Baba Salt

A Quarterly Newsletter for Baba Owners Summer 1996

This is the third ***Baba Salt*** I've put out and the learning curve is beginning to get a little shallower. So far only one copy of the last issue has been returned by the post office and that was because someone one the editorial staff used an old address instead of the proper, new address he was given. I won't do **that** again! I also won't be using stickers to seal this issue. At least two copies came apart in the mails and their interiors were not the better for wear.

If you have a problem with how an issue arrives (or doesn't arrive), please let me know. I print a few extra copies for such contingencies. When calling, please keep in mind that you're most likely to find me weekday mornings (eastern time) and almost certain **not** to find me on weekends during sailing or ski seasons!

Subscriptions are still hovering around 60 paid subscriptions. I'll do one more mailing to those names not marked as subscribers and then... bye-bye. No more mailings for them!

What can **you** do to help ***Baba Salt*** grow? Check with your Baba friends and make sure they've subscribed to ***Baba Salt***! Pass the word to anyone who might be interested in ***Baba Salt***.

As you'll see, the great Baba / Panda / Tashiba / Taswell database has been summarized in this issue. I've also enclosed a new survey form. **Please fill it out and <u>mail it back</u>!**

Günter and Barbara Nehrkorn's Tashiba 36 *Tsunami* (1986, hull no. 119) under way in Eastern Bay

A reminder about name and address information: **unless you specifically ask to have this information protected,** I will supply this information to other subscribers. I will **not** sell the list or otherwise just pass it out to anyone who wants it for telemarketing campaigns.

Chris and I are <u>still</u> looking for ideas about a heater for our Baba 35, *One With The Wind*. Please send an account of how you heat your Baba 35 and, of course, include pictures if you can. They'll be scanned so they'll be returned to you.

A note about ***Baba Salt*** and the Internet: I put the mail list (or listserv) BABA-L together as a way for the 15 or so ***Baba Salt*** subscribers with 'net addresses to keep in touch. If you have an Internet address of some sort (e.g., use CompuServe, America Online, or, my favorite, nothinbut.net) send me a note and I'll add your address to BABA-L.

"For Sale" notices: ***Baba Salt*** makes no claims about their accuracy and assumes no liability for anything represented or implied in the notices. Further, ***Baba Salt*** reserves the right to refuse advertisements; they are run on a space-available basis subject to the editor's assessment of suitability for ***Baba Salt*** readers. Speaking of ads, check out the Haussler's new Baba / Panda / Tashiba t-shirts as described on page 14.

Chris and I spent the second week in June on a brief trip to Germany and Switzerland. While our boating activities were somewhat limited, we did get some sailing in, although not in a Baba but on a 27 foot catamaran sailed out of Arbon, Switzerland.

We had family business to take care

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of at the beginning of the week but we set aside the rest of the week for a sprint to Switzerland. I'd agreed to bring over a few small blocks and cam cleats for a friend who sails a catamaran on the Bodensee (also known, in English, as "Lake Constance"). We drove to Claas' home to deliver the goodies and bring him to his cat for a daysail. We launched *Oiseau Roc* and soon had the port hull flying at 12 kts in a light breeze (very unsettling for a Baba 35 driver who thinks 6 knots plus is really flying). It was then that this American was brought up against the reality of sailing in Europe.

Claas van der Linde's RC-27 catamaran *Oiseau Roc* flying a hull on the Bodensee, off the shore at Arbon, Switzerland - photo courtesy of Claas and Marlis van der Linde

Claas said something like "uh, oh, not good" and had us roll in the gennaker. Over his shoulder was a Swiss police patrol boat in the 25 to 30 foot range; they wanted him to Stop Right Now. There was the usual business about registration papers and a PFD check, but they also wanted to see Claas' "Segelschein" or sailing license. This is no casual piece of paper passed out after sitting through a couple of USCG Auxiliary or USPS lectures but a license fully the equivalent of that required to operate a car.

It was, of course, frustrating to have a good sail interrupted but I was reminded that not every country simply lets the cost of purchase or hire serve as the license or permission to operate a boat. This was further underscored later in the week when I saw a sign for a sailing school on a large pond in Germany.

The Wiesensee would just about qualify as a very large farm pond or a small lake here in the US. The boats that were on the lake were varying types of one-design dinghies and even they might have been constrained by their draft; this was a shallow bit of water. Even so, it appears that a "lake and bay" class Segelschein is needed to sail a boat here.

I won't argue the pros and cons of licensing here but I found both experiences thought-provoking. As always, your comments on this or any matter are invited.

In the fall issue we'll have more of Bob and Candace's trip in *Baba BarAnn* and, I hope, some cruising accounts from other Baba and Tashiba owners. Stan Hunter has promised pictures of *Gone With The Wind* (Baba 35, hull #44) including a diesel-fired Newport heater. Sharp-eyed readers will spot a new logo; thanks to Sunnu Lutz for the drawing of *Ali Baba* from a notecard she designed and drew. As always, ***Baba Salt*** still needs articles! ***Baba Salt*** still needs pictures! ***Baba Salt*** still needs **you** to keep this newsletter new and interesting!

Fair winds and following seas !

your Rick B.

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The *Baba Salt* Database Summary

by Richard B. Emerson

Whenever I spot a Baba or related boat, I wonder how she's equipped as well as whether this is a new neighbor on the Chesapeake. The ***Baba Salt*** database is one attempt to provide answers to these questions. There are 146 records in the database; it gives some measure of the diversity of Babas, Pandas, Tashibas, and Taswells that Ta Shing built and where the boats are.

The largest group of boats are on the Pacific coast and the Northwest in particular (due, in no small measure to Paula Bechtel's initial efforts to collect names and boat information) with 46 names in Washington. The next larghest group is in California with 14 names. Minnesota has 10 names. Michigan and Oregon follow with 8 names. Maryland has 6 names. Illinois, New York, and Wisconsin have 5 names each. Georgia and Virginia have 4 names each. Alaska, British Columbia, Maine, North Carolina, Ohio, and Pennsylvania have 3 names each. Florida, Hawaii, Massachusetts, and Texas have 2 names each. Alberta, Colorado, Louisiana, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and Utah each have 1 name. The addresses are based on the mailing addresses people gave and don't reflect the location of the boats; for example, all three Pennsylvania boats are sailed on Chesapeake Bay.

The most common boat is the Baba 30 with 43 boats from 1977 to 1986. The next group is the Baba 35 with 22 boats from 1979 to 1985. There are 6 Baba 40's (and 3 Baba 40 Pilot House boats) from 1981 to 1985. There are 5 Panda 40's from 1981 to 1984 and 5 Tashiba 40's from 1986 and 1987 (and 1 1989 Tashiba 40 Pilot House). There are 4 Tashiba 31's (no dates are available) and Tashiba 36's (only one boat's year of construction, 1986, is available) each. There are 3 Taswell 49's (no dates are available). There is 1 each Baba III (anyone recognize this boat?), Panda 34, Taswell 40, Taswell 43 each. 10 names have "n/a" for boat types (names known to not be owners) and 39 names have "unk" for boat types where it's not known if the name is that of an owner or "just looking, thanks".

[From here on, the summary is based on a very limited sample of approximately 25 - 28 respondents; there were typically 117 - 120 "no response" records in the database. Even so, there are some interesting trends in the data. - RBE]

There are a number of different engine types but Volvo (12 engines) is most frequent, followed by 9 Yanmars, 4 Universals, and 1 Perkins.

There is one MaxProp on a Baba 30; all other boats are assumed to have whatever the boat came with.

