

CHOLLA CHATTER



OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB

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If my calculations are correct,
Honey, we're lost at sea!!



CHOLLA CHATTER

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◀ A BEAUTIFUL CATCH
FOR A DAY'S WORK!

MORE ON PAGE 15



By Mel Jarvis

The Volvo engines are back and I am sure are here to stay. More and more new boats are being powered by the 170, 250, 270, and now the 280. They are very well put together and will give years of service, providing they have your loving care.

As they don't have a water pump in the outdrive, the unit can be run out of water without damage to the drive. But the engine still has to have water. The cooling system is supplied water by a small pump on the front of the engine. It's not a large pump and turns 2 to 1 to engine speed. So it takes very little time to damage the pump if run without water.

If you're one who likes to run out the engine at home before going to the

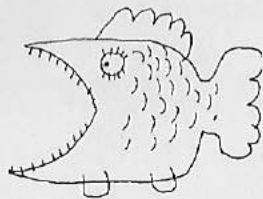
lake or the Bay, Tempo makes a flushette for the Volvo or a standard brass house-type water valve that you can screw your garden hose to can be installed on the suction side of the cooling water pump. Just be sure to close the flushing valve when you finish running your engine.

At the back of the engine on top of the bell housing there is a small grease cup, for supplying lubrication to the output shaft bearings. Many are not aware that it is there. It is hard to see on some boats, impossible on others. Unless the bearing is lubricated, it WILL FAIL. And boy, is that bad, bad, bad.

Close watch should be kept on the U-joint boot to be sure it is in good shape. Water getting in the boot will cause U-joint failure.

It is very important that the outdrive lubrication be kept as clean as possible. Dirty gear lube will effect the shifting mechanism.

Good fishing...



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Joys of Inflation

By Wayne Erickson

To cross the Sea of Cortez at its midriff, from Kino Bay to Bahia San Francisco, to cruise down the coast to Mulege and Conception Bay is nothing new to lots of people. But have you ever attempted such a journey in 19-foot open inflatable Zodiac boats powered by 40 h.p. outboard motors? It becomes even more interesting when you have 23 people in the party and five boats. Some of the people had never been on the sea, others had never camped under the stars, and less than half had ever ridden in an inflatable boat.

I, Wayne Erickson, of Scottsdale, Arizona, recently led such an expedition. The journey took nine days and covered some 320 miles. Campsites included Tiburon Island, Isla San Lorenzo, Rancho Barril, Bahia San Carlos, Bella Vista, Punta Chivato and Bahia de Concepcion.

The party played with the sea lions, chased the whales, played for hours with the porpoise, snorkled, went scuba diving (a portable air compressor was part of the gear), ate fresh fish, lobster, scallops and shrimp — all provided from the sea — and cooked over an open campfire.

The beaches were the bedrooms and the sun, moon and stars the source of light. The joy of the sea and all its life provided the entertainment, spiked by the strum of the guitar in the evening by the campfire.

Getting gas caused some delay as well as adverse winds. Spark plugs fouled more than they should have and a grain of sand in a carburetor slowed us down. The boats proved to be everything that was anticipated of them. They handled the rough water with ease and skimmed the surface when the water was smooth. As the boats were carried up the beach, secure anchorage never presented a problem.

Moments of excitement came when one tube was punctured from inside the boat (this actually happened twice), and again when a hole was cut

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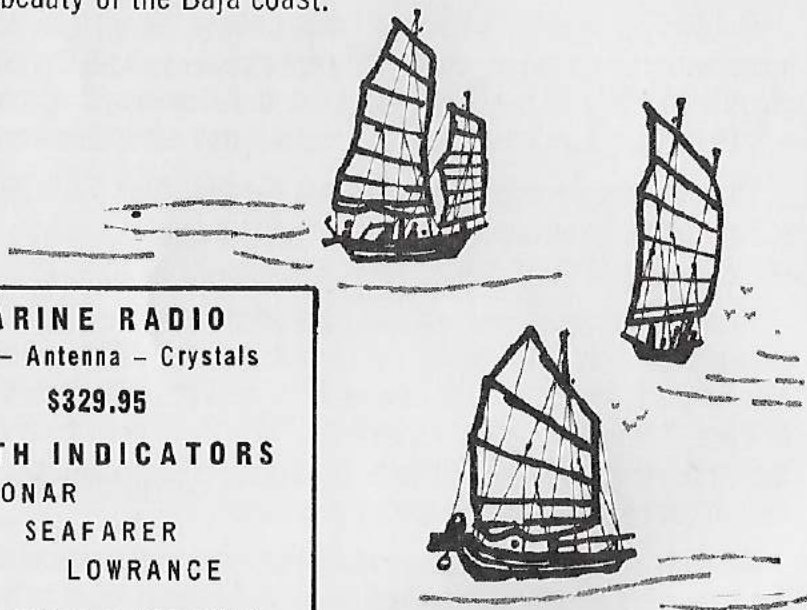


