we read a dozen books with your ‘list’ for a long time, one of the challenges is reconciling the reality of the experience you’ve built up. This reconciliation became one of the main themes of our passage from La Paz to Hilo. “This,” Kacey would say a few times, “was not in the brochure.”

This is not to say that sailing to Hawaii didn’t live up to its billing. It was just different. For example, had anyone told me we’d be in fleece and foulies for the first 1,200 miles, I would have laughed at them. Or that we wouldn’t see one whale the whole way. (We saw so many in Mexico that eventually Quinn wouldn’t necessarily get out of his cabin to look at them.) Or that we’d finish our 27-day passage so happy, tranquil, and blissed-out that we didn’t even bother to get off the boat for a whole day. We were perfectly content to savor the peaceful anchorage and the last pot of chili, and not having to get up to stand watch. (Plus, we had to finish Charlotte’s Web.)

In contrast with our expectations, we had fairly rough weather. A several-day gale was blowing on the outside of the Baja when we came around the tip at Cabo Falso, which was a bit of ‘good news/bad news’. The good news was that we immediately started making 120-mile days where we’d expected to be scratching for any miles we could get in the light, fluky breezes off Mexico. The bad news was that while we tried to get our ‘sea legs’ (code for not barfing over the leeward rail every once in a while, and slowly breaking down under the lack of sleep), things were fairly chaotic on the boat. After all, we could see three distinct swells fighting with each other, the wind was a constant howl in the sails and rig-
Quinn.

Oh yes, the Quinns. Even though we live with the guy, we were still astonished at his indomitable good spirits. To be fair, he does kind of get the VIP treatment around here. I mean, he’s four, so he’s not expected to do much beyond keep his room safely stowed and not spill his soup. But still, his ability to keep a Zen groove on was unbelievable. More than once, he was the only one on the boat who managed to see the beauty of the situation. When at some point Kacey articulated a thought I was having — “I’m sick of this. I don’t want to have to sail up to British Columbia after we get to Hawaii!” — Quinn’s response was nice and calm. “Come on, Mom. This is just what we do.”

Quinn was also the beneficiary of one of the most thoughtful gifts that any of us has ever seen. Chris and Emily, the kids on Adios III, who themselves are survivors of a transoceanic passage in their formative years, put together a Treasure Chest consisting of a month’s worth of daily gifts. The gifts were cool things such as note pads, pens, superhero napkins, kits to make Mother’s Day and Happy Birthday cards, spools of string, and the like. Opening these gifts gave Quinn something to look forward to when his parents were boring and also added structure to his day.

By the time we were closing on the Big Island, the wind went downright light. The last few miles into Hilo were slow — but they would have been slower if the Stancills hadn’t picked up a used drifter in La Paz. The closer ‘Isis’ got to Hawaii, the lighter the winds and the more the smiles.

As for our nearly 40-year-old boat, she’s basically ready for the next leg, although a few things need to be refreshed. At least we’re beginning to learn to stay in front of the maintenance, rather than respond to problems after something breaks or wears out. We did have to heave to for a couple hours on the way to re-sew a spot or two on the foot of the jib where the cover was fraying. The amount of work our old sails continue to do amazes us. From Cabo Falso to on the hook at Radio Bay, we ran the engine for a total of half an hour. Yes, we were powered by cloth pulling and pushing our boat through the water. After relying on your boat for so long, you can’t help but develop a weird sort of personal attachment — with what we constantly remind ourselves is just a thing. But a thing that became our great friend.

During a nearly four-week ocean passage, you get a fair amount of time to just sit and think. It’s a bit disappointing then not to have distilled any particular crystals of wisdom. Largely this trip seems to have reminded us about many of the things we already knew and believed. For example, Kacey talks about being struck by how happy she feels with just the basics of life. Such as the ability to eat dinner without dumping it all over the place. A good night’s sleep. How all we really need is a place to sleep, a little warm food, and some quiet time with people we love. Quinn would add that ice cream is one of the basics of life.

— burke 07/05/10

Cruise Notes:

There’s an interesting trend in the sailboat market: Aussies and Kiwis are coming to California to buy boats. They figure they can buy them, take a year or two cruising them back home — and break even on the whole adventure. Patrick Bloomer of the Margaret River area south of Perth in Western Australia is one such guy, and he says he knows of six other Aussie boatbuyers who were doing the same thing six months ago.

