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Bay Island Yachts.......................... 6
Blue Pelican Marine...................... 162
The Boat Yard at Grand Marina... 13
Lee Sails...................................... 153
Pacific Crest Canvas..................... 55
Pacific Yacht Imports................. 10
Rooster Sails............................... 69
UK-Halsey Sailmakers....................

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Cover: The afternoon of the last leg of the Ha-Ha is always a melancholy one, as the sailing is almost over, and in a couple of days you’ll be saying goodbye to the shipmates you’ve shared such good times with. But spirits were brightened aboard Profligate on the occasion this year, as crewmember Lindsay put on her smallest striped bikini, climbed onto the seagull striker, grabbed a lazy sheet of the Spinnaker Italiano, and struck a spirit-raising pose or two. Yeah, we know she’s not wearing a PFD, so if you’re not a professional on a closed course, do not imitate her.

Photo: Latitude 38/Richard
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## Special Year-End Featured Models from Passage Yachts

### Beneteau 37
An ideal family cruiser that is easy to sail and offers a spacious, well appointed interior. Big skylight windows flood the saloon with light, a large head features ample space to take a shower good headroom and ample storage make weekends and coastal cruising a true pleasure.

### Beneteau 34
A fun sailing boat with a remarkably spacious interior. Plenty of space for the family to spread out, a separate shower, sleeping room for up to 6 people, spacious galley with great counter space, top and front loading refrigerator/freezer, and beautiful interior woodwork throughout makes your time on board pure pleasure.

### Oceanis 50
The new Oceanis 50 showcases a rich wood interior with elegant contemporary finishes. She is both open and luxurious. She features a sleek coachroof, a fully integrated mainsail arch, an easily sailed deck plan and top of the line hardware. She is a dip that engages the senses.

### Island Packet Estero 36
Island Packet’s answer for the couple who wants:
- Relaxed cruising (Hoyt boom and furling jib)
- Ultimate safety
- Go anywhere, comfortable local or long distance cruising
- Premium quality and value

## SELECT LISTINGS

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<tr>
<th>SAIL</th>
<th>Beneteau 423</th>
<th>Beneteau 473</th>
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<td>50' Hollman 1989</td>
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<td>49' Beneteau 49 2009</td>
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<td>47' Beneteau 473 3-cabin 2006</td>
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<td>47' Beneteau 473 2004</td>
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<td>46' Amel Maramu 1985</td>
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<td>45' Beneteau 45.5 1991</td>
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<td>42' Beneteau 423 2005</td>
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<td>40' Island Packet 1998</td>
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<td>40' Hardin Seawolf 1970</td>
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<td>39' Carroll GM 1200 1995</td>
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<td>38' Tartan 3800 1995</td>
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<td>37' Pacific Seacraft 1984</td>
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<td>36' Beneteau 361 2002</td>
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<td>36' Cape Dory ketch 1984</td>
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<td>36' CS Merlin 1988</td>
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<td>36' Island Packet 350 1999</td>
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<td>35' J/105 1999</td>
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<td>34' Aloha sloop 1984</td>
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<td>31' Beneteau First 310 1993</td>
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<td>30' Juno, classic wood 1960</td>
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<th>POWER</th>
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<td>42' Californian aft cabin 1987</td>
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<td>38' PC True North 2007</td>
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<tr>
<td>34' Sea Ray 340, trade-in 2006</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

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Dec. 1 — Club Nautique’s Winter Wednesdays Seminar Series continues with ‘Handheld Navigation Apps’, at Club Nautique in Sausalito, 6-8 p.m. Seminars run at the same time at alternating locations (A=Alameda, S=Sausalito) and are free. 12/15: ‘Five Things to Know about Radar’ by instructor Richard Foregger (A); 1/5: ‘Don’t Get Hit by a Supertanker’ by instructor Peter Leib (S); 1/19: ‘From a Newbie to New Zealand in Six Years’ by members Allan and Rina Alexopulos (A); 2/2: ‘Sailing to Catalina’ by Rod Witel (S); 2/16: ‘Singlehanded Sailing in the TransPac’ by instructor and SHTP vet Max Crittenden (A); 3/2: ‘Understanding Your Electrical Panel’ (S); 3/16: ‘Understanding San Francisco Tides & Currents’ by Kame Richards (A); 3/30: ‘Cruise Planning for North of the San Rafael Bridge’ by owners Don Durant and Dave Moore (S). Info, (510) 865-4700 or www.clubnautique.net.


Dec. 2 — ‘Coastal Navigation Simplified’ by Club Nautique’s Bryan Chavez at San Carlos West Marine, 6-8 p.m. Free. Info, (650) 593-2070.

Dec. 2 — UCSC Sailing Club outreach program at Santa Cruz West Marine, 6:30 p.m. Info, (831) 476-1800.


Dec. 4 — 34th Annual Lighted Yacht Parade on the Oakland/Alameda Estuary. Starts at 5:30 p.m. Presented by Encinal YC, Oakland YC and Marina Village Yacht Harbor. This year’s theme is ‘Make the Season Bright’. Find out more and enter your boat at www.lightedyachtparade.com.

Dec. 4 — South Beach YC Lighted Boat Parade from McCoye Cove to the Ferry Building, 5-7 p.m. Chili and hot buttered rum at the YC after. Info, www.southbeachyc.org.


Dec. 4 — Vallarta YC Cruisers Chili Cook-Off, 4-8 p.m. Info, docampb@aol.com.

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"Tis the season for holiday reveling on the water with various yacht clubs’ lighted boat parades.

Encinal YC, Oakland YC and Marina Village Yacht Harbor. This year’s theme is ‘Make the Season Bright’. Find out more and enter your boat at www.lightedyachtparade.com.

Dec. 4 — South Beach YC Lighted Boat Parade from McCoye Cove to the Ferry Building, 5-7 p.m. Chili and hot buttered rum at the YC after. Info, www.southbeachyc.org.


Dec. 4 — Vallarta YC Cruisers Chili Cook-Off, 4-8 p.m. Info, docampb@aol.com.
No time like the present... The 2010 Boat of the Year at the Lowest Price of the Year

The end of the model year means the award-winning Catalina 445 is priced to sail away now. Call or come by and let’s wrap up your dream deal today.

Farallone Yachts 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, and the largest brokerage of quality pre-owned sailing yachts on the West Coast.

Boats are selling! Come walk our docks! Open Boat Weekend December 11-12

New Catalina Yachts in Stock
Catalina 445, 2010
Catalina 375, 2010

Preowned Catalina Yachts at Our Docks
Catalina 440, 2005 ...........................................$250,000
Catalina 42, 1993 ............................................124,500
Catalina 42 MkII, 1996 ......................................149,900
Catalina 400, 2004 ...........................................220,000
Catalina 400, 1997 ............................................139,500
Catalina 36 MkII, 2005 ....................................129,000
Catalina 36 MkII, 2004 ....................................127,777
Catalina 36 MkII, 1999 .....................................93,750
Catalina 36, 1987 .............................................49,000
Catalina 36, 1986 .............................................44,000
Catalina 350 MkII, 2004 ...................................144,500
Catalina 350 MkII, 2004 ...................................125,663
Catalina 350 MkII, 2008 ...................................169,500
Catalina 34, 2007 .............................................134,500
Catalina 34, 2004 .............................................109,500
Catalina 34, 1988 .............................................49,900
Catalina 320, 2000 ............................................74,900
Catalina 310, 2007 ............................................94,500

Preowned Sailing Yachts at Our Docks
Hunter 37, 1987 .............................................61,500
Hunter 36, 2004 .............................................119,000
Hunter 31, 2007 .............................................84,900

Preowned Ranger Tugs at Our Docks
Ranger 29 Tug, 2011 .............................................$224,937
Ranger 27 Tug, 2011 ............................................149,937
Ranger 25-SC Tug, 2010 ....................................129,937
Ranger 21-EC Tug, 2011 .....................................49,937

Preowned Power Yachts
Chaparral Signature 310, 2005JUST ARRIVED! ...........................................95,900

Nonsuch 30, 1981 .............................................49,000

New Ranger Tugs in Stock (base price)
Ranger 29 Tug, 2011 .............................................$224,937
Ranger 27 Tug, 2011 ............................................149,937
Ranger 25-SC Tug, 2010 ....................................129,937
Ranger 21-EC Tug, 2011 .....................................49,937

Happy Holidays from your friends at Farallone Yacht Sales!
Dec. 5 — Subasta Auction at Marina de La Paz, 9 a.m.-4 p.m. This fundraiser for needy kids in La Paz is hosted by Fundación Ayuda Niños La Paz and sponsored by Club Cruceros. Info, www.clubcruceros.org.

Dec. 5-26 — Free sailing at Pier 40 every Sunday courtesy of BAADS. Info, (415) 281-0212 or www.baads.org.

Dec. 9 — Sea Scout outreach program for youth 13-21 at Santa Cruz West Marine, 6:30 p.m. Info, (831) 476-1800.

Dec. 11 — Sausalito Lighted Yacht Parade along the waterfront, 6 p.m. Info, www.sausalitoyachtclub.org.


Dec. 11 — San Rafael Lighted Boat Parade, 5 p.m. Info, www.sanrafaelyachtclub.org or (415) 300-4510.

Dec. 11 — 23rd Annual Holiday Boat Lighting Contest at Pillar Point, starting at 6 p.m., with a party following at Half Moon Bay YC. Info, www.hmbyc.org or (650) 725-2120.

Dec. 11 — Holiday celebration at Hyde St. Pier with live music, activities and a visit from the Big Guy himself, 3-4:45 p.m. Tour historic vessels from 6-9 p.m. RSVP for tour. Kids under 16 free, adults $5. Info, (415) 447-5000.

Dec. 12 — Sailing Speaker Series with Yoga for Women. Synthia Petroka and Sylvia Seaberg will talk about their Pacific Cup experience aboard the Schumacher 52 Cinnabar, 10 a.m.-noon at Bow Yoga Studio in San Rafael. $30 for seminar, yoga and meditation classes. Postponed from November. Info, (510) 333-8846.

Dec. 16 — Learn the correct way to use the VHF with USCGA at Santa Cruz West Marine, 6:30 p.m. Info, (831) 476-1800.


Dec. 18 — Get Your Captain’s License talk by CQuest Marine at San Jose West Marine, 3 p.m. RSVP, (408) 246-1147.

Dec. 21 — Howl at the full moon on a Tuesday night.

Dec. 25, 1859 — The clipper ship Andrew Jackson set sail from NYC bound for San Francisco, a trip that took just 89 days, 4 hours, setting a record.

Dec. 25 — Shop our online chandlery for the perfect gift for your favorite sailor. Go to www.latitude38.com and be sure to order by 12/13 for delivery in time for Christmas.
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Deep draft for cruising, buoy and offshore.
This boat has it all. Reduced to $449,000

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Well equipped, proven race winner.
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$599,000

$115,000

$129,000

$329,000

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$119,000

$129,000

$289,000

$369,000

$189,000

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$45,000

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SOLD

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$209,000

$319,000

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$72,500

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$16,900

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$34,900

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$59,000

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Please contact us if you have any questions.
the lowly pigeon, if you will, that has the misfortune of pecking around the Newport Harbor YC.

The fellow who ferried us out to Crusader told us that pigeons have become such a nuisance that they had to try to get rid of them. As he understood it, a guy comes over to the club and picks up five of the pigeons. He takes them away for a few days and stuffs them full of psychedelic drugs, then returns them to the club. The drugs make their behavior so bizarre — they do back flips and all kinds of crazy stuff — that all the other pigeons freak out and clear the area. (Sort of like the upper-middle class leaving Berkeley in the ’60s.) This treatment works for about four months, at which time the pigeon doper comes back and loops a few more pigeons.

Jan. 1 — Cure that hangover with a head-clearing sail!
Jan. 1 — ‘Round the Island circumnavigation of Alameda. Starts at Island YC, then on to Aeolian and Ballena Bay YCs, finishing at Encinal YC. Info, IslandYCEvents@yahoo.com.


Racing
Jan. 1 — Brrrr Rabbit. CPYC, regatta@cpyc.com.
Jan. 29 — Three Bridge Fiasco, one of the oddest and most entertaining races ever invented, and the first SSS event of the season. Info, www.sfbaysss.org.

Midwinter Regattas
BERKELEY YC — Chowder Races: Sundays through March except when it conflicts with above.
CAL SAILING CLUB — Year-round Sunday morning dinghy races, intracruel only, typically in Laser Bahias and JY15s. Email Gary and Alistair at racing_chair@cal-sailing.org.
ISLAND YC — Estuary Midwinters: 12/12, 1/9, 2/13, 3/13. John, (510) 521-2980 or iycracing@yahoo.com.
LAKE MERRITT SC — Robinson Memorial Midwinters: 12/11, 1/9, 1/2, 3/13, Jackie, (510) 582-1048.
OAKLAND YC — Sunday Brunch Series: 1/2, 1/16, 2/6, 2/20, 3/6. John, (510) 366-1476 or j_tuma@comcast.net.
REGATTAPRO — Winter One Design: 12/11, 1/8, 2/12. Jeff, (415) 595-8364 or jzarwell@regattapro.com.
RICHMOND YC — Small Boat Midwinters: 12/5, 1/2, 2/6, 3/6. Opti Midwinters: 12/4, 1/1, 2/5, 3/5. Tony, (925)
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Don Teakell | dteakell@quantumsails.com

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REGATTA RESULTS

European Dinghy Champions (Boys and Girls) — 1st
Irish Dragon Championship — 1st, 2nd
J/22 World Championship — 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 8th
J/24 European Championship — 1st, 3rd
J/24 Italian Nationals — 1st
J/24 World Championship — 1st, 3rd, 5th
J/80 World Championship — 1st, 2nd, 6th
Lake Garda Optimist Meeting, Cadet and Junior — 1st
Melges 20 Nationals — 1st, 2nd, 3rd
Melges 24 US Nationals — 2nd
Melges 32 US Nationals — 1st
Nordic Youth Championship, Optimist —
Boys - 1st; Girls - 1st, 3rd
Optimist Turkish Federation Cup — 1st
Rolex IRC Nationals (Combined) — 1st
Snipe — US Women’s Nationals — 1st
Snipe North Americans — 1st
Snipe US Nationals — 1st, 3rd, 5th, 6th
Star European Championship — 1st, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 10th
Star North Americans — 1st, 2nd, 4th, 10th
Star Western Hemisphere Championships — 1st, 2nd, 5th, 6th, 7th
The Henri Lloyd J22 Worlds — 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th
X-35 Nationals — 1st

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**CALENDAR**

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**SAUSALITO YC** — Sunday Midwinters: 12/5, 1/2, 2/6, 3/6. John Mount, race@sausalitoyachtclub.org.


**TIBURON YC** — Midwinters: 1/22, 2/12, 3/12. Ian Matthew, ian.matthew@comcast.net or (415) 883-6339.

**VALLEJO YC** — Tiny Robbins Midwinters: 12/4, 1/8, 2/12, 3/12. Info, (707) 643-1254.

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.

### December Weekend Tides

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### December Weekend Currents

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AUSIES LOVE THE HA-HA, TOO

We’re from Australia, and sailed our new-to-us Moody 54 Red Sky in last month’s Baja Ha-Ha. We truly loved every minute of it, and were blown away by how professional the organization was. The Poobah, Assistant Poobah Andy Turpin, and Chief of Security Doña de Mallorca showed genuine concern for all of the fleet, both the people and the boats, for the duration of the event. Nonetheless, you were always able to keep it light-hearted and fun. And we’ve loved the way the Poobah went out of his way to recognize the kids in the fleet and make sure they were included.

We have mounted our Ha-Ha ‘trophy’ in our boat’s salon, as well as the trophy we won for being the most ‘chataholic’! As time goes by, they will serve to remind us of the fantastic time we had in the company of so many wonderful people. Thank you Richard, Andy, Doña, and everyone else for making our Ha-Ha experience one that we’ll remember for the rest of our days.

John & Leanne Hembrow
Mount Warren Park, Queensland, Australia

John and Leanne — Thanks for the kind words. It was great to have some fun-loving Aussies in the fleet this year, and given that West Coast boats continue to be such bargains for you folks Down Under, we’re hoping to see some of your mates in next year’s Ha-Ha. Hopefully with the two of you as crew.

THE HEF HELPS ON THE HA-HA

Our take on the Ha-Ha? What a tremendous fleet of great boats, great sailors and great friends! We can’t wait to regale our fellow Northwest multihullers with stories that will hopefully inspire others to make the escape southward. Thanks for hosting such a wonderful event.

Those of us on ‘Team Tumbleweed’ — and our boat — have now safely returned to Seattle. In over 10 years of ownership, we’d never trailered our F-31 anywhere. So the Ha-Ha, which required that we trailer our tri to the start in San Diego and then from Cabo to Seattle, was quite an undertaking. Except for pressing our tri too hard...
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in Leg One — during which time we hit over 20 knots — and therefore breaking some stuff, we came out the better for the entire experience.

Matt Daniel
Tumbleweed, F-31 tri
Seattle

Matt — De nada. But we can’t believe you didn’t mention that, when you needed a little help after breaking some stuff far out at sea on Leg One, you didn’t get assistance from the Coast Guard, but rather ‘Hef’ and his catamaran full of Playmates. We’ve gotta believe that’s unique.

⇑⇓

TRACY WAS QUITE A FREE SPIRIT!

I was kind of a hired hand on Sirocco, and I want to let you know that I thought the Ha-Ha was fantastic! By the way, while returning to the States via a flight to Tijuana, I ran into Tracy, one of the ‘Playmates’ on Bill Lilly’s Lagoon 470 Moontide. What a free spirit she is! Despite being by herself and not having any Spanish language skills or knowing how to get from the Tijuana Airport to San Diego, she was just happily making her way.

Matt Horn
Oceanside

Matt — Glad you had a good time. It’s funny how some people get a ride on the Ha-Ha. We had Proligate in Santa Barbara Harbor for a couple of weeks in September, so every day when we broke from work to get lunch, we’d take our iPad up to the little sushi place at the foot of the pier to catch up on the news and raw fish. But one day there were 20 tourists in line at the sushi place. Not having the luxury of time to wait for all of them to be served, we went upstairs to Brophy’s Seafood Restaurant and took the only open seat at the counter. After we’d been checking the news on our iPad for a minute, the woman enjoying a beer with lunch next to us leaned over and asked, “Is that an iPad?” It was Tracy, originally from Canada but living in Santa Barbara. In a matter of minutes, we learned that Tracy had not only just completed some sailing courses, but was dying to sail offshore — and really wanted to do the Ha-Ha. When we told her we were the Poobah and that the big cat visible from the restaurant was Proligate, she understandably gave us one of those, ‘Do you really expect me to believe you?’ looks. We laughed, and told her to swing by Proligate later, where she could be checked out by Doña de Mallorca.

Since Tracy fit the ‘crew profile’ for Ha-Ha vet Bill Lilly’s Newport Beach-based Lagoon 470 Moontide in more ways than one — meaning she was female, bright-eyed, quick to smile, voluptuous, and adventurous — we knew whose phone number to give her. The rest is Ha-Ha history.

⇑⇓

AT THE HONEYMOON STAGE AFTER 34 YEARS

Hi and hail, O Grand Poobah! We just completed Ha-Ha
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Jay and Anita — Since all the Eternity participants were so passionate — and no doubt are still cleaning the sand out of their various orifices — we awarded first place to everyone who participated. But if you believe that length of marriage has something to do with winning that event, don’t let us change your mind.

As for the Ha-Ha, thank you for all the kind comments, but it was truly a group effort, from all the participants to Andy ‘Mr. Puddle Jump’ Turpin, to Doña ‘Chief of Security’ de Mallorca, to all the many volunteers. Similarly, that we were able to finish the awards ceremony without a P.A. system had everything to do with a great crowd being so considerately quiet that our voice could be heard. Thanks to all of you. By the way, the DJ later discovered that the P.A. system hadn’t overheated after all, but rather a plug had come unplugged!

In order to see all the Ha-Ha photos that were contributed, as well as the Here To Eternity Kissing photos, please visit http://bajahaha17.smugmug.com. But please note that it may take awhile for everyone to get their photos up.

† † CIGUATERA FROM DORADO

I read with interest the October Sightings piece about Rob Tryon’s mahi mahi and subsequent ciguatera poisoning during an attempted delivery of the Catalina 36 Second Verse from Hawaii to California following this year’s Singlehanded TransPac. I had almost identical symptoms and illness in May of this year while aboard a friend’s Grand Banks 42 for...
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a wonderful four-week cruise of the Bahamas.

The owner of Aurora and I are, if I may say so, excellent fishermen, and every time we went out to fish the deeper offshore waters, we’d catch a number of mahi. One time we caught the largest bull dorado of our lives, which we promptly filleted. We had fresh ceviche, barbecued dorado, eggs and dorado, and dorado (tuna fish) sandwiches.

It was after eating all the dorado that I began to have symptoms similar to those that Rob had — although without the weakness, headaches, and dizziness. I did, however, have the hot/cold temperature reversal — which is a signature symptom of ciguatera poisoning. The temperature reversal is hard to imagine or explain. But on one occasion it felt like somebody was pouring molten lead onto my hand and foot. When I turned around, I saw that the captain had merely spilled most of his gin and tonic on my arm and leg because we were bouncing in the dinghy!

My wife is an emergency room nurse, who worked with Dr. Kent Benedict for 18 years. We have an extensive collection of material on various injuries and illnesses at sea, as well as poisonous and harmful things in and around the ocean. In the literature, there are a number of reported cases of ciguatera caused by eating large mahi mahi/dolphin/dorado. A few of the reported cases required hospitalization, and a few were nearly life-threatening.

Until I read your October Sightings, I was unaware that there was any scientific test — such as the one performed by Dr. Hasty at the Department of Health in Lihue — for ciguatoxin poisoning. I wonder how accurate it is.

While we will not stop eating mahi mahi, I nonetheless think that we’ll target the smaller ones.

Jim Ritchey
Crew, Aurora, Grand Banks 42
Santa Cruz

**WHO HAS GAS?**

My 28-ft sailboat was built by S2 Yachts in ’84, and is still powered by the original 13-hp Yanmar 2GM diesel. At 2,600 rpm — about 75% throttle — my boat does 5.5 knots through the water while burning .39 gal/hour. Mind you, she’s a coastal cruiser that displaces nearly 8,000 lbs, so it would take quite a hefty outboard to push her around — not that I would ever consider such a conversion.

For the record, if I want to throttle up to hull speed, which is 6.2 knots at 3,200 rpm, my boat’s burn rate shoots up to .5 gal/hour.

Lee Johnson
Sea-Curity, S2 8.6
San Diego

Readers — As we’ve reported before, there is more energy in a gallon of diesel than a gallon of gas, and diesel engines burn fuel more efficiently than do gas engines. Combine that with the fact that a decently maintained diesel can last for well over 10,000 hours over a period of decades, and that diesel, unlike gas, can’t explode, you can understand why gas inboards are
There are many boatyards that Bay Area sailors can choose from to have their boats hauled out for repair work. But, as many of those sailors have come to discover, there is only one boatyard that can conduct quality repairs at the right price, with no nasty surprises when it comes time to pay the bill – Bay Marine Boatworks. Conveniently located in Point Richmond, we are a full-service boatyard in every sense of the word. Our mission is to guarantee absolute satisfaction to every customer. So call us today and we’ll give you details about our current promotion, and you’ll discover that it really does matter where you haul your boat out.
Rarely, if ever, an option on sailboats anymore.

Smaller and lighter sailboats — particularly those used for racing — are sometimes powered by gas outboards because they are less expensive in the short term, have fewer installation issues, and are lighter for better sailing performance.

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Jacket—Sale 96.75  Bibs—Sale 81.75

LETTERS

FUEL CONSUMPTION ON A FLICKA

You asked for factual information on the fuel consumption of small boats equipped with diesel engines. Last spring, I became the happy new owner of Whisper, an ‘81 Pacific Seacraft Flicka 20. In ’00, she had been fitted with a Yanmar 10-hp single cylinder diesel.

After checking my logs, I can report that she uses about one quart of fuel per hour. I’m able to reach hull speed of 5.5 knots in flat water at a very reasonable 2,500 rpm. This gives me a fuel consumption of about 25 (statute) mpg. Since I have an 11.5 gallon fuel tank, in good weather I have a range of about 280 miles.

I live in Half Moon Bay and keep my Flicka in the harbor. I enjoy open ocean sailing.

Michael La Guardia
Whisper, Flicka
Half Moon Bay

THIS CAT MAN SAYS IT’S BEEN ‘OPERATOR ERROR’

Based on the limited information provided by the ‘victims’ of the last three multihull capsizes that were reported in Latitude 38 — the PDQ 32 Catalyst off Ft. Bragg on July 3, the Atlantic 57 Anna Valdivia off Niue on August 7, and the 108-ft Spirit of Antigua on the Bay of Biscay on October 27 — some sailors might start to believe that cats are fundamentally unsafe.

Nowhere did I read of anybody admitting they’d screwed up.

It’s my view that none of the three capsizes happened in conditions where, with proper — minimal? — vigilance, the capsizes could not have been avoided. The most recent capsizing, that of Spirit of Antigua, was to my thinking unbelievable. A 108-ft racing catamaran flipping in 15 knots of wind?! True, in 15 knots a cat like that could be doing close to 30 knots over the water. Call me old or timid, but if I were on any cat — even a 108-footer — I would be holding the sheets in my hands, ready to instantly release them if necessary.

Are there too many newbies sailing higher performance multihulls? I ask, because I think it’s very unlikely that there is any sea state in the world that should be able to capsize a Chris White-designed Atlantic 57 such as Anna Valdivia, let alone the Spirit of Antigua. So is the concept at fault, or were the captains and crews carrying too much sail for the circum-

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stances and not sufficiently ready for a dramatic increase in wind speed?

Rule #1 of multihull sailing is that sheets must be free and ready to run. Rule #2 of multihull sailing is that sheets must be free and ready to run. Rule #3? You know the answer.

In my opinion, the captains and crews of these cats need to put the blame where it rightly belongs — operator error. I would be humiliated to capsize my 45-ft, 14,000 lb Pantera in 15 knots of breeze, even with full sail while singlehanding. I could never blame my boat or the catamaran concept.

When cats such as these flip, I think they not only have to be reported, but the reports must include details about the circumstances of the capsize and what the captain/crew would have done differently to prevent it from happening again. Anything less does a dis-service to the breed, as well as to current and future catamaran sailors.

On another subject, I shouldn’t read ’Lectronic Latitude when Ha-Ha time rolls around. It makes me too envious. As a consolation, I sailed from La Paz to Cabo San Lucas to make the Ha-Ha beach party in Cabo. What fun, even when anchored out with an easterly blowing right into the bay! I’m now en route to El Salvador. I realize that there are three other years in which I also told everyone I was finally leaving Mexico, but this wonderful country is a v-e-r-y difficult place to leave.

Meeowww!

Bob Smith
Pantera, Custom 45-ft Cat
Vancouver / Mexico

Readers — It would be easy to dismiss Smith’s opinions if he weren’t such an accomplished multihull sailor. He built his all-carbon, rocket-fast 45-ft cat himself, and has been sailing her — not motoring her — relentlessly for 14 years. Most significantly, he singlehanded Pantera, without any motoring, upwind from Puerto Vallarta to Vancouver. That’s a rhumbline course of nearly 2,500 miles. And then he did it a second time a few years later. So Smith has extensive experience singlehanding his ultralight cat upwind in over 30 knots of wind and in big seas. As you might expect, the sheets on Pantera are always ready to run. In fact, when Smith sleeps in the cat’s salon — the only place he can sleep — the sheets are led inside where he can throw them off without even getting out of his bunk.

Bob Smith Pantera, Custom 45-ft Cat Vancouver / Mexico

The only time we’ve seen Bob Smith capsize was at the Banderas Bay Regatta award’s party.

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enough resulting in the cat flipping reminds me of the old
days of the Whitney Series in Southern California when there
was a multihull division. The series was sailed in the spring
to take advantage of the fronts that came through, some of
which had winds to 60 knots offshore.

There are lots of heavy weather stories we old-timers tell
from those series, such as the time the great Alan Gurney
designed 72-footer Windward Passage broached right in front
of Robon as both were popping chutes in 50 knots of wind
while rounding San Nicholas Island.

On another windy occasion, Vic Stern flipped Ima Loa, his
racing cat, off Avalon. We were told that the wet sheet had
become so tightly wrapped around the winch drum that they
couldn’t get it off when they were hit by a big gust. Once the
boat was fixed up and racing again, Vic kept a hatchet next
to the sheet winch when the wind came up.

Michael Kennedy
Conquest, Cal 40
Los Angeles

††“I CAN’T FORGET THAT SHOWER IN BSM”
I can’t believe that I’m sending you the accompanying
photo, but I can’t resist, as I still can’t forget the outdoor
shower I had in Bahia Santa Maria over Thanksgiving
weekend in ’02.

We were an-
chored there on our
Alberg 35 Pelican,
and some weather
came through —
including a deluge
of warm rain. Not
having had a prop-
er shower in weeks,
I grabbed my soap
and sponge, and
dashed out into the cockpit to relish the free warm shower!
Okay, I obviously didn’t have time to wash my hair, but it was
fun anyway.

Sara Johnson
Wondertime, 38-ft Benford ketch
Seattle, WA

Readers — Washing one’s hair during a squall is always a
dicey proposition, as they usually end abruptly — when your
hair is still covered in suds.

Normally cruisers are dying for hot showers, but not always.
When it’s hot and humid in the Caribbean during the late spring
and summer, few things are more welcome than a torrential
downpour of cool rainwater. It’s one of the great rewards of
the natural life.

††“I CAN’T FORGET THAT SHOWER ON ST. HELENA”
Back in the early ’80s, a crewmember and I sailed my
Miura 30 from East London, South Africa, to the Caribbean.
As Southern Comfort, which had been designed and built in
South Africa, was such a small boat, we didn’t have the ability
to take freshwater showers. We did stop at St. Helena, a small
but historic island near the equator that is almost halfway
between South Africa and South America.

After hurriedly clearing customs, my crew and I made for
an open air shower we’d seen on the dock. The shower was as
crude it could be, with no showerhead and no way of shutting
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the water off. And the water was only lukewarm. But after 30 years, I’ve still not forgotten how wonderful that shower, our first in 17 days, felt. We kidded around under the stream of water like little boys. It was also probably the longest shower I’ve ever taken so, fortunately, it was free.

I now reside on Vancouver Island and sail a Swedish design called a Maxi 95. I look forward to every edition of Latitude, which I think is wonderful, and all the interesting stories from your readers.

Brian Dalbocc
Campbell River, B.C.

Brian — Thanks for the kind words, and thanks for your shower story. Back in the ’80s we had some good friends in the Caribbean who had sailed there from South Africa aboard their Miura 30. The difference is that they were a family of six on that little boat.

⇑⇑

THE BENEFITS OF MODERATE DEPRIVATION

My wife and I departed Hawaii in April of ’86 for an eight-month cruise of the South Pacific aboard Eleu, our Ranger 33. We spent two glorious months visiting Palmyra, Fanning, Penrhyn, Suwarrow, and Aitutaki before turning east for the Society Islands. Back then, Palmyra and Suwarrow were uninhabited, so we had each of the lovely islands to ourselves for two-week stays.

We were young and poor cruisers, so we didn’t have many amenities aboard Eleu. For example, we only had a 20-gallon water tank, which was filled with water from a catchment system whenever it rained. In order to conserve water, our showers consisted of buckets of seawater we dumped over ourselves, with an occasional freshwater rinse during a squall.

When we got to Bora Bora, we grabbed a mooring at the Oa Oa Hotel, where we learned they offered not just free moorings, but also free fresh water and showers to all visiting yachts. All they expected in return was that we’d spend a little money in their restaurant and bar. To this day I remember that first hot shower after two months of cruising. And I can still feel the tension easing from my muscles, and my blood pressure dropping.

Bill Leary
ex-Eleu, Ranger 33
Kaneohe, Hawaii

Bill — It’s long been our belief that when it comes to bodily desires, moderate deprivation is usually a very good thing. Being able to have all of life’s pleasures and comforts whenever you want them — i.e. the Lindsay Lohan Syndrome — would be the ultimate hell.

⇑⇑"I THOUGHT MY NUDE WIFE WOULD BE EMBARRASSED"

About 33 years ago, my wife Elaine and I took our 24-ft Rhodes Meridian up the Delta for a two-week summer stay. We tied up to an island in Prospect Slough just a short distance from Liberty Farms, which is where I had spent 10 years of my childhood.

