



SAUVIE ISLAND YACHT CLUB NEWSLETTER

P. O. Box 2524, Portland, OR 97208-2524

www.siyc.org

No. 353, October, 2014

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This month's cruising reports
start on page 11



Cruise to Government Islands East Dock

*Hosts: Ray McCracken and
Alicia Watkins*

October 25th - 26th, 2014

The food theme is Fall Flavors. Halloween themed items are desired

Bring a pumpkin to carve and costumes to be judged. Prizes will be awarded.

More information on page 4



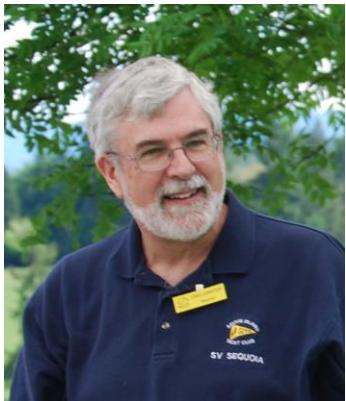
Looking Ahead

*November 7th 2014
Meeting at Sauvie Island School*

Commodore's Comments

Schedules Can Make You Crazy

- Craig Johnston



As we enjoy a warm and sunny end of our summer cruising season, my thoughts keep returning to the end of our shortened cruise that started in August. It provides an excellent reminder of the price we pay for not having flexible schedules.

With lots of warm weather clothing and fishing gear packed, Barbara and I, along with Rusty Gestner, Taunya Couts and her daughter headed down river and up the Washington coast. Unfortunately, a family emergency made us change plans and leave *Sequoia* in Bellingham's Squalicum marina. We returned mid-September to retrieve the boat and bring it home, with our son and his girlfriend along as crew.

With time limited by the crew's schedules, we spent two enjoyable nights on a mooring buoy at Jones Island in the San Juans. The weather had been unsettled but we lucked out on our day exploring the island. We arrived at Port Angeles on a Saturday, and the next morning the girlfriend took the bus to Seattle to get back to work, while we departed to go out the Straights and down the coast.

We were planning, as much as possible, on making an easy trip down the coast. To that end we were checking the forecasts daily. The low pressure and accompanying rain were being cleared out by a weak high developing off the coast, promising light NW winds. Unfortunately, the forecast also predicted a brief period of S winds as a small front passed.

Here's where we get to the part about schedules making you crazy. Our son needed

to get back to Seattle by Tuesday evening. So we motored out the Straights and around the corner at Cape Flattery, put up the sails and motor-sailed down the coast in 10-15 kn NW winds. We were aiming for the start of the flood tide at the mouth of the Columbia at noon the next day, and I actually slowed down in the middle of the night so as to not get there early.

Unfortunately, the promised low arrived at about 6 AM with 25 kn S winds. Our easy ride instantly became a crash-and-bash slog, tacking into the strong breeze and waves. Since starboard tack wouldn't get us around the green buoys at the mouth of the river, we were forced on to a long tack to the ESE. We were motor-sailing with the third reef in the main and 80% of the staysail, pinching up to about 30° apparent wind by virtue of the diesel. It was a rough and uncomfortable ride; not dangerous, just unpleasant. We crossed the bar about 2 PM, docked at the Astoria West Basin, and eventually enjoyed a nice Mexican dinner.

What is crazy-making is that we *knew* the front was coming through with its associated S winds. We could have stopped at Neah Bay for 24 hours until it blew past. (In fact, at about 10 AM while we were 20 miles off the Columbia River bar, the wind veered from S@25 to NNW@25 in less than five minutes!) But we pushed on to meet the schedule.

Some of the least comfortable moments we have ever had on our boat have been in known adverse conditions in order to allow a crew member to meet a schedule for a plane, or in this case, theater tickets. We don't always have the luxury of avoiding bad weather, particularly on long passages. But cruising is about sailing safely and in comfort as much as possible. **Beware the voyage that has hard time deadlines and no room for flexibility. Sometimes the best seamanship will call for heaving-to or just another few days in port.**

Craig

p.s.: our son did make it to his play okay.

September Gilbert River Cruise

By David Mangan of S/V Hawksbill

The weather was absolutely perfect for a weekend cruise to the famous Gilbert River Dock - peaceful, warm, about 80 degrees tops, with just a slight breeze. All those who didn't make it missed out on what was probably the best cruising weather of the season!

For the dinner fare, there was a multiple bean and veggie salad with bbq'd chicken, on a bed of mixed spring lettuce and baby spinach leaves, garnished with parmesan cheese. An absolute delight!



I got a little housecleaning done, and partook of some very serious naps. All in all a relaxing, wonderful cruise.



Recipe of the Month

By Alicia Watkins of S/V Rowena

Yellow Curry:

This recipe is made with raw chicken, however you could do it with either vegetarian or with rotisserie or pre-cooked chicken.