JOYS OF INFLATION, continued

in the floor of a boat (by a beer can) while on the Sea in rough water. One boat passed directly over a giant manta ray with his wing tips exposed on either side of the boat.

The beaches from San Francisquito to Santa Rosalia were as if they expected the first landing of Spanish galleons. A search was made for the legendary pirates' treasure and the fabulous black pearls but to no avail. Perhaps on the next expedition!

Plans are now being made to go from Mulege back to the beauties of Concepcion Bay and then on to Loreto. A brief pause there and then on to La Paz. The passengers will be new adventurers but the means will be the same. This represents a new and different way to explore the wonders and beauty of the Baja coast.



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By Mel Jarvis

For the past two or three years, Search & Rescue has harped on Buddy Boating...and it really has paid off many times over. I'm sure many of you have found this out in the past.

At the start of this year, Search & Rescue has added harping on Equipment. What you should carry in your boat as safety equipment. Many of the boats I have been in or looked into while at the Bay were all pretty well equipped.

If you're not sure just what you should carry as safety equipment, any of the Search & Rescue team will be happy to help. Also, ask Betty at the Radio Shack for a safety equipment card. This is a good guide for equipping your boat.

Also, please fill out the card so we will have it on file at the Radio

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Shack. This will tell us how you are equipped; we'll know what to expect if we have to come after you, and how long you can get by with the food and water listed on your card.

Some time ago we asked everyone to put either the boat name or your name on your trailer. With so many trailers alike it becomes a guessing game sometimes, trying to figure out which boat goes with which trailer. You see, every now and then, someone won't turn in the pink slip, or doesn't check out at all. So when there is one trailer left on the beach and no more pink slips, we start guessing. Or, if there are two trailers on the beach and only one pink slip. You see what I mean...? This is where the guessing game starts unless there is a name on the trailer. It's as simple as that

Also, it would help the launchers in getting your trailer on a busy weekend.

Safe boating. See you at the Bay
S & R Chairman



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We have mentioned that a radio telephone must operate efficiently when you need it. This includes operation when you are underway. Electrical noise from your engines and other electrical equipment aboard can render your telephone useless.

The worst offender will be the ignition system of gasoline engine powered boats. Generators on both gasoline and diesel engines, auxiliary generators, electric motors on refrigerators, bilge pumps, fans, etc., must be filtered for quiet radio reception.

Unfortunately, there is no hard and fast rule for the elimination of noise. It is best to attack the problem systematically. The ignition system can be filtered by use of a shielding kit. Kits are made to fit most common gasoline marine engines. These shields are easily installed in a very short time, can be removed for spark plug servicing in less than a minute and have no effect on the performance of the engine. These kits are inexpensive and contain the necessary materials and instructions for a complete installation. Engine shielding kits are quite effective and will remove up to 100% of the noise.

Auxiliary generators are quieted down by condenser installations. Condensers of the highest quality, in metal cans should be used. We recommend that a capacity of 1.0mfd be used. They are of greater capacity than the condensers normally used in automobile radio installations. The same condensers can be used to filter the other motors. Condensers are installed at the generator armature terminal, or, in extreme cases, directly on each brush holder. The metal can is connected to the generator frame. **Never** connect a condenser to the field terminal of a generator. The inevitable result is extensive odors and noises from the generator vicinity.

The voltage regulator on the large generator is frequently a source of troublesome noise. Before attempting any filtering on the regulator, have the unit cleaned and adjusted by an expert. If noise is still present, install condensers on the armature terminal of the regulators. Again, **do not** put a condenser on the field terminal.

