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BOAT LOANS
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Cover:
A 14-day quarantine at sea is quite enjoyable when it begins along the Napali coast, the most dramatic coastline in the world, guided by Hawaiian spirits for a safe passage across the Pacific.

Photo: Lauren Kathryn Photography
www.laurenkathrynphotography.com

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Send us your story. Latitude 38 welcomes editorial contributions in the form of stories, anecdotes, photographs — anything but poems, please; we gotta draw the line somewhere.
Have writer’s block? Go sailing — you’re sure to come home with a story.
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Swift Trawler 44 2015 ................................ $449,000
Swift Trawler 35 2021 ................................ CALL
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Antares 23 2020 ........................................ $114,000
Barracuda 21 2015 .................................. $59,000
Oceanis 492007 ........................................... $249,000

Jeanneau 50 2005 ........................................... $229,000
Beneteau 473 2002 ........................................ $172,000
Oceanis 46.1 2020 ......................................... $477,000
Lagoon 42 2021 ........................................ CALL
Dufour 390 2019 ........................................ $299,000
Beneteau 393 2002 ........................................ $398,500
Oceanis 38.1 2013 ........................................ $224,000
Oceanis 38 2017 ........................................ $214,000

Oceanis 37 2013 ........................................... $134,500
Oceanis 35 2015 ........................................... $163,000
Catalina 350 MK2 2008 ............................... $119,000
Beneteau 343 2006 ........................................ $79,900
Gemini 105MC 2001 ................................. $110,000
Beneteau 40 2012 ........................................ $165,000
Islander 32 1979 .......................................... $32,500

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Readers — We've included here all of the events that we believe we were still on each host's schedule as of September 18, but pandemic-related adjustments continue.

Event organizers — Please send updates to calendar@latitude38.com. We'll post changes on the web version of Calendar at www.latitude38.com/calendar. We're also posting periodic updates on 'Lectronic Latitude at www.latitude38.com.

Oct. 1 — First full moon of October, on a Thursday.
Oct. 1-31 — The Lunar Farallones Challenge. Sail around the Farallones as many times as you can in one lunar cycle. Email proof to thelunarfaralloneschallenge@gmail.com.

Oct. 1, 1980 — From Letters in Vol. 40: "The International Folkboat Association cruised to Pillar Point Yacht Harbor. Upon our arrival we were greeted by a Welcoming Committee from Half Moon Bay Yacht Club. Half Moon Bay Yacht Club does not have any facilities at Pillar Point Harbor. The stigma of a "paper" yacht club is rapidly changing. We experienced a south-west wind of 25 knots, gusting to 30 knots, making it necessary to beat from the San Francisco entrance to Pillar Point. A six-member welcoming committee aboard a Victory-class sloop were just what weary sailors needed in relatively unfamiliar waters. Our hosts made a mooring buoy available adjacent to the wharf where we tied up Tahitian style. A dinghy was provided to ferry us between boat and shore.

The cruise was a success in part because of the outstanding hospitality extended to us by the Half Moon Bay Yacht Club. — Peter Walde, Cruise Chairman, San Jose.

Peter — The yacht harbor at Pillar Point is still a few years away, but it's nice to know a congenial Yacht Club will be ready as soon as the harbor is.

Oct. 4-13 — Fleet Week, San Francisco. Fleet Fest, Pier 30/32, with food truck jamboree, interactive displays, family activities and sunset concerts, free. Parade of Ships date TBA. K-9 Heroes, Duboce Park. Humanitarian Assistance Village and STEM Education Center, Marina Green, 10/9-11. Sorry; this year's Air Show has been canceled. Info, www.fleetweeksf.org.


Oct. 18 — Alameda County Flare Collection Event. 9 a.m.-1 p.m. For recreational boaters who berth or live in Alameda County. Handheld and aerial flares and smoke pots accepted.
2020 Chris-Craft Calypso 26 $195,000
2020 Catalina 27 $192,873
2005 Protector 28 $135,000

2003 Alerion 28 $69,000
2014 Morris M29 $185,000
1997 Nonsuch 33 $84,500

2008 Protector 38 $199,000
1972 Cheoy Lee 40 $49,000
1988 Nordic 40 $135,000

2010 Beneteau 40 $169,000
"INCA" 1973 S&S 45 $185,000
2004 Riviera M470 $315,000
CALENDAR

Make an appointment for location and time: (800) 606-6606 or hhw@acgov.org. Info, www.stopwaste.org/marineflare.


Oct. 29 — Panama Posse Safety Seminar, Harbor Island (outdoors), San Diego. Hosted by Ullman Sails San Diego and Puerto Vallarta. Masks will be provided. Limited to 30 attendees. RSVP to ullmanseven@panamaposse.com.

Oct. 31 — Blue Moon on Halloween — cue the theremin. And it’s on a Saturday too.

Nov. 1 — Fall back one hour for Standard Time.


Nov. 3 — Election Day, but if you’re mailing your ballot, consider doing it early.

Nov. 11 — Veterans Day.

Racing


Oct. 11 — Quarantine Cup Series concludes. SeqYC.
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FUEL TANKAGE: 264 gal | 999 litres • ENGINE: VOLVO Penta 150 hp
CALENDAR

Nov. 1 — Amazing Grace Cheney Race for women skippers. Prizes on the water at the finish; no party this year. RYC, www.richmondyc.org.
Nov. 7-8 — Butler Cup, kicking off the 2021 California Dreamin’ match-race series in Long Beach, to be sailed in Catalina 37s. LBYC, www.lbyc.org.

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CALENDAR

MONTEREY PENINSULA YC — Sunset Series: every Wednesday night through 10/7; Crew’s Revenge, 10/7. Info, www.mpyc.org.

RICHMOND YC — Every Wednesday night, now extended through October. Eric, www.richmondyc.org or (510) 388-6022.


SEQUOIA YC — Sunset Series: every Wednesday night through 10/7. Tom, (408) 718-7977 or www.sequoiayc.org.


Please send your calendar items by the 10th of the month to calendar@latitude38.com. No phone-ins! Calendar listings are for marine-related events that are free or don’t cost much to attend. The Calendar is not meant to support commercial enterprises.

October Weekend Tides
Predictions for Station 9414290, San Francisco (Golden Gate)

date/day time/ht. time/ht. time/ht. time/ht.
HIGH LOW HIGH LOW HIGH LOW
10/03 Sat 0103/5.0 0638/1.5 1303/5.5 1910/0.8
10/04 Sun 0145/4.8 0707/1.9 1327/5.5 2054
10/10 Sat 0011/0.6 0810/4.4 1243/3.5 1945/0.7
10/11 Sun 0117/0.4 0856/4.7 1350/3.1 2100
10/12 Mon 0214/0.1 0933/5.0 1442/2.5 2209/5.4
10/17 Sat 0022/5.7 0552/1.0 1222/6.5 1835/-0.6
10/18 Sun 0121/5.5 0635/1.5 1300/6.6 1925/-0.8
10/24 Sat 0039/0.1 0811/5.1 1325/2.9 2029/5.4
10/25 Sun 0141/0.3 0859/5.2 1428/2.4 2106
10/31 Sat 0020/4.8 0531/1.9 1149/5.7 1816/0.2
11/01 Sun 0103/4.7 0501/2.2 1114/5.8 1747/0.1

October Weekend Currents
NOAA Predictions for .88 NM NE of the Golden Gate Bridge

date/day slack max slack max slack max
10/03 Sat 0248 0638/1.5 1303/5.5 1910/0.8
10/04 Sun 0145/4.8 0707/1.9 1327/5.5 2054
10/10 Sat 0011/0.6 0810/4.4 1243/3.5 1945/0.7
10/11 Sun 0117/0.4 0856/4.7 1350/3.1 2100
10/12 Mon 0214/0.1 0933/5.0 1442/2.5 2209/5.4
10/17 Sat 0022/5.7 0552/1.0 1222/6.5 1835/-0.6
10/18 Sun 0121/5.5 0635/1.5 1300/6.6 1925/-0.8
10/24 Sat 0039/0.1 0811/5.1 1325/2.9 2029/5.4
10/25 Sun 0141/0.3 0859/5.2 1428/2.4 2106
10/31 Sat 0020/4.8 0531/1.9 1149/5.7 1816/0.2
11/01 Sun 0103/4.7 0501/2.2 1114/5.8 1747/0.1

November

MONTEREY PENINSULA YC — Sunset Series: every Wednesday night through 10/7; Crew’s Revenge, 10/7. Info, www.mpyc.org.

RICHMOND YC — Every Wednesday night, now extended through October. Eric, www.richmondyc.org or (510) 388-6022.


SEQUOIA YC — Sunset Series: every Wednesday night through 10/7. Tom, (408) 718-7977 or www.sequoiayc.org.


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A BRIEF CONVERSATION ABOUT SVENDSEN’S, AND DEVELOPMENT IN ALAMEDA

Alameda does not need any more housing. The island is overcrowded as is. I live in Alameda, and I oftentimes have to drive around looking for parking, as spaces are very limited, because there are too many people.

I went to the first planning meeting that reviewed the first proposal. It sounded like the city wanted a proposal that kept more marine businesses and gave boaters access to services and the water. Somehow, the city approved something that looks nothing like that. There is a lot of blame to go around for what has happened.

I am dismayed to see Hogin Sails, Doyle Sails, LTD Marine and Svendsen’s Boat Works go away. Alameda has gone from three boatyards to one since I moved to the Bay Area. Not a good trend. Seems to me that the trend is to make the waterfront so expensive that no one except the wealthy can live or work close to the water. Such a shame.

The other thing that dismays me is that Alameda Marina had the only access to drysail a boat like a Corsair tri or other larger keelboat, because of access to both a three-ton hoist and a launch ramp. Brickyard Cove does not accept multihulls, and they limit the hoist to 4,000 pounds. Schoomaker, for some reason, does not want to keep their hoist in operation and did away with the ability to sail a boat out of their dry storage. Only the yacht clubs have dry storage where a boat can be sailed, but the public is not allowed, and Bay Area yacht clubs are very expensive to join and be members of. I think the developer could have gone with a more modest plan that would have kept Svendsen’s in place and left marine jobs there, building some new housing and rehabbing some of the existing buildings, or building some new buildings to host marine businesses.

A unique facility has been destroyed.

Ryan Schofield
Alameda

LOOK TO SILICON VALLEY AS AN EXAMPLE

When I lived in Sunnyvale in the 1980s, there were still orchards for Del Monte. Someone decided that growing condos was more profitable than growing fruit, and “Poof!” the orchards were gone. Now, it’s happening to the boating community.

As Linda Ellerby would have said, “And so it goes.” Civilization ho!

Richard Sullivan
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LETTERS

PEOPLE ARE JUST DYING TO LIVE HERE

It’s a shame to see Svend’s go. A lot of history goes with it. But ‘Condos R Us’ seems to be the mantra in the Bay Area and much of the rest of California.

Did you know that San Francisco once actually had 30-some cemeteries? The land became so valuable that, in the first part of the 20th century, they dug up all but two cemeteries and replanted the bodies in Colma. Then they built houses on the former cemetery sites. If you couldn’t afford to have your loved ones’ markers transferred, I guess the graves went unmarked. Lots of bodies were either mass-reburied or mixed up or their records lost completely. I have read that a bunch of tombstones, columns and other stonework from these places became riprap for the breakwater at the S.F. Marina — or eventually, lawn art and coffee table stands for those young, strong and ballsy enough to remove the better carvings in the dark of night.

John Rüse
Editor, Latitude 38

IDENTIFYING BOATS FROM AROUND THE LATITUDE NATION

Readers — We posted the photo above of an attractive gaff-rigged schooner featured in the 1990 rom-com Joe Versus the Volcano, and asked if you happened to know anything about the boat. You most certainly did.

It is the Spike Africa, built by Bob Sloan, who was a well-known delivery skipper and fine yachtsman. He passed away from leukemia while he was married to my old friend Monica. She kept the boat up and did charters out of Newport Beach, and we did some sailing out of Santa Barbara.

Jane W. Watkins
Santa Barbara

“I’d rather be eating shoe leather in a schooner headed west than spend another night in San Francisco,” is the Spike Africa quote I remember from the pages of Latitude.

Tom Van Dyke
En Point, Searunner 31 trimaran
Santa Cruz

IDENTIFYING AN OLD SABOT

In an August 24 ‘Lectronic, reader Ben McGinty from Southern California asked if anyone could help him to properly identify a recently purchased Naples Sabot. There were “no markings or plaques identifying it except for [the Dutch shoe] on the sail,” McGinty wrote. Here are your responses:

A Few Upwind Tacks

The Berkeley Marina’s location right in the “slot” from the Golden Gate means fresh winds this Spring, and all summer long. Landmarks like Angel Island, Alcatraz, and the Golden Gate Bridge are reachable by a few fun upwind tacks. “There’s really nothing better,” said long time Berkeley Marina slip holder, Barbara B., from Sacramento, who added we chose Berkeley because we’re real sailors.

“We can sail straight into the Bay, and out the Golden Gate to the Pacific.”

The distance from your slip to the open Bay can be measured in feet, not miles as you simply head west through our fairway and around the break-water to begin your sail. For your return trip the Marina’s east/west orientation makes it easy for the experienced sailor to sail into their upwind-facing slip.

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Jeanneau S.O. 410
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LETTERS

NO QUESTION...
It’s definitely a vintage Naples Sabot, probably very early 1960s (if the sail number is correct) and in super-nice condition. It’s a woodie, judging by the interior chine stringers, so probably homemade, although there were probably several production builders of wood Naples Sabots, including Schock, who is still marketing racing Sabots (now fiberglass) to this day. Here’s some cool history from www.naples-sabot.org/history: The Naples Sabot was designed by R.A. Violette in 1946, and there are now more than 10,300 Naples registered with INSA. Most Olympic champions from SoCal cut their teeth racing junior Sabots. Just don’t ask them how they feel about Optis . . .

Danny North
Staff Commodore, International Naples Sabot Association

DEFINING CHARACTERISTICS
Yup, old Naples Sabot! If the hull is wood, then it’s probably not a Schock. Also, as I recall, the Schock knees in the bow were glassed in. (I was Schock’s service manager for most of the 1980s.) Lots of people home-built them in the ‘60s. If the owner is interested, I have some cool aerospace foam-filled leeboard handles that my dad and I made in the ‘70s, and would be happy to send him one. Have fun sailing your new-old mini yacht!

Tom Walchli

INDEED IT IS
It’s a Naples Sabot. See the insignia on the sail and the bracket on the starboard side for the leeboard. Fun little boats. I had my three kids go through Lido Isle Yacht Club’s junior program in Sabots. Lots of great memories of regattas from Alamitos Bay to Mission Bay. All three helped me finish our tri (now in New Zealand) and have loved helping to cruise it around the South Pacific for the last eight years.

Tony Spooner
Macha, custom trimaran
Currently in New Zealand

POSSIBLE PREVIOUS OWNERS
If that is indeed the hull number for this Naples Sabot, it was built in 1961, per INSA records. The two known owners were John Casagrands of Burbank, and Milo Stuckey of La Jolla/Mission Bay YC. A measurement certificate was issued on the hull when built, but no records on the builder.

Jerelyn Biehl
San Diego
# BOATING CLUB CHECK LIST

If you’re shopping clubs, Club Nautique proudly offers this check list to aid in your comparison.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CN</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>B</th>
<th>Description*</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>✓</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Sail training from Basic Keelboat through Offshore Passage Making</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>✓</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Internationally recognized certifications issued through US Sailing, the National Governing Body for the sport of sailing.</td>
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<tr>
<td>✓</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Power training from Basic through Coastal Passage Making.</td>
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<td>✓</td>
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<td>Powerboat certifications issued through US Powerboating</td>
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<tr>
<td>✓</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Convenient locations on both east and west sides of San Francisco Bay</td>
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<tr>
<td>✓</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Charter fleet of 40 sailing yachts from 26 - 52 feet</td>
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<tr>
<td>✓</td>
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<td>Charter fleet of 10 power yachts from 26 - 43 feet</td>
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<td>✓</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Continuously in business for over 40 years</td>
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<td>✓</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Instruction is guaranteed</td>
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<tr>
<td>✓</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Average age of charter fleet = 3 years</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>✓</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Members receive 40% discount on charters</td>
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<tr>
<td>✓</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>All instructors are US Coast Guard licensed captains</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>✓</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Ocean-equipped yachts are insured for charters in California coastal and inland waters from Pt. Arena south to the Mexican border for 200 miles offshore.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>✓</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>In-house charter brokers offer discounted vacation charter booking service</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>✓</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Weekly electronic newsletter to keep you posted on classes, events &amp; cruises</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>✓</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Dues are credited towards charters for members with advanced certifications</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* Fleet size varies from time to time and is generally growing to accommodate membership growth. Description of features subject to change without notice or obligation. Contact a Club Nautique Membership Director for details.
LETTERS

THE DEVIL’S IN THE DETAILS
The Double Bay Sailing Club, where I learned to sail in Sydney, Australia’s eastern suburbs, introduced the Sabot as a training class in the late 1950s. I believe they originated in the Netherlands. The photo does not seem to show a centerboard, which I believe our boats had.

John Sutton
Brentwood

THE DEVILISH DISTINCTIONS
Yes, that is a very old Naples Sabot, as opposed to a windward or US Sabot because it uses a leeboard as opposed to a centerboard. I can see the mounting bracket on the rail for the leeboard, but not the full leeboard fitting or the board itself.

Kyle Clark

Let’s go small boats! [Ros is referring to an August 19 ‘Lectronic with the same name as this letter.] Great to see a lot of Santanas, Newports, Moores, Mercurys, etc., especially out on the Estuary during Friday nights. The weather there is far more accommodating for small boats, and between Encinal YC, Oakland YC and Island YC, there’s a really great scene for both new and experienced racers.

Ros de Vries
The Sunken Hat, J/24
San Francisco

A SMALL BOAT IN QUESTION IS IDENTIFIED
Miss Peaches is a Columbia 22. It was also the first boat of a friend and mine. It was purchased for $750 and anchored out in Sausalito with the name Myjo. She spent six months in the yard, where she was stripped, stepped and refit with a few extras like the traveler instead of a D-ring on the transom, a spinnaker, reinforced transom for the outboard, etc.

It was a great first boat that we finally parted with when the children came along. We’re still sailing with the family to this day on our 35-ft sloop out of Sausalito. You never forget your first boat, and it’s been great seeing her still on the Bay and now in your magazine.

Dan
Former owner, Myjo, Columbia 22
Sausalito
The high-caliber San Francisco Bay PHRF Committee has reviewed the Easom rigging modifications of this J/100 and determined that, without changing the hull or rig, it is a full 30 seconds faster than any other J/100 in the world!

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SF BAY PHRF RATING = 66!

Hudson River YRA .... 99  J Boats ................. 96
Chesapeake PHRF .... 93  PHRF Of Long Island .... 99
New England PHRF ... 102  Narragansett PHRF .... 99
Socal W-L ............. 90  Gulf Yachting Association ... 96

Proof that if you want the fastest boat in your class with improved performance and ease of handling – call Easom Rigging & Racing.

We appreciate the recognition from the PHRF committee of the speed improvements gained from using Easom Rigging.
DON'T FORGET ABOUT THIS SMALL BOAT

I just read your excellent article on small boats, and you seemed to have forgotten the Pearson Ensign. There was one pictured on Craigslist for under $1,000.

Chris Maher
Pearson Ensign #889

Readers — Remember that our Classy Classifieds offer free ads for items/boats for sale for under $1,000. Please support your local Latitude!

ID-ING AN OLD PHOTO

There’s a photo in Latitude 38 of Starbuck that was taken from a ‘helicopter’, aka the Golden Gate Bridge. I am in the blue-and-white-striped shirt. We were headed for the finish line of the Doublehanded Lightship Race in 1988. We finished about mid-fleet in our division; had I entered us in the sport-boat division, we would have won. C’est la vie! Donald Goring was kind enough to loan me the boat that day and was not aboard. It was a beautiful sail, and winds were light — not enough to surf home.

I did a trip to the Farallones with Ralph Nobles in about 1985 aboard Starbuck to drop off supplies and scientists. It was a very windy, rough day, and I was seasick on the way out. I was able to go ashore and settle my stomach while the boat was unloaded. I took a quick tour of the island — all that seagull poop really stinks!

On the return, I was feeling better and had the helm for a bit. There were some really big following seas, and with only a full main and 90% jib and a bit of surfing, I was able to get the boat up to 19 knots just before Mile Rock.

‘Starbuck’, as seen from the Golden Gate Bridge, racing in the Doublehanded Lightship Race in 1988. “The photo was originally dated 1992 in the magazine, which is incorrect,” wrote Vance Sprock. “It was probably misinformation from Morgan or Donald.” The “1992” was actually written on the photo.

At that speed, Starbuck was on full plane like a powerboat, would sit just about fully upright, and felt like it was on rails! It was an experience that I will never forget.

Donald is one hell of a guy and extremely talented. You need to interview him about the birth of the tri-radial spinnaker that he developed at Sutter Sails. He has a fascinating tale about riding a moped to the UC Berkeley Library to research how to cut the cloth for that sail. It was based on a basketball, of all things.

Vance Sprock
ex-Seazed Asset, Cal 40
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LETTERS

‡‡ THANKS FOR DOIN’ THE DOO DAH
Thank you Christine and Latitude 38 for organizing an amazing event. The Doo Dah inspired me to get up the Delta for 10 days, my longest ever. We had a glorious sail up, leaving Richmond’s Marina Bay Yacht Harbor at 2:15 and arriving at Delta Bay at 9:30 (not the smartest, to arrive in the dark, for my first visit to DBM, but all is well that ends well).

We sailed the entire trip — flew the kite for most of it — averaging over 8 knots, and hitting 12 at one point. Glorious ride up. Sorry I had to miss the potluck! And thanks to Delta Bay Marina for such grand hospitality.

Jan Passion
Hokahey
Seawind 1000
Marina Bay
Richmond

‡‡ TO RECREATE IN THE SHIPPING CHANNEL, OR NOT TO
I think it is important to point out that, although it is true that there are plenty of channels in the Delta that are deep enough for even fairly deep-draft sailboats, the big ships get to Sacramento (and Stockton) in deep water canals dug and maintained by the US Army Corps of Engineers for shipping use. Recreational boating in those channels is not recommended.

Timothy B. McCormick
Walnut Creek

‡‡ THIS HAS BEEN MY EXPERIENCE
Recreational use is not prohibited in the Sacramento ship channel. In fact we have a regatta from Rio Vista to West Sacramento via the ship channel every year (except not this year due to COVID). I’ve never heard of getting any permit for that regatta. And fishermen, rowing crews and sailboats use the channel every day. There’s a sailing club, two rowing clubs and an outboard motorboat club located in the turning basin at the end of the Sacramento ship channel, and members of all of those clubs launch from the turning basin and go into the ship channel almost every day.

However, there are no public docks at the turning basin and no way to access any other body of water from the turning basin, so it’s not a good cruising destination. The only way out is back up the channel. There used to be locks connecting the turning basin to the Sacramento River, but the locks have been closed since the 1980s.

John Mathias
Windsurfer and sailor
The Delta
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Spoofing GPS signals and altering AIS reports are two different things. One can alter a vessel's position report (doing circles offshore) without doing anything to alter GPS broadcast signals. Both can have serious consequences and have different threat exposures. It would be good to see Latitude distinguish between the two types of threats.

Jonathan Ross

Readers — Jonathan is referring to the August 10 ‘Lectronic Latitude: GPS Spoofing Could Cause Problems for Sailors. That article was an extension of a series of ‘LLs in June, when the phenomenon of so-called ‘circle spoofing’ first appeared on the radar — so to speak. In August, the New Yorker published an article titled How Vulnerable Is GPS?

TO AN EARLIER POINT . . .

To Jonathan’s point, and as I commented in a previous article on Latitude 38, this is almost certainly not GPS spoofing. A far more likely explanation is AIS spoofing, which reports an incorrect/spoofed GPS position over AIS. Since AIS uses a self-reported GPS position and has no security behind it, it is very vulnerable to attack. GPS is much less vulnerable to attack.

Here is more on AIS spoofing: www.pentestpartners.com/security-blog/hacking-ais.

David

SEEING SOME WEIRD STUFF OUT THERE

A couple of weeks ago I saw a boat that never left the S.F. small craft harbor show an AIS track on Marine Traffic that went directly over the spit to the North Tower at 20-30 knots and back toward StFYC slowing to 1.5 knots for a bit and then abruptly ending a few hundred yards off shore.

Nick Mulford

Jonathan and David — There is certainly a difference between AIS and GPS spoofing, the former apparently involving the manipulation of a vessel’s reported course, creating the kind of bizarre and obviously human-made tracks that have been seen in photos.

GPS spoofing can be far more sinister — and has even been weaponized. Here’s an excerpt from the August New Yorker article, describing how an engineer staged a mock attack in the White Sands Missile Range in New Mexico: “On a hill about a kilometer away, [the engineer’s] team was gathered around a flat metal box the size of a carry-on suitcase. The electronic
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machinery inside the box was called a spoofer — a weapon by another name. Soon, a Hornet Mini, a drone-operated helicopter popular with law enforcement and rescue agencies, was scheduled to appear 40 feet above them. Then the spoofer would be put to the test.

The team was able to disable the drone with the spoofer, which “was, in essence, whispering lies in the drone’s ear, feeding it inaccurate information about its location. Convinced that it had drifted upward, the drone tried to correct, beginning a steep dive toward the desert floor.”

Navigating legend Stan Honey pointed out that, “To spoof a GPS, a spoofer needs to be within line of sight of the vessel to be spoofed, and transmit signals that are stronger than the real GPS signals. For oceanic cruisers, it is very unlikely for them to be spoofed when on the high seas. When they approach harbors it is possible, but ideally, by then, they would have alternate sources of navigation.”

HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED REMOVING YOUR AC SYSTEM?