During the middle of the week, after all the other boats had left, my wife, who didn’t like to swim off the boat, decided to try the new Sun Shower I’d purchased. When we figured the water in the Sun Shower was hot enough, we pulled a bucket of river water into the cockpit and she proceeded to soap up. Skinny dipping, as it were, without any dipping.

As Elaine was rinsing her gorgeous body off with the warm fresh water from the Sun Shower, we suddenly heard whooping, whistling and shouts from what sounded like many men.
Victory at Sea

The victory list above represents a fraction of the racing success North Sails customers enjoyed in 2010. To show our appreciation, we are offering a FREE North Bluewater Wide Brim Hat to every North customer who finished 1st, 2nd or 3rd in a North American regatta in 2010 (even if you’re not on our list). To register for your hat, log onto www.northsails.com, then complete the online registration form. One hat per customer.

Offer expires April 1, 2011.

FREE!
Looking to the east, we saw a large ship heading up the deep-water channel adjacent to Prospect Slough. All we could see above the levee was the ship's pilothouse and cranes — and up on the bridge, several sailors with binoculars!

I thought Elaine would be embarrassed and immediately head for cover. But she surprised me by giving them a big smile and a wave. Their response was tremendous. My reaction was, "Enjoy it for a few moments while you can, guys. She's mine for the rest of my life." Elaine and I are still married, and after 40 years she's as beautiful as ever!

Bob Johnson  
Motu, Islander 28  
San Rafael

Bob — Congratulations to you both!

SLEIGHT OF HAND OR HONEST MISTAKE?

When we bought our boat about five years ago, there was a quart can of Deft Marine Teakwood Finish in one of the lockers. After a couple years, I noticed that it looked like there was something beneath the label. So I peeled off the top label to discover a label beneath that identifying the product as Danish Oil Finish.

I did a quick internet search to see how prices of the two products compared, and found that the 'marine' product is $2 more per quart than the regular Danish Oil Finish. I've no doubt they've reformulated the product since mine was produced — but what else could explain the difference in price?

Sheldon Erickson  
Polaris, Tayana 37  
Oakland

Sheldon — Sounds suspicious, but there could be several explanations. According to the company's website, the Marine Teakwood Finish is for exterior use, while the Danish Oil Finish is for interior use only. So we presume that the marine version is formulated with some more expensive ingredients to provide a more durable product. The fact that they seemed to use two labels interchangeably would argue against this, but we wouldn't be surprised if their supply of cans with Marine Teakwood Finish labels had run low, so they just used Danish Oil Finish cans but with a new label.

But if you're suggesting that some manufacturers/retailers try to charge more money for the same product under a different label and in different types of stores, you would most certainly be right. And it's certainly not limited to marine products.

UNINTENTIONAL 'SINGLEHANDING'

I recently sent a slight variation of the following letter to Sheila Chandor, Harbormaster at Pier 39 in San Francisco, and hope that you'll run it:

"Several weeks ago, I left E dock for a quick trip to get fuel for my Gulfstar 37 Wanderlust. I didn't imagine that my short, singlehanded trip would end up with me unable to use one of my arms. About halfway back to my berth, I lost my balance and broke my arm!

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well as Tom, who keeps his boat Kookaburra in the slip next to mine — I received all the help I needed. After I broke my arm, I was fortunate to have my cell phone in the cockpit with me, and I was able to call your office and explain my situation. Tom Mead immediately got into the workboat and met me at the entrance to the marina, where he proceeded to follow me back to my slip at E dock. I could tell he was prepared to intervene if I had problems maneuvering the boat. Meanwhile, Chris and neighbor Tom had gathered at my slip and were waiting to guide Wanderlust into her home.

After a quick ride on the marina’s electric cart, my wife met me at the passenger area in front of Pier 39. Once I got to the hospital, it was determined that I had indeed broken my arm. Thank you to everyone for their help.”

Robert Larson
Wanderlust, Gulfstar 37
Pier 39, San Francisco

I’m researching the disappearance of the 64-foot schooner Connie B. She was last seen departing Wilmington, CA, on November 9, 1997, bound for Sitka, Alaska. There were two people aboard: Jerold Robert Bock, the captain, and Jannie Roberta Chavez, his daughter. Neither they nor the boat were heard from again. Was this incident covered in Latitude 38?

Art Guy
True North, Navigator 48
Channel Islands Harbor

Art — We have no record of the boat or her disappearance. If you’re looking for a boat, it would be helpful if you could provide some details, such as when she was built, what she was built of, what color her hull was, whether or not she had an EPIRB, her intended purpose in Alaska, what kind of experience her skipper had, whether there had been a Coast Guard search for her, and so forth.

Without any disrespect to the skipper, one can’t help but question the wisdom of sailing to Alaska starting in November. Particularly on such a large boat with such a small crew.

Although hiking is not a water sport, there are some fundamental similarities to boating: self-reliance, navigation, susceptibility to weather, limited resources, isolation — and a lack of restroom facilities. In fact, in some situations, even digging a hole is not an option. Think of Avalon — no discharge allowed — without the holding tank (or the head).

At 14,494 feet, Central California’s Mt. Whitney is the highest point in the contiguous U.S. It can be reached by a 22-mile round-trip hike that is usually done in two days. But the hike is so popular that there are very stringent regulations to minimize damage to the environment.

Requirements include making reservations months in advance, carrying bear-proof food canisters, and packing out what you pack in. That means everything you pack in, including what you’ve digested. In the past, the Forest Service has tried various types of outhouses, but the area is just too remote for servicing them. Digging holes for human waste is not an option, as there are too many visitors and half of the terrain is hard granite.

The solution? Prior to starting the hike, each person is issued a Wag Bag, consisting of a double baggy (opaque) and some deodorizer. When the time comes, one must hike off the trail to find a large boulder for privacy. After use, the hiker must carry the Wag Bag until the end of the hike. It seems
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<tr>
<td>65' Downwind Double, Live-aboard</td>
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<td>65' Downwind Double</td>
<td>$783.25/mo</td>
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<tr>
<td>65' Crosswind Single, Live-aboard</td>
<td>$928.25/mo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65' Crosswind Single</td>
<td>$783.25/mo</td>
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<tr>
<td>60' Downwind Double</td>
<td>$621.00/mo</td>
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<tr>
<td>60' Upwind Single</td>
<td>$788.40/mo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60' Downwind Double, New Docks</td>
<td>$585.00/mo</td>
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<tr>
<td>52' Upwind Double</td>
<td>$586.56/mo</td>
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<tr>
<td>52' Upwind Double, Live-aboard</td>
<td>$731.56/mo</td>
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<tr>
<td>50' Downwind Single</td>
<td>$564.00/mo</td>
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<td>50' Downwind Single, Live-aboard</td>
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<td>48' Downwind Double, New Docks</td>
<td>$441.60/mo</td>
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<tr>
<td>40' Downwind Double</td>
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<tr>
<td>40' Downwind Double, Live-aboard</td>
<td>$513.00/mo</td>
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<tr>
<td>36' Upwd 2-wide/Multihull, New Docks, Live-abd</td>
<td>$832.47/mo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36' Upwind Double, New Docks</td>
<td>$343.73/mo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36' Downwind 2-wide/Multihull, New Docks</td>
<td>$624.96/mo</td>
</tr>
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<td>$312.48/mo</td>
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<td>$343.73/mo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32' Downwind Double</td>
<td>$277.76/mo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30' Upwind 2-wide/Multihull, New Docks</td>
<td>$572.88/mo</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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.
that many hikers have no interest in putting the used Wag Bag inside their backpacks, so they are often tied to the outside of their packs. Those coming down the mountain at the end of the second day have quite an aroma!

Despite the inconvenience, the hike is a must-do for anyone even remotely interested. The views are spectacular, the experience extremely rewarding. It does require a reasonable amount of conditioning and preparation, but nothing extraordinary. For those interested, most of the information needed can be found at www.whitneyportalstore.com.

Don Murphy
Catalina 250, but with no name yet
Camarillo, California

Don — Very interesting. We know of a number of sailors who have used Wag Bags on their boats when their holding tanks have broken down or become filled in no-discharge areas. Using them might not be any more ideal on a boat than on Mt. Whitney, but we should all be willing to make little sacrifices in order to protect sensitive natural areas, shouldn’t we?

We wonder if the name ‘Wag Bag’ comes from similar bags for dog poop. One of the nice things about pulling into the harbor at Santa Barbara is that it’s just a short distance to many wonderful hiking trails in the foothills of Santa Barbara and Montecito. The trails and views are spectacular — except, in our opinion, for the fact they get lined with Wag Bags full of dog poop. For better or worse, unleashed dogs are allowed on these trails. Their guardians seem to be very good about bagging their dogs’ poop, but apparently don’t believe a trail lined with such bags — presumably, to be picked up on the return trip — detracts from the natural experience. We beg to differ with them, and think a doggie backpack should be developed so dogs, like humans, can tote their own poop. Woof, woof!

TRIMMING PRODUCTION DURING THE RECESSION

Our Valiant Esprit Nordic 37 was not able to make the Ha-Ha this year because we were unable to get her re-powered in time for the start of the event.

We ordered the new Yanmar engine and ZF transmission on January 15 of this year as the first step in a refit, figuring that would be ample time to get the engine installed and shake our boat down. That’s why our boat was one of the earliest entries in the Ha-Ha.

After the boatyard pulled our engine, we waited seven months for Yanmar to ship us the engine. During this time we were given promises of the engine’s imminent arrival through the distribution chain. These promises always proved to be false, until the engine arrived last month. The yard is still working on the re-power.

We find it rather ironic that we chose to re-power here in San Diego rather than risk having it done outside the country ‘where parts may be hard to get’.

Folks in the distribution channel tell us that Yanmar simply cut its factory output during the recession, yet kept booking orders and promising delivery dates as though they were at full production.

Are there similar Yanmar stories that you’re aware of?

Ed & Karen Lare
Blade, Valiant Esprit Nordic 37
San Diego

Ed and Karen — Assuming that everything you tell us is true, we find it disturbing. It’s one thing for a manufacturer to trim production because of a recession, but to be repeatedly
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promised delivery of something that doesn’t arrive would make us angry. While we haven’t had any similar reports about Yanmar, the owner of the Baltic 55 Wyspa took us aside at the Ha-Ha Kick-Off Party to tell us that he wouldn’t be able to make the start of the Ha-Ha either. He said that he’d ordered some replacement rod rigging from Navtec months before, but hadn’t received it. He was very, very unhappy.

As for us on Profligate, we were unable to get five gallons of a special water-based deck paint from Henderson Paint that we’d used previously and liked very much. They said they weren’t going to make any more until they got enough orders. Great.

Manufacturers and distributors naturally want to carry as little inventory as possible during hard economic times. While it’s good for their bottom line, we hope they understand that it’s not good for consumer morale, particularly for those who can’t use alternative products.

THE MEDIA GETS IT WRONG REGARDING MEXICO

Today I was riding the bus from La Cruz, where we keep our Catalina 42 at the Nayarit Riviera Marina, to Punta Mita, where my wife Gilly and I have a condo. For whatever reason, while riding on one of the cheap buses that comes by every 15 minutes, I was overwhelmed by how much I love Mexico. There are a few little annoyances down here, but overall Mexico is where I want to be. When I got home, I enthusiastically told Gilly that I never want to leave Mexico. It makes me sick that the U.S. media and the State Department do not provide an accurate picture of what’s going on in Mexico outside of the drug wars.

John — If we were into conspiracy theories, we’d believe that the U.S. media and government attacks on Toyota, and the misinformation spread about Mexico, were part of a combined effort by the U.S. government, the auto industry, the United Auto Workers, and the U.S. tourism industry to keep U.S. dollars from leaving the country.

A MAN WHO ISN’T PARANOID TO CRUISE MEXICO

A quick note from someone who’s not paranoid about going to Mexico. I honestly don’t know whether the accounts of shoot-outs, kidnappings and mass murders reported in the press are as sensationalized as I think they are, but I’m way skeptical. We drove through Tijuana about two weeks ago, and there was nothing strange or terrible to see. Ensenada, our destination, was, well, like Ensenada, a modest, working-class city with a small tourist area down near the Embarcadero. We were looking at a boat berthed in Cruiseport Marina, which has been recently upgraded and looks great.

One thing people should know is that the marinas in Mexico have a regular security staff that patrol the docks and generally make sure all is well. We’ve had some outstanding help from them, and from the dockmasters, particularly one evening several years ago when our then-new-to-us Cherubini 44 dream boat started siphoning water in through the bilge pump discharge line. In the middle of the night, the marina staff rallied their people and equipment — including a fire pump — to take control of the leak and keep our boat afloat until we could figure out what was going on.

Maybe it’s that kind of experience, along with the polite manners and genuine kindness we’ve experienced in Mexico,
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that makes the scare-stories seem so unreal. Cruisers live closer to the culture than four-night-vacation hotel tourists, and even they are more informed than the people whose experience of Mexico is confined to some Phoenix Cultural Museum. (I don’t actually know that there is one, since most people in Phoenix don’t appear to be aware that there is a Mexican culture.) The only comfort we can take is that the people who believe the anti-Mexico propaganda won’t go to Mexico, and will thus reduce the competition for space and services. Here’s a thought — maybe we should make up a few rumors and keep the ignorant and bigoted up here in the States while we enjoy the good life in Mexico.

No place, of course, is completely safe, and anyone traveling anywhere — including the United States — is well-advised not to wander about where they don’t know the neighborhood. I’ve spent most of my life in New York and Los Angeles, and there are places in both cities I would not go after dark — and a few I would fear to venture into during daylight. Hell, there are places in both cities that even the cops avoid during the day. But I’m not panicked in my home or on my boat, and I feel exactly the same way about Mexico. Except Mexico feels safer than the States.

Just thought you might like to hear from someone who likes Latitude, thinks the Ha-Ha is a great annual migration, and actually wants to sail to Mexico — hopefully next year.

Bob Schilling
Tuckernuck, Cherubini 44
Long Beach

Bob — Thanks for the kind words. As soon as we got to Turtle Bay, the first stop in the Ha-Ha, we started feeling the love and warmth of the people of Mexico. It was like a gentle warm wave washing over us. And with subsequent stops at Bahia Santa Maria, Cabo San Lucas, and Punta Mita, the feeling of love has just gotten stronger. Until you’ve been to

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It sure doesn’t look as if any of the sailors in this group — the Baja Ha-Ha Class of ’10 — is fearful of cruising in Mexico.

Mexico, it’s hard to understand how almost universally nice a population can be to complete strangers. The unpleasant truth is that people with rotten dispositions are as common in the States as they are rare in Mexico.

Make no mistake, there is a narco war going on in Mexico between factions battling to supply the never-ending illicit drug needs of Americans. But as has been pointed out many times, this terrible violence has almost exclusively taken place away from tourist areas, and in particular, away from the Pacific Coast of Mexico. So we have no more fear about our personal safety in Mexico than when we drive past East Oakland or the Bayview District of San Francisco on our way to local airports. In fact, much less fear. But if the situation along the Pacific Coast of Mexico changes in any way, we’ll make sure Latitude
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\[\text{LETTERS}\]

\[\text{A WOMAN WHO ISN'T PARANOID TO CRUISE MEXICO}\]

As a female singlehanded sailor, I have read with interest the various comments and questions regarding safety in Mexico. On occasion I’ve had to smile, and yes, I’ve even had to laugh out loud.

I have survived the '09 Ha-Ha and two seasons of cruising in Mexican waters, and I have never feared for my personal safety — except maybe from Mother Nature. Singlehanding from Mazatlán to Manzanillo, I have found the Mexican people to be more than helpful. I have been approached by panganeros who just wanted to let me know that the Coke bottle floats I’d been studiously avoiding were nets on the bottom and so I didn’t have to worry about entangling lines in my prop. Boy, was that a relief.

When going to town to provision, my greatest fear was whether I would get on the correct bus to get back to my beached dinghy. When I mentioned it to the bus driver, he said, “No problema,” and dropped me off directly across the street from my beached dinghy.

While anchored off La Cruz, I was approached by two men in a boat. As thoughts of pirates, rape, death and destruction flitted through my mind, they merely asked if I needed my boat bottom cleaned. Indeed, Southwind’s bearded bottom did need a trim.

I practice common sense — what a concept — when it comes to personal safety. For example, I don’t advertise on the radio that I’m traveling alone — which is why I sometimes mention ‘Ray’, my autopilot crew. I don’t stay late in town when I’m alone. I don’t wear flashy jewelry or carry loads of cash. I don’t do drugs or get falling down drunk. I stay on the beaten path and don’t wander into the more rundown neighborhoods. As anywhere in the world, there is always a criminal element, but I feel as though I could as easily be mugged in San Diego as in Mexico. I have never once been more afraid for my safety in Mexico than I have back in the States.

For those who are afraid they will be victims of personal violence along the Pacific Coast of Mexico, I recommend that you stay on your boat back in your berth in the States. You can always read Latitude and vicariously enjoy the grand adventures of others cruising in Mexico. I know I’ll be reading Latitude, wishing and dreaming that I were back on the hook at Secret Spot #29, deciding whether to go snorkeling or just pop a beer and enjoy the view. Heck, I’d probably do both.

The one thing I know is that I’ll be returning to Mexico. What a scary thought!

Jean Gregory
Southwind, Islander 36
Oceanside
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LETTERS

Readers — Jean is one of a number of women skippers who have cruised or are still cruising in Mexico. Some singlehand, others often take crew.

⇑⇑

A LIBERTARIAN-LEANING REALIST

Thanks for all the work you do, not only for Latitude, but also for the Ha-Ha. I thought about doing the Ha-Ha as crew in ‘94, but took a position on a boat in the ‘95 Tahiti Cup instead.

I also strongly agree with your characterization of the crime rate in Mexico compared to California or the U.S. in general — which is that you’re more likely to be killed by gunfire in California or the rest of the United States than you are in Mexico.

However, I do take issue with your statement regarding potential ‘crime’ in Cabo San Lucas. "After midnight," you wrote, "there will no doubt be a few people offering to sell pot, as well as a few pickpockets and hookers." I thought you were a libertarian? Why demonize non-violent, victimless crimes like drugs and prostitution? If someone offers drugs or sex and you’re not interested, you simply say, "No thanks" or "Gracias." That leaves the pickpockets, which can be found anywhere in the world.

Jeff Hoffman
San Francisco

Jeff — Thanks for the kind words.

While our sentiments are generally libertarian, we’re also realists. In the case of street drug dealers and street prostitutes, we’re generally not talking about people making personal choices, but street crime. No matter where in the world people are selling drugs or sex on the street, they are invariably desperate people willing to do desperate things to get money or drugs for themselves. When sex is offered in a controlled environment, such as in parts of Amsterdam, or when drugs are sold in a controlled environment, as they are supposed to be at some dispensaries in California, a "No thanks" will suffice. But when dealing with desperate people on the street, particularly late at night, a kindly "No thanks" is often not an answer they can accept. And the chance of violence escalates exponentially. It’s not much different in the case of late night pickpockets. Avoiding places where desperate people gather is, in our opinion, a much better way to avoid trouble and violence than hoping a desperate person will accept a "No thanks" at 2 a.m.

⇑⇑

PIRATES AND THIEVES, OH MY

All of Costa Rica is a beehive of pirates and thieves. It’s best to skip it.

Victor Manuel Guerra Ortiz
Mexico

Victor — Do we detect a whiff of sarcasm in your letter? While there hasn’t been a history of violent attacks on cruisers in Costa Rica, and countless cruisers have enjoyed the land of Pura Vida for years without being the victims of a crime, we can’t ignore the fact that Bruce Stevens and Clark Nicholson were attacked and restrained on their Gulfstar 50 Two Amigos...
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at Quepos. We’re not saying that this is a reason to avoid Costa Rica, but we think it’s a reason for cruisers to exercise more caution by doing things like anchoring near other boats and keeping an eye on one another.

We don’t have the statistics to back it up, but our impression is that, while violent crime against innocent foreigners has always been rare in Mexico and Costa Rica, there has been more of it in the latter than the former, and that robberies and petty theft have always been a much greater problem in Costa Rica. If anybody has an opposing opinion, we’d love to hear from you.

GOOD OR BAD, LATITUDE REPORTS IT ALL

I read with amusement the October 22 ‘Lectronic titled "How To NOT Win Friends," in which you reported about a couple of people who claimed that Latitude ‘manages’ the sailing news to, in some way, further your business.

It seems to me that neither of the two letters you describe could have possibly come from regular readers of your fine magazine. In fact, it was Latitude’s good record of reporting unfortunate events that befall cruisers that prompted me to call Latitude’s offices from my Iridium phone five years ago. I’d been attacked on my boat in Puerto Madera, Mexico, and I knew even back then that Latitude was the best venue for alerting other cruisers about a potential danger spot.

Good or bad, Latitude reports it all. Keep up the good work and know that most of us longtime readers know the incredible job that Latitude does.

Andy Kurtz
Angelique, Columbia 57
Sebastopol

Andy — Thanks for the kind words. When we started Latitude in ’77, most boating publications, in the words of one editor, “didn’t do death.” Nor did they seem to want to report about other on-the-water misfortunes. We’ve always believed that the truth sets you free — or at least as free as you can be. As such, in any given situation, we want to know the facts, not have things sugar-coated or information withheld. Given the facts, we can then make our own decision about accepting the risks of following a course of action. We naturally assume that everybody thinks the way we do, so when sailors or boats are lost, we report it the best we can. We’ve always believed that this makes Latitude a better magazine, and in the long run more appealing to advertisers.

READING LATITUDE IN THE DESERT

When I used to go boating on the Sacramento Delta six years ago, I looked forward to each new issue of Latitude. Then I moved to the Arizona desert, and didn’t see a Latitude for years. Since I found you online, I read it all the time, and it brings back many fond memories. Thanks.

Harrison Orr
La Paz Valley, AZ

Harrison — You’re welcome. Even folks who read the hard copy versions of Latitude should check out the online version, because the photos — which we take a lot of pride in — are much more smashing online. To get a good comparison, see how much better Lindsay, our cover girl, looks online than in newsprint.

PROXIMITY ALARM

If you follow the logic of your making Jerry Garcia a member of Latitude’s Missing Digit Club, then I should be inducted
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Chris — Not exactly. Jerry Garcia makes it into Latitude’s Missing Digit Club by virtue of proximity. As we reported, he often blocked the driveway to Latitude’s office in order to see the chiropractor next door or to grab a handful of candy bars at the 7-Eleven around the corner. If you frequently blocked the driveway of the Rock ‘n Roll Hall of Fame, you could probably make the ‘proximity’ claim to them for induction, too.

MEXICO IS GREAT FOR FAMILIES
We hope that everyone had the best Baja Ha-Ha ever.

For the record, for the past eight years my wife, Karen, and our crew of nine children lived aboard our 64-ft schooner Arctic Ark in Panama, Mexico, and many places in between. And for the last few years we’ve been based out of Guaymas. We’ve never had a problem anywhere. We’ve always treated people as we ourselves would like to be treated, and follow the Golden Rule aboard our boat as well.

We want to thank you for your great interest in sailing, and for encouraging others to get into the wind.

Tom Williams
Guaymas, Sonora, Mexico

Tom — On behalf of everyone who did the Ha-Ha, thank you for the kind welcome to Mexico. And thank you for the kind and reassuring words. We hope to cross paths with you and your family in the near future — perhaps when we’re up in the Sea of Cortez in May.

MEMBERS OF iPAD-AHOLICS ANONYMOUS
Luke, my shipmate aboard El Tiburon in the Ha-Ha, mentioned that you’ve been using your iPad on your boat. How do you like it? I was told to go with iNavX navigation program. Is that the one you use? I’m also wondering how to best integrate with our AIS and Furuno knotmeter-water temp-anemometer. Any suggestions?

Andrew McDonald, Ph.D.
www.lifesciadvisors.com

Andrew — People can mock us all they want, but our iPad has become a near-essential part of our lives. And we use it almost exclusively for news, knowledge and business. Two of the other 11 members of the Profligate crew for the Ha-Ha brought iPads, and they love theirs as much as we love ours.

Many of the iPad apps require being connected to the internet, of course, so you lose much of the product’s capabilities offshore. It would be nice, for example, if Shipfinder worked offshore, but it doesn’t. So thank goodness for AIS.

The iPad does have the built-in GPS, so you can use most of the navigation programs. We somehow stumbled onto the Navionics navigation program first, and have been using that exclusively. It’s terrific, as you get tons of charts for almost nothing, it’s rocket fast, it’s super clear, and it’s easy to use. We
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MARITIME INSTITUTE
Letters

primarily use it in our bunk to monitor the speed and course our
boat is going while we're off watch. But sometimes we bring
it up to the nav station because we find it easier to use than
Doña de Mallorca’s beloved Nobeltec on her computer. NavX
has a history of great products, and we have it on our iPad, so
before long we hope to become acquainted with it. If we’re not
mistaken, only iNavX has an anchor alarm, which is a great
feature to have with you in your bunk when on the hook.

We enjoy being seat-of-the-pants sailors, so we don’t even
have our masthead wind speed and wind direction units hooked
up. As such, we’re the last people in the world to ask about how
to integrate normal marine instruments — assuming it can be
done — with the iPad. Can any experts out there help us?

As for those people who laugh at the iPad, trust us, before
long you’ll have some generation of an iPad or an iPad-like
device, and you’ll have a hard time believing that you lived
without it.

Sailfest Volunteers Welcome

We just spent a couple of great months in the San Blas, and
are looking forward to getting back to Zihua for the February
1-6 cruiser SailFest. Is there anything we need to know or
can offer in the way of assistance?

We hope you have another great Ha-Ha and Puddle Jump.

Jim, Emma, Phoebe & Drake Mather
Blue Sky, Down East 45
Rendondo Beach

Dear Folks — Zihua SailFest is perhaps the most success-
ful cruiser fundraiser in Mexico, and serves a terrific cause,
which is the education of kids in the Zihua area who wouldn’t
otherwise get one. However, it’s almost entirely dependent on
a new group of cruisers taking charge and making it happen
each year. This being the case, it’s very helpful if some folks
can get to Zihua a month or so in advance and get the organi-
zational ball rolling. It’s important to note that all funds raised
have gotten matching grants in the past, so every dollar raised
really means two dollars have been raised.

Zihua SailFest was conceived as a lark by the Wanderer —
“Hey, for something different this season, let’s all sail down to
Zihua and have a three-day regatta and make it a little fund-
raiser for some good cause.” Based on that wisp of an idea,
some very talented, dedicated, and altruistic cruisers created
something terrific. And with each passing year, a mostly new
group of cruisers took over and built it into an even greater
event. If this is your year, your help will be greatly appreci-
ated.

Next Year’s Ha-Ha Dates Revealed

I’m starting to plan for next year’s Baja Ha-Ha, and am
wondering if the dates for Number 18 have been set yet. If
not, will you tell me when they’ll be announced?

Zach Sherry
El Cerrito

Zach — Just before heading off to hibernation until May 1,
the Ha-Ha folks told us that Ha-Ha 18 will depart San Diego
on October 24, 2011. We hope to see you there.

More to the Story Than Just the Facts

Oh, Wanderer, my friend, you are no expert on the topic of
U.S. fisheries. Your October issue response to P. Meyerhof,
who said world populations of shark have been decimated,
left out a ton of pertinent information.
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LETTERS

For instance, noting that only 25% of the amount of shark is being harvested now as compared with '01 leaves out the fact that there are now far fewer fishermen targeting shark, and far fewer commercial fishermen in California. It may be true that the greatest amount of shark was harvested in '82, but you have to remember that back then the season opened on May 1 and there were few restrictions. It was a decade later that all net fishing was banned in state waters, and California Fish & Game biologist Dennis Bedford banned all shark fishing within 75 miles of shore from May 1 to August 15, as this is when the thresher sharks come inshore to mate and bear their young.

Nowadays there is a huge sport fishery in Southern California that targets thresher sharks during, you guessed it, the May through August period when sharks come inshore to mate and bear their young.

You also need to note that in '00, shark fishing was closed from Pt. Sur to Newport, Oregon, effectively creating a pelagic fish reserve of tens of thousands of square miles.

Fisheries in California and the rest of U.S. are being managed under strict sustainable guidelines. But don’t take my word for it, call an official at the Department of Fish & Game.

Tim Mulcahy
F/V Calogera
Encinitas

---

Readers — Tim is right, after all these years we should have known that there would be much more to the story than just the basic facts. Our apologies. Tim is also right that he's an old friend. Although it's been more than 45 years, we can still remember paddling out on a big day at Rincon and seeing Tim charging down a steep face right at us. He's been fishing and we've been sailing almost ever since.

A YOGI-ISM ON HURRICANE SEASON

In the October 20 ‘Lectronic, you seemed to say that hurricane season was over. Well, it ain’t over until it’s over. In the first week of December of ‘82, there was a storm out of the southwest with 50 knots of wind and 18-ft seas at Cabo San Lucas that left two dozen boats on the beach, including Bernard Moisestier's famous Joshua. And, in October 30 of ‘84, the new Tule Bridge came down as a result of record wind and rain.

Anonymous
Planet Earth

---

Anonymous — We started that report by saying, "We're not knowledgeable enough to know if cooler than normal water temperatures are the cause, but it sure has been a mild hurricane season for Mexico." To us, that meant the hurricane season was still ongoing. It wasn’t as if we wrote, “...it sure was a mild hurricane season.” But we’ll try to be clearer in the future.

For the record, neither the ‘Storm of ‘82’ that hit Cabo, nor the one in October of ‘84 that brought down the Tule Bridge, was a hurricane nor was either associated with a tropical
In the case of the Cabo storm of ‘82, it came out of the east, not the southwest. Cabo — as folks who did this year’s Ha-Ha can tell you — is wide open to the east but, as you can see from the accompanying chart, is reasonably well protected from winds from the southwest.

Easterly winds are rare at Cabo, which is why so many cruisers — including the great Moitessier — were caught with their pants down in ‘82. We arrived at Cabo two days after the storm, covered the disaster extensively for Latitude, and even helped Bernard shovel a little sand out of Joshua before he sold her to ‘Rado the Swiss’ for $1. The consensus of those who had been on the hook was that the winds had topped out at about 45 knots during the 12 hours or so that it blew hard, and before it was over, well defined waves of 8 to 12 feet broke through the more shallow parts of the anchorage. Many of the boats that ended up on the beach did so only as a result of other boats dragging into them and/or pulling their anchors free.

Some people assume that tropical storms and hurricanes are the only wind dangers in the normally benign waters of the Pacific Coast of Mexico. That’s not true, as storm cells — often very small ones — have come through with devastating effect even during the normally mild winter months. For example, at the height of last year’s cruising season, Banderas Bay was hit by a brief storm cell that brought winds up to 70 knots. Fortunately no boats were lost, but heavy tepak furniture at condos out at Punta Mita was blown off balconies and into swimming pools. And in the spring of ‘01, the anchored fleet at Zihua was hit by a brief storm cell with winds in excess of 50 knots. In neither case was there much warning of what was to come.

When we did the Long Beach YC Rally/Race to Cabo in ’93, the fleet was briefly held up in Turtle Bay because a storm had devastated the Cape. It’s believed that 600 people living in the flood plain next to San Jose del Cabo were killed, scores of cars were flushed into the marina at Cabo, and the sea was littered with huge cacti, dead cattle and the like. Once again, this was not a tropical storm or hurricane.

Hurricane season means different things to different people. In the case of insurance companies that insure cruising boats, the season in Mexico is over by November 1 — or a week earlier for the boats entered in the Ha-Ha. For sportfishing boats in the Bisbee Black & Blue tournament, insurance is available even earlier. On the other hand, some weather folks say hurricane season doesn’t end until the middle or even the end of November. Of course, that doesn’t mean that there haven’t been hurricanes off the Pacific Coast of Mexico in December, just that they are very rare and haven’t had much punch. The good news is that, thanks to modern weather forecasting and communications, few mariners get caught by surprise these days.

Amy Boyer, Are You Out There?

Do you have contact info for Amy Boyer? Amy is my aunt and we lost touch after I moved to France 10 years ago. She skippered the Wilderness Little Rascal in the ‘70s while she was still a teen. That would make her 51 years old now. If you don’t know where she is, could you ask others if they do? Replies could be sent to me at powersparis@hotmail.com.

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reads Latitude from time to time, so there’s a decent chance you might hear from her.