Another, more frequent source of noise is caused by the rotation of the propeller shaft in its various bearings. This rotation causes static electricity discharge. If noise is present when the vessel is underway but goes away when you throw the engine out of gear, you most probably have "shaft noise." This noise can usually be eliminated by installing phosphor bronze "fingers" in such a way as to allow wiping contact with the shaft. The "finger" is then connected to the engine block with a heavy wire.

Diesel engines, of course, have no ignition system and, therefore, need no shields. The generators must be filtered just as they are for gasoline engines.

Other electrical accessories such as fans, bilge pumps, electric toilets, fresh water system motors, etc. are an annoying source of noise because they never seem to run except when you are in the middle of an important conversation. These units can be noise suppressed by means of condensers. Again your radio technician can be of invaluable aid.

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impressions of the baja voyage

Excerpts from a 45-page manuscript...

MAY 25, 1974 Saturday – All of us suddenly awake at 1:00 in the morning, talking quietly through the night. What a way to start our adventure. My first experience in sleeping aboard any boat, and I must admit that I didn't count it as being anywhere close to my favorite experience. Decided to forego the scheduled champagne breakfast; everybody too excited to eat. Radios coming alive as headings for the day are discussed. All six boats underway at a very slow speed to avoid Hector's "Manana Maybe" which had been anchored near us through the night. Set our course for on a 270 degree heading to clear the point, then 170 and running a little faster to get on plane. Still very dark at 4 a.m.; watching running lights of our flotilla. "Sea Gull" dropping farther and farther behind. Dave and Theresa made the decision to return to Cholla, not attempt trip with overloaded boat unwilling to get on plane and throwing oil.

The sea is like a mirror – hard to believe that it is so capable of treachery. About 4 hours out switched to a 160 degree course for a direct heading toward Isla Angel de la Guardia, which we sighted about 8:45 a.m. The air is clear and the sun shining brightly. Saw seals, sea lions, a turtle, sharks, numerous birds far from land, and my first view of whales other than in captivity. What a thrill to see parts of them surface and to see them blowing in the distance. Didn't have any desire to get too close – they are so huge. We had sighted the island from so far off that it took forever before we seemed close to it. Clusters of rock looking like gigantic people squaring off for a fight.

Arrived at Puerto Refugio at 11:15 a.m. Channel shows depth of 160 feet. Weird rock formations separated into islands; one almost in the middle that from one angle looks like spires of rock atop a huge circle like a diamond ring setting. "Dondos" and "CJ" exploring all the coves while the others are fishing. Jellyfish floating by – so fragile and so beautiful. Beached the two boats on one small island to explore. Seals barking to show they resent our intrusion. Baby birds nestled in every rock cranny. Newly hatched but only a few weeks old, still in snowy fluff. Gulls and Pelicans the only ones I can name. Shriill cries from the mothers when we ventured too near the babies. No more jellyfish in the water here. Picked up shells for my collection. Verlene discovering the perfect specimen of driftwood as her souvenir. Don calmly tying this 4-foot long log to the railing beneath the hard top and not paying any attention to the good-natured kidding from the other men – who were undoubtedly afraid their women would want similar trophies. A combined series of hops, clutches and sprawls got me back aboard and we left to hunt for a suitable anchorage for the night.

Found a small sandy cove that would suit our purposes admirably. The "Pelican" anchoring first as they were unable to use their reverse gears. Soon joined by the others, all tied together

BY RUTH LA PORTE

PART 2: WE'RE UNDERWAY AT LAST

facing out. More jellyfish here but Carol and Michelle paddled the small dinghy ashore and returned with a lovely Pink Murex they had found in a graveyard of shells. Early dinner, and I noticed that Bub did the dishes for Peg but I didn't notice that his sterling example was copied by any other man in the party.

Sitting on the fantail admiring the quarter moon and the myriad stars. A beautiful night – quiet, calm and cool. Can't help but think of the Conners and wish they were with us too.

MAY 26, 1974 (Sunday) – "Penney's Pride" not at same anchorage as when we turned in. Found out that at about 3 that morning one mighty lonesome whale decided that she was a suitable mate – certainly big and strong enough – and with lovesick eyes got entangled in their anchor line, bringing everyone on the boat awake in a hurry. It didn't take Bob long to get out of there to moor closer in out of the channel and decidedly out of reach of any such designing male whale. Many whales blowing very early this morning. Half-heard them all night long. You can really smell them too which rather surprised me.