For all the reasons stated in the August 7 ‘Lectronic with the same name as this Letter, and in the August Sightings, written by Clark Beek], our shorepower cord is at home, and we have never used the AC system on our 1980 Newport 30-2, which we acquired in 2016. One of my first upgrades was the addition of two 90-watt solar panels, a suitable controller, and a 1,500-watt marine inverter. This combination has met all of our electrical needs, both in our slip and when out sailing. We have no refrigeration, but have run our icemaker with the inverter, no problem.

Bill Crowley
Erewhon, Newport 30-2
Napa

I’VE BEEN SOLARING FOR YEARS NOW

Clark [Beek] made an excellent point. On my previous boat, Sun Po, with solar and wind, I sailed to Hawaii from San Francisco. In four years sailing around Hawaii, I never used the AC cord. On S/V Ferrity, which also has solar, I only use AC for winter heat. We are currently on the East Coast, but I will soon remedy that by sailing south.

Dennis K. Biby
Ferrity

JUICE TO SPARE

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12-volt, with 400 watts of solar, and I never run out of power. We run both a freezer and a refrigerator as well as all the normal electronics. (We use Engel for the freezer and fridge.) We burn 35-42 amp hours per night and are fully charged again by noon most days.

Herb Olson
A catamaran

KUDOS TO CLARK, AND A TALE OF SOME SERIOUS ELECTRICITY DURING A SOUTHBOUND PASSAGE

It was good to read Clark Beek's article on boat AC electrical systems while sitting here in Port San Luis. As I began to read it I started saying to myself, "This guy knows his stuff." Then I saw it was Clark who wrote it and said, "Of course." As an electrical engineer and sailor, I have found Clark to be as knowledgeable about marine electrical systems as anyone I have met. He is one of the very few I would let work on my boat's electrical system.

On a related note, we have now left the Bay Area on Triumph to head back to SoCal after our two-year sojourn in the Bay Area. What a great place — they've been two of the best years of my life. However, when we left Stillwater Cove around 1730 for our next stop in San Simeon, the forecast was for nice northwesterly winds and a "slight chance of thunderstorms." Quite frankly I dismissed it as something that might happen inland. The first six hours held to form, and we were having a nice downwind sail. Then, at about 2300, I saw the lightning storms well south and to the west. I initially thought they would stay to the west of us. Of course I was wrong, and it was time to call [my partner] up from her off-watch.

When it became clear the storm was headed our way, we prepped the boat for heavy weather and decided to turn around and head north, hoping it would pass to the south of us. Of course I was wrong, and it overtook us quickly. Once in the storm, it was both terrifying and mesmerizing. I saw the most incredible lightning strike I have ever seen, which is saying something since I am an Arizonan. A bolt I estimate at two to three seconds hit the ocean about a half mile from our boat and lit up the sky while boiling the ocean to the point that it looked like a volcano erupting lava.

Despite the normal advice to turn off all electronics, I turned on my radar to try to see a path around the lightning cells. It was pretty helpful and the good news is it became obvious our best option was to turn south again. Within the hour the storm was to our north and we thanked our lucky stars. It was only later we realized the havoc the storm would have once it came ashore. Our heart breaks for those affected by the fires. I have since read it was a once-in-a-decade storm. We can only hope it is a once-in-

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We're not exactly sure when this lightning strike on the Saint John River in New Brunswick, Canada, occurred, but it's a little too close for anyone's comfort. Despite the normal advice to turn off all electronics, I turned on my radar to try to see a path around the lightning cells. It was pretty helpful and the good news is it became obvious our best option was to turn south again. Within the hour the storm was to our north and we thanked our lucky stars. It was only later we realized the havoc the storm would have once it came ashore. Our heart breaks for those affected by the fires. I have since read it was a once-in-a-decade storm. We can only hope it is a once-in-

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LETTERS

a-lifetime storm.

Now we are back to our slow trip south that we hope takes us to Mexico this fall. It is nice to have the luxury of time this time. All my past trips up and down the coast have been about getting from Point A to Point B as quickly as possible. We are trying to stop and enjoy all the great places to pull into between the Bay and Southern Cal. Joseph DiMatteo and Lynn Smith Triumph Cabot, 36-ft cutter Point San Pablo Yacht Club, Tucson Sailing Club

⇑⇓

THE BRIGANTINE VEGA, COFFEE AND SAILORS

I am delighted to read that the sailing vessel Vega has been repaired and re-floated [as told in an August 26 'Lectronic and September Sightings piece]. I feel a certain kinship to the vessel after having read The Vega Adventures by Shane Granger. It is a fascinating documentary and collection of anecdotes from the charitable sailings of this historic brigantine.

Life on board is described in a number of chapters; in Chapter 35, The Wonders of Coffee struck a familiar note with me, as coffee is clearly the most important staple on every offshore vessel. The chapter details the trials and tribulations that Shane and Meggi Macoun undergo when their electric coffee grinder fails. Shane and Meggi are introduced to a turn-the-crank Spong coffee grinder, which he calls “a cast iron marvel.” With some negotiating skills they acquire a Spong coffee grinder, and life gets better on board.

After reading Chapter 35 I began looking for a Spong grinder in local antique stores and online. Soon I found a Spong Number 3. Now every time I grind coffee I smile and think of Shane, Meggi and Vega, and wish them well.

David Allocco Summer Nights, Capri 22 Phoenix, AZ

⇑⇓

SPEEDO WARS: A NEW HOPE?

Back in 2009, I sent in a picture of me in a Speedo, and another one of me at the helm of a 747-400 aircraft on an airline flight back to Miami from Sao Paolo with a Speedo on under my uniform. Many readers responded, both pro and con. Richard and crew weighed in as well.

Knowing that people might need some humor at this time, I want to reignite the “Speedo Wars” by sending in a current picture. Yeah, I’m 65, retired from the airlines and the Air Force Reserve, but I still love them, even though I have a board-shorts tan in the pic.

Sure, dogs still bark, old ladies faint, and my daughters pretend they don’t know me when I wear them, but they dry in a heartbeat and feel great. They also work great for

One of the first rules of offshore sailing is to have redundancy in your critical systems. With that said, we shall let the “Spong coffee grinder” speak for itself — as it did on ‘Vega’ when their electric coffee grinder failed.

David Allocco Summer Nights, Capri 22 Phoenix, AZ
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The FREE Pumpout Nav App is the most convenient way to locate nearby sewage pumpout and dump stations and floating restrooms, learn how to empty your vessel’s tank, and report non-functional pumpout units. Do your part in putting your waste in the right place. Download the FREE Pumpout Nav App at BoatCalifornia.com/pumpout
swimming laps.

I also wanted to share a cautionary tale about knowing the tides. I live in Port Townsend, Washington, now, and have my boat in a small harbor a few miles south of here. I saw a boat run aground on an outgoing tide; they had to wait about four hours until the tide came back in. We have some pretty healthy tides up here, but you don’t see boats high and dry too often.

Lots of things have changed in the 11 years since the photo in the May 2009 issue, but some things go on forever. Like wearing Speedos! Let’s hear it, readers. Yea or nay?

Don Rees
Huna Kai,
31-ft Bombay Pilothouse
Port Townsend, WA

Don — We’re going to stay out of this particular debate. We have, however, had calls for more scantily clad sailors in the magazine, a throwback to this magazine’s earlier days. Well, ask and ye shall receive. Latitude Nation.

Readers, check out an early October ‘Lectronic Latitude for the original photo of Don Rees in a Speedo.

Don Rees is trying to bring the Speedo back. Being as fit as he is, he makes a compelling case.

Don Rees
Huna Kai,
31-ft Bombay Pilothouse
Port Townsend, WA

IN THE MAINE CRUISING VEIN

We have enjoyed the things you’ve written about Maine. We cruised for 10 years, starting from the Bay to Maine. Our summer Down East was wonderful; we loved the cool weather, being able to sail 10 or 15 miles to the next anchorage, and eating lots of lobster. We sailed from Provincetown to Roque Island, and then worked our way south. Summer 1995 had 17 named storms, so we checked out some hurricane holes.

Our San Francisco hailing port was a real conversation starter when people went by in their dinghies.

We are very glad to be back in our Friday sailing routine here in the Bay. This year, our season started late [in mid-August]. We are semi-retired, and for many years Friday has been our day of the week to go sailing. On a usual Friday, we will see about two dozen other sailboats — from the Bay Bridge to the Golden Gate to Angel Island. Yesterday [August 14] was eerie. The Bay had few ferries (we saw two, instead of dozens), or the Red and White Fleet, or the tour boats going to Alcatraz. And we only saw two ships: one tanker headed for the South Bay, one headed out from the Chevron docks in Richmond. We keep our boat in Marina Village in Alameda, so our usual drill is to play ‘dodge ‘em’ with the container ships and tanker traffic. So yesterday not only had a balmy 15-knot breeze in the Slot — very unusual in August — but it was just Grimsby and the other 23 sailboats — amazing!

Val and Greg Gillen
Grimsby, Cal 39
Alameda
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DESTINATION: CHANNEL ISLANDS

Thanks for the excellent article on the Channel Islands by Mike Pyzel in the August issue. He is a well-respected cruising educator in the Santa Barbara area and has a wealth of knowledge. I would like to add a few comments from the perspective of a Northern California sailor who has relocated his boat to Ventura.

After 16 years sailing the Bay, my partners and I decided to have the adventure of sailing our Cal 34 East of Reason II to Ventura in May 2001. We’ve never wanted to come back. The guide books all recommended harbor-hopping down the coast, but on the advice of an old sailor we ran into at the chandlery, we headed 50 miles offshore to get out of the shipping lanes, turned left, set watches, and ran down the coast for three days and two nights. It was fabulous. At one point south of Monterey, we doused the main, poled out the jib to port and the reacher-drifter to starboard, and didn’t touch a line for eight hours, our speed never dropping below 6 knots.

If you plan to spend any time in the Channel Islands, find a copy of Brian Fagan’s Cruising Guide to Southern California’s Offshore Islands. It is out of print, but you can still find it, or check it out from the library and have a copy made. It is the bible. Another great find, also out of print, is Flora of Santa Cruz Island by Steve Junak. Great geologic and human history of the island as well as a great map with names to all those little coves, like Dardanelles, Crawfish Bite and Shark Bite east of Fry’s.

It is easy for us S.F. Bay sailors to scoff at our Southern Cal brethren when they get nervous about heading out when winds are predicted to be over 20 knots, but let us not forget the big difference between the Santa Barbara Channel and the Bay: waves. I’d rather be in a steady 35 knots on the Bay than do the crossing I did two weeks ago with 15- to 20-knot winds and 4-ft westerly chop at a 5-second interval. Also, as idyllic and sunny as Coches Prietos can be, you don’t want to be there when a big south swell is hitting the island, so always check the surf reports before anchoring there.

Mike mentioned hiking at Scorpion Anchorage. The campground is currently closed due to COVID, and there was a major fire in May that burned from the beach at Scorpion all the way to the edge of the olive orchard at Smugglers. The northeast corner of the island is closed to hikers due to attempts to revegetate. Good hiking is still available out of Coches, Prisoners and Pelican’s.

Lastly, I will share a pet peeve. Please follow Mike’s advice...
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⇑⇑ RUNNING INTO WEATHER, AND SOME AMAZING ADVENTURERS

We read every word of Mike Pyzel’s article, as my only experiences with the Channel Islands over the years are some stops at Smugglers on Santa Cruz Island on my way to or from NorCal to SoCal. The article was very informative.

Weather led us to call off our stop at Cuyler Harbor [at San Miguel Island] on our way down. We got within five miles when a strong, 25-knot-plus north wind and really strong seas made us decide discretion was the better part of valor. We ended up spending almost a week on Santa Cruz at Forney Cove and Scorpion Anchorage. Interestingly, the morning after we had dropped anchor, a TowBoatUS skipper came by to warn us the anchorage was closed due to pier construction. I have an email in to the NPS contact that shows up on their website outlining the details of the construction, but makes no mention of the anchorage being closed.

By the way, while in Forney Cove we were the only boat there, until a couple of small powerboats anchored. Then we saw someone paddling around by hand on what looked like SUPs. Turns out it was two young guys who had paddled prone (I didn’t know that was a thing) from Alaska to Mexico. A heck of a story that I had not heard, but they were working on a documentary or revisions to it while we were there. The best part of cruising is the people you meet. (Check it out at www.byhandproject.com).

We had a great time going from Sacramento to Oxnard, where we are now for a few weeks. We hit every anchorage from San Francisco to Santa Barbara.

Joseph DiMatteo and Lynn Smith
Their second letter this

MY SSS ROUND THE ROCKS SAILING REGATTA ON JULY 11

It began with a cloudy morning in Alameda, where me and my dad were getting prepared for the biggest sailboat race of my life. I was really excited for the race to start. When me and my dad got out to the Bay, it was really windy and wavy, and then I was starting to get a little nervous. But when it got sunny, I started to feel better. At that point we were still motoring out to the start. But when my dad was lifting up the mainsail, the halyard broke, but luckily we got the sail up in time.

When it was our starting sequence, we started lifting up the jib and I started cranking it in. When our start was at about 30 seconds, I started taking deep, deep breaths. Then our start was at 20 seconds, 10 seconds, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 and then the start horn went off. We were off to a fine start at about fourth or fifth, then started working our way up the fleet slowly.

When we rounded the first windward mark [Blossom Rock],
Sunsets are proof that no matter what happens, every day can end beautifully.

– Kristen Butler

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we were in first place in our fleet, rounding the mark and making our way upwind to the Golden Gate Bridge. When we rounded Blackaller, my dad handed me the tiller. We were moving quickly on the reach and hit a max speed of 19 knots on our way to these two islands called the Brothers. After the Brothers I handed the tiller back to my dad. When rounding the Brothers, I thought to myself, “Almost there Alex, keep up the good work. Just two more legs to go.” The next mark we needed to round was Red Rock, and after that was the finish — so this was the time we needed to concentrate. But when I looked back to see if there were any opponent boats, all I saw were some boats that weren’t in our division, so that was a relief. Now all we needed to do was focus and concentrate on rounding the next mark. We finally rounded Red Rock, and the finish was just a few hundred yards away and still no opponent in sight, and I started feeling good I just kept saying to myself, “Almost there, Alex, almost there.” Then my dad stopped the timer and we finished the race at 2:36:05. But we couldn’t celebrate yet because we still needed to sail all the way back to Alameda in even windier conditions than at the start of the race. When we were done sailing across the Bay, all we needed to do was sail down the Estuary, put the boat away and fix the halyard, which would take my dad the rest of the day — as I went home to get warm. The day was complete. When I got home, I was really happy and proud of myself, and stuffed myself full of candy.

Alex Alvarez, age 10
JetStream, JS9000

Dan and Alex Alvarez, seen here racing on the Estuary in an EYC Twilight Series race on July 31.

Alex, almost there.” Then my dad stopped the timer and we finished the race at 2:36:05. But we couldn’t celebrate yet because we still needed to sail all the way back to Alameda in even windier conditions than at the start of the race. When we were done sailing across the Bay, all we needed to do was sail down the Estuary, park our boat at the docks, put the boat away and fix the halyard, which would take my dad the rest of the day — as I went home to get warm.

The day was complete. When I got home, I was really happy and proud of myself, and stuffed myself full of candy.

Alex Alvarez, age 10
JetStream, JS9000
Alameda

FLAGGING BAD (WHICH IS TO SAY OVERTLY POLITICAL) BEHAVIOR

I am sitting on my boat enjoying a cup of coffee in Cherry Cove at Catalina Island on a midsummer August morning, and I’m thinking everyone here on a boat is here because they love getting out on the water and getting away from the many stressors of the real world. We can all agree on that!

As I scan the horizon and look up the masts, I see yacht club burgees letting everyone know where the owners might hail from. A time-honored friendly rivalry between yacht clubs brings a smile to my face. As I continue my scan up the masts, I am noticing an explosion of political flags from both parties. When people of opposing parties see flags they don’t like, there might be a grumble or some comment.

What those political flags do is lessen the enjoyment of our waterways for some and add back a little stress of the real
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NO SOLIDARITY WITH TREASURE ISLAND SAILING CENTER’S STATEMENT OF SOLIDARITY

Kregg Miller
32-ft Stink Boat
Alameda

Kregg — It seems as if you didn’t read TISC’s Statement of Solidarity (posted in a July 13 ‘Lectronic), the first sentence of which says, “The Treasure Island Sailing Center was founded to increase accessibility and equity in the sport of sailing.” TISC’s mission was never to “simply teach sailing,” as you suggested. They aren’t jumping on the bandwagon. Eventually closing “the race gap that exists in our sport” has been one of their goals for 20 years.

With that said, TISC does a lot of things that typical community sailing centers do. We’ve been there a handful of times for racing, paddling, socializing, and all-around fun. But we’ve also heard the staff at TISC talk about using sailing as a vehicle to teach life skills. This is, by no means, unprecedented. Irving Johnson pioneered sail training decades ago. Most tall-ship programs — and most tall-ship skippers and crews, especially here in the Bay Area — operate under some variation of Johnson’s philosophies. Making better humans through sailing has been a long-held ethos of the sport.

It’s rare in our modern discourse that anyone publicly admits their mistakes and voices a desire to do better. We’d rather support people who strive to improve and strive for excellence, rather than people who claim victory, even as they preside over ruins.

If social justice and increasing diversity aren’t things you agree with, that’s fine, you don’t have to. There are plenty of people out there doing the work. But why take objection to someone else’s trying?

THE BAJA HA-HA XXVII (THAT’S 27) HAS BEEN CANCELED. HERE’S WHAT’S GOING ON IN MEXICO

Mark Sahs
San Diego

Here is a detailed description of life on the ground in the
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38’ CATALINA 38 ‘80 $25,000
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“Unless you just don’t care.”
Bahía de Banderas, which straddles two states. We are living aboard S/V Nakamal in Marina La Cruz, which is north of Marina Vallarta and Paradise Village. From here, we may fly into Puerta Vallarta, Jalisco (where Marina Vallarta is), but our marina is in the state of Nayarit. Beaches are open in Jalisco, but not in Nayarit. So here, you can go to a beach restaurant for a wonderful pescado zarandeado, but the large family gatherings are still not allowed.

Another local difference we’ve had to deal with is la ley seca, dry laws forbidding alcohol sales. The logic is that drinking leads to gatherings, which in turn lead to disease spread. Nayarit’s governor is more inclined to call la ley seca around national holidays than Jalisco’s, so knowing to stock up before it happens, or arranging a trip to the Costco in Jalisco, is part of the pandemic life we’ve learned to deal with.

Since the restart, we have been going out to many different restaurants. Upscale eateries are following protocols to a T: You are likely to be greeted at the door, handed a face mask if you don’t have one, have your temperature scanned, then be asked to hold out your hands for a shot of sanitizer. At the lower end, such as your favorite local taqueria or street vendor, there are no temp checks, and there is hand sanitizer available should you want to use it. Ditto local tiendas (small grocery stores).

Probably the biggest change in our summer lifestyle has been not taking the local buses. The combis/colectivos are a marvelous public transport system, but physical spacing is impossible on them. I think we will soon start using the larger buses for short trips, as they are required to run with reduced capacity and open windows.

The major takeaway is that life here is extremely manageable, and the people continue to be friendly, welcoming, and grateful for your support.

Elinore Craig
Nakamal, Island Packet 380
Marina La Cruz, Mexico

We welcome and read your letters on all sorts of topics, though the ones we run in the magazine tend to be those of interest to sailors. Please include your name, your boat’s name and model, and your hailing port.

The best way to send letters is to email them to editorial@latitude38.com, though the postal carrier visits daily, so you can still mail them — with your best penmanship — to 15 Locust Ave., Mill Valley, CA, 94941.
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LOOSE LIPS

This month’s Caption Contest(!) certainly caught everyone’s attention. How often do you see an actual house cruising on the Bay — or cruising anywhere? Brian Boschma was delivering his sailboat Red Sky to her home port in Brisbane, CA, when he came across the house under tow. They were north of San Francisco International Airport and east of Hunters Point, in a 10-knot wind and 1.5-knot current. After getting a little closer, Brian got the shot that has drawn several witty replies. Some readers were reminded of the old classic, The Wizard of Oz. Andy said, “Dorothy’s twin sister’s house landed a bit farther away …” While Dan St. John took it one step further, saying, “What, no tornado? I have to go to Oz by BOAT?” Others were reminded of the tussles involved when dividing assets with ex-loved ones. Maxwell Thomas Haning said, “When you get the house, not the boat, in the divorce, but still want to go fishing.” And Peter Metcalf showed a good dose of common sense when he said, “Oh, I guess we could wait another day to walk the dogs.” But our favorite response is placed neatly below the photo.

The next top ten:
“Hey! Isn’t that our house?” — Stephen Heineman
“Can you foil it?” — @usa4
“Um, honey, did you forget to turn off the sprinklers?” — Dave Gruver
“Moving day is such a pain.” — Gary Green
“Do you wanna come over to my house, or should I bring it over to you, honey?” — @foxbarter
“Whoa, it was solid ice when we started out.” — Jeff Cook
“Tired of being landlocked? Try our new oceangoing homes. Comfort is what we sell.” — @tinci_tuation
“College prank gone too far.” — @one_dirty_seaman
“Captain Ron’s Moving Company.” — Christopher Mendonca
“Tender envy gone wrong.” — Dana

In closing, we share this wonderfully appropriate quote from 19th century writer George William Curtis: “It is not the ship so much as the skillful sailing that assures the prosperous voyage.”
Recently, on ‘Lectronic Latitude we shared a story about the tall ship *Matthew Turner* that was built in Sausalito. After almost seven years of construction, *Matthew Turner* was complete. Everything from hull to electronics, and even bedding for the bunks, had been installed and tested. Her final hurdle was to obtain her USCG Certificate of Inspection. The inspections were conducted over a number of visits and culminated with man-overboard drills, which, thanks to an efficient crew and lots of practice, she passed with flying colors.

Now, two months later, *Matthew Turner* is becoming a regular feature on the Bay, conducting four to five community sails per week. In accordance with Marin County’s current COVID-19 regulations, the vessel can carry up to 30 passengers, depending on their ‘social bubbles’, or up to 22 individual guests. But from what we’re hearing, despite the accompanying rules of social distancing and wearing masks, everyone who has secured a spot aboard *Matthew Turner* has been loving the experience. The vessel is also running Girls Aloft and Aloft Seamanship programs on Saturday mornings, during which participants are able to climb the mast — with safety lines, of course.

For history buffs, the 132-foot brigantine was named after one of the Bay Area’s master shipbuilders, Matthew Turner. Her design replicates the brigantine *Galilee*, built in Benicia shipyards in 1891. *Galilee* initially carried freight, mail and passengers between San Francisco and Tahiti. At the time she was considered a fast ship, and for many years she held the record for the passage from San Francisco to Tahiti. In 1905, *Galilee* became a research vessel for the Carnegie Institution’s Department of Terrestrial Magnetism. However, the grand lady met an unfortunate end when she was beached in Sausalito, in 1933. Her final resting place is now known as Galilee Harbor, home to many permanent liveaboard sailors.

* Larry Radcliffe from El Cerrito took this photo while out for a sail on his Catalina 27, ‘Ladies Choice’, on a Friday. “I crossed paths with *Matthew Turner*. First near Alcatraz, and then again in Raccoon Strait. I was impressed to see them smoothly tacking the brigantine up through the Strait!”

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Larry Radcliffe from El Cerrito took this photo while out for a sail on his Catalina 27, ‘Ladies Choice’, on a Friday. “I crossed paths with *Matthew Turner*. First near Alcatraz, and then again in Raccoon Strait. I was impressed to see them smoothly tacking the brigantine up through the Strait!”
problem solver with an offshore addiction

In the summer of 2019, Tiburon sailor Michael Moradzadeh succeeded in two of his favorite pursuits in rapid succession. First, he successfully launched a complex new website on behalf of one of his sailing clubs, the Cruising Club of America; then he stepped aboard his Santa Cruz 50 Oaxaca and set sail from L.A. to Hawaii, capturing a class victory in the Transpacific Yacht Race.

"Michael gets involved with a lot of projects," says Liz Baylis, his Transpac navigator and fellow CCA member, "and I was a little concerned when he was working on the website right before the start — but he pulled it off!"

Both successes demonstrated Michael’s technical and leadership capabilities and also highlighted what regularly challenges him — his natural ability to tackle most projects and solve most problems by himself. However, Michael admits that his willingness to lean on top talent for both the website and the race helped him reach a higher level of performance.

spinnakers and

If you’re still interested in reading this series after its covering mainsails and headsails the past few months, then the next logical progression is spinnakers. Assuming you’re still reading, take a breath — they’re just like any other sail. The wind flows across them and they propel your yacht through the water. I always tell folks, "However hard it was for you to learn how to sail, then that’s how hard it is to fly the spinnaker effectively." Anybody can put one up and wrap it around the forestay and curse at it — that’s easy. The tricky part is making it look easy and being able to breathe normally while it’s hauling the mail downwind.

‘Oaxaca’s Transpac crew (left to right): Patrick Lewis, Tom Paulling, co-owner David Ritchie, Michael Moradzadeh, Brett DeWire, Liz Baylis, Harry Spedding, Dee Caffari and Molly Robinson Noble. As Michael told a reporter after winning their class, “We pretty much let the women run the show.”
Oaxaca (wa-hoca) is the name of a city and a state in Mexico. The name came with the boat when Michael bought it. An early owner apparently told him, “In 1980 that’s where the best weed came from.” ‘Oaxaca’ has a solid race pedigree, winning in the 1981 Transpac, so Michael kept the name “out of respect for the boat’s prior history.”

satisfaction

For starters, let’s say you have a typical 30- to 40-ft cruising boat with an old-school symmetric spinnaker. Yet, you need four folks and winds no more than 10 knots less than that is a pain as well. Somebody needs to be agile and brave — make that person the foredeck. Someone needs to be able to drive a straight course when lots of distractions are happening aboard.