For those not familiar with Amy, perhaps a little background is in order, as she was in the thick of the rapid evolution of Northern California sailing some 30+ years ago. In the spring of 77, former navy pilot, adventurer, and budding entrepreneur George Sigler started a sailing gear company of sorts in Oakland called Survival & Safety. In order to boost the outfit’s profile, he and his partner started the Singlehanded Farallones Race. It might seem laughable now, but this was in the early days of singlehanding, and many sailing experts thought the event represented the height of irresponsible seamanship and that many participants would die. As it turned out, the first fleet was a healthy one, but got creamed by winds to 45 knots and big seas. As we remember, there were about 70 entries, but only about a dozen — including Latitude columnist Max Ebb — finished. It was also noteworthy because Bill Lee, who had just launched the 67-ft Merlin, the first large ultralight sled, had the balls to singlehand his largely untested boat in such challenging conditions. Lee made the run home from the Farallones at an average of 14 knots while under greatly shortened white sails, and was first to finish by a large margin. In those days the race finished well down the Oakland Estuary because it was close to the Survival & Safety store.

Despite the fact that several boats were dismasted, at least one multihull flipped, and hardly anyone finished, the always enthusiastic Sigler thought the only logical next step was a singlehanded race to Hawaii. And thus the Singlehanded TransPac was born. Always looking to generate publicity, Sigler arranged for the cute, shapely, and adventurous 19-year Amy Boyer to sail in the event on a Freya 39 he had chartered. But just days before the start, Sigler chickened out, and gave the boat to Bill Collins, a school administrator from Berkeley. Seventeen or so days after the start, everyone but Collins had finished, and it was feared that he'd been lost at sea. In reality, in those pre-SatNav and pre-GPS days, Collins had sailed past Kauai, and needed several days to sail back upwind against the trades to the Hanalei Bay finish line. Collins, by the way, later moved to the U.S. Virgin Islands, where he became successful in a number of businesses, including a waterfront cart in Charlotte Amalie that served up the best damned BBQ in the Caribbean.

Having been yanked from the Singlehanded TransPac at the last minute, Boyer was as pissed as only a young woman of the '70s who felt she’d been discriminated against because of her gender could be. So when she learned that Norton Smith of Mill Valley, who had won the Singlehanded TransPac with his Santa Cruz 27 Solitaire, was having Tom Wylie design him the 20-ft American Express for the first ever Mini-Transat, from England to the Canary Islands and then from the Canary Islands to Antigua, she saw it as a way to prove herself and get the last laugh. Somehow she managed to scrape enough money together to buy the Wilderness 20 Little Rascal and ship her to the starting line in England.

Once again, it must be remembered that this was way back in the early days of singlehanded sailing, let alone singlehanding in very small boats from England to the Eastern Caribbean. By necessity, navigation was done with a sextant, and there
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December, 2010 • Latitude 38 • Page 65
was no radio communication with land or other competitors. Reliable EPIRBs didn't exist. Boyer did herself — as well as her youth and gender — proud with fine finishes in both legs. Smith, of course, won the whole dang thing.

Little Rascal was brought back to the West Coast so Boyer could compete in the '80 Singlehanded TransPac. She finished second in class and third overall, but was still too young to legally drink champagne to celebrate her finish. To our knowledge, that was the last time she was in the sailing spotlight.

Had Boyer been French and sailing out of France, she would have become a household name, if not a national hero. In the United States, she and her noteworthy achievements became known to only a few.

⇑⇓

“THANKS FOR PLAYING SUCH A HUGE ROLE”

I saw the report in the November 12 'Lectronic that Lake County's Sheriff Rod Mitchell was ousted by voters last month after 16 years in office. Apparently a lot of Lake County residents believed he'd gone too far in protecting Deputy Russell Perdock, his number two man, after Perdock slammed his powerboat into a sailboat on a black night, resulting in the death of sailor Lynn Thornton.

Latitude 38 played a huge role in overcoming the extreme prejudice and injustice of the case. As an old sailor, I want to thank you for your journalistic dedication to truth, justice and the American way. You guys and gals are super people.

Fred Frey
San Mateo County

Fred — Thank you so much for the compliments. It's not so much that we overcame prejudice and injustice, but rather we were instrumental in beating the drum so that the facts of the case became better and more widely known.

As most readers know, on the pitch black evening of April 29, 2006, on Clear Lake in Lake County, Deputy Sheriff Russell Perdock slammed his personal speedboat at a very high speed into the side of a near stationary O'Day 27, Beats Workin' II, with Bismarck Dinius at the helm, at very high speed. Fifty-one-year-old Lynn Thornton, a guest on the sailboat, suffered such severe injuries that she died three days later.

Defying all common sense, Dinius, who did nothing wrong and could have done nothing to prevent the accident, was charged with manslaughter by Lake County District Attorney Jon E. Hopkins, while Perdock, who admitted to driving blind, wasn't charged at all. Charges were later reduced to felony BUI resulting in death, and Dinius was ultimately acquitted last year, but the cost of his defense left him broke. It was, in our opinion, one of the most heinous travesties of justice, and has greatly diminished our confidence in the integrity of law enforcement and government.

⇑⇑

IT AIN'T NO BIG THANG

I laughed heartily at the 'Heads Up — No Paper in the Toilet' letter. We sail an '83 Catalina 38, which is roughly the same size and vintage that the anonymous author of the letter said he and his lady were thinking about buying and going cruising on. From the get-go, the rule on this, our first sailboat, has been, 'If you haven't eaten it or drunk it, it doesn't go in the head.' We reinforce this rule with a threat: anyone who clogs the head gets to help us dismantle and unclog it. The policy has worked for us.

We keep a small, opaque, lidded and plastic bag-lined garbage can in our head — exactly like the one in the photo of Profligate's head. And we make sure that everyone on board
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– Steve

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knows they are to use it for toilet paper, seasick bags (plastic newspaper bags, on our boat) or personal hygiene products of any kind. It’s emptied daily into the main garbage bin in the galley, and if we’re nowhere near proper shoreside garbage disposal, it goes into the deep lazarette.

Perhaps Anonymous doesn’t realize how small the head outlet hose is. It’s about one-fourth the area — in cross-section — of a shoreside sewer line, and therefore correspondingly easier to clog — especially when you consider how many people regularly use enough TP per sitting to wipe a few dozen dirty bums.

We don’t get grossed out putting TP in the basket. After all, whatever goes into the head garbage bin is something that just came out of us, and thus not likely to poison us — or even give us cooties. There’s antibacterial soap in the head which, of course, we always use after a sitting on the throne.

Use the inside shower on a boat in the tropics? Why?! For us, one of great delights of being in the tropics is the daily ritual of jumping overboard into 80˚ water, lathering up on the swim step, jumping back overboard to rinse, and finishing with a freshwater rinse on the transom. We wouldn’t have it any other way!

My spouse and I have been together for 17 years, and therefore know just about everything there is to know about each other’s not-so-pretty animal functions that many Americans try to pretend don’t exist. We’re also familiar with the smells, noises, and visuals. It’s called living together. And life is even more intimate on a sailboat — or indeed, on any boat smaller than Maltese Falcon.

Cruising on a boat the size of ours is very much like camping. We actually call it aqua-camping — and we love it! If Anonymous wants to buy a floating hotel, he will have to look a lot higher in the price range. A few mil should do it.

P.S. Love Latitude!

Kim Cordes
Concord

Peggy — The ‘camping’ description reminds us of a comment in Latitude a few months back by Jane Pimentel, who is cruising the Med with her husband and two boys aboard their Leopard 47 Azure. The family also has a Cal 40 in California. Jane described cruising on the Cal 40 as camping on the water, and cruising aboard their catamaran as being like RV-ing on the water.

DAN’S THE MAN

There is a DAN (Diver’s Alert Network) insurance plan that includes a clause for $10,000 of coverage in the event of a non-diving accident. I use that policy while traveling, and even while living on our boat in Mexico. Just to make sure I was covered, I specifically told a DAN rep that I was seeking coverage for a possible non-diving accident while living/visiting out of the country. They confirmed that their policy covered it.

P.S. Love Latitude!

Kim Cordes
Concord

Kim — Thanks for the kind words and information. There are many places in the world where $10,000 of health coverage would go a long way. For the record, DAN is a non-profit company that primarily provides 24/7 diving accident medical consultations, as well as low-cost medevac insurance. Several Latitude readers who are DAN members report very positive experiences with their coverage.
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CAREENING IN CALI

For those who might be interested, I’ve enclosed some photos of a haulout technique we’ve used in both Mexico and Northern California.

The first photo shows some planks on the beach at low tide, weighted down and ready for the tide to come up. In the background are the anchor lines already run out approximately 300 feet to the port and starboard sides of Ingwe, a 38-ft wood Atkins Ingrid ketch. I dug the anchors into the sand and made sure they were firmly set. The anchor rode was connected to the halyards, then winched up very tight. Before the water level dropped too far, we tried to break it out by jumping the lines while keeping an eye on our anchors, which were set toward the high tide line. The lines didn’t give and the anchors looked good, so we sat back and waited for the tide to drop.

The second photo shows the boat upright on the beach. With the tide dropping, she was ready for painting. The final photo shows the last of the paint going on. The plank under the gunwale was there to make us feel better; the anchor rodes to the masthead did all the work of keeping the boat upright.

The hardware, halyards, and rodes all, of course, have to be in excellent shape in order to do this, but if the boat is kept as upright as possible, the loads involved are actually very low. In fact, the biggest load would be created by wind on the beam, but masts are strong enough to take it.

The only proviso is that the beach needs to be very firm. No mud allowed!

Sorry that the photos aren’t better.

Jay Gardner

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Jay — The other probable requirement is that no government officials see you. We’re not sure where you could do something like this with your boat in California anymore. A friend had his cat sit on her keels when the tide went out at Catalina in order to simply change the oil in a saildrive unit, and was promptly told that this was a ‘no-no’. Has anyone been more successful recently?

A NEW PLAN FOR THE ALA WAI

I just finished reading the ‘yardage’ you gave Ala Wai Yacht Harbor in Honolulu. I’m going to copy it and send it to Governor Linda Lingle’s office with a cover letter. Several years ago, I wrote the governor about the need to do something about improving Ala Wai Yacht Harbor. I received a nice reply, but no action. All the credit for the improvements that have happened so far must be given to the late Roy Disney, who wrote much the same that I did, but actually got some action. The result is that we now have new slips to replace the ones we had installed 40 years ago when I was Commodore of the Hawaii YC.

Back in the ’70s, the Harbor’s Commission presented a plan that didn’t make much sense, so we formed a committee of yachtsmen — including John Guzzwell — and presented an alternate plan that was accepted. What we have in that part of the Ala Wai now is very nice, but the rest of the harbor has an increasing number of slips that have been condemned and are empty — despite the fact that there continues to be a long waiting list for slips. I haven’t heard of any plans to repair the condemned slips or build new ones.

By the way, a fellow who wrote in identified himself as a member of the ‘Honolulu YC.’ You said you’d never heard of it and couldn’t find any mention of it on the internet. I was the Commodore of the Honolulu YC in ’45-’46. The club was taken over to be a crash boat station during World War II, and they built us a structure that stood on the current site of the Ilikai Hotel next to the marina. It was very nice, with showers and storage lockers. We had to vacate the building after the war, and I sold the cinder brick flooring to the boys who were forming the Waikiki YC. The Waikiki YC has done very well in the years since then.

I’ll soon be sending you a report on my efforts to get the TransPac Headquarters building — which I was instrumental in getting built in ’67 — fixed up. Right now, it looks like some of the worst buckets tied up in the harbor, and I hope you might be able to give the cause a push. The various clubs are trying to raise money for the job, and as we built it ourselves, we should be maintaining it.

You will note that I now live in the Northwest. I moved here in ’80 after living in Hawaii for 38 years and raising a family there. They all ended up here after college, so I followed them to stay close. But I still get over to Hawaii and try to help the cause. By the way, I sailed in the ’53 and ’67 TransPacs, and the ’70 and ’72 Congressional Cup Races. I’m now 87, but still enjoy keeping tabs on it all.

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**alaska eagle migrates south**

*Alaska Eagle*, the S&S 65 that’s served as the flagship of Orange Coast College’s School of Sailing & Seamanship since she was donated in 1982, set sail from Newport Beach on October 30 for an eight-month sail training circumnavigation of South America. After more than half a million miles under her keel — and that’s just during training voyages — *Eagle* is still going strong, and will host more than 60 students on the eight legs that make up her ‘South American Adventure’. The first leg was a three-week nonstop to Easter Island that ended with the happy and healthy arrival of the crew on November 23.

“The purpose of the voyage is to instruct our students in all aspects of passagemaking and exploring remote areas,” said veteran *Eagle* skipper Karen Prioleau. “Each leg of the voyage offers an incredible learning experience, but there’s a lot of work and discomfort that goes into it. This is not a luxury cruise, that’s for sure. When you’re...
justice

days later. Despite the fact that Perdock was traveling at speeds of over 45 mph on a pitch black night, investigators seemingly never even considered him to be at fault, instead focusing their attention on the couple of beers the sailboat’s helmsman, Bismarck Dinius, had consumed that night.

The case against Dinius, prosecuted by outgoing District Attorney Jon E. Hopkins — he was voted out of office during the primaries in June — culminated on August 20, 2009 with ‘not guilty’ verdicts on charges including felony BUI resulting

not on watch, you may be in a group practicing celestial navigation, steering or you may be helping repair a sail. Students bring books and iPods, but much of their down time is spent trying to catch up on sleep.”

Leg Two, a three-week jaunt from fabled Rapa Nui to Puerto Montt, Chile, that was slated to start on November 24 (as this issue was going to press), is being led by veteran Eagle co-skippers Rich and Sheri Crowe. From Puerto Montt, Eagle will head down the breathtaking Chilean canals to Argentina and Cape Horn. The most grueling leg will undoubtedly be the 800-mile Southern Ocean passage from Cape Horn to the sub-Antarctic island of South Georgia. After exploring Ernest Shackleton’s old stomping grounds, Eagle will fly up to Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro and the West Indies before transiting the Canal and heading home. She’s scheduled to arrive back in Newport Beach on June 15.

In this age of social networking, keeping up with the onboard goings-on has never been easier. You can ‘like’ their Facebook page (www.facebook.com/pages/Newport-Beach-CA/Alaska-Eagle/311684590583) and get frequent position reports and updates loaded right on to your news feed. Of course their Facebook postings are fed to their Twitter account (www.twitter.com/AlaskaEagle), if you prefer tweeting, and more in-depth logs by various crewmembers can be found on OCC’s website (www.occsailing.com/taxonomy/term/18).

— ladonna

sound signals on the bay

In last month’s Letters, the Publisher wrote a response detailing the meanings of various sound signals that commercial vessels make to communicate with other traffic. A number of astute readers pointed out that perhaps the Wanderer should have done a little more research before publishing his response — and he agrees. The most informative note we received came from Capt. Mark Hensley, an instructor at California Maritime Academy. Given the fact that Mark not only holds a USCG Master license but spent 20 years working on oil tankers — half of them as Master (ie, Captain) — we’ll gladly defer to his expertise:

‘I’m an avid reader of Latitude 38 and have had Doña de Mallorca and Andy Turpin as students in the OUPV/100 Ton Master course that I teach at California Maritime Academy. But I would like to point out a few errors in Latitude’s response.

‘In the bullets, you note ‘One short blast: I’m changing course to starboard’ and ‘Two short blasts: I’m changing course to port.’ That is true under the International Rules but not the Inland Rules, and the Inland Rules apply on the Bay. The difference between the two sets of rules is that the International Rules are rules of action — as in ‘I am changing course, etc.’ — whereas the Inland Rules are rules of intent — as in ‘One short blast means I intend to leave you on my port side.’ There doesn’t even need to be a course change. See Rule 34 in the Rules of the Road.

‘The danger signal in Rule 34(d) is ‘at least five short and rapid blasts on the whistle,’ not the five prolonged blasts you indicated. In
signals — cont’d

addition, the overtaking signals you mentioned were for the International Rules, not the Inland Rules.

"Now on to the issue of a preemptive blast. The Inland Rules require that, when a power-driven vessel intends to overtake another power-driven vessel where the Inland Rules apply, the overtaking vessel sound either one or two shorts blasts to signal intention; the Inland Rules are silent when a power-driven vessel is overtaking a sailing vessel.

"You were spot on about not sounding the whistle all the time. Despite what the Rules say, it just isn’t done customarily. But should there be a collision, you can bet that any vessel required under the Rules to sound a signal would be found at fault for failure to do so, despite the common practice of not sounding the whistle.

"And this brings me to one other minor point: the sound producing device. The Rules refer to them as ‘whistles’, not horns. In a maritime setting, the term ‘horn’ refers to sound-producing devices found on aids to navigation.

"A sailboat’s being in the wrong place at the wrong time is addressed in Rule 9(b) of the Inland Rules, where ‘A vessel of less than 20 meters in length or a sailing vessel shall not impede the passage of a vessel that can safely navigate only within a narrow channel or fairway.’ The USCG COTP (Captain of the Port) has designated all waters inside the Pt. Bonita-to-Mile Rock demarcation line to be a ‘narrow channel’.

"To wrap this up, I’ve been out there on San Francisco and San Pablo Bays as both master of a large oil tanker and as a recreational sailor, so I’ve been on both sides of the equation. Believe me, no tanker wants to run over some Cal 20, even if the Cal’s doing everything wrong. That could end a master’s career.”

We’d like to thank Mark for sharing his expertise on this topic, and to remind everyone that, when you’re out sailing on the Bay, there’s no substitute for keeping an eye out — especially behind you.

— ladonna

pirate captives released after a year

"We are happy to be alive, happy to be here, desperate to see our family,” said British sailor Rachel Chandler at a news conference in Mogadishu. She and her husband Paul were finally released on November 15, after being held captive by Somali pirates for 388 days.

The couple’s Rival 38 sailboat Lynn Rival was hijacked last year while en route from the Seychelles to Eastern Africa, and until now, a series of efforts to negotiate their release proved fruitless. Theirs was one of the longest ordeals of incarceration by any sailors or professional mariners since the current era of piracy began. According to ITN News, a total of $800,000 was given to their captors before the Chandlers’ release was eventually granted. “We’ve been a year with criminals, and that’s not a very nice thing to be doing,” said Mrs. Chandler. She and her husband each spent three months of their ordeal in solitary confinement.

Initial reports from the Associated Press and others did not mention the fate of the Chandlers’ boat, which we assume is unrecoverable. According to news reports at the time of their capture, the boat and cruising kitty represented much of the couple’s life savings. They had begun their cruise in Europe, traveled through the Med, then south into the Red Sea, through the notorious Gulf of Aden, and across the Arabian Sea to India before heading west again toward Africa.

— andy
justice — cont’d

in death. It seems that, with Perdock’s firing from the department this April, justice has finally won a trifecta.

Meanwhile, Bismarck Dinius is still struggling to pay his monumental legal bills after having been out of work for years due to the case, but the future is beginning to brighten. “I just got my insurance broker’s license and am starting a new insurance business,” he told us last month. Hopefully sailors will be eager to use his services once he’s up and running.

— ladonna

the loss of Tachyon

At roughly 4:30 a.m. on November 1, the Vallejo-based Downeast 38 Tachyon was driven aground on a gently shoaling sand beach, roughly four miles north of the Bahia Santa Maria anchorage. Coincidentally, most of the 155-boat Baja Ha-Ha fleet had arrived there the previous day. One Ha-Ha boat crew that was still at sea heard the mayday from Tachyon’s skipper, Mark Cholewinski, who was aboard alone. Cholewinski describes how the tragedy happened:

“The chart plotter showed the light on the point just north of the bay, and the autopilot faithfully maintained the course I trusted to bring me to the entrance of the anchorage. A nice NW breeze and double-reefed main kept us moving at about five knots. I was dozing lightly in the cockpit, waiting for enough light to safely enter what, to me, was a strange anchorage. Unfortunately, I wasn’t fully aware

continued on outside column of next sightings page
of the strength of the currents in this area, which is also very shallow far out. Daybreak gave testimony to this by revealing the remains of a cargo ship and, within a few miles, the hulls of three other sailboats.

"Although I was on the 'correct' course, the current and wind pushed me too far to the east. I awoke to the noise of the keel hitting bottom and the roar of the surf. I immediately tried to recover but the elements worked against me and I was washed farther ashore. Around 5:30 a.m. I sent a mayday requesting assistance."

The Ha-Ha committee boat, *Profligate*, sped up the coast along with two other boats to determine the likelihood of pulling the sloop back into navigable waters. But prospects looked bleak, as the shallows extended far offshore, and *Tachyon* was up near the high tide line. So, with Cholewinski’s approval, the committee called for vol-

**DETOUR, MI** — Andre Cheatom, 19, was sentenced last month to 18 months in jail and three years supervised release, and ordered to pay more than $14,000 in restitution for making false distress calls to the Coast Guard. Cheatom admitted that, in July ’09, he was “bored and drunk,” so he borrowed his girlfriend’s cell phone to call 9-1-1, saying he “threw the baby and mother into the Detroit River.” Apparently, when an operator called the phone back, a woman answered, laughed and hung up. Without confirmation that the call was a hoax, the Coast Guard launched a one-hour search. Authorities
eventually tracked down Cheatom, who admitted the call was a joke. Good one.

**Detroit, MI** — There must be something in the water in Detroit because another resident, 32-year-old Craig Sanders, is facing similar charges for what authorities say was a prank call that resulted in an eight-hour search of Lake Erie. Prosecutors charge that, on March 11, Sanders called the Coast Guard on a borrowed cell phone falsely claiming that his boat had capsized. A 93-mile helo search — costing somewhere in the range of $53,000 — ensued. Investigators continued in middle column of next sightings page

When it became clear that “Tachyon” was a loss, off came the big stuff.

During this time,” explains Cholewinski. “I was being pushed farther ashore by the latter part of a rising tide and the hull was now pounding on the sand and rolling from side to side on her keel. Around 8 a.m., the first of a party that eventually reached more than 50 people arrived and suggested that we begin to strip the boat. My hope, of course, was to get her off the beach so I wanted to remove only the most valuable items for safekeeping on shore. However, the majority of the rescue party saw what I didn’t want to see. Namely, that the boat was lost and everything should be stripped before it was too late. At the end of the afternoon, after a heroic effort working on a severely listing boat, nearly everything of value was removed and placed in piles on the beach.”

About that time, local sportfishing operator Robert Hoyt of Mag Bay Outfitters arrived with a team of men in several trucks, and he was cautiously optimistic about the possibility of refloating the hull, as high tides would be increasing throughout the week.

“I spent the night aboard, sick at heart and discouraged,” recalls Cholewinski, “but somewhat hopeful that she could be set free. At 10 p.m., I awoke to the sound of people climbing aboard and scary thoughts began to run through my mind. As it turned out, these were part of a group of Marines that were sent to question me, set up a camp, and stand guard over the rescue effort.”

Hoyt and his crew returned the next day with additional anchors and long lines. Over the next three days and nights they worked selflessly to refloat the hull — at one point almost sinking their own boat in the process. Ultimately, though, they had to give up, as the increasing tides eventually restricted their ability to travel down the beach, and the punishing flailing of the boat in the surf gradually caused her to open up.

Thoughout the ordeal, Cholewinski remained stoic and strong. After stowing his valuables in Hoyt’s compound at the little town of Lopez Mateo, he hitched a ride north to San Diego and caught a flight home to the Bay, where he is now weighing his options. Because he was singlehanding, of course, the hull could not be insured.

Although the shipwrecked sailor was naturally distraught over his loss, he was also deeply touched by the efforts made to help him — especially by Hoyt and his men, who put their own safety at risk. “The men operating those vehicles were utterly amazing. Driving on this beach in the middle of a moonless, foggy night, maneuvering between the waves and dunes, appeared to require nerves of steel. Yet they approached this with the calm of years of experience. I have never before been afforded such help and comfort by anyone anywhere. These people are truly misrepresented by the US media.

“Another group to whom I owe a debt of gratitude that I can only hope to repay are the members of the Baja Ha-Ha 2010. It was an awe-inspiring sight to witness more than 50 fellow sailors arrive by foot and car to work together for a common cause.”

After years of planning and preparation, Cholewinski was finally heading off to pursue his cruising dreams. If you’d like contribute to the effort to get him sailing again, you may reach him at fanwhan@hotmail.com.

— Andy
join the club

While we were surfing the interweb looking for racing results recently, something on two yacht clubs’ websites caught our attention: offers of waived or deeply discounted initiation fees for new members. For a limited time, Berkeley YC will be waiving what’s typically a $500 initiation fee, and Santa Cruz YC is offering a “drastically reduced” fee — which would normally range from $1,000 to $2,000. It turns out they aren’t the only two. Contrary to a pervasive and inaccurate stereotype, most yacht clubs are warm and welcoming. Many clubs also extend reciprocal privileges to other clubs, meaning that no matter where you are in the world, or what club you hail from, as long as you’re near a body of water, you’re likely to find one that will take you in. It doesn’t matter whether you race, cruise or daysail, yacht clubs are the foundation of your sport. They’re hands-down the best place to find experiences, like-minded people whose brains you can pick, and they’re a great place to find rides and crew. With all these things in mind, we fired up the bat signal — ‘Lectronic Latitude — in an effort to get clubs to let us know

shorts

say they later found that Sanders had made a number of other prank calls the same night. Three other people have been charged with making false statements during the investigation.

CLEVELAND, MI — Apparently that bad water just gets worse on the other side of the state. Last month, Cheboygan resident Wayne Duffiney, 60, was sentenced to 50 months in prison and ordered to pay $57,000 in restitution to the Coast Guard after he sank his boat in Lake Huron in May ’07. The punishment seems a little harsh compared to the crime until you learn that the otherwise law-abiding Duffiney fled to Costa Rica after his ’09 conviction of “violating the...
federal Clean Water Act by discharging pollutants into the navigable waters of the United States: sinking or causing the sinking of *Misty Morning* in the navigable channels of Lake Huron; and of failing to mark the sunken vessel with navigation aids after it was sunk in the navigation channel of Lake Huron.” Prosecutors say he was apprehended with a plane ticket to Cuba in his pocket.

It seems that Duffiney’s boat had been set on fire by an arsonist years earlier, but the destroyed boat remained in Duffiney’s driveway. One report said that, when the city told Duffiney to move the hulk, he dragged it down the road on its side and

• First of all, *Berkeley* YC’s financial incentive is “only part of a vibrant program to attract new members,” according to the club’s Greg Davids. “We’re including a broader offering of events within sailing, boating, and general good fun, along with offering a wider variety of sailing competition.”

• *Encinal* YC’s membership grew significantly this year, something its leadership is proud of, given the economy. In late ’09, the club members lowered their initiation fee to $250, an incentive they say won’t last forever.

• *Treasure Island* YC is having a membership drive for Regular memberships in addition to accepting applications for Corinthian and Non-Resident memberships. For Regular memberships, the initiation fee is waived if the first six months’ dues are paid in advance.

• *Alameda* YC charges only $100 initiation and $35 a month dues. “Our price is our promotion,” says Commodore Curtis King. “The mem-

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November saw some of the most spectacular weather on the Bay all year, and no way were (l to r) ‘Flyer’, ‘Pursuit’, ‘Spearhead’, ‘Avanti’, and ‘Don’t Stop’ about to pass up the chance for a gorgeous sail.
bership is rich in both yachtsmen and marine professionals from the local boatyards. We are open every day due to our low overhead.”
- Want a new place for your boat? Oakland YC will waive the initiation fee if the new member will keep their boat in the YC’s harbor.
- Vallejo YC is teaming with Mission Solano on a Toys for Teens campaign. Donate a new toy and receive $100 off the initiation fee through December 23. The club also hosts membership specials at least once a month offering $50-$100 or more off the sliding scale fee (based on age) that starts at $175.
- Caliente Isle YC (Bethel Island) is waiving their initiation fee through December.
- Martinez YC is offering 1/2 off the initiation fee through the end of the year.
- Tahoe YC is revising and expanding its membership levels to appeal to a greater variety of potential members, including younger ones. It’s also creating a Spring Membership Campaign that will feature a half-price initiation fee for three months in the spring of ‘11, and incentives for members who sponsor friends for memberships.
- Lahaina (Hawaii) YC is waiving initiation fees with the proviso that the member must volunteer for three events in the fiscal year.
- If you’re planning on spending any time cruising mainland Mexico, you may like to know that Vallarta YC’s new membership special of half-price initiation fees runs through December 31.
- Alamitos Bay YC in Long Beach is offering a 50% discount on membership fees to all former members who wish to rejoin.

What these responses tell us is that clubs are actively looking at ways to build their memberships and that they’re getting creative in coming up with ways to do so. Also, the level of outreach is buoying; it makes us think that the stereotype of a yacht club as a stuffy place has a worthwhile foe: yacht clubs. Each of these clubs has a website — you can find links to them all on our Links page at www.latitude38.com — with all the pertinent info. What are you waiting for? Look for a club that’s right for you and join up.

— rob

green, and proud of it!

“We just dropped Maltese Falcon’s anchor in the harbor of St. Barth after almost exactly 16 days of sailing from Gibraltar,” writes Tom Perkins of Belvedere. “We sailed every inch of the way, and remained totally ‘green’, although at times it meant we had quite a difficult time maintaining our speed. We had no tradewinds; the hurricanes in the western Atlantic and Caribbean totally disrupted the normal Atlantic wind pattern. As a result, we had to find our way through some baffling low troughs drifting across our course.

“We sailed every point on our polars, and at times our speed dropped to only three knots. But we always kept sailing. Our top speed was a brief 18 knots, nowhere near Falcon’s potential. We did, however, finish with a good breeze, and made a great show of sailing around St. Barth, among a racing fleet, until we got to our spot to anchor. We dropped the hook at midday in bright sunshine.

“We averaged 10.25 knots for the 3,900-nautical miles passage, during which time we only burned 11,000 liters of fuel for the generators. To put this in context, 11,000 liters is about five hours worth of fuel for a big motoryacht travelling at a similar speed. Maltese Falcon is unquestionably the greenest large yacht ever created. Her unique sails, which now have some 90,000 miles on them, still look brand new. Because of the freestanding masts and Dyna-Rig concept, there

continued on outside column of next sightings page

shorts

dumped it in the lake. He went back later to retrieve the boat, but authorities said the damage was done and they filed charges.

PAMLICO, NC — USCGA instructor David Gerdesman, 61, died on October 17 during a daysail with his wife and friends after he was struck in the head with the boom and knocked overboard. A crewmember retrieved Gerdesman but he could not be revived.

WORLDWIDE — Many cruisers bound for foreign lands invest in the very effective Rosetta Stone language-learning program without knowing that the CEO...
— cont’d

of the company is a sailor, too. In a recent USA Today interview about the success of the company and its product, Tom Adams — who was born in Sweden, raised in France and Britain, and has spent his life traveling the globe — revealed that one of his biggest lifetime accomplishments came in 2000, when he sailed across the Atlantic from the Canaries on a 45-ft boat. No word if Adams sails out of his Virginia homebase, but it couldn’t hurt to ask him to go daysailing with you the next time you see him roaming the docks.

— ladonna

green — cont’d

has been no wear, tear, or chafe, as would have been found on a normal sailing yacht.

“IT’S NOT a modest thing to say, but my creation remains an unrivaled masterpiece!

“I am very happy that Elena, who bought Falcon from me, permitted me to charter my old boat. Open sea passages are the sailing I most love, and this trip has been a highlight for me. I also want to thank the crew of Falcon, who made life such a pleasure for me on the crossing.”

We love the way that Tom is so proud of the boat he created. And no matter whether or not you agree with his evaluation that Falcon is an “unrivaled masterpiece,” there is no contesting that she’s been by far the most talked about large sailing yacht . . . well, maybe ever.
Further, you have to admire someone who was willing to bet somewhere in the range of $100 million of his own money on a completely unproven concept: a concept that, had it failed, would have rendered the yacht almost worthless. And lastly, it should be remembered that this wasn’t a case of Perkins giving the builder, Perini Navi, a mountain of money and some plans, and telling them to call when the boat was done. No, Perini Navi told Perkins that if he wanted a Dyna-Rig, he’d have to do all the research — right there about $10 million — build the masts, yards, and everything else, and then make it all work.

Perkins believed in the unproven concept, put up his money, built the rig, and made it all work. As magnificent as Falcon is, to us, that’s the biggest story of all.

— richard

Love was in the air — and in the surf — when the Baja Ha-Ha fleet pulled into Cabo San Lucas last month. Not surprisingly, it’s always easy to find eager contestants for the event’s annual ‘From Here to Eternity’ Kissing Contest.

The rules are simple: wade into the surf with someone you kind of like, and do your best to make like Burt Lancaster and Deborah Kerr. The competition is always fierce, but as you can see, in this contest, everyone comes away a winner.

