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NOVEMBER 1973





## CHOLLA CHATTER

Official Publication  
of the

CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMAN'S CLUB, INC.  
P. O. Box 7171, Phoenix, Ariz. 85011

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# CALENDAR OF EVENTS

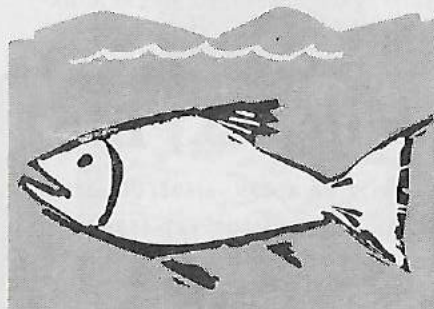
DECEMBER 10, 1973 7 P.M.  
TUCSON POTLUCK

DECEMBER 11, 1973 6:30 P.M.  
PHOENIX POTLUCK



**BIG 10** - By Bob Bos

On October 9th I once again attended the Phoenix meeting. My reason for going was to award Jack Gill the Big 10 Trophy and Patch that he worked so hard for. The Dolphin fish was his last one on the card to fill. By the way, he bought another card and is starting over again...



CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB

## BIG 10

TYPE FISH	SIZE REQ	SIZE CAUGHT	VERIFIED BY
★ SAILFISH	ANY	22 1/2	Betty Capen
★ GROOPER	30 LBS	58 lbs	John Jarvis
★ DOLPHIN	15 LBS	15	John Jarvis
★ PINTO	15 LBS	19 1/2	John Jarvis
★ SEA TROUT	5 LBS		
★ MACKEREL	8 LBS	6 1/2	John Jarvis
★ SHARK	80 LBS	100	John Jarvis
★ PARGO	15 LBS	17 1/2	John Jarvis
★ COTCHI	5 LBS	5 1/2	John Jarvis
★ SKIPJACK	8 LBS	6 1/8	John Jarvis
★ LADYFISH	2 LBS		
★ BLACK BASS	60 LBS		
★ SARDINERO	10 LBS	15 lbs	Betty Capen

NAME Jack Gill  
ADDRESS 6099 N. 21st St. Phoenix

★ REQUIRED FISH

★ ALTERNATE



**BIG 10 WINNER**



## Hands Across the Border..... By Norma Zimmerman

The hand of Manuel Gutierrez of Rocky Point, Sonora, Mexico, was outstretched to many Amigos in Tucson this 15th day of October, 1973. Manuel is known to many of you through Hector and Betty Munroe of Cholla Bay. He is a day laborer for many of us; building, painting, cleaning or whatever he is asked to do. Manuel has a wife and six children to care for and the welfare of his family means a lot to him.

Manuel has had eye problems and needed the attention of an Eye Doctor. Through a good Cholla Bay Sportsmans' Club member, Oscar Newman, this was made possible. Dr. Sherwood Burr was contacted and offered his services and those of his staff whenever Manuel could come to his office. (Two delightful young ladies were translators.) Bob Morris provided transportation for Manuel from Cholla Bay on Sunday and Frank and Norma Zimmerman made available their home (And by the way, if one has never done this, it is a joyful experience. The light in their eyes to see our luxuries, that we take so much for granted!)

There was a long anxious wait for Manuel at the Doctor's office on Monday, because there was no appointment. In mid-afternoon, Dr. Burr examined Manuel and then called in a consultant, Dr. Kronfeld, retired. A most gracious gentleman who has worked with Indians and eye diseases throughout his lifetime. Their findings were Trachoma!!! Eye drops, donated by the doctors and a capsule by mouth were prescribed, with Dr. Burr offering a follow-up visit in about one month at Cholla Bay, to check Manuel and also hopefully, to check Sra. Gutierrez and the children, as Glaucoma is contagious.

Danny, the pharmacist at Mead's Pharmacy, was so kind to donate the first month's supply of capsules and even typed the dosage in Spanish!

