



SAUVIE ISLAND YACHT CLUB NEWSLETTER

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Cruise to Gilbert River Docks Host David Mangan

September 13th-14th, 2014

The food theme is SUMMER BBQ/PICNIC
(BBQ, Salads, Pies, etc.)

We'll be at the south docks (not connected to shore) but if anyone would like to drive to Gilbert River (near the north end of Sauvie Island) and join us for dinner, just let someone know. We'll send a dinghy across for you!

For more information see page 3



Looking Ahead

October 3rd 2014

Meeting at Sauvie Island School

October 25th-26th 2014

Annual Halloween Cruise

This month's cruising reports start on page 14.

September Meeting/Party



The September meeting was more of a potluck party. Ray and Alicia of *S/V Rowena* hosted at their Marina, Captains

Moorage, in the North Portland Harbor.

Considering the summer weather and cruising season is just coming to an end we had a good turnout. There were twelve total in attendance. Terry and Charing O'Shea of *S/V Carolmarie*, Dave Mangan of *S/V Hawksbill*, Ed and Sarah Daugherty of *S/V Hokuloa*, Rusty Gesner of *S/V On a Whim*, Cliff Tannas of *S/V Nasty*, Mike Floyd of *S/V Nashira*, and Mark and Becky of *S/V Baltic Wanderer*.



It was nice catching up on what everyone was doing over the summer. Some highlights were Mark and Beck now moor their boat up in Olympia to be able to enjoy the Sound easier. Rusty and Taunya helped deliver Craig and Barbara's boat up to Bellingham and have since been exploring the Columbia. Cliff, Ed and Sarah have all been working on their boats. Terry, Ray and Alicia buddy boated up

to Barkley Sound. Dave did an extensive land cruise on his scooter. And Mike has been home trying to come up a plan to fix his mast in Mexico.

It was a fun time with wonderful company. However, our fellow cruisers were missed. Everyone seemed exciting about the upcoming cruising season with the Yacht Club.



Recipe of the Month:

Babootie Chicken
By, A cruiser in South Africa.
Shared with us by, Sue Stonecliffe

1T olive oil
1-2 onions chopped
2 garlic cloves crushed
2T curry powder
1-2 lb boneless skinless chicken pieces
1 can tomatoes chopped
1 cup dried apricots chopped
2 bananas sliced
1 apple cored, peeled and diced
1/2 cup slivered almonds
tomato juice as needed

Cook onion, garlic, and curry powder in oil until the onions are soft. Stir in chicken. Add the remaining ingredients and simmer covered, stirring gently until the apples are tender, about 10 minutes. Serve over rice with chutney.

If you like to cook, please send us your favorite recipe, suitable for preparation aboard, for inclusion as a future recipe of the month!



September Cruise

Come join the BBQ at the Gilbert River Docks! Septembers Cruise will be to the Gilbert River docks with host David Mangan. The theme is Summer BBQ/Picnic.



The Gilbert River drains from Sturgeon Lake on Sauvie Island to the Multnomah Channel. It is located

six miles upstream from the mouth of the Channel. The docks can be found a quarter of a mile in from Multnomah Channel.

Gilbert River Docks are located on a beautiful calm river. The docks are floating and not attached to land so a dinghy or kayak are required if you need to get to land for any reason.

There will be a BBQ Potluck/Picnic Saturday night and a Potluck breakfast Sunday morning.

Hope to see you there!



Your Summer Cruising Reports

Have you been out cruising this summer? Do you have cruising plans for the rest of this summer? If so, don't forget to keep SIYC in the loop. The first cruising reports of the summer are in this issue, but the September issue will also be primarily focused on our members' summer adventures.

So don't forget to write us with your cruising reports, and send us copies of your best pictures. And if you're also reporting on your adventures via a blog or a website, be sure to let us know where to find it. See email addresses for newsletter editor and cruising reports editor on the first page of this newsletter.

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.

Dinner with a Transient Boater By Taunya Coutts of S/V On a Whim

The docks at St. Helen allow for a free five day moorage and include nice facilities with a shower. It's probably a combination of these factors that accounts for the high number of transient boaters who frequent these docks. Their boats are often easily recognized by their state of disrepair.

Malcolm's shiny freshly washed hair wafted in the Columbia Breeze as he helped us dock our boat though the current wanted to buck us sideways away from our goal. He was friendly, clean and his boat seemed well equipped. He engaged us in conversation and our dinner of lamb curry was quickly ready to be served, so I invited him to come aboard and share our repast.

While we ate together I slowly realized that he was one of the transients we hear so often maligned. I learned he'd acquired this boat from a marina for \$100 – which amazed me as it looked blue water equipped. He made ends meet by working various odd jobs, painting, repairs etc where ever he could. He talked about how he gladly helped other boaters as needed with anchors which he frequently pulled up from his own anchoring efforts. He was generous and would share whatever he had.

His state of poverty really hit home, when I realized the missing tooth in the side of his mouth was in fact, damage to the upper denture he wore. I could tell they were dentures, because they slipped when he spoke, causing his words to occasionally lisp and sound hallow. Worse than the damaged upper plate, was the decayed lower jaw that was rotted and contained only stumps that had never been removed.

