



Log Entry #10 – New Year Eve - Are you awake?

Life at sea. Long hours of boredom with minutes of sheer terror. Late this evening, the AIS shows a commercial vessel heading right for us, about 4 miles off. It being dark I was having difficulty making out any running lights. As the ship got closer, I turned on the radar and acquired it about 3 miles out off our port bow... I still could not see any lights. Hailed the vessel over the VHF radio, no answer. I awoke Suzan and she told me to make a hard turn to port (left). That just didn't feel right and the radar showed the boat was left of the bow.... so from my perspective we would end up in collision course. So since it is my watch, I turned to starboard. I lit up the sail with our spreader lights... ship kept on a coming. As it turns out, Suzan was right, I should have turned to port as this is the only time you do in this particular situation... words were spoken and all is now well. We avoided the other ship and Suzan is now fast a sleep. So as the New Year has just struck with eight bells, I am finishing a cup of tea and will return to the wheel... more hours of boredom. This is cruising 24/7. Good night and good luck!

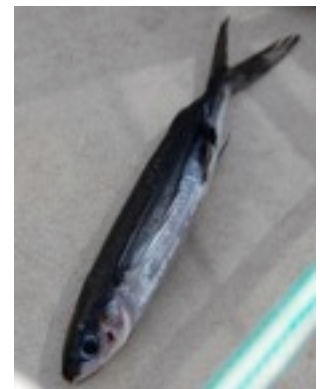


Looking for a ship on the AIS: Suzan's Command Center - 3 computers, 3 radios, 1 pilot, propagation tables, other instruments & a guide book!

Yeah, and when fish fly!

Happy New Year! Poooooh... what a day it has been. Day began under broad reach with all three sails up and drawing from port. We'd been on this tack since leaving Cabo San Lucas on Sunday. Boat made 180 NM yesterday. Had hoped to do same today but wind abated this afternoon.

Fish on. Another bonita on our 50' hand line. Brought up to boat and clubbed it into submission. Only weighed 2 pounds but what a fight. Cleaned and filleted on stern scoop. We had for dinner, very good marinated with garlic, S&P and lime juice. About 4 minutes on the barbie. Fish really do fly. One hit our main sail and knocked himself silly last evening. Found his body on deck this morning along with about a half dozen squid. Should have been picking them up and putting them into the fridge as would have had enough by now for a round of Calamari. Picked up second fish from deck as well...or are these suicide mackerel? What gives...just don't know.



Oops - wrong flight plan!

Can you say “strip” and how fast can you say it!

You may have noticed in the last episode, Michael was wearing his bomber jacket while bringing a fish aboard. Clothes had been our standard affair up until then, having gone to Kodiak Island this last summer, we never saw a day above 70° for a high and it was usually in the 50's and 60's. Oh, how things have changed! Temperatures

are ranging from a low of 74 at night to a high of 100, which isn't bad, BUT the humidity is 94% and sometimes there is no air movement. Oh, we can swelter. In the afternoons when it most unpleasant, we have taken to hanging out on the “back deck”, which is the ‘sugar scoop’ at the stern of the boat and under the dinghy davits. There is some shade from above (the solar panels and the dinghy) and the back wash from the boat's progress washes up onto the step providing a constant flow of water. When there is little wind we will take turns and go for a swim. Now don't panic, the seas are calm and we drag a line.



100 miles off shore and not a breath of air

So we review our clothing inventory - we are well prepared for storm and cold but when it comes to hot, well the wonderful lightweight sun protection stuff seems really heavy right about now. So we are in Acapulco!... Isn't this the center of all bathing suits? I can remember growing and hearing about La Jolla and then there was Hawaii, but the place that took your breath away was Acapulco! This is where Liz and Dick hung out! Well here we are and Linda reviews my inventory of bathing suits, none of which I have worn more than once a year since they were purchased, which has to have been 30 years ago and announces that we are going shopping! We are staying at the very toni Club de Yates de Acapulco where all the mega-yachts hang out, so she strikes up conversation with several very stylish ladies who would know the right place for some shopping. So, first with a side trip to Commercial Mexicana (the local equivalent of Fred Meyer), we carry our 3 bags of groceries to the best mall in town... Gran Plaza. Yes, this was not good planning on our part as there is no place to “check” the groceries! ... so we carry the groceries from department to department. Now we have been warned on multiple occasions, **Do not let anything out of your site**, but the bags are just too heavy to carry so we end up parking the celery and the mole at the base of every cashier and off we go looking at the merchandise.

Now Ladies, we have all shopped for a bathing suit and at some point in our lives we have found one suit that fits and looks good. We need to remember what that cut is and ALWAYS look for the same cut. I walk into the swimsuit section and the first suit is from the US and cost \$130. No way I say, I am in Mecca and there must be a local designer with a product that cost half or less. Well... four hours later and after nearly 50 swimsuits, I try on the US made suits and voilà, it fit! It has bra cups that stay in place AND it looks good. So, lesson learned? When you find the one



Everyone has their own style! Amazing that they can see thru the glass

all of the honking and careening of every sort of motorized conveyance. Senior "Nacho" expertly directed the taxi, which in Acapulco means a 1963 VW Beetle, through a myriad of streets to an ally of small "shops" of about 400 square feet each with roll up doors. Into one of these, Michael goes, but as there is no sign, how is anyone to know. Twenty minutes later, with part in hand, our new best friend returns to the boat with Michael and they proceed to change out the part. Over the next couple of days, while we are waiting for "weather", Nacho becomes our finder. There is a whole cottage industry of fellows that make themselves available to the "yatistas". And from what I can gather, they do quite well. We ended up paying \$100 for the Yamaha repair with the help of Nacho, same as we would have paid in Seattle. In the meantime, we met a young German fellow who was biking his way around the world. He has been in Acapulco for the last 6 months. He is well educated, very mechanical and speaks 4 language perfectly. Because he is not a local, nor does he have tools, he finds himself at the mercy of the locals. He told us that he is paid 700 Peso a week for full time work on a yacht where he is a mechanic and an electrician. That equates to a little less than \$70 US. He told us that he could live on that, but not well. He can hardly wait to leave and go somewhere else. Our sentiments exactly.



Stay tuned for the next exciting episode when our itinerant travelers decide if they want to learn to dance or.... will they beat the Pecker? Oh, we'll also tell you about finding the boat adrift cut loose from its mooring buoy while at dinner!...stay tuned.

Fair Winds _/) Suzan and Michael

Some Sights of Acapulco