Bob Bos and Charlie Nelson came to the Zimmerman's Monday evening to extend a hand of welcome to Manuel. Many phone calls were made to interested CBSC members - Lila Erickson, Dr. Baumeister and all others who had been interested and helpful along the way.

At an early hour (6:00 A.M.) on Tuesday, Chris Tatum came to take Manuel back to Cholla Bay, to his beloved country that he missed so much, even though away for such a short time.

How does anyone say Thank You to so many? - There is only one way - In the words of Manuel as he left on Tuesday, "Gracias, Mi Amigo!"

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CLUB MEMBER

## Restrained, Intelligent Shell Collecting . . .

By Nonie McKibbin

The conservation-minded shell collector has new responsibilities. Because of population pressures and because of increased mobility of the populace, the malacological traffic across the Mexican border has increased greatly, and certain shell animals have been overcollected. Instead of taking a representative sample, many a collector takes all he can find of a population. To keep an area continually productive, I have long urged friends to take one of a kind and preferably shells with no live animal inside, and to return turned-over rocks to their original positions to preserve the many forms of life there. This is your part and my part to preserve an ecological balance in the areas we enjoy.

The urgency of the situation has resulted in a:

### "SHELL COLLECTOR'S CODE OF ETHICS"

Because I appreciate our heritage of wildlife and natural resources,  
I will make every effort to protect and preserve them, not only for my own future enjoyment, but for the benefit of generations to come,  
I will make sure that I leave things as I found them,  
I will return rocks, boulders, kelp and toher sea weeds to their original positions after looking beneath them,  
I will refill the holes I dig,  
I will take only those specimens that I know I can clean and use,  
I will avoid taking flawed or juvenile specimens, leaving them to grow to maturity and propagate,  
I will never knowingly deplete an area of an entire species-population,  
I will respect the property rights of others and treat public land as I would the property of my friends and collect on private beaches only with the owner's permission,  
I will leave behind no trash or litter and discard no burning material.

Some of the above material was taken from A. Myra Keen's new edition of SEA SHELLS OF THE TROPICAL WEST AMERICA. It is a wonderful book for the hobbyist or the scientist collecting anywhere in the Sea of Cortez. It describes about 3,340 species including nudibranchs and chitons. Its price is \$29.50 and it's well worth it.



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# NEWS RELEASE

From The News Bureau, University of Arizona:

## DUNE BUGGIES AND FISHERMEN IMPERIL SAND-SPAWNING GRUNIONS

Grunions spawn on the beaches of the Gulf of California by day as well as night – a unique adaptability that may prove to be their undoing.

University of Arizona marine biologists told the Academy of Science, which met in the Spring of 1973 on the Tucson campus, that dune buggies and indiscriminate fishermen imperil the small fish.

The grunions, a slender, soft-spined silversides, wash up on the sand to spawn and lay their eggs. With mysterious precision, as many as a million of them per beachfront mile do this every two weeks from January to May – during the descending series of high tides.

Dr. Donald A. Thomson, UA curator of fishes, and Kevin A. Muench said that they "must have not only a 'clock' and a 'tide gauge' but their own 'computers' to predict the changing tide levels along the spawning beaches."

There are only two species of grunions in the world, one off Southern California and the other in the upper Gulf of California. But unlike its Californiacousin, which spawns only at night, the Mexican species also spawns in daylight. Thomson and Muench said this makes it peculiarly susceptible to such predators as gulls, sharks, rays, and now, man.

"There's a great fear that people may be taking too many, and that the grunion might become endangered. Some fishermen even are using them for bait," they reported.

"Dune buggies and other beach vehicles can destroy millions of grunion eggs if they are driven over the narrow band of sand just below the high-water mark. The gulf grunion deserves all the protection we can give it, so that we all may continue to enjoy its fascinating spring migration."

The largest concentrations of spawning grunions may be seen at San Felipe, and relatively few at Puerto Penasco.