— ladonna

There’s just something about skimpy bikinis, rolling surf and sunny skies that gets folks feeling all romantic.
Loss of youthful imagination, it’s often said, is one of the dangers of the contemporary approach to child-rearing, where many parents are content to let their kids spend leisure time zoning out in front of mind-numbing electronic media. A generation ago, when most kids weren’t even allowed in the house until dinner was ready, imaginations seemed to work overtime. Just reading a book could spawn elaborate fantasies — such as sailing the world in a small boat.

So perhaps 18-year-old Garrett Jolly really belongs in another era. He grew up in Los Osos, along Morro Bay, and always loved being around the water. After reading Robin Lee Graham’s best-selling epic *Dove* at age 10, he started dreaming about having his own adventures on the ocean. His first boat was an abandoned Sabot that he dug out of a sandy hill, then learned to sail by trial and error.

When Garrett was 15, his family took a Windjammer Cruise to Aruba, and during the trip he met Ruth Oberting of Napa, who was about his age. They hit it off and kept in touch after returning home. According to Ruth, maintaining a long-range romance seemed impractical, but Garrett was persistent and persuasive.

Fast forward to last year when the young lovers had graduated from high school and were together again. Garrett’s sailing dreams had been gaining momentum, as he’d been working part time as a sailing instructor at the Morro Bay YC, in addition to picking up work on boats whenever he could. He heard about an old Cal 30 — one of the original MK1s — for sale for $4,000 in Santa Barbara, and made a deal to buy her, apparently with Ruth’s blessings.

The maiden voyage north to Morro Bay aboard *Black Pearl* took three days, as they were walloped by 40-knot headwinds off Point Conception and had to take shelter at Cojo. Once they got *Pearl* safely home, they hardly knew where to begin. Garrett revamped the electrical system and upgraded the electronics, in addition to installing both mainsail and headsail furling. The biggest challenge, though, was pulling the original Atomic 4 gas engine and installing a used diesel that he’d picked up for $500 — the process took six months.

As the refit progressed, so did the couple’s wanderlust. In January they started fantasizing about doing the Ha-Ha, and by June they were fully committed. On the way south they finally did their first haulout at Santa Barbara. As they feared, there was a veritable “coral reef” on the bottom, with growth going all the way into the gel coat.

"The trip to San Diego was uneventful," recalls Garrett, "except for that lightning storm off Marina del Rey." They started the Ha-Ha last month as one of the youngest pairs of sailors — if not the youngest — ever to participate on their own. They did some motoring on the first leg but, due to frustration with their improperly pitched prop, vowed to sail from anchorage to anchorage for the rest of the rally. "It took us two hours to sail out of Turtle Bay," Ruth remembers, "as we watched the rest of the fleet pull away from us."

On the final leg, from Bahia Santa Maria to Cabo, they spent “two full days bobbing around with no wind,” but got their hook down in time to attend the Awards Ceremony — which is not something that every Hawaii racer can say.

When we caught up with them at the end of the rally, they were weary, but obviously immensely proud of their accomplishment. "It’s an awesome feeling to be our age and be totally in charge of our lives," says Garrett. Their cruising kitty only has $800 left in it, but Ruth’s car is also for sale back home. And if they run out of mon-
SIGHTINGS

dream it — cont’d

ey, they figure they’ll just find some sort of work — somewhere. Besides, they’ve gotten used to frugal living. As we chatted with them over breakfast, they seemed to be enjoying their meal so thoroughly you’d have thought they were eating filet mignon instead of pancakes. “Yeah,” explained Ruth, “this is delicious. With no refrigeration or even an ice box onboard, it’s pretty much been Cup-a-Soups the whole way!”

— andy

latitude’s gift list twist

As much as we love the holidays, shopping for gifts just plain sucks. Especially for that certain someone who has everything, needs nothing, but expects something. If that person is a sailor, perhaps our twist on a gift list will help. If that sailor is you, make your loved ones’ lives easier by circling the items on this list you’d like to receive.

• If you have female crew aboard your head-les race boat, the GoGirl ($10 at www.go-girl.com) does a terrific job of balancing between the ‘gag’ and ‘practical’ gift categories. The rubber funnel fits snugly against your crew’s, um, special place, allowing her to do her ‘business’ standing up. The reusable GoGirl comes in a compact tube, and includes a plastic bag and, very considerately, a tissue for wiping.

• Is your recipient thinking about joining her local yacht club? Pick up a pre-paid debit card loaded with part or all of their initiation fee, then implore the cosmic forces not to allow the recipient use it at the local medical cannabis dispensary instead.

• A good-quality multi-tool or rigging knife ($10-100) is an invaluable tool, and a sailor can never have too many. Just remember, if you’re planning on accidentally flying with it, make sure its sharpest edge is opened outwards when the TSA agent goes for your junk.

• Just what every beer-swilling sailor needs: a ring that doubles as a bottle opener. The Cap’n Ring ($7 at www.shockles.com) is the mullet of jewelry: business in front, party in the back! The top of the man-sized 316 stainless steel ring looks like a plain band, but turn your hand over and that’s where the party starts.

• Do you know a reluctantly aspiring ocean racer who has seized on the excuse of “all the stupid new safety regulations” as their cop-out for not taking the plunge and going outside the Gate? Buy him or her a GPS-equipped 406 MHz PLB or float-free EPIRB ($200-1,000).

• Taylor Made offers a full line of flags and pennants, including novelty flags for just about anyone — even cat lovers. Go to www.taylormadeproducts.com for the selection and then have your local chandlery order it for you for about $15.

• Give someone the gift of a day of sailing, especially if she’s hot. If she objects, try it on one of her friends and tell her it’s the latest in environmentally-friendly salty hair treatments. Afterward, make a gentlemanly offer to help her rinse it out in the yacht club shower, so it doesn’t get in her eyes.

• If you’re already hooked up, but your lady is more interested in a night out with the gals than a romp on the Bay aboard your boat, combine the two and give her a girls’ night out on the boat. Channel your inner ‘queer eye’ and pretty up your boat’s interior — tablecloth, martini glasses, smelly candles, maybe some twinkle lights — then stock up on frou-frou cheeses, fruit and some good wine. If conditions are mellow, take them on a short sail, making sure you play the faithful cabin boy. We guarantee you’ll reap serious rewards.

• No gift list would be complete without some reading material. Here are a handful of interesting books that have passed through the office

continued on outside column of next sightings page

call for a sailing

In July, we put out a call for a sailing host family for German exchange student Viviane Farke. She found one and we’ll bring you a full report on how she and her ‘family’ are doing in an upcoming issue, but Cheryl Williams, the placement coordinator who contacted us about Vivi, reports that another young German sailor is hoping for a sailing host family as well.

Naomi Wolf, 15, lives near Heidelberg with her parents and younger brother. She’s been sailing since she was six, and
**host family**

sails the river Neckar as well as summer trips on the Med. She and her dad compete regularly in regattas, and Naomi teaches sailing to young kids at her club. She’s an A student, plays piano and bass (she’s even a member of a band), and loves swimming, tennis, and snow skiing.

Naomi will arrive in the U.S. in January, and needs a host family for the spring semester. If you’re interested, contact Cheryl at cheryl@inter-ed.org or (559) 940-4713.

— ladonna

**gift list — cont’d**

over the past year: *Black Feathers* ($21) by Robert & Jeanne Crawford, documenting his effort in the ’08 Singlehanded TransPac; *A Yachtsman’s Guide: Smuggling Your Boat Out of Jail* ($29) by Capt. Mike Maurice isn’t a page turner, but it looks quite useful for those confounded by international cruising regulations; *Ghosting* ($25) by David Poyer promises to keep you on the edge of your bunk with plot gybes galore; and *True Spirit* ($16) by teen solo circumnavigator Jessica Watson.

This may not be a typical nautical gift list, but it certainly does cover the gamut of options — from free to pricey to downright lewd. Who could ask for more? Now if Santa could just fit a VideoRay Deep Blue Underwater Robot Camera System down our diesel heater’s vent pipe, the holidays would be very merry indeed.

— ladonna & rob
When the Baja Ha-Ha cruisers' rally was conceived 17 years ago, it was simply meant to be a low-stress forum for cruising in company down the Baja Peninsula. Back then, who knew it would eventually be regarded by some as an ideal antidote for the stresses and frustrations of the workaday world?

Serious. Many participants tell us that this 750-mile rally is precisely that: a gloriously therapeutic departure from their normal routines that allows them to reconnect with the more adventurous, fun-loving aspects of their 'inner selves'. During the rally's two-week schedule, all participants invariably get plenty of invigorating exercise, spend quality time bonding with Mother Nature, and forge new friendships — a process which tends to clear out the cobwebs from between their ears, while resetting their mental attitude to the positive end of the scale.

Undoubtedly, the Ha-Ha's reputation for being 'therapeutic' was partly responsible for the fact that this year's entry roster reached the all-time high of 196 boats — despite a national economy that's still sputtering along like an out-of-tune Atomic 4 engine.

As always, a broad range of boat types was represented, from heavy-displacement, full-keel cruisers to super-light folding trimarans; from sexy gold-plater yachts to no-frills fixer-uppers. They all carried their crews to the same sunny anchorages, yet in wildly different levels of comfort. Toward the flashier end of the spectrum were elegant boats like the Wells family's Jeanneau 57 'Perfect Wave', which they'd purchased brand new in Seattle only weeks before the October 25 start, and Peter and Peggy Noonan's sleek Swan 56 'Defiance', which already knew these waters well. At the smaller end were boats like George Dorius' Cal 2-27 'Sea Chaser' which he purchased for $1,600 on craigslist.org to test his long-held fantasies about ocean cruising — he then shanghaied his 21-year-old daughter Kelly to join him. Another was Garrett Jolly and Ruth Oberting's Cal 30 MKI 'Black Pearl'. This teenage couple, now 18 and 19 respectively, purchased her last year for $4,000, completed a long list of upgrades, then headed south from Morro Bay with the reluctant approval of their parents.

Through the years, one of the hallmarks of the Ha-Ha has been its ability to attract folks from a wide range of backgrounds, and this year was no exception. To mention but a few, the Ha-Ha XVII 'melting pot' included students, lawyers, engineers, physicians and airline pilots. The common denominator among them, of course, was a lust for sweet sailing, sunny days and tranquil, unspoiled anchorages. And we think it's safe to say they all got what they'd bargained for.

The Ha-Ha's annual Costume Kickoff Party, October 24 — which was co-hosted by West Marine and held at the company's San Diego superstore — gave fleet members a chance to play out their fantasies in whatever role they chose. In addition to the predictable abundance of sinister-looking pirates and sensual wenches, some of the more memorable efforts were a crew of convicts celebrating their escape from the shackles of the working world, a mock Hugh Hefner and his bevy of bunnies, a boatload of ancient Greeks, and a trio of mermaids who were so voluptuous they could have made even the most blood-thirsty buccaneer whimper for their affections.

A crew of local barbecue chefs supplied each fleet member with a Mexican 'up' lunch featuring three types of freshly grilled meats, while Elaine Lutz and Mark Sahs of Almar's Cabrillo Isle Marina — a longtime sponsor — served beer, wine and soft drinks as fast as their hands could fly. We're told the thirsty revelers drained the first of seven kegs in less than 15 minutes!

But the highlight of the three-hour fiesta was the costume contest, emceed this year by elaborately costumed West Marine managers Galen Piltz (decked out as a sword-wielding pirate) and Louis Holmes (dressed as the invincible Mexican wrestler Nacho Libre). Finalists in a variety of categories danced in character to the DJ's beats before the crowd...
of 600, and the winners took away all sorts of valuable nautical swag.

When dawn broke on Monday, October 25 conditions looked a little iffy for the 11 a.m. start. Skies were overcast with occasional drizzles that made the Rally Committee a bit nervous, as they’d encouraged all fleet members to join in a pre-start procession through San Diego Harbor. A boatload of both local and Mexican dignitaries were expected to wave them on from the 92-ft sportfishing boat Shogun, while TV, radio and print journalists recorded the spectacle from shore.

Luckily, by 10 a.m. the skies began to clear and a light breeze piped up from the southwest, giving the professional photogs on shore their ‘local color’ shots, with sails pulling nicely and many sailors hamming it up in their Halloween garb — most notably Hef (Bill Lilly) and his naughty bunnies aboard the Lagoon 470 Moontide.

As if made-to-order, the wind cranked up nicely just before the starting horn blasted. Rather than giving the fleet a typical downwind run, though, the 12-knot southwest breeze put boats on a close reach toward the Coronado Islands with a bit more spray flying than on most previous getaway days.

As is typical, a small contingent of well-sailed boats hit the line within seconds of the 11 o’clock hour, while the bulk of the fleet trailed behind by as much as a half mile. Still others radioed that they’d be late starters, as they were still attending to last-minute chores. “No worries,” said the event’s Grand Poobah. “It’s not a race, it’s the Ha-Ha. Just take it easy and have a good time, but please let us know where you are.”

Only minutes after the start, a peculiar set of radio calls crackled across the VHF. First, Dave Panton of the Piver 31 trimaran Easy to Grin announced he was returning to the dock to drop off two male crewmen. For whatever reason — possibly that the little boat was too crowded with five aboard — they’d decided to bail. Then a few minutes later Bob Bohn of the Amel Mango 54 C’est la Vie announced that he, too, was returning a couple of crew members to the dock. Although they were experienced sailors, apparently the bouncy conditions were not what his female recruits had anticipated.

Unfortunately, their exit left Bohn alone to sail his 54-footer to Cabo. But when he got to the Shelter Island courtesy dock to drop off the girls, he met the two guys from the tri — George Fuerst and Dustin Houseknecht — who were sitting there with their seabags considering their options. Voila! Problem solved. After a short chat with Bohn, the guys jumped aboard C’est la Vie and away they went.

The breeze held up nicely all day — even right along the shoreline — then clocked around to the northwest after sunset. All in all, it was a better-than-expected getaway sprint that left most fleet members in high spirits.

Despite a nearly full moon rising at 8 p.m. that first night, skies were dark and gloomy, and decks were drippy with dew — blame it on La Niña. But the sailing was sweet nonetheless, with steady breezes of 12 to 14 knots 10 miles off the beach, and up to 18 knots reported 30 miles out.

Around midnight crews aboard some of the leading boats witnessed a truly unusual sight. It appeared that several planes were intentionally buzzing a ship, as if to harass it. But it turned out to be an American aircraft carrier conducting night ops, with its war planes practicing ‘touch-and-goes’ in what they undoubtedly assumed would be an unpopulated stretch of ocean. As Ha-Ha sailboats skirted past, Navy helicopters kept close tabs on them as if to...
say, "What the heck are you guys doing out here?"

On the 7:30 a.m. SSB net the next morning fleet members repeated their positions and status: "We've had some great sailing so far," said Bob Callaway of the MacGregor 65 Braveheart, "with several moments of Zen!" Diana Frizzell of Di's Dream swore that she'd observed a great white shark sunning itself the previous afternoon, while crew aboard the Irwin 52 Valparaiso reported passing a pod of whales during the night. Not to be upstaged, Bill Lilly of Moon Tide announced that his crew had been the first to sail naked, "And we have photographic evidence!"

Although seas were pretty sloppy during the night, Keith Levy of the fleet's second C'est la Vie reported, "We're doing great. For the first time in a year, we're going in the right direction!" After doing the 2000 Ha-Ha aboard the same Catalina 470, and spending much of the following decade cruising the South Pacific, he and his wife Susan recently strolled back uphill to California via Hawaii, determined to make the start of Ha-Ha XVII. A final trial before reaching San Diego was a lightning strike in the Santa Barbara channel, which wiped out all their electronics. Luckily, they weren't far from the Catalina dealership in Marina del Rey, where manager Bob Nahm pulled his entire staff in order to rewrite the boat in record time.

The second day's weather pre-

Aussie Jack Hembrow shows off his catch of the day. He and his wife Leanne are taking their newly purchased 'Red Sky' home to Oz.

dictation from rally sponsor Commanders' Weather was for 15 to 20 knots of breeze with sloppy seas of 8 to 10 feet — fine sailing conditions for the bigger boats, but potentially challenging for the smaller ones.

As the fleet moved steadily south through the lumpy seas, reports of minor and not-so-minor breakage trickled in over the air waves: After the light-air chute blew aboard the Gulfstar 50 Talion, then was repaired and blew again, the crew put up their 1.5 oz. But the pressure on it soon folded their spinnaker pole as though it were a Q-Tip.

As Scott Neal's Skye 51 At Last crested a large swell, her main blew out, ripping the vang right off the mast in the process. As is typical in such conditions, autopilots failed aboard several boats. Having been relegated to hand steering, Jack Hembrow of the Moody 54 Red Sky apologized to the boats around him in his cheerful Aussie brogue. "Sorry, mates, we seem to be snaking around the place a bit."

The worst damage of Day Two, though, was aboard the Corsair F-31 tri Tumbleweed, which, as luck would have it, was one of the farthest boats offshore — about 100 miles out, where the wind was in the low to mid-20s and swells were consequently quite beefy. In the middle of the night she stuffed her bowsprit into the back of a swell, which twisted the spar, and simultaneously tweaked the stem fitting where the forestay was anchored. Without having the tools to remove the sprit, the crew had no option but to drift while awaiting assistance.

No boats were near them at the time, and only a few picked up their VHF pan-pan call (in addition to the U.S. Coast Guard). Although 45 miles away, Moon Tide was apparently the closest boat to the stricken tri, so skipper Bill Lilly, an ex-Coastie himself, agreed to divert and deliver tools. But because the course to reach Tumbleweed was upwind, it took his big cat nearly 8 hours to travel that distance. Once the tri's crew had the proper tools in hand, though, it took them less than a half hour to remove the mangled sprit, jury-rig the stem fitting and get underway again toward the fleet's first stopover, Turtle Bay — 360 miles south of San Diego.

The breeze had been better than anticipated through most of Leg One, but it finally fizzled out, especially near shore, sometime during the middle of the second night, leading all but about
20 diehard crews to kick on their engines. On the net the next morning, there were typical reports of gear failures, fishing triumphs, and minor bumps and bruises — some of which were pretty entertaining. The Spencer 42 Moshulu, for example, had accidentally T-boned a huge dead shark the previous afternoon. Elsewhere on the course, the crew of Sarah Jean II was pinning laundry to the lifelines when a white sock blew overboard. A few minutes later they heard the unmistakable sound of a fish on the line, and when they reeled it in the sock was lodged in the poor fish’s mouth! Aboard the Hunter 466 Double Dharma skipper Dale Snelary extolled the liberating benefits of sailing in the buff, admitting, however, that he’d badly sunburned his butt in the process.

There was more serious news too, though. Aboard the Vector 39 Thee Amazing Grace — the first boat to sign up this year — one of skipper David Bloom’s artificial hips had popped out of its socket. He was in excruciating pain and in need of medical attention as soon as possible. Unfortunately the boat was still 8 hours north of Turtle Bay. Because this has happened several times before, however, his wife, Karin McGinley, always carries a supply of strong painkillers. Several boats with medical personnel aboard agreed to keep a radio sched with Thee Amazing Grace, while crew from the Committee Boat, the 63-ft cat Prodigate, promised to alert the village’s medical clinic and make preparations to get Bloom safely ashore.

For first-timers, arriving ashore at the tiny fishing village of Turtle Bay is a bit of a shocker. There isn’t one square inch of pavement, not a single grassy lawn, and only about a dozen small shops along the dusty main drag. But what this sleepy little community lacks in infrastructure, it makes up for with genuine big-hearted hospitality toward visiting sailors. Normally it’s a ‘big day’ here when three or four visiting boats are in the anchorage. So when the Ha-Ha fleet arrives it’s like Christmas, New Year’s and Halloween all rolled together — the most exciting event of the year.

For as long as we can remember, Ha-Ha fleets have had a Thursday-night party at the town’s biggest restaurant, the Vera Cruz, and a Friday beach party on an unnamed stretch of sand a mile outside of town, before starting Leg Two on Saturday. But this year, thanks to the vision of delivery skipper Mike Priest, who crewed aboard the big Swan Defiance during the rally, a first-ever baseball exhibition was staged in the town’s new ballpark. And with the San Francisco Giants simultaneously battling for their first World Series victory in 53 years, the idea could not have been more timely.

So Thursday afternoon at 3 p.m. several hundred sailors joined local fans in the concrete bleachers of the ballpark. Little did we know that many of the local fishermen compete regularly in a Baja league. So for starters, two uniformed teams gave us a two-inning glimpse of what serious hardball is supposed to look like. Next, a squad of 4- to 6-year-olds — also smartly uniformed — took the field. Believe it or not they seemed to be using hardballs too, and several of them — most notably the pitcher, named Salgado — were as talented as they were cute.

Then the real entertainment began. Ha-Ha’ers of all ages got into the mix, both batting and fielding, while the Grand Poobah lobbed softballs across the plate from close range. There were plenty of respectable base hits, but most of the fielding was comically pathetic. In the stands the townspeople and sailors whooped and hollered for every hit, and chuckled together at every bumbling antic. At one point during the chaos some of the league players got to laughing so hard we thought they were going to split a gut. It was all great fun, and as it ended the Poobah and the town’s mayor vowed to make the exhibition an annual tradition. A final touch was the donation of all sorts of baseball gear that many cruisers had brought down at Mike Priest’s suggestion. There’s always been respect and friendship between the Ha-Ha fleet and Turtle Bay residents, but never before has there been a cross-cultural exchange that resulted in this level of camaraderie.

From the ballpark, several hundred diehard Giants fans raced across town to the Vera Cruz to catch the start of game two of the Series — knowing it was the only game they’d have a chance to watch. The scene inside the disco was one we’ll never forget: dozens of revved-up fans were pressed elbow-to-elbow at the bar, trading celebratory shots of tequila every time the Giants did anything notable. Behind them, the more studious fans sat in chairs, straining to follow the action on two 15-inch screens...
perched behind the bar. Although the satellite-fed picture was crisp and clear, this was no big city sports bar. But in this simple village, it was obviously the best they could do. In fact, the manager, Juan, had even brought one of the sets from his home. By the time the Giants scored seven runs in the eighth inning to insure the win, any locals who weren't already fans of the San Francisco team surely must have been converted.

Meanwhile, the drama around David Bloom's dislocated hip showed another side of this remarkable community. The night before, when we asked the policemen on duty if they could help us transfer Bloom from the his boat to the clinic, without the slightest hesitation they offered to recruit a _panga_ and wait on the beach with the ambulance — all night, if necessary — to expedite the transfer. After anchoring, Bloom's crew wisely opted to wait until daylight. But in the morning, a paramedic and the chief of police himself came out in a _panga_ to retrieve the patient. An attempt to reset the bone at the town clinic was unsuccessful, so Bloom was transported to a larger facility in Guerrero Negro, where they got the job done. Amazingly, after a day of rest — and a lot of pain meds — he was ready to rejoin the fleet.

The beach party provided a laid-back setting where new acquaintances could swap tales and compare future cruising plans. While walking the beach we heard how the crew of the J/130 _Sirocco_ had come across four or five juvenile orcas while sailing west of Cedros Island, and accidentally snagged one of them with a fishing line. Luckily, it spit out the lure.

Craig Russell, a crewman aboard the Crowther 36 _Rainbow_, described how they’d come across an enormous school of dolphin — "at least 500 of them" — while they were way offshore on the approach to Turtle Bay. "I reached down from the tramp and could actually..."
THERAPY UNDER SAIL

It was also a time to learn the details about mishaps. Many boats had wrapped and/or torn spinnakers, but Jim Bewley’s story was particularly sad. Near the Benitos Islands the crew dropped and bagged the brand new $5,000 spinnaker and secured it on deck. Later that night, Bewley caught a glimpse of spinnaker cloth lifting with the wind, and before he knew it the whole thing had slithered out of the bag and gone into the drink!

While volleyballers bumped and spiked, kids played in the surf, hikers explored the shaley hills, and joggers shook out their sea legs along the seemingly endless crescent of sand that rings the bay. Successful fishermen whose freezers were overflowing cooked up samples for the fleet on the communal barbecue, while just about every boat provided a dish or two for a massive potluck.

During daylight hours, it’s a cinch to find your boat in the anchorage here, but at night — with 155 anchor lights twinkling in the darkness, it’s a different story. There always seems to be a tale like this: Sometime after the beach party two crewmen off the Perry 47 Content hired a pangero to take them to their boat. But after two long hours of searching they still couldn’t find it and returned to the pier. There, they ran into crew from the Pearson 36 Papa gayo, who knew exactly where Content was and took them right to it!

About 9 p.m. that night, Dave Panton and his young crew aboard the little River tri Easy to Grin picked their way to the beach party; Nikki of ‘Defiance’ gets a base hit; schmoozing at the beach party; a bountiful potluck; the crescent bay from above; shakin’ it to the beat. Insets: Local girls take a ride in the Rally Committee’s giant beach ball; grilling up the catch of the day.
through the maze of lights and finally got their hook down. With little fuel for their 9-hp outboard, they'd spent many hours waiting for wind, before they finally flagged down some passing fishermen and made a trade: a bottle of 'two-buck Chuck' (Charles Shaw wine) and some Hershey bars for enough gasoline to limp in.

Although the late arrivals were in no hurry to push on Saturday morning, after two relaxing days here, most fleet members were well rested and ready to head offshore again; this time on the 240-mile run to Bahia Santa Maria. A gentle breeze was blowing for the 8 a.m. start just outside the bay. But it soon fizzled, so the Grand Poobah instituted a 'rolling start', whereby all boats could motor at 6 knots down the rhumbline. This proved to be the right call, as the new breeze didn't arrive until late afternoon.

The utter tranquility of a calm night at anchor was broken at 5:30 a.m., just before sunrise, when a mayday was heard over the VHF from a vessel named Tachyon — not part of our fleet. As you can read in detail in Sightings, singlehander Mark Cholewinski of Vallejo had simply fallen asleep with his autopilot on, and due to the strong set of the swells along the coast, his Downeast 38 sloop was driven onto the beach on a rising tide — roughly four miles north of the anchorage — before he could react to save her.

After surveying the situation from offshore aboard Profligate, the Poobah gave Cholewinski his unvarnished assessment that reflating the sloop would be highly unlikely given the mile-long stretch of shallows that lay between Tachyon's position near the high tide line and navigable offshore waters. Shell-shocked but stoic about the reality of his situation, the shipwrecked sailor accepted an offer from the fleet to assist him in removing everything of value from the hull before the tide rose again. (See Sightings for further details.)
THERAPY UNDER SAIL

Few sailors have ever showed more determination to join the Ha-Ha than first-timer C.J. LeBeau of San Diego.

Their repertoire of classic rock anthems and pop tunes. The sailors showed their thanks by contributing generously to the band’s tip box. Meanwhile, our cover girl, Lindsay Leonard, passed the hat in her bikini for Mark Cholewinski. She was apparently the right girl for the job, as the collection topped out just under $1,000.

Although a 7 a.m. departure from Bahia Santa Maria might seem a bit rude, that hour was established years ago in hopes that the smaller boats wouldn’t have to spend a second night at sea during the 180-mile run to Cabo.

After the previous day’s party, some sailors elected to sleep in and catch up later, but most dragged themselves on deck early, and were making preparations to get underway when the sun rose just before 6 a.m. Roger Frizzell turned his camera toward the golden eastern horizon and snapped the shutter. A minute later a panga approached carrying an excited young man named C.J. LeBeau who thought Frizzell’s camera flash was a flashlight, waving him over. As Frizzell soon learned, LeBeau had intended to search for a Ha-Ha ride at the kickoff party, but got the date wrong and didn’t realize his mistake until the fleet was well down the track. So he flew to Cabo and immediately started heading back up the Peninsula by bus. He arrived at San Carlos in the middle of the night and somehow commandeered a panga driver to take him three miles across Mag Bay to the isthmus on the west side of BSM. They then hauled the boat across on a waiting trailer and relaunched it in time to blast across the bay and reach the departing fleet. After a story like that, the Frizzells naturally offered the tenacious San Diego sailor a ride. Others had come greater distances to participate — Daniel Bloomer’s friend Vic flew out from Australia to crew aboard the Farrier 44 Tiger, and Paul Allen flew out from England to crew aboard his friend Chet Chauhan’s Beneteau First 38s5 Sudden Stops Necessary. But LeBeau takes the prize for dogged determination.

Once again, Mother Nature played a trick on the Rally Committee by supplying a gentle breeze for the 7 a.m. start. But it soon petered out, so a rolling start was instituted yet again.

By 1:30 p.m. a light breeze of 10 to 12 knots filled in from the northwest and the fleet took off on a very mellow flat-water cruise toward the Cape. Air temps were in the 80s, with water temps in the high 70s, and continually inching higher. “That afternoon was about as perfect as it gets,” recalls skipper Tom McCarten of the Hunter 41 Shemya. As the sun set over a crisp western horizon many crews finally witnessed the legendary green flash. Not long afterward, though, the breeze shut down completely. But even having to motor, it was a memorable night. With no cloud cover and no moon, the pinpoints of a zillion stars lit up the canopy overhead, making middle-of-the-night watches a thing to cherish rather than dread.

Not everyone was having an easy time of it though. Aboard the Beneteau 51 Distant Drum a fishing line had gotten wrapped around the prop, so when the wind shut down two brave crew members — Irene Turgeon and Mark Noyes — jumped in with dive gear and cut it free.

Many fishermen pull their lines at sunset. And some who don’t occasionally regret it. On the morning net Tommy Lorenzo of the Givens 45 Phambili...
explained. "I didn't catch any fish during the first two legs, but last night I caught a 5-foot marlin on a hand line and, of course, cut him loose." Both the Beneteau First 42 Rocinante and the Morgan 45 Miss Teak reported catching and releasing even bigger marlin — roughly 150 lbs each.

Speaking of big fish stories, Ben Sawyer, a crewman aboard Sudden Stops Necessary, had a Leg Three experience that was unique within the fleet. The sloop was drifting along with her sails hanging limply, about 15 miles offshore, making imperceptible progress south, as there was virtually no wind. So the young crew decided to take turns jumping in the water to cool off. Ben went first, and while struggling to reach the safety line that trailed behind the boat, his British shipmate said in a dry, emotionless tone, "Oh, look, there's a shark." "Hey, that's not funny," scolded Ben, suddenly in a rush to scramble back aboard. But his mate continued, "I wonder what kind of shark it is." At that, Ben really started to get annoyed, until he turned and realized that there really was an ominous shark circling the boat. Ironically, though, a minute later the big predator chomped down on one of the crew's fishing lures that was dangling in the water. Ben saw that as poetic justice. But, of course, they lost the lure.

While most of the fleet was lollygagging south with no wind north of the finish line at Cabo Falso, reports started crossing the radio waves that 25-knot winds were blasting across the Cape from due east — a virtually unheard-of wind direction for Cabo. As a result, the southernmost stretch of the Peninsula was a boiling mess of short, steep swells, and the normally calm Cabo anchorage was uncomfortably rough. The abnormal blow only lasted about 10 hours, but as a result the plan to raft up dozens of boats inside the marina had to be reworked, as it was oddly bouncy even inside the breakwaters. The rough conditions left few anchored sailors willing to launch their dinghies. And after two taxi pangas flipped — and one sank — the port captain refused to let any more service the anchorage. Consequently the fleet's annual appearance at the famous Squid Roe dance bar was a bit less impressive than in years past. But tangerine-shirted Ha-Ha'ers managed to dominate the 'dance pit' none-
The Extreme Snoring Award, for example, was shared by Captain Tony Van Houweling and crewman ‘Dr. Electron’ of the Ericson 38 Peregrine Spirit, after one of their crewmen gave a convincing demo of their tandem snoring technique.

Two-year-old Max Gumper of the O’Day 37 Feliz scored an inflatable orca for being the youngest fleet member, and 82-year-old Harold Shaw of Adios was recognized as the oldest. Nancy DeMauro of the Catalina 36 Cat’s Meow won the Fearless Female Skipper award, but seven others were also acknowledged, including Crit Dowler of Jas dip, who had her late husband’s ashes fiberglassed into the hull of her Passport 40 so he could share the cruise with her.
The event’s top prize, the Spirit of the Ha-Ha award, went to Adios. Not only did she sail the whole way and carry a multi-generational crew, but skipper Craig Shaw, a rigger, made essential repairs on several boats.

The last two arrivals also got a special round of applause: Before finally arriving the previous evening, long after the beach party ended, the twenty-some-things aboard Easy to Grin had drifted for a day and a night with no wind.

Whether sailing on a million-dollar yacht or a cheapo daysailer, completion of this 750-mile rally is a cause for celebration. In fact, according to some in the fleet, it was one of the greatest adventures of their lives.

For the vast majority of participants, the Ha-Ha serves as the initial step into a long-anticipated lifestyle of open-ended cruising — which will undoubtedly be the envy of friends back home.