My mind glazed over at this point, and I wondered how I had not realized he was transient. And I felt guilty for having any moral quandary over the situation – he was human, he'd helped us and he was kind – how could I judge him for having less than ourselves? I raced back and forth – debating internally about what was right and what was wrong. Was I bigoted, because I did feel uncomfortable – and honestly, most of his conversation wasn't that interesting. What right did I have to judge? I am fortunate to be a person of enough means to not be on the street, or transient in a boat. How does a person get into this position, I found myself wondering as he spoke of his childhood in New York. I wondered where his family was – where was his support network – he assured me they were no longer on the East coast.

I felt guilty for my discomfort, for my fears and concerns. My mind churned on these details far longer than our brief meal. Max enjoyed the food and left quickly when a drunk power boat owner waddled by and engaged him in conversation. I looked around the marina and

realized that since it was no longer a holiday weekend, the majority of boats moored there were transient. There was a power boat, with engine bare – hood removed and looking as though its ability to function was in doubt. I was amazed as its owner crept into a small tiny berth barely covered by the foredeck – those were his living quarters. There was no bimini, shade or comfort. He made due.

There was another sailboat transient. We watched him come in – expertly sailing his vessel to the dock. The boat was filthy – more grey than white. The boat hadn't seen the broad side of a brush – either scrub or paint in who knows how long. The hatch he left open showed an equal level of disarray and filth inside his quarters. But still, we watched as he flaked his sail with care and expert skill before he retired to his hovel.

I wondered then, how do we define a transient boater. There is discussion, in our media about these transients. We know here in Portland they are considered a nuisance – depositing their sewage overboard, living on decrepit vessels, most of which do not even function. In Florida, there is active legislation going on that could impact all live aboard boaters – in order to “address these problems”.

I looked at the transients in St. Helens, and I realized that at least amongst this crowd, their vessels had to be functional to get here. Were they depositing waste overboard? Likely so – they are not well off enough to afford the care a marina provides with pump out facilities. They struggle to find the means to wash themselves, find water and take care of their own needs. And if these transients are not on their boats – where do they go? To the streets I imagine, to join the leagues already disenfranchised, shoved aside and told not to exist.

People who live on the fringes, do so because it is what they can manage. Whether it is because of their health (mental or physical), their immediate circumstances, or inability to continue without self medication of illegal drugs

(abuse), there is a reason they are there and they are doing the best they can with what they have.

Part of me still feels bad that I felt so uncomfortable having a meal with someone who was kind. He wasn't looking for my concern or my pity. He was simply a person – existing in his own way – creating his own life and as far as I could tell, fairly content with his existence. Was he dangerous? I highly doubt it. Was my concern warranted? Probably no more so than with any other stranger you are likely to meet.

We exist in the boating community and often see ourselves as separate from transients. We are “legitimate” boaters, who follow the rules and have money to afford our hobby or lifestyle. We have a right to be there – and leave the rest of that sentence hanging with the obvious questioning of the rights of those who are less well off.

I wish there was some way to make things better for those who struggle – but it always seems like the need is overwhelming and beyond our ability to bear the burden. A good first step is to think about how we draw lines and what side we feel people should be put on. The transients I met seemed somewhat skilled boaters. Does that make them worthy? Who am I to judge? It's not my place. I'm glad we shared our meal. While the conversation might not have been scintillating, it opened my mind to an internal monologue causing me to explore assumptions and my own biases. I'm grateful for the opportunity to expand my world.



Getting Ready (Part 2 of 3)

By Susan Gierga of *S/V Penelope*



Prior to our move onboard *Penelope*, we lived in Bend, Oregon in a 3-bedroom, 2-bath, 2,000-square foot house on an acre with a 36-by 40-foot shop and a two-car garage. Having grown up in the Willamette Valley, Peter didn't enjoy the snow and frigid cold of Central Oregon.

We decided to move to Portland. Once we each landed a job and purchased *Penelope* we began to prepare for our move onboard. We proceeded to throw away, give away, sell or store almost everything we owned. We started our respective jobs in January of 2007 and moved from the house to our camper, parked in the parking lot of the marina in Scappoose. We lived in the camper until the ocean was calm enough to deliver *Penelope* from Anacortes.

I calculated our actual living space aboard the boat is approximately 330 square feet. Our home offers a sun porch, an entry hall, kitchen, dining area, office, bathroom, shower, and a master suite equipped with two clothes closets and numerous drawers. In marine jargon those areas would be referred to as the cockpit, the companionway, the galley, the settee, the navigation table, the head and the V-birth.

Adjusting to life aboard *Penelope* was a gradual process. While initially organizing the galley, I was thrilled with the number of cupboards and drawers I had available for pots, pans, dishes, utensils, spices, canned

goods and other food items. As I continued to organize my galley, I spotted a promising cupboard door just below the kitchen sink. I unhooked the latch-designed to keep the door closed when the boat is heeling from side to side-eagerly anticipating more storage, only to find a 66-horsepower diesel engine! There was an engine under the kitchen sink! It just seemed wrong.