Shopping online, Bloomer found a fully-equipped Ian Farrier 44 cat, the construction of which was supervised by Farrier himself in San Diego, for sale for $250,000. What got him really keen on the deal is that the price had just been dropped to $250,000 from $380,000. Figuring it would be hard to lose on a four-year-old cat that had...
Patrick Bloomer likes to think he still got a good deal on a California cat to take back to Western Oz, but he wouldn’t buy sight unseen again. Only been sailed 18 times and was fully equipped, he bought her sight unseen for $220,000. While Tiger is a “beautiful ocean cat that really moves, and is structurally very sound,” Bloomer now thinks buying a boat unseen is “not very bright.”

“We've had problems with just about everything in getting Tiger sea safe,” he explains. “The kick-up rudders weren't up to the job, so we had to build new ones. All the 12-volt stuff was really a mess. The engines needed to be re-aligned, but what's worse is that they are mounted right on the hulls so the whole boat vibrates like crazy when we run them. But worst of all, after sailing 100 miles in the direction of Hawaii, we discovered a major problem with the triad, which is where the upper shrouds and headstay meet on the rotating mast. We had the rig inspected once, but the problems couldn't be seen without taking the turnbuckles apart.”

Despite having to pour a bunch of time and money into the cat — he gives a big thanks to the Newport Harbor YC for putting them up for a month — Bloomer thinks he still might break even. A big factor will be what the Aussie officials value the cat at when she arrives in Bundaberg. The U.S. and Australia have a duty-free trade agreement, but the Aussie government slaps a 10% GSC or sales tax on boats new to Australia.

Because of the months of delays, Bloomer doubts he’ll be able to get Tiger back to Western Australia this year as planned, and will only make it to the East Coast. We talked a bit about sailing in Australia, and he said that, while Sydney is certainly the center of the action, catamarans are very popular on the Queensland Coast in areas protected by the Great Barrier Reef. The only problem is that once you get very far north of the Whitsunday Islands, the saltwater crocs and box jellyfish make it hazardous to go into the water. And it remains hazardous all the way across the north part of the continent over to Broome, which is at about the same latitude as Townsville. Once south of there to Perth, it’s often windy with big seas. No wonder so many Aussie sailors head north to Indonesia.

“I go up to Indonesia all the time,” Bloomer told us. “It’s perfect up there. I’ve always gone to surf because the waves are so great, but there is great sailing by West Timor to Bali. Once you get to Sumatra, however, it’s light winds and you have to motor.”

Bloomer isn’t positive why boat prices are lower in the States, but figures it might have something to do with there being many more boats here than in New Zealand and Oz, as well as a recently favorable exchange rate. Whatever the reason, we’re told that Seth and Elizabeth Hynes sold their Lagoon 380 Honeymoon at a premium in Australia compared to what they could have gotten in California. The San Francisco couple bought the boat on the East Coast of the U.S. in '08, cruised to Australia, but now have a little one — congrats to you! — and are living back in The City. Several other cruisers are mulling over sailing their cats to the Southern Hemisphere and putting them up for sale.

“I’m almost done with my round of good-byes through the islands of Tahiti,” reports Liz Clark of the Santa Barbara-based Cal 40 Swell. “It’s very sad to leave, but I’m excited to move on to new places.” Alas, Liz didn’t mention what new places she was headed to. If we’re not mistaken, she just turned 30. Yikes, Liz Clark believes in nature and the natural life, so she eats healthful foods such as fruits and nuts, and lots of veggies. Shouldn’t we all?
how time does fly!

Speaking as we were of Southeast Asia, we should report that the Sail Indonesia Rally started on July 26 with a bunch of U.S. boats in the 106-boat fleet. Among the familiar names are: Convergence, West Marine founder Randy Repass’s Wylie 66 from Santa Cruz; Esprit, Charles, Catherine and Jaime MacWilliams’s Kelly-Peterson 46 from Colorado; La Palapa, Roger and Tobe Hayward’s Catalina/Morgan 440 from King Harbor; Linda, Steve and Linda Maggart’s Bounty II from Elephant Butte, New Mexico; Po’Oino Roa, Jerry and Kathy McGraw’s Kelly-Peterson 44 from Newport Beach; Scarlett O’Hara, John and Renee Prentice’s Serendipity 43 from San Diego; Second Wind, Bill Heumann and Marjorie Menz’s C&C Landfall 48 from Juneau; Sisutl, Bob Bechler’s Gulfstar 41 from Portland; Thumb’s Up, Ivan Orgee’s Catalina 42 from Alameda; and Victory Cat, Tim Henning’s Seawind 1160 from Anthem, Arizona. All of these boats but Convergence have done the Ha-Ha, and several have done two, three, or even four of them. Also interesting is that Linda, the fiberglass Rhodes Bounty II — sister-ship to the boat Latitude was founded on — was built in Sausalito 53 years ago! And they said fiberglass boats wouldn’t last.