We wish them all the best of luck as they travel on, and hope they’ll report to us occasionally with updates and photos from their new life ’out there’.

— latitude/andy

**Baja Ha-Ha XVII Division Winners**

| Division | 1 | 2 |
|----------|-----------------------------|
| Agave | Wild Rose, Robb 35, Don & Kathi Fehrer; Coppertop, Bayfield 32, Paul Moran | Off Tempo, Yamaha 30, B Lasley & T Treibel; Duct Tape, Cal 29, Sig & Phyllis Horneman |
| Burrito | Off Tempo, Yamaha 30, B Lasley & T Treibel; Duct Tape, Cal 29, Sig & Phyllis Horneman | Duct Tape, Cal 29, Sig & Phyllis Horneman |
| Ceviche | Piko, Wauquiez 35, Lauren Buchholz; Varuna, Pearson 367, Mitchell & Elizabeth West | Sudden Stops Necessary, Beneteau 385, Chet Chauhan; Finarrow, Swan 36, Jim & Cathy Revard; Liberty, C&C 37, Russell Cooper |
| Desperado | Sudden Stops Necessary, Beneteau 385, Chet Chauhan; Finarrow, Swan 36, Jim & Cathy Revard; Liberty, C&C 37, Russell Cooper | Sudden Stops Necessary, Beneteau 385, Chet Chauhan; Finarrow, Swan 36, Jim & Cathy Revard; Liberty, C&C 37, Russell Cooper |
| Enchilada | Charisma, Tayana 37, Bob Johnson; Dolfin, Crealock 37, Bill Mearley | Charisma, Tayana 37, Bob Johnson; Dolfin, Crealock 37, Bill Mearley |
| Frijole | Kanga, Valiant 40, J Hassberger & J Harvey; Intuition, C&C 37XL, R & C Holbrook | Kanga, Valiant 40, J Hassberger & J Harvey; Intuition, C&C 37XL, R & C Holbrook |
| Guacamole | Adios, Columbia 43, Craig Shaw; Rocinante, Beneteau First 42, Bob Lesnett | Adios, Columbia 43, Craig Shaw; Rocinante, Beneteau First 42, Bob Lesnett |
| Huevos | Dolphin, Islander 44, Skip White; Procyon, Gozzard 44 Mkl, Randy & Sheri Schneider | Dolphin, Islander 44, Skip White; Procyon, Gozzard 44 Mkl, Randy & Sheri Schneider |
| Iguana | Ohana, Beneteau 40t, S Hooking & M Bzdier; Pua’ana, Outbound 44, M & D Hazlett | Ohana, Beneteau 40t, S Hooking & M Bzdier; Pua’ana, Outbound 44, M & D Hazlett |
| Jalapeno | Seasilk, Hylas 46, C Blasingame & S Steven; Mazu Outbound 46, Mel & Elaine Bryson | Seasilk, Hylas 46, C Blasingame & S Steven; Mazu Outbound 46, Mel & Elaine Bryson |
| Kilo | Talion, Gulfstar 50, Patsy Verhoeven; Distant Drum, Beneteau 15.50, Harry Hazzard | Talion, Gulfstar 50, Patsy Verhoeven; Distant Drum, Beneteau 15.50, Harry Hazzard |
| Langostino | Defiance, Swan 56, Peter & Heggy Noonan; Seabird, Swan 51, Lou Freeman | Defiance, Swan 56, Peter & Heggy Noonan; Seabird, Swan 51, Lou Freeman |
| Margarita | Moontide, Lagoon 470, Bill Lilly; Barramundi, Seawind 1000, Steve & Pam Ellsworth | Moontide, Lagoon 470, Bill Lilly; Barramundi, Seawind 1000, Steve & Pam Ellsworth |

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As you may have heard, this year's 196-boat fleet was the largest in the event's 17-year history! Goes to show, there's no shortage of sailors eager to get out cruising, despite the sluggish economy.

If you're not familiar with the event, let us clarify 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.

Check out our 11-page recap of this year's event beginning on page 88, which includes dozens of photos of fleet activities.

If you missed this year's rally, no worries. There's always next year. Dates for Ha-Ha XVIII are October 23 through November 5, 2011.

Online sign-ups for next year's event will begin Monday, May 2 at www.baja-haha.com.

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Our Mexico-Only Crew List Party and Baja Ha-Ha Reunion in September at the Encinal YC served its purpose by linking dozens of potential crew members with skippers in need of additional watch-standers.

If you missed that shindig and would really like to spend some quality time south of the border, you might still be able to find a ride south by visiting our Crew List at www.latitude38.com. It’s constantly updated, and it’s free.

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 online at www.pacificpuddlejump.com.
2010 EVENT DATES

(NOTE: Subtract one day to get 2011 dates.)

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.

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WWW.BAJA-HAHA.COM

PLEASE NOTE: Correspondence relating to the event can be emailed to andy@baja-haha.com. Please don’t call Latitude 38 with questions. The Ha-Ha is a separate operation.
The good weather didn’t arrive until Sunday, but the fleets in Richmond YC’s Great Pumpkin Regatta showed up both days and made the best of what proved to be a somewhat challenging October 30-31 weekend on the water.

Saturday brought intermittent showers and light but sailable air for the 14 one design and seven PHRF divisions, all of which were able to complete three scheduled races. The Moore 24s brought out 21 boats for biggest-fleet honors, with the Express 27s in a close second with 17.

Of course the greatest part of the Great Pumpkin is Saturday night’s party, and this year’s event didn’t disappoint. The Rocky Horror Picture Show theme was a popular costume inspiration, but even those who didn’t follow the theme produced some great getups. There was a copious amount of “Time Warping” to the jammin’ live sounds of Fast Times, scrumptious grub and plenty of libations to go around. The latter was a good thing, as it undoubtedly took more than a few drinks for some of the guys who had raided their wife’s or girlfriend’s pantyhose drawers for a pair of fishnets and a leotard — to complete their Dr. Frank-N-Furter costumes — to parade around the clubhouse.

Sunday’s choose-your-own-adventure
Spread — the pursuit race in the Central Bay.
pursuit race was a ‘charlie-foxtrot’ if ever there was one, with the top-five split close to evenly between the clockwisers and counter-clockwisers. With a rippin’ ebb and spotty breeze, being 50 yards behind a breeze line often meant the difference between a top-five and a DNF — also known as a ‘let’s go home and watch the Giants game.’

The Central Bay had pretty good breeze throughout the day, but there wasn’t much to speak of north and east of the eastern entrance to Raccoon Strait. Scott Eason’s Mumm 30 Eight Ball was the first boat home.

— latitude/rg

THE GREAT PUMPKIN REGATTA RICHMOND YC (10/30-31)
SATURDAY (3r, 0t)
BAMA MULTIHULLS — 1) Adrenaline, D Class, Bill Erkelens; 2) Beowulf V, Custom cat, Alan O’Driscoll; 3) Shadow, Formula 40, Peter Stoneberg; 4) Tatiana, F-9RX, Urs Rothacher; 5) Tuki, Prosail 40, Roger Barnett. (25 boats)
ALERION 28 — 1) Ditzy, Ralf Morgan, 3 points; 2) Maeve II, Nancy Pettengill/Dick Taylor, 7; 3) Dream, Kirk Smith, 8. (4 boats)
SF30 — 1) Dreamtime, Roger Craine, 4 points; 2) Preparation J, Robert Hrubes, 5; 3) Ione, Peter Jermyn, 9. (5 boats)
BENETEAU 36.7 — 1) Mistral, Ed Durbin, 3 points; 2) Ay Caliente!, Aaron Kennedy, 6; 3) Buff...
flehead, Stuart Scott, 11. (4 boats)
EXPRESS 27 — 1) El Raton, Ray Lotto, 10 points; 2) Opal, Tom Hintz, 11; 3) Wile E. Coyote, Dan Pruzan, 11. (17 boats)
J/24 — 1) Downtown Uproar, Darren Cumming, 4 points; 2) TMC Racing, Michael Whitfield, 5; 3) On Belay, Don Taylor, 9. (5 boats)
J/105 — 1) Downtown Uproar, Darren Cumming, 4 points; 2) TMC Racing, Michael Whitfield, 5; 3) On Belay, Don Taylor, 9. (5 boats)

J/24 — 1) Downtown Uproar, Darren Cumming, 4 points; 2) TMC Racing, Michael Whitfield, 5; 3) On Belay, Don Taylor, 9. (5 boats)
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J/105 — 1) Downtown Uproar, Darren Cumming, 4 points; 2) TMC Racing, Michael Whitfield, 5; 3) On Belay, Don Taylor, 9. (5 boats)

MOORE 24 — 1) American Lady, Kristian Notto, 5 points; 2) Practice Girl, Peixoto Farkas, 7; 3) Alegre, Chris Klein, 11. (6 boats)
SANTANA 35 — 1) Wildflower, Arthur Mowry, 3 points; 2) Ahi, Andy Newell, 7; 3) Bluefin, Noble Griswold, 8. (6 boats)
ULTIMATE 20 — 1) UFO, Ben Anderson, 4 points; 2) Layla, Tom Burden, 7; 3) Too Tuff, Tom Hughes, 13. (9 boats)
PHRF-F — 1) Arcadia, Gordie Nash, 3 points; 2) Twilight Zone, Paul Kamen, 6; 3) Joycity, Patrick Kohlman, 9. (4 boats)
PHRF-G — 1) Recluse, Howard Martin, 6 points; 2) Hog Wild, John Spillman, 6; 3) Illegal Burn, Jason Kapra, 9. (7 boats)
PHRF-Q — 1) For Pete’s Sake, Peter Cook, 7 points; 2) Dr. Funkenstein, Wayne Clough, 10; 3) Sportin’ Life, Greg Pfeiffer, 10. (7 boats)

PHRF-T — 1) Ciao!, Sylvain Berrielle, 5 points; 2) Desdemona, John Wimer, 8.5; 3) Lazy, Bob Turnbull, 12. (9 boats)

PHRF-Z — 1) Mintaka 4, Gerry Brown, 5 points; 2) Bodacious, John Clau ser, 8; 3) Encore, Wayne Koide, 9. (8 boats)

SUNDAY PURSUIT RACE (1r, 0t)

---

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December 4 - Club Sail & Chili (10am - 4pm)
December 6 - 10 - Basic Keelboat / Basic Coastal Cruising Course (M - F, 9am - 5pm)
December 11 - 12 - Cruising Catamaran Course (ASA 114)
December 12 - Angel Island Hike & Sail (10am - 4pm)
December 16 - Annual Member Party @ GGYC (6 - 10pm)
January 16 - Club Sail and Chili (10am - 4pm)

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Ask any boatload of typical world cruisers if they are ‘joiners’ or ‘loners’ and chances are they’ll identify with the latter. But from what we’ve seen, even the most independent-minded cruisers occasionally relish an excuse to get together with fellow sailors so they can celebrate, swap tales and perhaps even chase each other around a race course.

That’s precisely what several hundred international sailors did in late September at the second annual Regatta Vava’u & Festival in the sun-kissed Kingdom of Tonga. And this writer was lucky enough to join them.

As you may know, this 170-island kingdom is the only area of the South Pacific never to have been colonized by a European power. From our perspective that quirk of history has served it well, as Tonga’s islands and atolls are some of the most unspoiled and least developed in the South Pacific.

Unfortunately, many travelers — including cruising sailors — never hear much about this lush chain of uplifted coral atolls, because the kingdom’s modest economy doesn’t allow for much tourism marketing. That’s where the idea of holding an annual regatta came in. The concept — which was the brainchild of former Bay Area sailors Ben and Lisa Newton — was to create a fun-filled week of both on- and off-the-water activities that would leave a lasting impression of both on- and off-the-water activities.

Along the way we got reacquainted with dozens of passage-makers whom we’d met last winter at our Pacific Puddle Jump Kickoff Parties in Puerto Vallarta and Panama, or at the Tahiti-Moorea Sailing Rendezvous in June. Steve Southwood of the NY-based Lagoon 420 Dignity looked sexy — well, a bit frightening actually — decked out in one of his wife Helen’s flower-print pareos, accented by bright-blue eyeliner. But the young crew of the Seattle-based Delos got our vote for originality. Erin Russ, doing her best impression of Princess Leia, was accompanied by Brian the green knight, who wore a helmet and chestplate made from Heineken mini-kegs, while his little brother Brady dressed as some sort of green goblin (see the following photo spread).

By the end of the 10-stop crawl we’d probably met most of the expats on the island, as most of them had traded their former professions back in the rat race for seemingly laid-back roles as restaurateurs and barkeepers. Needless to say, it was a night of big fun.

The next morning’s schedule was dedicated to kids, featuring a whole raft of fun activities that culminated with a parade through the center of town. Several hundred islanders lined both sides of the waterfront road to watch a proud group of young girls and boys perform a series of traditional dances to the accompaniment of wooden drums. The cruiser kids followed with a silly skit that drew laughs and applause from Tongans and visitors alike.

Earlier, a bunch of big-hearted cruisers had paid a visit to the town’s all-nationalities kindergarten, which was the focus of a fund-raising effort by members of the Whangarei Marine Group. They, along with reps from Port Opua, had flown up from New Zealand to give cruisers advance info on their facilities. Tonga is, after all, the prime jumping-off point for cruisers headed to Kiwiland — typically a 6- to 8-day crossing.

In cooperation with staffers from the local Moorings/Sunsail bareboat base, the boys from Whangarei also helped set up that afternoon’s Friendly Islands Race — a 3.5-mile around-the-harbor buoy race that served as a warm-up for the
END OF SEASON EXTRAVAGANZA

The most serious competition of the week was the Vava'u Cup, on September 25, sponsored by Sun-sail. Beginning in the inner harbor, the 12-mile course threaded a track through a maze of deep green islands, eventually ending at a remote anchorage behind tiny Afo Island.

Sailing aboard the luxurious North Carolina-based St. Francis 50 cat Tahina, I got a taste of what cruising (or bareboat chartering) in these islands must be like. Around every bend lay another tranquil anchorage with absolutely no development ashore — truly a gunkholer's paradise. And the brilliant blue water looked so inviting it was all I could do not to jump in for a swim.

But we were racing. And, with skipper Frank Taylor at the helm and his wife Karen trimming, we put up a good fight, but slipped to second in the multihull division on the final leg, behind the well-sailed New Zealand-based Schionning 40 cat Division II. The Victoria, BC-based PDQ 42 Stray Kitty took third.

Jenny took overall line honors again, also winning the over-35-ft monohull division, followed by the Vancouver, BC-based Beneteau 50 Taikea Mist and the Seattle-based J-42 Jarana. For the record, the New Zealand boat Pedlar won the small boat division, followed by Damn and Pop's Dream. But did anybody actually care about such stats? Not really. It was certainly all good fun, though, and the race also accomplished its secondary goal: putting the fleet in position to access the much-touted Full Moon Party on nearby Tapana Island.

By his own admission, Ben Newton's favorite part of the elaborate event that he created is the full moon bash. And he'd be the first to admit he got a wee bit during the Kid's Day festivities, these graceful young Tongan dancers showed their respect for age-old traditions.

following day's longer interisland race. Within minutes after the start, it was clear that the splendid Norway-based Hoek 58 Jenny — expertly helmed by Ian Gray of Whangarei — would be the boat to beat in both races. With more than a dozen nations represented by the 45 participating boats, Regatta Vava'u was a truly international event.

Over the years, one big reason that cruisers in-the-know have gravitated to Tonga is that Neiafu Harbor is one of the most perfect hurricane holes in the South Pacific. While we wouldn't necessarily recommend it, every season some sailors leave their boats on the hook here through the cyclone season rather than heading south to New Zealand or to somewhere north of the equator.
carried away this year. For weeks beforehand, he and his crew had been carving a party venue out of the intensely thick undergrowth on the uninhabited island, and shuttling in all sorts of equipment and supplies aboard small boats. The venue’s only access was via a stretch of reef-strewn shallows.

As a result, the plan was for all the partygoers — most of whom were dressed as pirates or wenches — to shuttle to the site aboard a landing craft rather than aboard their own dinghies. Unfortunate-
ly, the wait for a ride over got longer and longer as land-based tourists and locals joined the queue. But the idle time didn’t bother us because we were surrounded by sailors who had fascinating stories to tell. After all, it would be nearly impossible to sail 10- to 20,000 miles and not have some pretty good yarns to spin.

Once we arrived, it was obvious that every aspect of the party had been carefully orchestrated. Food concessionaires sold bountiful plates of barbecued dinner items, while a well-stocked bar kept the swashbuckling masses well-lubricated. A hefty P.A. system pumped out a wide range of dance music, while Johnny Depp look-alikes danced with their costumed maidens in a clearing on the forest.
REGATTA VAVA'U

was apparently born to be a circus carny, teams comprised of sailors from many different boats competed in a variety of laugh-inducing games that tested their finesse, balance and luck. The final contest, however, required an iron stomach. One 'eater' per team had to test his or her capacity for holding down banana cream pie. After a frenzy of gulping and groaning, Helen of Dignity outlasted her competition. To our amazement, she choked down 10 of them!

Back in 1773 when Captain James Cook first visited the emerald atolls of Tonga, he and his crew received such a warm and gracious welcome that he dubbed the region ‘The Friendly Islands.’ The name stuck, and as far as we can tell that description is as apt today as it was in Cook’s time.

Yet as we said, native Tongans and their expat neighbors don’t see many foreign sailors. Perhaps that’s why they gave this year’s cruising fleet such a generous welcome.

With any luck, the Regatta Vava’u will continue on for many years to come. So if you happen to be sailing west next September, we highly recommend that you set a course for Vava’u.

— latitude/andy

Dates for next year’s event will be September 7 to 13, with both the Vava’u Cup and Full Moon Party September 10. See www.regattavavau.com.

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December 2010 • Latitude 38 • Page 111
SEASON CHAMPIONS, PART II

[Images of sailing boats and sailors]
It's time for part two of our Season Champions article, where we profile winners from the Bay's handicap, one design, dinghy and shorthanded fleets. In these pages, you'll have a chance to meet some of the division winners from this year's one design racing.

The common denominator of one design racing is obvious — all boats in a fleet are created equal, and theoretically, crew skill and tactics win races. That's also its appeal: no need to wonder if you've saved your time over another boat — whoever crosses the finish line first is the winner. But that's where the similarities end, at least on the Bay. Our local one design fleets are as eclectic as the folks who sail in them. They range from dinghies to the 40-ft J/120s. Some fleets count a dozen races in their overall season scores, while others sail three times that, or more.

There was a time not so long ago when most one design racing was done as part of the One Design Classes.
SEASON CHAMPIONS, PART II

The folks you’ll see here sail in a wide range of boats, in a wide variety of venues both inside and outside the Bay. To our minds, it shows that anyone can do it with a little dedication of the most enjoyable kind. If you’re not already doing it, what are you waiting for?

You may have noticed that some of the usual suspects are missing from this month’s edition. As luck would have it, the Baja Ha Ha Rally Committee went a little crazy reporting on the annual trek to Mexico and took too much space. We’ve been promised to get that space back next month for a mega Season Champs article.

We’ll wrap up the remainder next month with profiles of the winners of more one designs, including the Express 27s, Wylie Wabbits, and classes from the Wooden Boat Racing Association (WBRA). We’ll also have the winners from the Bay Area Multihull Association (BAMA) Singlehanded Sailing Society (SSS), and a few dinghy classes, so stay tuned, and don’t fret quite yet if you don’t see your fleet here just yet.

Our apologies in advance to those one is devoted to the fleets who run their own seasons.

While most YRA fleets have remained relatively stable over the last few years, ODCA numbers have inexorably dwindled. Try as they did (and still do), it was impossible for YRA to find a format that pleased everyone. One by one, fleets have dropped out of YRA to run their own seasons, a task made easier no doubt by the advent of web-based communications. Where once there were upwards of 20 ODCA fleets, there are now only four, down three from last year. The winners of some of the largest of those will be profiled in next month’s issue, but this one is devoted to the fleets who run their own seasons.

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Our apologies in advance to those division winners who neither appear here nor make it into next month’s issue, but we just won’t have the space to profile every one design winner. We’ve based our choices largely on the number of total races sailed within the divisions.

We hope you enjoy meeting these ardent racers as much as we have, and want to leave you with a parting thought: The folks you’ll see here sail in a wide range of boats, in a wide variety of venues both inside and outside the Bay. They hail from a variety of yacht clubs, all connected to the Bay, from deep in the South Bay to the farthest-east reaches of its navigable adjoining waters. To our minds, it shows that anyone can do it with a little dedication of the most enjoyable kind. If you’re not already doing it, what are you waiting for?

— latitude/13

Moore 24
Banditos

John Kernot
Richmond YC

After nine years of trimming for a perennial contender, John Kernot (at right above) decided this was the year to campaign his own boat of three years, Banditos, in the Moore 24 Roadmaster Series. He wasted no time in getting up to speed on the helming duties, winning the series with nearly an event to spare! Kernot teamed up with trimmer Scott Sorensen (at left above), bow man Chris Chapman and pit woman Maria Flores as he has since 2002; they’ve sailed together all that time aboard Sorensen’s perennial-contender Moore. Together they put up consistently strong results in a tough, tough fleet, and Kernot gives credit to Sorensen.

“Scott’s done a lot to help me with the driving,” Kernot says. “He’s just really solid all-around, an excellent guy to have on the boat.”

“The boats aren’t as expensive as some of the other fleets,” he says. “You can put a competitive effort on the race course for a reasonable price and it’s pretty darn competitive stuff. It’s a special boat with a lot of history and there are a lot of big names on the trophies. For us weekend racers, it’s great to bounce around with those guys.”

By weekday, the Kiwi Kernot, who moved to the States in ’88, works in construction management, but on the weekends you can probably find him sailing either in the Moore fleet, the OYRA division, or aboard Bill Riess’ Express 37 Elan, which he’s done for the last 20 years.

2) Flying Tiger, Vaughn Seifers; 3) Wet Spot, Mike O’Callaghan. (54 boats)

Etchells
JR

Bill Melbostad
San Francisco YC

Last year, partners Bill Melbostad and Bryan Moore could have theoretically sat out the last two regattas and still won the season championship. This year, it wasn’t so easy.

“The season came down to the wire,” Melbostad says. “We weren’t sure until the conclusion of the Albert T. Simpson regatta. Ben Wells and Don Jesberg were formidable opponents this year.”

The fleet had good participation, as the sailors vied to qualify for next year’s World Championships in San Diego.

“The fleet has been staying steady with 7 to 10 boats per event,” Melbostad says. “The world qualifiers brought out more boats and talent. The Etchells is a great one-design boat with even greater people competing. We did not have a single protest in the 40-plus races held during the ’10 season.”

After seven years in the fleet together, the duo, along with long-time bowman — and substitute helmsman when Melbostad is unavailable — Steve Fentress have won three of the last four season championships in Fleet 12. Moore, a construction manager, Melbostad, a marine surveyor, and Fentress, who’s in sales — pictured above from left to right — have no plans to go to San Diego.

“We would love to, but we’d need to win the lottery first,” Melbostad said.

Looking forward, Moore said things will get a little tougher next year.

“Don Jesberg has his own boat now, and he’ll be tough to beat if he sails all the races.”

2) Mr. Natural, Ben Wells/Don Jesberg; 3) Ginna Fe, Mike Laport. (10 boats)
### Melges 24
**Bones**

Robert Harf first saw the Melges 24 at Key West Race Week in '94 while sailing his previous boat, the B-25 *Blood Vessel*, at the winter classic.

"The crew looked at me, and I said, 'next year,'" the Sonoma-based orthopedic surgeon says.

Come the next season and he was in the budding fleet sailing *Bones*.

"I went from being very good in the B-25 to winding up with a big learning curve," he said. "Better sailors sail these boats; there's professionals and very dedicated sailors."

Harf has been working at ascending through the ranks ever since, minus a couple of years when the boat was undergoing rehabilitation after a trailer accident on the way to Key West in '97. This year all the hard work finally paid off.

"I was stuck in the middle of the fleet for years," he says. "But this year I finally had a good crew. Of course the boat and the skipper are important, but you can't do it without a good crew."

His core guys, Ben Komar and Kevin Kuhn, are both in the Coast Guard, and when the latter was transferred to the East Coast this year, Harf stepped up and flew him out for regattas. The trio finished third in the three-regatta California Cup, and won the season overall by virtue of their relentless attendance.

"We made every counter race in this series," Harf says. "We had a couple of firsts and were always in the top half of the fleet. The fact that others didn't make it all the time pushed us up."

2) *Smokin*, Kevin Clark; 3) *Practice Girl*, Chris Farkas; (14 boats)

### J/105
**Arbitrage**

How good was Bruce Stone's season in the J/105 fleet? He won not only one, but two J/105 season titles. That's right, Stone took home not only the Bay's Fleet #1 Championship, but also the Southern New England Fleet #14 Championship to boot!

The bi-coastal Stone still maintains a residence in New York, although he's based primarily out of his home in the Marina district, and for the last three years has teamed up with East Coast J/105 owner Scott DeWeese to sail the latter's *Power Play* when he's back east. With that boat he won the class's '09 North Americans last November, before going on a tear this year and finishing the East Coast season with a five-point margin in a 10-boat fleet.

But on this side of the country, Stone sailed against a very tough 30-boat fleet, taking the title by a 24-point margin after discards.

With the help of crew Brett Draney, Stu Johnstone, Julia Lankford, Bob Dearborn and Mike Straus, *Arbitrage* took the division title at the season-ending Rolex Big Boat Series despite a setback that would figuratively sink most teams.

Amazingly, they had to sail the Rolex Big Boat Series primarily in yet another boat. A brand new rudder bearing failed on them during the first day of the event so they had borrow the boat of a fellow fleet member who wasn't sailing. It didn't seem to bother them as they posted only one finish outside the top five in the seven-race series.

2) *Jam Session*, Adam Spiegel; 3) *Blackhawk*, Scooter Simmons; (30 boats)

### J/120
**Mr. Magoo**

For just about as long as anyone in the J/120 fleet can remember, Steve Madeira's Mr. Magoo and Barry Lewis' *Chance* have been trading the J/120 season title back and forth. And this year was Madeira's turn once again.

When we checked in with him two years ago after his last one, Madeira said that it wouldn't be long before someone else would be in these pages.

"There's a tremendous amount more parity," the Peninsula-based VP of Administration for software company Equity Administration Solutions says. "In any given regatta it was always very packed at the top. There was a race during the Rolex Big Boat Series where I don't think there was more than 20 seconds between six boats at a mark rounding."

With his crew of a few occasional fill-ins, newcomers Ron Brown and Arne Vandebroucke plus long-time regulars Tad Lacy, Tom Allard, Greg Maher, Kyle Mortara, Jamie Scarbrough, Tyson Krumholz, and Jeff Lawson, Madeira won this year's title by 16 points.

After a having hit a plateau of eight boats for the last couple years, Madeira said there will likely be at least one, if not two more boats in the fleet next year, with one confirmed entry coming from the East Coast.

"We're hoping we can get back on growth curve, so that we're a big enough fleet to get a Rolex at Big Boat Series," he said. "We can't have any more watches going to the Express 37 fleet!"

2) *Chance*, Barry Lewis; 3) *Desdemona*, John Wimer; (8 boats)
“San Francisco?”

It wasn’t really necessary for the driver to say anything at all as the car rolled up to the bus stop with the right front window sliding down and the doors unlocked. We knew the drill — he was looking for “casual carpool” riders so he could use the fast lanes to the City.

I opened the back door and climbed in, leaving the front seat for the woman behind me in line for the bus.

There was already another commuter on the left side of the back seat, and she had to move her briefcase a little to make room for mine.

“Good morning, Max,” she greeted me pointedly, almost scolding. “Are you, like, being totally prosopagnosic today?”

It took another second for me to realize that it was Lee Helm sitting next to me — and I gathered that she was properly using the fancy word to mean I was being clueless. But Lee was extremely well disguised, in make-up and a business suit, and very much out of character for a grad student who windsurfs and sails.

“Uh, I hardly ever see you with dry hair,” I stammered as the car sped off toward the freeway.

“Full business drag,” she explained. “I have a part-time gig that goes 9-5 during semester break.”

“So you don’t get to go home for the holidays?” I asked.

“No luck there either,” she sighed. “And you wouldn’t believe the things that non-sailors keep buying for us.”

“Gifts for sailors by non-sailors are problematic,” I agreed.

“Our closet is full of belts with embroidered code flags, my kitchen has an assortment of serving trays with diagrams of knots, and there are salt and pepper shakers shaped like buoys on the dining room table. We even have a ship’s bell outside the front door, for a doorbell.”

“Sounds familiar,” I said. “Most of the sailors I know have all that schlock and then some. Now I just buy some gift certificates at the local chandlery — or maybe a YRA Crew Membership for the race crew — and leave it at that.”

That’s totally all I can afford — especially after I buy some new sails for my windsurfing quiver.”

“What a great idea for gifts,” I said. “Shows personal attention and effort. Customized for the recipient, and completely unique. A really good photo of my boat under sail would be worth an awful lot to me.”

“Labor-intensive, though, and you have to start planning months in advance, when the wind is up.”

“Starving student or otherwise, I’d be giving boat photos, too, if I’d thought of it last summer. But you know, I’ve pretty much given up on finding good gifts for sailors. Most of them already have everything they could possibly want, and what they don’t already have is too much of a question of personal taste and preference for anyone else to pick it out for them.”

“I have the same problem,” said the woman in the front passenger seat, twisting her neck around as far as she could to talk to us in back. “My husband has a sailboat. It’s all he ever thinks about, and I want to buy it — I mean him — a nice present, but it’s hard to figure out what he wants. I keep leaving catalogs around hoping he’ll circle something, but no luck so far.”

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“What a great idea for gifts,” I said. “Shows personal attention and effort. Customized for the recipient, and completely unique. A really good photo of my boat under sail would be worth an awful lot to me.”

“That’s giving up,” insisted Lee. “Holiday gifts should be toys. And there are some awesome new toys out there in the software toy store.”

“You mean like sailing simulators?” I asked. “I have one from a few years ago. It wasn’t a bad simulation, but the race game was just not very interesting. You know, there’s a reason they say watching a sailboat race is like watching grass grow. Watching a sailboat race inside a computer is like watching a video of grass growing. You don’t even get the fresh air and sunshine.”

“It’s an evolving genre,” Lee insisted. “Check out the latest products. I mean, for sure, real-time sailboat racing simulators are — and I think always will be — kind of lame, because they’re so slow-paced. Except for the round-the-world internet simms where you only log on for a few minutes and only a few times a day, and you race around the world in real weather in real time. But the PC-based simms are just starting to get good enough to feel real. Forget the game part, soon you’ll be able to practice docking under sail in a crowded marina. And that can actually be fun and useful.”

“I’ve had fun learning to land a tail-dragger in a crosswind on my computer,” I admitted. “Well, at least it seemed like that’s what I was learning.”

“For sure,” Lee agreed. “A sailing
as the screen came to life. She put the
“Company machine,” Lee explained
a fairly recent and high-powered model.
I remarked, recognizing the computer as
“Nice hardware for a starving student,”
out of her briefcase and turned it on.
there,” Lee said as she pulled a laptop
“Okay, let me show you what’s out
ing simulator game for someone else.”
would be hit or miss trying to buy a sail-
“Anyway,” I said to Lee, “I still think it
move a little, and our driver finished his
texting but switched to a voice call. Our
speed was up to 10, sometimes 15-20,
but still probably not a life-threatening
situation for distracted driving.
Meanwhile, I’d found the menu for se-
lecting different boats, and switched to a
Laser. After some nice rides down the big
swells, I tried beaching on the island, but
as soon as I hit the shoreline, the boat
flew up in the air and spun around as if
it had been sucked up by a tornado.
“It leaves a little to be desired in the
collision-detection department,” I noted.
“That game sounds like it would be a
fun gift for my husband,” said the woman
in the front seat, who had apparently
been following our discussion with great
interest. “How much does it cost?”
Lee, “then it’s 20 Euros to buy, and an-
other 20 for the collection of boats.”
“Oh,” she said with obvious disap-
pointment. “That’s not really expensive
enough for what I’m looking for — and
it’s hard to wrap up a download to put
under the tree.”
“Hold the presses!” exclaimed Lee af-
ter a few seconds of thought. “I have the
absolute perfect gift idea, if you want to
spend about 200 clams.”
She hit a few more keys and brought
up a picture of a dashboard-like console.
It had a ship’s steering wheel in the
middle and what looked like throttle and
shift levers, plus a multitude of buttons,
toggles and switches. Lee passed the
computer up to the front seat passenger
so she could get a good look.
“What’s this thing for?” she asked.
“It’s called ShipDriver,” explained Lee.
“A console for controlling ships, boats and
submarines. The wheel snaps off and can
be replaced by a tiller, with the hub folded
down so the rotation axis is vertical. If
you’re serious about a sailing simulator,
the ShipDriver is a must-have.”