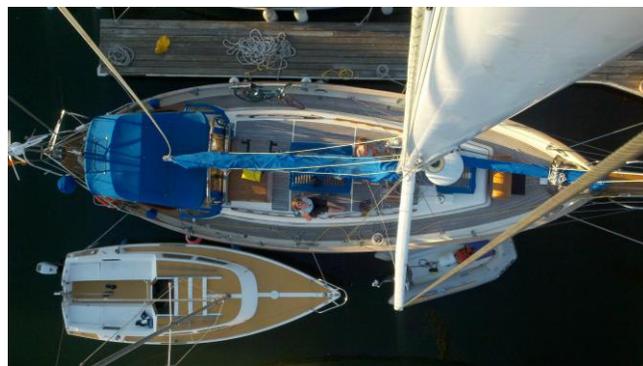
I began to realize the room required to open the mail, make dinner, do the dishes, read a book, play on the computer or sleep in the bed is really pretty minimal. It is only the stuff you choose to surround yourself with while you do those things that takes up so much space. If you do not care about knick knacks, potted plants, framed pictures, coffee tables, and multiple everything, the space required to live is pretty small.



Soon everything had found a proper place and our space was in order. I found I have all that I need but usually only one of each. If I get a

new cooking pan I throw away the old one. When I am finished with a book I give it to someone. My family no longer buys me Christmas or birthday presents because they know I don't need anything. I have more than I need. I always have stuff to give away. People are thrilled. I go through our DVD collection and realize we are no longer interested in several. I give them to my friend when she stops by to visit. She is delighted to get something for free and I am thrilled to make room for a new DVD.

Over the years we have learned to improvise or compromise on everything we do and everything we have. I learned I could accept even the most bizarre living arrangements such as an engine below the kitchen sink or a handle used to pump the toilet dry.



We immediately got involved with Sauvie Island Yacht Club and eagerly participated in their monthly meetings and weekend cruises. We learned from our friends and we learned other lessons as we spent numerous weekends that first summer exploring the Multnomah Channel and the Columbia River. I remember one lesson I will never forget.

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, “its 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.



**Check out the last installment next month!*

Adventures in Mast Building

By, Ray McCracken of S/V Rowena



It started in the winter of 2012. I purchased *Rowena*, a 41' Formosa top sail ketch, who's lines of elegance I could only dreamt of as a child. I loved watching pirate movies and enjoying the classic lines of older boat design.

I knew when I first saw her she needed a little work, but never knew the amount until I dove into the twenty page survey report. On the top of list was to rebuild and or replace the wooden mizzen mast. In places looked great, but seemed to have a few rotten spots.

Usually when I get started on a project I do some searching on the internet, to see what I can learn about whatever it is I'm trying to figure out. This way I can at least get some ideas and make the best choices I can, rather than blunder through it making more mistakes than I usually would. The web search gave me a few pages and bits about different designs, but most were way smaller than what I was looking for. I still read the info thinking maybe I could get something from it to apply to my project.

The original mast was made from spruce. Most boat builders used it for its lightness, durability and strength. The mizzen measured about 40 feet and was a boxed design with solid areas where the rigging and hardware attached.

The first challenge was to get the mast off the boat without doing any damage to the boat. Again, I did some research and found very little, most masts are aluminum and when they break they bend and twist and can be fixed. Wood rots. It just crumbles, and has nothing to hold it together. If we tried to pick it up it might not come off the boat in one piece.

The area that seemed to have issues was about 20ft up. After several hours of thinking about it, knowing that I couldn't climb the mast, I decided the best way to hold things together was to make a splint. I splinted both sides of the mast and wrapped whatever lines I could around the splint. Hopefully it would not break and stay together.

With the splint on the mast it seemed to make me feel better. Although it wasn't pretty, two big boards wrapped with lots and lots of line around it 20ft in the air. Yeah, it didn't look 'shippy', but I was pretty sure it wasn't going to fall.

By now I had had *Rowena* about 2 weeks, I kept thinking about what and how to deal with the mast. I hadn't taken her out, as I didn't want to break anything that didn't need to be fixed. So, she just sat at the dock and seemed to always be happy when I came down to work on her.



I called the local boat yard and asked and how they would remove the mast. Once I was satisfied with their plan we set a date. The next few days I spent most of my time undoing things so the old mast could be removed easily.

When the day came to take *Rowena* to the yard we arrived early. The yard had their crane ready to attach and lift the mizzen mast off the boat. It was an exciting and scary time, not knowing what would happen when they tried to pick it up.

The process was a success! As they lifted the 40ft mast I could see some paint left here and there. It seemed to just float up and away from the boat into the yard. We inspected the mast and found that it had lots of soft spots, and would need to be replaced.