The tragic facts are that Danish-born American sailor Bo Kjaer-Olsen bled to death after being shot in the leg last month by one of the five assailants who attempted to rob his 70-ft S&S schooner Antares while she was at anchor on the Rio Plantanal in Panama. The attack occurred at Baja Pipon, along a sparsely populated stretch of the river roughly eight miles south of the town of Pedregal, where Antares had been anchored for about six months. Kjaer-Olsen’s son Zach was also shot, but survived, although he has a bullet lodged in his spine. Sujey Rodriguez, Zach’s Panamanian wife, was badly beaten but also survived.

Panama, and the upriver city of Pedregal, have long been considered very safe by cruisers, so many began to wonder what might have been the cause of the attack. After researching the matter, reporter Don Winner of the widely read and well-respected online magazine Panama Guide is convinced that it was not a random attack. He believes...
that Kjaer-Olsen — who was a longtime treasure diver — and his family were singled out because they were believed to have a sizeable quantity of 17th-century gold aboard their schooner. The picture Winner paints of Kjaer-Olsen’s life is a colorful one: Born in Denmark, he immigrated with his family to South Africa, where he lived until the late ‘70s. A passionate outdoorsman, he grew up assisting game wardens in the wild, then later got heavily into scuba diving, rock climbing and exploring uncharted caverns — supposedly motivated by stories of hidden treasure. After falling in love with an American model and moving to Hawaii, he developed a highly successful aquaculture business in the islands. At some point Kjaer-Olsen found Antares for sale in California, and modified her to be a liveaboard boat equipped for diving expeditions.

According to Winner, Kjaer-Olsen had recently completed a salvage operation of a sunken treasure ship in Honduras. His take was reportedly about $200,000 in Spanish gold. Winner thinks that it was the belief that Kjaer-Olsen kept such valuables aboard, rather than locked up in a bank, that led to the attack. Because there is plenty of drug trafficking in and around Panama, others have speculated that drugs may have played a role in the attack. But longtime friends of Kjaer-Olsen are adamant that he would never have been involved in drugs, and say that tales of a large amount of gold being on Antares are complete nonsense, too. All we know for sure is that Kjaer-Olsen is dead, and that most cruisers continue to believe Panama is still a great and safe place to cruise.

For many years there wasn’t much in the way of racing in the Sea of Cortez, not even the ‘nothing serious’ variety. But thanks to the revived Sea of Cortez Sailing Week and, even more so, Bob McAlvain and others who created the Veleros de Baja, that’s been changing. The Veleros group is working to put on a regatta a month during the season, and their next big event will be the Governor’s Cup from Cabo to La Paz right...
CHANGES

after the end of this year’s Ha-Ha. That will be followed by a Christmas Regatta in December, a Full Moon Regatta in January, a Valentine’s Regatta in February, a Carnival Regatta in March, and so forth. All except the Governor’s Cup will be based out of La Paz, and most will be relatively short. The Veleros de Baja, the Club Cruceros de La Paz, and Sea of Cortez Sailing Week folks are happily working together to make sure the dates of their events don’t conflict so everyone can participate in all the events. By the way, the dates of Sea of Cortez Sailing Week in ’11 have been moved from the month of April to the month of May, and will follow Loreto Fest. Participants in past SOC’s agreed that it would be a good idea to postpone the event so there would be more time for boats to make it up from the Banderas Bay Regatta in March — and because it’s too damn cold for swimming in the Sea in April!

“Two years ago, I wrote Latitude regarding the rough treatment that some foreign yachtsmen were getting from Australian Customs officers, especially those located in Queensland,” writes Miles Lewis of the Alamitos Bay-based

Ericson 39 Miles Ahead. “The problem was a result of yachties failing to comply with Australia’s infamous 96-Hour Notification Rule. It was, and still is, physically impossible for most skippers to communicate as required by the Notification Rule. In ’07-’08, an American and a Dutch couple were each separated from tens of thousands of dollars in fines, court costs, and lawyer fees for violating the rule. Relations had become a bit more cordial between officials and cruisers since then. That is, until two weeks ago, when Customs nailed two sailors from New Zealand for $2750 in fines and court costs. The pair had checked in with a Customs agent at Lord Howe Island while enroute to Brisbane, and thought that this covered the 96-Hour Notification requirement. Wrong! So all cruisers in that area should be aware of the situation.”