Most boats use wheels for the helm (26) with 4 Baba 30's using a tiller. There are 5 wind vanes (3 Monitors and 2 AH units [it's possible "AH" reflects wind vane sensors for electronic AutoHelm autopilots]). 11 boats use AutoHelm electronic autopilots, 4 use Navico units, with a scattering of Alpha, Robertson, and Tillermaster units.

Harken and ProFurl roller furling (6 units each) are the most commonly used roller furling gear. There is 1 each from Cruising Designs, Hood SeaFurl, Schaefer, and StreamStay.

1 Baba 40 owner reported removing the boat's gallows and 10 people report not having gallows on their boats. 23 people report having some sort of dodger while 4 say they don't have a dodger. (There is no report on boats equipped with biminis or some sort of cockpit cover that can be used under way) 27 people report having teak decks and 2 expressly report not having teak decks on their boats. (There is no indication of how many decks have been scraped and refinished)

Main ground tackle is fairly consistent with 26 CQR anchors and 1 Bruce anchor (on a Baba 30). Rode varies from all chain to 20 feet of chain and some rope rode. All chain rode varies from 100 to 200 feet with up to 350 feet of rope in mixed rodes. 21 boats use a windlass while 6 report having no windlass (but, one hopes, a good back specialist's phone number!).

Secondary ground tackle is more varied with 13 lighter (than main anchors) Danforth-type anchors mixed in with 4 lighter CQR anchors and 2 Bruces. Rodes are mostly nylon or nylon with some chain (8 boats) with only 1 boat reporting all chain (a Baba 40 with 150 feet of chain).

Storm anchors are a mix of Danforths (3 all on Baba 30's), Luke fisherman anchors (1 100# on a Baba 40 and 1 65# on a Tashiba of unknown size), a Bruce (66# on a Baba 40), and a CQR (35# on a Baba 30). The rodes used with storm anchors are not recorded.

The majority of the respondents (22) listed exclusively using inflatable dinghies. 4 people reported exclusively using some sort of hard dinghy, 1 has a Perrywinkle hard dinghy (designed by Robert H. Perry), and 2 people have both an inflatable and a hard dinghy (1 Trinka, 1 Howmar Hauler). (There is no information about how many boats have davits) 2 boats have Avon 4-man liferafts, 1 boat has an unspecified liferaft, and 23 people report having no liferaft.

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27 people reported using LPG (propane) for cooking and only 1 person reported using CNG for cooking. 11 people use some type of diesel heater, 5 use propane fired heaters, 2 use kerosene, 2 use solid fuel, and 2 use "other". 20 people have refrigeration of some sort and 7 reported specifically not having refrigeration. Adler-Barbour is most common (8 units), followed by Grunert 12 VDC (3 units), 2 homemade units, and 1 Norcold unit.

27 boats have a depth finder on board. 24 boats have some type of knotmeter while 2 boats don't have a knotmeter. 17 boats have apparent wind instruments and 9 boats don't. 2 boats use Furuno radar units, 2 boats use Raytheon units, 1 boat has a Sitex unit, and 13 people reported not having radar on their boats.

Navigation electronics favor LORAN with GPS a close second. Only 3 boats report using SATNAV (which will be shut down in September). 14 boats use LORAN and 11 report not having it. 14 people said they don't have a GPS receiver however 2 report it as a future purchase; 10 boats are equipped with GPS. Corrolating these results, I found 3 boats had both LORAN and GPS and 2 had LORAN, GPS, and SATNAV while 3 boats had none of these systems. (There is no information about differential GPS or DGPS; it's likely that the data presented above is dated and therefore somewhat inaccurate)

28 boats have some sort of VHF radio. 5 boats have some type of ham radio and 19 people report not having ham radio aboard. Only 2 boats have an SSB radio, 1 person reported this as a possible future purchase, and 22 people said they don't have an SSB radio.

All of these electronics require something to power them. Most boats have 2 or 3 batteries (8 and 6 boats respectively) 4 boats four batteries, 2 boats have five batteries, 1 boat has 6 batteries, and 1 boat, a Baba 40PH, has 8 batteries (it's possible that this is four banks of two 6 volt golf cart batteries per bank). The lowest number of battery amp hours is 100 AH with the biggest bank of batteries (8) providing 720 AH. The median rating is 360 AH and the average rating is 391 AH (for statisticphiles, the standard deviation is 179.3).

Items that weren't reported and which should be of interest include sail inventories and hull experiences (i.e., blistering). Related to mainataining the hull, how boats are stored in areas where the sailing season is limited may be of interest, too. For example, *One With The Wind*, a Baba 35, is stored on the hard on alternate winters (to let the hull dry out and, one hopes, limit blistering) under a custom-made cover made from Sunbrella cloth. In the water (also under the cover) the boat is protected by an Ice-eater (an electric motor with a propeller which stirs up the water to limit icing) needed for boats wet-stored on the Chesapeake Bay north of the Choptank River.

In general it appears that these boats are well equipped for more than casual weekend sailing. Since several Babas have done major voyaging and completed circumnavigations, this should not come as a surprise.

Sails set	Sail Area (ft2)	% of Max. SA
Yankee, Staysail, & Main	501.0	100%
Yankee, Staysail, & Main (1st reef)	323.4	65%
Staysail & Main	311.9	62%
Staysail & Main (1st reef)	253.5	51%
Staysail (1st reef) & Main (1st reef)	208.8	42%
Main	192.6	38%
Yankee	189.1	38%
Staysail (1st reef) & Main (2nd reef)	165.8	33%
Main (1st reef)	134.3	27%
Staysail	119.3	24%
Main (2nd reef)	91.3	18%
Staysail (1st reef)	74.6	15%

Baba 30 sail plan areas sorted by combined sail area
-courtesy of Nick Hodnett for use on *Puffin*

[Anyone wanting a listing of the database should send a SASE with 55¢ postage on a business-sized envelope to the ***Baba Salt*** address on page 2. The database is also available as a Foxpro .DBF or Excel .XLSfile; send a diskette for a copy of this file. Be sure to state which version of Excel the .XLS file should match - ed]

A Letter From Sophia, NC

by Joe Brant

[P0 Box 85
Sophia NC 27350-0085
June 30,1996

Dear Richard,

I fell in love with the Baba 30 in the early 80's, through one of the boat show editions of Cruising World. Big enough for two and small enough to easily singlehand. The solid traditional appearance and interior plan stuck with me over the years as I visited numerous boat shows and crawled through boat after boat that just didn't measure up. In the spring of '92, I drove to Annapolis and stopped at the Annapolis Sailyard to see if there were any Baba 30's for sale. At this point I had never even seen one! There were none available, but there was one at the dock. Bill Mcintyre and his wife, Bev, had just purchased *Shenandoah*. They had her loaded and ready to head for their home near Beaufort, NC. The McIntyres kindly allowed me to step aboard, and I immediately felt "at home".

Twilight became a part of our lives in July of 1992, and since that time my goal has been to "fix her up like new", for future travel plans (current plans are for a retirement date of July 4, 2000). Being a "working stiff" and living 240 miles from our dock makes for some very slow fixin' up. It's drive 4½ hours after work on Friday, work a little on the boat on Saturday, go from one store to the next trying to buy that 29¢ replacement little watchamacallit that got dropped into the bilge, and head home on Sunday. I must confess that some weekends I just go sailing instead, or read a book if the weather becomes inclement.