Ingredients:

2 chicken breasts
2 tsp salt
2 tsp coconut oil
1 sweet onion – minced
1 tsp fresh ginger – minced
1.5 tsp yellow curry powder
1 can coconut milk
Approx. .5 cup water
2 lg potatoes – cut in cubes
2 lg carrots – cut similar to potatoes
Juice of 1 lemon
Steamed rice

Brown the chicken with coconut oil, salt, onion, and ginger. Once browned add curry powder, coconut milk , water, and lemon juice. Bring to boil. Add potatoes and carrots. Boil covered until soft. Serve over steamed rice.

Optional:

You can also place in 325°F for 30min. To soften potatoes and carrots.



Mexico Hit by Hurricane Odile

By Mike Floyd of S/V Nashira

Sunday September 14 around midnight the winds picked up. It blew through the night - up to 95mph in the marina (Marina de la Paz). Gusts to 115 and those on mooring buoys had 125+ with 8ft chop.

A couple dozen boats washed ashore. Some sank, three people drowned. I attended a memorial service for a British couple who died. Their boat ran aground. The plastic port windows broke and they were found in the mangroves without lifejackets.



I am happy that *Nashira* is still afloat. The main mast wood (boxed spruce) broke 3ft off the deck. The boom held it in place along with the triad from the mizzen mast. The marina called me the Friday after since power was out for the week and internet was down. They said "only one boat had serious damage...and it was your boat!"

I flew down and had main mast removed. (Flew to La Paz from Tijuana as Cabo airport was closed) We had a crane set it on the hard. I took it down to a bare pole mostly. I'm working with insurance to see if they will pay for replacement or only repair.



I'm glad it wasn't worse. Many lost their boats without insurance. The yacht club (Club Cruceros) is helping some just to pay for salvage. The plan now is to find some old growth fir to try and get it repaired, at least - either in La Paz or San Diego. I hope to be back sailing early next year. Then off to PV then Hawaii.

October Cruise

Halloween Treats

Don your costume and come join the Halloween Fun! Octobers SIYC Cruise will be at Government Islands East Dock, also called Bartlett Landing, located 2.75nm east of the I-205 Bridge.

Ray and Alicia will be hosting. They plan be there Friday afternoon and welcome other to join for dinner Friday night.

The usual potluck will be Saturday evening at 5pm. The food Theme will be 'Fall Flavors' – with a Halloween theme. There will also be a community brunch the following morning.

Saturday afternoon there will be pumpkin carving so bring some pumpkins to carve! Dinner Saturday night will be a party! Get dressed up in your costume and join us all for fabulous food, conversation, and ghoulish glowing pumpkins.

Prizes will be awarded for best costume and best pumpkin carving. Awards will be handed out after dinner Saturday night.

The weather might be a bit wet, so please bring any awning you have to place on the dock and/or heaters to help keep us all warm.

We look forward to having yet another great Halloween cruise! Hope to see you there!



SIYC Clothing & Accessories For 2014 to 2015

To give you an idea of what you can purchase, here is a short list.

Sport Tek Tech Fleece Ladies Tech Fleece Full-Zip Hooded Jacket; Ladies sizes xs-4XL
\$49.00

1/4-Zip Pullover; Adult sizes xs-4XL
\$47.00

Sport Tek Super Heavy Weight Sweatshirts Crew neck; Adult sizes xs-4XL
\$37.00

Pullover Hooded; Adult sizes xs-4XL
\$43.00

Full Zip Hooded; Adult sizes xs-4XL
\$47.00

See me, Sarah Daugherty, at the meetings or email at wedaugherty@q.com

Using Radio Direction Finders

By Terry O'Shea of S/V *CarolMarie*

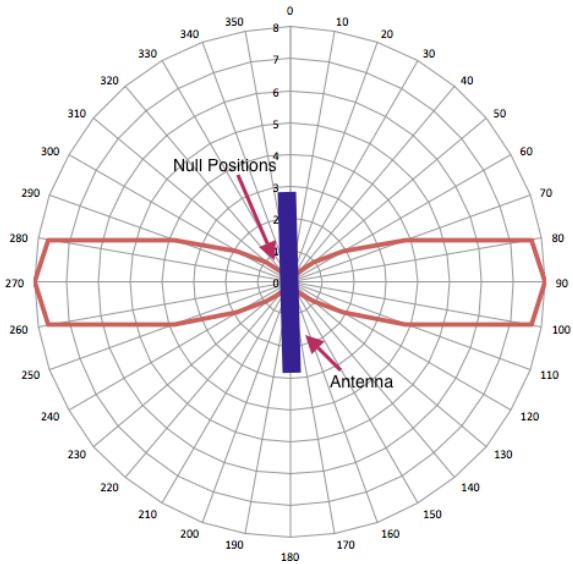
When we bought the *CarolMarie* it came with all kinds of things on board, some useful and some not. I saw this old radio, then thought to myself, that can't be useful. This past winter my mother found an old copy of **Chapman's Piloting Seamanship and Small Boat Piloting**, circa 1980. Yes before GPS systems. Within the book there were wonderful write ups on how to navigate and pilot a boat using Radio Direction Finders.