From time to time over a period of about 10 years starting in the late ’90s, we published cruising reports from Hawaii to Southeast Asia from Leslie King of Santa Fe, New Mexico-based Wilderness 40 Tropicbird. King would cruise for awhile, then come home for six months to two years, then cruise again for six months to a year. We regret to report that King passed away on June 15 as the result of a bizarre accident. He and

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Susan Moniotte, his significant other of seven years, had travelled to his boat in Thailand in February and, when they flew home on March 17, King was suffering from extreme jet-lag. So the next afternoon he took an Ambien to help him sleep. He ended up not only sleepwalking, but falling from the upper level of his condo to the brick floor below. King would spend 13 weeks in various ICU units before he passed on.

In much more pleasant news, the Pimentel family of Alameda — Rodney, Jane, R.J. and Leo — report they are now cruising Europe. While Rodney and fellow racers from Northern California took the family’s Leopard 47 Azure II from the Caribbean to the Azores, the last leg from the Azores to Lagos, Portugal, was strictly a family affair. Jane found the last day of that leg to be pretty nasty, with winds to 35 knots, big seas, poor visibility and an endless stream of ships. “For Rodney, of course, it was just another day on the water,” she sighs.

The 3,439-mile Atlantic crossing was completed in two months’ time, including stops at Bermuda and various islands in the much-liked Azores. So far the Pimentels have visited Lisbon, Cadiz, Spain and Gibraltar. In fact, Rodney celebrated his 50th by climbing up the rock. As for Jane, just the thought that they are only a train ride away from Paris makes her feel warm and fuzzy. We know the feeling; it’s a good one.

“We recently made our second trip from New Zealand to New Caledonia,” report Steve and Dorothy Darden, former residents of Tiburon, “aboard our Morrelli & Melvin 52 catamaran Adagio. “The first time was our maiden voyage in September ’00, which was a peaceful passage. This year’s voyage wasn’t so peaceful, but major dramas were avoided because of typically adroit weather routing advice from Rick Shema of Hawaii. Rick has advised us for 10 years now, and we continue to feel that his professional weather expertise is a very high-return investment. This is especially Rick’s enroute oversight, which on this passage rewarded us with a comfortable trip and, unlike some less fortunate boats, no serious gear breakage. Before leaving Opua, we’d
estimated a 4.5-day passage to Noumea. We expected a low to form east of New Caledonia, and this was projected to track southeast, making a rhumb line course to New Caledonia viable. Thanks to being confident about our routing, we were the first yacht to clear out of Opua on June 14. As it turned out, our 4.5-day passage became a seven-day passage because the low moved farther west, and we wanted to sail clockwise around it for comfort and safety. But it worked out well."

The normal South Pacific ‘Milk Run’ consists of leaving Mexico in the spring, fooling around in the South Pacific until about October, then heading down to New Zealand for the Southern Hemisphere summer to get out of the tropical cyclone zone. After spending the southern hemisphere summer in New Zealand, in May or June the cruising fleet heads back up to the islands of the South Pacific for another season.

Well, according to Kurt Roll of San Diego, who crewed from Mexico to New Zealand aboard Dietmar Petutschnig and Suzanne Dubose’s Las Vegas-based Lagoon 440 cat *Carinthia*, and who was supposed to crew with them back up to Tonga and Fiji, it didn’t work out that way this year. “Almost everybody was stuck in New Zealand for at least two months because of bad weather on the often nasty route from New Zealand to the South Pacific,” says Roll. “We were delayed so long that Dietmar, who really likes New Zealand, decided to buy a business there with another cruiser. So he put off the return trip to the South Pacific until next year. Roll says that a few boats did get out, but a couple of those that tried really got hammered. In fact, as soon as one cruiser got back to New Zealand, he put his boat up for sale.” We’ll have more on this and the *Carinthia’s* travels in the next issue.

Shortly after the Fourth of July, while Seattle had temps in the 80s, and the East Coast was roasting in record 100-degree weather, *San Diego*, of all places, had the lowest high temperature — 59 degrees! — in the United States. It was so cold that girls on the beach were wearing fleece under their bikinis and ski hats. ‘June Gloom,’ of course, is the norm for all of coastal Southern California, but it’s not supposed to last as long as it has this year. ‘I’ve lived here forever,” says Chuck Driscoll of Driscoll Boatyard on Shelter Island where we

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spent several weeks with Profligate. "and after the Fourth of July there is only supposed to be a light marine layer, one that burns off by noon. I can’t remember it being this bad before.” The good news for cruisers headed south is that the best weather months for coastal Southern California are August, September and October.