The mast sat in the yard for a few days and I started the process of taking pictures and measurements. I was trying to get everything I could out of this old piece of wood that had served so well. During the yard time I made calls to see what the costs for rebuilding and replace it would be. I spent the better part of a week taking things apart, labeling and making sure I would know what went where. With great regret we cut up the mast and she was headed for the dumpster



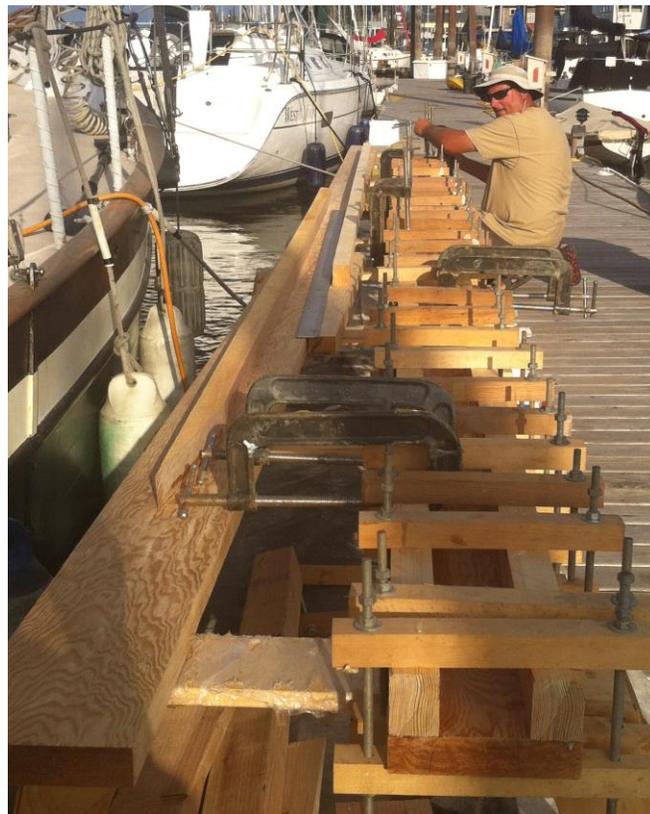
Now we had a ketch rigged sail boat that was a sloop, most people never noticed it was missing other mast. The only indication was a battery cover the hid the big hole in the deck.

As I planned on the return of the mizzen mast we sailed and enjoyed the boat through the summer. By July we started thinking of building a new mizzen mast. I had never build a mast but have built lots of things out of wood, and thought I couldn't be that hard so with Google and my notes.

I started looking for wood that would work. I found a local wood supplier that had local wood, rough cut and kiln dried – awesome! Spruce was hard to come by, apparently was very spendy, and used to make airplane frames. After doing some more research I decided to use Douglas fir. It was a little heavier

but seemed to have good rot resistance and was pretty easy to get being grown locally.

I purchased 220 board feet of clear vertical grain Douglas fir with approximately 11 growth rings per inch. The planks were approximately 12 inches wide, 2 inches thick and 11-13 feet long. They were harvested in Zig Zag Oregon. When they started putting the lumber in my little pick-up I watched bumper got lower and lower, I wasn't not sure it could handle all the weight.



Now I had the lumber, but no plan on where I was going to build this big thing - let alone all the details worked out. I had been a member of a local wood working boat club that had all the shop tools whenever I needed them. I could size and reshape the wood but still lacked the space to build it. The club had bays but they were all full of other project. The 40 feet I needed was not so easy to come by. The only space that seemed long enough was the space where *Rowena* was parked, my logic was all we would have to do is build it and put it on the boat, what better place than right next to her.

So with enthusiasm and a good attitude I asked the marina where *Rowena* was moored to see if could just build it next to the boat. At first they said “oooh we have had others do stuff on the dock and it usually leaves a big mess”. I assured them that I would keep things clean, after that no one seemed to say anything.

After getting the lumber sized, planed, all nice clean and straight I headed down to the boat with tarps and saw horses to set things up. I decided to use west system epoxy and as long as the mast stayed away from 200 degree heat and was painted it would last a long time.

I enlisted the advice of anyone and everyone I met, and asked all kinds of questions - I almost drove a few people crazy. I was lucky enough to finally find a few people who had built their own masts'. I spent a few hours picking their brains over the details and what and how to do this.



The new mast is made up of 2 inch thick boards connected by 22 inch long scarf joints, all the scarf's are at least 4 feet apart. I made a small channel that went through the center of the mast for some internal wiring.

I started by gluing 40 feet of lumber together with a straight edge, laser, and lots of clamps. This side became the sail track. After that I figured out what the tapers needed to be, based upon my measurement of the previous mast, I rough cut them and with the use of the



power planer, things got smooth enough for epoxy. After it was all glued up I gave the inside and outside two coat of penetrating epoxy. I followed it

up with five coats of paint on the outside of the mast. (Let me say I love the look of wood and would have kept the natural wood, but my main mast had already been painted and thought it would look better if they matched).

I installed all original hardware and replace what looks like it was worn out. We finished the mast and invited some friends to the boat to help hoist her aboard. The mast looked new clean and white and had all the rigging and hardware ready to be installed. With the help of eight of our friends we lifted the mast and set it on the boat. It was ready to be stepped.

The next day we took the boat to the boat yard. They picked it up the mast and lowered it perfectly into place, it fit like a glove. My measurements must have been right, the rigging all fit.

A big thank you to all those who helped with the project.

We are truly grateful to have had so much input and help. Thank you for your guidance and advice.



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>Julia Max</i>	George & Sue Stonecliffe	Alaska
<i>LunaSea</i>	Frank & RaeAnn Haynes	Santa Catalina, CA
<i>Nashira</i>	Mike Floyd	La Paz, BCS, Mexico
<i>Perpetua</i>	Pat & Susan Canniff	Mazatlan, Mexico
<i>Pied-A-Mer III</i>	Eric & Pam Sellix	San Diego, CA
<i>Silvergrrl</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.