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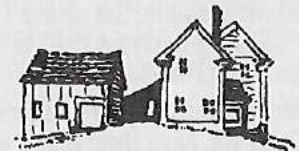


For years I've been telling you how much damage salt can do to your rig. The other day I saw the results of salt damage that was hard to believe, (take heed you Merc Cruiser owners) on the port side of the outdrive (standing at the back of the boat) there is a small hole, this hole drains off the water that collects in a small unused cavity in the gear case. If this drain hole plugs up, salt water will lay in the cavity until it evaporates, leaving a small salt deposit. This goes on each time the boat is used until the cavity fills with salt. As you know, salt expands as it dries. In the case of this outdrive, it was not used for two or three months, and this allowed the salt to dry and expand. The pressure built up by the expanding salt caused the side of the housing to be pushed out and cracked.

As the crack was cleaned out, it became a hole the size of my finger. I found that not only had the salt caused the drive housing to crack because of pressure, but it had eaten part of the housing away from the inside. So do make it a point to be sure to check the wee small drain hole and that it is open. A small wire worked well and no damage can be done by your poking it into the hole. all you like – and as far as you like – just don't lose the wire in the hole.

Something new for the OMC V8 200-210-215 and up. As most of you know by now,

we have a new type of gear grease called Sea-Lube. This is not supposed to be used in the tilt clutch housing. We have been told that on the outdrives powered by V8 engines, Sea-Lube is not doing the job. So OMC has a new additive that will help the new Sea-Lube do the job it was designed to do. You V8 owners stop by your favorite marine shop and pick up a tube or have your mechanic do it for you. OMC says this is a 'must' for the V8s 200 horse power and up.





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By Mel Jarvis

"MAYDAY... MAYDAY." If there is anything that turns Search & Rescue on, it's a Mayday call.

"Mayday" means that you need help, NOW. You're sinking, or you're on fire, or are in immediate danger.

If your engine won't run, or your outdrive has locked up, or you are out of gas, call Cholla, tell Betty your problem, drop the hook, run up your red Help Me flag (be sure it's large enough to be seen at a distance — a small one is hard to see until you are right up to the boat in distress), open a beer and do some fishing. We will make sure you're back on your trailer in the fastest time possible. But please THINK before you make a Mayday call. Is your problem really that bad?

Have you checked your life jackets lately? Do you have them where you can get them in a hurry if you need them? Are you sure each of your crew knows how to put one on, and do you have the right sizes for your crew? The time to find out isn't when you need them. You may not have the time.

## Letter from a CONCERNED MEMBER

Suggest more attention be given to safety at the dock. Personal vehicles, foot traffic, launching and swimming in so confined an area can be hazardous. Especially during weekends such as the Derby. Will eventually end in a serious accident.

Fireworks are also distracting at this time. Private launchers should be removed from the immediate unloading area during the day, and away from the water's edge. Children should be prohibited from swimming in the line of in-coming boats. Granted that most of them should be under the supervision of their parents. But most of us know the results of a propeller on a human. Those who don't should be made aware. Some one from Rocky Point with authority is needed. Some one who will insist that guidelines be followed before an accident does occur.

For those few who do not seem to be aware: a note in the C/C regards a group not standing in the area of the boat after the launch operator has unhooked the boat from the trailer. Also a reminder that the radio shack is operating under the direct supervision of the Port Captain and that the operator's requests should be adhered to.

I. C. Chapius



## THE LISTENING SHELL OF PHOENIX

By Mary Fran Taylor

We made national news again in the Rocky Point area. Sunset Magazine, Sept. issue carried an article about an architect's home in Las Canchas. You've probably seen it... on the beautiful Gulf side.

Don't know how long our baseball team will keep playing — maybe all winter. The games are fun to attend and the uniforms are a beautiful sky blue with maroon trim. Razella Frazier can attest to the fun: she came out with a black eye from one game, and she wasn't even playing.

Two of our members have filled their Big 10 cards and are wearing their patches and showing off their trophies. Verlene Barber and Jack Gill.