John and Carol Stubbs, along with their pit bull Hennesey and their collie mix Marley, arrived in California in June after a two-year cruise from Florida aboard their Lauderdale-based Morgan Out-Island 41 Digital. They had a number of adventures that we’ll be reporting on next month, but the thing that really attracted our attention was their Jetty Express folding bike. Although John said they had bought the bike only two years before from West Marine in Florida, it was a mass of rust. In fact, all the spokes on the front wheel had rusted to oblivion. "I was going to take it to West Marine to see what they thought of it," said John, "but I’m too embarrassed." But since he’d paid $100 for an extended warranty, we encouraged him to take it back to to see what might happen. Apparently the bike was a little bit older than John had told us, and West Marine couldn’t find any record of the purchase or the warranty. So as John had expected all along, his request for a refund was turned down.

It was only by following up on this story that we learned West Marine has changed its once extremely liberal return policy. Although many sailors many not realize it, as of June 1 you have to return things to West Marine within 30 days to get your money back. And you must have the receipt.

While we’re sure some people are going to grouse about the dramatic tightening of the rules, it’s not that surprising, as the policy has often been abused. We hate to say it, but we’ve known unscreditulous sailors who have 'bought' some foul weather gear or electronics for a particular event, used them, and then returned them for a full refund — as they had planned all along. And when a few cruisers came back from a season in Mexico, they’d go to West Marine and ask for refunds on products they had a receipt for — and products they claimed to have thrown away in Mexico.
As absurd as it sounds, West Marine even honored a few of those requests. It also our understanding that 90% of all electronics returned to West Marine are fully functional. Anyway, there’s a new policy, and you’ve been warned.

It’s no secret that our favorite island in the Caribbean, and probably the world, is St. Barth in the French West Indies. If you need to fly there to meet a boat, you fly to St. Martin on a big jet, then take a puddle jumper to St. Barth. Nick, our son, reports he recently watched a History Channel program called The World’s Most Extreme Airports. We don’t know the criteria they used for ranking airports, but St. Martin came in at #4 and St. Barth came in at #3. The funny thing is that this was after the runway at Queen Juliana Airport in St. Martin was substantially lengthened a few years ago so the Air France 747 pilots would stop hitting the cyclone fence on approach, and the folks at St. Barth greatly widened the gap between the hills and doubled the width of the runway. The latter allowed them to take down the sign on the main road that warned cars that landing airplanes had the right-of-way. To our knowledge, there has been only one fatal crash at St. Barth, and that was when a 19-passenger plane crashed before the ridge as a result of an engine failure, killing all aboard, including a female sailor from the Bay Area. The History Channel says the second most extreme airport is one in Honduras, and the most extreme is the one at the base camp at Nepal.

Steve Black of the Cruising Rally Association, which for 20 years put on the Caribbean 1500 from Virginia to the British Virgins in November of each year, has announced that the event is now becoming part of the World Cruising Club. That U.K.-based organization already runs the Atlantic Rally for Cruisers and the World ARC. Changes at this year year’s event include a Doublehanded Division, a division that ends the event at Marsh Harbor in the Bahamas, and an elimination of the fixed fee for crewmembers. This year’s event starts on November 1.

No matter where you are cruising this summer, we’d love to hear from you. Write richard@latitude38.com.
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San Francisco. $17,000. Wheel steering, 16hp diesel, roller furling, main, 2 jibs, spinnaker all in VG condition. Autopilot, wind instruments, CNG SS stove, smart battery charger, inverter. Too much equipment to list. Email for list. SF Marina berth transferable. (415) 564-9209 or bewanson1@sbcglobal.net.


San Rafael, CA. $18,000. Forestay and mast. Rudder and prop. New bilge pump, new head, refish. Lightweight construction. Simple boat. Needs diesel, electrical and engine work. CS. (415) 442-1580 or r4861@att.net.

30-FT ISLANDER BAHAMA, 1981.

Fortman Marina, Alameda. $18,000/obo. GPS, dodger furling jib. Strong diesel engine. Clean boat. Good all around boat. Ext sails. Wheel steering. Getting old, need to sell. (209) 984-2085 or bksseeker@sbcglobal.net.