We enjoyed our trip from Annapolis to Oriental, taking 7½ days for the 375 mile journey. We were able to learn something new each day, and the lessons began before we even left the dock. While loading the boat on Friday, July 31, a storm hit with 31 knot winds, soaking everything inside and out. The boat was tied to the dock with the stern to the wind and by the time we got the storm boards in place it was too late. Saturday morning the pump on the head broke, so during our final shopping trip I picked up a repair kit. I spent most of that afternoon rebuilding the head, during which time over a dozen friends from the area came by to see us off. Not one offered to help with my project!

Sunday morning we started on our way south, which turned out to be the direction the wind was coming from for the entire week. We stayed in a very peaceful anchorage at Solomon's Island that evening, just beyond the festivities being held for the start of their race week. It was here that Priscilla learned not to use the galley foot pump when there are a lot of jellyfish around; she sucked one (or pieces of one) right up into the galley sink! I taught Priscilla how to use the hand-bearing compass and how to plot a course on Monday as we headed out on another of several 95+ degree days. She is the artist in the family, and likes to take pictures so she has a reference to work from when she paints. We photographed every lighthouse on the southbound side of the Chesapeake Bay. I lost my best winch handle overboard. We spent the night at Indian Creek where another sailing couple gave us a message to deliver to some of their friends in Oriental, and took our 14 year old daughter Tina into town for pizza.

Tuesday was our longest run, of about 80 miles, and it brought three storms. The first had lightning, hail, and 34 knot winds, then fog. It was bad enough that one of the big menhaden boats gave us a call to see if we were alright. The second storm was not near as bad. The third storm seemed to change direction and came up behind us as we were entering Norfolk. The sky turned totally black at 6 P.M, followed by lightning, heavy rain, no visibility, making it very hard to distinguish the buoy lights from those of the other boats and the city in that mess. It was at this time that I learned not to ignore the fuel tank! We finally made it to Waterside Marina at 1 A.M. I spent Wednesday morning bleeding the fuel line while absorbing the icy stares coming from a boat named *Disney Girl*. I have no idea which Mouseketeer that was, but she sure burned a picture of this idiot into her memory. I reckon she didn't appreciate being woken up in the middle of the night. The girls enjoyed the shopping mall adjacent to the marina. Priscilla took a lot of pictures of the carousel at Waterside and of some mushrooms.

Tina took charge of the radio for bridge openings as we headed to Coinjock on Thursday. At Coinjock we learned a lot about currents, fortunately without any damage. We anchored at Tuckahoe Point (beautiful sunset) on Friday. A butterfly joined us for about 15 miles as we motored down the Alligator-Pungo canal, so out came the camera. We stopped at Belhaven for fuel, propane, and Pepsi. The nearest propane was over a mile away so we rented a golf cart for $2.00. The ride in the golf cart gave us the most welcome breeze of the week, as it was still in the upper 90's. Continuing onward, we came upon a 90 degree left turn in the waterway. Approaching us northbound was a pushboat with two barges and we could not help but meet in the worst possible place. I told Priscilla how shallow the edge of the channel was and that I'd do the best I could, but that guy was really gonna be "ticked off". She responded by quickly going below and returning with... the camera!

Late that afternoon I ran aground entering our anchorage at Eastham Creek. I loaded the dinghy with our 35 lb. CQR and its 30' of chain plus

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nylon rode, rowed across the creek while paying out the line and chain and finally, the CQR. After kedging off, I happened to notice the 13 lb. Danforth tied to the stern rail, and vowed to remember it sooner the next time I go aground.

Our last bridge of the trip was at Hobucken, and it broke while trying to open for us. We "treaded water" in the middle of the creek for quite a while before deciding to tie up alongside the little store beside the bridge. As soon as we had tied up and stepped off the boat, the bridge opened. We arrived at our dock in Oriental just after noon on Sunday and were greeted by a half dozen friends from our sailing club.

Prior to *Twilight*, we owned two trailer sailers; *Scrimshaw*, a Boston Whaler Harpoon 5.2; and *Detail*, a Precision 18. The transition to the Baba 30 has been most welcome, and has opened up a wealth of educational opportunities for us. I all but refuse to pay someone else to work on *Twilight*, as I want to know as much about her systems as possible. This is the main reason that fixin' her up has gone so slowly.

One of the first projects was to replace the rubber gaskets in the ports, as most of them leaked. This was not the easy fix that I had envisioned. The previous owner had used a gasket that was too small, so he had held it in place by using polysulfide. Had I known how long it would take to scrape the caulking out of the channel in each port I would have wanted to renegotiate the price. I still have three ports left to do, but those don't leak and one of them can't be opened with a crowbar!
The two 105 amp-hour batteries that came with the boat went dead so I replaced them with two group 27 gel cells. This proved to be fine for daysailing, but at only 86 amp-hours each, didn't leave much power for use while anchoring out. The gel cells have just been replaced with three 130 amp-hour group 30 flooded cell batteries, which are working out much better. I presently have one in use for the engine and two for the house bank. As soon as I figure out another place to keep my spare small parts, I'll add a starting battery and connect the three group 30's for a 390 amp-hour house bank.

The faucet in the head was unusable and I could not find parts to repair it, nor could I locate a replacement in a similar style other than one made for a bar type sink. Priscilla found a single lever kitchen faucet with a sprayer in the spout that she liked, so I installed a Moen One-Touch in the hole in the back corner of the sink and a liquid soap dispenser in the other hole. Not a very traditional appearance, but the beige color looks nice and whatever momma wants is OK by me. This proved to be another fun project and by now I'm thinking that whatever the boatyards charge, no matter how much it is, it's worth the price!

Anyway the faucet looks good and works well, but... In the spring, two years ago, when I turned it on, the spray spout shot off of the faucet and hit the compression post with a ringing that must have been heard for quite a distance! Being unable to glue it back together, I called Moen and they sent me a new part (lifetime warranty). This spring it happened again, The Super Glue lasted for about six weeks, so it's time to call Moen again. I figure it must be the seasonal change in temperatures that is causing the plastic retainer piece to break, but as long as they will send a free replacement part I see no reason to go through replacing the entire faucet anytime soon.

Twilight is not insulated but has a Cabin Boy diesel fueled heater mounted on the angled part of the bulkhead beside the fold-up table. It is fed with an electric fuel pump directly from the boat's fuel tank. This heater has three settings; we have never had it on High and very seldom do we need it set on Medium. We have spent many nights aboard quite comfortably when the outside temperatures were in the teens and 20's with the wind blowing like stink. Fuel consumption is so little I haven't been concerned enough to accurately measure it. The book says 4 drops per minute; West Marine catalog says 0.1 gal/hr on high for another make of heater. On those wintry nights when we don't anchor out, we find that an electric blanket makes a world of difference.

I am very much in favor of retaining the Baba database, mailing it out to each new subscriber, and annually to all subscribers. I recycle my junk mail, know how to say "No, Thank You" to telemarketers, but will gladly talk or write to anyone else with a sailboat - especially a Baba! During the past few years, several people on the database have helped me by answering questions about minor problems and I've been able to assist some others. To me, that's a big part of what Baba Salt is all about, and I don't care if another sailor has my address and phone number. If you are a member of the Power Squadron or Coast Guard Auxiliary, you receive a directory of members. If you are a member of a Yacht Club, you also receive a membership directory. Why not do the same for the Baba Owners Association? Except go one step better by including the complete information on each vessel.
In the February '93 issue of Cruising World, there was a list of Owners Associations seeking members. This was how I found out about the group. Perhaps a similar notice in a couple of magazines might boost the number of subscriptions.