I finally sat down this weekend and put the knowledge to the test. Here's what the thing looks like:



The theory behind this is, on AM radio stations it's assumed the radio waves come from two type of energy; electrical component and the magnetic component. The two components

are orthogonal and out of phase from each other. RDF devices have two antennas, one that's a vertical monopole and the other a ferrite loop antenna. In the picture above you can see the telescopic monopole antenna and the ferrite loop is under the wheel on dial on top of the box. The ferrite loopstick antennas respond mostly to the magnetic component of a radio signal and the maximum signal is received when the antenna is parallel to the ground.



Above is a typical polar plot for a ferrite loopstick antenna.

The first step is to position your box in a fixed place, it can't move throughout the readings. The second step is to actual set the compass direction on the black ring with your magnet north. The RDF part works by first turning on the radio and finding an AM broadcast station with the monopole antenna up. The monopole remember is capturing mostly electrical energy emitted from the AM transmitter. There is a selector switch on the bottom of the RDF device that switches antennas, you start by using to monopole to tune. I selected them randomly from whatever I could receive. Once the station is tuned in you switch over to the ferrite loopstick antenna.

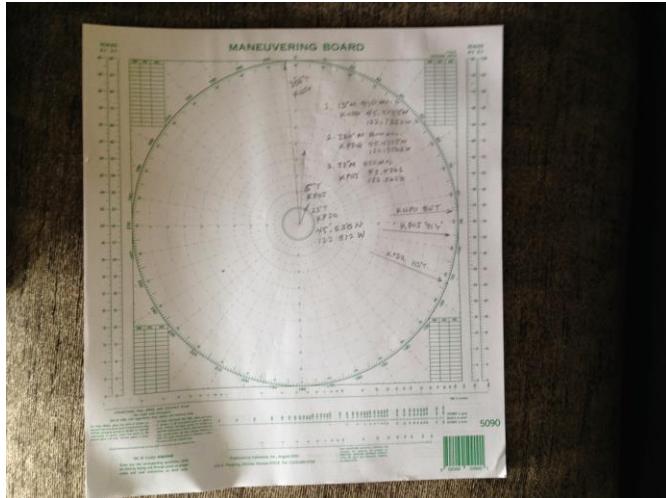
Two import other dials now come into play, the BFO and the antenna gain. BFO stands for Beat Frequency Oscillator, which is used to

create an audio frequency signal where the listener can vary the output audio frequency. This audio signal is useful to correct for small differences between the tuning of the AM receiver. The BFO creates a higher pitch noise as you drift near the signal, allowing a precise tuning. The antenna gain allow the sensitivity of the antenna to change on that frequency. Tuning the gain to the edge of the antenna's ability to capture the signal enables the directional effects of the ferrite loopstick antenna to be most sensitive to the broadcast frequency.

Once the station is tuned in we listened for the call sign of the station, then dialed in the null regions of the signal by rotating the dial.

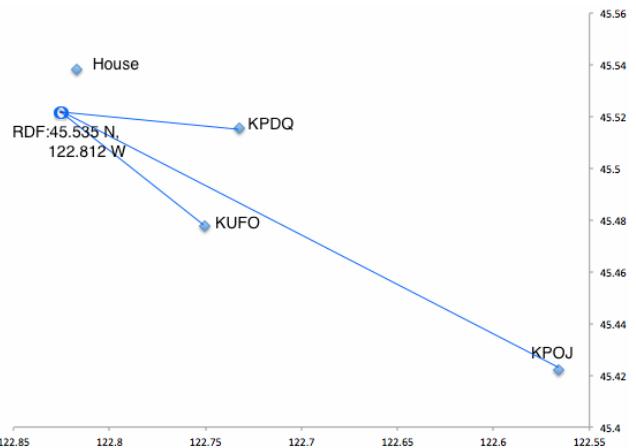


The direct of the signal is thus orthogonal to the null fields in the direction of the arrows, see left. This same procedure was done for two more stations after the first reading was taken. We recorded them on a Maneuvering Board.



Once recorded we found the broadcast antenna positions at (<http://www.radio-locator.com/cgi-bin/locate?select=city&city=portland&state=or&x=0&y=0>). Typically this information is found on nautical charts for towers along the coast. The three stations we tuned in were to the south or south east of my

house where we did the experiment. They were KPDQ, KUFO and KPOJ. Once they were plotted, a reciprocal azimuth was plotted from the maximum emission of the antenna (remember it's 90° from the null direction). See figure below.