The pole needs a topping lift to hoist it up and a foreguy/downhaul to pull it down. For simplicity, start with a single sheet on each corner.

Lead the sheets to whatever set of blocks continued in middle column of next sightings page

offshore addiction — continued

“In a race to Hawaii,” Michael says, “a quarter-percent improvement is the difference between first and the middle of the fleet. We finished only 12 minutes ahead of the second-place boat and 43 minutes in front of the third. One spinnaker wrap could have cost us the race. At that level of racing against boats with lots of pros and experienced sailors, it becomes a contest not only to make good plans and execute well, but not have anything go wrong.”

Michael acknowledges the depth of talent in his crew, most of whom had sailed with him or with each other before, and says it was a “team of sailors, every one better than me. As humbling as that was, it was fun to win!”

In particular, he credits Liz Baylis for planning and executing the race, especially the approach to Molokai, a steep island that he says acts as an “escalator,” generating stronger winds blowing along its face toward the finish, across the Molokai Channel.

This was Liz’s 11th race to Hawaii and her third as Michael’s navigator on Oaxaca. She describes her skipper as “very knowledgeable and great with the systems and technology, so it was fun working cooperatively on getting the boat ready and discussing the weather, routing options, sail choices, etc.”

Despite his recent Transpac success, it’s the other race to Hawaii — the Pacific Cup — that has always been Michael’s favorite, and he is currently doing his second stint as commodore of the event’s organizing club, the Pacific Cup Yacht Club.

Michael describes seeing a poster for the Pacific Cup in 1990 and subsequently buying Jim and Sue Corenman’s Pacific Cup Handbook and reading it repeatedly. Finally, in 1997, he and his wife Noelle bought a Passport 40. Cayerne, and began planning to do the race.

Michael learned to sail while attending Stanford and had sailed aboard his mother’s MacGregor 25 before owning a Pearson Ensign and a Catalina 30. Buying a 40-footer and planning to race offshore was a big step up.

“We did the Coastal Cup the next year,” he says, “from San Francisco to Santa Barbara, and my biggest fear was, ‘What if I don’t like being away from land for an extended period with the same crew?’ As it turned out, I simply adored it, so we signed up for the Pacific Cup. We had a tedious 17-day, 16-hour passage, but never looked back.

“Once you are three days out, you shed the stress and there’s nothing on your mind but eating, sleeping, and sailing . . . it is a wonderful break.”

The Pacific Cup starts in San Francisco and is billed as “The Fun Race to Hawaii,” providing extensive pre-race training seminars and warm, welcoming parties on arrival. Michael has sailed it a total of eight times, most recently on the Santa Cruz 50 that replaced the Passport 40 after 17 years.

He finished that first race just outside the race time limit and recalls that his crew didn’t get called up to the podium like everyone else. “That hurt my feelings,” he says. “But I noticed the boat that served as the race-communications vessel seemed to have a good time, so I offered to do that in the next race. Performing that role drew me into race management.”

Trained as a lawyer, Michael retired early in 2000 after doing technology law, working for a biotech firm, and working at Intel during a growth period. Now, if he’s not working on his boat, Michael is spending his working hours volunteering for the Pacific Cup Yacht Club as commodore or the CCA as webmaster. He has also been commodore of the Corinthian Yacht Club in Tiburon.

“I’m motivated to be of service,” he says. “In any activity I’ve taken up as a hobby, there are unique opportunities. I like being of service, accomplishing a task that perhaps was not obvious as to how it could be accomplished. And I like that people appreciate what I do.”

The COVID-19 pandemic in 2020 didn’t make life easy for volunteers in many organizations, and with the Pacific Cup race scheduled for July, the PCYC was no exception.

“We pulled the plug in the second week of April,” Michael says. “It wasn’t tough. It was clear. We tried to delay as far as possible, consistent with not wasting a ton of people’s time.

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SIGHTINGS

offshore addiction — continued

"As a principal race officer will do before canceling any race, it’s good to make it clear you are doing everything you can to salvage the race, but there wasn’t really any option. Our partners at Kaneohe Yacht Club reached the same conclusion, and we collaborated on the final decision."

In the meantime, the CCA’s new website has kept on ticking, with ongoing updates, of course. Bob Medland, CCA commodore, says the website has led to efficiencies for the members and improvements in the membership database, the yearbook, and the member roster.

Even though 2020 hasn’t worked out as planned for sailors in the Pacific Cup and other offshore races, the appeal endures for Michael. Predictably perhaps, he says there are two “independent and contrary pieces” to the mindset that ocean sailing offers. “First, there’s the zen of it, the single-minded focus that you get to move into once well offshore. The other, whether offshore or preparing ahead of time, is the intensive problem-solving nature of it, whether designing a new instrument or replacing an old hatch with a sliding hatch. It’s engaging . . . and fun!”

— john burnham

what is the nada ha-ha?

Much of the debate about sailing along the Americas’ long coastlines is the question, “What’s okay?” Sailors everywhere contend they are responsible people doing a pandemic-safe outdoor activity. It’s not the sailing that’s the problem — it’s the socializing. Socializing and camaraderie are great reasons to sail or cruise, but they’re not the only reasons. The social aspects of the Baja Ha-Ha have been one of its many great attributes, but the beautiful scenery, pleasant sailing, and warm, friendly climate of Mexico and its people have always been the greatest reasons to go.

Because the 2020 Baja Ha-Ha was canceled, Patsy ‘La Reina del Mar’ Verhoeven of the Gulfstar 50 ‘Talion’ has formed the Nada Ha-Ha, an independent, radio-based, ultralight version of the Ha-Ha. According to the Nada Ha-Ha website, the concept is to maintain the group camaraderie and safety while avoiding risky behavior. Exactly what is involved will depend on the COVID situation in California and Mexico in late October.

Patsy is a veteran of 13 Ha-Ha’s and has been the Assistant Poobah for the past five. She’s enjoyed many more years of cruising from Central America to the South Pacific to the Pacific Northwest, and keeps her boat in La Paz during the season.

The Nada Ha-Ha will maintain the same sailing schedule as the Baja Ha-Ha, departing San Diego or Ensenada on November 2 and sailing to Turtle Bay. On November 7, the fleet will sail from Turtle Bay to Bahía Santa María and possibly move to Bahía Magdalena on November 9, weather permitting. The final leg to Cabo San Lucas is scheduled for November 11.

The Nada Ha-Ha is open to anyone wanting to travel south to Mexico on their boat. There is no fee for the Nada Ha-Ha. As of this writing, there are no social functions, no pre-party, no swag, no dinners or skippers’ meeting, beach parties, divisions, time reporting, Poobah or baseball planned. There will be a daily radio net on VHF 69 when in range and when at planned stops. The radio net will be via SSB or Ham 4146 while offshore. The net will have a check-in and the opportunity to report emergencies, ask for assistance, share stories, and get questions answered.

Participants can voluntarily choose to have daily positions recorded via SSB, Ham or SMS text. Devices capable of SMS text include Garmin InReach, InReach Mini, satellite phone, Spot X (not Spot Gen3) or Iridium GO!

It is recommended that all boats provision enough food and carry enough fuel to reach Cabo and not visit the towns and villages on the Baja coast. It would be disastrous for this group to bring COVID to these towns, as they have little or no healthcare and no funds to travel to a facility. The locals are poor and it is hard for them to resist the US dollars for panga rides, taking trash, refueling and running errands. While there may be a great temptation to go ashore and relax in a bar, this year it is vital to practice a more simplified cruising experience and stay aboard during the stopovers.

headsails

you have as far aft as possible. Give yourself some space to maneuver: no lee shores, obstructions or pesky boat traffic. Put the boat on a starboard broad reach and stow or furl the headsail. Make sure the spinnaker is packed properly and clip the bag to the port rail near the bow pulpit. Set the pole level on the mast chest high and put the starboard sheet through the end of the pole — now it’s your starboard afterguy. It should be around the outside of the forestay. Attach the halyard and sheet outside all other gear. Double-check for traffic or other hazards, confirm y’all are ready, and have the driver keep the wind between 160 and 140 degrees apparent.

Hoist the spinnaker as quickly as possible and bring the afterguy back at the same time

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— continued

until, say, 5 feet from the forestay. The foreguy will need to be eased as the afterguy is hauled back. The spinnaker should be luffing now. As my ex used to say, sheet it in until it quits making noise. The starboard upper edge of the sail is now the luff edge. Have the driver hold a steady course for some far-off landmark and practice easing the sheet until the luff edge begins to curl and eventually collapse, and sheet in just till it fills. The spinnaker sheet is rarely cleated off; these sails vary from fairly finicky to seriously finicky depending on their design. The more you bring the pole back and ease the sheet the more the spinnaker is exposed to the true wind and the faster and more powerful the sail will be.

what is the nada ha-ha?

Once signed up, participants will receive the latest emails on slips, changes to checking into Mexico, and information for communications.

While it’s unfortunate not to be able to hold the social gatherings of the Baja Ha-Ha, it’s worth remembering that one of the great reasons to go cruising is to “get away from it all.” People sail for freedom and escape. Racers too have missed the post-race socials, but they’ve been adjusting their events to suit the temporary condition of a pandemic-burdened planet.

Boat shows have become virtual, meetings are Zoomed, the Delta Doo Dah, Pacific Puddle Jump, Panama Posse and Summer Sailstice have all been sailing adventures we do ‘together’ while we sail apart. We commend Patsy Verhoeven for picking up the torch and making the best of what’s possible. Mexico as a destination is miraculous, but we all know it’s about the journey.

As Paul Martson in Puerto Vallarta said, “Common sense will get you by down here as anywhere. Come see for yourself.”

There are already 53 boats ranging from 24-ft to 72-ft signed up. Visit www.patsysweb.com/NadaHa-Ha/2020/Nada/Nada-Ha-Ha.html to find out more. Want to go? See the Nada Ha-Ha or Latitude 38 Crew List pages.

— john arndt
philippe jamotte takes on the world

"I was born in the Belgian Congo not very close to any water. From there I grew up in the countryside of Belgium with no sailing, only a canal boat trip once but no sailing," said Philippe Jamotte when we talked to him in September. "Then in 2013, once I moved to Redwood City, I looked up Spinaker Sailing and learned to sail."

Philippe, 49, doesn’t have the usual résumé of working up the ladder to accomplish a sailing goal, but now that the bug has bitten he’s on his way to the adventure of a lifetime. Philippe plans on sailing solo around the world nonstop from San Francisco — the wrong way. That’s east to west, taking the Great Capes to starboard.

“We live on the West Coast of North America; going east from here doesn’t make as much sense, as returning home after passing Australia means going upwind for a long time, a very uncomfortable, likely slow, proposition. I’m looking at going west instead. The course would leave from San Francisco, through the Pacific Ocean, cross the equator, go through Torres Strait into the Indian Ocean, dipping below South Africa and across the Atlantic, dropping all the way down South America into the Southern Ocean, to finally make a return home through the Pacific, another equator crossing, and finally back to San Francisco again."

That makes it sound easy, but Philippe adds the following.

“Here are several difficult passages along this course:

• Torres Strait is a very narrow and difficult passage under sail (no engine here); the area is rife with very light and variable wind, strong tidal currents, lots of large ship traffic, and of course reef and shoal galore.
• Crossing the Agulhas current at the tip of South Africa can be the source of very dangerous waves when the wind blows against the direction...”

Right: Philippe is also going after a world record. In 2013, Guo Chuan set the record for a nonstop solo circumnavigation in a Class 40 that looks very similar to ‘Changabang’. “In addition, I’ve confirmed the start/finish line with the World Sailing Speed Record Council,” he said. “It’s almost as simple as ‘Pass under the Golden Gate Bridge.’”
of the current.
• Passing Cape Horn is hard enough going east; going west around Cape Horn is a very risky proposition.
• In order to pass Cape Horn in the best possible conditions it will not be possible to avoid hurricane seasons in all other areas.

After discussing it with a few meteorologists this seems doable."

Philippe does have ocean experience. In 2017 he did an Atlantic crossing in the Clipper Race (plus the mandatory four weeks of training) and sailed his Olson 30 Double Espresso to an overall win in the 2018 Singlehanded Transpacific Yacht Race.

Boat choice for a solo circumnavigation is a difficult one. The boat has to be just right to fit the project and budget.

"I decided to limit the boat’s length to 40 feet and wanted it to do these few things well:
• Keep moving in light air (less than 5 knots of wind speed): There will be difficult passages where keeping the boat moving in light air and strong tidal currents will be critical to the safety of the boat.
• Sail to windward fairly efficiently in a gale or more (without crew on the rail), as there will be several passages where this situation is very likely to occur.
• Generally, be a fast boat (i.e., a PHRF rating around 50).
• Sail to its potential without requiring complex sail adjustments, such that the boat can be kept sailing fast while singlehanded."

After searching the US and Europe, Philippe found a Class 40 in France that fit the bill, a François Lucas design that has raced in Europe for many years. "Changabang is an early generation Class 40 sailboat. Of importance to me is that Changabang is a fractional cutter with a masthead spinnaker option, allowing lots of flexibility. She has twin rudders, reserve flotation and watertight bulkheads, adding to her intrinsic safety. Her coach roof is enormous, providing plenty of standing height and storage inside, which lends itself well for a circumnavigation." Philippe is quite tall.

After a lengthy process of buying, deliveries and shipping from Europe, Changabang arrived in San Diego last year. Philippe and friends sailed her north to Pillar Point Harbor, where she now lives.

"I did a full check and prep at Berkeley Marine Center recently and think everything is ready." Philippe plans to depart sometime in early October.

"Depending on wind conditions, the distance sailed will be in the 26,000- to 28,000-mile range. An older non-racing offshore sailboat can expect to sail at about 5.5 knots on average. With this kind of average boat speed, the duration of the circumnavigation would be about 200 days."

That pace would bring him back home to San Francisco around April 2021. Even if he doesn’t have the résumé of a Sir Francis Chichester, Philippe has thought this out well and has been working hard to make a real possibility of success. A grand adventure for sure.

Follow along on Philippe’s blog at www.pjsails.com.
Here’s my story.
Sailing came to me in 2010 at the San Francisco Yacht Club’s summer camp. My older siblings were off at sleepaway camp and I was lucky enough to find myself in an Opti for the summer. I know every sailor shares the exhilaration, joy and weightlessness I felt that summer. But I was far from having an athlete’s build, and there were weird questions in my head about whom I found attractive. At the same time, from fellow campers to the cool older kids to counselors and grown-ups at the bar, I heard words and the occasional “faggot” remark that warned me I’d better get rid of those things in my head if I wanted to be a sailor. And I wanted very much to be a sailor.

In high school, I joined a team at St. Francis YC. Our head coach, Adam Corpuz-Lahne, expected everyone to understand that their personal value did not depend on making a boat go fast — though obviously, that was a value too. I still struggled to keep up in conversations about who were the hottest girls. I still had the same questions spinning around about why I had crushes on guys, and I worried that I couldn’t be gay because that didn’t fit the role of a sailor-athlete. I still wasn’t quite out to myself, much less to my teammates or coaches and certainly not to the commodore, but the thought of an accepting sailing community began to find root. I see now that StFYC’s high school program was a safe place for all of that to percolate.

In spring 2014, a friend and I volunteered for a day of race committee and were assigned to a mark boat with Kimball Livingston, a name I knew as rear commodore. What I didn’t know is that made us the only two juniors he was acquainted with, which accounts for the invitation to sail on Kate II, the 46-footer that would be his flagship. With some frequency I found myself on Kate II through the next year and a half.

I was fully out to myself by the time I arrived in Washington, DC, to attend GWU, but it was only in small steps that I came out to teammates. Too often, early on, I would find myself zoned out in practice wondering if I should tell, and I was close to finishing my sophomore year before I came out to my parents. In my junior year, the team elected me captain, and re-elected me in my senior year. When I was a teen, I had no role models. Now I’m an out gay captain of my sailing team.

When the pandemic wiped spring off the table, I felt strongly for my teammates, and I kept in close touch. By July the talk had turned to excitement over getting back onto the Potomac this fall. But on July 31 the hammer fell. News we didn’t see coming. We will lose varsity status in June 2021. Never did I think when I was re-elected captain that my role would focus on running a team during a pandemic and leading a transition from varsity to club. But. Here we are. The groundswell of ownership from teammates and alumni has continually reminded me of how many people love GWU sailing, and how deeply. That love is making what would otherwise be a miserable process bearable. I might even say exciting. I have the utmost confidence that we can, and we will, become even stronger, and I have never been more honored to be a member of GW Sailing.

— john deruff

seven seas cruising association
It all began at the Boat House on Glorietta Bay in Coronado. The red-roofed, gabled Boat House was a stunning landmark set out on pilings over the water, surrounded by docks, yachts and a pretty fleet of rental sailboats, which were my parents’ business.

I was the oldest of four boat kids back then (the others were my brother Tim, Steven Slasor and Billy Rumsey) who lived aboard our families’ respective boats at the Boat House, surrounded by parents and friends, who were

spinnaker satisfaction
release the sheet to collapse the spinnaker, and shove it down the hatch.
You may not master this the first season, but it’s another arrow in your quiver, and generally the spinnaker adds a boatload of sail area downwind.

Next month we’ll cover them newfangled asymmetrical spinnakers and socks and even spinnaker furlers. There is a whole new world of reaching sails and gadgets to handle them.

It’s not as if you’re in a hurry, because if you are you will be perpetually disappointed in the world of sailing. When the wind is right you can sail away to fine tranquility — why not do it with a colorful sail hoisted from the masthead and a colorful beverage in your hand, and maybe somebody with a colorful tattoo to share it with?

— andy schwenk,
USCG delivery captain, rig inspector, yacht broker, private sailing instructor
SSCA — continued

like aunts and uncles to me.

When the ship’s bell clanged, the adults who happened to be working nearby gathered together on the Boat House veranda for the mid-morning ‘coffee-down’. Saturday nights we often cooked our simple meals on homemade BBQs on the cement dock. During the day in the sunroom, a treadle Singer sewing machine often whirled away with a cruiser making or mending canvas gear. Wood shavings and the smell of fresh paint always drew me to see what project was going on in the woodworking shop.

It’s impossible to adequately convey the nurturing atmosphere of the Boat House, and the life I led there remains with me to this day — the yardstick against which I judge all other experiences of community.

It appeared to us children as though any liveaboard cruiser who came along could happily fit into the family atmosphere at the Boat House. No cruiser was a stranger. My parents, Jack and Ruth Carstarphen, called the Boat House the Out-Stretched-Palms. A true Arcadian ideal.

The people were all potential sea gypsies, each one inherently resourceful and independent, and yet, in that supportive atmosphere, they were delightfully interdependent.

They were also unusually creative. Many of them could draw, paint, write, carve, or play an instrument as well as put their hands to any sort of marine whipping, lashing or splicing, baggywrinkle, painting or carpentry. Disciplined enough to work weekdays at a job, their weekends were reserved

continued on outside column of next sightings page
for perfecting their yachts.

It was only a matter of time before this cauldron of creativity precipitated into something tangible. The lens of their mutually agreeable philosophies began to focus. An ‘idea’ emerged, an idea that fitted this particular group so perfectly that in hindsight, it seemed inevitable. The group’s energy streamed into the formation of an ‘association’ that would connect all of us throughout our lives, long after we had sailed beyond the distant horizons. They decided to call it the Seven Seas Cruising Association.

Its birth was attended by some lighthearted, irreverent humor. The newfound SSCA conveyed the imposing title of ‘Commodore’ on any member who had sailed more than “one thousand miles of ocean and who intended to live afloat and cruise.” This was the founding philosophy and also a little tongue-in-cheek dig at the establishment and at the Coronado Yacht Club next door, where there was a whole hidebound retinue of officers from commodore down to doorkeeper. These egalitarian SSCA founders were, after all, the antithesis of the rule-bound, post-war era. Not a one cared a tit about titles anyway. That was to miss the point.

The Boat House, and its enthusiastic community, became a magnet to other long-distance cruisers who were heading to Mexico or Panama, or crossing to Hawaii, so we often met other cruisers passing through. Those were the early days, and information regarding sailing directions and ports of call was very hard to come by. When one of our newfound cruising friends wrote letters back to the Boat House, they were read and reread and often copied and sent on to others.

The first real event of SSCA was when everyone chipped in to buy a cyclostyle machine for printing copies. Soon after, the whole group came together to nut out the wording for the legal document needed to incorporate the association. The new status was known as the “Disorganization.”

Jason Carroll’s MOD70 trimaran Argo set a new outright Around Jamestown Record. They sailed around the Rhode Island island in 52 minutes and 2 seconds. This bests the previous record of 53:37, set by Zach Marks on a foiling kiteboard in 2016, by 1 minute and 35 seconds.

The crew rounded the island to starboard. Argo departed in a 22-knot ESE breeze at the end of an ebb.

This was the MOD70’s first attempt to set the record, but Team Argo had attempted it five times in a GC32. On board were Brian Thompson, Chad Corning, Charlie Ogletree, Anthony Kotoun, Tom Burnham, Jim Condon, Chuck Norris, Westy Barlow and Ben Bardwell. California sailors may remember Argo from last year’s CA 500 and Transpac.

Santa Cruz YC hosted the NorCal Laser Championship on Saturday, September 19, and the Monterey Peninsula YC Laser Championship took place on Sunday the 20th. Each regatta was scored individually, and together they comprised the Laser District 24 Championship. Sean Svendsen sent us this note about his son, Tor, age 16: ‘Tor, sailing a Laser Radial, finished third overall in the NorCal Championship and was the first-place junior sailor. He finished second...’
Overall in MPYC's Championship and again was the top finishing junior. SCYC awarded Tor the Schuyler Perpetual Trophy for the top junior at the NorCal Championship. "He was honored to receive the Schuyler Perpetual and thanked SCYC for running a great regatta in breezy conditions. There were nine races sailed over both days. In early October Tor will be racing in the Laser Gulf Coast Championship at Texas Corinthian YC."
— chris

Soon the SSCA bulletin was being produced on a monthly basis. It proved invaluable. Not simply as a way for us to remain in contact as a group with common interests, but also for the specialized local information that it contained. Pilot books of the day were designed for the safety of large ships. Nothing was available to guide the small-boat cruiser into smaller foreign ports, or to give clues as to how to negotiate with local officials and the like. My parents, Jack and Ruth, contributed expert know-how to the content and format of the bulletin. In 1947, our family had already sailed from San Diego to Panama aboard our 35-ft sloop Tiki. It was certainly one of the earliest sailboat cruises in the post-war era. My mother wrote a series of articles for The Rudder magazine (published under my father's name) that detailed that trip.

Very early on, someone suggested the 'Clean Wake' ideal. The SSCA wanted cruisers not only to enjoy their stops, but to give something back. Friendliness, consideration, helpfulness, and of course paying one's bills and not leaving a stain on a village after departure was imperative to the long-term health of the cruising community.

There were some early rules in the SSCA, which have changed with time. Back in the early days, everyone had to own a sailboat and live aboard. There was one membership for the entire family, but it was not just the nominal skipper who was the Commodore. If the whole family had gone along on those thousand miles, they were all Commodores! Associates did not exist. And living aboard meant all year round, not just for holidays or part of the year.

The first bylaws said that a cruising family had to resign when they no longer lived aboard, or even no longer intended to cruise. When we started chartering our boat in the US Virgin Islands in 1955, my father said we had to resign from SSCA because we no longer "intended" to cruise. We were so unhappy about that! Of course, I still lived on our boat until I was grown up.

My husband Michael and I rejoined the SSCA as Commodores in 1991 when we moved aboard our ketch Sea Quest. This was at the start of our 18-year odyssey sailing the Pacific. Michael had earned his sea time in the North Sea and crossing the Atlantic in 1958. The SSCA bulletins became a much-anticipated package in the mail. Each was read and reread; often shared with other cruisers we met along the way, and had a special section of the bookcase dedicated to them.

When all the founders were young — my parents were in their mid-20s when they returned from our first trip to Panama — I doubt any of us imagined that SSCA would become such a success and so influential in the years to come. What they did know was that for small yachts without electronic gadgets, to safely explore beyond any often-sailed route was a serious challenge, and that any information gleaned along the way would help those who followed. I can only hope that the spirit of sharing, of community, and of open-hearted friendship that inspired the original formation of the Seven Seas Cruising Association will prevail long into the future.
— tere batham
DELTA DOO DAH DOZEN —

You’ve probably heard by now that this year’s SoCal Ta-Ta and Baja Ha-Ha have been canceled due to the ongoing uncertainties and restrictions of the COVID-19 pandemic. (A more casual cruise, the Nada Ha-Ha, has replaced the Baja Ha-Ha; more on that in Sightings.) While those rallies suffered the fate of so many other group events, the DIY Delta Doo Dah actually benefited.

With the Pacific Cup and other major regattas canceled or postponed, racers shifted their focus (and equipment) to cruising and turned their chartplotters inland. Hotel and airline cancellations prompted travelers to look to the water for summer vacations.

With few alternatives for recreation, the spring season was especially busy. By the time we closed registration at the end of August, 92 boats had signed up, the most since the first DIY year, 2013.

Not that the Doo Dah didn’t have to adapt to the new normal. One by one, official events fell by the wayside. We took our Kickoff Party & Seminar, normally hosted by Richmond Yacht Club, online via Zoom on May 16.

Later in the season, on August 9, we did manage to offer one in-person event. Delta Bay Marina hosted us for a BBQ in conjunction with their Sunday Market. Six boats took advantage of free berthing, and about 20 sailors from our fleet enjoyed an afternoon in the mid-90s, meeting one another from behind masks. Members of Peninsula YC handled the grilling, side dishes and sodas, everything was outdoors, and the venue was uncrowded. The market, in the park across the levee, offered local produce, arts and crafts, baked goods and plants, and a resident singer/guitarist serenaded visitors.

As summer wound down, we invited our fleet to share their DIY adventures with our readers.

