

PV09 Journal #4

Puerto los Cabos – launch mode! The last leg, 286 miles to PV on the water in a beautiful Riviera 50 - “Good Vibrations” with owner/skipper Marshall Wax in command. Marshall really knows this boat. He purchased it in 2003 with 480 hours on the engines. He’s put it to good use over the last years, now with just over 3,000 hours on the mains. This man loves to fish! He was quite proud of the fact that on his trip from Cabo San Lucas, and coming to our rescue, he caught several large Dorados. More on this in a bit.

Marty, Mickey and I packed up bags and food stuffs, including lobsters frozen since Turtle Bay, for loading on our (finally) escort boat. Somehow, I’m actually missing our highway aircraft carrier. She was good, this “Fliegel’s Folly” and we survived to enjoy another day...this time on the water. Marty, at the time of this writing, is on his way home with it. Most likely, time for a prayer session.

On this morning, things were strangely quiet. Except for the usual rush to the showers in the early morning, the crews were prepping for the adventure still to come. We were really enjoying the idea of starting a race on something other than a Ponga. We got underway and were on station (this time actually speaking English) about 30 minutes in advance of the 1300 start time. The fleet and RC were still using Pacific time, so when we had activities on shore, we had to be sure to mention it was local time (1 hour earlier).

The starts had good winds and seas of 3-4 feet. It was about as good as it gets. Marshall had offered to pass some Dorado along to the crew of “Carmagnole” and as they sailed by he “frisbeed” a large package of the fish to the them. They cheered when they caught it, and I’m sure it tasted really wonderful. Just another way to catch a fish in the Sea of Cortez.

We followed the fleet, and then as the escort, positioned ourselves somewhat in the center of the boats. As things go on the Sea of Cortez, the weather built, and we were soon enjoying 20 to 25 knots of wind and 8 to 10 foot seas. And I thought the motor home rocked a lot. We wound up skipping dinner, and settled on exciting fare such as apples and apricot slices.

Mickey had enjoyed a meal of Oysters a few days earlier, and they got their revenge. So, Mickey “glued” himself into the forward state room and somehow managed to not get launched off the bed too often. Oysters protesting and time spent hanging onto the bed... what a way to spend the night!

Those of us still able to command an upright stance took watches of 2 hours on and 4 hours off. We all managed to land on the floor of our staterooms at some time or another. We finally settled into sleeping on the bridge. Actually wedging in between the table and back cushions of the settees worked rather well.

The weather finally relented just after sunrise. The fleet, of course, had spread out. The only boat to have encountered problems was “Carmagnole.” She lost her main at around 2200 and they undertook repairs in the “dark” – there was an almost full moon, so that helped some. It seems the brand new sail tore at the head of the mast and all the way down the luff to the foot of the sail. It took them until 0900 to affect the repairs, such as they were.

We fished for the day, and managed to catch one small Yellow Tail. Marshall tossed it back, and we set trawls again. That was the last “bite” we had. If we can find the same Yellow Tail next race, he/she will be big enough for some trophy or another and will provide a lot Sushi.

We actually had a very soft ride heading into Banderas Bay, so decided to cook the Turtle Bay lobsters and enjoy a big salad with that. It was a treat! We alerted the PV race committee when we got to the 12 mile and 6 mile distance from the finish line. It was 0200 (local time) when we found the “Follow Me” boat and headed into the harbor. The “Follow Me” team, lead by Ron Jacobs and S/C Bob Heintz were a little blurry eyed, and had forgotten to turn on their running lights, but got us to the Opequimar dock. Lucky for us, there was a beautiful full moon. Once at the dock, the welcoming committee greeted us with a gift bag that we set aside, excused ourselves, and we hit the sack. The welcoming teams were OK with this as they were ready for some sleep too.

Next day, Marty, Mickey and I scattered to various hotels, went to visit the Race Committee/Radio Room, worked at race results, and shared “Fliegel’s Folly” stories. The amount of work it takes to run and managed this race is truly amazing. The room was packed with RC volunteers for most of the day. The good news is that all the boats finish by early afternoon. Let the parties, stories, and camaraderie begin!

We spent a good part of the next day (Friday) prepping for the trophy presentations. On presentation day (Saturday), and in the typical Mexico way, we were still decorating the grand ballroom as guests and racers grabbed their seats. The Mexican Navy, to get things started, showed up with their band. After marching into the ball room, they played an amazing rendition of their national anthem with a trumpet and drums.

Trophies were presented followed by the “Corum” watches being handed out. Lots of smiles around! “Rose of Sharon” lost a bet to “Jungle Jim” which cost them a bottle of Scotch. The beach party followed with the best food, drink, a good dance band, and of course, lots more stories.

What an adventure! What an experience! See you in 2011 ...

Sterling

