We hear that George Rogers lacks just the dolphin to fill his card. One of our brand new members, Jack Skinner, went out and nailed himself a sail. That's the way to greet a new member.

Our first potluck dinner meeting was a howling and over filling success. In fact, we are planning another one for the December meeting. All are welcome. We'll eat while the election board tallies the votes.

The Carl Maletichs were down for a week in Cholla. The water was great. They went fishing on a heading 210 when suddenly they were surrounded by porpoise — big ones and baby ones, so he shut off the motor and they watched the great numbers of porpoise. As suddenly as they came they disappeared. It was unbelievable.

Hear the streets in Cholla are in sad shape with holes big enough to drop a car out of sight. So drive with care.

Keep reading your Chatter to find out if the dues increase has passed, and also remember membership is delinquent January 1st. The Chatter will be cut off in February.

So, til next month... that's all. See you at the Bay.

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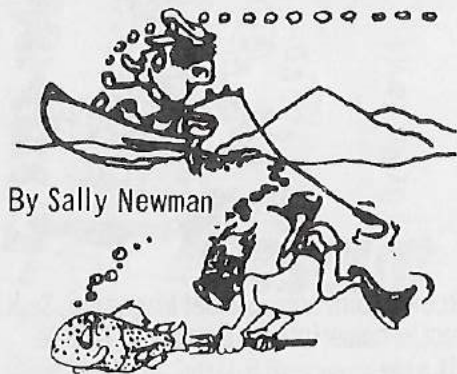
Main Highway to Cholla Bay

Manuel Vasquez

Club Member



## TUCSON SCUTTLEBUTT



By Sally Newman

Another interesting meeting was held at our new home on Wilmot Road. Quite a few members and some older members were there. With Susie sending letters to non-members using the launching facilities, we are picking up a lot of new members too. Let's all try again to bring in a new member, a friend or maybe a neighbor at Cholla.

Mel Jarvis (Search & Rescue) was down from Phoenix and gave a very informative talk on flotation devices. Take care of your life jackets. Keep them handy, with a whistle, a small flashlight and a piece of rope attached. If you should have to go overboard, the important things to do: tie yourselves together, stay with the

boat, keep your shoes and clothing on as little fish like to nibble.

Our next meeting will have a nomination of officers so come out and help get some great people elected.

I understand there is a suggestion box down at the launching area at Cholla — so if you have any ideas or gripes, put them in the box. Maybe we could print some ...

Still in need of telephone calling people. How about some fishermen for the job? It only takes half an hour to do the calling, once a month!

### FROM THE DESK OF THE TUCSON PRESIDENT

Well, we're getting close to the end of the year again, with many GOOD members on the roster. I would like, at this time, to thank ALL of the OFFICERS and COMMITTEE MEN that made this year a SUCCESS. I hope I have the same GOOD PEOPLE behind me next year.

At the October Phoenix meeting I was surprised to find out that they had an 18th Anniversary cake, and it sure was good! I was really glad that it was a big cake because Dick A. and Bob M. were both there.

See you at the Bay... Bob Bos

## the log of the GRAN PASEO

Captain: E. J. Fieldhouse

In the October issue you left us anchored in the channel off Guerrero Negro, at the whim of the Port Capitan, with the generator still not working but everything else shipshape, on 5/5/73.

This Bahia Sebastian Viciano extends 45 miles west to Cedros Island, with a lot of the Pacific dumping into it. With a course of 256, we will be in a trough all the way across, so we decided to be advised.

5/6&7/73 — Flying trip to Phoenix for business — except for taxi from Tijuana airport to border. Had flat tire one mile from airport, then ran into Cinco de Mayo holiday and border traffic at 1800 hrs. bumper to bumper. Almost hit a one-legged man on crutches 5 blocks from border. He was ahead of me in Customs line quite a bit later.

5/8/73 — 1830 Flight to San Diego. Stayed at Vagabond Inn.