Dura Mater — Cal 2-27

Jackie Philpott, Point Richmond

Solo sailor Jackie Philpott was one of the early birds, cruising the Delta in April and May. "Dura Mater has been up here since Easter Sunday and is slowly winding her way back to Richmond," wrote Jackie on May 22. "The Delta is open for business. Chatted on the outdoor patio at Tony’s (Walnut Grove) yesterday (while waiting for my delicious takeout steak sandwich). I might come back up again. It’s awfully nice up here. Gotta buy a big water gun."

On May 23, Jackie anchored yards away from the Miner Slough Bridge. "Don’t know if it opens: will call to find out." The answer is yes, it’s a swing bridge, with a 12-hour notice required (communicated to the Rio Vista Bridge) for an opening.

"I missed the turn off into Sutter Slough (oh, that looks pretty). So I came out onto the Sacramento River above the Rio Vista Bridge. I decided I needed a bath so I spent the night in Delta Marina, bought lots of pretty stuff from the store, and told the manager I was part of the Doo Dah.

"This morning I came up the Sacramento against the ebb, which wasn’t terrible because the wind was 12 mph from the northwest. I checked out Prospect..."
Slough, a bigger water body than Mil-dred Island. This is a lovely slough, lots of little mud beaches. I’m in more than 16 feet.”

Read more about Dura Mater’s cruise in May 22’s ‘Lectronic Latitude. She’s now on her way south to the Channel Islands, harbor-hopping down the coast.

Gladiator — Beneteau 461
Eric & Kim Rinkus, Portland, OR
On June 11, Eric Rinkus wrote: “Gladiator is anchored about 3 miles from the north end of Georgiana Slough; at the wide turn across from a park with stairs out of the water. By far the best anchorage we’ve found since the sled ride sail up to Decker Island on June 4.

“By dinghy, Walnut Grove is close enough for a resupply run. Landing a dinghy to walk/bike is easy at the park. The anchorage is in a back eddy, so swimming is great with little current or a circular current that takes you away and back to the boat. Lots of wildlife too.

“No launch ramp. Just stairs with a narrow ramp between.

Clockwise from top left: Sammie, 16, and William, 15, from ‘Sacagawea’ having a blast in Bedroom 2; MC’ing the Kickoff Zoom-in; July 4 dinghy parade with Richmond YC cruisers; July 4 in Potato Slough; Betty and Jim Adams aboard ‘Flibbertigibbet’ at the Delta Bay event; Tiki Tom, harbormaster at Korth’s Pirate’s Lair, calls this well-behaved pet pig ‘Luau’.
**Delta Doo Dah Dozen Fleet**

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"We've had a few kayak groups come through, launching from the park, and cars parking occasionally. A few bass boats, ski boats and jet skis have gone by, but they generally slow for the hard 90° turn due to visibility, so not much wake.

"Wish we'd known about this spot. We might have skipped or significantly abbreviated stops in Isleton and Walnut Grove. Although Isleton has a great tap room worth a stop at the apparently free Dookette Chris, chris@latitude38.com."
want to get stuck. We draw 6.5 feet. We made it in and hailed the owner, who showed us a nice 40-ft slip. With a park across the street, Hana was a happy sailor. Normally we would anchor up here but with a puppy, being able to access the land is important.

“The next two days it was off to Potato Slough for some swimming and relaxing. We would leave early and then return to the slip at night. The kayak rides through the tules with Hana were fun. We found a patch of grass for her on a small island. We headed back on Friday with a 12-hour motor back home.”

“The trip was bittersweet as Tex and I have been cruising together for the last 20 years, including our now-famous voyage to Z-town, Mexico, and back. Tex has decided to move back home to Tennessee for his retirement. He says he will be back to visit and go sailing sometime in the future.”

_Flibbertigibbet — Catalina 42_  
_Jim & Betty Adams, Discovery Bay_

In these strange COVID-19 times it was great to be able to meet both new and old friends in the Delta. We first met Bob and Lori on Sea Star during the second Delta Doo Dah, 10 years ago. Since then we have visited them at their home, they have been to our home, and we even met up once for a few days in Mexico. Five or six times this summer we ran into them, mostly at (sunken) Mildred Island in the Delta and once in Potato Slough at Bedrock 3. I’m pretty sure if there would’ve been a Pacific Cup race to Hawaii this summer we either would not have seen them or seen a lot less of them, as Bob on Sea Star and Lori on Hang 20, an Express 27, had signed up for the Pac Cup.

Another crew that had signed up for the Pac Cup, but decided to cruise the Delta because the race was canceled, were Jim and Mary on Green Buffalo. We met them for the first time at Delta Bay Marina’s Doo Dah function.

Not only is Mildred Island one of our favorite anchorages, we have a few favorite spots in the sunken island. In years past we’ve been there when 100 or more boats were there. There’s plenty of room for lots of boats, but I don’t think this year we saw more than 15 or 20 at a time.

_Great Expectations — Catalina 320_   
_(and Pip, the dinghy)_  
_Brian & Lisa Forster, Sausalito_

The first part of the Delta Doo Dah is getting to the Delta (if you’re not already there…), right?

So on July 1, my wife Lisa and I left from Sausalito. I (could say ‘we’, but Lisa is working from home) started provisioning the boat two days before. _Great Expectations_ was a bareboat at that point, having been taken out of a charter fleet as of June 30. That meant not only food and such had to go on the boat, but essentials such as pots and pans, linens, etc., and everything else that one needs for the time on the Delta.

7 a.m. was a good time to start, as the flood was underway. I had done much examination of tides and currents, and figured that we should be able to ride the flood until about Port Chicago. It turned out, to our favor, that the current extended beyond that, until about the entry to False River. We actually stopped in Pittsburg around 1:15 to do the essentials: get diesel, do a pump-out, and get our two dogs off the boat for a potty break. After a half hour, we were on our way, still with a flood, and kept going to our final destination, Little Tinsley Island, where we are members.

I didn’t expect to make it there in one day, but Lisa reminded me that we had done the Delta Ditch Run before and had gone to Stockton Sailing Club in one day. With that in mind, I figured that if we made it to Port Chicago by 1 p.m., we might as well keep going. With the ‘summer’ sails, which included the 95% jib, we were obviously beyond that, so on we went.

It was probably the best sail up the Delta we’ve done. Besides the tide exceeding my expectations, the winds were great, averaging 15 knots, and, interestingly and differently, coming more from the northwest than the usual westerly. In fact, at Benicia, with a broad reach, we hit 9 knots speed over ground!

It was funny — at Benicia I saw an outbound ship, and as we approached the railroad bridge there, the bridge started raising. I thought, “Are they raising it because they see a sailboat coming?” (I’d been with a friend who had to call for a bridge opening because he thought he might need it, but our boat doesn’t.) Instead, they just raised it really early for the outbound ship.

The journey continued; another sailboat caught up to us and passed us, but then I saw he was motorsailing. After False River, we were back on the San Joaquin and did some more sailing before the wind and a desire to ‘get there’ meant that we fired up the motor to get to the island. (In an 11-hour trip, we only used the engine for about an hour, and at least half of that was motorizing out of Richardson Bay!)

We spent three days on Little Tinsley Island, where we were able to get ‘acquainted’ with our boat after five years in charter service. Ours is the only sailboat in our group, but amazing how many wanted to take a tour and tell tales of their sailing time. Don’t discount the powerboaters — some have a history on sailboats.

At the end of the July 4th weekend, _Great Expectations_ went to her summer home, Owl Harbor. She will stay there...
until she goes back to the Bay, where she’ll be at Richmond YC.

‘iliohale — Lagoon 450S
Gary & Nancy Ryan, San Rafael

We had planned to leave for the Delta on September 12, but with all the smoke we delayed our trip by a few days and decided to head down the coast for a week instead, thinking that the air quality would be better. Early morning on Monday the 14th, we and our four pandemic bubble friends watched the smoke forecast for the week and decided that the Delta would have better weather and a similarly improving air-quality forecast. So we left Loch Lomond at 8 a.m. bound for the Delta.

We had a wonderful seven days in the Delta, with stops at Bethel Island, Potato Slough, Whiskey Slough, Willow Berm, Walnut Grove and finally a night at Benicia. We had beautiful weather, light winds, mostly clean air, water still warm for swimming, minimal bugs, flat water in both Suisun and San Pablo Bays, and, best of all, every place we went was empty. We had Bedroom 2 at Potato all to ourselves. This was the latest we have visited the Delta, and I am thinking that late summer can be a great time to enjoy it. It was fantastic to relax and forget about the disasters of 2020.

We had such an enthusiastic response this year that we don’t have space for everyone’s stories and pictures in this feature, so look to ‘Lectronic Latitude for more. We’re also planning a follow-up story about the bash back to San Francisco Bay.

Check in on www.deltadoodah.com around March, when we plan to post information about Delta Doo Dah 13.
— latitude/doodette chris

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As a novice to sailing, over the years I have crewed on many different boats for weekend YRA races and occasional Friday night beer cans hoping to learn the ins and outs of sailing. Typically I find myself hanging off the high side of the boat dangling my feet toward the water. Crawling over the foredeck from side to side, water spraying up in my face, and the casual conversation with the fellow sail-meat crew sitting by my side is what I lived for on the weekends. In these magical moments, when I looked up at the Golden Gate Bridge I fantasized about what it must feel like to sail out to sea with only ocean on the horizon and water miles deep below me.

The time had never felt more right when I received the invitation to crew for an ocean passage. Having had my world turned upside down and losing my job due to COVID-19, I had been waiting for a new adventure. Next thing I knew I was stepping off the plane in Hawaii. Passengers lined up, and one by one our temperatures were taken by formally dressed Army soldiers. We were directed to private desks to fill out paperwork about our travel details and where we would spend our 14-day quarantine upon arrival at the islands. We were threatened with $5,000 fines and arrest if we were found breaking these regulations. The State of Hawaii COVID-19 Quarantine Enforcement Task Force would monitor us closely with occasional phone calls.

I quickly left what felt like the scene of an apocalyptic science-fiction Hollywood thriller at the airport and headed directly to the marina. My head already spinning from the Twilight Zone reality of the current state this year has brought, my body was in Hawaii but a part of me was lost in early March, before everything changed. And now I was about to cross an ocean with three other people I had never met before.

Crewmember Ila Hubbard, from Santa Barbara, greeted me at Kewalo Basin Harbor in Honolulu and took me aboard a 50-ft Contour trimaran.

After days spent prepping the boat and many attempts to replace our autopilot, with hands on the helm we set sail to Kauai. With Oahu limited on inventory, island hopping seemed to be the most logical way to get the part we needed. With the exhilaration of beginning the first leg of our journey, I looked back toward the city, at the tall skyscrapers where the windows shimmered like flames with the reflection of the pink sunset, and at the coastline that was scattered with surfers straddling their boards, waiting for the next set to come in.

After a 20-hour downwind sail, we arrived at our anchorage in Hanalei Bay. Lauren Smith, a Bay Area local currently living in Honolulu, joined us cruising along the Napali Coast State Wilderness Park. My sailing experience being limited to the Bay Area, warm-water sailing felt a bit foreign as I lay back on the trampoline, being splashed by the waves and watching the misty, majestic peaks of the mountains slowly pass by.

The morning of our departure we were bade farewell by a school of dolphins that paraded around the bay feeding and saying hello to the scattered anchored boats. The Hawaiian culture refers to dolphins as “Angels of the Sea” whose spirits provide protection and guidance.

Nearly a mile off land we went to raise the sails. As the screecher went up, the line caught near the mast. The commotion brought all the crew to the deck, but not in time, as the line slipped through the block. The captain caught it as it was flying wildly over our heads, nearly throwing him into the air. We cut the halyard loose, and the sail went flying behind us into the water. We swung the boat around and prepared to pull the sail onto the trampoline as it disappeared under the port side. Now not under sail, we attempted to start the engine to prevent us from drifting closer to land, but the engine was dead. The captain set the tone to prevent panic when he realized that the lines had become wrapped in the propeller. We heaved the heavy, water-logged sail back onto the boat while the captain prepared to get into the water to...
At sea, to completely still, as we floated through plains of thick fog. Crossing over latitude 38, I gazed east over the horizon, picturing my home beyond the welcoming Golden Gate. I thought about what it had felt like to be sailing the Bay with San Francisco’s cityscape and the sun falling behind Mt. Tam. I missed the slow, seeping ‘Karl the Fog’ that pours over the Marin Headlands this time of year. As we continued pushing toward Washington, on a clear night, we unknowingly located the comet Neowise, seeing it only days before it was visible to North America. Later we got a confirmation from our weather person that indeed there had been a new comet discovered.

At 5 a.m. on the morning of July 17, my 33rd birthday, I peeked out of the hatch of the aft cabin with grand excitement knowing today would be the day we would see the forest-covered peninsula of the

free the lines.

All the crew stayed quiet and grounded as we prepared all safety precautions. Fighting the sail, I sprawled across it using my body to prevent it from being sucked back in by the swell. I leaned over the edge, making sure I could see the captain under the water at all times as he came up and down, fighting the lines. With a sudden lightness, he popped up, handing me the knife, and we quickly recovered the rest of the sail onto the boat. I peered over the side of the boat and the dolphins swam past, dancing in the ocean as the captain bobbed around in the water, catching his breath with relief.

Bikinis gave way to wool socks and foul weather gear. With dramatic weather moving up the coast, the High pushed us farther north, passing right over us, then continuing to follow us, making our destination a shorter trip to Seattle than to San Francisco as we had originally hoped.

The weather continued to change radically, from sunny to wet and bumpy to completely still, as we floated through plains of thick fog. Crossing over latitude 38, I gazed east over the horizon, picturing my home beyond the welcoming Golden Gate. I thought about what it had felt like to be sailing the Bay with San Francisco’s cityscape and the sun falling behind Mt. Tam. I missed the slow, seeping ‘Karl the Fog’ that pours over the Marin Headlands this time of year. As we continued pushing toward Washington, on a clear night, we unknowingly located the comet Neowise, seeing it only days before it was visible to North America. Later we got a confirmation from our weather person that indeed there had been a new comet discovered.

At 5 a.m. on the morning of July 17, my 33rd birthday, I
Washington coast. While everyone else slept down below, I peered around for boats, knowing we would begin seeing traffic the closer we got to port, when I saw the spray of whales. With childlike excitement I climbed out of the cockpit for a better view, watching them surface before diving back down. These whales were birthday whales; it felt like they were there only for me. They swam with us as we sailed toward land after 18 days at sea. Sleep-deprived, frozen-cold, and with the great joy of seeing these beautiful, giant creatures, I had tears in my eyes. I cried with relief from the exhaustion that comes from the weather, the uncertainty, and the rattling from the boat rolling in the swell of the waves.

The ocean is vast and desolate and ever-changing, and with that I felt overwhelmed with a sense of accomplishment and love. I now knew what it felt like to look at only ocean on the horizon, which at times felt so raw and isolated. I saw sunsets in colors that I had never seen before and at night the Milky Way was so vivid and so close it looked as though I could reach out and run my hand through it. I was left with a feeling of empowerment and strength, ready to face the new normal and scary truths of the pandemic that awaited me at home. After I had been hiding away alone during the shelter-in-place order, I needed to find a new perspective and that is what the ocean gave me.

Some important things that I have learned: Trail mix is a versatile ingredient to have aboard; red wine should be drunk only from sippy cups when at sea; and it is in fact possible to miss the beach when you are in the middle of the ocean.

I even finally mastered the bowline knot with a fastest record of 4.7 seconds.

Only time will tell whether I have satisfied my lustful wonder for the sea. After more than 2,700 miles of offshore sailing but still rail-meatworthy, I look forward to races on the Bay. I will still look out past the Golden Gate Bridge, but now I will remember what it felt like to sail in the tropical weather or next to snow-capped mountains, and to be in the middle of the ocean with only ocean on the horizon.

Most of all I will remember how much I missed sailing at home in the San Francisco Bay — and for that I am grateful.

— monique selvester
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My husband was positive. I was negative. We live on a 41-ft sailboat.

On Monday, June 29, my husband Brian came home from work and racked out for a nap in his customary spot on the port settee of the salon. I grabbed the keys to the pickup and took off for the grocery store — my first big run in a few weeks. When I returned with a dock cart piled with $400 of groceries, Brian popped his head out of the aft companionway and said, "Baby, I’ve got bad news." I thought he was going to tell me someone had died, someone was sick. Turns out it was him. "I’ve got a fever. I don’t feel well."

He tested positive for COVID-19 the next day. Stanford Medical Center called him at 10:30 p.m. to tell him his test results. "I’ve got it," he called out to me, from his bed in the aft cabin. At that point, he hadn’t left the aft cabin in more than 24 hours. I was ensconced in the V-berth, in a nest of our spare bedding. Fear shuddered through me, but I couldn’t go to him, couldn’t comfort him, and couldn’t rely on him to comfort me. Sleep did not come easy that night, alone in the unfamiliar bed of the V-berth, wondering if I was about to get sick, wondering how sick he would get, wondering what to do if one or both of us had to go to the hospital, wondering how to keep all the people in our life safe from the harm we might do to them.

The next day, I contacted my GP’s office. Though I still wasn’t feeling any symptoms, due to our natural proximity as husband and wife they arranged for me to be tested the following morning.

Stanford Medical Center’s drive-through testing was in a parking garage on Pelladeau Street, about a mile from where we keep our boat at the Emeryville Safe Harbor Marina. When I arrived a little after 8 a.m., a line of cars was already snaking down the road; as I sat idling in the pickup, KQED anchors murmured through the speakers about a statewide spike in testing and positive cases.

Testing itself was performed with a silent, apocalyptic dance of miming and signage. A man in full medical protective gear held up a laminated sign: "Do you have an appointment?" I gave him a thumbs up. He flipped to his next sign: "Hold your ID up to the window." Peered at it through the glass. Waved me on. "Stop here." Another worker slid paperwork under my windshield wiper. I rolled forward and waited, then drove around the corner and into a spot beside a battery of computers, tables covered with medical supplies, and workers draped in gowns, masks and face shields. A health professional removed the paperwork from my windshield. She mimed rolling down the window, so I did. "This will last about 10 seconds and be uncomfortable, but then it will be over," she said. The swab reached for my cerebral cortex and she counted down from 10. Rolled up the window, rolled back home.

Brian was in bed and stayed there all day, fading into and out of sleep. His fever wasn’t any better, but wasn’t any worse. He just seemed achy and exhausted. There wasn’t much I could do except ask if he needed anything, and when he said, "a glass of water," "something to eat," or "that book on the shelf," leave it for him on the top companionway step. Neither of us is particularly infirm or prone to illness, but like any couple, during our 13 years together we’d been sick — often in awkward ways and in unaccommodating places. I got scombroid poisoning from a poorly iced cut of tuna.
a bit out of our cockpits; a quiet, older couple who like to share home-baked food with us, one of them has the kind of pre-existing conditions that freefall into COVID-19 death. Brian felt particularly sensitive about our nearness to them. If they got sick, even if it turned out to be temporary, he would feel guilty forever. We weighed the options and decided to head to Clipper Cove on Treasure Island. It was only a few miles away and it was upwind — we could be back in Emeryville in less than an hour, by engine or under sail. Any prudent sailor doesn’t just think of the most immediate thing that can go wrong — Brian gets sicker — but all of the other things that can result in cascading disaster: I get sick, too; the engine dies; the rig fails; there’s a natural disaster.

In Clipper Cove, we’d be away, but not too far away. There are docks in the cove, so if we did have an emergency we could get ashore to an ambulance without a beach landing or other hindrance. There’s still ample cellphone coverage (better, in fact, than at our home marina). We decided to take quarantine to the next level — a plague ship resigned to remain offshore for the health of others. I searched for our faded, yellow Q-flag — for years it lived in the chart table, at the ready to fly in the rig as we crossed the borders of Central America and the islands of the South Pacific — but I couldn’t find it. Must have gone to storage with all our cruising gear when we transitioned from living at sea to living in the city and working again.

I cycled through the routine of readying the boat for any voyage, no matter the length: top up the water tanks, take out the trash, stow loose items on the shelves, clear the decks, dog the ports, single up the docklines, and so on. Brian rallied out of bed, dressed and masked, and stood by to handle lines, but I told him not to touch anything. I haven’t had many opportunities to singlehand the boat and I wanted to see if I could get us off the dock myself. With the wind blowing us out of our slip and one turn of the starboard bow line around a dock cleat midship, I was able to control our bow’s drift back and lever the stern out with ease.

It was a Thursday afternoon, and just a handful of boats were anchored in the cove. We sounded a circle and dropped the CQR in the center, well away from everyone. Brian, exhausted from the effort of being upright, returned to the aft berth, where he remained for the next several days, cycling through various symptoms. There wasn’t much I could do except keep checking in and noting the changes. No headache today, but a sore throat. Throat’s better, but storage with all our cruising gear when we transitioned from living at sea to living in the city and working again.

Indeed. I wondered if it was a false negative, but the next morning I still didn’t feel any symptoms. Brian no longer had a fever, but his throat hurt and his body ached. And he was insistent that we should take the boat out of the marina and away from our dock. We’re the last boat on our finger, but we can high-five our neighbors if we both lean at Bloody Mary’s in Bora Bora. He came down with strep throat while anchored off a remote atoll in the Marshall Islands. In El Salvador, a mysterious bite flamed up on my leg and left me feverish on a public bus. In Tonga, a gland in his leg swelled randomly a week after another cruiser died of an unknown infection. We’ve endured a lot of self-diagnosis, we’ve administered prescriptions from our own stash of meds, we’ve ventured ashore for each other, seeking solutions. In all those instances and more, we still slept beside each other at night, could still press a cool hand to a warm forehead, could gauge by close observation and ongoing proximity the subtle shifts trending better or worse in our beloved. But this illness comes wrapped in an added layer of cruelty. It forced us apart — strictly, when my results came in at 8:30 that night. “I’m negative,” I called out from the V-berth.

“What?”

“I don’t have it,” I said louder. “I tested negative.”

“That makes no sense.”

"Baby, I've got bad news… I've got a fever. I don't feel well."

"Baby, I've got bad news… I've got a fever. I don't feel well."
I SURVIVED COVID-19 —

Communicating from one companionway to the other.

The day we knew he'd lost his sense of smell was when he wondered out loud about dinner as I was plating it. He never fully succumbed to severe symptoms, but always felt an underlying exhaustion and a weight on his lungs. He spent part of every day on the phone, calling friends and family, checking in with his workmates who may have been exposed, and answering calls from his doctor's office and the contact tracer, Charlie.

The days passed as they do when you're a boat at anchor with nowhere in particular to go. I continued my freelance work without interruption, did all the cooking and cleaning, and tried not to worry about my husband. I swam. I scraped a pelt of growth off the bottom of the boat. I watched the kids from Treasure Island Sailing Center zip by in Optis and Fevas. I marveled at the fact of the boat. I watched the kids from Treasure Island Sailing Center zip by in Optis and Fevas. I marveled at the fact that even during a pandemic, too many captains just can't resist anchoring too close. One evening, we had to fend off a boat that dropped stupid-close, then turned with the tide sooner than we did. As our hull started to turn the opposite way, we were on a collision course. "Am I too close?" he asked. "If you can hear me talking, then yes," said Brian, who has a notoriously quiet voice. It wasn't until he raised anchor and steamed off that I realized we should have just told him we had coronavirus.

Every twitch in my throat, pain in my side, vague ache in my head had me worrying that I'd caught it, and yet I never got sick. The Morgan Out Island 41 endures an unjust reputation. Yes, the hull resembles a bar of Dove soap. Yes, with its nearly 14-ft beam and 4.5-ft draft it slip-slides to windward. Yes, many owners have a bad eye for canvas constructions. But I will tell you this: The setup is pandemic-proof.

Designed by Charley Morgan during the early 1970s, the Out Island was conceived as one of the first charter-cruisers, with the idea that two couples could occupy their own ends of the boat and meet up in the middle — in a shared salon, galley and cockpit — without having to tread through each other's spaces, thus maintaining a semblance of privacy rarely found on a small sailboat. The V-berth generously houses two, with an ensuite head to port and a hanging locker to starboard. The aft cabin is accessed by a walk-through from the salon and a cockpit companionway, and features a full-sized berth athwartship and its own roomy head. Brian has owned Clara Katherine, a 1974 sloop iteration of the design, for 30 years and lived aboard the entire time. I joined the boat in 2009. Together, we've sailed something like 30,000 miles, down the coast of Central America, across the South Pacific to New Zealand, and back again to California (the hard way, in a boat that purportedly can't go to windward, but we'll save that how-to for another day).

Clara Katherine has carried us thousands of miles without a lot of complaint, and now she's proven herself a capable cruiser through our own personal pandemic. With the door closed between the walkthrough and the salon, Brian was effectively sealed in the aft cabin and I stayed in the forward section of the boat — the salon, galley and V-berth. We kept the companionways open and I passed him food and drink through his. He used the aft head, I the forward. We shared the cockpit, but he stayed to port and I to starboard. My dad is a chemist and sent me a case of his custom sanitizer. I doused the cockpit regularly, but not obsessively. With all the hatches open for air and the boat at anchor, swinging with the breeze, it meant my exhalations were blown back to him, but his never blew forward to me.

We were able to be on the boat more or less like we always are, yet not. The familiarity was constantly tinged with danger. By Sunday, one week into illness and extreme quarantine, I had to remind myself not to run a hand down his arm or lean over and kiss his forehead as he sat in the portside sunshine. Being close by without closeness made me miss him even more.

We've spent months apart — when we first arrived in New Zealand, nearly penniless after two years of cruising, I flew back to Maine to work, and during those seven months I never longed for him as much as I did during these two weeks of quarantine. The closeness without contact deepened the longing, with the added concern for his health. "People are dying of this," I thought as I watched him curled in the fetal position, napping through the afternoon. One day, Bruce Cockburn's 'Lovers in a Dangerous Time' came on the radio and resonated in a darker key.