After the plotting was done or position was resolved to be within 0.4 miles or 700 km from the actual position from GPS.

According to Chapman's this error is bad since they were saying it's accuracy is within a mile. Additionally, the azimuth reading to broadcaster antenna was likely only accurate to +/- 2 degrees.

Living in Portland produces other errors too, like the effects of the west hills which are east and to the north of me. The hills cause perturbations in the electromagnetic field as the signal reflects and bounces off the hills.

The experiment was done in the back of the house on the deck, which likely caused reflections of the EMF off the house. With all the error sources I am thinking I might get a better result out at sea.

Chapman's went on to say there is an effect as one nears the coast which draws the signal further from the shore. The resulting effect is your position is likely to appear to be closer to the shore than you actually are, but they weren't specific about either how close that effect appears or quantified its impact.

Chapman's also discussed the effect of the sun and solar radiation on the signal. Practicing during daylight hours only made the nighttime readings easier, they said. Another factor about using RDF at night was the issue that the FCC allows some stations to broadcast only during the day while others are allowed to have a higher gain setting at night.

There are two other ways to use the RDF device for coastal navigation. The first is to use the technique to supplement triangulation off of two other fixed points to find cross lines of position. The second is to ride a wave in, literally. By riding a wave you tune to an AM station who's antenna is at or near the place you'd like to go on land. It works the same if the station is 90° from where you'd like to go. Then you tune in the station on the RDF, and keep the signal strength constant. Thus you'll hear the radio fall off as you steer more than 2° off course in either direction.

So if GPS ever goes down, I now have a technique to navigate, which in the end still works and isn't too bad.

Getting Ready (Part 3 of 3)

By Susan Gierga of *S/V Penelope*



We had left our moorage in Scappoose and were headed down river to Sand Island for the Memorial Day

weekend, about an hour's voyage. Down below in the galley, I had chicken baking in the oven. We arrived around 8:30 p.m. and already the dock was dark on approach. We pulled up on our port side glad to see several men, already moored, coming forward to assist with our land fall. Peter and our dog, Dakota, jumped off the boat onto the dock and I threw the bow line to a waiting help mate. The proper way to moor a boat, of course, is to quickly wrap the line

around a cleat. Not having done that, their attempts to pull our 13-ton vessel to the dock were in vain. The wind and the current overpowered their feeble attempts to secure the boat to the dock. The current took hold and she was headed away from the dock and back out to the river. I instructed the unknowing help mate to let go of the line. I ran forward and pulled the line out of the water so as not to allow it to float back near the prop. I yelled to Peter, "Hold on! I'll pull around and come in again." As I took hold of the wheel and pushed the shift lever forward I felt no resistance in the mechanism. I pulled back to put the transmission in reverse-nothing. I again pushed forward to put the transmission in forward-nothing. I couldn't believe what was happening. The engine was running but the boat was moving backward with the current and neutral was the only gear I appeared to have.



The adrenaline that filled my body was unlike anything I had ever felt before. My legs were weak and I wondered if they would hold me. I had an overwhelming sensation that I needed to go to the bathroom, and I nearly wet my pants. My first thought was to avoid the land on either side. I steered the boat into the middle of the channel and confirmed the land on either side of me was the maximum distance away. Once positioned in the center of the river I ran below to retrieve my cell phone from my purse and dialed 911.

I answered the questions of the initial dispatcher while watching the lights of St. Helen's fade in the distance. The dispatcher

eventually patched me through to the Coast Guard and he proceeded to ask me another round of questions. Silently I thought, “For God’s sake. I’ve got to be the only boat drifting backward down the Columbia River.” I patiently responded to the questions of the Coast Guard. Peter has always been there to rescue me from my mostly self-inflicted dilemmas, such as running out of gas at the grocery store, but I had little hope he would be able to rescue me from my current dilemma. Suddenly, I saw a white flash from the corner of my eye. Unbelievably, the flash I saw was my dog, Dakota, who had jumped on board followed by my husband. Peter had found a boater on Sand Island willing to fire up his dingy and bring him to my rescue. Peter tried the gear shift lever in vain and immediately moved to the bow of the boat where he dropped the anchor to the bottom of the river and we stopped dead in our tracks.

Dropping the anchor was not a thought that had crossed my mind in the time I had been adrift on the Columbia. I believe I would have drifted backward all the way to the Pacific Ocean before the idea to drop the anchor would have come to me. Peter took me in his arms saying, “it’s okay, honey, we’re safe now.” The Coast Guard arrived, along with SeaTow. Peter dealt with their questions and sent them on their way while I went below to finish cooking dinner. We spent the night anchored off Sand Island. In the morning Peter removed the gear shift housing, found a bolt that had worked its way loose, re-engaged the linkage and shifted easily into drive. Once securely tied to the dock, I practiced raising and lowering the anchor. That is one system I will already know when the time comes to head the bow toward the open ocean.