M
Meanwhile, the car had come to
a stop in heavy traffic. We hadn’t even
reached the lane separators that would
get us into the “anchovy lane” as Lee
liked to call the HOV lane for high oc-
cupancy vehicles.
Our driver, after scanning for Feder-
des, took out his cellphone and started
keying in a text message while steering
with his knees. Since we were only going
five miles an hour it didn’t seem like an
unreasonable thing to do.
“Anyway,” I said to Lee, “I still think it
would be hit or miss trying to buy a sail-
ing simulator game for someone else.”
“Okay, let me show you what’s out
there,” Lee said as she pulled a laptop
out of her briefcase and turned it on.
“Nice hardware for a starving student,”
I remarked, recognizing the computer as
a fairly recent and high-powered model.
“Company machine,” Lee explained
as the screen came to life. She put the
machine on my lap and told me to steer
with the arrow keys. “The sail trim is on
automatic.”
I was now at the helm of a fast racing
catamaran, headed toward a tropical
island, with one hull flying over excep-
tionally well-rendered ocean swells. Lee
pointed to the graphic read-out for true
and apparent wind angles.
I was off the wind a little so I luffed
up slightly. The boat heeled over more,
the crew on the boat hiked out more and
slid out on the wire until the windward
hull came most of the way down again,
and my VMG gauge went up.
“Let’s try a tack,” I said as I put the
helm down. The boat spun, the little
human figures on the trampoline ran
across to the other side, and after nearly
stopping, the boat accelerated away on
the new tack.
“Too sharp, Max. Turning a real cat
that suddenly would have ended up with
your boat totally going backwards, but
this game doesn’t model it all that well.
A lot of other details are done right, and
the race game is as good as it gets.”

T
The traffic in our lane had started to
move a little, and our driver finished his

simulator that doesn’t let you try difficult
dockings would be like a flight simulator
with no way to practice landing.”
“Are they getting to be as good as the
flight simulators?” I asked hopefully.
“No way,” Lee conceded. “The fl ight
simulators?” I asked hopefully.
“Are they getting to be as good as the
flight simulators?” I asked hopefully.
“Now this is cool. Who makes this
program?” I asked.
“Now this is something that would
make these neat little tiller control
units, but those seem to be out of pro-
duction.”
“Can I try to sail this thing right up
to the beach?”
“Sure, but it won’t tell you how hard
you hit, and it won’t show the right
amount of leeway when you stall. Sten-
tec falls into the usual trap of putting
all the effort into phenomenally realistic
graphics, good game play, and eye candy,
instead of making the low-speed boat
dynamics realistic enough to use the
program as a training tool.”

~VIRTUAL HOLIDAYS
look great under the tree."

"It’s got analog inputs for the helm and two throttles. But, like, the throttles could probably be used to control the jib and mainsheet in real time, and those thruster switches could probably be made to control crew hiking."

"Now we’re talking," I said. "I can’t imagine a flight simulator without a joystick. But I note your use of the future conditional."

"The hardware is here, but the software is a work in progress," Lee conceded. "The ShipDriver is actually an adaptation of a device designed to run train simulator games. And with three analog inputs it’s way more advanced than the Ship Simulator Extremes game that it’s configured for. Although future versions of Ship Simulator promise to catch up."

The traffic came to a full stop again, and our driver switched back from voice to texting. It was probably safe enough at our snail’s pace, but we would have preferred some more attention to aggressive lane selection and car-to-car tactical moves. We were all going to be late for work at this rate.

"I think I got an ad for Ship Simulator Extremes in my email recently," I recalled. "But it was all about big ships. Does Ship Sim have small craft options? There’s a new powerboat in the berth next to me who could sure use some virtual docking practice."

"Yeah, they’ve got some small boats and some good detailed harbors to play in, but it doesn’t model cross-wind effects at all. I mean, there’s, like, no good reason not to include the effects of wind and current. That’s what makes docking hard. Also the asymmetrical propulsion effects are left out. Computers are good at that stuff, but they ignore it in favor of the eye candy and the ‘playability’, at least as they perceive it. I’ll take crude graphics any time as long as the simulation is accurate and complete, and the frame rate is high."

"You mean there’s no pull to port when I back down? Good use of prop walk is the essence of the art of docking."

"Nope. No prop walk, no torque, no pitch factor, no cavitation, and not even a hint of wind drift, even in a 20-knot crosswind. It would be so easy to model a sailboat under bare poles, with the usual asymm propeller effects and the bow blowing off to leeward in a crosswind. It would be a fantastic training tool."

"You’re giving me second thoughts about this present," said the woman in front. "It sounds like the simulators still need some more refinement."

"Buy him the hardware anyway," Lee answered. "The ShipDriver is the hardware that makes it all real. Otherwise it’s like trying to learn those crosswind landings in flight sim with no stick and rudder control. I mean, to dock a boat under sail, or respond to wind gusts, you need to do a few things simultaneously in real time, and only multiple analog inputs can model that. The software will catch up. And there are DIY solutions for the true sim geeks."

"You mean I can build my own simulated boat?" I asked. "That sounds like years of work."

"Check out the two packages from

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a company called Quality Simulations. The web page is Hangsim.com, because it started as a hang glider simulation."

Lee retrieved her computer from the front seat, and brought up a video clip. "They offer a very good sailing simulator called Virtual Sailor, but the really interesting product is Vehicle Simulator. It lets you construct your own boat, car, airplane or submarine from pre-defined elements, including wings, sails, hulls and thrusters. You could build a computer model of your own boat and your own marina, with all the wind and torque effects included."

The video showed how to build a simulated custom hydrofoil boat. It was a little crude, but only took a few minutes to assemble the parts and run the program.

"Like I said, a massive project. If not for the initial construction, then getting everything tweaked just right and validated . . . ."

"There’s a user community adding to the virtual fleet all the time," Lee assured me. "Just like in the flight sim world, with libraries of free downloads. Max, I’d be surprised if you can’t find a working sim of your boat already available."

"Okay, I’m sold," I said. "I can see I’m also going to have to leave some print-outs for this ShipDriver console thing strategically placed around the house."

"Unless he has the latest and greatest computer hardware, it pretty much has to be Virtual Sailor. Ship Sim and Sail Sim both need more computing power and more recent graphics capability. What kind of boat does he have?"

As luck would have it, our new friend and her husband owned the very same boat that Lee had been racing on in the midwinter series.

"Perfect!" Lee exclaimed. "You buy him the ShipDriver and I’ll build the computer model of his boat, if you throw in a copy of Vehicle Sim. That way I can check him off my shopping list too."

"Great, I’ll put orders in for both of them as soon as I get to work."


"And," said our driver, "I just ordered ShipDriver and Virtual Sailor a minute ago, for a couple of sailors on my own shopping list."

The traffic was clearing, we were speeding up, and he finally put away his phone, much to the relief of all three of his passengers.

— max ebb
This Month’s Racing Sheet takes us on a trip around the world starting with a look at a Bay Area product at College Sailing’s Singlehanded Nationals. A recap of the Long Beach Cabo Race follows before we jet halfway around the world for the China Cup. After that we head off to the Med for the Rolex Middle Sea Race and then back across the Atlantic with the Route du Rhum-La Banque Postale. Then it’s time for a belated check-in with Morgan Larson before we head back to the Atlantic for the Velux 5 Oceans. Finally we’re back on the Bay for the Big Sail and some Race Notes. Dizzy yet?

LaserPerformance ICSA Singlehanded Nationals

It’s not often that someone wins a regatta with a scoreline that includes 10 bullets and three seconds, then looks back and thinks they could have scored better, but that’s exactly what Yale University sophomore Claire Dennis did at the Laser Performance ICSA Singlehanded Nationals November 5-7 in St. Petersburg, Florida.

Sailing Laser Radials, the Bay Area-bred Dennis was engaged in practically a regatta-long battle with the eventual runner-up, Boston College’s Anne Haeger.

“I think both us could have had a lot fewer points if we hadn’t been duking it out the entire time,” Dennis said.

After they started off ninth and first respectively in the first race, Dennis went on a tear, winning the next eight races in a row.

“It was pretty crazy,” she said. “I don’t typically win a lot of races, so it was definitely an anomaly for my sailing. They were split up over two days — five on Friday and three on Saturday. I was just trying to execute in each race.” Dennis started the final day with a ten-point lead, but Haeger battled back. An 11th in the penultimate race cut into ten-point lead, but Haeger battled back.

Dennis started the final day with a ten-point lead, but Haeger battled back. An 11th in the penultimate race cut into ten-point lead, but Haeger battled back.

“Annie and I had been match racing since race seven,” Dennis said. “A lot of times I was able to break free, but in that race she did a good job of pinning me.”

Going into the last race with a three-point and 10 race wins on the board, Dennis only needed to finish in the top-four — which she did — scoring a fourth to Haeger’s second and, in the process, nothing a one-point regatta win.

The two finished more than 30 points ahead of the third place finisher. Dennis said she was very comfortable in the breezy conditions and had an edge given her Bay Area background, which includes a lot of time in the San Francisco and Richmond YC junior programs, as well as over at St. Francis with the club’s Sailing Director Mike Kalin.

“All the races were similar in that the breeze was never under 15 knots, and the left side paid in pretty much every race,” she said. “All you had to do was punch out off the starting line and get there. Quite a bit of the fleet wasn’t sprint-hiking over the entire course, which you could do, because college courses are so short.”

The political science and history major said that beyond her college sailing success, life on the East Coast is agreeing with her.

“I really enjoy it,” Dennis said, noting that she’s able to get in a couple trips to Florida during the winter for Laser sailing and a little snow relief. “Yale is amazing. I can’t say anything bad about it. The college sailing scene is phenomenal. There’s top-level competition every weekend during the fall and spring, which you can’t find on the West Coast.”

Dennis is also a member — one of the few who don’t sail full-time — of US Sailing Team AlphaGraphics for the Laser Radial.

“It’s great, but it’s a little hard being in school,” she said. “I can’t do as many events and training camps with the team.”

Dennis said that the trade-off is worthwhile, beyond just the educational benefits.

“I’ll owe a lot to college sailing when I’m done,” she said. “I can’t even begin to imagine what three more years will do for my sailing.”

Meanwhile, Stanford qualified for both of its district’s spots at the event, with freshmen Molly McKinney and Sarah Mace finishing sixth and ninth respectively in the 18-boat field. On the men’s side, Cal Maritime junior Sean Kelly finished eighth in the 18-boat Laser full-rig fleet, while Stanford freshman Oliver Toole finished 13th.

Long Beach to Cabo

Long Beach’s Doug Baker skippered the chartered R/P 77 Akela to elapsed-time and ORR Division 1 honors in the Long Beach YC’s biennial race to Cabo San Lucas, while Bob Lane’s Long Beach-based Andrews 63 Medicine Man took the PHRF title.

The 804-mile race started November 6, and the two boats finished within about three hours of each other, though falling short of the elapsed-time record of 2d, 22h, 50m set by Peter Tong’s SC 70 OEX in ‘08. Unlike ‘08 when there was
a consistent breeze of 20-plus knots the entire race, this year the breeze fluctuated just enough to put the race record out of reach for the small, but perfectly-formed five-boat fleet.

Although Akela and Med Man had a remarkably-close finishing delta, the closest battle during the race was between Brack Duker’s Marina Del Rey-based SC70 Holua and Per Peterson’s Oceanside-based Andrews 69 Alchemy. The latter finished just 4m, 23s ahead.

“Of all the distance races I have done, this has been one of the best with close racing and boat-to-boat tactics,” said Alchemy’s Chuck Skewes. “These old 70-foot sleds are such a great boat for these races and truly amazing at the speeds we average.”

Both boats were in close proximity to each other throughout the race. So close at times that there was a near-miss late Sunday night under a moonless, cloudy sky in a very dark ocean. Alchemy executed a crash-jibe and avoided what could have been an unfortunate encounter for both boats.

Ricardo Brockmann’s Acapulco-based, brand new-to-him R/P 52 Vincitore from Acapulco rounded out the fleet.

China Cup

China has made big strides in an effort to get itself going in sailboat racing in the last few years. Now in its fourth year, the China Cup is at the center of this effort, and Doyle Sails San Francisco’s Bill Colombo got the chance to see it first hand early last month.

Everything about this trip was over the top, both literally and figuratively. It began with a 15-hour flight to China over the North Pole. I swear there was a crack in the polar ice marking the International Date Line.

The fourth annual China Cup is China’s premier regatta, with teams from all over the world. Five continents and 20 countries were represented. Our Team Chicago was the first ever entrant from the US. The “organizer” — read: government — bought 30, yes 30, Beneteau 40.7s for this regatta and they are in virtually new condition.

The crew arrived in Hong Kong over three days and was made up of members of three Chicago YC boats’ crews who frequently sail together in both Chicago and San Francisco. From Chicago there were Mike Mayer, Steve Henderson, Karl Brummel, Karen Gottwald and Nick Schmidtbauer from the J-105 Kashmir, George and Andrea Miz from the Farr 395 Zoom, and Mike Reed, Mike and Kate Kennedy, and me from the Sydney 38 Copernicus. Our team motto for the week: “What could go wrong?”

With the 13-hour time change, we all found it very easy to stay out long enough to shut down the bars in Hong Kong for the first three days. We made ourselves at home at the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club, and our credit cards are still smoking from our visit. Good planning (actually, luck) gave us a three-day cushion before we got the boat for two days of practice. Our practices went well. With a puffy 25-knot breeze we wandered around islands we could hardly see through the thick haze over the city. During this pre-race period, we were also generously hosted to two amazing Chinese feasts — complete with fried pig intestines and
political problem on the Hong Kong side — it was a big enough deal to be reported in Bloomberg news — that prevented the club from running a race in Hong Kong waters for foreign crews. We were instructed to make the scheduled first race, from Hong Kong 30 miles to Daya Bay on the mainland, into a delivery, and told that racing would proceed as planned in Chinese waters in Daya Bay.

So the next morning we left the dock at a leisurely 10 a.m. and arrived on the mainland at Longcheer Yacht Club at about 3 p.m. While we filled out the required paperwork and cleared Chinese customs, the local volunteers kept us plied with Mexican beer — 300,000
bottles to be exact! In fact, if the race volunteers ever saw you standing without a beer in your hand, they would run up and put one in it! Next they bussed us — all 1,000 people or so — from Longcheer to our hotels in Shenzhen. The bus setup was amazingly efficient all weekend and we never had to wait more than a few minutes to make the trip down the route, which was lined with China Cup banners the entire way. The hotels were on a nice stretch of beach and ours, the Sheraton Damiesha, was truly 5-star quality.

On to the racing, for real this time. The first race was a classic windward-leeward in about 25 knots. We had boat speed problems, leading to a mid-pack finish. The second race was a 20-mile race around some nearby islands in a moderating breeze. We had a good start and halfway through the race we were in roughly sixth when we tore the leech of the 150% genoa in a tack. Up went the #3 but we lost about 10 places, finishing about 16th.

The opening ceremonies were held that night, and to say they were over-the-top is an understatement. Held in an amphitheater with an audience of 10,000 people, the evening started with the teams being paraded, Olympic Games-style, around the arena before being led to reserved seats for the show. There were a few speeches, and then the show began. It was unreal; there were acrobats, pyrotechnics and motorcycle jumps, all in front of a huge screen showing related images and laser effects. Then the stage filled with water and two jet skis came out doing tricks before a guy dove 80 feet from a tower. It would have fit in with the Beijing Olympics quite well . . . utterly
THE RACING

amazing.

The next day of racing was in lighter air, about 10 knots for three races, and the last day was also light, averaging about five knots. After four recalled starts, including one where two boats had a serious collision that sent one crew member to the hospital with a punctured lung and broken teeth, the race committee finally got the race off under a black flag. We hit the line with speed and were second to the weather mark. We let one boat pass us in the fluky air downwind — the eventual regatta winner, Team Sheraton with sailors from South Africa’s America’s Cup team — but held on to third. That turned out to be the only race of the day so; happily, we did get a trophy at the prize giving that night for the daily third, and finished in the top 10 for the regatta.

The whole experience was amazing. Our Chinese hosts were beyond generous and the event itself was extremely well organized and managed.

**Rolex Middle Sea Race**

Rodney Hagebols is one of the world’s most sought-after coaches. The Australian, who calls Oakland home, led the coaching effort for John Dane and Austin Sperry’s run up to the ’08 Olympics in Qingdao. But he also does a fair bit of professional sailing, and one of his most recent escapades turned out quite well. Hagebols sailed in last month’s Rolex Middle Sea Race — one of the world’s preeminent middle distance races — and checked in with a stirring report:

The Rolex Middle Sea Race is a formidable challenge that tests you both physically and mentally over the 603-mile, counter-clockwise route from Valletta, Malta, around Sicily and its outlying islands, and back. There are many places on the race course where you can make big gains, or big losses.

After a 10-boat coastal practice race in which we both sailed and practiced safety drills, the main event got underway on October 23 in the shadow of the 500-year-old fortresses that surround Malta’s Grand Harbor. Our crew aboard Bryon Ehrhart’s Chicago-based TP 52 Lucky was a talented and mixed bag — both professional and corinthian — which included American, Australian, New Zealand and British crew members.

After the first afternoon we had lost some ground to our rivals, Johnny Vincent’s Pace (another TP52) and Cantankerous, a Cookson 50. To the credit of the team they worked hard through the night, and by sunrise we had passed them, in addition to the Volvo 70 E1, the ’05 Ericsson Racing. By mid-morning the following day, we were approaching the Straits of Messina, up around the island of Stromboli, around the island of Favignana off the northwest corner of Sicily, around the Islands of Pantelleria and Lampedusa, and back to Malta.

Starting from the tiny islands of Malta, the Rolex Middle Sea Race takes the fleet through the 2.5-mile-wide Straits of Messina, up around the island of Stromboli, around the island of Favignana off the northwest corner of Sicily, around the Islands of Pantelleria and Lampedusa, and back to Malta.
some more distance from the island. We were now committed and tried to punch through with some momentum. It was very nerve-wracking as we watched the other boats head out wide in breeze while we sat there motionless. E1 was on the same line and got a little puff of wind. We couldn’t quite get to the breeze as they slowly put more daylight between us. We fl  opped backward and forward on either tack for what seemed like an eternity, until we burst through the convergence zone and headed west towards the north-west corner of Sicily. After all that, Pace managed to come out about the same time, but they were now just 200 meters to leeward. Once settled in, we went for our A1 spinnaker, reaching side by side with them. As nightfall came, the breeze was getting lighter and lighter. All we could see was the red sidelights of Pace to leeward and the white stern light of E1, about two-miles ahead.

Our next obstacles were more small islands. As we approached, we decided to put in some more gybes in order to get more leeward gauge off the islands. Pace and Wild Joe followed suit, but we took one more gybe out and managed to get a nice lane through the lee of the island. We went to our drifter headsail and were able to keep some nice speed. As we popped out of the lee, we lost track of the others.

Not knowing where the others were was a little worrisome, but we stuck to our game plan of getting west for a new westerly breeze that was supposed to fill. We went 99% of the way to the starboard layline for Favignana and tacked to starboard. We were on starboard tack for about 30 minutes when the breeze started to shift right . . . NICE!

As the sun came up, we saw some boats to leeward in the distance, but we couldn’t make out any sail numbers so we couldn’t make any conclusions. We just kept racing, and tried to stay in-phase. We were in-phase the entire time, and put even more distance on the boats behind us. To our delight, as we approached the corner of Sicily, we finally got a fix on the boats behind: Pace and Wild Joe. This was great news for the crew and morale was sky-high. But we still had a long way to go, so we kept pressing on. Passing through the channel at Favignana was spectacular; sunshine, islands and a large seaway greeted us, not to mention the media helicopter to take some shots as we smashed through the confused seaway. Once through, we cracked sheets towards Pantelleria with the wind now at 20 knots on our starboard beam.

We passed Pantelleria at about midnight, and we could now see the Pace’s nav lights, and another boat astern. As we sailed southeast, the sky looked very ominous ahead. There were low, black, swirling clouds with lightning strikes across the sky. We were sailing with the A3 and peeled to the A2. We had to keep pushing, as the chasing lights behind were getting larger and brighter. So off we headed, toward the black, swirling mess ahead. There was no way around it. The rain started, and the skies were alive like nothing I’ve seen before. It just kept getting worse.

We had hail and 30 knots of wind and were surrounded by lightning strikes every 15 seconds or so. The boats around us disappeared into the squall as we screamed downwind in excess of 20 knots of boat speed. The bow slammed into a wave and the boat wiped out; we managed to get the boat up again with the kite up, but the sheet was around the end of the boom which would have ended our race. We got the kite down and put up the A7 until things settled a little more.

As the weather cleared up there was only one other boat behind us, and we had extended nicely. We found out later that Pace had a lightning strike very close by which blew out her instruments, and they then did a 360° turn out of control. As we closed on Lampedusa, the wind lightened again, but there was a terrible mixed seaway, boat-damaging slop. We got clear of the island by sunrise and headed off toward Malta at full speed. The other boats were still in sight but we still felt okay with our position. Lucky loves a windy beam reach and she was flying. We couldn’t quite lay the Comino Channel with the A3 but went for it anyway as the forecast was for the wind to swing aft. By halfway down this leg we had aborted the watch system and now had all hands on deck, pushing as hard as we could. Will
Finlay did an awesome job driving Lucky beyond her limit with the A3 and the crew worked like clockwork sharing the workload on the grinders. As we neared Malta, the breeze swung back right and we had to drop the spinnaker. We got through the South Comino Channel without too much drama. Wild Joe was just 200 meters ahead and we worked at getting past her. We put up the A2 as we exited the channel and sailed towards the finish line in Marsamett harbor. With a few gybes down the coast of Malta, we approached the harbor entrance and prepared for the final spinnaker drop in order to sail up the channel to the finish. Wild Joe kept her lead on us and finished a couple of minutes ahead. As we approached the finish line Wild Joe came past and gave us three cheers for a job well done.

Race and Cantankerous were not far behind so we watched them finish as we stood by for our inspection. Now the race was on for corrected time: we were leading provisionally overall, but had to withstand a challenge from two Maltese boats, the J/133 Jaru and J/122 Artie. It was a restless night as we waited for the results. The winners in this year’s Route du Rhum-La Banque Postale have all been decided for handicap divisions and the skipper’s name. When you’ve gotten all that info to-for handicap divisions) and the skipper’s name. When you’ve gotten all that info to-

THE BOX SCORES

The Bay’s Midwinter Series got off to a roaring start last month, so without further ado, we get right to the results. Our style guide for midwinters results is right here in front of you. If you take the type out of the format you see here, they are guaranteed to get into the magazine, as it just makes life that much easier for us when our results gnome decides to play hooky. We need the boat name, type of boat (for handicap divisions) and the skipper’s name. When you’ve gotten all that info together, just send it to the Racing Editor at rob@latitude38.com! Thanks!

Catalina 34 — 1) Queimada, David Sanner; 2) All Hall, Paige van Loben Sels; 3) Rollover, Lynn Guerra. (9 boats)
PHRF 4 — 1) La Paloma, IOD, James Hennefer; 2) Xarifa, IOD, Paul Manning; 3) Torrid, Aphrodite 101, Larry Westland. (7 boats)
KNARR — 1) Benino, Mark Dahm; 2) Fitty-Fitty, Jon Perkins; 3) #134, Eric Gray. (6 boats)
FOLKBOAT — 1) Thea, Chris Herrmann; 2) Nordic Star, Richard Keldsen; 3) Freja, Tom Reed. (8 boats)
LARGER MULTIS — 1) Jabberwocky, Buccaneer 35, Philip Hadley. (1 boat)

Complete results at: www.regattapro.org

Checking In With Morgan Larson

Morgan Larson is inarguably one of the most successful sailors to have come out of Northern California. The veteran of multiple Louis Vuitton Cups and Hawaii races also has a 505 World Championship to his credit and has sailed with some of the biggest names in the sport. But when he’s not out racing with the world’s top programs, he can often be found racing his Moore 24 Bruzer up and down the West Coast. We caught up with him about his
Despite nearly having to retire with mainsail track damage, Lionel Lemonchois sailed ‘Prince de Bretagne’ to a win in the Multi50 division in the ‘10 Route du Rhum-La Banque Postale.

win at this year’s Moore 24 Nationals.

**Latitude 38:** It looked like you had a good lead going into Sunday, but that in Sunday’s first two races. Eight Ball closed the gap. How’d you guys close it out so emphatically?

**Morgan Larson:** We had a narrow four-point lead going into the final day. We assumed they would get two races in and our throwout was a third to Eight Ball’s tenth, which gave us a nice cushion. We were called over in the first race and after returning to the start we struggled to battle back through the fleet using our throw-out race. Race two on the final day, we had a one point lead going into what we assumed was the last race. Again we jumped the gun and had to turn back. Eight Ball took the lead and we were in the 20s at the first mark. At this stage we were not even considering a championship title but just trying to salvage a podium finish. Our crew fought hard to get us back into the top 10. Had we been 11th, Eight Ball would have the event wrapped-up. Fortunately for us there was a third race and we needed to put eight boats between us and Eight Ball, but the way they were sailing it wasn’t going to happen. On the final start we had considered trying to attack Scott Easom and his team but opted to take the favored pin and see how things unravelled. Luckily for us Eight Ball jumped the gun and had to turn back. We sailed a good race and had to look back at the finish and hope Easom didn’t make it back into the top nine. We did everything possible to screw it up but lucked out in the end.

**L38:** Who’d you have sailing with you and what were their positions on the boat?

**ML:** Our Team was: Christa Scheer from Hood River on the bow, Erik Haug from Hood River at the mast, Monica Rampald from Italy/Whistler in the pit and Tyler Beech from Hood River, and myself switching off at the helm and trimming. Tyler and I decided before the first race that if you were to win while driving, you stayed on the helm, and if you were second or worse, you switched, and we kept this system throughout the event.

**L38:** Having grown up in Santa Cruz, you must have a long history with the Moore 24. When did you start sailing them and what do you love about them?

**ML:** My father spent many late nights at The Reef (Moore’s boat shop) hanging out at what was one of the coolest “Monster Garages” around. He and John Moore built #88, Tonapah Low; along with Ron and the gang, and that was really our first real family race boat. My parents would race it in the doublehanded races and I got to go along on many regattas. Dee Smith and Trevor and Will Baylis were among our regular helmsman as my dad was always on the bow. In the beginning I was brought along because the boat didn’t slow down when I went below to pack the kite or fetch a beer but eventually they taught me to do a few tasks on deck. I think Tonapah Low was the most successful Moore 24 in the class’s history — or close with Adios. The boats are pretty antiquated from today’s standards

PHRF D (111-136) — 1) Elusive, Olson 911S, Charles Pick, 3 points; 2) Uno, Wyliecat 30, Steve Wonner, 3; 3) Crinan II, Wyliecat 30, Bill West, 8. (6 boats)

PHRF E (>136) — 1) Wired, CF 27, Larry Smith, 2 points; 2) YPSO, Cal 2-27, Tim Stapleton, 4; 3) Sea Spirit, Catalina 34, Laurence Baskin, 6. (6 boats)

Complete results at: www.encinal.org

BERKELEY YC MIDWINTERS SATURDAY SERIES (11/13, 1r, 0t)

DIVISION A — 1) Family Hour-TNG, Henderson 30, Bilafer family; 2) Stewball, Express 37, Bob Harford; 3) Jeanette, Frers 40, Henry King. (8 boats)

DIVISION B — 1) Hoot, Olson 30, Andrew Macfie; 2) Mintaka 4, Farr 38, Gerry Brown; 3) X1THEME, Hobie 33, Dave Mosher. (8 boats)

DIVISION C — 1) Baleineau, Olson 34, Charles Brochard; 2) For Pete’s Sake, Ultimate 24, Peter Cook; 3) Shameless, Custom Schumacher 30, G. Ellison/H. Macartney. (6 boats)

EXPRESS 27 — 1) Motorcycle Irene, Will Paxton; 2) El Raton, Ray Lotto; 3) Take Five, Donald Carroll. (18 boats)

DIVISION D — 1) Phantom, J24, John Guillford; 2) Joyicity, 14 Ton, Patrick Kohlman; 3) Intransipid, Olson 25. (7 boats)

DIVISION E — 1) Lelo Too, Tartan 30, Emile Carles; 2) Starkite, Catalina 30, Laurie Miller; 3) Achatx, Newport 30, Robert Schocoh. (4 boats)

DIVISION F — 1) Dumbo, Catalina 22, David Torsa; 2) Crazy Horse, Ranger 23, Nicholas Ancel; 3) Latin Lass, Catalina 27, Bill Chapman. (6 boats)

CAL 20 — 1) Can O’ Whoopass, Richard von Ehrenkrook; 2) Fjording, Tina Lundh; 3) Rambler, Michael Farrell. (3 boats)

Complete results at: www.berkeleyyc.org

BERKELEY YC MIDWINTERS SUNDAY SERIES (11/14, 1r, 02)

DIVISION 1 — 1) Emma, Bill Roberts. (1 boat)

DIVISION 1 (<85) — 1) Sweet Okole, Modified Farr 36, Dean Treadway; 2) Abordage, Melges 24, Erwan Le Gall; 3) Warp Speed, C&C 115, Jeff Smith. (4 boats)

DIVISION 2 (87-120) — 1) For Pete’s Sake, Ultimate 24, Peter Cook; 2) Hoot, Olson 30, Andrew Macfie; 3) Flexi Flyer, Soverel 33, Mitchell Wells. (5 boats)

EXPRESS 27 — 1) Wetsu, Phil Krasner; 2) Great White, Rachel Fogel; 3) Luffing Outloud, Ray Wilson. (5 boats)

DIVISION 3 (123-168) — 1) Grunted, Moore 24, Simon Winer; 2) Two Irrational, Moore 24, Anthony Charing; 3) Twilight Zone, Merit 25, Paul Kamen. (5 boats)

DIVISION 4 (>170) — 1) Antares, IS 30-2, Larry Telford; 2) Zingaro, Santana 22, Jennifer McKenna; 3) Latin Lass, Catalina 27, Bill Chapman. (4 boats)

Complete results at: www.berkeleyyc.org

VALLEJO YC TINY ROBBINS MIDWINTER SERIES (11/17, 1r, 02)

DIVISION 1 — 1) Somewhere in Time, Schock 35, Tom Ochs; 2) Lita-K, Catalina 42, John Karuzas; 3) Citlali, Olson 25, Frank Gonzalez-Meana. (8 boats)

SPINNAKER — 1) Summer & Smoke, Beneteau 36.77, Pat Patterson; 2) Split Water, Beneteau 10R, David Brit; 3) Tutto Bene, Beneteau 38.5, Jack Vetter. (3 boats)

Complete results at: www.vyc.org

Sheets December, 2010 • Latitude 38 • Page 127
but the hull shape and sail plan were years ahead when designed. The full bow allows for the boat to really handle windy downwind sailing with considerably good control. Upwind and in lighter winds, the boat bobs around like a cork — not that fun — but as soon as the breeze is up and you hoist the kite, there isn’t much better of a boat its size.

**L38**: How many Moore 24 nationals have you won?

**ML**: I’m not really sure, but I think we won one or two on Tonapah Low, then for sure twice on Dave Josalyn’s Moorgasm, and now two on Bruzer, which originally belonged to Garski (Gary Tracy), a downhill speed record skateboarder, high speed water-skier, and one of the finest graduates from the Santa Cruz fiberglass university.

**L38**: It seems as if some of the boats are getting a lot of money spent on them — disproportionate to the actual cost of the boat itself. How essential is boat preparation?

**ML**: A stock Moore 24 is just as fast as one that has been “pimped out.” (Scott Walecka and David Hodges’ very stock multiple national champion) Adios is a perfect example. Our boat had been in four major collisions prior to our purchasing it so we sanded the hull — above the waterline — and repainted it. We also stripped the decks of 20 feet of jib track and 48 feet of toerail — how uncomfortable is toerail to sit on? The decks are built of balsa-core so many old Moores have water intrusion. With the help of Craig Smith down at Elkhorn Composites, we filled all the holes and covered them with fiberglass before repainting the deck. Our new deck layout is lighter and more user-friendly and a hell of a lot simpler than how the boats originally came. We had to add 16 pounds of lead to get her back to weight.