On the morning of July 9, he slept so late, so silently and with his back to me that I had to crouch in the compan-
he was safe, but we hadn’t dared touch yet. “Ohhh,” we leaned into it. We were over it. I started to cry. We’d arrived on the other side of the virus, but we were still in a country unsafe for us all.

— Amanda Witherell

When the two weeks of quarantine expired, we decided to return to Emeryville. Brian felt a lot better — not perfect, but better — and the doctors said that he probably wasn’t contagious. I cranked up the anchor and drove us to the dock. It was a perfect landing, and the docklines slid on with practiced ease. I stepped away from the helm to tend the spring and there was Brian. We reached out for each other and fell into a hug without thinking — a customary response for us when we return from a voyage, no matter the length. “Oh!” I gasped. They said he was safe, but we hadn’t dared touch yet. “Ohhh,” we leaned into it. We were over it. I started to cry. We’d arrived on the other side of the virus, but we were still in a country unsafe for us all.

— Amanda Witherell

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HEADED SOUTH —

The canceled 2020 Baja Ha-Ha has become the Nada Ha-Ha. However, for our October issue, we bring you a story that might provide inspiration or a touch of regret. Like kids going off to virtual college in the strange year of 2020, this year’s cruisers will have a unique experience. The 2016 Baja Ha-Ha gave Martin and Carol Kratz the push they needed. We hope the story and the Nada Ha-Ha does the same for you. — ed.

After several years of kicking the idea around, my wife Carol and I decided 2016 was the year we would do the Baja Ha-Ha with our Beneteau 473, Soirée. My plan was to sail down to Cabo, hang out for a week and return to Redondo Beach, where we kept the boat. Short and sweet.

Although we live in Louisville, KY, Soirée’s homeport is Redondo Beach. Over the years, we had sailed to literally every spot between San Francisco and San Diego, but Mexico just seemed a bridge too far; too much to worry about and too many unknowns. Having the company of 150 other boats made it seem more doable. So, after an overnight to San Diego and back to shake things down and acclimate our additional crew-member, Terri Foley, to what a night watch would be like, we were ready.

We got to San Diego two days before the start to relax and do the Halloween-themed costume party (the rally starts in early November), which was a blast! We anchored near the Coronado Yacht Club, which let us use their dinghy dock, bar and restaurant.

The morning of the start was preceded by a big boat parade with everyone in their Halloween costumes. There were fireboats, cannons, helicopters — the whole enchilada. The wind was calm, which had everyone motoring out of the bay for a rolling start. An hour or so later, the breeze came up and we were off.

A gentle 10 knots had us flying a spinnaker and everyone started to catch a little “race fever.” The wind slowly built into the afternoon and by dusk, it was into the high teens and long past time when the chute should have been in its bag. I had watched earlier as a few crews wrestled with their kites, some less gracefully than others. Now it was our turn. I uncleated the spinnaker sheet and to my horror, watched the line rip through my unglowed hand accompanied with a puff of smoke. All hell broke loose. With blood from my left hand seemingly everywhere, and the flailing sail threatening to wrap around the headstay, my wife and I went forward in the gathering darkness while Terri steered. After a pitched battle on the pitching foredeck, we finally got it down and put away.

That first night was not the greatest. After bandaging my hand, nobody was in the mood to eat. The girls took the first watch and I’d come up after midnight and take us into the morning. The wind was around 20 knots by now and as things worked out for this Ha-Ha, it was moonless. About 11 p.m., Carol came below and got me — no way I was able to sleep — because she was concerned about a light that she thought was on the horizon but had been getting brighter by the minute. Looking through the spray-covered dodger, I immediately realized it was the stern light of a boat maybe 100 feet directly in front of us.

A quick swerve and all was well again.

The next morning was brisk. The wind had kept up all night and the dawn revealed a dark blue ocean speckled with whitecaps. As the day wore on, swell piled upon swell and the wind slowly ticked up. By the afternoon, we had a little bit of genoa out and maybe 10 feet directly in front of us!

The wave drama was over as quickly as it had come and everyone and everything seemed OK as I settled in for the long wait for first light.

Day Three began bright and blustery. Fortunately, things were improving

Carol and Martin Kratz and Terri Foley at the kickoff party in San Diego.
Even the 183-boat 2016 Baja Ha-Ha had plenty of room to socially distance in Bahia Santa Maria.

weather-wise. That afternoon was our first hot dinner and the best meal of my life. I slept on and off during the day and tinkered with our course in preparation for the final run into Turtle Bay early the next morning.

My last watch of the leg started at 1 a.m. The girls were in much better spirits and the boat was rolling along nicely with winds that had slowly eased into the high teens. As dawn began to break, I felt an energy and excitement that had long ago vanished during countless trips to Avalon.

The air had warmed and the wind was rapidly dying as the horizon to the east revealed the unfamiliar, dark contours of the Baja Peninsula in the early morning twilight. I had never felt so alive and I didn’t want it to end.

The fleet began to slowly converge as we approached Turtle Bay. We hadn’t heard anything over the radio for two days and now boats were coming into VHF range and people were eager to chat and check-in. I made a radio call to a nearby boat for no other reason than I could and noticed an unconscious swagger that had crept into my voice. Think: ‘Tranquility base here . . . the Eagle has landed.’ The last three days had changed things.

In the months preceding the Ha-Ha, Richard, aka the Grand Poobah, published some of the bios that were part of the entry forms. That included the question, ‘Why do you want to do the Ha-Ha?’ After reading my own vague reason that was somehow selected, I read one that was written by a woman who would be sailing with her husband that stated in part, ‘. . . to get out of our comfort zone.’ At the time I thought, ‘How cliché.’ I have thought about that phrase many times since then and now realize it’s probably the best reason of all.

The wind had all but died as we crossed the waypoints that defined the end of Leg 1. We motored into the bay with the same emotions that I’m sure Christopher Columbus had in 1492. There were other boats scattered around at anchor, but not that many. During roll call on the morning net as Richard went down the list, some skippers added comments such as ‘sporting’ and ‘good fun’ as they acknowledged their presence. But more often than not, Richard substituted "Not heard from" in place of a reply. The weather had scattered the fleet.

The news that the Newport 41 Summerwind had broken up on the rocks just off the beach in the early morning hours filtered through the group. The crew made it ashore with their passports, but it was sobering. Boats continued coming in all day and stories of various trials and tribulations started to circulate. The conditions for the Baja Ha-Ha are notoriously wonderful and the survival rate is 100%. Ten thousand trips to the grocery store are probably more lethal, but it’s ocean sailing and things happen.

It was good to go ashore. Carol and Terri made their way to a Catholic church to settle their debt with the Lord while I chatted with new friends at the cantina. That afternoon, the world-famous ‘Cruisers vs. Locals’ baseball game took place. I wobbled around with a beer, still unsteady on land as Carol ran the bases before getting tagged out by a
10-year-old half her size. The whole thing was surreal. Just four days before, we were staggering around a wild Halloween party, then three days at sea and now, in a dusty little Mexican village playing baseball at an astonishingly nice, semi-pro-quality park.

At the outset, we all decided we wanted the full-frontal Ha-Ha experience; every party, every event — everything. That night there were parties on several boats, none that resulted in loss of life but someone went down a companionway headfirst and a flare was launched after another went overboard.

The next morning during the 8 o’clock net, someone was complaining to Richard that the local he’d made a deal with to bring some fuel out to their boat by 9 o’clock hadn’t shown up yet. Richard’s response was laughter and the observation that, “It’s not even 10 o’clock yet!” The uninitiated had a lot to learn about “Mexico time.” There was a little exploring, then a big beach party in the afternoon, but mostly we rested before the next morning’s start of Leg 2 to Bahia Santa Maria.

After the morning weather briefing and roll call, we were off. The weather was perfect, around 10 knots over the stern, ideal for a spinnaker... if we had had one that wasn’t ripped and bloodied like a crime scene. The fleet dispersed through the warm and sunny afternoon and we enjoyed a great dinner and a beautiful sunset. That night and the next day were pleasant and uneventful. We arrived at BSM the night of the 9th, the start of the final leg into Cabo. The next morning was November 10, the start of the final leg into Cabo. While everyone slept in a little isolated bay in Mexico, the world continued to turn. Richard early on admonished the fleet not to even think about any “political chitchat” over the radio during the course of the rally, and everyone obeyed. But more likely, everyone was living in the moment, or just plain living for the moment, or just plain living for the moment, or just plain living for the moment.

It’s the socializing on shore that can be crowded. Community and connections can still be had while anchored out in the spacious Bahia Santa Maria.

and went to sleep. The next morning we awoke to dense fog — barely-seeing-the-bow-of-the-boat fog. I turned on the radar and the blobs had multiplied during the night, they were everywhere. As the fog lifted, the scene I’d imagined the night before was vastly different than what I was now looking at. The marina, town, roads — not! Just desolate hills to the north and a sweeping shoreline to the east of the huge bay. All the lights I’d seen were anchor lights.

The day was idyllic. Swimming, dinghying around the fleet and exploring the shoreline collecting sand dollars. I made some small repairs and the girls prepared food for a massive beach barbecue. Someone organized a yoga session ashore while a couple of mutinous crew members advertised to switch rides into Cabo. The afternoon’s high point was the world-famous BSM Cruiser Party held in a shack overlooking the bay with entertainment provided by a band that drove 12 hours across the frontier from La Paz. Generators humming in the background, beers flowing, people dancing — quite the unlikely spectacle for a tiny fishing village in the middle of nowhere.

The next morning was November 10, the start of the final leg into Cabo. While everyone slept in a little isolated bay in Mexico, the world continued to turn. Richard early on admonished the fleet not to even think about any “political chitchat” over the radio during the course of the rally, and everyone obeyed. But more likely, everyone was living in the moment, or just plain living for the first time in a long time and didn’t care, so it turned out to be an easy request. Only those with HF had access outside the bubble. As we were leaving, the announcement was made that eventually led to a bumper crop of Trump piñatas.

The next 24 hours were a pleasant ‘victory lap.’ The cold waters of the North Pacific were astern and the arch of Cabo just off the bow. “Cheated death again,” as Richard is fond of saying. We pulled into the anchorage in Cabo and dropped the hook since we didn’t have a slip. The cruise ships, pangas and Jet Skis were a bit much, but we were there!

(Note to prospective Ha-Ha’ers: Continue on to San Jose del Cabo marina, get a slip and taxi to Cabo for the rest of the festivities. That’s the only thing I would have changed.)

In Cabo, we attended the world-famous “Arrival Party at Squid Row” along with the equally world-famous “From Here to Eternity Kissing Contest” on the beach off of the anchorage. Some complained about too many parties. The remedy: Don’t go to them. We committed to “everything” and we’re glad we did.

Sunday was the awards presentation. In preparation, I drank a surprisingly good bottle of pinot during dinner, then stumbled across the launching ramp to the venue. Richard was of course MC, decked out in tails, ball cap and shorts. Beer was in short supply, but free. Everything was very organized:
WITH THE HA-HA OR NOT

There are many divisions in the Ha-Ha. We were in the Langostina Division. Winners in each group are determined via a mystical calculation known only to the Grand Poobah. (Statistics taken at the end of each leg may go into the formulation, but who knows?) When it was our turn to come up and stand before the crowd while the “winners” were read, I was happy to applaud each place holder. “And third place goes to . . . blah blah. Second place goes to . . . blah blah.”

And then, “First place goes to Soirée out of Louisville, Kentucky!” Are you kidding me?! I felt like the cowardly lion as The Great and Powerful Oz pinned on the medal — courage bestowed! Winning the America’s Cup could not have felt better! Our award was a small painted wooden fish with a blue ribbon tacked to the back of it. No other trophy compared!

Oh, and that ‘short and sweet’ there-and-back plan? It didn’t quite work out. We ended up enjoying Mexico for more than a year before bashing home in the spring of 2018.

Sitting on the couch now in May of 2020 and looking back at the 2016 Baja Ha-Ha, I’m so thankful that we pulled the trigger on that experience when we had the chance. It went so far beyond my expectations, provided so much adventure and stretched us like nothing before, completely leaving our comfort zone behind. And that made all the difference.

Martin & Carol Kratz

Editor’s Note: The 2020 Baja Ha-Ha has been canceled due to concerns over COVID-19. An abbreviated fleet of boats is set to head south in an unofficial version dubbed the Nada Ha-Ha. For more information, see www.baja-haha.com.
I can never seem to find my tide book when I need it. It makes a difference because if the tide is more than halfway up I can take a shortcut. Less than half tide and I have to stay in the channel. Up I can take a shortcut. Less than half because if the tide is more than halfway ing marks on the dock, so the position of the bottom of the gangway would show the tide height. Although, after I worked out the geometry, I concluded that a simple arrow on a vertical pole attached to the floating dock, pointing to a ruler nailed to a fixed piling, would be easier to build and much more precise.

The first task was to decide which piling to use. That was easy: the one near my boat that I walk past every time I go sailing. The second task was to figure out how to attach the post to the dock. The marina staff frowns on berthers drilling holes in their docks, but I found a naturally occurring hole in a steel plate that was part of a piling ring. It was just the right size for a half-inch by 6-inch bolt. With a little duct tape, the 5-foot-long aluminum tube was a snug press fit around the hex nuts.

Then I needed an arrow. That was also easy: a triangle cut from the bright red plastic lid of an old office storage bin. And for the tape measure, after some digging, I unearthed an "engineer’s"

The seiche period of the closed basin is 2L/sqrt (g h), because the wave travels twice the length of the basin with each cycle. Half of the full wave form is contained within the basin.

tape marked in feet and tenths, not feet and inches. Just like the numbers in the tide book.

Then it was time to calibrate. I know that highs and lows occur at different times at different points in the Bay. I would apply the time and height corrections from the tide book, compare my gauge with the tide book prediction, and set my arrow to match. The only annoying part was having to explain to every sailor who happened to walk by why I was putting an arrow on a stick pointing to a piling.

The problem with my calibration scheme was that at scheduled high water, the tide level kept going up! No problem; the time correction isn’t exact. I’d just mark the maximum. Finally, the tide level stabilized, then started to go down a little. I put a mark on the piling at the maximum tide height and went to get the section that I had cut from the decimal tape measure for the project. But when I was about to nail the tape in place, I noticed that the arrow had gone up again, and now it was going up rapidly. I waited a few more minutes to allow the gauge to stabilize. After a while, the water started down but then bounced back up to the previous peak plus just a little bit more. This was crazy — the tide is supposed to go up, stop, and go down. I had no idea which reading to use for the actual high-water mark.

That’s when Lee Helm came walking down the dock.

"Cool! A tide gauge!" she said with enthusiasm as soon as she came within hailing distance. "But like, those things can be a real bear to calibrate. What are you getting for the local seiche frequency?"

"Seiche frequency?" I responded, having barely an inkling of what she could be referring to.

Lee is a grad student in naval architecture, and she can always confuse the heck out of me when she talks fluid dynamics or ship structures. But now, it appeared, I was about to be lectured in coastal engineering.

"You know, Max, the slosh frequency of an enclosed or semi-enclosed body of water, like this harbor." "Oh, you mean 'seesh' frequency," I said. "I had always heard it pronounced to rhyme with 'sheesh.'"

"Noope," Lee corrected me. "Look it up! Long A, the word sounds like the first syllable of satiate. Probably coined from Swiss French in the mid-19th century."

"OK, now that that’s cleared up, I’m trying to calibrate my tide gauge. I want to do it at high tide — but every time I think the water level is at the maximum, it jumps up again, or goes down, then comes up again. It’s almost random."

"Welcome to resonant frequencies," she said. "The water is probably sloshing around between the sides of the marina basin, like water sloshing in a giant bathtub. It’s easy to calculate the period, the formula is simple for a rectangular basin, but, like, the shape of this harbor is complicated, so you probably have several different slosh frequencies superposed."

"You said the formula is simple?"

"Sure. Start with the speed of a shallow-water wave, which is just the square root of g over h, where g is gravitational acceleration and h is the water depth."
g over h is in feet per second. I’m sure depth is in feet, then the square root of “In feet, meters or fathoms?” I asked. Above: Two versions of tide gauges built by nearby berthers.

“Now that you remind me,” I said, “you knew that.”

Any consistent units,” she said. “If g is in feet per second squared, and depth is in feet, then the square root of g over h is in feet per second. I’m sure you knew that.”

“Now that you remind me,” I said, “of course.”

“For a closed basin, the seiche period is just the time for that shallow-water wave to slosh from one side of the basin to the other side and back again, so the period is 2L over square root g h, where L is the distance between the sides of the body of water. But this harbor is mostly open at one end, so there’s also an open-basin frequency. That’s a little less intuitive, but you can still reason it out: Start with the water in the basin equal to the water level outside the basin. Water sloshes in, the water level at the side opposite the opening goes up. Water sloshes out so the water is level again. Then water sloshes out more, and the water level at the far end goes down. Then water sloshes back in to complete one full cycle. The wave travels four times the width of the basin, so the period is 4L over square root g h.”

Lee snatched my notepad and pen from my hands, and scrawled some quick calculations, making rough estimates for the dimensions of the marina and the depth of the water.

“There’s an interesting effect called the ‘Harbor Paradox,’ ” she said before she announced her results. “For a closed basin, the only source of damping, that is, the energy dissipation that would suppress the seiche amplitude, is the friction from water moving along the bottom of the basin. For a seiche at harbor scale, this is a very small amount of damping compared to the energy in the sloshing water. But like, with an open basin, a relatively huge amount of energy is lost by the seiche wave leaving the harbor mouth with each cycle.”

“That’s not paradoxical so far,” I noted.

“Till some Public Works person with no coastal engineering chops decides that the harbor needs better protection from wave action, so they extend the breakwater to make the harbor entrance smaller. The new breakwater blocks the wind waves coming in, but it also blocks the seiche wave energy going out, so the closed-basin seiche response becomes bigger, and the conditions inside the harbor get worse, not better.”

“That’ll show those bureaucrats who think they don’t need engineers,” I said. “But what did you calculate for the seiche period in here?”

“Seven minutes,” she said. “That’s the seiche period for the marina as an open basin. It changes a little when the water depth varies with the tide. But at right angles to that, there’s, like, a faster component that’s more like a closed basin, with a two-minute period. Plus the Bay outside the harbor has its own oscillations, typically a little longer than 15 minutes.”

“So how do I calibrate my gauge?” I asked.

“There’s no shortcut, Max. You just have to take a lot of readings, maybe every 30 seconds, plot them, and fit a curve. A spreadsheet app will do that for you. Graph the points and add a trendline.”

“OK,” I sighed. “So much for setting the scale today. My plan, after I mark the piling for the actual, smoothed-out high tide level here, is to use the tide book and the published correction factors to adjust the tape or the height of the pointer to show the right tide level.”

“Which tide station are you using?” she asked.

“The tide book is for ‘San Francisco (Golden Gate).’ I’ll apply the correction factor for this harbor.”

“But the correction factors are just averages,” said Lee. “You want to use the prediction for a tide station where the actual harmonic constituents have been determined. The NOAA site tells you which ones those are, but they’re a little bit hidden. The list can be found at https://tidesandcurrents.noaa.gov/stations.html#California, but you have to dig down a little to find the nearest one for which the harmonic constituents have been calculated, based on on-site measurements.”

“And what if the nearest good tide station is too far away?”

“Then you have to interpolate. But like, there’s another problem. Lately the tide level has been running a few tenths of a foot higher than the predictions. Some tide stations track the actual measured water level and the predicted water level together, but most of them don’t take real-time measurements. For this information you have to go to the PORTS website. Found at: https://tidesandcurrents.noaa.gov/port/index.html?port=sf. There you’ll see the stations that are measuring

The seiche period of the open basin is 4L/sqrt(g h). In this case the seiche wave travels four times the length of the basin with each cycle. Only one-quarter of a full wave form can be contained in the basin.
the actual height. Then, like, the best you can do is assume that the difference between predicted and actual water levels will be about the same as at the closest measuring station with real-time measurements. Or use some combination if you’re between the measuring stations. Then apply that correction to the predicted tide height, based on stations with known harmonic components, and you have the real tide height that your gauge should have read, after smoothing out the data, at high water.”

“You think maybe I should do this at low water too, as a check?”

“Sure, but you’ll be unhappy if they don’t match. It’s like taking bearings in coastal navigation, or plotting lines of position in celestial. If you take two bearings or two sights, you have two lines that cross and you know exactly where you are. But if, like, you take a third sight to check, then they don’t all cross at the same point, and you’re still lost.”

Lee was kidding, of course, but after some more discussion we deduced that a “higher low tide” or a “lower high tide,” observed during neap tides, not spring tides, would result in the slowest rate of change and probably the least excitation of all the various sloshing disturbances and other inaccuracies that might complicate my calibration efforts.

Then again, I could just remember to bring my tide book when I go sailing. — max ebb
“Hey fellas, don’tcha know Spauldings’ is THE place to haul out”

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Moore 24 Championship
Richmond YC, August 21-23

Readers — This regatta was originally to have been the Moore 24 Nationals. Simon Winer filed this report after competing aboard #68, Gruntled, — ed.

Just getting to the starting line was a victory for the 16 Moores that made it out to race. Right till race day it seemed quite likely that some unseen spanner would stop the works — but it didn't, and we had a good old time.

The preparations were complete-ish and we were as ready-ish as we could be, masks in place.

Three days of solid wind in the Slot agreed that hitting the Cityfront was the call. We slogged our way up to Backaler Buoy, but how to get there was interesting. Good thing we could find our way along the familiar waterfront because nothing much showed up under that gray sky.

Will Baylis's #85 Orca (ex-Eight Ball) reached off the line, just clearing Treasure Island, and we thought nothing more of them while we led the rest of the pack out on starboard, all the while looking to see if someone would opt to play the cone of Alcatraz on the way to the relief on the piers. Orca hit the thin river of favorable current first and made it sure to tack on us the whole way up. We were surging, we were slowing up a wave face, and we couldn't get across them before the feared "Protest!" rang out. Circles done, we salvaged a third.

Firefly would be back to fight, but there was much physical damage and psychological too. Joel had put his heart into making this regatta happen, and there was just no space left to really race after their sounding.

Saturday was a day to just leave the #1 on the dock, crawl into your wet foulies, and make the best of it, as it was honking and the waves were pleasantly huge. Everything was a shade of gray, the boats and the marks vanished, and we all pounded upwind and then surfed back to repeat. The fleet was so tight that it was hard to find space to slide a wet sheet of gray 8.5” x 11” between the dull hulls.

Everyone was upping their game from Friday, and the upwind slogs were interesting, as there are now three ways to sail these boats: The fat is fast, the flat is fast, and the new big twist is fast. We were fat-fast, but the twist-fast boys were nipping.

Sunday was gray again. With a 4-point lead heading into the final day Gruntled was under pressure, but we kept saying, "We just have to sail like we always do, and this is ours to lose," and, oh, we were to come sooo close.

We had a great start in the first race, but then came two blasts and a general recall. We were OK-ish on the restart but lucky that the course was long 'cause we had some passing to do. We got hung out to dry by a boat stuck at the weather mark, and things looked grim, really grim. My heart burst, but I hid it and pulled those strings like my life depended on it.

We have been there before, and we have pulled many a rabbit out of the hat in our 22 years together as Gruntled partners, but this was impossible. We jibed away from the fleet and tried to at least get inside them at the leeward mark. We caught some great waves, were working in sync, and came in about third, but...

We were roaring in and lost our trusty bow babe as we took the boat out from under her and then shrink-wrapped her in a wet spinnaker. This was getting serious, and as I pulled and pulled, the wet cloth slid over her face and she was under her and then shrink-wrapped under it.

We were not going to win. A boat between us would become our throwout. We had to finish the last race behind Will to win. A boat between us would mean a tie, and they would win the tie-breaker. We planned a nice, conservative start close to the boat, but on our

Moore 24 Championship, Laser Masters PCCs and Mercury Nationals are among the championship regattas covered here. We also introduce the new Pandemonium Regatta and YRA Island Tour and sail to Drake's Bay with the SSS. And we peek in on Santa Cruz for the SC27 Nationals and the Day on Monterey Bay. The return of Box Scores includes the first batch of Beer Can Series scores, with more to come next month.
starting line about three quarters of a mile offshore. By the end of Race 1, the wind had filled in throughout the course in the upper teens with gusts in the low 20s. Really fun waves lined up for surfing downwind. Four races were run.

Saturday night we had a great BBQ dinner on the deck of SCYC. Mike Gross again outdid himself with his BBQ skills. Emilio Castelli's winery donated some fabulous wine for the meal. The perfect ending to a fun day of sailing.

Day 3: Early Sunday morning a tropical front came through with squalls and thunderstorms with lightning. (This was the weather event that started the fires in California.) The National Weather Service issued an extreme weather advisory down to the line a certain black and white Orca roared in and we were OCS and dead last.

That's it, that's how it ended — in my head. I was speechless. Rob Dubuc was roaring, "C'mon guys, that is in the past — we can still win this!" I was defeated. Claire exhausted. Rob cheering us on, and Bart was just doing his thing on the tiller. The first weather mark came, and we were in about sixth in good company with Vaughn, JV, Conrad, Wet Spot and Ruby, but Orca was leading and Stephen Bourdow on Mooregasm was in second — our spot if we were to win. One lap to go and we worked the 40-year-old Gruntled hard, and she responded.

As I rotated in at the last weather mark's layline, I felt a bang! as my back blew up. The pain surged and nausea sapped any remaining strength. I couldn't breathe, but I could still half pull. We rounded the last mark in second and tacked.

Will, with boarded jib and flogging main, came over to team-race us to the finish. He had to hold us back and was trying to sail us left past the finish line. Mooregasm split and played the right. I was half dead and 7/8ths defeated.

Now, there are things to hide from a skipper (we now see that the seam on the luff of the #3 is splitting), and then there are things that are harder to hide (Claire is attached to Gruntled, but she is not on Gruntled), and then there are things to hide from all (I just blew up my back).