Depot Bay, Oregon. Photographed by Ray and Alicia of S/V Rowena September, 2014.

CRUISING REPORTS

From Eric & Pam Sellix, S/V Pied-A-Mer III

Hola SIYC,

With the majority of "boat projects" nearly complete and our generator on the East Coast being repaired we are taking advantage of the San Diego area and are playing tourist. We are anchored in the A-9 Anchorage which is close to the airport, the Maritime Museum and a glorious skyline of San Diego. The A-9 is a gem for those of us from out of state, you can get a 30 day permit and renew it twice and it is FREE. Our dinghy has been our best friend this summer and has allowed us to comfortably be at anchor for several months.



13 Multihulls participated and enjoyed beach get togethers , shared stories and "raced" from Isthmus Cove to Cat Harbor.



Four days of a multihull rally took us to Catalina with SIYC member Robin Fouche. (above)



Little Italy Mercato. Huge Farmer's market just a hop skip and a jump from the dinghy dock near our anchorage. This market is year round. (left)



Pam & Eric Sellix
S/V Pied-a-Mer III
San Diego, California

Festival of Sail sponsored by the San Diego Maritime Museum. We toured about 13 Tall Ships and two submarines. The day was not only fun but very educational. Several of the Tall Ships are instructional vessels and offer life-changing adventures utilizing on-the-water art, science and maritime instruction. (left)

Lily Pond at Balboa Park (above)

From Rusty Gesner & Taunya Coats, S/V On a Whim



What is it that makes people decide to take off cruising? Some people have the advantage of being raised around and on boats – so they just know. But many of us just have this innate love of the ocean and wish that had been our childhood. We are fortunate enough to be able to move forward and create the dream we want to live. There is always the question though – is the dream what we think it will be? I have been able to answer my question – by taking a 5 week passage from St. Croix to Bermuda to NYC and Wood’s Hole. But Rusty still had only his imaginings of what an ocean passage would be

like. He thought he’d like it. I understand the uncertainty, because it had not been that long since I had been in the same position. But time is passing and we are getting closer to making a decision on a cruising boat – it was imperative that we take at least a small passage – so he can feel the waves, wind and heaving that often comes with sea sickness (pun intended).

Craig and Barbara had scheduled the beginning of August to bring their boat up to the San Juans where they had intended to pass a month of summer, leisurely exploring the protected sound. To get there required traversing down the Columbia from St. Helens across the bar and up the coast of Washington. It would be an overnight

passage and we managed to finagle our way on board as crew. They were also kind enough to let us bring Linnea – who may be making a long journey with mom to fetch our boat and bring it home once it's purchased.

Our trip started very smoothly with an easy motoring down the Columbia. We left fairly early in the morning, so the winds were not favorable and we didn't bother to let out the sails. It wasn't too long before we arrived in Astoria – though it was with some trepidation that we approached the dock. The boat was so much bigger than our little Whimsy – I had no idea how we were going to leap the distance to the dock. I was relieved when Rusty and Barbara took on the chore and I merely handed lines over as needed. Being on board with such a competent woman pushed me to think harder about working on skills – like tying knots – which I almost always seem to forget as soon as I haven't used it for a week or two. We ventured out into town for dinner – enjoying an absolutely fantastic pizza at Genos and a brief restocking trip at Safeway.

We left around 10 in the morning in order to accurately time our journey with the slack tide as we passed over the bar. I was a little nervous – there is so much talk about how scary the bar can be, plus I still remember reading about a boat that capsized losing its crew as it crossed during a treacherous time. I expected there would be at least a little drama... but the only drama was dodging the plethora of fishing boats zipping here and there, many with crab pots out anchored marked by neon balls floating off their lines.

It was during the crossing that the swell began to pick up. The boat was lifted and lowered as the waves moved beneath us – and we began to feel the movement of the ocean. I relished the sensation – as the rocking of the waves is one of my favorite parts of a passage. Though the waves were fairly small 3-4 feet, Barbara began to look a little green around the gills and took the helm to alleviate her discomfort. Rusty did fine at first, but later on in the evening he also felt a bit disconcerted. We had all taken medication that morning before we left and this kept the problem from being no more than a disconcerting annoyance rather than a serious issue to worry about. We began taking watches, which were loosely 3 hours during the day. We put Rusty on the helm with me, to keep his gaze focused on the horizon. This helped fairly significantly, and he began to relax and enjoy the scenery.

It was during this time, that my favorite moment of the entire passage occurred. We were fortunate enough to encounter an unprecedented explosion of *Velella Vellala* – an ocean creature that is related to jelly fish. It spends its life on the top of the water, floating where the wind and waves push it. Sometimes, there are large groups of them that are pushed together into rafts and rows – we often see them washed up on the beaches. But this was different. It started out pleasingly enough – with one or two slipping past the boat looking like a bubble on the water. I pointed them out to Rusty – and he admired them as we passed quickly by. But quickly it became apparent that it was only the beginning, they began to pass in greater and greater numbers – with large clumps and islands leading up to rows. It culminated in a massive row that went farther than our eyes could see – they looked turquoise on the water. It happened so fast, I did not have a



camera ready and did not get a picture. But we were not the only ones who saw them that day and photos were published in news articles – documenting for others, what we had observed. This photo was taken by Sue Keilman and Scott Horton on their boat LaPush, August 9th and published in the Peninsula Daily News. This is the same day we saw them, so I am certain it is the same row.