Carol and I did housekeeping chores and a little light laundry with sea water. The water does not seem nearly as salty on this side of the Sea of Cortez and nothing is as stiff when washed with it as at Cholla.

Had to use starting fluid to get engines going. Cruising at 2000 rpm's. Yellowtail boiling all around us – fishing lines going out all around us too. Bill at the wheel heading for the furthest channel north. Can see another fake channel too that would sure rip the bottom out of any boat if any were foolish enough to try to get through there without knowing the area. Very deceptive looking at high tide but even then the reefs are close to the surface. The fishermen having a ball, throwing yellowtail back as fast as they boat them. The challenge is in playing them and outsmarting them – not in killing them. They are good eating, but we have no way of keeping them.

Running very slow in the channel with a direct heading straight towards the huge white rock we can see now. The "Pelican" taking the lead with the depth finder and the other boats falling in line behind. All the chart says is to take a heading on the white rock within a reasonable distance of it. The question is, what is a reasonable distance? We will soon find out. Mountains of rock on either side of the channel with hidden and not-so-hidden reefs like seals popping their heads on the surface. Tide going out so the water is a little sloppy. Arlyse calling in to inquire if anybody knows how to make turtle soup, which broke the tension a bit. They had boated one but it wasn't hurt so they released it.

That so-called reasonable distance turns out to be almost touching that white rock. The color is due to bird guano – must have been a tremendous number of birds that have used that jagged

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GROUP AUTO POLICY FOR C.B.S.C. MEMBERS

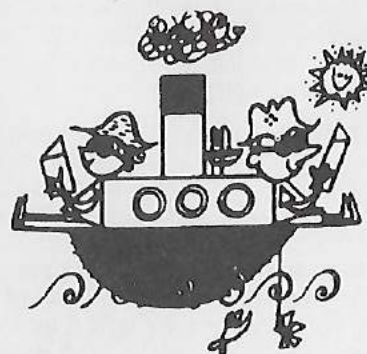
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peak as a perch throughout the years. "Pelican" heading off on what looks like a tangent. Bub's got a whopper on his line... a 22 lb. yellowtail. He's got the fly bridge rigged so he can fish and operate his boat at the same time. Talk about comfort! Through the channel and into the Canal de las Ballenas (Canal of the Whales), heading straight for the slot between the right side of Smith Island and the Baja mainland.

Hit slick water again, just like yesterday. Boats are gliding just like swans on glass. No whales on this side of Angel Island. Either this channel has been misnamed or it is the wrong time of year for their passage in and around the channel named for them. Angel Island is huge - didn't realize it would look as large as the mainland of Mexico. Towering cliffs and barren rock reflected in the still water as mirror images. The only bright hue is the blue of water and sky and the varied colors in the canopies of our flotilla. In the slot between Smith Island and Baja seal heads popping up all over as if they were corks bobbing in the water.

Many people on the beaches as we enter the bay at Bahia Los Angeles. Saw a few small planes taking off and landing from the air strip. Quite a small settlement with rows of buildings in a line facing the sandy beach. Most of them look like cabins. Other than a few green trees here and there, there is no color... no flowers around any building. Apparently fresh water might be a problem. One old wooden boat anchored but completely dry locked on its side on shore. Wonder if it could float if the tide were in.

Anchoring as near shore as we dare, all five of our boats tying up together. About 15 or 20 children playing and splashing in the water. This being Sunday they are taking advantage of it not being a school day. They must bus the children to school somewhere. Now comes the hard work. We all need gas... and this is our very first fuel stop. Joe paddling a dinghy in with Bill as passenger. Bill has been elected interpreter and better start dredging up his little used Spanish from memory fast. He will remain on shore at the gas station keeping tab on the number of liters used by our boats. Good thing he did too, because the services at the sole pump were interrupted by cars being filled too. When the attendant noticed that Bill was writing down every time he stopped and started and what the figures read, he gave up in disgust on his own count after that many interruptions and used Bill's count instead. Meanwhile, at Claude's suggestion, belaying ropes were attached to the dinghy so it could be pulled from shore to boats and back again ferrying the exchange of full 5 gallon gas cans and 15 gallon barrels for empties.