We were sailing fast in Will's dirty air. He was soaking down on us, and Bourdow tacked over onto starboard to set up for his finish. We spun the boat onto port and reached to break cover. Will couldn't react and now we had a boat race.

Gruntled gathered her speed. Will finished first, but we beat out Steve to finish second by half a length, and Gruntled's name is on the trophy for the seventh time!

One day later: Rob is in therapy, Simon is in gravity boots, Claire is baking her way out of trauma, and Bart is doing his thing.

—simon winer

**MOORE 24 CHAMPIONSHIP, RYC, 8-21-23 (7t, 11)**

1) Gruntled, Bart Hackworth, 10 points; 2) Orca, Will Baylis, 11; 3) Mooregasm, Stephen Bourdow, 17. (15 boats)

Full results at [www.regattanetwork.com](http://www.regattanetwork.com)

**Laser Masters PCCs**

Santa Cruz YC, August 14-16

The Northern California sailing community came together for the Laser Masters Pacific Coast Championship.

Day 1: Racing started on time with wind at the line in the low teens. By the second race, the wind was in the mid-teens throughout the course, with small waves and occasional gusts in the high teens. Three races were run.

Day 2: The course was set up about a half mile north from Day 1 with the starting line about three quarters of a mile offshore. By the end of Race 1, the wind had filled in throughout the course in the upper teens with gusts in the low 20s. Really fun waves lined up for surfing downwind. Four races were run.

Saturday night we had a great BBQ dinner on the deck of SCYC. Mike Gross again outdid himself with his BBQ skills. Emilio Castelli's winery donated some fabulous wine for the meal. The perfect ending to a fun day of sailing.

Day 3: Early Sunday morning a tropical front came through with squalls and thunderstorms with lightning. (This was the weather event that started the fires in California.) The National Weather Service issued an extreme weather ad-
lots of smiles and good spirits. I’ve been asked how we were able to put on a regatta during a pandemic. We followed the guidelines suggested by the health department. We put a social-distancing plan in place for every part of the regatta from check-in to awards. SCYC postponed all scheduled activities, allowing us to have exclusive use of their facilities.

— stephen aguilar

LASER MASTERS PCCs, SCYC, 8/14-16 (10r, 1t)

STANDARD — 1) Charlie Buckingham, Grand Master, 9 points; 2) Bill Symes, Great Grand Master, 28; 3) David LaPier, Grand Master, 34. (10 boats)

RADIAL — 1) Andrew Holdsworth, Grand Master, 14 points; 2) Dave Leuck, Master, 17; 3) Walt Spevak, Great Grand Master, 40. (11 boats)

Full results at www.regattanetwork.com

New Pandemonium Regatta
Corinthian YC’s first Pandemonium, the pandemic regatta, sailed on Sunday, August 30. Boats headed out the Gate to Points Diablo and Bonita, and then around Red Rock. “For some, this was a thrilling first time out the Gate,” reports CYC. “A doublehanded race, things could get a bit wild. Our doughty Cal 20 fleet gave it a good try, but all but one dropped out due to a variety of gear or time issues.” One even dismasted. “Congrats to Jim Snow on the newly re-hulled Raccoon for scoring in the division. Kudos to Bruce Stone on Arbitrage for pushing the idea and taking home the J/105 Panda Prize” for top coed boat, with his wife, match racer extraordinaire Nicole Breault.

Breault filed this report: “The SSS Round the Rocks race on July 11 fueled Bruce’s fire for mixed-gender double-handed racing. Apparently, there are local races like this popping up in places like Annapolis, Oyster Bay and Newport, addressing the hunger for racing while complying with the constraints of...”
COVID-19 household-only restrictions."

CYC organized the Pandemonium Regatta for one-design fleets, attracting J/24s, Alerion 28s, Cal 20s, J/88s and J/105s. They awarded a special Panda trophy to mixed-gender crews.

"The regatta became my second foray into shorthanded racing," said Breault. "This time my goal was to avoid injury and not yell so much at Bruce. Again, the competitive juices kicked in at the start and the focus became winning.

"With the start off the west face of Angel Island into a dying flood, we made a hard play to the Sausalito shore along Yellow Bluff for early ebb. Arbitrage took an early lead in the eight-strong J/105 class, but we played the shoreline too hard and Russian Roulette slipped by on the stronger outside pressure as we got to the Golden Gate Bridge. The course called for us to race out to Point Bonita, then back through Raccoon Strait to finish off the CYC race deck.

"Calamity visited as we headed outbound, favoring the north shore for relief from the flood. While short-tacking the Marin Headlands near Point Diablo, an override locked the starboard jib sheet as we approached the rocky shore. It’s enough to do all this work to crew the boat when everything is going well, much less have these stressful challenges pop up. Panicked scrambling yielded to the simple solution of tacking slowly to reduce pressure on the sheet, but it cost us our comfortable margin over two boats, Strangelove and Jam Session, which came into striking position, and we lost the benefit of our hard work in grinding down Russian Roulette. We don’t usually race in waters beyond the Golden Gate Bridge, so while doing all this work we enjoyed the views and the challenge of different tidal patterns.

"Russian Roulette hoisted first and headed toward the south shore, seeking tidal relief from the beginning ebb. We later learned that was also to avoid extra jibes! We chose a more direct route to the Golden Gate Bridge, almost laying the South Tower, and closing the gap given the wind was so southerly. Positions stayed the same all the way as the wind built to the mid-20s en route to Raccoon Strait, where the wind went light.

"As trailing boats stayed on a plane and compressed with us, Strangelove’s kite exploded, and we didn’t expect to see them again. We initiated a jibing dual and caught the leader by heading to the rocks for tide relief at Angel Island’s Point Stuart. However, as we gained an inside overlap and ran out of sea room, Bruce turned a bit too quickly and we wrapped the kite. This gave Russian Roulette the advantage they needed to continue in the lead the rest of the way to Red Rock and back to the finish. Kudos also go to Justin Oberbauer, who was able to clean up the mess on Strangelove, hoist a backup kite, and dig back in to gain a third place, just ahead of Jam Session in fourth.

"After heading home and de-rigging the boat, we were exhausted — and it was just a 24-mile race! What will happen when we ramp up to the 100-milers and then eventually the 300+ that’s envisioned for the Olympics? Got to start training now, and we’ll propose some longer routes to CYC, who have
THE RACING

graciously supported this effort to expand the opportunities for double-handed one-design distance racing.”

Look for a profile of Nicole Breault in an upcoming Sightings.

— latitude/chris

CYC PANDEMONIUM REGATTA, 8/30

J/105 — 1) Russian Roulette, William Woodruff; 2) Arbitrage, Bruce Stone; 3) Strangelove, Justin Oberbauer. (8 boats)

CATALINA 34 — 1) #53 Grandad, Toby Marion; 2) Encore, Kevin Roesler. (2 boats)

J/88 — 1) Ravenette, Bruce Dunwoodie; 2) Butcher, Dave Corbin; 3) Courageous, Gary Panariello. (4 boats)

ALERION 28 — 1) Hana Hou, Melinda Erkelens; 2) Last Dance, Bruce Munro; 3) Sweet De, Chris Kramer. (5 boats)

J/24 — 1) Little Wing, Robin Van Vliet; 2) Flight, Randall Rasicot; 3) Shut Up and Drive, Val Lulevich. (8 boats)

CAL 20 — 1) Raccoon, Jim Snow. (6 boats)

Full results at https://race.cyc.org/pan/foryou

Mercury Nationals

The Mercury Class 2020 National Championships were held at Cabrillo Beach YC on August 20-22. Despite the current situation with COVID-19 and the restrictions we are under in California, the regatta was a big success. The L.A. fleet did a wonderful job of staying within the guidelines required for social distancing and large gatherings.

Eleven Mercurys made it to the start line for all five races, with a fairly wide range of — and at times challenging — wind conditions. Thursday’s practice race was held in 15 knots of breeze with gusts to 18 out of the normal westerly direction. By the time the warning signal rang out for Race 1 on Friday, conditions were a bit different. With remnants of a hurricane off Baja still affecting the Southern California weather, the wind had shifted to a more west-southwest direction, with very warm (sometimes hot), humid conditions.

Sunday had the lightest winds, and the race committee had to postpone the start of Race 4. The breeze slowly filled in and things got underway. Wind was 5 knots max for the day, and the direction had shifted all the way to the southwest. John Kostecki, Park Densmore and Chris Raab went hard right, while the balance of the fleet went left for a long way before heading right. Kostecki was first to the weather mark. The fleet was really spread out on the downwind leg.

Kostecki held the lead all the way to finish first. Newcomer to the class Randy Hecht, sailing with Russ Silvestri, came in fourth.

YRA ISLAND TOUR, 8/29

DOUBLEHANDED SPINNAKER 1 — 1) Skeleton Key, J/111, Peter Wagner/Nick Gibbens; 2) Basic Instinct, Elliott 1050, Memo Gidley/Charlie Stimler; 3) Vera Cruz, Beneteau First 40, Michael Johnson/Charles Witcher. (7 boats)


DOUBLEHANDED SPINNAKER 3 — 1) The Pork Chop Express, Express 27, Chris Jordan; 2) Plus Sixteen, Olson 911, Paul Disario. (2 boats)

DOUBLEHANDED SPINNAKER 4 — 1) Evil Octopus, J/24, Jasper Van Vliet/John Pytlak; 2) O’Mar, Olson 25, David Scott/Neil Bennett; 3) Shark on Bluegrass, Olson 25, Falk Meissner/Tom Memeth. (7 boats)


Full results at www.club.syc.org

SCYC DAY ON MONTEREY BAY FOR BIG BROTHERS BIG SISTERS, 9/6

DIVISION 1 — 1) Animal, Sydney 38, Matt Lezin; 2) Buona Sera, SC70, Edward Marez; 3) Kemosabe, J/105, John Martellini. (6 boats)

DIVISION 2 — 1) Kasatka, SC27, Rachel Cherry; 2) Sagittarius, Catalina 38, Steve Murphy; 3) Nobody’s Girl, Moore 24, Sydnie Moore. (4 boats)

JIB & MAIN — 1) Gandalf, Santana 35, Ashley Basanes; 2) Sailing Pair a Dice, Catalina 36, Barry Keeler; 3) Ondonata, Santana 22, Chris Hofmann. (12 boats)

MULTIHULL — 1) Jacob Sailer, Hobie 16; 2) Dafta Brown, Hobie 16; 3) Dwight Manning, Hobie 18. (6 boats)

Full results at www.jibeset.net

BOX SCORES

Open 5.70, Dale Scoogg/Dan Peterson; 3) Centomiglia, Flying Tiger 10, Zhenya Kuneshkin-Stefanoff/Ross Kennedy. (4 boats)

DOUBLEHANDED NON-SPINNAKER 1 — 1) Willow, Wauquiez Centurion 40s, Bob Braid/Rich Vasquez; 2) Relentless, Sydney 32, Arnold Zippel/Ronald Clark; 3) Elan, Beneteau 37, Richard Atkinson/Klaus Schumann. (6 boats)

DOUBLEHANDED NON-SPINNAKER 2 — 1) Katesler, Sabre Spirit 36, Byron Reeves; 2) Lindo, J/109, John Kalucki. (2 boats)


DOUBLEHANDED NON-SPINNAKER 3 — 1) Sabrina, Nordic Folkboat, Chandler Grenier; 2) High & Dry, Santana 22, Igor Polevoy. (2 boats)

ALERION EXPRESS 28 — 1) Allegro Non Tropo, Bill Ciussus/Jim Coggan; 2) Hana Hou, Bill & Melinda Erkelens; 3) Sweet De, Chris & Denise Kramer. (9 boats)

All Apologies, Phil Ramming, 23; 2) All Apologies, Phil Ramming, 23;
Chris Kim and Kelsey Tostenson appear to sail the J/105 ‘Vuja Star’ bow’s down into the Pacific Ocean, but it’s just a sloppy sea swell passing by in the fog and smoke near Point Bonita.

At the start of Race 5, most of the fleet stacked up against the committee boat, all wanting to get to the right quickly. There was 1 point separating first and second place for the championship, with Chris Raab holding the slim lead. Raab second place for the championship, with all wanting to get to the right quickly. A big pat on the back goes out to Mike Burch for handling all the details, including the take-home trophies, hats, and photos of each competitor, as well as the social-distancing keg party on Friday after racing and the BBQ rib dinner for our not-so-normal Nationals dinner.

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**BOAT NOTICES**

**CYC FRIDAY NIGHT SERIES (10r, 2t)**

PHRF 1 — 1) Ragtime, J/90, Trg Liljestrand, 9 points; 2) Io, Antrim 27, Buzz Blackett, 9; 3) Serenade, Sabre Spirit 36, Hank Easom, 11. (7 boats)

PHRF 2 — 1) Youngster,IOD, Ron Young, 9 points; 2) Shenanigans, Express 27, Bill Moore, 11; 3) Orca, Moore 24, Rich Bergsund/Will Baylis, 15. (10 boats)

NON-SPINNAKER 1 — 1) Good Call, J/124, Richard Garman, 6 points; 2) Basic Instinct, Elliott 1050, Memo Gidley, 10; 3) Jarlen, J/35, Bob Bloom/Greg Winters/Ian Ward, 12. (12 boats)

NON-SPINNAKER 2 — 1) Liquid Asset, Ranger 33, John Rook, 6 points; 2) Oriole, Bird, Lachlan MacLean, 7; 3) Encore, Catalina 34, Kevin Roesler, 20. (13 boats)

J/105 — 1) Arbitrage, Bruce Stone, 7 points; 2) Maverick, Ian Charles, 15; 3) Kestrel, Eric Patterson, 16. (12 boats)

Full results at [www.sdyc.org](http://www.sdyc.org)

**EYC SUMMER TWILIGHT SERIES (9r, 1t)**

DOUBLEHANDED SPINNAKER — 1) Smokin’, Melges 24, Michael Andrews/Tom Rankin, 4 points; 2) Duende, Cal 40, Philip & Giuseppe Lavelle, 10; 3) Lelo Too, Tartan 30, Emily Zugnoni, 12. (6 boats)

HOUSEHOLD FLEET SPINNAKER — 1) Ruby, Moore 24, Steve McCarthy/Nick Diel, 5 points; 2) Blue Jay, J/22, Theo Rohr, 11; 3) Radioactive, Wylie Wabbit, Brendan McNally, 11. (10 boats)

DOUBLEHANDED NON-SPINNAKER — 1) Wahoo, Moore 24, Ted & Joanna Floyd, 7 points; 2) Loose Cannon, J/22, Rick Dusle/Burt Hoffmann, 9; 3) Red Cloud, Farr 36, Don Ahrens/Kevin Clark, 14. (9 boats)

HOUSEHOLD FLEET NON-SPINNAKER — 1) Blue Pearl, Newport 20, Carlanne Johnson; 2) Timeout, Pearson 36-2, Krysia Pohl/James Weigand. (2 boats)

SINGLEHANDED NON-SPINNAKER — 1) Firefly, Harbor 20, Jim Astwood, 4 points; 2) Crazy Eights, Moore 24, Aaron Lee, 13; 3) Mas Que Nada, Harbor 20, Rebecca Hinden, 15. (4 boats)

COLUMBIA 5.5 METER — 1) Carina, Scott McCoy, 6 points; 2) Sonic Death Monkey, Dominic Marchal, 6; 3) Roja, John Davis/Karissa Peth, 11. (5 boats)

Full results at [www.jibeset.net](http://www.jibeset.net)

**OYC NIFTY NINE SERIES (9r, 1t)**

SPINNAKER — 1) Ruby, Moore 24, Steve McCarthy/Nick Diel, 7 points; 2) Flying Fish, Olson 30, Michael Berndt, 15; 3) Alley Cat, Capri 30, Megan Laney, 20. (6 boats)

PHRF 168 SPINNAKER — 1) Dream Catcher, J/24, George Lythcott, 10 points; 2) Faster Faster!, Merit 25, David Ross, 13; 3) Bandido, Merit 25, George Gurrola, 13. (3 boats)

NON-SPINNAKER — 1) Scrimshaw, Alerion Express 28, Michael & Judith Maurier, 8 points; 2) Blue Passion, Tartan 3400, Al Leonard, 25; 3) Full Circle, Islander 36, Mark Irvine, 35. (12 boats)

DOUBLEHANDED NON-SPINNAKER — 1) Story Maker, Tartan 101, Mike & Sean Mahoney/David Lively, 12 points; 2) Cassiopeia, Islander 36, Kit Wiegman, 15; 3) Mas Que Nada, Harbor 20, Maryann Hiden, 24. (13 boats)

COLUMBIA 5.5 METER — 1) Carina, Scott McCoy, 12 points; 2) Wings, Mike Jackson/Murk Vlietstra, 12; 3) Sonic Death Monkey, Dominic Marchal, 15. (8 boats)

MULTIHULL — 1) Triple Play, F-31, Richard Keller, 15 points. (1 boat)

Full results at [www.jibeset.net](http://www.jibeset.net)

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**SHEET**

God Bless the USA, James Buley, 26; 4) Surf-inn, Roland Fournier, 35; 5) Mach Five, John Reiter, 38. (26 boats)

Full results at [www.sdyc.org](http://www.sdyc.org)

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**Mercury Nationals, CBYC, 8/20-23 (5r, 0t)**

RACE 5: The race committee presided over the starts from the rocks in front of Golden Gate YC on September 12. With a dying ebb and a nice westerly, all was well except for heavy smoke from the many fires that were burning as a result of lightning storms the week before. Racers hoped to escape the smoke by heading offshore.

"Saturday was an easy start under the Gate and to the north side below Marin, but the 8 knots of wind disappeared too quickly," remarked Joe Balderrama, who singlehanded his Express 27 Ar-chimedes. “Point Bonita was the hard challenge of the day because of churning fog with light winds. A handful of boats including the Capo 30 Wahoo and Beneteau 45 Ohana were bunched up there to see who would win the turtle race. I lost and had to tack away south to go north. One step back and three steps in place — cha cha cha.”

 applicants in with the lack of wind, bouncy waves, and building fog was a lot of opaque smoke and falling ash — so much that many sailors quit and went home.

"We were convinced the wind would
materialize, but wondered if there would be enough time left to finish,” said Gordie Nash and Ruth Suzuki of Arcadia. “We were going to stick it out until 3 p.m. then re-evaluate, but the wind finally filled in at 2:30.

“It was challenging! Light spots, winds up to 18, reefed main and jib, lumpy waves and a concerning no-wind hole just a mile from the finish.” Arcadia finished within 20 minutes of the 10 p.m. deadline.

Because of restricted traffic to Point Reyes due to the Woodward Fire, the race finish was an unmanned virtual finish line next to the Drake’s Bay Buoy off Chimney Rock. “At sunset, I could almost make out a couple of boats nearby,” said Joe from Archimedes. "Then it seemed the lights went out and I was steering by a slivered quarter moon on port tack aiming at the virtual pin that was only a half mile east of the Point Reyes Buoy.” It was a tight finish in both distance to the rocks and time limit. "I crossed the line at 9:47:50. Holy crap — 12 minutes and 10 seconds to spare.”

After a short night’s sleep, those who made it to Drake’s Bay started Sunday’s race in murky fog and a light southerly breeze. “At about 10 the sun’s circle started to form through the thick sky,” said Joe. “The northeastern shores of Drake’s Bay were now visible, and I felt better. Time to tack out toward the ocean and zigzag down the coast.”

The race back turned out to be a beat into a variable southwesterly, not the usual downwind romp. Only seven boats finished on Sunday, making it one of the higher-attrition-rate years. Welcome back to the land of smoke and fog.

The smoke got so bad the weekend of September 12-13 that the SSS postponed their Half Moon Bay Race. Other race organizers in the Bay Area followed suit. The SSS rescheduled the HMB Race for September 26.

Homer Lighthall’s distinctive green and yellow SC27 ‘Yellowbelly’ competed in the Santa Cruz 27 Nationals on smoky September 11-13.

**Santa Cruz 27 Nationals**
**SCYC, September 11-13**

Day 1 was foggy with a light but steady breeze of 4-6 knots from 210°-240°. We could see the shore dimly from the committee boat. It wasn’t too smoky out on the water. We set the start mark, then dropped the yellow tetrahedron a mile to windward. We could not see the shore or even the Mile Buoy. Visibility was about 400 yards. We got the offset anchor on the bottom and took a stake position upwind. The kelp we saw around the buoys had drifted east on a current. Unlike the San Francisco Bay, Santa Cruz generally doesn’t have strong currents. It was surprising how quickly the kelp was moving.

We could hear the start sequence on the radio. The horn sounded, then again five and a half seconds later through the air. About 20 minutes later shapes began to appear out of the fog. Mark Voropayev’s Kasatka was first to the windward mark. We thought they were going to just lay it, but the current hadn’t gone away. They touched and spun, still getting away before their competitors could catch them. Evan Diola on Mistress Quickly was able pass by going to the shore side of the course and took the bullet at the finish. In the second race, Kasatka dialed in the current offset and stayed ahead all the way.

Meanwhile, the wind had clocked 15-20 degrees. The word came over the radio to shift the mark to compensate. We didn’t see the boats when we expected them, and noticed it was now difficult to see the offset from time to time. Later, the skippers confirmed they had pinged the mark and were heading to where they thought it was. Then boats began to appear with the kites already set! The first three slipped by, then a pause. The photo boat let us know more were coming. It looked like a battle was forming among the first three boats, as they disappeared and the rest loomed out of the gloom. One boat didn’t show; they said they were retiring. Ryan Schuyler on Hanalei found his way back on the inside before anyone else and took the third bullet.

Day 2 was a little less foggy, with a little more breeze at 12 knots. PRO Brett Gripenstraw sent the boats on the long race to Natural Bridges, about 3 miles up the coast. Kasatka and Don Quixote with Craig Smith at the helm had a tacking battle along the kelp edge. Kasatka stayed just a little closer in and got to the windward mark first. Mark took almost a rhumbline downwind to the finish.

Race 5 was twice around the inflatables in 17 knots. The fleet had to decide which way to pass a charter fishing boat drogue-drifting right across the layline. The captain called the mark boat over and asked what the heck was going on. We informed him there was a sailboat race, and in about 25 minutes they would be coming this way again. "Lines up," and upwind they went. Kasatka...
'Kasatka’ (foreground) triumphed to take the title of 2020 Santa Cruz 27 National Champion.

took the bullet. Back at the club, the competitors enjoyed a taco truck socially distanced dinner in the dry storage yard.

On Day 3, the signal boat set up on a glassy bay. The wind was east, and we weren’t sure the 27s were going out for the start. Class rules do not require a motor, and this classic design showed how quickly they can move in very light air. Nearing start time we saw a nice dark band approaching from the standard 240°. The mark boat dropped the windward tetrahedron as the breeze filled in at 7 or 8 knots. One boat had to do dips to clear an OCS. With less current today, the lift from the right side worked its wonders. *Kasatka* went down the rhumbline to leeward and the rest of the fleet went left. Next time around, *Kasatka* stayed a little right and *Hanalei* and *Mistress Quickly* went left to try to catch them. In the end *Hanalei* was second and *Don Quixote* held off their rival for third.

Race 7, a once-around in 11 knots, was about second place now. *Hanalei* took the lead and threw in a hitch to make the windward mark. They went right, then left, then a perfect jibe back to the finish, covering *Mistress Quickly* and *Kasatka*. *Jersey Girl* had forestay problems, allowing *Good Timin’s* keiki crew to post their best finish.

Mark Voropayev and his crew earned the win.

— Stefan Berlinski

**SC27 NATIONALS, SCYC, 9/11-13 (7r, 1t)**

1) *Kasatka*, Mark Voropayev/Rachel Cherry, 8 points; 2) *Hanalei*, Ryan Schuyler/Mark Woznicki, 13; 3) *Mistress Quickly*, Evan Diola, 16. (9 boats)

Full results at www.regattanetwork.com

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ARE YOUR SAILS READY FOR

ONE LAST WEEKEND CRUISE?

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Like everywhere else, out in the cruising world the pandemic continues to change lives, upset itineraries, alter courses, and lead to unintended destinations. But as we've seen over the past months, many cruisers find these 'roads less traveled' to make all the difference. Among them are Taliesin Rose and Totem, whose planned puddle jumps were deferred for more time in Mexico; and Sonrisa’s lovely Indian Ocean interlude — accompanied by a frolicking pod of Cruise Notes at the bow.

Taliesin Rose — Bavaria 46E
Fennell family
Gratitude in the Time of Coronavirus (Pt. 2)
Tiburon

When we left off last month, the Fennells were finding community and gratitude during the beginning of the pandemic in the tranquil Nicaraguan oasis of Puesta del Sol . . .

on our behalf. By the skin of our teeth, we were able to get a navy commander to come and grant us our exit zarpe, without which we wouldn’t have been allowed entry into Mexico. We then had 30 minutes to say hasty but heartfelt goodbyes to some of our favorite people, track down Moto, the cat, who had taken to spending afternoons napping on Don Roberto’s boat, and set sail on the three-day passage to Chiapas with our fingers and toes crossed that the border didn’t close before we arrived. Luck was with us again as the evening lightning storms stayed far off in the mountains, and we had a pleasant and uneventful passage.

We were welcomed by the Mexican navy with a health screening and temperature check, masks, and a hearty ¡Bienvenidos a Mexico! We stayed at Marina Chiapas just long enough to get some well-deserved ice cream, fuel and provisions, and then rolled right into a Tehuantepec crossing and five-day, 700-mile passage to Ixtapa.

At one point we were approached by a fishing panga, and our occasional cynicism made us wary of their approach. The fishermen asked for food. We quickly filled a care package with cans, snacks and drinks and passed it over. The three men shouted an enthusiastic ¡Gracias! They immediately came to an abrupt stop and dug right into the cereal bars and jar of nuts with famished abandon. My heart filled with compassion — faith in humanity restored — and I wished that we had given them more.