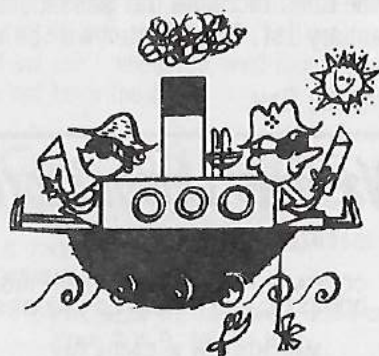
5/9/73 — 1030 Flight, Tijuana to Guerrero Negro. Ray had discovered he was overdue on pawn ticket for \$500.00 stereo and his wife needed money. Nothing would do but for him to fly to Tijuana. Made a deal — no plane fare, no pay while he was gone, \$300.00 flat from here to Cabo San Lucas, and \$25.00 a day from there until arriving at Guaymas, by way of fishing trip including Conception and Joseph boys, to arrive at Guaymas by June 15th. Paid him in full, plus \$120 advance.

5/10/73 — Ray left for Tijuana. Caught first fish on fresh shrimp — 5 small ones. Used one for bait. Whatever took it broke 30 lb. test nylon line and left in a hurry. Luck still holding!

5/11/73 — Caught a shark, brought him to boat. Too large to hold up with 30 lb. test line, got loose.

5/12/73 — Ran both engines half hour. OK.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12



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## LOG OF THE GRAN PASEO — CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

- 5/13/73 — Read most of the day. Getting boring.
- 5/14/73 — Ray was not on plane. Plane filled up, may not have had reservation.
- 5/15/73 — More reading.
- 5/16/73 — Still no Ray. 23 empty seats on plane. Radio not working. Changed fuses and it worked. Could not reach anyone. Difficult with no communication to outside world. Next plane Fri.
- 5/17/73 — Sent telegram to George Spain (Ray's headquarters) re return of Ray. Answer maybe tomorrow. Ran engines 25 mins. OK. Third K.M.I. — 1300-1400. No contact. Weather cloudy, windy Getting disgusted. Would entertain offer on boat. Considering shaving beard to change luck. That bad!
- 5/18/73 — On getting into shore boat, found seal lying on swim step. Just looked at me and went to sleep. Ray still did not show up. No answer to telegram. Seal still on swim step when I returned to boat at 1500. Left at 1700. Immigration officer wants to see me tomorrow. Reached Donna on K.M.I. She will try to contact Ray.
- 5/19/73 — All the immigration officer wanted to know was how much longer the boat would be here. Hardly worth the trip to town. Been here so long they think we have ulterior motives. Could not get through on radio to Donna.
- 5/20/73 — Reached Phoenix on SSB 0630, talked to Jim. Ray quit with no notice. Took 10 days to find this out. Insurance company OK'd Mexican pilot and helper to finish trip to Guaymas. Since this is Sunday, will make arrangements tomorrow A.M.
- 5/21/73 — Through the good offices of the Port Engineer, and the Port Captain in charge of tug boats, made arrangements for the second mate and the diesel mechanic of tug boat Mariposa to take the Gran Paseo to Guaymas. They have 10 days off starting tomorrow. Quite a relief.
- 5/22/73 — Agreed to a contract of \$640.00, plus food, diesel, port fees and other expenses.

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I-10 at GRANT ROAD

The mate and I went out to the boat in a little Pango. Tried to get Pango on davits, but the stern davit broke out of boat. Lifted it over rail. Found hole in bottom under stern seat, from dragging over sand dunes and thru shallows at Laguna Manuela. Supposed to be flotation area — filled with water.

The mate took the wheel and I was anchor man. Could not raise anchor. Line and chain covered with moss and grass, and anchor buried in grass bottom. Cut the line. Our last good anchor gone, with 40 feet of chain.

Headed into port for water, provisions, mechanic, and clearance papers.