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Ventura. $27,000. Race or cruise. 2-cyl Yanmar 267hrs. New headliner/cabin sole/electrical panels. New rod rigging. Harken traveler/genoa leads. Harken roller furter, dodger, H/C pressure shower, CNG stove/oven. Full sail inventory. Too much to list. (805) 581-9220 or dnclaws@aol.com.


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SANTANA 3030PC, 1982.

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30-FT BODEGA/GOLDEN GATE, 1977. Key West, Florida. $25,000. Gently circumnavigated and ready to go again. Sea-kindly Chuck Burns design. 6 sails, 1 new oversize s.s. rigging, Monitor windvane, Volvo diesel with manuals and spare parts. Located in a legal live-aboard slip in Key West, Florida. Sail to Panama 22 days and you are on your way around. (305) 292-1950 or kiana4sail@gmail.com.


32-FT COLUMBIA 5.5 METER, 1966. Marina Village, Alameda. $6,900. 5-time national champion. Major refit 2005: Two kites, two jibs, main, carbon pole, custom cockpit cover, two compasses, berth on 5.5 row. Ready to race now. (804) 583-1695 or spodebe5@hotmail.com.


32-FT HUNTER, 1984. Sausalito, CA. $29,000. If you can find a cruise-ready sailboat at this price, take it! This is a 32-ft sailboat that could leave for Mexico tomorrow. Just fill up the water and fuel and turn left after leaving the Golden Gate. Any takers? This is an excellent, first time boat that is rigged for singlehanding and operates well under all conditions. I love this boat, but I am now the owner of another boat, so it is time to sell. This Hunter is priced to move. Photos and a detailed description of the boat can be found at http://www.hacheturbo.com. (415) 497-6116 or medicrene@yahoo.com.

32-FT MARINER, 1971. Sausalito. $49,500. Bulletproof cruising ketch, delights the eye, ready to go. Back from Mexico; all new standing, some new running rigging, bottom job, masts painted, more, at KKMI July 2010; new batteries, BBQ, tanks; VHF, SSB, GPS, radar, autopilot, solar panels, wind generator, good sails; fiberglass cockpit cap; 6-3 headroom, beautiful joinery, Cold Machine, Force-10, watermaker, heater, 4-H draft, Perkins 4-108, dual Racors, heavy ground tackle, windlass; custom canvas, shade; inflatable, 10hp outboard. www.flickr.com/photos/52196443@N08/tom_kucera@hotmail.com.


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35-FT HUNTER, 1979. Vallejo Marina. $10,500. Cherubini design. 2GM15 Yanmar diesel, autopilot, windlass, reefer, good sails, new bottom paint, roomy teak interior, heater, extra gear. Fun, easy sailing, great Bay boat. Mexican veteran, 2nd owner. (925) 942-0554 or tp@daravans@yahoo.com.

35-FT ERICSON, 1974. Redwood City. $16,900. Betamarine 220hrs, Alpha 3000 autopilot, 100%, 125% UK tape drive new, roller furling, self-failing winches, all lines led aft, dodger, SSB, depth and knotmeter 3 reef main, surveyed July 2009. (650) 575-2466 or PatTuna22@aol.com.

36-FT PEARSON VANGUARD, 1964. Ventura. $8,000/obo. GPS, radar, wind generator, 80w solar panel, depth, autopilot, propane range, A/B refrig, strong diesel, dodger, bimini. Good rigging, sails. Needs painting, but completely sailable; used often. Med school forces sale. (605) 570-9883 or svdataeulas2009@yahoo.com.

38-FT C&C, 1974. South Beach Harbor. $25,500. Great sailboat in great shape. 90, 110, 150 jibs, flasher and main, YQ20M Yanmar diesel, 10-ft West Marine inflatable dinghy with 8hp Tohatsu. Complete survey on June 4, all items professionally repaired. She is an awesome lady and will make a great addition to your family. (207) 650-6855 or herbert.gillman@gmail.com.

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34-FT HUNTER 33.5T, 1991, Point Richmond, CA. $38,000. For sale by original owners; impeccably maintained. Full-batten main w/Dutchman flaking system, roller furling jib, autopilot, 27hp Yanmar, inflatable dinghy with outboard included. Photos and additional information at website, http://ssmay2.blogspot.com. ssmay@mindspring.com.

32-FT WESTSAIL, 1973, Santa Cruz Harbor. $40,000/obo. New engine and sails, really want to sell this summer. See website for full details and photos. http://es.ucsd.edu/~crowe/westsail32. (831) 818-5550 or christierowe@gmail.com.