I hoped that the show would last – and we’d see more rafts and islands and perhaps we could share it with Linnea, Craig and Barbara; all of whom were below taking an afternoon siesta when it occurred. But once we passed this main body, all we saw ever after were singles and the occasional cluster of a pair. Linnea in particular was sad she’d missed out, but definitely enjoyed seeing and counting the ones that passed.

Our overnight passage was quiet, ominously so. We traveled through an immense fog bank – and relied heavily on our radar and AIS to help us spy what our vision could not.

Visibility was almost null, as was emphasized when we passed by a fishing boat that had come up on neither and with which we barely missed colliding. I was fortunate that the fog lifted to some degree for most of my shift, which passed quickly. Unfortunately the fog continued throughout most of the day.

The current must have been in our favor for when I awoke from my nap, we had arrived so early at our port that we passed it by and continued on to Port Angeles. Since we arrived a day early – the following morning we detoured to Lopez Island and spent the night anchored at Mackeye Harbor. The ride was short, with no winds and we motored most all the way. The only real sailing we did the entire trip was a brief stint as we passed the Columbia bar – and motor sailing up the coast. We tried raising the main on this leg – but it mostly just lay limp – shuttering at the occasional passing breeze. That evening was spent relaxing with hors d’oeuvres and mixers – enjoying the sunset and lack of mosquitoes.

Our final day we left early to catch a good current through the Rosario Straits and headed into Bellingham. Linnea got to take a shift at the helm (picture above) with lots of mommy and Rusty supervision. She was a real trouper, maintaining a cheerful demeanor and positive attitude throughout the entire voyage. Like me, she had been bothered very little by the movement of the water. What an awesome little sailor! I had driven my car up to the marina the week before, so we enjoyed a tasty meal together and then returned whence we’d come.

Rusty & Taunya
S/V On a Whim – crewing on S/V Sequoia
Bellingham, Washington

From Terry & Charing O'Shea, S/V CarolMarie

Hello All,

Barkley Sound Part 2 of 3

July 7th

After loading up with supplies from the Co-Op we set sail outside of the Ucluelet Inlet up Loudoun Channel toward Pipestem Inlet. The entire way up was about 13-15 miles, not very far considering the journeys a couple days before. The problem was there are underwater rocks everywhere just below the surface that would wreck a boat, and none of them are marked on the water, just in charts.



Finally, about 4:30pm, we tucked into an anchorage behind Bazett Island. I noticed two things right off the bat. First the reason brown water was flowing from the side of the gunnels was the holding tank was full. And second the reason my chart plotter wasn't showing the area correctly was I hadn't changed C-Map Cartridges. Katie rushed out with the kayak and paddled around the area a while.

July 8th: The next day we split up with Rowena. They went down to Effingham Bay in the Broken Group Islands, and we went back to Ucluelet to pump out the holding tank. We motored down to Ucluelet, but the winds had picked up to 20 knots inside the inlet by the time we arrived. We couldn't find a pump out station, so we joined Rowena in Effingham Bay. The anchorage was crowded and had a steep bottom. The anchor didn't bite at first, so we ended up doing an anchor watch all night. The next morning we took another dinghy ride after breakfast. Afterward we hoisted anchor to head off to Flemming Island, to stop at the Port Aberni Yacht Club's remote dock at Smuggler's Pass.

Look for part three in next month's newsletter!

Terry O'Shea
S/V Carolmarie
Barkley Sound, Canada



From George and Sue Stonecliffe, S/V JuliaMax

Hello Everyone!

08/08/2014, Math Islands, Pitt Island, BC

As we left Prince Rupert, we headed down Petrel Channel on the outside of Pitt Island. Our goal was to put miles on heading south towards better weather. The bright spot of the day was seeing a Red-Legged Kittiwake on a floating log. His range is up in the Aleutian Islands, and we think he was blown over by the strong winds outside. It was a 'first sighting' for us, which is always a thrill!



08/08/2014, Racey Cove, BC

We're running to beat some poor weather in the Northern Coast out of Prince Rupert and Haida Gwaii. We are doing 11-12 hour days motoring south. We thought there was enough wind to put the sails up, but the wind direction wasn't in our favor after an hour's worth of sailing. Tonight Racey Cove gives us excellent protection against anything. But we will rise early tomorrow (0430) to continue our southerly progress, and being able to pass through Meyers Passage at High Slack to get on the inner side of the islands and be further protected from high winds outside. Cheers!

08/10/2014, Shearwater, BC

From Racey Cove we left before first light using our instruments for navigation out of the mile-long cove. Sue had put in waypoints to facilitate our navigating around several rock hazards. We arrived at Meyers Passage before High Slack, so that we had some flood current with us getting through the narrow passage. For the most part, the water was calm throughout the day. Although there was a current of .5 - 1.5 knots against us. In the late afternoon we were in water open to the sea, and the waves were a 3' chop. Except for an operational problem with our auto-pilot for the last hour and a half, the day was uneventful. We anchored in Shearwater harbor because the docks were filled with boats. Light provisioning was possible, and a dinner out at the local pub made the stay a nice treat.