Caroll and I changed into swimsuits and joined the children in the water, but when something nipped my toes I wasted no time heading back to the boat. The water was murky and none too clean... never did get to the beach.

Claude went ashore to talk Mama Dias into selling him some ice, but somehow his best blarney didn't make much of an impression... or maybe he was using the wrong gestures. She was determined to sell a small piece with an asking price of \$5.00. Claude insisting that he wanted a big block. Until finally she threw the small piece back into the ice house saying, 'No want - no sell.' He wasn't any more successful in making dinner arrangements. Mama Dias wanted \$3.00 apiece - payment in advance - and she would serve 'something' at 5 sharp. Claude trying to find out what was on the menu and Mama Dias sticking to her guns that it was none of his business. Needless to say, none of our group had dinner ashore that night.

I guess Phyllis and Nancy had better luck with their haggling. They came back with both milk and ice plus one six-pack of beer. She was asking for and getting \$3 for a six-pack, from both native born and tourists alike. One price for all - take it or leave it. The price of gas was cheaper for Mexicans than for Americans though. We had to pay 81c a gallon plus 3% tax, while the Mexicans were charged 9c less a gallon and no tax.

Bill had reached an agreement with two young Mexican boys as recruits to carry the gas cans to and from the station to the beach while Harvey and Joe manhandled the containers aboard the boats to start the tedious job of pouring gas into thirsty tanks. They bore the brunt of the hard physical labor. Harvey was badly burned when gas slopped all over his feet. He didn't realize until too late that his socks were sopping up that gas like a sponge. His feet were beet red for days afterward - it must have been agony for him but he never mentioned it. Bob Pennington was

burned on his backside - never did say how he managed that - and my Don under the armpit when he was treading water trying to hold the dinghy tight to the boats so the cans could be transferred. How Joe Janusz avoided hitting his head on a prop when he flipped from the deck into the water while attempting to lift a full 15 gallon barrel from the dinghy I'll never know. Toward the last the boys were rolling the cans not only in the sand but also right into the water before it was noticed and a stop put to that practice.

It took almost five hours, but finally all the tanks were full and the last spare container full. The breakdown on the gas consumption for the first run of 172 miles was interesting:

"Aguarius"	128 gallons	"Pelican"	85 gallons
"Penney's Pride"	123 gallons	"Dondos"	65 gallons
"CJ"	104 gallons		

A total of 1,932 liters were pumped which broke down into a little over 510 gallons. We know that quite a bit was spilled during the refueling operation.

Left Bahia Los Angeles to look for the good anchorage on Bub's chart and the one that Mama Dias had condescended to tell Bill and Carol about. Our engines almost stopped - either water in the gas or a blockage in the fuel line. Continuing on slowly. Anchored at Don Juan Cove - a very pretty place; quite large really, with good protection on all three sides. Beautiful cove, but even here the results of so-called civilization can be seen in the remains of garbage and cook fires strewn about on a small spit of rock just flat enough to camp on. Again barren crags surround us. They too are beautiful in the half-light of the moon. Facing in the direction of Bahia Los Angeles, one narrow reef juts out from high cliffs to attach to the base of another high rock face so it is possible to look through this jagged notch to see the dim light of another boat running back and forth - what I take to be a nocturnal fisherman. Lovely sight.

People milling about from boat to boat. Breakfast champagne with supper. Bill showing off his aquatic prowess by making graceful (?) back dives from the stern of "Penney's Pride" ... until the Penningtons' caught a shark. Bill decided he was cooled off fine then.

MAY 27, 1974 (Monday - Memorial Day) - Up early and this is the first morning I've noticed dampness. Small droplets have collected on just about everything; even the decks are slick, creating a small hazard. Bill is starting the engines. I really hate to leave beautiful San Juan Cove but we are all eager to continue our voyage. Cannot see the islands on the port side and are following the Baja coastline down. Much choppy water. Later the islands reappear and Bill reads their names off his chart as we pass. Getting a bad cross chop, but the scenery is gorgeous. Huge mountain ranges, folded one behind the other on the Baja mainland. Wispy cotton-candy clouds at rest on the highest summits.