33-FT HOBBIE, 1984, Alameda $13,000. Fixed keel version. Fast and fun, this is a great short-handed performance boat. Harken roller furler, set-tacking jib, mainsail, lazy jacks, 6 other bags of sails, brand new bottom job. Custom cockpit well with custom outboard motor mount. Honda 4-stroke outboard - good condition, runs well. seeantisvensendsens.com or (415) 999-0509.


36 TO 39 FEET


37-Ft Gulfstar, 1978, Berkeley Marina, $30,000. Great boat to sail, roomy, comfortable and very stable. Extensive rehab in 2002, new standing and running rigging, thru-hull fittings, rolling furler, head and holding tank and more. (819) 244-2144 or jm@humphrey@cox.net.

Beneteau 36.5, 2007, Port Angeles, WA, $140,000/oob. Beautiful 36.7, all cruising amenities. Shows as new, see pics and details at website: http://bene- teau-367@forsale.com. (360) 432-1110, (360) 460-1014 or bill@lophirb.com. (54 West Misty Ln, Port Angeles, WA 98362).

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36-Ft Hunter 356, 2003. Little sailing ship. Price firm. ddatpbio@yachtcondition, needs finish work. Great sailing yacht, condition, needs finish work. Great


37-Ft Rafiki, 1978, Long Beach, $65,000. Beautiful cutter rig with all furl- ing stay and jib. New interior, updated electronic, Link 2000, no teak decks, too many extras, decks, dodger, fresh varnish. Great shape, 1350 hrs, many complements! Moving up! (318) 251-8860 or bbtalcon@yaho.com.


36-Ft Cralius, 1983. Alameda. $44,950. New dodger, main, wheel, canvas, turtor, fuel tank, shatt, rail, GPS, jib, interior cushions, head, standing rigging, binimi, inverter, Autohelm, 4 bat- teries, VHf, cockpit cushions, stern seats, shower, refrigerator, sleeps 7, diesel 2670 hrs, pressurized water, excellent condition. (510) 731-4259 or jandersewrs@sbcglobal.net.

39-Ft Navtor's Swan 381-041, 1986. Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, $149,000. 39’10” LOA, designed by Hon Holland. Excellent condition with low engine hours. Major re- fit 2007-2010 with new standing & running rigging, batteries & charging, windlass, etc. VHf, SSB, Wfx, B&G instruments. Email ilalovic@hotmail.com.


46-Ft Peterson, 1980, Sunroad, San Diego. $49,000. Doug Peterson design offshore blue water racer/cruiser. We bought this boat in 2003 in San Diego and sailed her to France. After 1 year of rett and several regattas in the Mediterranean, we came back across the Atlantic (2007), making the crossing in 13 days. She has an open plan design with space to sleep 8-10 crew. Ideal for someone looking to do some racing, but also with serious offshore capability. (619) 573-3525 or mark.richards@gmail.com.

40-Ft Caliber LRC, 1998, Matchlan, $209,975. Well cared for and fully equipped with electrical and electronic gear. Rare on the West Coast. This is a great cruising boat. Will be in Mexico through the summer. Email for details. (916) 806-6181 or mmcn@jps.net.

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40-FT PASSPORT, 1985. Anacortes, WA. $169,000. I am the original owner that had this boat custom built with many extra features, such as insulated hull, removable headliner, and much more. Beautifully maintained, over $100,000 spent to restore her to near Bristol condition, including full Sterling paint, bright work, refinishing the teak decks, bottom paint, Haymarine instruments, engine work, plumbing, and much more. Included is a 10-ft RIB dinghy with a 4hp Tohatsu 4-stroke engine. http://passport40-windborne.com. (206) 295-2049 or 1985passport40@gmail.com.


54-FT TARTAN, 2003. Channel Island Harbor $429,000. Hull #1, “Tartini Time” has been well cared for and optioned. Green LP hull, recent bottom paint. Cal/email for options list and visit youtube.com, search Tartan 4400, our actual boat! amgjohn@sbcglobal.net or (530) 318-0730.

47-FT CUSTOM STEEL BOAT, 1990. Lankawai, Thailand. $120,000. The Pearl Hunter is for sale, this rebuilt, custom steel schooner has storage for more than 30 surfboards, an ice box with a capacity of 1000lbs, watermaker, custom hatches, stainless steel railings, custom dodger, watertight bulkhead, brand new stove and interior. Ready to sail to the Mentawai Islands or sail around the world. The hull has been almost completely rebuilt, water tanks rebuilt, hydraulic fishing reel. Recent survey and haul out. (808) 203-7262 or krisflott@hotmail.com.