08/11/2014, Frying Pan, BC

In Shearwater we had the pleasure of meeting Roly Brown, KE0TI, who we have been enjoying on the Great Northern Boaters' Net. Everything he shared with us, we found fascinating! As we left Shearwater, the day was shaping up to be a first class summer day, with sunshine, blue skies, and calm winds to W15 which we were able to take advantage with for awhile. 8 Humpback Whales showed themselves as we were going along on Fitz Hugh Sound. As we were sailing, one of them came within 20 yards of the boat which is always a thrill. Tonight we are in Frying Pan Bay which we will leave from tomorrow to reach Port McNeil on Vancouver Island.



08/11/2014, Port McNeill, BC

The morning started early at 5:30am in pea soup fog, using radar, GPS, chartplotter and alot of patience. The fog lasted past noon, making radio communication and radar interpretation at a premium. Twice we turned over 90 degrees to intentionally avoid close contact with two boats that had the right of way. Once the fog cleared, we had blue skies and sunshine. To our surprise we had wind and current with us, and ended sailing for awhile with the genoa poled out using our whisker pole. We arrived in Port McNeill at 06:45pm, a 13 hour trip.

08/23/2014, Waddington Bay, BC

After a short trip to Portland for family business, we returned to 'Julia Max' on August 22nd to continue our trip. After the normal provisioning and refueling, we headed out to the Broughton Islands, finding a fog bank challenging our navigation. Seems that fog develops and hangs around most of the morning these days. But we made our way to Bonwick Island where we anchored in Waddington Bay for the night.

08/24/2014, Burdwood Group, Tribune Channel, BC

Leaving Bonwick Island, we headed to Simoom Sound to drop our shrimp ring for a few hours. After a stimulating game of Scrabble at anchor, we went to retrieve the shrimp ring, and had 31 spotted shrimp, enough for a couple of meals. We then headed over to the Burnwood Group where we were able to set anchor, and proceed to explore the islands by kayak, and fish unsuccessfully from the dinghy. Oh, well. They'll be bigger the next time we catch them!

08/24/2014, Viner Sound, Tribune Channel, BC

This morning we were kayaking around the group of small islets that we had anchored in. It was low tide, and the water was very calm. As we returned to 'Julia Max', I noticed hundreds of noseeums on our white hull, dead from tasting the Soft-Scrub residue left on the hull. So as I was splashing the hull to remove all the little dead bugs, my paddle caught too much water, tipped my kayak, and suddenly I was in the cold water trying to figure out how to get on to 'Julia Max'. My life jacket inflated, and after the embarrassment diminished, I dragged the water-filled kayak around to the other side where we had our ladder deployed. Once out of the water, I was stripping cold, wet clothes off, and ready for my second shower of the day. But don't tell anyone.

08/25/2014, Kwatzi Bay, BC

Today was what cruising is all about! The morning marine cloud layer and fog dissipated into a glorious blue sky, sunshine, green forested mountains, and friendships. We came early, and as the day progressed, the docks filled up. We kayaked around the shoreline of the inner bay, took a walk in the woods to see a falls, and spent time looking at fish jumping and water birds flitting around. The potluck dinner brought us all together, and it was great to share stories, and enjoy each other's company. We even met boaters from Steillacoom, WA who knew mutual friends of Sue's dad! Small world isn't it?!

08/26/2014, Port Harvey, BC

While at Kwatsi Bay, the Harbormaster, Max, told us that three days before, so just a few days before we were in Viner Sound, a horrific incident occurred. Transient orcas (that only eat mammals, not fish) as juxtaposed to the fish-eating orca pods in the San Juan Islands came into Viner Sound. Ahead of them, they were chasing, and cornering, a large herd of white-sided dolphins. The 6-8 transient orcas cornered, and proceeded to eat most of the dolphins that were trapped. When we heard this story, we were shocked, having anchored in Viner Sound just a few days after this event. If you can imagine, a boat that was anchored there at the time, took a one hour video of the carnage, before deciding to leave because they couldn't watch anymore of it. This is nature's way: Max said that it seems to happen every few years in Viner Sound, AND he added, it happened in Kwatsi Bay last year with many boaters at the dock watching. Ugh. We recalled our experience up in Alaska in Chatham Channel, and realized that this wolf pack of transient orcas is an active bunch. We heard about similar transients while in the South Pacific, eating large manta rays in the Marquesas and off the southern island of New Zealand.

08/28/2014, Thurston Bay, BC

Leaving at first light, we picked up our shrimp ring and found none.... By 9am Sue rolled out the jib to a following wind, and as the wind built to NW15-20, we sailed at 5.0- 7.0 knots against a 2 knot current. At one point we were heading into a 5 knot current, so we added the engine to the jib's work and squeaked a 2.2-3.5 knots. Anyway we had a few hours of sailing for a change! Sue calculated when the Green Rapids would be at slack to cross into the inner islands at 1pm. By 3:20pm we were in Thurston Bay with the anchor down, having gone 57 miles in 9 hours. Sunny, blue skies remained with us all day.