We went ten miles out of our way to hug the shore only to find the contour of the land offers no protection at all. Just as rough near shore as out. Wind at 25 knots. Finally coming up to round San Francisquito Point. The whole sea is pouring down our windshield... like the boat had become a submarine. Rock cliffs on the Point were too close for comfort and in switching tanks we

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

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By Jane Putnam

For some years now, most of the cakes we have served up have come out of a box or out of the frozen food counter at the supermarket. It was a real treat for self and family, then, when we rediscovered an old recipe an aunt gave us years and years ago. Not only good, but easy too!

Fudge Cake

In a large saucepan over medium heat, boil until thick

1/2 cup water and
2 squares of bitter chocolate.

Add: 1/2 cup butter, melt, remove from burner, then add:

1 cup sugar
1 egg
1-3/4 cups flour and
1 tsp. baking powder sifted with flour.

Mix, then add 1/2 cup boiling water with 1 tsp. baking soda added to it, and mix thoroughly again.

Pour into a greased cake pan, bake in a moderate oven about 350 degrees F., for about 15 minutes or less.

White Frosting

Melt a lump of butter in 2 Tbsp. of milk. Add, along with 1/2 tsp. of vanilla, to 1-1/2 cups confectioner's sugar and beat until creamy. (Add more milk or more sugar as needed for perfect spreading consistency.)

This recipe can be made in a small square cake pan, with a couple of minis as a dividend, or in a rectangular pan. If you have a heart-shaped pan, make it for Valentine's Day...or try cupcakes...it's a really yummy cake. Dark and rich but not too sweet!



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◀ L. E. RODGERS OF THE "SEA WEE" WITH 78 lb. WHITE SEA BASS

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RAY PARKER WEIGHS IN 50 lb. WHITE SEA BASS



▲ PETE SCOTT AND LEW FRAZIER POSTING NO PARKING SIGNS



◀ BETTY AT WORK DURING THE DERBY...

impressions CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

had engine problems. "Penney's Pride" stood off between us and the rocks, and "Dondos" circled like a mother hen trying to herd her chicks. Only two minutes passed till the trouble was fixed but it seemed like an eternity.

Heading toward San Francisquito and hitting seaweed with the props. Seas are less rough but far from calm. There are lots of lovely inlets and coves all around this area, but we are looking for just the one which is reputed to be hard to find. Finally sighted the narrow opening which leads into the cove.

The neck opens up into a fairly large area with rock walls on either side and a sand dune a few feet from the water's edge, straight ahead of us. A motor sailor, the "C Jule" and another small boat are already at anchor, and another comes along behind our flotilla. We all beach on the sand - no rocks. We had had considerable leakage through a window in the hatch so we all spent time hanging towels and bedding out to dry. Finally got some free time and like an idiot stood around watching the men fill up the gas tanks from the extra cans. Took us nearly 6 hours to cover 40 or 50 miles... Bill made arrangements with some local men in a truck to deliver gas to us from a town 8 kilometers away.

The tide is coming in and the warm water is full of skates. Walked the shoreline exploring a bit but didn't find any of what I call good shells. Most of them were broken and green with age. Just up from the beach area were huge beds of split oyster shells. We learned later that this was a pearling area at one time and the pearlers had come ashore in this cove to dump the shucked oysters. Not too far from the beach was the remnant of a truck trailer body - no wheels, no axles, just a little bit of the aluminum sides still standing. It looked like a shack from a distance. The front end was full of bags filled with big chunks of salt. No reason we know of for it being there unless it was used in pearling at one time. There were campers even in this remote cove; a four-wheel drive vehicle and a tent, and several men in trucks.

Still no gas truck.. Moored in deeper and cooler water for the night. Very cloudy, no stars, only glimpses of the moon through the clouds. Wind today had been up to 30 mph and the radio said it had been 109 degrees in Phoenix. Glad I'm here.