Mate using fly bridge controls. Starboard shift lever had no effect — cable broken. Changed to lower controls — could not budge lever to switch stations. Probably not used in two years. Came in without rudders, using shift and throttles to steer.

Went to town for clearance papers. Finally located Port Captain in restaurant. Went to his office. Had to admire boat miniature he had made. Said OK, but see Aduana. Found Aduana, after an hour. Said see Mr. Romero, who is in charge of all the salt company shipping. Saw Mr. Romero. Now had 6 people in car, as Mr. Romero said see the Immigration Officer. A lot of conversation going on, which I understood none of.

Got the Immigration Officer out of bed. More conversation. Went to the home of the Port Engineer — after hours by this time. A very fine gentleman, who speaks excellent English. He said, Immigration Officer refused to allow Mexican sailors to work on foreign vessels, even in Mexican waters. After 5 hours, no deal.

Mr. Romero to try for permission to leave boat tied to barge while I go to San Diego for U.S. pilot to continue trip. Have to see him tomorrow.

5/23/73 — Went to see Mr. Romero at Salt Company office. He speaks much, but no English. Enlisted good offices of works superintendent, who speaks excellent English. Talked about selling boat, if possible. Going to look up Mexican tax and other problems, and let me know tomorrow. Have plane ticket for Tijuana flight tomorrow..

Beautiful day, slight breeze. Could have made Turtle Bay with no trouble, taken on fuel, and been on our way to downhill...

5/24/73 — Mr. Bremer says he will purchase boat, but only if it can be done legally, clearing with Mexican and U.S. customs.

5/25/73 — Flew to Tijuana — Phoenix.

5/26/73 — Phoenix.

TO BE CONTINUED

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By Jane Putnam

In the days of the New England whalers there were few foods which could survive voyages of several months, or even years, so most of the recipes that have been handed down through the generations of my family are simple; they are made up of very basic ingredients needing little or no refrigeration. But meals had to be wholesome and nourishing, and had to be able to be concocted under the most adverse conditions weather and the sea could produce. Ergo: SAILOR'S STEW.

And speaking of rough weather, I remember a week-long stretch when I was a kid in 1938, when just about all we had to eat was Sailor's Stew. A hurricane had hit the Connecticut coast and had wiped out all

vestiges of electric power. That meant that almost everything didn't work, notably plumbing, cooking appliances, refrigerators, telephones, etc.

We lived in a very countrified farming community, up a long hill from the city. Roads were blocked by fallen trees, wires were down all over the place, and everyone had to take a short course in being self-sufficient. Fortunately we had neighbors.

The people across the street had one of those big old Yankee fieldstone fireplaces, high enough to stand up in, and completely equipped with crane, iron pots and pans and many other useful accoutrements. But they were short on know-how — so it was a 'natural' that my mother should hang a kettle of Sailor's Stew on the crane. We ate it for breakfast, lunch and dinner, and also for snacks between meals.

It strikes me that Sailor's Stew would be a handy thing to have on tap during one of those windy, rainy weekends we read about in the Chatter from time to time. It has a heart-warming, stick-to-the-ribs quality we usually associate with oatmeal on a frosty winter morning.

Being another of those unwritten recipes, the amounts are really up to the maker, depending upon how much stew it takes to feed how many people.

Start out with a chunk of salt pork. Dice it up real fine and fry it in the bottom of a large pot, but only until it begins to turn golden brown. Take some onions and slice them thin. Break up slices as they are dropped into the pot with the salt pork. Cook until they are transparent but not brown. Then add enough water to cover the potatoes which go in next.

Peel and slice a whole lot of potatoes. The slices should be about 1-inch squares and as thin as you can make them. Add these to the pot and cook until soft and palatable, about half to three-quarters of an hour. The water will cook away and the stew will be thick and hearty.

Lastly add sliced dried beef — the kind that comes in jars. Taste it first; if it is very salty, rinse or soak it. Otherwise, add salt to the stew. Put in pepper to suit your own taste. Let it simmer while you enjoy the aroma and work up an appetite. Then yell SOUP'S ON, and dish it up.

