



## Log Entry # 5 Jump'n left into the city by the bay... *Trick or Treat*

We departed Bodega Bay at 0-dark-30 (4:00 AM) in fog and darkness in order to get our vessel under the gate with a favorable tide. However, on the way our auto pilot had other intentions. Suddenly and without warning an hour out from the bridge our autopilot on its own would steer the boat to Port (left) 180 degrees from our desired course and being mere mortals there was nothing we could do that would correct this deviation, so once again as those who cruise know, we would be making yet another repair at an exotic port.

Just after noon and under full sail Michael hand steered MaaMalni under the Golden Gate and to celebrate Suzan had prepared a plate of hors d'Oeuvres while I dispatched a cork from a bottle of really fine Champaign popping it as we passed under the span while drinking a toast to yet another accomplishment. One of our friends on the vessel Bobcat had just taken a photo of MaaMalni on the



*Maamalni approaches the GoldenGate*

windward side of the span.



But where to stay in the bay? As she does so well, Suzan reserved us a space at the guest dock of the St. Francis Yacht Club for what we thought would be three days but which turned into nearly ten due to the need to replace the compass to our autopilot...however there was an up side as this caused us to be in San Francisco during All Saints Eve as can only be experienced in the *city by the bay*.

In travels with Suzan one is never at a loss for old friends, new friends and dear acquaintances. As such she scoured her address book and we entertained old flames, her first boss along with extended friends from years (and lives) past. Fortunately most were good for a bottle or two of wine, a meal a shore or a lunch brought on board by an earlier love...but extinguished!

## Trick-or-treat

The day of the 31st found us in the Haight-Ashbury district looking at folding bicycles of which we tried out three models but did not purchase. When we'd finished skinning up our knees cycling we choose to walk 8-10 blocks along the Haight so as to catch a bus that would take us to the Castro for the evening's celebrations. Having passed the funky retail section our ears caught the distant sounds of music. As we followed the tune, it turned out to be a hot polka squeezed out of



How about a Polka Ma'am? - Halloween Eve SF

an old accordion played by a rather large bearded man costumed in a White Rabbit suit with long pink ears jiggling to the tune, sitting on a front stoop while drinking a Corona... needless to say this was a 'Kodak' moment if ever was one... What a hoot! Of course the only camera we had was one attached to our cell phone so the picture is not good, but it should give you an idea.

Like Alice following the yellow brick road we thought this was going to be our path to the fabled Halloween party in the Castro but to our surprise and those who live there the city fathers had shut down this year's event as it seems the one last year got a little out of hand with over 250,000 outsiders showing up as well as several shootings within the hood, so disappointed as we were, we settled for a quick bite and Manhattan cocktail's at a near by eatery and then it was back to our home on the bay.

### **Its not about you, it's about who you meet!**

What's most fun about cruising is the people you meet along the way. On our third day at the St. Francis Yacht Club another yacht flying the Seattle Yacht Club burgee tied along side. As is the custom within our club, Suzan and I knocked on their hull at 5 pm with cocktails in hand and were invited aboard New Atlantic, a 98' power yacht. We were given a guided tour of this floating condo and invited our new friends to visit our boat next day, which to our delight turned into being asked to join the owner and crew of New Atlantic for cocktails and dinner. As it turned out the owner was in the fishing business in Alaska and he produced three kinds of smoked Salmon which he had caught and cured himself. WOW is the only way to describe this treat. We had dinner in the main dining salon seated at a real table with chairs that moved in-and-out. The evening ended with Suzan promising to give New Atlantic several restaurant recommendations as she had lived in San Francisco for many years...which were greatly appreciated. Next day our Simrad compass arrived from Seattle which Suzan a.k.a. *Sparkey or Sparklet* for electrical engineer, a name aptly earned when she fixed the radar single-handedly while sea sick in the fog, installed the wiring, et.al ...thus as the song goes we're *On The Road Again...*