MAY 28, 1974 (Tuesday) - The man arrived with 200 gallons of gas in barrels on his truck - after a drive of 17 miles - and apologized for not showing up the night before as he had been sick. He has a wife and 10 children. Was very friendly and helpful... and charged only 65c a gallon! For the record, the breakdown is as follows:

"Penney's Pride"	56.0 gallons	"C J"	32.5 gallons
"Aquarius"	43.5 gallons	"Dondos"	30.0 gallons
"Pelican"	36.0 gallons	TOTAL	198.0 gallons

In open water by 7:45 a.m. but the fog is so thick we cannot see each others boats. The radio on the "Pelican" will transmit but not receive. Voted to turn back to San Francisquito... can't even see the shoreline. Later we had an exploratory trip into the sea again... Visibility fairly good, sea still swelling, but the wind is coming up.

Bill made arrangements for a taxi to pick us up at noon for a sightseeing tour of the area and it came right on time. Two young Mexican nationals driving a ton-and-a-half 1932 Ford stake-bed truck. We were all eager for our taxi ride and jumped off the bows to wade ashore, but somehow Claude managed to sit in the water instead. Without too much ado and laughter Arlyse, Claude (wet clothes and all), Joe, Michelle, Carol, Don and I clambered into the back of that truck, while Bill nonchalantly squeezed into the front with the drivers. Since Bill is the only one who can even attempt

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to converse in Spanish we are all well pleased with the arrangement. Bill missed the best part of that wild ride though. It was really fun to hang onto loose, splintery, wooden slats while we were driven over the sand dunes and down the winding dirt road as fast as they could go. The airstrip is in a dry lake bed that has been made into a 3000-foot runway. The runway is also the road and at the speed we were going it felt like we were taxiing for take-off. At the end of the strip was a picture book setting of separate thatch-roofed huts overlooking a beautiful sandy beach sloping gently down toward the sea. This place is just around the point and directly in back of our anchorage in the cove. Maybe it's a mile and a half across. Bill heard about this semi-private club when he made the arrangements for the tour, but it's a complete surprise for the rest of us.

It is called San Francisquito at Bahia Santa Teresa. The club caters to guests arriving mostly in private planes although a few boaters stay too. There is no protected harbor here and boats must anchor in the same cove as we did, which perhaps explains the traffic the other day. The different huts are bar and lounge, dining area, kitchen, rest rooms, and private sleeping quarters. Except for the rest rooms and perhaps the sleeping quarters which are a little more enclosed but are also built in the same airy design, all the huts have partial walls on three sides with a wide open area toward the roof. The remaining side is the front built with a low rock wall ledge - perfect for sitting upon - with the rest of the space completely open to a gorgeous view of the sea. The huts are light, airy, spacious and very cool. Inside, the supports were huge crossbeams of wood while the roofs were tin. I suppose the thatch on top of the metal is for coolness as well as for appearance. Our drivers doubled as bartenders. Everything was spotlessly clean, prices were reasonable: mixed drinks \$1, beer 50c, large RC cola 35c a bottle. We were invited to stay for lunch at \$2.50 apiece, and joined the self-service line. Helped ourselves to delicious tortillas, rice dish of some sort, beans, and a very spicy stew which seemed to consist mainly of chicken wings.. Everyone was seated family style at picnic tables and benches and the view was grand. The fog bank later reached 8000 feet - that's quite a fog! Glad we hadn't rushed off this a.m.

Back at the cove our other boats are still fishing... have promised a fish fry for tonight. Bob caught a 20 lb. grouper, the others were pulling in cabrilla and a pinto. Potluck supper and the fish. Sun setting in a real red sky. Mullet making jumps in the water, birds having a time for themselves diving for food.

MAY 29, 1974 (Wednesday) - Getting an early start we skim through patches of fog, barely making out our other boats' running lights. The sea a bit rough and it looks like a fog bank up ahead but sun breaking through in flashes. A shark jumped clear out of the water straight up doing a tight rope act on his tail. Wonder why. Many fins jutting out of the water all around us. Swerving boat to avoid them. Sure hate to go swimming here. Passed San Marcos Island. Down to the last

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

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of our gas as we enter the mouth of the Bay of Conception. Beautiful place, but the water really is shallow. Have to hug the channel at the base of lighthouse rock. This is a fresh water river and the banks are thick with palm trees. Cannot see many buildings as the town of Mulege lies hidden further upriver. We tie up at the gas dock, having tried the wrong one first, which is built into a protected projection of lighthouse rock.