08/30/2014, Van Donup Inlet, BC

When going through the islands just north of Desolation Sound, you encounter several sets of tidal rapids that must be passed near slack water. At full surge, some of the rapids roar with power that would overwhelm most any boat. Sue read the tide/current tables and determined when we needed to pass Dent Rapids and Yaculta Rapids. Different sections of the approach and the exit are at different times than the advertised ones. So we saw as much as 5.5-9.5+ Speed Over Ground at various points. Once through the rapids it was a cake walk to our next anchorage at Van Donup Inlet.

08/30/2014, Heriot Bay, BC

Heriot Bay is known for the largest grocery in Desolation Sound. Plus they sell propane, and have a laundry facility. We had lunch ashore at the local resort while our laundry was running. After lunch and returning the laundry to the boat, we headed to the grocery, arranged a lift from the grocery to our dinghy, and then headed to 'Julia Max'. Timing is everything, and as we were heading to the boat, the skies were opening up with a hard gusher of a rain squall. We were able to get aboard with provisions, before we got too wet, thank heaven. Much later after the rain had stopped, and the sun came back out, we went for a dinghy ride looking around the nearby islets and shorelines for birds, seeing several shore birds called Surf Bird. It was the first time we had spotted that bird type.

08/30/2014, Deep Bay, BC

As we spent a travel day in the northern Georgia Strait, we took in the Bird Sanctuary at Mittlenatch Island. We spotted 7 varieties of birds from the boat: Harlequin ducks, Surf Scoters, Black Turnstones, Pelagic Cormorants, Double-Crested Cormorants, Crows, and Glaucous-winged Gulls. Later in the day we saw Common Murres, Pigeon Guillemots, Rhinoceros Auklets, Common Loons!, and Red-necked Grebes. The wind was light until mid-day when it started picking up. So we ducked into Deep Bay, and found an anchor spot in 75', near other boats that were on mooring balls. It was a placid night!

08/31/2014, Boat Cove, Lesqueti Island, BC

As we started out the day, we noticed Georgia Strait was bumpy, probably left over from the wind yesterday afternoon. And we managed with a light wind 'on our nose' meaning right in front of us. But by 11am the wind increased to 15 knots, and the waves started to show 'white horses' or white-caps. We considered our options, and decided to head across the channel eleven miles under sail. We used our genoa reefed once, and our mizzen sail (Jib and Jigger), and saw 5-7.5 knots boat speed. Boat Cove is a tiny place out of the wind, and big enough for 'Julia Max'. Then we prepared the boat for tomorrow morning, expecting to sail the last 20 miles to Nanaimo, 3rd largest city on Vancouver Island.

09/01/2014, Nanaimo, BC

We took our cockpit enclosure apart expecting to sail today. The cockpit enclosure interferes with our using the mainsail, so any other time we would just use the jib and mizzen sails. So we were set for some significant sailing, but the wind didn't show up :(Consequently we motored the 20 miles to Nanaimo and Newcastle Harbor. Going ashore we had lunch, then went to a marine chandlery, an electronics shop, a grocery, and, of course, a Starbucks!! Ah, civilization!

09/02/2014, Genoa Bay, BC

After passing through the Dodd Narrows into the Gulf Islands, we were able to sail off and on using jib, mainsail, and mizzen for most of the afternoon. We arrived at Genoa Bay within sight of the Sidney Airport at 5:20pm. Once we set our crab pot, we anchored near the local marina, found that all their services were already closed, and settled into a leisurely dinner aboard 'Julia Max'. This will be our last night in Canada, as we are within range to check into Customs at Roche Harbor on San Juan Island. The return trip through B.C. has been a quick one, and we are eager to return to Portland in the next week.

09/04/2014, Garrison Bay, San Juan Island, WA

We woke up in Genoa Bay, B.C. with one focus in mind, and that was to go to the local bakery for goodies!! Sue served up a crab omelet for breakfast before we dinghied over to the bakery. It was a beautiful morning, wall-to-wall sunshine. We weighed anchor, and motored past the ferry landing at Sidney before running into some wind. The sails went up, the engine turned off, and we were silently making our way to Roche Harbor, WA on San Juan Island where we would go through US Customs entering back into the USA after a four month absence. We then enjoyed visiting a boating couple on s/v Riki-Tiki-Tavi who are a regular call-in on the HAM net that we participate with. Clarke and Nina are such an interesting couple! Then after provisioning, we headed over to an anchorage in Garrison Bay. Tomorrow we will head south to Port Angeles.

09/04/2014, Off Washington State Coast

The weather forecast sounded okay for the trip south from San Juan Island to Astoria, OR. So we headed out from Garrison Bay on SJI at 0615 on placid waters, and with the current with us. We ran around Discovery Point, Trial Island and finally Race Rocks staying off shore sufficiently to avoid any adverse current as the day went on. We stayed on the Canada side of the Straits of Juan de Fuca to manage a more direct line with Cape Flattery, keeping the shipping lanes to our south. The E10-15 knot winds kicked up allowing us to sail some, but the seas were choppy against an incoming current for most of the day. We rounded Cape Flattery, WA at 1810, and headed south with NW10-15 knot winds, sailing under the jib SOG 5.7knots. ETA at the Columbia River Bar will be around 10pm, Saturday night. The moon is out; the stars are out. All is well!

George and Sue

S/V JuliaMax

Denman Island, Canada

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.