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**Little Harbor 51 (1996)**
Very comfortable Ted Hood designed pilot-house with full stand-up headroom and 360° visibility. Set up for shorthanded sailing and superbly maintained by an experienced owner.
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**Hinckley Bermuda 40 MkII Yawl CB (1968)**
Bill Tripp design B-40 is highly regarded for her classic beauty, superb workmanship and many quality details. New sails, dodger, intelligently updated. Excellent condition.
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**DeVries 86’ Motor Vessel (1949/1999)**
‘Elegant’, ‘Exceptional’, ‘Exquisite’ are just a few words that easily characterize this vessel. *MV Far Niente* clearly defines the term ‘Classic Motor Yacht’.
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**Baltic 42 DP (1984)** Since 1973, Baltic Yachts of Finland have been building fine pedigree yachts with the philosophy that a comfortable, safe, long distance cruising boat should have very good sailing and performance characteristics. Doug Peterson design, superbly maintained, hull #29 of 30.
Asking $165,000

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<td>Once the flagship of the Hatteras fleet, the 58 is a Jack Hargrave-designed classic with lines as attractive today as 30 years ago. Three staterooms, galley down, enclosed aft deck, extensively updated. $199,000/Offers</td>
<td>Professionally maintained local boat shows VERY nicely inside and out. Leisure Furl in-boom system w/Hood main, Harken roller furler and 105% Hood jib, updated electronics, more. $195,000</td>
<td>The First 40.7 combines the excitement of a sleek racer with all the comforts of a luxurious cruiser. This one is a well-equipped beauty that shows new inside and out. She’s the deep version (preferable for the Bay). $179,000</td>
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<tr>
<th>42' HANS CHRISTIAN, 1978</th>
<th>38' HANS CHRISTIAN, 1984</th>
<th>37' HUNTER 376, 1999</th>
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<td>Classic offered for sale by original owner. New teak decks (this was a $40,000 job alone!), Awlgripped hull, updated interior, optional larger diesel and Telstar performance keel. $169,000</td>
<td>Bristol example of a classic Hans Christian with new dodger and canvas, professionally maintained brightwork, sails &amp; machinery in fine shape. Transferable Sausalito berth. $124,000/Offers</td>
<td>Very spacious, light and airy, this vessel shows as new; must see to appreciate. Out-of-country owners motivated; offers encouraged. Sausalito Yacht Harbor slip can be arranged. $97,000</td>
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<td>Landfall is C&amp;C’s first large boat w/emphasis on cruising. This one is a spacious 3-cabin, 2-head cutter that’s VERY competitively priced and lying in a transferable Sausalito slip. Motivated owner is encouraging offers. $89,000</td>
<td>Very clean (down below shows as new) and well fit out (chartplotter, AP, heat/AC, dodger, bimini, etc.) deep draft model that’s competitively priced and lying in a transferable Sausalito slip – a nice turn key package! $79,000</td>
<td>Center cockpit ketch. Never cruised and fresh water kept, she shows much newer than actual age. Note all new stainless steel ports. $64,000, offers encouraged.</td>
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<th>38' INGRID SLOOP, 1984</th>
<th>20' NONSUCH ULTRA, 1987</th>
<th>40' CHALLENGER KETCH, 1973</th>
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<td>Clean, never cruised, one owner example of this classic John Atkins design. A modern adaptation of pilot boats designed by Colin Archer for North Sea conditions, the Ingrid is the gold standard for capable cruisers. $59,000/Offers</td>
<td>Professionally maintained, the interior is flawless and the exterior comes close. Note the transferable Sausalito Yacht Harbor slip with great view. $49,700</td>
<td>Recently Awlgripped in beautiful Flag Blue, renewed brightwork, incredibly spacious below with 6'5” headroom. $49,500</td>
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<td>Morgans are well known for quality construction and seaworthiness; high D/L ratio of 265 and long fin keel provide a comfortable ride in the Bay’s boisterous conditions. Very clean in and out, with recent, dark blue Awlgrip. $49,500</td>
<td>The Islander 36 is one of the most successful boats from the ‘classic plastic’ era and this is a fine example that’s well priced by a realistic owner. Diesel, dodger, roller furling, and wheel steering. $43,900</td>
<td>Built in Rhode Island to typical Pearson standards, this is one of the last 35s built and has been a local boat since 1983. In very nice shape, priced right and lying in a transferable Sausalito Yacht Harbor slip. A nice package! $35,000</td>
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