CRUISE OF THE

# Vagabundo

ON THE SEA OF CORTEZ

By Bill Troxell

We left you last month at Punta Chivato just as we were approaching a long sandy beach curving off into the distance, covered with tide rows of untouched shells and very windy indeed. We collected a few shells, but shells are hardly a novelty after some twenty years of vacationing around the Gulf, and besides we already had all too much other gear aboard.

Concepcion Bay has to be one of the world's better anchorages. The bay is long, deep enough, scenic, protected, and loaded with sea life of all kinds. It's worth a couple of weeks of any yachtsman's time. Unfortunately, we were already four days behind schedule, and foolishly allowed ourselves only one afternoon and evening at Santispac Lagoon. Here were tiny rock oysters in abundance on the rocks and the roots of banyan trees, just as the books say. The books fail to mention that they are so small you could die of malnutrition before you opened enough for a hearty meal. But the anchorage is quiet, the water clear, the scenery good, and this is only one small part of Concepcion Bay. We probably should have stayed, rather than sailing, as we did, for Mulege next morning.

There is a small new pier at the entrance of the river leading to the village of Mulege. The trick is getting to the dock with hull and outdrives intact, since buoys placed on submerged rocks were immediately stolen and a skipper unfamiliar with the area stands an excellent chance of clobbering his craft. Luck was with us, and we slipped between the rocks. At the pier we noted that gas came in fifty five gallon drums. We needed high octane, and ordered two barrels. The attendant drove off only to reappear quite a while later with the owner to whom it was again necessary to repeat the order. Eventually the gas came and was pumped into our tank by hand. This certainly beat carrying cans ashore. We had gone into town with a friendly local mosaic tile maker while waiting for the gas, hit the one supermarket at 1 p.m. ... closing hour for the daily siesta. Two hours to kill waiting for it to re-open, so we toured the village, had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

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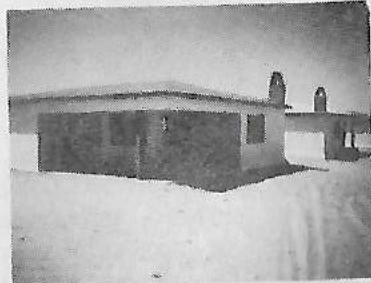
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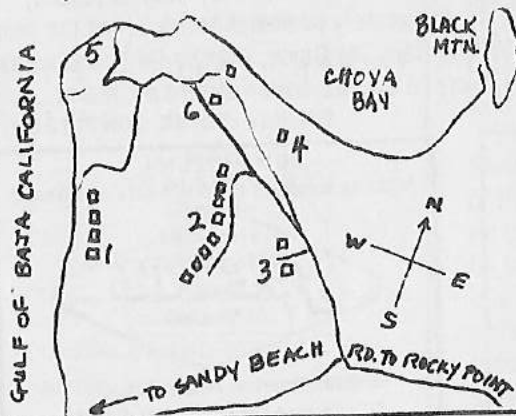
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## THE CRUISE OF THE VAGABUNDO — CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

an appetizing Mexican food lunch in an improbable cafe, visited the ancient mission, and leisurely traveled back to the boat in plenty of time. It was Cinco de Mayo... the equivalent of our Fourth of July... and we were lucky to get any service at all. We helped celebrate the fiesta by going by dinghy to La Serenidad Motel... catering to fliers... and participated in a gargantuan meal centered around a barbecued pig. Next anchorage... fabled Escondido Bay... or so we thought. But weather has a way of changing time tables in the Sea of Cortez.