**L38**: Are you based up in Hood River still, or down in Santa Cruz now?

**ML**: My wife Christa has a summer business in the Gorge so we spend May to September up on the river and then try to hang out in Santa Cruz in the winter. Winter down here is great; the tourists and fog are gone and the surf is back.

**L38**: What’s next for you for the bread-
winning sailing?

**ML:** This year I will sail Melges 32s with Steve Howe and the gang on Warpath and also sail RC 44s. I’ve also purchased an A-Class cat to start learning catamarans, and am hoping to start building a wing mast for it soon.

**L38:** What do you think about the new America’s Cup format?

**ML:** I think the new AC Class will be very exciting and I hope to have a role. Let’s keep our fingers crossed that SF gets the nod.

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**Velux 5 Oceans**

American Brad Van Liew emphatically won the first "Ocean Sprint" in the Velux 5 Oceans, sailing his Eco 60 'Le Pingouin' into Cape Town’s Table Bay on November 13, having won the 6800-mile leg by over 600 miles!

Van Liew’s closest rival, Pole Gutek Gutkowski aboard Operon Racing was within only 180 miles of Van Liew in spite of having to stitch up his own head after walking into his wind generator’s spinning blades halfway through the leg, and having a relatively ancient, ’92-vintage boat. But a series of halyard failures, one of which resulted in his losing his gennaker for the South Atlantic sprint, left him wallowing in the American’s wake.

Canadian Derek Hatfield’s Active House was third, finishing ahead of Briton Chris Stanmore-Major’s Spartan, which lost its masthead crane in the South Atlantic. Belgian Christophe Bullens Five Oceans of Smiles II — a replacement for his original boat which was dismasted just weeks before the start — is still 2796 miles from Cape Town. Keep checking for updates at www.velux5oceans.com.

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**The Big Sail**

Alumni, students, parents, spectators, and media converged on St. Francis YC on November 16 for the Big Sail — the annual match race between Cal and Stan-
ford which takes place the same week as the storied ‘Big Game’ between the two schools. As in recent iterations, this year’s event set new records for attendance and enthusiasm, helped in no small part by the presence of each school’s marching band and cheerleading squad.

Sailing in J/105s with spinnakers bearing the schools’ logos, the two sets of alumni teams — one for the over-40-year-olds, and one for the under-40-year-olds — squared-off in single races for bragging rights, with Cal taking both matches. Then the varsity sailing teams from each school rotated into the boats and faced off in an umpired, best-of-three match-race series right in front of the club’s dining room, which was filled with spectators. Stanford started with a win in the first race, when they were able to capitalize on a poorly-executed penalty turn by Cal, squeaking across the line ahead by a matter of inches. In race two, it was Stanford’s turn to make the “big mistake” when they sailed on the shoreside of Anita Rock. Sailors who race the Cityfront know very well that this area is a restricted zone. That immediately disqualified Stanford and gave Cal the win automatically . . . or not. The umpires decided not to issue Stanford the dreaded black flag, opting instead to let the match play out. But in the end, Cal got ahead, extended, and demonstrated superior boat speed to take the race easily.

With the score tied at one race apiece, Stanford was able to get a slight lead off the start line that they managed to carry to the first weather mark. At the leeward mark, Stanford rounded and immediately T’d up Cal, who was on port with their spinnaker still flying. Holding their course, Stanford made a sharp tack to avoid a collision and flew their Y flag to request an umpires’ call. Cal was given a penalty, sealing the regatta for Stanford.

— Kristen Lane

Race Notes

Go Beyond The Gate — In an effort to get more people to go beyond the confines of the Bay, OYRA has instituted a new Daylight Series for the coming year. The new series will include four of the eight races in the OYRA schedule: Lightship I & II, Half Moon Bay, and the Southern Cross. All four will start on an ebb, with a later 10:30 a.m. start time — as opposed to the normal 9 a.m. starts — and...
all are very likely to finish before dark. In addition, for boat owners who want to “try before they buy,” OYRA is offering to set them up with one of their “old salts” to dip their big toe in the water. For assistance with that, email Jim Quanci at jim.quanci@autodesk.com.

Whoops! — In last month’s Season Champions article, we messed up a couple details in our write-up of Richard vonEhrenkrook and Paul Sutchek’s win in HDA K with the former’s Cal 20 Can O’Whoopass. First, we hacked up the spelling of their names on multiple occasions, and second, we failed to note that the boat’s trapeze is now gone. Sorry about that guys!

Honored — Former Stanford Sailing Coach Jay Kehoe was named US Sailing’s Developmental Coach of the Year last month. Kehoe, who coached the Cardinal from ’01 to ’08 before moving to Annapolis to take over as waterfront director at Annapolis YC, counts five members of the US Sailing Team AlphaGraphics at Qingdao among his former charges. He was honored for his role in transforming the Annapolis YC’s waterfront into a world-class sailing development facility.

Three Cheers — Steve and Charlotte Dube of Ontario, Oregon are this year’s recipients of US Sailing’s Arthur B. Hanson Rescue Medal for their role in rescuing a sailor during the Mill Harbor Yacht Club’s Payette Cup Regatta on Payette Lake, Idaho on June 12. When a sailor on another boat was knocked overboard by his boat’s boom, the Dubes deployed a Lifesaving and Charlotte circled the sailor until the line was in his hands and the boat was stopped. Fortunately, he was wearing a life jacket. The sailor was in a state of mild hypothermia after five minutes in the lake’s 50-degree water. He was helped aboard by the Dubes, and was soon in dry clothes. All three are in their 60s.
The Magic of Spontaneity: A Most Memorable Turkish Night

Readers — After testing their worldliness though our international chartering quiz in last month’s World of Chartering, Terry and John Dixon were inspired to share some highlights from their recent sailing trip in Turkey. By the way, although there are many prime chartering venues that the Dixons have yet to visit, they did pretty well on the quiz nonetheless.

We invite you to follow the Dixons’ lead and shoot us a few paragraphs on one of your favorite chartering experiences, along with a few of your best photos. If we publish them we’ll send you some official Latitude 38 swag as a thank you.

Last June ten of us friends chartered two Beneteaus in southwest Turkey: four of us on our boat and six on the other. We started in Yalıkavak near Bodrum and were finishing our charter 10 days later in Marmaris on the south coast. We had mostly stayed together, but the other boat preferred anchoring and hiking while we liked to spend some nights tied to the dock of a quaint restaurant in a small town or village. How else were we to meet the Turkish people and experience the culture?

This particular day, the other boat pulled up anchor about half an hour before we did with the understanding that we would meet up that evening. After an exhilarating sail with 20 knots on the quarter, we arrived at our destination in the late afternoon to find something we hadn’t yet come across: jet skis, tour buses, and a crowded anchorage. Our partner boat was nowhere in sight and we suspected they had arrived earlier and decided to flee this scene.

Unable to hail them by radio or phone, we chose to carry on to nearby Selimiye where we had spent a couple of hours at lunch time. Selimiye has a picturesque harbor, a large dock for visiting yachts, and an attractive waterside walkway with charming shops and restaurants. We chose the Aurora Restaurant and stern-tied to one of the last spaces at their dock.

It was a beautiful evening and while we enjoyed happy hour in the cockpit chatting with our German neighbors, restaurant staff were moving tables and chairs from inside to outside under the stars. At dinner time, we stepped off the stern of our boat to our table just a few feet away. The dock had been transformed into a cozy, candlelit bistro where we had a pleasant visit with the quirky, gregarious restaurant owner. Excellent food served by friendly, efficient staff. Just as we were thinking it was time to head for our cabins, our German neighbors, who turned out to be a visiting band, broke out musical instruments at their dinner table. For the next couple of hours they entertained us all with popular songs in English and German. Diners moved in closer, ordering second and third rounds of raki, with everyone singing along in whatever language they knew. Someone had a laptop and passed it around so we could appreciate that the band was fairly well-known in some circles.

Passers-by on the walkway stopped and listened and we were all thrilled when renowned singer/guitarist John Mayer sat down and played a couple of songs. By the time the evening broke up, it was 1:30 a.m.

We almost hated to tell our friends that they had missed the best night of the trip, but we couldn’t resist.

— terry & john dixon
north vancouver, b.c.
OF CHARTERING

this was only the second charter where I assumed the responsibility of "captain". We were joined by Nancy and Abraham from San Francisco, who have been with us since Belize; Kathy and Bo of Bel Air, Maryland, who loved the BVI trip and agreed to another go; and my sister Allison and her husband Jim of Riverton, Utah.

Since Kathy and Nancy are sisters, we flirted with calling this the All in the Family cruise. But Pirates of the Caribbean would have also been an appropriate title.

The Moorings charter company promised us exhilarating sailing, fantastic vistas and vibrant coral reefs, all accessible from the chartered Moorings 4600 catamaran *Tell Tales*.

At 46 feet long, 24.5 feet wide and 24,000 lbs., this Moorings 4600 is, of course, a whole lot larger than our Cal 2-25 *Cajun* or the Catalina 380 we frequently race aboard, named *Seaya*. With four staterooms, four heads, and a giant salon, we weren’t going to feel cramped. Equipped with twin 50-hp Volvo saildrives, a generator, three banks of A/C, a flying bridge and a giant roached main, she promised us comfort and performance.

The Moorings base at Marigot Bay is a stark contrast to the time-worn buildings we passed during the 1.5 hour journey from St. Lucia’s Hewanorra International Airport (Vieux Fort). An impressive line of yachts was immediately visible and the bag-drag to ours was but a handful of yards. We were just in time for the slated 1600 captain’s briefing, only to find it’s always at 1500. Ah, island time. While I did paperwork, the crew stowed the cases of beverages and cartons of food aboard, taking care to keep cardboard and cockroaches on the dock.

Upon my return the crew had cheese, Pitons — the local beer — and wine set up for our first sundowner. A local fish din-ner at Chateau Mygo completed our first day and we started our sun-synchronous vacation life.

Two things were hard to arrange with the charter company, but we prevailed: having all hands attend the captain’s briefing and acquiring a second ice chest. Insist on both. There is great value in having everyone invested in the details of our cruise, and also in being able to enjoy a cold drink while considering our many options. The captain’s briefing contained important information not found in the cruising guide and emphasized the better of otherwise apparently equal choices. We each had a copy of the cruising guide and everyone commented upon the added value of local knowledge.

Just before noon, we motored 9 miles to our first mooring at the Pitons. This gave us time to get our sea legs, acquaint ourselves with the yacht, and begin the decompression into vacation mode. After politely waving off the first of many ‘boat boys’ who offered to hand us a mooring ball pendant for a fee, we found one of the last of the nine balls in the marine preserve harbor. We caught the ball on our first attempt, doubled up the lines, and contemplated the silence of twin diesels in the off position.

We departed the next morning at 0700 for our 60-mile strike past St. Vincent to Bequia’s Admiralty Bay and Port Elizabeth. Every trip planning aid agreed: St. Vincent was both beautiful and best appreciated from a distance. We exited the Pitons harbor under bluebird skies.

The Moorings charter base at Marigot Bay, St. Lucia, has long been a principal jumping-off point for Windward Antilles charters.
looking for sea room to raise the main, turned into the wind and found 20 knots on the nose. Exhilarating sailing was indeed in store.

"Whale Ho! Dead ahead!" We were unsure what species it was, but it was big, light-colored on its underside and stayed ahead of us for several minutes spouting.

During the ocean channel crossings, every large wave seemed to explode with clouds of flying fish. Pods of dolphins played to starboard. Nancy hooked a nice big green dolphin fish (mahi), which had been one of our goals for the trip — it was a first for our crew. Despite our continued fishing, investment in more lures and pumping every local for information, this was one of the only line strikes we were to enjoy the entire trip.

At Bequia, the Admiralty Bay boat boy of choice was away off island, so we went with Burning Love in the red boat. He directed us to what appeared to be a solid mooring ball, handed us the pendant and collected the fee after Jim dove on the mooring to be sure. This mooring field is unregulated and unmaintained.

Abraham and I went to clear customs while everyone else swam to the nearby coral reef for a snorkel. On the ride back Abraham commented that this was the first time he had observed a drug deal going down on a town dock. After a Joy bath (the dish soap that works in sea water) and a Pusser’s Painkiller, we were dressed, locked up tight and making for shore. Mac’s lobster pizza was our goal and it turned out to be really yummy.

On the way back out we had to ask, "Which sailboat is ours?" "The one with the anchor light!" Yuck, yuck, yuck. Then both Allison and Kathy exclaimed that we were headed to the wrong boat: "That boat has people on it.” We talked them out of it, went aboard and hit the rack after another cocktail and some conversation.

The next morning I searched for my wedding ring, which I’d left aboard when we went to dinner. Then Rochelle said she was missing some cash. When we checked with the rest of the crew, one couple was missing a knife and flashlight, and another was missing cash. Bo took the lead with the local police while

As Marty and Rochelle demonstrate here, running a charter cat is terribly hard work. Nevertheless this probably won’t be their last time. So reliable boat boys are the keys to finding a ball appropriate to the boat. The fees go directly into their pockets.
It’s a bastion of safety with its own independent police force.

Then the skies opened wide and we were reduced to a bare stick due to 30-knot gusts and confused seas. Islands disappeared and re-emerged as we went in and out of the squalls. 

Basil’s Bar is said to be frequented by Mick Jagger. There are incredible Balinese carved wood ceilings under the open cabanas that make up the bar. The rum drinks are great, but avoid the minty green one! Dinner was at The Firefly, a fancy restaurant on the hill, accessed by a glorified golf cart. The flying fish appetizers were great! We shared a golf cart with the 80-year-old megayacht owner — a French billionaire who quietly enjoys his good fortune — and his party. The British crew were all very professional and a pleasure to speak with.

The next day, with spirits on the rise, we sailed 23 miles to the Tobago Cays. Bo, fresh from his first significant helming experience since his Navy days, sailed past St Vincent and took us most of the way in. I took over in the very thin water between Petit Rameau and Petit Bateau and selected a ball in the lee of Baradol, the turtle sanctuary island. The Moorings Canouan manager, Wiley, had dispatched our repair crew as we sailed past Canouan. Their Moorings 403 followed us to the mooring and tied up alongside. They quickly sprang into action changing the main and replacing the diesel fuel we’d had to burn without a mainsail. They even replaced our dinghy fuel and brought us some ice.

I dealt with the local sailmaker to get a tear in the main repaired.

Avin the sailmaker came to Bequia from Canada 20 years ago, lured by a skilled local boatbuilding tradition. He told me how the 20 hand-built schooners in the harbor had been reduced to one as South American drugs and the lure of easy money gutted the community. When I told him we had been broken into, he said we were lucky that we hadn’t been aboard. He also advised me not to use the mainsail in any real wind.

Back came Bo and two Bequia police officers, Sgt. Grant and his assistant. We showed them our forced hatch locks, toured them around the yacht and suffered their insinuation that we’d made the whole thing up. Eventually they were done and we went back ashore for another couple of hours of forms, emails, disappointment, and torrential squalls.

We were finally able to get underway by 1300 and left in haste during a break in the squalls. We motored out of the harbor determined to get our vacation back. Mustique Island awaited — where the ‘Oprah-rich’ have vacation homes.

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The girls went swimming with the turtles, while the guys stayed with the riggers — being men — and we even helped a little. In two hours we were rigged, albeit a bit of a jury rig, and left with a usable main. A swim, a Joy bath and a great sunset provided relief while the barbecue was fired up for steak night. Our flashlights caught the shimmer of two sandy-colored rays and other large fish. We tossed in a scrap of steak and the water exploded! Clearly the wildlife came out at night. Being in a marine preserve, we couldn’t fish but boy, we could have caught our limit with a spinning rod.

We decided to spend another day and night in the Cays so we could swim to Baradbol and commune with the iguanas; swim with so many turtles that we could be choosy, and take a dinghy trip to Jamesby Island, which we nick-named Disney Island. It was simply too perfectly shaped, the beach too perfectly white and untracked, the palm trees too perfectly positioned.

Under a double-reefed main and jib we sailed 27 miles back to Admiralty Bay averaging 8 knots SOG. We had little choice but to return to the scene of the crime. It did provide us an opportunity to check up on the police report after we cleared customs — no action during the preceding four days. Plus we needed rum and ice.

Walking to the store near the waterfront we crossed paths with a fisherman holding a very large freshly caught amberjack that weighed in at 17.5 pounds. The asking price was EC$157.50. Abraham, ever the negotiator, struck a deal of EC$145 plus a cold beer (about $60 USD). The fisherman agreed to scale and filet our fish, which was a welcome bonus. We gave him the roe (which is very good pan fried) and the remainder of the carcass in exchange for some bait fish. Eating that fish was one of the highlights of the trip — it was delicious grilled! One filet fed all eight of us and the other filet made great fish tacos the next day.

Since we were back in Bequia and nervous about thieves, we agreed to lock ourselves in and use the generator and A/C all night. We kicked on the genset without problem, but two of the three A/C pumps failed. It was a damned expensive yacht to have so many mechanical failures. But we turned the remaining A/C unit on full blast and slept in relative peace.

As Marty points out, if you loose confidence in your nav systems while traveling the St. Lucia coast, you can always refer to your beer label, averaging 8 knots SOG. We had little choice but to return to the scene of the crime. It did provide us an opportunity to check up on the police report after we cleared customs — no action during the preceding four days. Plus we needed rum and ice.

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We were underway at 0630 the next day for the 60-mile bash upwind to the Pitons. Up went the main and out went the jib. This cat screams with big wind 60 degrees or more off the nose, but wouldn’t sail higher than 45 degrees off the wind.

We were becalmed behind St. Vincent, so on came the diesels and we motorsailed the remainder of the way. We never saw winds more than 45 degrees off the bow for the remainder of the trip to St. Lucia, but we saw 28 knots and 10-foot-plus seas breaking over us. Our Pitons beer can labels provided a great navigation aid, as the Pitons themselves emerged from the sunny haze.

The harbor was full and a boat boy tried to get us to double moor on one ball, running our line underneath another vessel. Instead, we went around Petit Piton into a harbor overlooking Soufriere and found a ball. We negotiated a water taxi ride with the ranger, who took us to and from Soufriere for a look at town and dinner at the Hummingbird.

We awoke Saturday and realized our adventure was drawing to a close. By this time Tell Tales had acquired a long list of required maintenance actions. Time to bring her back to the barn. Little wind and a noon deadline had us motoring the final nine miles.

After dealing with Customs, Immigration, and a Moorings debrief, we disembarked and loaded into Smiley’s van. Smiley helped us explore Castries for lunch and we toured the island vistas, finally spending the evening in Vieux Fort at the Hotel Kimatrai. This was our ‘party hardy’ crew shirt night. Abraham led us through his customary end-of-cruise song, this time a blues number: “I’ve got those Bequia Blues.”

I suppose that if we end a cruise adventure singing, we’ve ended it well.

— marty tramm
Cocokai — 65-ft Schooner
Coco-Nuts: Greg, Jen and Coco
Fun in the Solomon Islands (Long Beach)

There’s been a lot of talk about marine heads in Latitude, so I’ll contribute my recent experience from a boat where the heads get used all the time. I recently completed the simple task of changing out the pump assembly on the aft head, as it was clearly wearing out. Everything was fine until the next morning when everyone did their constitutionals. The thing just plugged solid with poop and filled up the bowl!

After removing the head, I spent all day taking it apart and putting it back together — until I discovered we were trying to pump a load down a hose that was plugged with calcium deposits. Apparently a chunk of calcium had broken loose when I was working on the system, moved on down the line, and plugged everything up. I ended up removing all the head hoses and beating them with a hammer to break the calcium free from the insides. I must have sweated out 10 gallons of fluids. Did I mention it’s hot and humid?

Here’s some other ‘crap’ from just the last two weeks:

1) Somehow we got a mouse or rat aboard. It’s hard to believe, since we haven’t been tied to a dock in 10 months.

Whatever it is has been eating poison for four days, but is still going strong. So far he’s eaten thru all four tank gauge lines and who knows what else. I will search the boat in a couple days or when I smell death, whichever comes first.

2) The ram on the autopilot sheared off the 3-3/8” lag bolts that held down the half-inch aluminum plate it was bolted to. I drilled out the holes and put in half-inch stainless lags. The wheel doesn’t bounce around anymore.

3) The thermostats on both the fridge and freezer have gone out, and I’ve had to jump them to run them manually. I have replacements to install, but first I have to gecko-crap proof them! If you only knew what the new thermostats went thru to get to me! Jennifer and Coco think the geckos, and their babies, are so cute. But the LCD screen I’m looking at as I type this has large black spots because the geckos have crapped in there!

4) The new transmission we installed in Fiji 10 months ago is overheating. I thought it was a linkage problem, because we can’t take the engine out of gear when it gets hot. It’s really interesting driving 51 tons of boat you can’t stop into an anchorage with lots of coral heads. The problem wasn’t too bad until we got to the Solomon Islands. There isn’t much wind here, and the water is between 88 and 92 degrees! There’s a town 60 miles from here where we might be able to find a larger transmission cooler and check the hydraulic fluid control valve to see if it’s sticking. Wish us luck.

5) The wildlife onboard. When we get to Australia, I’m going to tell the officials that we’ve got Hawaiian termites, Fijian ants and geckos, and possibly a Solomon Island rat. The hope is that they’ll tent and fumigate Cocokai for free.

Otherwise everything is great, and after all these years we’re still enjoying cruising. And there are some great folks out here. About the same time we left the Galapagos for the Marquesas, a doctor named Boris and one other crewmember on Entelecheta left Ecuador for the Gambiers. Although the passages are about the same distance and have about the same conditions, we made it in 19 days while it took them 64 days! But they still enjoyed it. Different strokes. What great folks!

— the coconuts 11/09/10

Geja – 1976 Islander 36
Getting’ Groovy in The Med
(San Francisco)

[Because the winter winds blow cold on both San Francisco Bay and in the Med, we held off publishing Part Two of Andrew Vik’s report on his third season in the Med, hoping it would warm some hearts and minds. Please enjoy.]

Backtracking north in the Ionian Sea part of Greece, we revisited Preveza and wonderful Paxos before pulling into Corfu Town’s snobby N.A.O.K. yacht club. At least Hook, their open-air nightclub, hosts great parties well into the night, allowing me to finally get my party fix — and fittingly on my birthday!

With repeat crewmembers Lars from Norway and Lukas from Switzerland, our plan was to sail back across the Strait of Otranto to Italy, although we had to
wait out some unfavorable seas for an extra day in cozy Kassiopi on Corfu Island. When sailing back to Italy, many sailors make a pit-stop on the island of Ereikoussa, as it’s just 53 miles from there to Otranto, Italy. But when we left Kassiopi for Ereikoussa, the winds favored a course towards Albania. Not wanting to fight the weather, we turned the bow toward the familiar beach town of Himare, Albania. We anchored there for the afternoon and enjoyed an inexpensive fish dinner ashore. Just before dark, we weighed anchor for a 58-mile night crossing of the Strait of Otranto.

After getting hammered transiting the Strait of Bonifacio and Strait of Messina in ‘08, I should have known to expect some potentially gnarly conditions anywhere in the Med with ‘strait’ in its name. Once we were away from the calm waters under the lee of Albania, the winds and seas piped up, and as any lazy sailor would, I unfurled some genoa for the reach across to Italy. It was a lively sail in pitch black, and we often approached hull speed with just the partially furled genoa. Unfortunately, it wasn’t conducive to sleep. By morning we were anchored in Otranto, having set foot on three different countries within a 24-hour period.

I can think of only one other spot in the Med where such a feat is possible with a sailboat. Can you guess what it is? Otranto and the rest of the Puglia region in southeast Italy are not popular with cruisers, but my two crew and I loved the many historic walled towns and super-friendly locals. It was no mistake that we visited the area in mid-August, as most Italians were on holiday, having left the inland heat for the relief of the seaside. The beaches were jam-packed with Italian tourists. I thought Alimini Beach near Otranto was the best, as it had long sandy beaches and an excellent ‘after-beach’ party scene.

At night, entire families, with everyone from grandchildren to grannies, would take part in the passeggiata, strolling around until past midnight, often with gelatos in hand. Sometimes there would be 10,000 people doing this!

With no other foreign tourists to compete with, we really got to know how friendly the people are. My crew for much of Italy consisted of three young guys from Sweden, otherwise known as Team Awesome. In every Italian town we visited, the people were curious to find out who the four Nordic-looking guys were, and often wanted to take photos. When language was an issue — which it often was — they suggested using Facebook to help get to know each other.

Pulling into Monopoli, we noticed a group of local guys and girls mixing mojitos while floating on a large inflatable in the middle of the harbor. Our kind of people. By the time we’d tied up to the public quay, they’d pulled alongside with drinks for all of us. After a half-hour conversation in broken English, they invited us to their home for dinner! Days later, when I needed to get a new used outboard for my dinghy, these guys provided invaluable assistance.

Farther north in Giovinazzo, the rocky In Puglia, as well as everywhere else in Italy, everyone loves the ‘passeggiate’. Entire families stroll until well past midnight.
breakwater seemed like the popular place for young people to hang out in the evening. So we grabbed a bottle of wine, and the four of us found a spot among the others. Within minutes we were chatting with some local girls. Much to our surprise, a fireworks show started a few minutes later, part of a big celebration for the town. Our night ended after 4 a.m., following a rather rowdy after-fireworks party on Geja. The 11 people we had onboard might have been a record.

Four of the girls joined us the next day for a short sail up the coast to Bisceglie. Unfortunately, the sea was a wee bit rough, and all four girls ended up puking. But once comfortably anchored behind the breakwater at our destination, they instantly perked up and got to work preparing some delicious Italian cuisine in Geja’s galley.

With a new set of crew in fabulous Trani, we sailed farther north and around the Gargano Peninsula, concluding my tour of Italy’s southeast coast at the fancy new marina in Rodi di Gargano. My two weeks in the seldom-visited-by-boat Puglia region of Italy were fantastic! The highlights were Otranto, Ostuni, Giovinazzo, Trani, and Monopoli. The people were amazingly welcoming. Because it was August, many local boatowners had taken off for other places, so slips were easy to come by. Most times they cost less than 30 euros, and one time we were allowed to use a fully-equipped slip for free. With the food, history, culture, and festive August atmosphere, I couldn’t recommend a trip to this region more highly.

I must caution, however, that a visit to the southeastern part of Italy can be problematic. English — or any other foreign language — is seldom spoken by the locals. Security can be an issue when berthing along the public quays, although we never had a problem. The toilet seat situation was a bit better than in Greece, where it had been horrible, but not by much. Worst of all for us, however, is that all of the big discos are located well outside town, and there weren’t any taxis! It turns out that the Italians are as completely car dependent as we are in the United States. The result is that we were more or less shut out of the late-night party scene, which was terrible.

With my final crew of the summer aboard — two Bulgarian girls and a German guy — we set off from Rodi di Gargano bound for Croatia via a final stop at Italy’s Tremiti Islands. These are the gems that I first discovered in ’09. This cluster of small islands, basically the only ones along Italy’s entire east coast, is a kick-ass nautical playground. San Nicola is topped by an awesome town and fortress, while San Domino is fringed by countless caves, coves, and beaches. It is a place that even relatively few Italians have visited, but should be included on any tour of the Adriatic Sea.

It is only 60 miles from the Tremitis to Vis, Croatia, and our sunset departure began with a fast broad reach. Though the wind stayed with us throughout the night, the direction kept changing, making it a chore to maintain speed and course, and still keep the crew comfortable. The last two hours were a beat, but in the end we felt great that we had persevered to sail ‘door to door’. And talk about pleasant surprises, there to catch my our lines at Vis was Phillipa, a French sailor whom I had briefly met in Corsica in ’08 — and hadn’t been in touch with since.

Check-in with the Croatian officials was reasonably efficient. Once again, Geja was back in her ‘home’ cruising grounds of Croatia, ready to wind down the season with some easy cruising along the Dalmatian Coast.

Or so I thought. The Navtex forecasts called for the dreaded northeast bora winds to kick up to 35 to 60 knots our first night. So despite the clear blue skies and hot weather, we faced the prospect of an uncomfortable night. And while it could have been worse, we did have gusts to 41 knots. Although it was only August 28, summer effectively ended that evening, as the weather remained unstable for the next two weeks.

As usual, the bora winds died out by mid-morning, only to be replaced by reinforced prevailing winds from the northwest. We pressed onward anyway, enjoying an exciting flatwater genoa-only reach in the lee of the island of Vis. Once out in the open water, however, it was a very different story, as we encountered some of the steepest seas that I’ve seen anywhere. Anticipating even stronger winds, I attempted to partially furl the genoa, but the furling drum wouldn’t budge. With nowhere to hide, we flew across eight-mile wide Viski Channel with way too much sail up. We finally sailed into a shallow anchorage among the Pakleni Islands, where we were able
his explanation. After the ‘anything goes’ attitude in Greece, and the friendliness of Italians, the rules and rude attitudes in Croatia really got to me. I returned to the port anchorage that evening anyway, and spent most of the week there as planned, along with several other anchored boats. I wasn’t hassled again.

For me, it was the ‘summer of a lifetime’ — for the third year in a row! I proved once again that you can cruise the Med on a pretty tight budget. It helped that my Islander 36 once again proved to be a reliable and fine sailing boat. So will I be back for a fourth summer of cruising the Med, or will I sell Geja to a new adventurer? Only time will tell.

— andrew 09/15/10

Philip and Leslie write one of the best and most informative sailing blogs we’ve seen. Check it out at www.sv-carina.org/index.htm.
the worshipers alerted as the muezzin calls from the mosque. Ethnic Fijians, men and women alike, dress in tropical patterns of brilliant colors. All women wear long skirts, as shorts and even capris are unacceptable for Fijian women. Tourists can get away with modest shorts and capris. The public market is large and filled with piles of fresh fruit, veggies and kava. The fragrance of colorful spices and burning incense fills the air.

The women of Fiji may dress conservatively, but they offer a wild amount of fresh fruit and veggies, and at reasonable prices.

The amount of paperwork that needs to be processed for each visiting yacht is staggering. Still, the individual officials with whom you have to deal do not make the rules, and are unfallingly polite, courteous, well-trained and efficient.

We’ve found Fijians to be among the warmest people we’ve met during our journey. It’s impossible to walk anywhere without being accosted by smiles and sing song greetings of ‘Buuuulai’ or ‘Yaaandra’.

— philip and leslie 10/15/10

Misty — Traveller 32
Peter Forest, Bob van Blaricom

A Shaky Start
(Belvedere / Cape Town, S.A.)

While it’s no longer rare for Aussies to come to California looking for good deals on sailboats — the only good part of a falling dollar for us sailors — it’s highly unusual for someone to come all the way from South Africa. But as the following letter explains, that’s just what Peter Forest did.

‘I’m from Cape Town, and arrived in San Francisco mid-September. The reason for my visit was to purchase Bob van Blaricom’s Tiburon-based Aries 32 Misty. I’ll be sailing her to Mexico at the end of October. From there I’ll begin a two-year journey back to Cape Town, via the South Pacific, Australia, and Southeast Asia.

‘I want to say what a pleasure it’s been to buy a sailboat from a true gentleman! Bob has gone way out of his way to help me prepare for my 18,000-mile trip. Toward the end of September, we took a cruise up to Tomales Bay with half a dozen other boats, under the auspices of the Cruising Club of America. It was a great shakedown sail, as I got a chance to get to know Misty better as well as meet some other cruisers.

‘The past few weeks have been spent ‘fine tuning’ Misty. I must thank Hans Bernwall and Robbie Robinson at Scanmar, who thoroughly inspected my Monitor windvane — and at no charge. With that, Misty is pretty well ready to go! I’d also like to thank the people who helped me out with charts. And last but not least, the folks at the San Francisco YC — and elsewhere — who always had the time to chat and showed an interest in my voyage.

‘Many readers will know Bob as an avid and knowledgeable sailor. He had Misty for 15 years, and took her on many voyages. As sad as he will be to see her go, I know he is glad she is going to an owner who will take good care of her, and most importantly, who will use her for the purpose for which she was made — to cross oceans!’

‘That just leaves me to say a big “thank you” to Bob and Jane. Other than selling me your boat, you welcomed me into your home, and made me feel like part of the family! Even from the other side of the world, your kindness will always be remembered.”

Things were so good, you just know there had to be trouble around the corner, don’t you? Because Bob’s such an all-around good guy, he promised Peter that he would crew for him from San Francisco to San Diego. Following six weeks of preparation, they departed the...
San Francisco YC on October 25 during a spell of good weather following unsettled weather and rain.

All went well for two days, with good sailing in fresh but manageable winds of 20 to 25 knots from aft. About 40 miles north of Point Arguello, while running with two reefs in the main and a partly furled genoa on the pole, they gybed smoothly to take the inside passage between the oil platforms and the shore.