We continued to learn and make plans for our extended sailing adventure. Initially we thought, “No problem!” We’ll save our money and we should have tens of thousands of dollars saved in no time. Then we faced the worst economic downturn since the Great Depression and needed a new plan.

I got to thinking if we had our house in Bend paid off we would have continuous rental income. I convinced Peter this was a sound approach and we got busy. We eliminated everything that wasn’t essential and began to make mortgage payments at almost four times the amortized rate. We went without. Peter used super glue to repair his flip flops.

Along the way, Peter has worked tirelessly to get the boat ready for our offshore adventure. He started with the ground tackle. He knew it was important to have a number of different anchors of different sizes and configurations guaranteed to keep us secure in any location. To that end we acquired a 45-lb CQR, three FX Fortresses, and a Danforth 12H. Somehow he has managed to hide all these anchors in places I don’t see and haven’t had to step over.



The auto pilot was two years in design and development. Several evenings in a row I came home from work to find Peter lying across the bed in the aft stateroom staring into the belly of our boat. “Hi, honey? What are you doing?” I asked. “I’m visualizing how to mount the auto pilot.” He answered. “That’s nice, dear. What would you like for dinner?” After 20 years of marriage, I knew eventually a plan would unfold.

I’ll Never forget the day I was laying on the settee reading *Time* magazine with Peter at the helm when suddenly I realized he was no longer at the helm but rather somewhere toward the bow of the boat. I jumped up and

hollered, “Who’s driving this thing?” The newly installed auto pilot was hard at work.

Making our home aboard *Penelope* was easy. Leaving is giving to be hard. I am afraid; not of the wind and the waves and night time on the ocean. I am afraid I will hate being at sea. I am accustomed to the structure of an eight-to-five job and a regular commute. What if I can’t create organization or rhythm to the cruising life and I stumble through my days? Currently, I am embraced by a network of friends who provide companionship, support and encouragement. What if I didn’t find community among other cruisers and I am blanketed with isolation?

As this phase of getting ready winds down, the next phase-throwing off the mooring lines and leaving is looming large.



2014-2015 CALENDAR

GENERAL MEETINGS		BOARD MEETINGS		CRUISES	
Date/theme	Location	Date	Location	Dates	Where/theme
September 5 Potluck	Captain's Moorage	September 4	TBD	Sept. 13-14	Gilbert River Docks
October 3	Sauvie Island Academy	October 1	TBD	Oct. 25-26	Annual Halloween cruise – Government Island E.
November 7	Sauvie Island Academy	November 5	TBD	Nov. 22-23	Annual Thanksgiving cruise – Hadley's Landing
December 6	Christmas Party - TBD	December 6	At party		
January 2	Sauvie Island Academy	December 30	TBD	Jan. 3-4	New Year's cruise – Coon Island
February 6	Sauvie Island Academy	February 4	TBD	Feb. 14-15	Valentine Cruise – Coon Island
March 6	Sauvie Island Academy	March 4	TBD	Mar. 14-15	Anchoring Cruise
April 3	Sauvie Island Academy	April 1	TBD	April 18-19	Navigation Cruise
May 1 Annual Meeting/ Dessert Potluck	Sauvie Island Academy	April 29	TBD	May 16-17	Annual Race/Drift Cruise – Sand Island
June 6 Annual Picnic	TBD				

SIYC CRUISING BOATS

Boat Name	Owners' Names	Location
<i>Adagio</i>	Jeff & Jane Woodward	Sea of Cortez, Mexico
<i>Casita</i>	Devon Quinn & Rowan Madix	Alameda, CA
<i>LunaSea</i>	Frank & RaeAnn Haynes	Santa Catalina, CA
<i>Nashira</i>	Mike Floyd	La Paz, BCS, Mexico
<i>Penelope</i>	Peter & Susan Gierga	San Diego, CA
<i>Perpetua</i>	Pat & Susan Canniff	Mazatlan, Mexico
<i>Pied-A-Mer III</i>	Eric & Pam Sellix	San Diego, CA
<i>Ranidan</i>	Jim & Linda Noval	San Diego, CA
<i>Silverbirl</i>	Bob Hulegard & Robin Fouche	Newport Beach, CA

Member Websites

- Adagio:** <http://sailblogs.com/member/turningleft/>
- CarolMarie:** <http://www.svcarolmarie.com/>
- Julia Max:** <http://www.sailblogs.com/member/juliamax/>
- Penelope:** <http://cruisingwithcaptainpeterandtheadmiral.com/>
- Perpetua blog:** http://www.sailblogs.com/member/our_journeys/
- Perpetua Pictures:** http://imageevent.com/our_journeys/
- Moonshadow:** <http://www.voyagemoonshadow.blogspot.com/>
- Moontide:** <http://www.svmoontide.com/>
- Pied-a-Mer III:** <http://www.sailblogs.com/member/sesesail/>
- Ranidan:** <http://persimmonsky.wordpress.com/>
- Rowena:** <http://www.sailblogs.com/member/rowena/>
- Sequoia:** <http://www.svsequoia.com/>

SIYC members: Do you have a website or blog for your boat that isn't listed above? If so, please get the information to your trusty editor, Barbara Johnston, and we'll make sure your website or blog is included in future issues of the newsletter.