We experienced the famous Mexican hospitality as we were welcomed by the proprietor of the beach restaurant at Isla Ixtapa to use his palapa and wood-fired grill. We spent a lovely week playing in the sand, grilling fish, and feeding the wild rabbits and deer that live on the island.

Next up we pushed on to Barra de Navidad, and while restrictions were in place, we felt thankful to be able to take long, meandering walks on the beautiful property and get pizza and groceries delivered to the dock. The highlight was a tour of the full-size replica of the Santa María that was docked in the marina. We stopped in beautiful Tenacatita and went for an awesome estuary tour to the lagoon before continuing on.

June 2020

We had a pleasant overnight sail to La Cruz and were sent to the transient dock to quarantine. We celebrated Emmy’s birthday with a homemade piñata and sushi picnic on the grass. We were lucky to meet the first officer of the Brigitte Bardot, and she educated us about
the impressive environmental activism of the Sea Shepherd organization. Town was quiet and beaches were closed but we did enjoy pandemic-approved open-air tacos on the street. The next few days were spent gently rocking on the hook at Punta De Mita and Matanchen, and searching for surfable waves.

Next on the docket was a passage into the Sea of Cortez. The summer months are considered off-season for some cruisers in the Gulf of California, but the weather is spectacular in early summer in the lower Sea. We celebrated a lovely Father's Day with paddleboarding and hiking as a family.

Isla San Francisco is always incredible, with crystal-clear water, walking trails and a beautiful, crescent-shaped beach and anchorage, which was surprisingly but understandably full with folks on yachts and catamarans trying to escape the city while remaining isolated at the islands.

As if the anxiety of a global pandemic weren't enough, the morning after we arrived we were awakened by a tender from a super yacht informing us that there had been an earthquake off Oaxaca and there was a tsunami warning. We immediately strapped on our lifejackets, pulled up anchor, and made for deep water south of the island. Rowan hooked up to the satellite phone to get updates. A catamaran hailed us on the radio and asked if they could tag alongside as we received current information. It was a Mexican family bareboating for the first time on a socially distant vacation, and their satellite communications were offline.

Within 20 minutes of the first warning, we were in 900 feet of water. The official updates said that the surge would only be a few feet and likely would not affect our area but we were conservative and sailed in deep water slowly until we received the official all clear, then headed for the north anchorage. The water was so clear it felt as if we were in a glass-bottom boat — we could clearly see the anchor dug in and the chain lying along the sandy seafloor. Our new Mexican neighbors delivered over a bottle of tequila and fresh-caught scallops in appreciation.

Coronavirus Gratitude Lesson #3 — In our experience we have found that assisting others is reward in itself; however, more often than not, the good energy put into the world when helping others is returned to us in unexpected ways and greater magnitudes and makes our moments richer. When the world seems cold, being open to helping, and accepting help, even if it's just a small thing, makes even the cloudiest day seem brighter. Or as I heard recently, "Whenever we see something that would benefit others, no matter how small, then we should do it."

We cleaned some fish on the beach and apparently word got out to the local colony of moray eels, who entertained us in the shallows as they twisted themselves into knots fighting over the discarded fish guts. Certainly one of the more amazing animal encounters of our trip. We took a wonderful dinghy tour of the estero and lagoon at Amortajada and marveled at the turtles and fish in the clear, protected waters shaded by the mangrove trees. The great thing about sailing the Sea of Cortez in summer is that the dominant breeze comes from the south, so the downwind sailing for us was pretty spectacular. We headed north to explore the distinct red rock formations and had a picnic next to the tide pools of Puerto Los Gatos.

Coronavirus Gratitude Lesson #4 — Cruising in remote locations is extremely conducive to social distancing. In general, life at sea and on the hook is already fairly isolated. We regularly go weeks between trips to the grocery store, and often the supplies available are limited. We have spent much of the past three years in our floating home, together as a family, so we know well the challenges of so...
much togetherness. We also know what a unique opportunity it is, especially as our girls are still young. There is no es-

cape so we are forced to learn how to bet-
ter communicate, and in many ways we have become a better family because of it. When we do spend time with others, it’s usually in the form of buddy boating, which looks a lot like the quarantine pods that so many folks at home are creating. I suppose the difference is that we chose this way of life, and with that perspective we can fully appreciate the many benefits of living simply, in our home, taking advantage of the nature around us.

July 2020

We spent a delightful week at Agua Verde. The palapa restaurant on the beach was serving by appointment, so each morning we would tackle our schoolwork and chores, usually go for a snorkel or paddle around the bahía, and then head in for a late lunch of fresh fish tacos or homemade tamales. The tiendas in town offered the essentials plus fresh goat cheese made in the tiny village, and Wi-Fi to keep in touch with the outside world. Visitors and villagers alike wore masks, used copious amounts of hand sanitizer, and kept distance — but the welcome we experienced was second-to-none the best we felt anywhere, and we wished we could stay forever in that magical place.

The restrictions allowed for going ashore for exercise, so we would often hike the trails in the hills around the bay. On the Fourth of July, we celebrated with a bonfire on a secluded beach and swimming with bioluminescence.

Rowan’s cousin Walter, having been furloughed from work, was coming to join us for a few weeks to get away from the big city. We headed to the amazing natural harbor at Puerto Escondido to pick him up and enjoy a little pool time and delicious chile rellenos at the open-air rooftop restaurant. We took advantage of the trash bins, warm-water showers and laundry facilities to get a ‘good clean’ for both vessel and crew.

Coronavirus Gratitude Lesson #5 — I will never again take a warm, fresh-water shower for granted. After weeks on end of desert heat and dust, and being surrounded by salt water, something as simple as a warm shower becomes a transcendent experience. Of all the lessons in gratitude I have learned from this experience, I hope I never ever forget the true blessing that is access to clean water and indoor plumbing.

We soon yearned again for empty beaches and sleeping at anchor, so we made the quick trip to Honeymoon Cove at Isla Danzante. We took advantage of the hiking trails, the scenic views, and the clear, cool water. The girls, once timid swimmers, have truly become water people during our time in the Gulf of California. They leap — literally — at any opportunity to jump from the bow, dive down with their snorkels to inspect creatures close up, or swim at night under the indigo sky with bioluminescent glitter. The stargazing has been incredible out at the islands. Lack of cloud cover and no light pollution means we can see constellations, shooting stars and the Milky Way almost every night. We were able to spot the comet Neowise after the sun set over the monumental Gigantes mountains.

We found what we all agreed was one of our absolute favorite anchorages at La Lancha on Isla Carmen. The water clarity was unreal, and the white cliffs and multicolored rock formations were otherworldly. We took the dinghy into sea caves, hiked through a slot canyon, snorkeled with a pod of dolphins, and went

Lucy demonstrates how to make a snow angel — in the water.

Rowan ‘summits’ the hills above Isla San Francisco just before the tsunami scare.
to cruise during corona-virus. As we kept our heads while mak-
ing anxiety-inducing decisions related to the pandemic and our
tsunami drill, we realiz-
ed that as a family we make a very good
team in high-stress
situations. We can rely
on each other, we have
confidence in our skills,
and we consistently prove our willingness
to problem-solve and stick things out even
when they are difficult. We truly feel we
could tackle most any situation together.

A Global health and resulting eco-

nomics crises are times when people show
their true natures. So far our pandemic
experience has been in Nicaragua and
Mexico, two Central American countries
with complicated political histories with
the US that are generally not portrayed in
a positive light in mainstream US media.
Having spent significant amounts of time
essentially living in both of these amaz-
ing countries, we have learned intimately
what we always believed: that the people
of Central America are incredibly kind,
resilient, joyful and welcoming. During
what arguably will amount to one of the
most painful periods of time for many, we
were taken in, cared for, respected, and
protected by the officials and citizens of
both Nicaragua and Mexico.

We understand that we are incredi-
ibly privileged and lucky to have such an
experience, especially during a global di-
saster, and we are boundlessly thankful
to both countries for facilitating our safe
and pleasant pandemic journey.

If I am being completely honest, be-
cause of the fact that the pandemic really
put things into perspective for our fam-
ily; because we have been reminded of the
things that are truly important; because
we were prepared and confident to make
safe and smart choices; and because we
realize that we are insanely lucky, the
months since the pandemic was declared
have included some of the best moments
of our lives.

It sometimes seems heartless to find
so much joy when so many others are
suffering greatly. On the other hand, we
could be struck down by coronavirus, or
more likely driving on the highway, and I
will never regret or feel guilty that we re-
sponsibly enjoyed every moment we could
during this time. During the pandemic we
have been forced to slow down and take
stock . . . And our memories of this time
of togetherness while isolated, being dis-
connected from society and deeply con-
nected to the natural world, surrounded
by the magnificent and lonely mountains
and the deep and wonderous sea, will be
some of our most cher-
ished moments and
will sustain us when it is
time to ad-
just to our
"new nor-
mal" back
on land.
I have no
doubt that
our experi-
ces facing the uncertain and constantly
changing conditions as a family cruising
during a pandemic have prepared us for
the uncertain times that await us all back
on land. And that is, indeed, something to
be grateful for.

— Vikki 7/31/20

Sonrisa — Valiant 40
Leslie and Andrew Godfrey
Indian Ocean Interlude
Las Vegas
We sailed into port at Uligan, Maldives,
just as nations all over the world declared
their states of emergency, shuttered their
borders, and closed up shop for tourism.
Like everyone else, we experienced lock-
down, isolation on our boats, and other
unique challenges resulting from living
at sea during a pandemic.

Some days we laughed and some
days we groused over the memes that cir-
culate on sailing forums as a proposed
solution to COVID-19 blues: “Buy a boat
— Sail away!” We did exactly that 19,000
miles ago, and here we were still strug-
gling through our own share of COVID
challenges. Little did we know, we were
perfectly positioned to experience “The
Dream” of sailing to a remote spot in the
world to leave society (and pandemics)
behind.

While most other destinations stayed
closed, around July 1 the Maldives’
neighboring country, Seychelles, opened
its borders to sailors admitted upon ap-
lication only. With operable haulout fa-
cilities, as well as more options for mari-
nas, boatyards, and spare parts, we felt it
wise to make the passage westward while
we waited to see what happened next in
COVID world.

After providing satisfactory evidence
that we would not bring COVID to their
shores, the Seychelles granted our appli-
cation and approved us to sail from Addu
Atoll, Maldives, to Mahé, Seychelles, so
long as we remained at sea or unin-

cliff diving. Easily one of our top 10 days
cruising, and that is saying something, as
we have had so many good days.

As this goes to print, we are still gunk-
holing our way up to Puerto Peñasco with
the goal of putting our good ship on the
hard for a bit and addressing our responsi-
bilities on land. We look forward to what
the northernmost portion of the Gulf of
California has to share with us. Rowan
is keeping a keen eye on the weather and
we will move farther north as the Pacific
hurricane season begins to heat up.

Over the past three years, people have
often asked what our favorite place has
been. We have loved so many places for
different reasons but for overall cruising,
the Sea of Cortez has always been our
number-one choice. The proximity to the
United States and ease of travel; the ex-
pansive and diversity of the country; the af-
fordable cost of living and access to qual-
ity provisions; the arid, cactus-covered,
towering mountains; the shockingly blue
water teeming with sea life; the tacos; and
especially the people. We always planned
to come back to these magnificent cruis-
ing grounds and honestly, we can’t think
of a better time to be exactly where we are.

We have learned a lot as we continued
habited areas for at least 21 days.

While the passage between the Maldives and Seychelles takes approximately eight days to three weeks depending on the route chosen, the wind, and the speed of the vessel, between those destinations lies one of the world’s most remote island groups, completely uninhabited by humans and devoid of that purveyor of bad news and sour grapes: the internet.

As luck would have it, we had acquired a permit to make a transit stop in this unique place before any of us had even heard the word “COVID.”

The British Indian Ocean Territory (BIOT), also known as Chagos, is a group of uninhabited atolls in the middle of the Indian Ocean. During the Cold War, the United Kingdom took possession of these atolls for strategic military purposes, and has long since leased one of the islands to the United States to operate its base, Diego Garcia. In normal years, two other uninhabited atolls are used by cruising sailors to stage their transit from the Northern Indian Ocean to the Southern Indian Ocean. It is meant only as a safety stop to reach onward destinations including Rodrigues, Mauritius, Réunion, Madagascar or the Seychelles, depending on sailors’ plans and the realities of the weather.

To obtain a permit, you must apply in advance to the BIOT administrators, explaining the purpose of your transit and why your safety requires the stop. You also plaining the purpose of your transit and advance to the BIOT administrators, ex-

We applied for our BIOT permit in January when our intended passage would take us from Thailand to Sri Lanka, through the Maldives and then southward (hopefully) to Rodrigues Island or directly to Réunion if the south/southeast trade winds would not cooperate for a safe passage. This plan was thwarted when COVID locked us into the Maldives longer than planned, pushing the timing of any theoretical passage into strongly developed southeast trade winds and closed borders. Lucky for us, a sail through BIOT and westward re-emerged as a revised opportunity when the Seychelles granted us entry.

So we upped anchor and fought our way through strange squalls, contrary winds, and dead calms typical of the ITCZ that usually stands between the Maldives and BIOT during this time of year. The three days of transit turned out to be one of the darkest, soggiest passages of our hopeful circumnavigation-in-progress to date, but as we arrived at the mouth of the atoll, we immediately felt the journey would be worth it.

We were greeted by Bobby, the famous local brown booby, who swooped and glided next to Sonrisa, and seemingly considered landing on the captain’s outstretched arm, if only for the briefest of moments.

The silence and perfection of being totally alone was only to be enhanced by bringing our two closest cruising buddies with us, and soon we found ourselves anchored in soft white sand next to Steel Sapphire of Australia and Erie Spirit, another American boat.

It took about three weeks before the proper weather window opened to allow us to sail on toward the Seychelles. In that time, we explored one of the most untouched areas of the sea. We saw terns and their hatchlings enjoying the safety of a high sandbank on islands free of invasive species like cats and rats. We watched a rare white eel chasing crabs across dry reef, and endangered coconut crabs donning coconut shells like a pair of pants (protection or the latest coconut crab fashion trend?). We survived a midnight attack by a fleet of red-footed boobies dive-bombing our boats in the rain and leaving gifts of half-digested squid in little piles around our decks. Fortunately, rain squalls slid through almost daily, washing off the salt (and other stuff), and bringing clouds that glowing in wildly beautiful sunsets.

We explored abandoned remnants of civilization and cracked open freshly hunted green coconuts to drink on the sand bar upon which we bestowed the title “Oddgodfrey’s Best Sand Bar, 2020.” We found the world’s most perfect “yoga studio” for exercise on the beach, and hung our hammocks in palm trees that slant horizontally to reach sunlight from beneath their taller brothers.

On sunny afternoons, we snorkeled and free-dived around giant coral bommies and old shipwrecks in the company of sea turtles, one of the largest eels I’ve met anywhere in the world, blacktip
We protected that infected toe with socks and sea boots to prevent any more sand from sneaking under bandages. We approached our stoves with trepidation. We handled our knives just a little more cautiously. We didn’t swim after 4 p.m., as suggested by the BIOT administrators, to avoid any accidental nips from a curious lemon shark. We sprouted seeds for fresh greens, shredded coconuts we foraged from the islands, and watched our fresh food dwindle down to spotty, rotten potatoes and a few pumpkins that hung longer than anything else.

Like all beautiful dreams, we knew we couldn’t stay in this perfect paradise forever. By the time our first weather window arrived, we knew we had to take it. We transitioned from island lounge lizards to galley slaves, cooking 10 days’ worth of passage meals from the remnants of fresh stores, dry stores and canned goods. We made our vessels shipshape, and reluctantly sailed out the pass to ride galloping waves for our expected nine- to 12-day sailing passage to the Seychelles.

Once checked in by the quarantine and port health authorities, we were instructed to go to shore ourselves to visit immigration and customs. We unfolded our dinghy, fitted the outboard, grabbed our passports and paperwork, dressed up in clothes fit for government authorities, and sped across the anchorage to tie up at the first dock we’d tied to in ages.

The captain looks down at my feet settled on the wooden slats of the yacht club dock.

"Where are your shoes?"

"Shoes?" I ask, looking down at my own bare feet, and my Captain’s freely wiggling toes.

"Where are your shoes?"

He sighs. "Untie us, we have to go back..."

You know you have been living the dream when you no longer remember your shoes.

— Leslie 8/24/20

www.oddgodfrey.com

Totem — Stevens 47
Gifford Family
Going with the Flow
Eagle Harbor, WA

Totem and crew were in La Cruz de Huanacaxtle preparing to sail back to the South Pacific when COVID changed just about everyone’s plans. This year is the 10th anniversary of our first PPI and all aboard were excited to return. Yet lingering in Mexico is sweet. Sitting in the cockpit the other night with mobula rays jumping like popcorn in the bay, the sun

reef sharks, lemon sharks, and a colorful contingent of smaller reef fish that played and danced in schools. On a few rainy days, we challenged our friends to games of cards and shared meals together aboard each other’s boats.

We did not receive the news.
We did not peruse social media.
We did not stream endless episodes of YouTube sailboat repair videos.
We did not worry about touching our faces.
We did not wear masks.
We did not worry about politics.
We kept in touch with only the closest of our family and friends.
It was in every way the slice of heaven sailors imagine if they could just sail away from problems of the human world.
‘I could stay here forever!’ one of our sailing mates proclaimed, deeply certain this place is more special than anywhere he had visited before.

And yet, as it is bound to do, reality began to creep in. A blister cheerfully acquired while on a hiking circumnavigation of one of the islands became unpleasantly infected; one of us got burned on the arm by our pressure-cooker pot; another of our trio had a watermaker start leaking under pressure, only to find the part causing this problem was a highly customized shape and suffering from stainless steel crevice corrosion.

Being the bluewater cruising vessels and teams that we are, none of these setbacks were dealbreakers for us. Our medical kits contained the needed antibiotics and bandages, our spare parts cache allowed us to jury rig the watermaker so it would work until a replacement part could be found. And yet, hundreds of miles away from society and a thousand miles from the closest boatyard, we were aware that things could go wrong and we could be without the resources needed to recover.
setting behind a rugged Baja range, and the sky’s fiery orange fading to purple and then black... we agreed, it’s a great situation.

Jamie and I and our daughters Mairen, 18, and Siobhan, 16, left La Cruz in March and headed to the Sea of Cortez to sequester and spend hurricane season while events played out. At one point, I hadn’t been off the boat in more than six weeks. It sounds strange in hindsight, but didn’t feel too strange at the time. We’re comfortable in our floating home, we’re accustomed to spending long stretches aboard, and we’d prepared for being off-grid for an extended period.

The self-imposed isolation is no longer so strict, but we are now largely going with the flow of summer in the Sea. In many ways this year, it’s better than ever. We can get what we need (remember the days you’d never risk ordering a package for delivery? — now there’s even Amazon.mx, no problem). We’re eating better than ever (COVID entrepreneurs mean we’re connecting directly with grocers and farmers for beautiful, local produce and any other shopping needs). The islands are still here for us to explore, away from crowds.

We’ll head up to Puerto Peñasco again for a few weeks later in the season. Instead of flying back to teach at the Annapolis Boat Show, we’ll just keep taking care of Totem in the hope that 2021 means we can point her to the wider blue horizon again. But if that’s not how it plays out? Mexico’s proving to be a great place to weather a COVID season.

— Behan
8/28/20
Readers — The Gifford family are very active on Zoom and other social media, and their website features more than 800 posts on every cruising subject you can imagine. If you have not visited before, log onto www.sailingtotem.com and check it out.

Cruise Notes
• Changes In Latitudes — and Latitude 38 in general — focuses primarily on West Coast sailors. But every now and then a ‘flyer’ sneaks in. Such was the case in 2018 when we featured Chris Canty and crew on the Australia-based S&S 39 Galaxy III. On the last part of a circumnavigation, they basically stumbled onto the Pacific Puddle Jump (via mention by an-
‘Galaxy III’ chases ‘Magic Miles’ past Sydney Heads at the start of the 2019 Sydney-Hobart Race. Inset: Chris was all smiles at the finish.

The 21-day, 3,000-mile crossing from Panama/Galapagos to Hiva Oa was the longest passage the boat had made up to that point.

Roundabout completed, Chris has settled back into life in his homeport of Sydney, where Galaxy III has gone from cruiser to racer. In 2019, that included participation in the 75th Rolex Sydney Hobart Yacht Race. This year, Galaxy III has been re-rigged, topsides repainted, and bottom anti-fouled in readiness for the 2020 RSHYR (scheduled to start Christmas Day). "For the first time there is a doublehanded division, which I have entered," says Chris.

- Despite limited experience when they started, Caspar and Nichola Craven and their three young kids did a circumnavigation aboard their Oyster 53 Aretha, crossing their outbound track in the Caribbean in 2016. From there, the British couple decided San Francisco Bay should be the boat’s new homeport — and the boat has been here ever since, even though the family still lives much of the year in London. Until this year, they spent lots of the summer sailing the Bay with occasional jaunts to the Pacific Northwest, Southern California and Mexico.

Now, like everyone else, "COVID has put a dent in our sailing plans!" says Caspar. Unable to get to the boat easily or quickly, they have not sailed Aretha at all this summer, and have decided to put her up for sale. "We hope to find the right team who will create more magical memories on her. We’re very lucky to have made many amazing friends in the Bay Area and look forward to many more sails on beautiful San Francisco Bay.”

- One of our favorite Changes of the last few years was "Kokomo Keeling," a cleverly written tale weaving together an actual visit to Cocos Keeling with the fictional visit to the Kokomo of the Beach Boys’ song. In fact, in perhaps a first, the Beach Boys’ song was what actually drew Kia Korupp, John Daubney and their kids, Ayla and Braca, to the remote Indian Ocean territory in the first place. (You can find that story in the June 2018 issue.)

Fast-forwarding to 2020 found the...
family in South Africa in mid-March, poised to depart for their Atlantic season “the week COVID restrictions hit and the country shut down,” says Kia.

They got stuck onboard their fully prepared and provisioned 49-st steel cutter Atea in Saldanha Bay for two months before deciding that Europe looked like it would ease restrictions sooner than South Africa. They departed in early June for the Azores — having to bypass all the countries they’d intended on visiting — and sailing a 6,000-mile, 53-day passage directly from 33 degrees south to 38 degrees north! They are currently cruising down the Portuguese Atlantic Coast with the intention of heading across to the Caribbean at the end of the year. “Let’s hope COVID doesn’t hamper plans again!” notes Kia.

• The story of Pipsqueak the dog has us hearkening back to childhood and memories of the Disney movie *The Incredible Journey*. While the road home wasn’t as rugged for the little cruising dachshund (and no cats were involved), it was still pretty incredible.

Pip’s story — like everybody else’s in 2020 — started with the COVID-19 pandemic. Her family, Zoe and Guy Eilbeck and sons Cam and Max, were in Hilton Head, SC, aboard their Australia-based Lagoon 400 cat No Plans Just Options when everything started shutting down — both here and back home in Oz. With, as it turned out, just a 48-hour window to stay or go, they hurriedly packed up and flew home. Well, all except Pip. Australia’s tough import rules meant the little dog — who joined the family in Italy in 2018 — couldn’t go with them.

The plan was to leave her with friends, return in a few weeks, and get on with their circumnavigation. But as John Lennon famously observed, “Life happens while you’re busy making other plans.”

What followed were more delays, easing of restrictions, reimposing of restrictions, months of emails, phone calls, shuffling of Pip from one caretaker to another — four in all, though some were for just a few days — a cross-country flight to Los Angeles, and finally, reuniting with the Eilbeck family in August, five months after they had parted company.

With the pandemic still playing out and the prospects of getting back to the boat any time soon dimming, the Eibecks have put No Plans Just Options up for sale in South Carolina. “We’ll go sailing again in a few years’ time,” says Zoe.

• The story of Pipsqueak the dog has us hearkening back to childhood and memories of the Disney movie *The Incredible Journey*. While the road home wasn’t as rugged for the little cruising dachshund (and no cats were involved), it was still pretty incredible.

Pipsqueak, who garnered quite the online following during her ordeal, is finally home.
Despite pandemic restrictions, all is well here in Whangarei," writes Lisa Benckhuysen of the Express 37 Harlequin. She and husband Henk came down from Vancouver for the 2016 Ha-Ha and have been going strong ever since. Well, at least until the pandemic. "This is a delightful place to be stuck and we have taken advantage of our enforced stay to do a boat refit. With that work now completed, we hope to get some coastal cruising in as the weather warms up in the southern spring."

If Chad and Carolyn Carvey of Sausalito had known what 2019-20 had in store for the world, they might have delayed setting sail on their long-planned 10-year circumnavigation! Who could have known that their unusual voyage plan — starting with a year or two in the Pacific Northwest before heading south to Mexico and a regular "west-around" tradewinds route — would end up giving them the opportunity to explore British Columbia as it has not been explored since George Vancouver stopped by in the late 18th century.

Look for the complete story in next month’s issue of how this retired Bay Area couple bashed their 43-ft Devilliers steel cutter Walk On up the coast to Washington and ended up having the grandest of grand tours of the San Juan and Gulf Islands — as well as what happens when an American boat gets caught in Vancouver during the COVID-19 shutdown.

In case you haven’t yet heard, the 2020 Baja Ha-Ha — which would have been the 27th edition of the Latitude-sponsored Mexico rally — has been canceled due to pandemic concerns. For information on the unofficial Nada Ha-Ha, go to https://tinyurl.com/yxgjxfou.

— latitude/jr
DEADLINE is ALWAYS the 15th at 5pm

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22-FT COLUMBIA, 1968. New bottom paint March 2020. 5 yr old main, lightly used. 95 and 120 jibs, storm jib lightly used. 5-yr-old Honda 8hp. Full boat cover and new custom sail cover $3,000. Alamenda Marina. Contact (510) 909-9946 or chuckcousps18@gmail.com.