At eight to 10 feet, the swell was pretty big, and there was a 5-ft sea on top of it. But they weren't taking any spray, so all seemed well.

"Then," recalls Bob, "I noticed that Misty wasn't responding to the helm! And when I looked back at the stern, I saw that the top of Misty's large outboard rudder was leaning badly off to one side. It suddenly made me remember a situation we had during our last offshore cruise."

"The previous year, following an arduous voyage from San Francisco to Valdez, Alaska, I inspected Misty while she was on the hard for the winter. I saw a crack in the rudder just below the upper pintle. Since there was no boatyard in Valdez, the best I could do was to strap the rudder with some large hose clamps, and hope for the best on the 2,200-mile trip home. Fortunately, it proved to be a pretty easy trip, and we didn't have any problems. Once back in the Bay Area, I unshipped the rudder and had a local boatbuilder reinforce the cracked area. It was obvious that the repair hadn't been successful."

"In any event, there we were, in fresh winds and reasonably large seas, with night coming on. We dropped the sails and stopped to collect our wits. We were 21 miles, more or less, offshore of Point Buchon. Calling the Coast Guard crossed our minds, but knowing that their modern credo is 'we save lives, not property', we weren't about to abandon Misty in return for a ride ashore.

"Peter made the first move by pulling the top of the rudder stock upright, and lashed it in place with the top more or less free to rotate a little bit. We could see that just a strip of fiberglass was holding the rudder together, but it allowed us to steer — very gently — while we motored toward port at a moderate speed. We managed to motor toward shore this way for two hours — at which point the rudder broke into two separate pieces! By this time we were only about 10 miles from shore, and, mercifully, the sea had settled down considerably."

"Our next stratagem was to for me to climb back on the boomkin, and lash the water paddle (servo-pendulum) of the Monitor windvane into a vertical position. This was something easier said than done, as I had to hold on with one hand while I was being washed up to my knees by passing seas. But once it was lashed, we could use the little water paddle as a small — very small — rudder by manipulating the air blade bracket. Amazingly, Misty slowly but surely responded to the undersized makeshift rudder, allowing us to head in; 'Misty' at Potato Slough in the Delta this summer. It's how Jane van Blaricom will remember her best. Insets left, from top: Bob, the seller, and Peter, the buyer, became such good friends that they decided to do the first leg toward South Africa together. Then things took a funny turn."

Spread; 'Misty' at Potato Slough in the Delta this summer. It's how Jane van Blaricom will remember her best. Insets left, from top: Bob, the seller, and Peter, the buyer, became such good friends that they decided to do the first leg toward South Africa together. Then things took a funny turn.
the direction of Port San Luis, a spacious bay with an open entrance and great protection from the prevailing winds. “Once we got into the bay, the wind caused us to lose our heading a couple of times, but we were able to get back on course by running the engine in reverse to allow the stern to ‘walk’ around until we got lined up again. By midnight, we dropped the anchor in 45 feet of water near a large wharf. You can imagine our relief — and sense of satisfaction at having saved the boat with the help of ‘Hans’, our stalwart little windvane.

The next day the Harbor Patrol moved us to a mooring buoy, where we were able to unship the rudder and load it into a rental car for the trip to San Rafael for repair or replacement.”

Is it just us, or do long trips often seem plagued with significant problems at the start?

— latitude 11/15/10

Tom Thumb — Havsfi dra 25 John and Dylan Boye Eleven Weeks With My Son (Brookings, Oregon) My 25-year-old son Dylan and I — I’m 64 — recently returned from a sensational sailing trip from Brookings, Oregon, to the Channel Islands, then back home. We explored those wonderful islands for most of the 11 weeks, and even saw Profligate.

It took us nine days to sail from Brookings to the Channel Islands, including three days in Monterey to visit the aquarium and play tourist. We then took a slip at Anacapa Isle Marina in Channel Islands Harbor — a great place with great people — which we used for a resting and supply center for multiple three- to five-day trips to anchorages out at the islands. While at the islands, we snorkeled, visited the Painted Caves, explored ashore — and generally got our minds blown away by the quiet beauty of the islands.

This was a father/son odyssey for two guys who enjoy being together. We took 1,500 pictures, as well as underwater movies of porpoises at the bow, and movies of swimming through fantastic kelp beds, and movies from a remote camera mounted on the masthead!

Because I was able to enjoy that trip with my son, I feel like I’m the luckiest dad in the world. If anyone has kids, they’ll understand. It was the trip of a lifetime for both of us.

— john 10/12/10

X — Santa Cruz 50 David Addleman Malaysia to Palau (Monterey) I’m having a great time here in the Republic of Palau, which is 500 miles east of the Philippines and 2,000 miles south of Tokyo. This is a great half-discovered cruising destination with a population of just 20,000. On the positive side, they have things like microbrew beer. On the negative side, the prices are as high as in the States. There are several other Northern California-based boats here, but unfortunately I can’t remember their names right now.

My new best friends are the Barrie family — Andrew, Jenny, and kids Diana and Shannon — from Australia aboard the catamaran WindRider. The family was stranded on nearby Mog Mog Island about six months ago after they were blown aground in a storm.

When I filed my last report with Latitude, I was at Labuan, Malaysia. With the coming monsoon season about to make the South China Sea less than pleasant, I decided to sail to Palau in October. I started by sailing northeast around the tip of Borneo and into the Sulu Sea. While I was rounding the tip of Borneo, a squall, strong currents, and a bad tack conspired to tear the tapes from my favorite old headsail. So I spent two weeks in the pleasant Kudat area of Sabah, Malaysia, slowly stitching 70 feet of tape back onto the sail. Sabah, by the way, is the second largest of Malaysia’s 13 states.

I wasn’t the only cruiser in Kudat, and some others were making much more ambitious tours of Sabah. For example, some with steel boats had been exploring far up the rivers of Borneo to see things such as pygmy elephants, orangutans, and the primitive jungle fishing villages. The hazards of such inland explorations — running aground, colliding with logs floating downstream, and hitting unmarked but low-slung powerlines across the river — prevented me from taking my relatively fragile Santa Cruz 50 on such expeditions. But with the sail repaired and the galley well-stocked with fresh produce from the Kudat Central Farmer’s Market, I departed for Palau. It would be a 1,300-mile trip that would take me east across the Sulu, Celebes, and Philippine Seas, and out into the North Pacific Ocean.

The Sulu Sea has a reputation for pirate attacks on shipping lines and cruisers. According to some, there is considerable smuggling between the southern Philippines and nearby Malaysian Borneo. There have been no reliably reported attacks against cruisers for many years, but as one analytical cruiser
you, I was seeing FADS as far as 200 miles offshore and in 18,000 feet of water. Some had fishing boats moored to them.

Some of the fishing boats were large and colorful motherships, and there would be a dozen or so fishermen working small boats near them. While I was passing my first such ship, a few fishermen headed closer to check me and X out. They idled along about 100 yards away, watching me slowly sail by. I was a little concerned, but nonetheless waved a hello. I now know that a cruiser’s wave is the signal to attack, for all the men on the little boats instantly dropped what they were doing and sped toward me from all directions.

The thing that was a little disconcerting is that they were all standing with one hand behind their back. Did they have machetes, or maybe guns? No, like all good dinghy sailors, they were just holding onto a tiller extension. All they wanted was some conversation and cigarettes.

They told me that the 13 of them spend a month at sea on the trimaran mothership, tending hundreds of baited hooks around the FAD mooring. This meant they had to leave their wives and children at home in Mindinao. For this, they earn the princely sum of $200 a month. I was able to learn this because several of them in each group were fluent in English. Every few minutes they would ask again for cigarettes, just in case I was holding out. They always offered whatever fish they had in their little boats, and twice I received beautiful whole fresh mahi mahi. All I had for gifts were chocolate bars, which were well received.

I was skeptical about the negative rumors, so I went ahead across the Sulu Sea — although with some caution. The Malaysian Army has a considerable presence in the Malaysian waters of the Sulu Sea, so I held a southeasterly course near the Malaysian shore for as long as practical, thinking I might be safer closer to the Army. As it turned out, I never saw another boat, friendly, hostile, or Army. After a few days of pleasant sailing, I left the Sulu Sea and entered the Celebes Sea, which separates Indonesia from the Philippines.

Still a bit wary of possible trouble from pirates, I stayed well offshore. The only problem was that there was an adverse current of one to two knots, and the winds were light and shifty. So progress was slow. I made as little as 25 miles a day — on a Santa Cruz 50! However, the conditions — often becalmed — were ideal for a singlehander such as myself to get some good sleep.

After a couple of hours of sleep, I would wake up, discover that I’d drifted backwards — and that I wasn’t alone! For strewn all along my easterly route across the Celebes Sea were FADS, or Fish Aggregating Devices. These are made up of several steel barrels welded together. They are, of course, invisible to radar and uncharted. If I looked carefully during the day, I could almost always see one, so there had to be hundreds of them out there. But I was never able to see one at night, even when there was a full moon. Mind...
I would have these encounters about twice a day, unless I steered a course away from the mothership. I eventually felt I needed to do this, as I’d run out of chocolate. I finally clawed my way from the grip of the Celebes Sea and its 160-degree tacking angles, and made my way into the Philippine Sea. When I did, I thankfully traded the adverse current for the beginnings of the favorable equatorial current. I was also getting better at intercepting squalls for the breeze they offered — until I was humbled by one that featured two fearsome waterspouts.

After 16 days alone at sea, X was happily moored at Malaka Harbor in the paradise that is the Republic of Palau. Formerly ruled by the Germans, the Japanese, and us Americans, Palau is strikingly different from nearby Southeast Asia. Between the noisy yacht club bar, superb diving attractions, and slightly cooler climate, I think I’ll like it here.

David, as seen just a year ago in Mexico, with pal ‘Eug’ Russell.

Cruise Notes:

Laura Zekoll of Atlanta, Georgia, who had been a member of the Caribbean 1500 fleet aboard Rule 62, a Jeanneau 46DS, is presumed to have been lost at sea on November 13 or 14. She disappeared when the liferaft she and the other three crewmembers had gotten into, after Rule 62 hit a reef, flipped in big seas near Lynyard Cay, Abacos, the Bahamas. Earlier that evening, the boat’s owners, Richard and Debra Ross, also from Atlanta, had advised the Caribbean 1500 staff that, because Debra and Laura had been seasick, Rule 62 was not going to complete the course from Hampton, Virginia, to the British Virgins, but rather divert to Marsh Harbor. Eleven of the 80 boats in the Caribbean 1500 had already opted to be in the Bahamas Class, which finished at Marsh Harbor instead of the British Virgins. Because they had started earlier than the BVI fleet, most of them had already arrived.

The Rule 62 crew found themselves in the liferaft at about 9 p.m. local time after the boat hit a reef “attempting to enter the Bahamas”. Richard and Laura were both washed overboard, but then recovered. But with Rule 62 helpless on a reef, Richard, Debra, Laura, and fourth crewmember David Shepard of Ellsworth, Maine, put on PFDs, got into the liferaft, and attempted to row to shore in the dark. After becoming separated from Laura, Richard, Debra and David made it to the beach. An extensive search for Laura was undertaken by the U.S. Coast Guard and numerous resources from the Bahamas, but ultimately called off when she couldn’t be found. Laura Zekoll was an enthusiastic sailor and adventurer — despite having lost her right arm as the result of a motorcycle accident at age 16. Latitude salutes her adventurous spirit, and we offer our sincere condolences to her family and friends. The other three members of the Rule 62 crew were airlifted to safety in reasonably good health.

This year’s Caribbean 1500 — the 21st and final one for founder Steve Black — was a bit star-crossed. Because the course to the BVIs was threatened by tropical storm Tomas, the 70 or so boats intending to sail to the British Virgins had their starting date postponed seven days, from November 1 to November 8 — although two boats left early. The Bahamas Class, which was to stop farther down the East Coast at Charleston as opposed to sailing offshore all the way to the Bahamas, was also delayed, but not as long. That fleet fragmented a bit, too. The group sailing to the BVIs experienced relatively rigorous sailing conditions, including gusts to over 50 knots and seas reported as high as 15 to 20 feet. Before it was all over, boats had dropped out to a number of places, including Bermuda, the East Coast’s ICW, and Puerto Rico.

As we’ve noted many times, the Caribbean 1500 course is almost always a much more difficult one than the Baja Ha-Ha, as it’s twice as long, the few places of refuge are very far between, and the weather is normally much more challenging. Sunsets, Howard Weiss and Kelly Reed’s MacGregor 65, hailing port not listed, took line honors in the BVI fleet.

Just days after the huge Ha-Ha fleet departed the then-once-again sleepy Turtle Bay, the Belgium-flagged Privilege 495 catamaran Ker-Tidou was rocked by one, if not two, propane explosions. By the time eye-witness Ron Powell, who was fueling his Seattle-based Tartan 41 Dulcinea at nearby Gordo’s Fuel Dock, could turn his head around, “40% of the catamaran was engulfed in flames”. Powell, his brother Craig, and two crew, as well as several pangaeneros, rushed to see if they could help. The Powells report that Thierry Bonnefille, the cat’s French owner, had been the only one aboard, and had managed to escape the inferno with just his backpack, get into his dinghy, and reach the safety of another
IN LATITUDES

Inset left and spread; ‘Ker-Tidou’ in flames a very short time after the explosion(s). Inset right, the Bonnefille family in Sausalito.

boat. Described by some as “hysterically” shouting “my boat, my boat”, Bonnefille was escorted to the Turtle Bay clinic by Gordo Castro and others. Although Bonnefille would later inform Latitude that he’d suffered some second degree burns, he was soon released. According to the Powells, it was only 10 minutes after the explosion(s) that the cat’s mast toppled, and just 40 minutes before what was left of the hulls — which had burned almost to the waterline — sank to the bottom.

We’d written about the Bonnefille family — which includes Thierry’s wife Dulce, son Mathieu, 14, and daughter Eva, 11 — in the Passing Thru segment of the October issue of Latitude. We reported that the family had cruised their beloved cat for eight years between France and California, including several months in Cuba, and had enjoyed many extraordinary experiences. We also noted that the cat was now for sale because the children, as many children do, wanted to attend high school with their peers.

We’re shocked that some people, who, apparently because the cat was for sale and insured, and Bonnefille was reportedly singlehanded him to Panama, began mouthing the ‘scuttle’ word. This seems preposterous to us, as only someone with a powerful death wish would even dream of inducing a propane explosion while they were on a boat.

Oh no, not another one! We’re sorry to have to report that another singlehanded cruiser has lost his boat. Retired schoolteacher Michael Rafferty, who did the ‘09 Ha-Ha, and who singlehanded in this spring’s Pacifi c Puddle Jump, reports that he lost his San Diego-based Islander Freeport 36 Aguilas about 80 mile west of the New Caledonia island group. Details weren’t available prior to our going to press, but Rafferty, who promises a full report for next month’s Latitude, believes the loss of his boat was the result of some substandard work he’d just had done at a boatyard. “Aquila sank in about one hour,” he wrote. “I lost everything but the clothes I now wear, my passport, my merchant marine ID card, a flashlight, and my hearing aids.” Rafferty, who suffered no injuries, was rescued by the French Canadian boat Azzar, and sailed the rest of the way to Australia on her. “In a very few days I will fly to Thailand to start over,” Rafferty announced. “So, as Robert Hunter once wrote, ‘There’s nothing left to do but smile.’”

For the record, there were two Islander Freeport 36s named Aguilas that sailed in the Ha-Ha last year. Please don’t get them confused.

As we were about to go to press, a record 239 yachts had gathered at Las Palmas in Spain’s Canary Islands for the November 21 start of the Atlantic Rally for Cruisers (ARC), the granddaddy of all cruising rallies. The course will take the fleet 2,700 miles to the fi nish on the leeward side of St. Lucia in the Eastern Caribbean. To our knowledge, the only entry with a West Coast connection is George Backhus and Merima Dzaferi’s Deerfoot 2-62 Moonshadow. Originally from Sausalito, Backhus, who nearly lost his boat after she was driven high on a reef in the Tuamotus and severely damaged, is in something like the 16th year of his circumnavigation. He met Merima in New Zealand, and the couple now spend six months a year in Kiwiland and cruise the other six months. When we did the ARC about 15 years ago with Latitude’s Ocean 71 Big O, it was a dreamlike sail, with the wind always warm and always from well aft of the beam. We hope this year’s fleet has similarly grand conditions.

“We just completed our transit of the Panama Canal,” report the Mather family — Jim, Emma, daughter Phoebe and son Drake — of the Redondo Beach-based DownEast 45 ketch Blue Sky. “We are now back in the North Pacifi c. After just

The Mather family aboard their Redondo Beach-based DownEast ketch Blue Sky. They are about to complete their circumnavigation.
a few more days here to see the sights of Panama City and re-load the boat with goodies that we haven’t seen in awhile, our plan is to head north at a steady pace. We look forward to getting back to Mexico as soon as possible — provided we get the weather that will make for the most opportune passages. In 06 we participated in the Zihua SailFest, and wonder if you know when it will be held this year. By the way, Zihua is where we’ll be crossing our outbound track, and thus will be where we complete our circumnavigation! We plan to be back in Southern California sometime in the summer of next year.

Congratulations on the imminent completion of your trip around! Zihua SailFest, the super successful cruiser fundraiser to educate kids in that magic city, will be from February 1-6. Your presence and assistance will be greatly appreciated.

"On November 13 — or November 12 in the States — near Pangkor Island, Lumut, Malaysia — we crossed the imaginary line that signifies we’ve sailed halfway around the world!” exult Charles, Catherine and son Jaime McWilliam of the Colorado-based Kelly-Peterson 46 Esprit. "We celebrated with a bit of rum in our coffee, as well as giving some rum to Neptune for getting us safely this far in our journey.” As the McWilliams started with the ’03 Ha-Ha, at the rate they’ve been going, they should finish their circumnavigation in just under 15 years. We presume they are enjoying themselves.

Speaking of Ha-Ha vets who have been enjoying themselves with further cruising, Pamela Bendall, who did the ’08 Ha-Ha with her Port Hardy, B.C.-based Kristen 46 Precious Metal, reports that she “can’t find adjectives adequate to describe the fabulous time” she’s been having in Peru since early April. The highlight was a two-week Amazon tour in late October and early November, with five friends from the U.S. and Canada, during which time they adventured everywhere from Machu Picchu — where Pamela was photographed doing a one-handed handstand — to the deepest and more primitive Amazon rainforest. But it was an experience that also taught her that there is one aspect of cruising she “truly dislikes” — having to say goodbye to the wonderful friends she makes. Pamela is now headed for Central America and Mexico, after which she’ll set sail for...
the South Pacific.

“We saw the photo, in both ‘Lectronic and Latitude, of the bolt of lightning off Catalina in the middle of October when many boats were hurrying south for the start of the Ha-Ha in San Diego,” write Keith and Susan Levy of the Pt. Richmond-based Catalina 470 C’est La Vie. “Actually, we were doing the same thing, but coming from much farther — New Zealand and Hawaii — to make it to the start. And we didn’t just see the lightning, our boat was hit by it near Pt. Conception! It knocked out all our electronics, and we had to hand-steer through the night to reach Channel Islands Harbor. Bob Nahm at the Catalina Yacht Anchorage took good care of us, which allowed us to do the Ha-Ha on time and in good shape — well, except for that stuffing box leak at the start of the second leg. During our 10 years of cruising — starting with the ‘00 Ha-Ha and including Mexico, the South Pacific, New Zealand and Australia — we were always concerned about getting hit by lightning. So how lucky for us was it that when we finally got hit, it was close to home where good people could make repairs?”

“Having sailed to much of the South Pacific and back, the Levys now plan to spend six months a year cruising in Mexico, and six months a year at their home in the Sierra foothills — hoping not to get hit by lightning again at either place.

“We haven’t written for a few years, but we did keep in touch during our 16 years cruising in Mexico and the Caribbean, and six years in Europe aboard our Hylas 45.5 Shayna,” write Dorothy Taylor and Larry Hirsch of San Diego. “As you know, in ‘05 we ended up in Mazatlan, where we bought a condo and cruised Mexico for a couple of seasons. The cruising in Mexico was a bit tame after crossing oceans. Shayna could easily have taken us across the Pacific, and we considered it, but since both of us are in our 80s, we thought it might be pushing it. So in July of ‘08, we put Shayna on the market and sailed her up to San Diego. We assumed that we’d get to cruise California a bit, as boats
never sell quickly. But Shayna sold two days after we got to San Diego! Unable to get the saltwater out of our veins, this year we bought a Catalina 30 we’ve christened Murphy’s Law. She is being contrary, with her electronics living up to her name, but we think we now have them under control. So when you’re wandering around Southern California waters next year, you may see us. We’ll be returning to our condo in Mazatlan for the winter months.”

God bless the both of you, Dorothy and Larry. We remember spending Thanksgiving of ’05 together at Marina Mazatlan as though it were yesterday.

Longtime cruiser William Gloege of Santa Maria, owner of the San Francisco-based Morgan 38 Gaia, wants all cruisers to be aware of the shortcomings of medical care in the Third and Fourth World countries. Gloege had some friends buddyboating in Tonga with another couple, and the woman on the buddyboat — whose name he prefers to withhold — developed a boil beneath one ear. The boil became infected, and after what was described as a series of mishaps, including at the hospital in Tonga, she passed away because of it. The deceased woman’s husband is of the opinion that she got less effective treatment at the hospital in Tonga than she would have gotten from “an African witch doctor throwing bones”.

Knowing so few facts about the case, we’d just like to make two points. First, any infection in the tropics has the potential to become extremely serious very quickly. Secondly, medical care in most, but not all, parts of the First World is usually, but not always, superior to medical care in places like Tonga. If we or anybody in our family were to have a problem with an infection at a remote location in the tropics, we would quickly get them to the First World for treatment. Our first choice would probably be Australia, where they have good quality medical care and lots of experience with tropical infections. We’re reminded that Blair Grinolds, currently of Oregon, who made something like seven trips to the South Pacific with his custom 45-ft cat Capricorn Cat, once got himself flown out of Palmyra Atoll to seek treatment for an infection. And was thankful he did.

“All is well here,” reports Connie Sunlover from Puerto Escondido, “and the local services for mariners have been...
improving. For example, the Fonatur/Singlar Yard at Puerto Escondido had so many boats wanting to haul out last season that they had to turn some of them away. As a result, they are looking into acquiring more land on which to store boats. In addition, longtime cruiser Martin Hardy of the San Pedro-based 52-ft trawler Cat’s Meow is running a chandlery out of the Fonatur/Singlar building. While he doesn’t stock a lot of inventory, he can have parts and products shipped so they’ll be in Puerto Escondido when a boat arrives. Connie reminds everyone that the Hidden Port YC’s annual Loreto Fest fundraiser, the biggest thing in the Sea, will be April 28-30. It will be followed a few days later by the Sea of Cortez Sailing Week, which will be rallying back down to La Paz this year.

What kind of speeds can one expect to hit on a 33-ft cruising cat in the Ha-Ha? It’s hard to say, but crewman David Berke, who sailed on Clifford Shaw’s Emery Cove-based Crowther 33 Rainbow in the most recent Ha-Ha, has put a video on YouTube that shows them hitting a sizzling 17.6 knots — and looking to be in complete control. Check it out at www.youtube.com/user/SanjosEdaw3?feature=mhum&v=6/GQzH2V9YaDA.

“Having found Windrose, a Perry Tatoosh 42, in Fort Lauderdale, my wife June and I are off on Act Two of our cruising life,” reports Steve Jones of Sausalito. “We hope to be in the Bahamas by Christmas, then St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands after that. My longtime business, Steve’s Marine, is now being competently manned by Alan Olson and Hans Rau, who continue to be a bulwark against Sausalito’s Marinship being turned into office space, while at the same time providing quality woodwork ing to the local boating community. We want to thank the publisher of Latitude and his hardworking staff for all these years of good reading, and especially Latitude readers, who were my customers at Steve’s Marine for the last few decades.”

We’d like to advise everyone that Latitude’s Caribbean office — onboard the
Leopard 45 cat ‘ti Proligate, anchored off Fort Oscar, St. Barth — will be open next year from mid-February through mid-April. We hope that Steve and June — and everyone else — will stop by and say hello.

Right after a number of readers wrote in to say how safe things were in Mexico, and right before the start of the Ha-Ha, Mike ‘Kona’ Meredith, a San Diego-based crewman aboard Intrepid for the multi-million dollar Bisbee Black & Blue (Marlin) Tournament, was wounded by gunshots in Cabo San Lucas. Meredith told reporters that he was walking back to his hotel room alone after dinner when a thief came up to him in the area near where the cruise ship shoreboats dock, and demanded his wallet. Meredith told the thief he could have his money, but not his I.D. As Meredith was pulling his wallet out of his pocket, the thief reportedly fired a .25 caliber bullet into Meredith’s shoulder. When Meredith still hesitated handing over his wallet, the robber fired a second shot into his neck. For whatever reason — an adrenaline rush or perhaps he’d had a cocktail with dinner — Meredith didn’t feel either shot, so he didn’t realize he was hurt until he saw blood squirting out of his neck. Unfortunately, the NBC reporters failed to ask Meredith what time the crime occurred. Nonetheless, Meredith apparently feels it was an isolated and uncharacteristic incident, for while recovering in a clinic in Cabo, he said that he would gladly return. “Cabo is a beautiful place. People here are nice.”

When we reported the incident at the Ha-Ha skipper’s meeting, it was noted that four people had been shot the night before in San Diego. In the month since Meredith was shot, we’ve been to Turtle Bay, Cabo, Punta Mita, and La Cruz. We feel safer and more loved down here in Mexico than we do in the States, and that’s the sentiment of just about all the other Americans we’ve talked to down here. But if somebody threatens us with a weapon, we’re going to hand over whatever he wants.

“The recently completed Ha-Ha was my third as crew, and it was terrific, thank you,” writes Richard Frankhuizen of Folsom. “I also follow the blog written by young Liz Clark of the Santa Barbara-based Cal 40 Swell. The reason I enjoy Liz’s blog so much is that it isn’t just
about sailing, but about all of her experiences as she cruises. Liz has created an adventurous life, so kudos to her. For the rest of us, the two weeks of the Ha-Ha are an opportunity to experience two weeks of our life with friends and the sea. ‘Away from the things of man,’ as Joe of Joe Versus the Volcano would say. I’m now back at work, missing the gentle roll of the sea, the chill in the night air, the night sky full of stars, and the shared meals and varied conversations. So in the end, two weeks of that life is better than none. Thanks for creating the Baja Ha-Ha.”

“De nada. You can’t imagine the pleasure we get from seeing so many people accomplish personal goals and enjoy such a great adventure. That and helping people get their first surfboard rides at Punta Mita are two of the highlights of our winter. Speaking of Liz, she reports that she’s back on Swell in French Polynesia, having spent three months in California taking care of various kinds of business.

“Thanks to Latitude’s coverage of the tsunami that devastated Robinson Crusoe Island, we are well on the way to sending aid there in the form of school supplies,” reports Mark Drewelow of San Diego. Having spent 20 years moving luxury yachts 250,000 miles over the oceans of the world, Mark founded the non-profit YachtAidGlobal, which regularly coordinates these sorts of relief and assistance efforts. In this case, he’s got the yacht Big Fish from Fort Lauderdale delivering the school supplies to Robinson Crusoe Island. And when we looked at the website, we noticed that the 155-ft Vitter’s ketch Timoneer — our ride for the Around the Island Race in St. Barths a few New Year’s ago — had also just picked up a big load of supplies in San Francisco for the needy residents of some other island. YachtAidGlobal sounds like a fine program to us.

“I was hoping to do the Ha-Ha this year, and even managed to get two weeks off work so I would be able to do it,” writes Gregory Clausen of Marin County. “Despite attending both of the Crew List parties, I was unable to find a ride. My Plan B was to fly to Maui and go island-hopping with my cousin aboard his Westsail 42 Cornelia. We enjoyed warm winds, and cold rum, saw lots of playful dolphins.

Clausen took this photo of dolphins playing in the magnificent blue waters of Hawaii in the month of November.
and had lots of great times. Maybe I’ll find a ride for the Ha-Ha next year.”

“We just sailed in from Chacala and anchored next to Profligate at Punta Mita,” writes Arjan Bok of the San Francisco-based Schionning 43 cat Rot Kat. “I love Profligate’s deck lights! There is no way the pargueros would not be able to see your cat at night.”

We love our deck lights, too. They are 16-ft strings of solar-powered LED lights we bought for under $20 at Target. They come in a variety of colors and, if you’re on most sailboats or in a panga, it’s so high up that it can easily be mistaken for a star. So we always illuminate Profligate’s salon and cockpit, and the solar-powered lights are an easy and inexpensive way to do it.

Gnashing your teeth because the Obama Administration is allowing all kinds of companies and unions to opt out of Obamacare because — what a surprise! — it was going to cost them way more money for insurance under the new health care program? Maybe Mexico has a better system. Folks with a condo down there tell us that their condo insurance, of all things, provides for a doctor to make a house call for things like cuts, food poisoning, and infections — on an hour’s notice! — and for just $22. And that there is no charge if the doctor has to write a prescription. Try to find something like that in the States. Philo Hayward of Philo’s famous bar and music studio in La Cruz, who cruised his Cal 36 Cherokee across the Pacific, is just one of many former cruisers in Mexico who raves about the price and quality of health insurance and health care in Mexico. Dick Markie, Harbormaster at Paradise Marina, is another. Just as the future of more Mexicans may be in California, the future of more California sailors may be in Mexico.

And speaking of Mexico, we’ve been kicking around Vallarta Coast from Nuevo Vallarta to Sayulita for the last several weeks, and we’re here to tell you that life is vibrant down here, with countless stores, restaurants, Wal-Marts, Pemex stations, and other businesses having opened or been remodeled since we were here just five months ago. It’s a striking contrast to much of California, where too many businesses have closed, where too many storefronts are empty, and where there seems to be a pervading sense of malaise and gloom about the future.

Maybe a reporter for the L.A. Times ought to visit Mexico before writing another article about Mexico being a ‘failed state’. And then maybe the reporter should take a closer look at the future prospects of the once Golden State.

Well, enough of all that! It’s the start of another fabulous cruising season in the northern hemisphere. If you’re one of the lucky ones who is getting to enjoy it, we’d love to hear from you. If you’re already doing a blog and have some great info and photos, let us know, and we’ll see if we can’t feature some of it in Latitude. Write richard@latitude38.com — or swing by Profligate. But above all, be safe while having an outrageously great time. Life is short; live it to the fullest!
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December 2010 • Latitude 39 • Page 19
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fortman Marina Store</td>
<td>Outboard Motor Shop</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Boatyard at Grand Marina</td>
<td>Dales</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>Big Break Marina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>Richmond</td>
</tr>
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<td>Swedish Marine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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Stephens were all expensive custom builds and this is a prime example. Over $500k spent on her since ’04; updated inside/out but retains her original stately lines and elegant ambiance. Possible Sausalito transferable slip. $210,000

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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

50’ TAYANA CENTER COCKPIT CUTTER
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40’ BENETEAU FIRST 40.7, 2003
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). $159,000

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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. $89,000

34’ HANS CHRISTIAN, 1976
A capable Perry design with full keel, high ballast-to-weight ratio, a big, comfortable, deep cockpit and a big rudder placed far aft; she is safe and sea-kindly under power or sail. Beautiful interior finished in lovely teak. $79,000

38’ PEARSON SLOOP, 1981
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. $29,000

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38’ MORGAN, 1981
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. $39,900

38’ C&C, 1980
C&C is known for producing fast, good looking and well built boats, and this is a prime example: she shows very nicely (especially her oiled Burma teak interior), is competitively priced and sails like a witch – a very nice combination. $49,900

38’ INGRID SLOOP, 1984
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. $49,000/Offers

26’ CHEOY LEE FRISCO FLYER, 1968
Built as a show boat for the Cheoy Lee distributor in Seattle, this is one of the nicest we’ve seen. One of the last built, fiberglass hull, raised cabin top. Repowered with Yanmar diesel, new main and rigging. $16,500

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Heavily built full keel canoe sterned classic, designed by Robert Perry and built by the renowned Union yard in Taiwan. Repowered, aluminum mast, rerigged. Offers encouraged. Competitively priced at $59,000

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31’ PACIFIC SEACRAFT CUTTER, 1989
Vessel shows very, very nicely. Always been a professionally maintained local boat and has less than 400 hrs on Yanmar dsl. Radar, chartplotter, robust offshore dodger, wheel steering, etc. Transferable Sausalito YH slip. $89,000

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