



**Log Entry #11 – So gather round me mates, I’ll tell ya a tale, or... for those of us old enough - Is this a replay of the Lucy & Desi movie *The long, long trailer...* if it could, it did.**

You know we’ve read many an account of the trials and tribulations of long distance sailors and the things they get themselves into and out of... but really why us? It seems we are doomed to experience all that cruising has to offer. The last you heard of the itinerant sailors was from our less than wonderful stay in Acapulco. What?!? As if the stolen wallet & VHF wouldn’t be bad enough, Michael’s brand new MacBook Pro got fried by a local power surge and Linda’s computer, hard drive AND camera with great lens was doused with saltwater. So, having had such a good time, we left MaMma on an anchor buoy, courtesy of Club de Yates de Acapulco to dine ashore. Leaving the secure compound of the club, we find our restaurant and enjoy a leisurely meal and a legendary sunset... once again Liz and Dick could not join us. Arriving back at the club, we boarded our dingy to head out to the anchorage. However the closer we got to our designated buoy, there seemed to be something missing... THE BOAT! searching in half moonlight, there she was adrift amongst 20-30 other vessels at anchor. What the Duck? Fortunately we recovered MaaMa before she struck another boat or went aground. It seems that some half wit amigo decided that buoy 9 was his exclusively as we found a 20’ ski boat attached where MaMma had once been.... Pheeeww, still cannot believe it.



*MaaMa moored to 2 buoys before being set adrift*

### What’s the allure?

So why had we lingered in Acapulco, you ask? After experiencing the strong winds out of Magdalena Bay, we once again employed Ken our professional weather router. He’s the guy who got us out of Neah Bay and all the way south to San Francisco in October skirting the parade of ‘vigorous’ storm systems. With each forecast, Ken was ‘spot on’ in his predictions and routing. So, we were going back to the tried and true method to keep us out of trouble.



*12’ seas outside Cabo- not easy to photograph*

It seems that our next big hurdle would be the Gulf of Tehuantepec. This gulf lies at the bottom of the squeeze point between the mainland Mexico, the Gulf of Mexico and the Yucatan Peninsula and has been the scene of terrible storms. It seems that bad weather in the southern US greatly impacts what will happen in this area. Boat-ers are wise to be wary, as the seas can be horrible. Ken had advised that there would be a “*particularly strong Tehuantepecer*” with winds constant 50+ knots with possibility of hurricane force winds to 100 knots along “*with very high seas in the region and well offshore*”,... so there was no way to skirt *The Pecker*. Ken told us to avoid this weather at all costs...we believed him! So that is why we hung out a little longer in Acapulco than we wanted. While we waited, there was in-

deed a terrible storm and much a the town of Salinas Cruz (on the NW shore of the Gulf) was badly damaged. Remember the terrible weather in the US just a bit ago? Southern Mexico got it too.



*Doing the Pecker... in style!*

### **MaaMa does the Pecker and lives to sail another day.**

So about day and half out of Acapulco (January 7th) we approach the actual Gulf. Its about 4AM and we had a choice, do we go into Puerto Angel to “clear out” or push on to Puerto Madero on the other side of Gulf to clear. As the winds were fair and seas respectable, we decide that we should take advantage of the situation... and why wait for the Port Captain’s office to open (probably a 6 hour wait). There is good news and bad news in this decision.

The good news is that the aftermath of the big storm created an unusual current condition. We are 60 miles offshore in the middle of the Gulf and we experiencing nearly a 6 knot push!!! Speed over ground for MaaMa was 10.9 knots. Hull speed is 9! This was truly amazing... I couldn’t believe my eyes and I was sure that there was a problem. But each of our three independent GPS’s confirm the speed. This current is similar to being in the middle of the tightest narrows at maximum ebb tide... say Seymour Narrows in Campbell River which has the whole of the Pacific trying to get into Desolation Sound! But we aren’t experiencing whirlpools or undertows! The sea is relatively flat. Now... only if it would last... which it did for about 10 hours. Even Ken, the weather router, was unfamiliar with this phenomenon. What a ride! We sure were glad we weren’t fighting it.

Along the way, a good hundred miles offshore we will see these lumpy brown “rocks” which turned out to be sea turtles. Fascinating. As big a 3 feet across. They move slowly and flap one ‘wing’ at a time and then stick their heads up to look around. We must have seen a hundred of these crossing the gulf. Along with the turtles, we would see huge pods of dolphins. Once, there must have a hundred and fifty in the nearby area, swimming and fishing and playing. They often come up along side the boat to play, we can’t tell if they are rubbing their backs on the edge of the hull, but it sure looks like it. When they come along side at night you see their jet of bib-luminous water. The quantity of sea life was amazing.



*Just floating along - 100 miles from shore*

For the bad news on the other side of the Gulf, stay tuned for Log #12... where the sailors hit land and get to learn the steps to a new dance, once again.

Can ya Tango?

Fair Winds \_/) Suzan and Michael