22-FT CATALINA WING KEEL, 1989. Fully loaded. Honda electric start and trim; new main halyard, mainsheet, single line reefing with rope clutch. Raymarine autopilot, wind, depth, speed and temp. 170Pop-top lifting kit, dual battery system. Roller furl jib. Paint job: Morrison marine spray-on epoxy Teflon barrier coat; dual battery system with solar and AC/DC. 2 Danforth anchors. Comes with trailer: brakes and master cylinder rebuilt. Whole trailer stripped and repainted with DT paint. $11,000. Morro Bay (dry dock). Contact (415) 331-3612 or davesdivingservice@gmail.com.


19-FT THOMPSON T590, 2004. Thompson T590 Sport Boat. Please see the following links for more information www.sailingworld.com/sailboats/t-590/ and www.tboat.com/T590/T590.html. Overall the boat is in very good condition. The deck is bright white and the nonskid is perfect. The gunwales have some dock rash. The topsides and hull are in great condition, having recently been wet sanded to 3000 grit. The carbon mast and standing rigging are in exceptional condition. The square-top Doyle main is new, as is the rudder cover. The spinnaker is serviceable, but not race-worthy. The rig is in good condition. The galvanized trailer, with LED lights, is in very good condition. The boat is very similar to a Viper 64, yet with a 32% lower displacement $8,200. Santa Clara. (408) 605-1590 or bnclarkeynclmarney.com.


25’ 10”-FT MACGREGOR 26X, 1999. Original owner. Sail or wakeboard, ski or tubing. Yamaha 50hp four-cycle, slim shifter. Sails: main, 130% furler + std jib, asym. spinnaker, fishfinder, depth, speed and temp, VHF with antenna, compass, electric fuel pump, starter and deep cycle battery, 120V wired, bilge pump, fenders, boat hook and docking lines, cockpit pedestal table with teak, dual alcohol stove, stereo AM/FM CD player, speakers inside and out, 2 anchors with rode and 150ft line, mast raising system, Porta-Potti with spare tank, cockpit seat and seat back cushions. $17,000. Los Gatos, CA. (408) 353-8908 or hugh_shyba@comcast.net.

26-FT NONSUCH 260, 1995. Rare Nonsuch 260 Classic, one of only a few made by Hinterhoeller with free-standing carbon-fiber mast. Sleeps 4. Yanmar 2 GM 2-cylinder diesel engine. North Spectra racing sail; other extras. Sailed in fresh water. $35,000. Coeur d’Alene, Idaho. Contact (509) 993-1732 or upwind sailor@comcast.net.

27-FT CAL 2-7, 275S. $5,000/obo/trade for cargo van, 18hp Yamaha outboard, tabernacle mast, water heater, battery charger, VHF, chartplotter, compass, depth sounder, 20 gal water tanks, Pineapple sails, gloomed stove, spare rudder, Yamaha OB T9.9XPHB, power tilt, electric start. Recent bottom job. Contact (510) 277-6693 or liammail@gmail.com. See more at https://tinyurl.com/y3wosrzc.


28-FT CATALINA 28 MK II, 1997. This 28 has been recently fully refurbished. She gleams! She has a North 90% jib that is perfect for the Bay, plus the original (still new in the bag) class 125% jib. Turnkey boat to sail the Bay, have fun with family and friends! 2-year bottom job, fresh engine service, boat meticulously maintained. She’s been the recipient of over 40,000 in maintenance since 2008. Receipts to prove it. See more photos on website. $33,500. San Francisco. Email dulcetlife@yahoo.com. See more at https://tinyurl.com/v4r3ymn.
30-FT TARTAN 30, 1978. Frisky is a 30-ft sloop built in 1978. Rigged for speed, with two spinnakers, two mains, two jibs, and a carbon fiber spinnaker pole. She has been in quite a few races in San Francisco Bay. This boat has had a single owner for the past 10 years, and in that time has been re-powered with a brand-new Beta 16 diesel, and had her standing rigging completely replaced. $13,500. Burlingame, CA. (310) 968-7804 or frank@2garci.com.

30-FT CAL 3-30, JENSEN MARINE, 1974. Sloop rig with tiller. Nighthawk has 6 sails, 8 winches, Hanken traveler, galley, nav station, GPS, standard VHF radio, Instruments and controls for Yanmar 2GM diesel w/low hrs all in cockpit. Head w/shower, V-berth plus 3 bunks. Two 12V gel batteries, w/grill charger and 120V shorepower. Life jackets and associated safety items included. The owner and I enjoyed this boat with our families for many years. He has moved East and I intend to sell it as he has instructed me. Please call for an appointment and I will meet you at the boat. $3,500. Alameda, CA. Contact (408) 799-1139 or keith.claaxon@cushwake.com.


30-FT CATALINA 30, 1978. Just put $18,000 into new electric (Eco Ep-12), 400 watt solar system, 4 AGM 210Ah bat-teries, tower, and charging. New interior. Sails and rigging working, but the rudder needs to be replaced. $9,000. (775) 721-8664 or ridentahoe@sbcglobal.net.

30-FT CATALINA 30, 1978. $56,850. Perfectly maintained cruiser with an exclusive one sail is handled easily and comfortably. It is powered by an MD4 35hp Universal diesel with a V-drive and with a perfect 1779 hrs to it. Mechanisms include: autopilot, a main halyard electric power winch, power anchor windlass and spare sail. Bottom painted in 2018, last diver’s maintenance on 9/5/20. Spa-cious cabin will comfortably sleep five. All cushions, including bed, have recently been beautifully reupholstered. Additional amenities include shower and bathroom, significant storage space, plenty of 120V outlets and outfitted galley. This perfect cruiser has never been chartered and has outlets and outfitted galley. This perfect

30-FT RANGER, 1977. Beautiful well maintained Ranger 33. Sails in good condition, interior comfortable in excellent condition and efficient Universal diesel engine with 400hrs. Controls lines led to the cockpit making for easy singlehanded or crewed sailing. $19,500. Alameda. (510) 457-6552 or MMike1230@gmail.com.


33-FT CORONADO, 1972. Center cockpit sloop. Flush deck center cockpit creates a generous floor plan with two private cabins, efficient galley and con-fortable salon. Moderate displacement, fin keel with stable rudder. Consistently upgraded and maintained for 30 years by a meticulous owner who’s moving onto a larger boat. If desired, a partnership-LLC would allow the boat to remain berthed at South Beach Harbor, your pied-a-terre in the city! Description of improvements, video and photos can be found at http://sfcoronado-35.com. $29,000. South Beach Harbor, SF. (408) 623-4004 or markshindel@gmail.com.

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34-FT CATALINA, 1987. Get your SIP/COVID escape boat! Sleeps 6 easily. Fantastic beer can/casual racer, chardonnay daysailer, and overnighter. Family of 4 have enjoyed for years, our “condo on the water” up Delta each summer. Well-kept with Raymarine autopilot, rigid boom vang, inverter charger, VHF, custom teak doors, folding teak cockpit table and memory foam mattresses. Cabin lights with charge ports, newer lifelines, adjustable backstay, racing traveler, geared folding prop, electrical panel, stereo and dodger. $35,000. Tiburon. (415) 272-1997 or garystyp@gmail.com. See more at https://youtu.be/WRelpQjp_MU.

35-FT CHALLENGER, 1974. Great coastal cruiser and liveaboard with many upgrades, which include newer mainsail, boom, batteries, Blue Seas electrical, 16-mile radar, and Garmin GPS plotter. Bottom painted 6/2019. 6’2” headroom and new toilet. $25,000. Alameda, CA. (520) 577-0239 or ghali4133@gmail.com.


36 TO 39 FEET

36-FT SABRE, 1994. Possible delivery or relocation. This is not your average 382, it was extensively upgraded in 2017. The professionally installed upgrades include: hydraulic autopilot, new MFD chartplotter and gauges, radar, solar panels, LED lights, anchor, inverter/charger, expanded battery capacity, NEMA 2000 backbone, LED TV, satellite email/text/weather, and VHFi AIS. Call/email for full details and pictures request. $119,000. San Carlos, MX. Contact (805) 320-1849 or mihuieedem@yahoo.com. See more at https://mihuieedem.wixsite.com/sypulau.


39-FT FREYA, CANDIDE 1978. Candide is a Hawaii and Mexico vet. Yanmar diesel, ProFurl, Monitor windvane, IC-710 SSB, new Spectra watermaker, etc. $55,000. Brisbane. (650) 728-9528 or (650) 773-3834 or hoganancanoes@aol.com.


37-FT J JENNYC, 1986. For the modern, prepared for anything, adventure oriented owner. She has everything you could want for a liveaboard, including staysail, and powerful IPS 400 HP. She is ready to continue the legacy of other go-fast goodies. Re-powered in 2016. Yanmar 29hp in 2018. 420 amp lifeline and cabin last year. Total refit including new bottom paint, beautifully refurbished teak interior, autopilot, GPS plotter, Force 10 propane stove w/oven, Bluetooth stereo/CD player, propane BBQ, Lifesling, 1000 watt inverter, extra storm jib, lazy jacks, West Marine dinghy with motor, well kept with Raymarine autopilot, rigid boom vang, inverter charger, VHF, custom teak doors, folding teak cockpit table and memory foam mattresses. Cabin lights with charge ports, newer lifelines, adjustable backstay, racing traveler, geared folding prop, electrical panel, stereo and dodger. $35,000. Tiburon. (415) 272-1997 or garystyp@gmail.com. See more at https://youtu.be/WRelpQjp_MU.

38-FT SAN ANTONIO, 1979. $85,000. Monterey. (831) 277-1993 or danjuan.sanjuanenterprise@gmail.com.

39-FT FREYA, CANDIDE 1978. Candide is a Hawaii and Mexico vet. Yanmar diesel, ProFurl, Monitor windvane, IC-710 SSB, new Spectra watermaker, etc. $55,000. Brisbane. (650) 728-9528 or (650) 773-3834 or hoganancanoes@aol.com.


36-FT ISLANDER 36, 1974. Sailors who know what to look for will see the value in this boat and all of the hard work that has already been done. This much-loved Islander has been in the seller’s family for 25 years and is most of the way through a full refit for racing and coastal cruising. The owners relocated to the UK, which is a full refit for racing and coastal cruising. 25 years and is most of the way through a full refit for racing and coastal cruising. $36,000. Berkeley Marina. Contact (415) 828-1833 or kris.youngberg@gmail.com.

37-FT TARTAN 37, 1982. Trek is a highly modified, cruise-ready ocean sailing machine. She was customized and had a major refit 2010, including a new vinyl ester bottom, Avigrip paint on the hull and deck, First 6 feet solid glass and G10 plate at chainplates and jib track. Raymarine Axiom navigation electronics. Nexus wind instruments. Full Victron electrical system, inverter and solar controls using four panels. Hard dodger, running backings and inner forestay. 8 bags of sails and two spinnaker poles. Monitor windvane, Comnav hydraulic pilot and two Raymarine wheel pilots. $80,000. Seattle, WA. (206) 817-3189 or mike@s3maritime.com.

38-FT ISLANDER 36, 1976. 36-ft beautiful Islander. This is a meticulously maintained boat. Islanders are excellent Bay sailing or bluewater boats, many have circumnavigated. This boat sleeps six, galley, head. New main and jib. $36,000. SF Marina. Contact (405) 706-5520 or (405) 834-7259 or chasberletti@comcast.net.

36-FT BALTIC 38DP, 1983/2013 REDFIT. After a complete rebuild and modernization of one of “the World’s Best Sailboats,” the yacht Freiya is now available for sale. Complete website on this sailboat. Aqua Tech Yacht Services has redesigned deck layouts, modernized sail handling for shorthanded sailing, navigation and audio/entertainment systems are like none other. Wireless technology are some of these features. This yacht is ‘in near perfect condition’ owned by a marine tech and boat shows like it! $120,000. Dana Point, CA. (949) 486-3156 or aquestechyacht@gmail.com. See more at http://www.baltic38freyja.is.


41-FT CATALINA 90. La Bella Vita is a 2017 Baja Ha-Ha vet. Improvements over 8 years of ownership: new chartplotter, radar, wind instruments, below deck autopilot, new standing rigging, new exhaust system, steering rebuild, new heat exchanger, many other extras. Must see. $79,500/o/o. Hidden Harbor Marina. (916) 804-8213 or drsbaikken@gmail.com.

50-FT BENETEAU OCEANIS 50, 2011. This Beneteau 50 is a 3-cabin model that is very clean with low use. This is a very nice sailing boat. It is a perfect shorthanded sailing yacht for weekend sailing. A great opportunity to buy the very successful Beneteau Oceanis 50, which combines performance, comfort and style. It has the Dock & Go system installed. $315,900. Richmond, CA. (510) 816-7711, (510) 415-1747 or carexlis@sbcglobal.net.

40 TO 50 FEET


40-FT CAL 40, 1969, #150. Just out of extensive 8-week haulout. Complete bottom job, new standing rigging, Yanmar 27hp 3 cyl V-drive, new batteries, heavy-duty chaplains, lots of extras. $56,000. Kaneohe Yacht Club, Hawaii. (808) 292-6844 or gvan@hawaii.rr.com.

42-FT WESTSAIL, 1976. Factory finished. Opportunity of a lifetime. This classic sailboat I recently inherited but I do not sail. Therefore I am selling it for half price. Visit the following website for details: westsail.com, boats for sale, 42” under boat name: MANA. $48,000. Langkawi, Malaysia, moored at a classy marina. (808) 989-7674 or sjiaslohot@hotmail.com. See http://westsail.com/Westfs.htm.

44-FT SPARKMAN & STEPHENS SWAN, 1973. Rare original from factory, light blue hull without teak deck! Cruising/racing-ready. Southern Cross Cup winner, 1973. Several top-10 finishes in Sydney to Hobart races. 2000 Pacific Cup, 3rd in class. New Yanmar and gearbox (+/-800 hrs), 5,000 watt generator, Spectra watermaker, 540 watt solar, wind generator, Garmin and B instruments and autopilot, top down roller asym. Metric spinacker, all lines led aft. Too many to list. $150,000. Barra de Navidad, Mexico. Email for more details: theirsby5@yahoo.com.


51 FEET & OVER

416’-FT ALDEN MALABAR II, 2000. Alden schooner built 2000 in excellent condition, Yanmar diesel 300 hrs. This is not a project boat. Ready to sail. In San Diego. $75,000. (360) 431-8805 or pthninirvana@gmail.com.

35-FT WARNER YAWL, 1939. Low hrs Yanmar diesel. NEW: worm drive steering, SS fuel tanks, solar panels, air head, Simrad plotter and more. Completed extensive boatyard overhaul. Master Marine race winner, Transpac vet. $11,000. Owl Harbor. Contact (206) 384-1175 or sagieber@gmail.com.
28-FT TRADEWIN TRIMARAN. Trimaran project. Fiberglass production hulls, deck and cabin, demountable for transport, inboard saildrive, rig and sails. $135,000. Contact: m_shiers2@gmail.com.

35-FT WILDCAT MK III. 2002. 4 cabin, 2 heads (1 electric, 1 manual) kitchen up, large saloon. Upgraded twin 270hp Yanmar 3GM30F inboard diesel engines (850 hrs Port, 800hrs SB), Yanmar SDD2 sail drives (diaphram seals 2018). 5Kw Kubota diesel genset (760 hrs), Quantum main and sail pack (2019), 130% roller furling genoa,16 yrs on standing rig, 65SW solar, Trojan house and start batteries. Needs interior finished, aluminum mast, boom, sails, engine, 20+ new Lewmar ports and hatches, 24’ container, puplits, stanchions, lifelines. Temp yard to finish, easy move. $70,000. Santa Rosa. (707) 696-3334 or john@windtoys.net.


34-FT SABRELINE FLYBRIDGE. 2001. Ideal sailboat racer’s comfortable retreat, couple’s SF Bay and Delta trailer or both. Queen master, low 600hr twin Cummins power, radar, autopilot, GPS, VHF. Easy handling, classic Sabre Yachts USA quality. Rare opportunity. $145,000. Pt. Richmond, CA. Contact: (775) 443-6746 or matgvile@gmail.com.


48-FT OFFSHORE 48 SEADAN. 1992. $270,000. Richmond, CA. 48-ft motor yacht with low engine hrs. Well maintained and regularly upgraded. Two staterooms with two heads, a spacious saloon and lots of storage. Twin 320B Cats, 8 kw generator, 2 a/c units and an 11-ft Zodiac with a Yamaha 20hp electric start motor. Everything in good condition. For more information and pictures: (408) 891-2999 or eblits4offshore@gmail.com.

49-FT HAMPTON. 2002. With slip included. Getaway apartment on the Bay! Imagine your own private Bayfront yacht. This is not a liveaboard, but a retreat for getting away from the everyday humdrum of city living. Weekends will take on a whole new meaning. Visit website to see details and pictures of yacht and views from yacht: http://hampton49onpier39.com. $375,000. Slip G6, Pier 39, San Francisco, CA. Contact: (707) 287-5632 or gary@nichaud.com.


54-FT CHRIS WHITE HAMMERHEAD. Trimaran 1995. This is a remarkable performance cruising trimaran, from the highly regarded Chris White design firm. A strongly built boat, this design combines remarkable performance and seakindness, with a comfortable, practical interior layout. Having completed a successful circumnavigation, this boat brings a proven track record as a world cruiser. She is in good condition, and ready to take a new owner on her next adventure. $395,000. Long Beach, CA. (970) 946-6216 or johnbarry3rd@gmail.com.

37-FT PROUT SNOWGOOSE 37, 1965. Catamaran. The catamaran is in Greece available for cruising the Greek Islands! Built in 1965, 10m long, 4.5m wide and has a draft of 0.85m. $45,000. Preveza, Greece (Europe). Email svacarnala@gmail.com. Boat info/specs can be found here on website: https://tinyurl.com/y4v5zsqx.
80-FT MONTE FINO, 1999. 80-ft Monte Fino fiberglass motor yacht is liveaboar- worthy with 4 ensuite state- rooms. Built in 1999, excellent opportunity to own a char- ter yacht successful in high-end charters for up to 12 guests. Two spacious exterior decks with a wide-open flybridge. The luxurious designer interior is appointed with camphor wood cabinetry, sumptu- ous fabrics, leather upholstered walls and suede ceilings. Dramatic. Located on SF Bay. Contact (415) 971-0691 or Marti@ycicharters.com.

LEASE 28’ TRITON SAILBOAT. Hulalai means sea-dancer in Hawaiian! Boat designed by Carl Alberg. Beautiful location in central SF Marina. $395 monthly; split boat time with owners. Perfect for day or longer sails and overnights! (650) 886-1888.

EQUITY PARTNERSHIP FOR SALE. 1/4 equity partnership in well-equipped 1995 Beneteau 44-ft sailboat moored in prime Sausalito slip. Boat has been well maintained with much new equipment, including new sails, new paint, electronics, etc. Cost is $25,000 initially for quarter ownership, then $350 per month for recurring expenses and maintenance. Terms are negotiable. Sausalito. Call or email. (510) 676-4913 or brjewell@sbcglobal.net.

1984 BENETEAU FIRST 42. Beautifully maintained racer/cruiser. Seeking 2 part- ners for equal ownership. Set up for both racing and singlehanded sailing. The hull is wide at the center which displaces the water and the cockpit remains very dry. Everyone who has ever sailed her agrees that Sea Ghost is one of the best sailing boats they have ever sailed! 22,000. San Francisco Yacht Club. (415) 246-2801 or seaghost3@sbcglobal.net.

CATAMARAN PARTNERSHIP WANTED. Looking to join or form an equity or non-equity partnership in a 40’ or larger catamaran on SF Bay. Experienced catamaran owner, USCG OUPV licensed. (415) 806-0052 or 1160sea@gmail.com.

38-FT DEHLER 38, 2016. Looking for something innovative in yacht design and style? Rare opportunity to purchase a 33% partnership interest in a like-new Dehler 38, winner of numerous BOY awards. Excellent condition, sleeps 8. Well equipped, beyond the standard configuration. $80,000. Marriott Marquis Marina, San Diego. (602) 692-5144 or srudgeare@gmail.com.

LOOKING TO JOIN A PARTNERSHIP. Our beloved Beneteau 350 partnership is dissolving after more than 10 glori- ous years. One, maybe two partners are looking to join another fabulous sailing vessel. Here is our wish list: Length: 34-40 feet. Age of boat: Minimum 10 years old. Sausalito preferred. Rigging: Amenable to single- or doublehanding. Use: Daysail- ing, local ocean races, Farallon Patrol, Hawaii? Equity or non-equity OK. (415) 244-8050 or harmon@shragge.com.

SEAY’S RIG. Saye’s Rig vane self- steering system. This system is in good condition. It comes off a 46-R, 33,500lb sailboat. $2,500. Marina Bay Yacht Har- bor, Richmond, CA. (801) 541-7635 or Eric.bonder@gmail.com.

CAL 20 MAST, BOOM, SAILS, RIGGING. Cal 20 mast, boom, main, jib, genoa, spreaders and standing rigging. $300. Richmond, California. (510) 508-1359 or lo2jones@yahoo.com.

DIXON PACIFIC DIESEL HEATER. Stove and oven. New condition, never been used or installed. Dixon Pacific diesel heater, stove, oven combination. New are worth $3,000. This one $950. View at Point San Pablo YC, Pt. Richmond. (510) 508-1359 or lo2jones@yahoo.com.

DONATE YOUR BOAT. The Bay Area Association of Disabled Sailors strives to make sailing accessible to people with disabilities. BAADS is always on the lookout for donated boats to sup- port its mission. Help an all-volunteer organization while receiving a charitable tax deduction. Contact (415) 532-9831 or boatdonations@baads.org.

WANTED: 23-FT RANGER. In need of a 23-footer with trailer both in great shape with sails and basic gear for lake sailing. Statewide. Contact (530) 440-3893 or thx1138mission@gmail.com.

WANTED SAILBOAT, San Francisco Bay Area. Wanted used 32’ to 33’ sloop in good condition, ready to sail. Ranger, Ericson, C&C or similar. Email paulyornoc@gmail.com.

38-FT SAILBOAT. Located in Punta Mita, 35 minutes from the gorgeous Cielo Y Mar condos. To reserve, call Doña Rosa. (707) 696-3334 or (800) 499-SAIL or john@windtoys.net. See more info at http://gibbhardware.com.

GIBB HARDWARE. Treasure chest found, all new. Thousands of pieces, winches, winch handles, Tufnol blocks, 316 stainless, and manganese bronze, turnbuckles, snap shackles, clevis pins. Classic hardware. Save 1/2 retail. Santa Rosa, (707) 696-3334 or (800) 499-SAIL or john@windtoys.net. See more info at http://gibbhardware.com.

45-FT SLIP. in San Francisco at Pier 39, Close in and protected slip with all amenities including discounted garage parking, lounge, bathroom and laundry facilities. $785 a month. (916) 524-8077 or cvmorton@me.com.

LIVEABOARD BERTH. Available at Galilee Harbor. A liveaboard berth is available at Galilee Harbor Community Association in Sausalito, CA. Applicant must own the vessel, be a marine service worker and meet the requirements for membership. Details at website. Application: applyGHCA@gmail.com. Email galileeharbor@gmail.com.


OFFSHORE INSTRUCTION. John and Amanda Neale provide documented ocean passage-making instruction about their Hallberg-Rassy Tiare III, their Hallberg-Rassy 46, drawing on their combined 732,000 miles and 87 years experience. Contact (360) 578-6131 or john@mahina.com. See http://www.mahina.com.


21-FT TO 24-FT MAX SAILBOAT. Serious buyer. (21ft-24ft) sailboat/dayailer, solid condition (1978/newer). Moore, J/24, Santana, etc. Trailer a bonus. Pt. Richmond local. Proper maintenance/love rewarded. Truly no time for a deep, extensive project boat, though happy to discuss. Point Richmond. (510) 999-2049 or jnnewhall@att.net.

LICENSED CAPTAIN WANTED. With towing endorsement for TowBoatUS. Vessel Assist on the San Francisco Bay and Delta. Preferred if you live by SF wa- terfront, Alameda or Bethel Island areas. See http://vesselassistsanfrancisco.com. Contact Philipdelano@gmail.com or (925) 382-4422.

BOOKKEEPER / ASSISTANT. Sausalito. Sailboat rigging shop is looking for an office bookkeeper/assistant to join the team. 25+ years in the Bay Area. The job is a mix of office manager, receptionist, and bookkeeper. Knowledge of QuickBooks, tax preparation, and sailboats required. See http://www.southbeachriggers.com. Contact southbeachriggers@gmail.com or (415) 331-3400.
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JOIN OUR TEAM OF INSTRUCTORS! Spinnaker Sailing in Redwood City is looking for ASA-certified sailing instructors to teach out of our Redwood City Marina location. Part-time, flexible schedules, midweek and/or weekends. Redwood City Marina. Please contact Rich or Bob by phone or email. (650) 363-1390 or office@spinnakersailing.com. See more at http://www.spinnakersailing.com.

CANVAS SEWING MANAGER. Seeking experienced sewing fabricator for the boating, residential and commercial cover and cushion business. Must have a strong work ethic, be able to visualize in 3-D, a high degree of creativity, manage staff, minor computer skills, meet with clients, sell services. The Canvas Works is a fast-growing small custom shop in Sausalito, California. Offering a unique opportunity to work on the water with an experienced and dynamic group. Email mike@thecanvasworks.com.

YOUTH SAILING INSTRUCTORS - IYC. Inverness Yacht Club, Inverness, CA. Applications for Inverness Yacht Club 2021 summer youth sailing camp are now available. Go to the invernessyachtclub.com website for forms and requirements. Pay for the 8 week session runs from $600/week to $890/week. Email for questions: c_longaker@sbcglobal.net or (415) 450-1113. See http://invernessyachtclub.com.

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49’ BENETEAU, 2008
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