Our usual departure time is daybreak or shortly thereafter. Again, by inordinate good luck, we missed the hidden rocks in the entrance and set our course for Escondido Bay. Almost at once we were in a heavy chop. We should have turned back to Concepcion Bay, but with four days already lost due to red tape and weather we kept going, figuring that when we rounded the cape things would get better. They got worse... a great deal worse. I've weathered typhoons at sea and been in some pretty raunchy waters from time to time, so I was not particularly alarmed. Instead I got angry. Those seas were deliberately wicked. They were not extremely high, but they were diabolical in their action, seeming determined to prevent us from keeping on course. Finally we gave up the idea of reaching Escondido and searched the Baja Sea Guide for a refuge. We found it in La Bahia de Puercos... the Bay of Pigs. Barely big enough to get safely into and anchor, it furnished fairly good protection from the determined winds and we set about repairing various minor damages suffered en route from Mulege. A native fishing boat came by loaded with its catch and the fishermen proceeded to sack out under a giant mesquite tree while one member of the group came down from their camp and cleaned fish. As soon as he had finished we found it really was a Bay of Pigs. They came out from under their dust wallows beneath the palms and promptly cleaned up the beach of every trace of fish cleanings. How about that for ecology?

Late in the evening one of the native boats approached and asked if we could spare any gas. They were out... the nearest supply was a long, long distance away... and they needed to make another run. We supplied the gas and suggested that if their luck was good we could use some filets. They had no money... we had no fish, and did not

wish to leave the cove to find some... so it made the best of bargains with everyone pleased. For they did come by early next morning with a nice sack of fresh filletes. They had a good night's fishing over the rocks just outside the cove.

The wind lessened and early the following morning we pulled out of the Bay of Pigs headed for Loreto. On the way we passed Coronados Island and wished for more time to explore this beautiful isle with crystal clear bays and curving white sand beaches. It was then we decided such a voyage ought to be allowed at least two months... not the three or

four weeks we had planned on. We wanted time for Carmen Island too... but that would have to wait. At the moment it would be Loreto... a full load of gas... and then Escondido Bay. Loreto is a truly charming Baja village... the oldest on the peninsula, and itself worthy of considerable time. The mission, built in 1697, is in excellent repair. The town is the perfect example of a leisurely Mexican atmosphere. But the roadstead is open to winds in all directions... the municipal pier leaves much to be desired in the way of protection when coming alongside... and Loreto is better visited by car. We were on our way to Escondido as soon as we had provisions.

Of all the bays and anchorages I have seen, Escondido heads the list. It is scenic... the waters are glass clear and very deep... the protection from winds coming from any direction is complete... and there are huge, succulent rock oysters for the gathering. Maybe the oysters have more than a little to do with my high rating, for fresh oysters on the half shell are my favorite food. We gathered them for a giant oyster cocktail the first evening, and delayed departure next morning until we had shucked three pints to take along. Once again the sea was smooth and inviting. As we threaded our way between the islands southward, giant rays leaped high from the water on all sides. It was a beautiful day and the smoothest of sailing. And then it happened! Suddenly there was a tremor and the port engine raced free. What could we possibly have hit in this deep, smooth water? We raised the outdrive and could see no damage. But... as soon as the engine went into gear a sound of monsters crunching metal caused us to disengage it in a hurry. Obviously, something was seriously wrong.

It was eventually agreed that about all we could do was proceed on one engine. Now, the starboard engine refused to start. It just would not fire. I suspected that water might have gotten in the tank through the overflow outlet during the passage from Mulege to the Bay of Pigs. Having no other ideas I went to work on filters, fuel bowls, and carburetors. Sure enough! All of them full of water. We started easily enough when everything was cleaned out, but I could not help wondering how many more times this would be necessary. I had already corrected the problem of water entering the overflow, but that didn't take care of water already in the tank. Only time would tell. And time did tell. The procedure had to be repeated many times until the last of the water was sucked out.

Traveling at eight and a half knots down from seventeen was like dragging our feet. Actually, it would not have been all that bad, for the boat was very easy to handle, but the first mate became seriously ill. We desperately needed a doctor... and the nearest one was La Paz. Again we consulted the Baja Sea Guide. Rancho De Los Dolores, it said, had a road connecting to the highway to La Paz, some supplies and radio...  
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