A rally or rendezvous for those of us on the east coast is very appealing. I

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Cruising The California Coast

by Bob and Nancy Haussler

This past summer (1994 - ed.) between June 18 and July 30, my son, wife and I sailed from San Francisco Bay to San Diego and back on our Baba 30 *Drummer*. Our boat was sailed out of Sausalito, but upon our return we sailed up the Delta to Hidden Harbor on Ryer Island where it is now kept. Sailing down and then back up the coast wasn't a cake walk, but we had a great trip and found that choices we made resulted in a relatively easy time for us.

We decided to make the initial run south on a nonstop leg from San Francisco to San Diego. This would dispense with harbor hopping and take advantage of the favorable offshore conditions for the trip south. It took us three days and 20 hours to reach San Diego, and our experience definitely whetted our appetites for longer passages. Sailors we talked to when we were in the planning stages of our trip suggested going south at a slow pace, one harbor or anchorage per day. I was selling extra gear at the Sausalito West Marine nautical flea market this last spring when I met Carol Nistle, who had rented the space next to me. Carol lives aboard her Garden-designed ketch at Redwoood City. She explained to me that their best trips south were when they stayed 20 or so miles off the coastal points, taking advantage of wind and current until reaching their southerly objective before making landfall. This sounded good because we wanted to maximize the time we had for the return trip. Although I wasn't sure how much of a boost we might get with the lingering El Nino, the three of us sailing together on a mini-passage with watches around the clock was an experience we wanted.

By the time we were adjacent to Cape San Martin, we had poled out the yankee to port and staysail to starboard, and with a furled main we flew downwind for 30 hours with only minor adjustments to our Monitor windvane. We stayed offshore until the approach to the Santa Barbara Channel, where we then skirted the shipping lanes as we chose the "Windy Lane" route between the coast and San Miguel and the other islands. One afternoon in the Santa Barbara Channel a Coast Guard jet passed overhead three times and then hailed us. We answered and were instructed to switch to channel 23. They asked who we were, number of persons aboard, our last port, and where we were headed. We responded and then they asked if everything was going OK. I said "We're having a great time out here", and then we both signed off. Wind was steady from the stern at 30 knots, with swells and wind waves combining to reach at least 18 feet at times. Our boat was designed and built for this stuff and it was performing for us.

Upon reaching San Diego, we rented a slip for five nights at the Shelter Island Inn Marina; nice place. It was $30 per night, but after all, this was a vacation. We had hoped to connect with Frank and Joan Dwinnell who keep their Baba 30 *Serena* at the San Diego Yacht Club just across from where we were docked. Just our luck though, Frank and family were up chartering in the San Juan Islands. One other reason for staying was to see other cruising friends, but also to enter the community of cruisers for a few days to enjoy their approach to life.

Even though we couldn't head south this fall, they still were just as interested in including us in their daily activities and discussions. Some of the reactions to our sailing plans were comical. "You mean you're headed back to San Francisco? But you just arrived, what's gone wrong?" "You shouldn't give up so easy!" "I wouldn't head up past Point Conception for anything!" "Can't cut it out there, huh?" I explained we only had six weeks, but some folks still looked at us like we were crazy. Others clearly just couldn't understand the concept of a schedule. We were envious.

We mentioned to one couple that we were seasick during part of the trip down. They graciously offered us a product available in Britain, called Stugeron. It worked very well for us on our trip back without noticeable side effects such as dry mouth, blurred vision and drowsiness that sometimes occurred when we used Phenergan (promethazine) or Scope' patches. It's unfortunate that Stugeron is unavailable in the U.S.

We had an opportunity to make some stops as we beat our way north, and had a fun visit with Paul Stanton who keeps his Baba 30 *Flying Pelican*, at Oceanside. Paul said that he was planning to put his boat up for sale. Any interest out there? Paul's number is (619)431-1454. [This, of course, is probably old news. But maybe not! - ed.]

We stayed at the Long Beach Downtown Marina over the Fourth of July before heading to Catalina. Those folks must make plans all year for the water fights that ensue on the 4th...then again, maybe the Bloody Marys served over at the Yacht Club dock starting at 7AM had something to do with it. The water fights finally "settled down" to numerous inflatables cruising around looking for trouble, equipped with electric generators, which ran swimming pool pumps combined with appropriate 1¼" plumbing. The crew that finally claimed victory had a valve that could draw water from either outside the boat, or in emergency, they could switch to the supply inside the boat to keep from being swamped. We kept a low profile.

On our way from Long Beach to Catalina we had our only breakdown, which occurred when we were beating against steep chop in 25 knot winds. I was setting our Monitor to work when a wave hit us from the starboard beam, slapping the Monitor rudder to port very hard. I picked the wrong time to put the rudder in the water, and as a result the control rod broke its teflon bushings and dropped out of

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the assembly and went straight to the bottom. Upon reaching Avalon, I placed a call to Scanmar Marine in Sausalito and talked to Gordy. We had repair parts in our hands the next day, delivered by UPS to Avalon, care of the harbormaster. This was great service which we appreciated very much! The vision of having to beat up the coast without our Monitor wasn't pretty.

One highlight of Catalina was to meet Beau Tucker and his German shepherd, Big Dog, and he is big! Beau owns Baba 30 *Old Salt*, and the two of them live aboard year-round, keeping the boat on a mooring at Avalon during the summer, and in Newport Bay during the winter. Tough life.

The weather forecast was for manageable conditions as we prepared to head around Point Conception. We had worked our way west and north up the islands, and then came in to re-provision at Santa Barbara before heading out to Cuyler Harbor at San Miguel Island. Rather than a "standard" rounding, staying at Coho just inside Conception and going for it in the middle of the night, we opted for a daytime beat from San Miguel to San Luis Bay. It was one of our hardest days, but the sea conditions allowed us to put San Miguel, Point Conception and Point Arguello behind us and in 14 hours we were anchored in San Luis Bay. We felt lucky, remembering one cruiser at Long Beach who was preparing to have his boat trucked north, after attempts to round Conception failed. Another boat and crew we met in Santa Barbara had just returned, failing to make it around after 10 attempts. Gulp! So much for schedules, we had thought at the time.

During the 5½ hours it took to reach Morro Bay from Port San Luis, we logged our 1,000th mile of the trip. When we arrived at Morro Bay, we were invited to use the limited space at the Yacht Club dock by members who had never met us before. Their hospitality is something they obviously have worked hard on and perfected over the years, and we especially appreciated the hot showers and Wednesday night barbecue.

A few days later we were landing on the beach at San Simeon and got wet in the process. This is when I finally decided that we'll have to upgrade from our tiny 8' Achilles dinghy before we head north or south again. With another 14 hour day, under power in light winds, and we reached Monterey from San Simeon. From Monterey north, strong northwesterlies kept us under double reefed main and staysail as we finished our trip by overnighting at Santa Cruz, and then at Half Moon Bay before our final leg to enter the Golden Gate. As we made our way up the estuary and into the Delta, our log time sailing friends, Jack and Charlotte Chatfield were waiting for us in their dinghy as the Rio Vista Bridge opened. They took pictures of our arrival and also brought a great dinner with them which we all shared aboard our boat at Hidden Harbor.