CRUISING REPORTS

George & Sue Stonecliff, S/V JuliaMax

Home Again!

We finally arrived back at Portland Yacht Club on the Columbia River in Portland at 1200 on Monday, September 8th. 4 months, 4000 miles, and 647 engine hours to Alaska and back. We spent 7 and a half weeks in Alaska, 2 weeks in Haida Gwaii, and nearly 7 weeks in British Columbia. What wonderful territory to explore! The marine life was impressive including humpback whales, fin whales, orcas, harbor seals, sea lions, Dahl porpoises, white-sided dolphins, harbor dolphins, sea otters and river otters. The birding dramatically increased our appreciation for the migration patterns of the birds. Seeing the quantities of pelagic birds and waterfowl of all descriptions was a definite highlight of the trip. Brown bear, black bear, and mountain goats gave added dimension to our wilderness experience. The friendships that developed along the way always enrich and augment a trip.

The HAM radio net contacts gave a social contact that we enjoyed. This was truly a trip to remember! After 4 months and 4,000 miles, traveling from Portland to Glacier Bay and back, 'Julia Max' handled the trip with a minimum of hitches.

Alaska Repairs

1. Motor-sailing up the Washington coast under auto-pilot, the auto-pilot drive motor gave out making hand-steering necessary. The previous owner had stored a spare drive motor for the world cruise he had planned. With it he included explicit instructions for installing the replacement since the hydraulic fittings were different than the original. Piece of cake!
2. The electrical control box for the 1500 watt LoFranz windlass started to fail. Deploying and lifting the 66 pound Bruce anchor and 200 pounds of 3/8" chain day after day were taking its toll. The replacement was ordered from Fisheries Supply in Seattle and shipped north by UPS.
3. The RayMarine auto-pilot started showing significant compass heading variation and deviation determined to be a faltering flux gate compass. The problem was significantly reduced by unplugging and plugging the flux gate compass from the system. Deviation caused by stored metal in the V-berth: shore cable, electrical wire, sailing hardware, charging AC adaptors for a Nook and iPad were all affecting the operation of the flux gate compass.
4. The RayMarine wind instrument died before sailing south along the Washington coast. As a result we removed our cockpit canvas enclosure so that we could readily see the wind indicator at the masthead. This inconvenience was surmountable.
5. A whine from the Yanmar engine turbo became a nuisance. After troubleshooting with the manual, we cleaned the turbo filter and turbo with a detergent soap solution while running the engine in neutral at full RPM. The whine greatly reduced.
6. Our aft head LaVac toilet seat hinge broke, a laughing tragedy that needed fixing!! The part was flown in from Florida!
7. Our laptop computer battery needed replacement. Trying to get one shipped to Sitka was a trick.



8. Lastly, our Pactor II modem connection for Sailmail/e-mail was failing with our newer laptop. Luckily we had brought our old laptop (slower) which worked like a champ with the modem. Redundancy was the answer!

Cruising always requires fixes and tweaks. We were just glad ours were minimal.

George and Sue

S/V JuliaMax

Portland Oregon

Rusty Gesner & Taunya Couts, S/V On A Whim

Rusty and I have had our little 26' Macgregor for a few years now, but we hadn't really taken it out cruising much. Mostly, we've used it to practice our sailing skills, learning how winds and currents affect her on the Columbia. This year, after doing a couple of trips with other people on their boats, we decided it was time to take On a Whim out and see



how we enjoyed cruising with our little boat. Labor day weekend we took off on Friday afternoon with the plan of staying at the St. Helen's public dock – which was a reasonable reach from Hayden Bay. We didn't anticipate waiting 2 and a half hours because the Railroad bridge was having troubles. Once we got through, we made wonderful time downriver and docked in time for dinner.



The next day, we were delighted to see there was a kite festival going on in St. Helens, with music and beautiful kites flying around. We walked around the city and enjoyed the congenial atmosphere. There were a lot of other cruising boats around – many of them large power boats. As the day advanced, we realized the weather which had suggested a slight possibility of rain, actually meant it was definitely going to rain and be unpleasant. Since we were enjoying ourselves in the town and didn't really want to go anchor out in the rain – and the festival would be going for a second day – we decided to stay another night in St. Helens.