The owner, Fernando Alonso, graciously offered his facilities as a base for our stay in Mulege. Our flotilla was increased by one more boat here with the addition of the "Natalie II", another 26-foot Tollycraft. Royden and Natalie Lebrecht with their daughter Natalie had brought their boat over from Guaymas to join the Penningtons', who were friends of friends. Mulege had been without lights and power for two days and they didn't know when the break between Santa Rosalia would be repaired, but it felt good to get on dry land again after traveling 110 miles in six hours. Fernando was without gas but expected some by truck that night. His facilities are clean and well planned and he has every right to be proud of his two year old enterprise. He speaks English well... had been a teacher of math and business subjects in Mexico City.

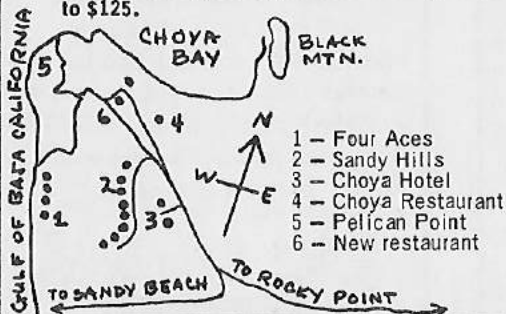
Some of us wanted to go into town, and after a mix-up about transportation got a ride in the back of a truck. The roads are dirt, of course, quite narrow and very bumpy, with overhanging clumps of bushes and palm fronds. If two vehicles meet, one backs up until there is a place wide enough to pass. The track winds along the river bank, then slopes uphill to follow a slightly higher elevation into the village proper.

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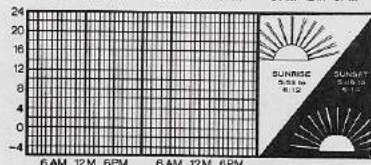
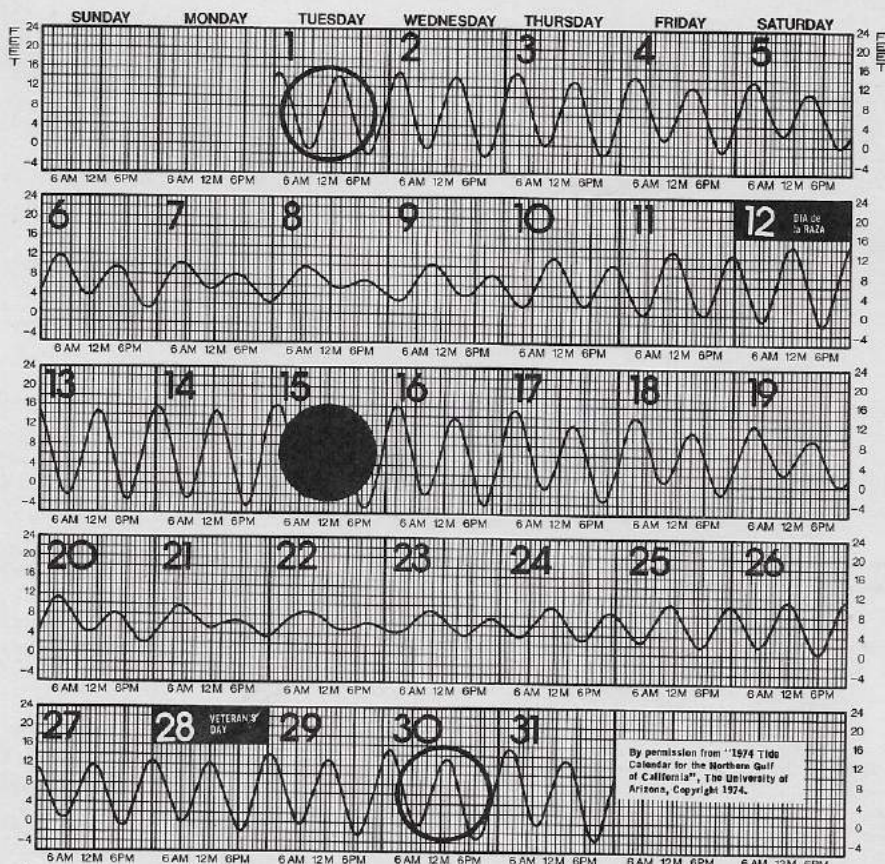
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