On Early Retirement/Living Aboard

We're poised to make a major lifestyle change. The house is up for sale, but I plan to work for up to about 8 more years. Nancy and I are both 47. We have our sights set on long distance cruising. I may take a year's leave of absence once or twice in order to sail and then retire that much later. One kid is out of college and married, the other will be a senior in high school next year. I expect to have to work at least until our youngest is out of college. We're just starting to experience sailing/cruising the Baba 30 with two aboard, instead of three or four people. We think the 30 could meet our cruising requirements for a boat, as it has done for many couples. We'll be exploring this in the next several years, that is, if we don't succumb to the bigger boat fever that we sometimes get.

Our current efforts toward our long-term cruising goal is to simplify life, step down, reduce living expenses, learn all we can about sailing from aboard our current boat, and put money into savings/investments. One idea, since we don't own our house, but have a mortgage instead, is to cash in the house and the boat and buy a (bigger) boat we can live on now, at considerably less than our current living expense This would satisfy our longings to be on the water, and ultimately could reduce the time between now and when we can stow the dock lines. We're finding that it can take a long time from when you decide to scale down (such as sell the house), to the time when you actually identify some progress.

I know of families/couples who live aboard their Baba 30 and are not out cruising, but stay shoreside with jobs. I'm not sure this would be very easy even for the two of us if we stayed with a Baba 30. However, my thinking changes if I'm out cruising, based on how well being aboard works for us in the cruising mode. The longest we've been out so far is six weeks, and it was **great**. We need less stuff if we're just cruising than if we also have landside responsibilities.

The issues on the Baba 30 for our 6-week trip were what to do with garbage, dirty laundry, and how to store certain items. Our quarter berth was taken up with SCUBA gear, folding bicycles, a sail or two, camera gear, the abandon-ship bag, and the dinghy's folding rigid floor. We seemed to have plenty of food, water and fuel. We spent no more than a week away from where we could reprovision, but we could have easily spent more time away from sources for supplies. When we look at specs on a larger Baba or Tashiba, we note how much fuel and water they carry and instantly say, "Wow, wouldn't that be nice!". But then when we think of how much more fuel

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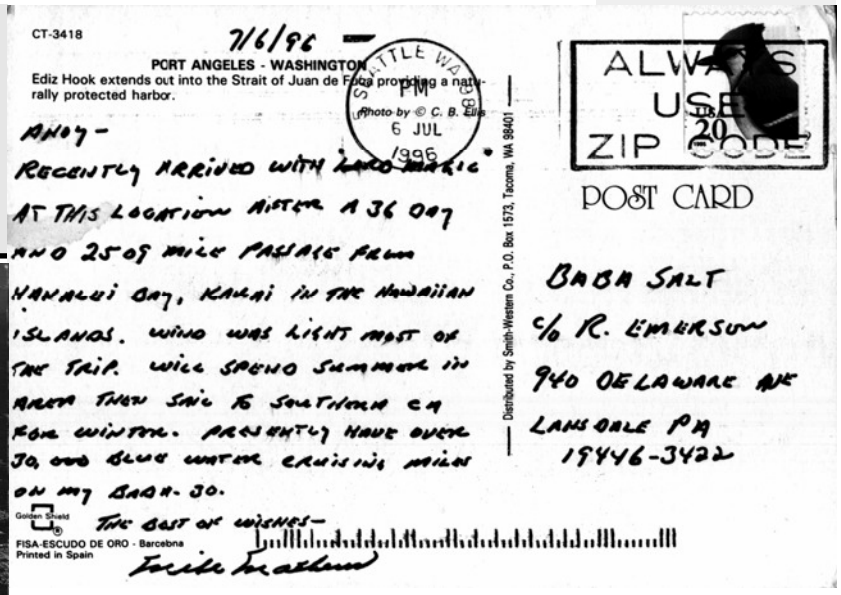
Coconut Telegraph

"You can hear 'em on the coconut telegraph,
Can't keep nothin' under their hat.
You can hear 'em on the coconut telegraph,
Sayin' who did dis an' dat."

- - Jimmy Buffett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7/6/96

PORT ANGELES - WASHINGTON

Ediz Hook extends out into the Strait of Juan de Fuca providing a naturally protected harbor.

Photo by © C. B. Ellis

SEATTLE WA 6 JUL 1996 PM

AHOY -
RECENTLY ARRIVED WITH LORD MAGIC AT THIS LOCATION AFTER A 36 DAY AND 2509 MILE PASSAGE FROM HANALUI BAY, KAUAI IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS. WIND WAS LIGHT MOST OF THE TRIP. WILL SPEND SUMMER IN AREA THEN SAIL TO SOUTHERN CA FOR WINTER. PRESENTLY HAVE OVER 30,000 BLUE WATER CRUISING MILES ON MY BABA-30.

THE BEST OF WISHES -
Mike Mathews

Golden Shield
FISA-ESCUDO DE ORO - Barcelona
Printed in Spain

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BABA SALT
c/o R. EMERSON
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LANSDALE PA
19446-3422

Ahoy-
Recently arrived with *Lord Magic* at this location after a 36 day and 2509 mile passage from Hanalui Bay, Kaui in the Hawaiian Islands. Wind was light most of the trip. Will spend summer in area then sail to southern CA for the winter. Presently have over 30,000 blue water cruising miles on my Baba 30.

The best of wishes,
Mike Mathews

Yacht *Mad Max*
Karen & John McEwing
P.O. Box 4147
Annapolis, MD 21403
(410) 295-0846 home
(410) 268-4276 work

Richard:
...Our home base on the East Coast is now in Annapolis and although there are differences from "God's Country" (Seattle) many things are the same. Things that are different are: no floating docks - stern/pile tie-ups only, have to pay for your slip a year in advance - $3.9K in our case, there is no tacking to within 50 feet of shore - try half a mile from shore. Things that are the same: there is a lot of sail boats, great crab to eat and easy to catch, super marine store down the street .

This is our third move by road for our boat in the past 9½ years (all three for West Marine) [John works for West Marine - ed.]. I would like to offer any Baba Salt subscriber our personal experiences if you are planning on moving your boat. Just call / write us. For this letter I have some quick do's and don'ts if you're going to move your boat by road soon.

DO	DON'T
• Do use Dudley Boat Transport (Federal Way, WA) for the West Coast	• Don't underestimate the time it will take you to arrive where the boat will be off-loaded
• Do use Associated Transport (Woodenville, WA) for a move across the country	• Don't trust the hauling / loading of your boat to the boat yard. Be there to voice your concerns
• Do wrap your mast with bubble wrap. You can buy it at any large movers like Bekins or Mayflower. It comes in rolls	• Don't leave any items on deck that could be stolen or lost during the move
• Wrap your mast so your standing and running rigging are on the outside of the bubble wrap	• Don't leave your water tanks full. Each gallon weighs eight pounds - you pay for this weight

Moving your boat by road is easy and not as expensive as you may think.

I would like input from Baba Salt subscribers on: Where to buy the gasket material for the bronze opening ports and if you have installed central air conditioning - Which one did you go with, do's and don'ts and where did you install the compressor?

Baba Salt

(Continued from page 6)
wonder how hard it would be to find a slip or mooring if it were held at the time of the Annapolis Sailboat Show? I've always driven up to the show - never went by boat before.

I have thoroughly enjoyed your interviews with Robert Perry. I was a bit confused by the interview in the last issue concerning the name Flying Dutchman. I have one of the old brochures of a Baba 30 framed and hanging on the wall above my computer. The brochure is opened to show the boat on a four page spread with Flying Dutchman printed at the bottom. Inside the text reads, in part, that the Baba 30 was designed by Robert Perry for Flying Dutchman. My hull ID begins with the letters FDI... which I take to mean Flying Dutchman Industries. So I suppose that he's right that the boat was not called a Flying Dutchman, but was just sold by that company.