On Sunday, the kite festival was a bust because there was no wind, and a sprinkling of rain. It didn't have near the attendance of Saturday. The weather improved as the afternoon wore on, so we decided to head up to Sandy Island and try out using our anchor (which still had that new gleam that needed to be buffed off with a good dousing in mud.) There was still no wind so we motored



our way down the river, our speed greatly accelerated by the current flowing with us. We made good time and entered the channel between the Island and the Oregon side of the river, where the water was slow and relatively shallow. There were a few speedboats racing around, sending waves to rock us, but our delta 22# anchor held us tight to our spot and we didn't drag or change position.

The next morning we went further up the channel to a neat little entrance into the island. We thought we'd take our little dinghy in there, but it turned out to be dried up. We rowed over to a log that was chained to the island and used it as our dinghy dock. The island had a nice area of blackberries that were plump and ripe with only a few eaten by deer. We enjoyed exploring the outer edges – though the brush was a bit too thick to move into the interior.

We returned that afternoon to St. Helens for another night that was much quieter than the last time we'd been there. Since it was Monday evening, most people had already returned home from the end of their holiday. After the lively weekend and then the solitude of the island, the new quiet of St. Helen's seemed appropriate. Our return home on Tuesday was pretty easy too, except another hour wait for the railroad bridge – which while it delayed for us, opened rather quickly once a commercial vessel arrived. At least it wasn't broken again. Although we did a number of weekend cruises this summer and a couple of day sails, I don't think our boat got as much sailing as in seasons past. We've already pulled her out of the water as the evenings darken so quickly and school and work demand so much of our time. Until next season – fair winds!

Taunya and Rusty
S/V On A Whim
Portland Oregon

Peter & Susan Gierga, S/V Penelope

Wednesday October 1, 2014: We left Portland and began this epic adventure one month ago today. It seems the first few days were like an out of body experience. Is this really happening? Then I went through the "I miss my friends. I miss my job. I miss my slip at the marina" stage. Finally, in Morro Bay we met some people. My friend, Cass, has been meeting me each morning to practice yoga together. We've gotten past the most treacherous Oregon/California coastal sailing obstacles and covered a little over 900 miles including seven overnight passages. We've anchored out 10 nights and tied up at a dock or marina 13 nights. I've had 15 showers and walked 60 miles. Penelope handles well and all systems are currently operational – knock on wood.



We have to be ultra-super conscientious about our spending. Although our only outgoing is the cost of food and fuel, our only incoming is \$2,000 per month. It doesn't go far. In Sausalito we plunked down \$275 for diesel. Lesson learned: Sail more. Motor less. We're trying to limit our spending to \$50 per day average. That would allow us to save \$500 per month for an emergency. When I get tired of having to count every penny, I'll get a job. For now, though, every day is Saturday and I have everything I need.

Tuesday October 7: Finally Underway. Miraculously, the fog lifted and the sun cheerfully popped up from behind the eastern horizon today. Regardless of the wind condition, we are out of here. We thoroughly enjoyed Santa Barbara but eight days is enough. We are both overjoyed to again be underway.

We settle into our watch schedules almost as soon as we pull the anchor. It was about 9:00 am. I stirred up fried red potatoes, green pepper, onion, mushroom, the ever present garlic, eggs, and cheese for breakfast. Peter established our course and set way points on the GPS. Once the autopilot is set to “navigation”, it will steer us directly to our next destination. Even though the boat steers herself and there is essentially nothing I need to do, Peter has me trained to keep an almost continuous watch on the ocean in front of us. Within a mile of shore we find an obstacle course of crab pots, kelp beds, and fishing vessels. Once we get further out we’re mostly concerned with freighters, sleeping whales and an occasional recreational vehicle.

Thursday October 9th: “Susan!” I am awakened from a deep sleep to Peter calling out my name. “You’ll have to get the coffee. I hooked something huge!” Peter is fishing off the back of Penelope. He has a very large fish on the line and I need to pour the coffee. Oh, bother.

Thirty minutes later, after reeling in and releasing a 20 pound Skate, Peter joins me on the settee. “Well, I got my early morning wrestling match in.” he says, “That’ll teach me not to rig up live bait.”

Later in the morning we pack our “go to shore”* bag and dinghy to the beach about 500 yards from where we are anchored. We are getting better at getting the dinghy onto the shore without getting ourselves and everything we own drenched in sand and salt water.

Sunday October 7: I often wondered how we would choreograph our life underway. After nearly 2 months on the water, I have a glimmer of insight.

We’re not afraid of the overnight passages. We’ve established our watch schedules and our roles and we move into them easily. The boat is self-sufficient in terms of energy and water production. We only need to visit a town or marina for food and/or fuel. We’re committed to living on a limited budget so marinas and towns are not even appealing.