While at the Yacht Club recently, someone informed me that there was a story on the Internet about someone from the Seattle area who had done some extensive sailing in a Baba 30. He seemed to remember that the story was called "Sailing the Dream" or something similar.

While I'm rambling on... Three Cheers to Harry & Paula Bechtel for getting this whole thing started. They obviously worked very hard to get Baba Salt going and it shows. An excellent and very informative publication. I made more than my share of mistakes during the trip down from Annapolis, and a few since then, but Paula's article "Fuel and Water DON'T MIX" let me know that I'm not the only one who messes up. My problems were small compared to theirs. Another Three Cheers to Bob and Nancy Haussler for the many articles they have contributed. They claim that *Drummer* is a Baba 30, but I'm wondering if they didn't have her extended 10 feet or so. She must certainly be the most well equipped Baba 30 in the universe!

[The database seems to be one of those issues where people either like it or think it's not worth the effort. The address list, however, seems to be an idea that everyone likes or at least doesn't object to.

Joe raises a point several other people have also raised: the Baba Owners Association. ***Baba Salt*** isn't the newsletter for a BOA; there is no such

Smooth Sailing,

Joe & Priscilla Brant

organization so far as I know. Having been a commodore for Seafarer Owners Association, I really don't want to start up another club with dues, rules, and so on. If anyone else is interested in starting an organization or club, ***Baba Salt*** will, of course, be glad to run notices, reports, etc.

As to sending a note to Cruising World, Sail, and similar magazines, I can send a copy of the adverstising flier I sent out last winter. The goal here isn't to increase subscriptions, per se, as to be sure ***Baba Salt*** reaches as many Baba, Tashiba, Panda, and Taswell owners as possible. Like the discount merchant said, "I lose money on every sale, but I make it up in volume." I'll hope for volume, then.

Slip and mooring space near Annapolis around boat show time is at a premium. The city has added moorings in Spa Creek near the draw bridge, further reducing free space (the anchorage in front of City Dock is now "mooring only"). There's always a crowd in Back Creek and off of the Naval Academy - it's "first come, first served". The best way to go is by car; drive to the parking lots at the Navy-Marine Corps Stadium and take the free buses to the show or find a space to park in Eastport and walk to the show.

Speaking of "Three Cheers to Harry & Paula", I'm informed it was our own Paula Bechtel aboard *Gingerlady* that gave Bob Perry a race for his money while sailing a Valiant 40, as described in the Spring '96 ***Baba Salt***. - ed.]

Cruising the California Coast

(Continued from page 8)
the larger engine uses, the increased fuel capacity may not appreciably increase cruising range. A watermaker could potentially solve the water capacity issue. Finally, storage space is greater in the larger boats, but do we ever have enough storage space, even in a house?

[On Early Retirement / Living Aboard is excerpted from a letter sent, by Bob and Nancy Haussler, this June to ***Baba Salt***. - ed.]

Baba BarAnn Around the Pacific Ocean

Bob & Candace Richardson's two year voyage in a Tashiba 40

The Bay Area

At $22 per night, Schoonmaker Point Marina was rather expensive. We tolerated this exorbitant figure since dock space was very hard to find. Due to the concurrence of Labor Day weekend and the Sausalito Arts Fair, this was their biggest weekend of the year. Our slip was near, Blondie's, a Santa Cruz 70 that's a famous offshore racer. We had a restaurant meal, Candace did laundry, about 1/2 mile from the boat, and I did some shopping. I arranged for the rigging work to be done, which would free us from our roller "fouling" system. We took a bus downtown and saw the big city. We walked down to pier 39, strolled around, and then took a bus back to Sausalito. Alex and I went to the Arts Festival one day and enjoyed a very good slide guitar player named Roy Rogers (not the cowboy).

The weather was typically foggy every morning, really nice during the day, blowing like stink, 30-40 knots, during the late afternoon, then real nice from 1800 on.

I took Alex to the airport on Sunday afternoon to fly back to Seattle and his sophomore year in high school. For the first time since he was born I wouldn't be seeing him for more than a few weeks. This time we both knew it wasn't going to be until December 27 that we'd meet again. Candace and I thoroughly enjoyed him every moment of the trip and it was very sad to see him leave.

Sunday we anchored out in Sausalito Bay. I talked with a French couple who had been cruising for several years on their 28 foot boat. They had come from the West, via Japan and Canada, and were heading south to Mexico. Their boat seemed as small as *23 Skiddoo* to me, but they obviously loved it. In fact,it seems that just about everyone loves their boat, regardless of size, value, or the amount of gear on board. I guess that's not too surprising.

We shopped at West Marine, arranged to have some nice jib bags made for the head sail and staysail, called MCCA to have our mail forwarded General Delivery to the Sausalito Post Office, and spent some time with the Scanmar people, Hans and Mike, who make the Monitor wind vane. Boy, what great service they give. They came out to our boat and inspected our installation job. Noticing a minor problem, the next day Mike came out and spent an hour or two improving its performance, all at no extra cost. All these places were within a short walk from the dock in Sausalito.

Light winds off California; Bob still has the harness on. In the background are two of the three legs for the wind generator tripod. Of course the Monitor windvane was steering

Candace sailing by the Golden Gate Bridge.

Thursday we motored across the bay to the San Francisco Municipal Marina since we were going to a friend's home for dinner that night. Of course it was blowing like crazy, and we ended up wending our way through a massive International 14 sailboat race. It was truly an international regatta, and there were perhaps 100 of them out there, in their trapezes, getting overpowered, and dumping. We tried to go around them as best as we could, but still had to dodge a dozen or so.

The Municipal Marina shares the breakwater with the St. Francis Yacht Club. We were just looking for a place to tie up temporarily, while arranging moorage. The only spot large enough had the wind blowing us away from the dock. Candace jumped off with the stern and bow lines, while I tried to control the boat. The wind really started to grab the boat, and Candace was just about at the end of her line, literally. I jumped (it seemed 8 feet) off the boat and ran over to lend a hand. We stopped *Baba BarAnn* just inches before she would have smashed into a gigantic racing boat, *Mongoose*, on the opposite finger pier. God what a close call! We were both quite shaken. Then some wimp from the St. Francis Yacht Club told us politely to get the hell off their dock.

There are about 8 or 10 transient slips at the Municipal Marina. One long 71 foot dock already had a 29 foot boat at it. It was the last spot available, and seemed just right for our 40 footer. When we got there, the story was quite different. His 29 feet, plus a

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Baba Salt

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7 foot bowsprit and 2 foot poop deck, along wit our 40 feet, 4 foot bowsprit, and 2 foot windvane amounted to 84 feet. A 13 foot overhang! We both kept quiet, and no one complained. I think it would have been another story on a weekend.

We shared our dock with a Canadian boat that had just arrived from Vancouver. Like everyone else we were meeting, they were heading south to Mexico. The two Alaskan boats I'd seen in Pt. Angeles, a Valiant 40 and a Tayana 37, had arrived in Sausalito, as well as one from Olympia. The Class of '89 was definitely forming.

Then Friday it was back to Sausalito to pick up our mail and jib bags. We were both tired with the hubbub of the city, the cold and the wind of San Francisco, and the inevitable expenses. Everyone said, head to "the Delta." So we did.

Dawdling on the Delta

East of San Francisco you can either head south, to Oakland, Alameda, Candlestick Park, etc., or you can head north to San Pablo Bay and much further east. The Sacramento River to Sacramento, and San Joaquin River to Stockton, form a delta with dozens of sloughs, levees, cuts, and generally shallow water.

Everyone said "don't worry about grounding, it's soft mud, and everyone does it in the delta." The first night we anchored about 300 yards offshore. Nevertheless, the shallow water alarm started beeping at 10 feet. Even though we draw 6 feet, we reset the alarm for 8 feet before settling back to sleep. After all, we still had two feet under the keel. The weather was warmer in the Delta, and we enjoyed relaxing. Then the next day, Sunday, we had a great sail to Benicia, pulled into the marina there and had a nice restaurant meal. We met a few more boats that gave us tips on cruising in the delta.

On Monday it was motor upstream all day, often with only 3 or 4 feet under the keel! We "anchored" in Potato Slough. Well, it wasn't anchoring in the normal style, but "when in Rome... " We dropped a stern anchor and then pulled straight into the weeds until stopping in the mud, tied a bow line around a willow tree, and then backed off. With the dinghy we tied another bow line and set another stern line. Thus ensconced, we felt comfortable, with boats on either side of us. Yes, the weather finally got hot, to the upper 80's the next day.

On Wednesday we headed further north. Backing out of our "anchorage," THUNK, we got stuck in the mud. After 30 minutes or so, a power boat (2 foot draft) helped pull us back out, and we were on our way.

Perhaps 30 minutes later, the depth went from 30 to 6 feet, or maybe even 5 feet, and we were really buried, as I was doing about 5 knots at the time. (Whenever you see 20+ feet on the depth sounder in the delta there's a tendency to put the pedal to the metal.) At least the tide, all 4-5 feet of it, was coming in. In the dinghy, I took soundings all around the boat, coming up with 5-6 feet everywhere, except directly behind us where it was 5.5 to 7 feet. About 2 hours later, waiting for the tide to rise, a sailboat motored by and asked if he could help. We tossed a line over and were pulled off. He invited me over to his boat to partake of some local knowledge and look at his charts. So I rowed over in the dinghy, while Candace motored *Baba BarAnn* around in the deepest water she could find.

Not much later, his engine stopped and we discovered **our** dinghy's painter wrapped around **his** prop. Damn! He donned a bathing suit and mask and jumped overboard. Luckily it only took about 10 minutes to cut the painter free. I cringed a little, since that painter was just two days old. (The former painter on our dinghy had been "trimmed" by the outboard). I really felt bad about screwing up this guy's day. As he said, "I should've known... No good deed goes unpunished!"

It was really hot, and we were a little gun shy about heading up some more shallow sloughs for the day, so we turned around and headed back to another nearby anchorage. Same anchoring technique except we did it quite well. Drop your Danforth stern hook while you come in, coast up slowly to a tree, lasso it and tie off the bow line, then pull back on the stern anchor. Perfect.

We spent a few days there, swimming, reading, and just kickin' back. The next day, Friday, we decided to head off in another direction in the delta. We made a perfect getaway from the anchorage. Drop the bow line, back up gradually to the Danforth, maintaining tension on the rode so as to avoid tangling the prop, raise the anchor, after swishing it just the right amount of times to clean the mud off, and then head off in the right direction. Twenty feet later... THUNK, stuck in the mud! It was a nice gentle tap, but we couldn't back off. Worst of all, it was two hours before low tide, so we had to wait probably four or more hours for our freedom, in the hot sun, right under the sterns of a dozen other self righteous skippers.

I went down below to sulk and read, while Candace used the opportunity to clean the topsides. A short while later, some strangers, Ernie and Lynne, motored by and asked if we'd like to try and be pulled out. Why not?

After attaching a line between sterns, he went forward, while I went in

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reverse. In two seconds, we heard the worse crunching noise and my motor stalled out. Understand that this was the first time, **ever**, that the motor has stalled. I wasn't having any more towing after that incident. Like Alabama, we're gonna wait until the tide rises again.

Another hour later, Ernie and Lynne returned to the anchorage. They said, "Throw out an anchor and come on over for a drink while you're waiting." Why not? We dinghied over, had a beer, and got to know them a little better. They, and another couple, Don and Lin, are in their early fifties and from Los Altos. At about the predicted time, the tide had risen enough and we noticed that our boat had moved. So it was quickly back to the boat and on the road again. We'd even drifted into nice, deep water... 22 feet.

Start the engine, raise the anchor, put it in gear, CLUNK. Damn! "Candace, quick, drop the anchor, I'm going to see what's going on." Rapidly I donned my swimsuit, flippers, and mask, and then jumped overboard. Diving under to inspect the prop, I couldn't believe my eyes. Our propeller was in an aperture, between the full keel and the rudder. Well, pulled through the aperture was the stock of a gigantic Danforth anchor. The flukes of this monster were on the starboard side, and the stock was protruding out the port side. Tightly wound around the drive shaft was a one-half inch polypropylene line, about six feet long.

Apparently, the poly line, which floats, reached up to my prop, wound around the shaft, and pulled the anchor up and around the propeller, causing the motor to stall. We were really in a pickle this time.

I tried to cut the line, but couldn't get very far. My asthma has really shortened the time I can stay below, to perhaps only 15 seconds. After eight dives I wasn't getting anywhere, except pooped. Just about then, Ernie and Don dinghied over to find out what's wrong... they thought we'd be long gone by now. I said, "You're not going to believe it"... Ernie jumped in, borrowed my mask, dove down, came up, and said "I don't believe it." Ernie immediately started making multiple dives, each for almost a minute. He tied a line around the anchor, so we wouldn't lose it, then used wire cutters, knives, and tools of all types. Finally, after at least 30 dives, he freed the anchor and the poly from our prop. *Baba BarAnn* was as good as new, although the crew was a bit stressed out.

No more dawdlin' on the delta today, so back to the anchorage. We invited the two couples over for cocktails, and presented the Danforth and painter to our saviors. The next day, September 16, was rainy with thunderstorms, so we stayed put. That was the first rain we'd seen since August 22. On Sunday, once more we headed out to the delta for a new destination. Two hours into this trip, THUNK, into the mud again. We were even between the green and red buoys at the time! At least I could watch a football game while waiting this one out. Shortly after Joe Montana pulled out a victory for the 49ers, we used a kedge and pulled out of the mud. For the third time in as many tries, we failed to make our delta destination.

We'd had enough. We put about and headed back out of the delta. All this dirty dancing in the delta mud hadn't hurt our boat any, but it didn't seem like a lot of fun to us. We'd had our warm weather fix, and R & R, and were now recharged to continue the trip.

Leaving the Bay Area

Sunday night, after slithering out of the Delta, we arrived back at Benicia Marina, which was our parking spot the previous Sunday night. It is a relatively new marina, in a pretty little town that's quite clean. We had dinner at a Chinese restaurant.

Monday we hiked 1.5 miles to the laundromat, Safeway, bank machine, and liquor store. Then we taxied back to the boat (only $4, counting tip) with all our goodies. For the past several weeks we had been debating on the future of our brightwork. Should we let it go, try to keep up with it in the tropics, or do something else? That Monday we decided to give varnish another try.

For the next six days we masked, sanded, washed, tack clothed, and varnished all the outside teak on the boat. The weather was hot, in the 90's, and sunny, and the work was hard. We consumed about 20 sheets of sanding paper. When the dust had settled, and the varnish had dried, we had three coats on, and *Baba BarAnn* looked great. The effort was worth it. Our spirits rose with the shine on the cap rails.