Rather than move from place to place every couple of days, we tend to find a place we like and stay there. We usually spend the first day exploring our surroundings and investigating our options. We then quickly establish

our routine. Our routine always starts with coffee in the morning. We sit together on the settee and outline our day. Our days typically start with some form of exercise, either running on the beach or climbing the closest hill. After exercise and lunch we do our chores. I may have laundry or housework while Peter has home repairs or home improvements.

Later in the afternoon, I read and Peter goes fishing in the dinghy. While he’s away we communicate via the VHF radio. I’ll hear, “Penelope. Penelope. Penelope. This is Zodiac. Do you copy?” I’ll answer with, “This is Penelope. Come back, Zodiac.” He usually calls to tell me he caught a fish or almost caught a fish



or saw a fish. Mostly he just likes to call me on the radio. And usually I discover if I should start dinner or plan on a fish fry. Before dark, the dinghy motors up alongside Penelope and he hollers, “Honey, I’m home.”

We eat dinner between 6:00 and 6:30. I clean up the galley. After dinner we look to our power status to decide if we want to read or watch a movie. If power generation was high this day and we’re down less than 100 Amp-hours we’ll watch a movie. If power generation was low this day, we’ll usually choose to read instead. No wind? No solar? No movie!

Wednesday October 15: We disentangled Penelope from the mooring ball and motored out of Avalon Harbor at 12:00 noon, just before they charged us for another day.

We steered a heading of 120 degrees, west, southwest, crossing the Gulf of Catalina and pointing toward San Diego. The wind was variable 5 – 10 knots out of the south. Penelope was sailing close hauled on a starboard tack. We set a way point for the entrance buoy to San Diego harbor, approximately 76 miles away.

The ocean was fairly flat with a 1 – 2 foot swell. If the wind had remained constant, it would have taken approximately 13 hours to our destination. Unfortunately, the last time we saw good wind was Sausalito.

About 10:00 pm, our forward progress was zero, the sails were flogging and everything down below was clanging. We fired up the engine.

About midnight, when Peter came on deck, he detected a light breeze. He turned off the engine and proceeded to tweak and trim the sails until around 3:00 am. At 3:00 am he again fired up the engine for an hour or so. When I awoke at 5:30 am we were sailing. The wind was now out of the north. We were sailing on a beam reach in an easterly direction. The incredible glow of a major metropolitan area lit up the sky about 20 miles off the bow. We should be in San Diego by noon. We’ve travelled eleven hundred miles in forty five days. What a trip!

Susan and Peter
S/V Penelope
Pacific Ocean



Jim & Linda Noval, S/V Ranidan

October 17 - We're On the Sea Again! Jim left Portland with a wonderful crew and sailed to Astoria where he overcame the last of several challenges before going off-shore. Carolee and Jay and Michael then spent 4 long nights at sea flying down the Oregon and Northern California Coasts all the way to San Francisco where they siddled up to a dock full of sea lions. Woo hoo they made it!





I took a fast plane down a few days later and met Jim in Santa Cruz. Then it was on to Monterrey and more sea lions. They are noisy and boy do they stink! We are really racing along as we are joining the Baja Ha Ha Rally when it sails to Cabo San Lucas on October 26. Our next big stop was Santa Barbara, we came in at dark. It is a working port and the fish were being offloaded onto trucks for fish markets all over - what a production! The next morning we had a surprise when we woke to see this enormous cruise ship sitting in the bay looking completely alien. I was glad when they left by afternoon, I think it's unnerving to see city blocks floating around on the ocean.

October 20 – Having Fun is so Much Work! We are in San Diego and we are tired. There is just enough time to rest up for the Baja Rally next Monday after making a quick trip to Avalon on Santa Catalina Island. We arrived just as the sun was going down and had a great stroll in the town as the lights came on. It was magical! A quick sleep and my sister picked me up to join her in walking the Little Italy farmer's market. A long time ago a friend of Jim's mother (who made her living from selling eggs) told me that if they are never refrigerated they can last up to 6 weeks. Refrigeration starts a reaction that then causes spoilage. So, in anticipation of provisioning for 2 weeks offshore (the length of the rally) I bought 6 dozen eggs that were fresh from the farm. I've never actually tried out this bit of wisdom and Tia Ann is long gone but I sure hope I got it right!

Now its nose to the grindstone for the final push of preparations to enter Mexico (forms, insurance, more forms, and who knows what else but we don't dare miss a thing or we might have some unwanted legal challenges).

Jim and Linda Noval
S/V Ranidan
San Diego, CA



Let's Stay in Touch with our Cruising Members

If you enjoyed the stories from these cruising members of Sauvie Island Yacht Club, please say so. Sometimes the cruisers comment that they feel like they are sending their articles into a black hole, and they never get any feedback. Let's all make an effort to let them know they are appreciated. If you see them, say something. If they are still out cruising, send them an email. If you have questions for them, do ask – it may be the seed for an interesting future report. – Ed.