Monday PM we left Benicia and headed to China Camp, in San Pablo Bay. Coming into this very shallow anchorage, I fell into the Monitor wind vane control on the steering wheel and put a deep, painful gouge in my kneecap. We Ace-bandaged it up , but we were both concerned. Infection, of course, is a worry but it would be a significant problem if I were incapacitated for even a few days. Our lifestyle relies on us being physically fit and mobile. For example, because of the accident, we were in no mood to try to find a little deeper anchorage for that night. I calculated that we would have only 1 or 2 feet under the keel, at low tide, assuming we didn't swing. Even thought it's only mud, I don't like the idea of being "on the hard."

We didn't ground that night... the depth meter showed 7.8 feet at low tide, or almost 2 feet to spare, and my kneecap looked and felt promising. Next we spent a night at Brick Yard Cove Marina, in Richmond, to see

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Baba Salt

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some friends on *Gray Eagle* that we'd met in the Delta. While there, Candace heard another sailor report to the Coast Guard on the VHF that there had just been a suicide off the Golden Gate Bridge! The sailor was really shaken up. The Coast Guard asked if the sailor could help the victim, or get him on board. The sailor said there was no hope for the victim.

On Wednesday morning we headed back out, under the Golden Gate Bridge, to resume our passage south. A few miles from the bridge, the fog started to roll in, so I flicked on the radar. Nothing! A blank screen. After the experiences we had entering San Francisco, I had no intention of leaving San Francisco without radar, Luckily, I was able to find and fix the problem within a few minutes. Obviously, it was a loose connection to the power supply. So without breaking stride we continued. Unlike our first trip under the bridge, this time, we could see it! We were just as concerned with shipping traffic fore and aft, as with human traffic from above.

Baba BarAnn broad reaching off the Oregon coast.
Nice breeze, nice day, going to be a nice sunset

South to Monterey

For the first time in almost a month we were back in the Pacific. The swells weren't large, but we didn't handle them well. Even I felt punk. Luckily our anchorage on Wednesday night, at Half Moon Bay, was nice and calm. Next day we motored the entire way to Santa Cruz, about 50 miles, on the north end of Monterey Bay. We were looking forward to seeing an old college friend, John Aird, who lived in nearby Soquel. Candace had met him, and his wife Anne, at my 25th Haverford College reunion in June. Thursday night we went to a nice restaurant with them. On Friday, Anne drove us all around Santa Cruz, so we could do lots of errands. Dinner at their house that night, then Saturday we took them sailing in Monterey Bay. The winds and weather were perfect. That night we barbecued some steaks back at their house. All three of these nights we had anchored off the pier at Capitola.

In an attempt to fix the log/speed instruments, I disconnected the main control box and took it into the dealer in Santa Cruz. Unfortunately, it checked out perfectly. That means the problem is in the transducer. I think it's going to be a major pain fishing out the wires to have the transducer replaced/ fixed. I'd tried to have this work done in San Francisco, but the dealer there was a real jerk. The Santa Cruz dealer, like the one in Seattle, was very helpful.

Sunday we had a great sail to Monterey. Seeing the historic golf courses materialize, as we approached shore, was a moving experience for this former golfer/TV sports fan. Entering the harbor, we passed hundreds of loudly barking sea lions. What a racket! There was no place to anchor inside the breakwater, so we headed to the outside anchorage area. At first it was extremely rolly, and uncomfortable. Then we moved in closer to shore, and some other boats, and used a bow and stern anchor like they had. This was necessary to keep the bow pointed into the swell, while the wind blew from the port beam. It was also a lot quieter outside the harbor, but we could still hear the sea lions barking all night. How could anyone sleep in the inner harbor? We also saw gigantic pelicans and a few otters. Motoring our little 8.6 foot dinghy around these massive, aggressive acting sea lions, was a bit frightening.

Introducing The New Baba T-Shirt

The new Baba t-shirt has a 12" line drawing of a Baba 30 on the front with "Baba! Panda! Tashiba!" below the drawing. The lettering and drawing are light brown and the shirt is natural cotton fiber. The shirt is a Fruit of the Loom crew neck t-shirt made with Supercotton extra-heavy 8 ounce pree-shrunk 100% cotton with minimal shrinkage. The shirts are available in L and XL (large and extra large).

Color & Size	Red	Blue	Jade	Black	Green
Large	3	7	4	1	14
X Large	2	5	5	3	6

Thanks for your support which helps offset postage costs of the newsletter. After expenses, each shirt sold puts about $2 into the newsletter kitty. We have been contacted by a few of you about shirts for other Baba, etc. models, which we can order if enough interest exists. Please don't hesitate to send your comments/desires. As you might guess, the business that makes the tee-shirts for us also offers everything from sweat suits to mugs, long sleeve t-shirts to canvas bags. Once the art work is done, we can have it put on just about anything!

Bob and Nancy Haussler
(916) 944-1399 (evenings)
7256 Willowbank Way
Carmichael, CA 95906

- ★ -

The $13.00 price includes S&H, CA sales tax and $2 per shirt for ***Baba Salt***
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Your shipping

Baba Salt

Baba Salt Subscriber Survey

Please indicate name and address changes on the mailing label below

Home Phone:_____ Work Phone:_____ Internet Address:_____
(indicate if this is a fax no.)

Boat Name:_____ Hull No.:_____ Year Built:_____ Boat Type:_____ Engine:_____
(Baba 35, Panda 34, etc.) (none, Volvo, Yanmar, etc.)

Prop Type:_____ Stuffing Box:_____ Steering Sys.:_____ Windvane:_____
(stock, Max-Prop, etc.) (stock, dripless, etc.) (wheel, tiller) (none, Monitor, etc.)

Autopilot:_____ Roller Furling:_____ Gallows:_____ Dodger:_____ Teak Decks:_____
(none, AutoHelm, etc.) (none, Harken, etc.) (yes, no, off) (yes, no) (yes, no)

Windlass:_____ Quarter Berth:_____
(none, S-L, Vetus, etc.) (yes, no)

Main Anchor:_____ Main Rode:_____ Secndry Anchor:_____ Secndry Rode:_____
(CQR 35, Danforth, etc.) (x' chain, x' line, etc.) (CQR 35, Danforth, etc.) (x' chain, x' line, etc.)

Storm Anchor:_____ Storm Rode:_____ Dinghy:_____ Liferaft:_____
(CQR 35, Danforth, etc.) (x' chain, x' line, etc.) (none, inflatable, etc.) (none, Avon, etc.)

Stove:_____ Heating:_____ Refrigeration:_____
(none, fuel type, etc.) (none, fuel type, etc.) (none, Grunert, A-B, etc.)

VHF Radio:_____ Ham Radio:_____ SSB Radio:_____ LORAN:_____
(none, Icom, etc.) (none, Icom, etc.) (none, Icom, etc.) (none, Furuno, etc.)

GPS / DGPS:_____ Radar:_____ Depthfinder:_____ Knotmeter/Log:_____
(none, Garmin, etc.) (none, Raytheon, etc.) (none, Datamarine, etc.) (none, Datamarine, etc.)

AWG/Anemometer:_____ No. of Batteries:_____ Battery Capacity:_____
(none, Datamarine, etc.) (1, 2, 3, etc.) (250, 325, etc.)

If you do not want your address or phone number made public, please mark this form accordingly! Please return this form to the Baba Salt address below.

Richard

Thanks!

Baba Salt

Postage
Goes
Here

If undeliverable, return to:
Richard B. Emerson
940 Delaware Avenue
Lansdale, PA 19446 USA

what's inside...

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