

Tondelayo's Voyage

Isla Carmen, up the coast to Bahia Conception, and on to Bahia de Los Angeles

May 29 - Jun 23, 2002

	See Map - press your browser <i>back</i> button when finished.
May 29	<p>Still in Puerto Escondido. Went on a hike with Pat, Compania (John and Susan), and Magic Mist (Richard and Dana). Went up the "Steinbeck Canyon" that John Stienbeck hiked up and talked about in "Log for the Sea of Cortez." Nice long hike, at the end I went up some rock that required really good grip, or a rope that had been left by others. I don't trust others. Anyway, quite a neat hike. At some points the canyon goes down to about 75 feet wide but is hundreds of feet straight up on either side.</p> <p>Then went to the store to get Ice, and provisions. Once completed, motored to an anchorage called Puerto Ballandra, where everyone has been talking about the bug problem. (Numerous Lobsters).</p>
May 30-31	Went hiking in the morning over to the top of a ridge that looks down on an old salt works. It was in full operation until 20 years ago, so I would like to go down and check out the town some time. Did some spearfishing and picked up a couple snappers and a grouper, but not lobsters.
June 1	Sailed out of Ballandra, and headed around the north end of Isla Carmen, to a little known cove called Vee Cove. I don't think that would be the Spanish name, but we gringos do what we can. Anyway, after a few hours of moving at 1.5 knots, I decided to motor, and 15 minutes later rounded Punto Tintorea (Shark Chick?) and was heeled over by some wind. Next thing I knew, I was going 6 knots under sail, close hauled. Nice to be moving for a change. Thought about tacking back and forth all afternoon to enjoy the nice wind, but decided to continue on to Vee cove. Arrived, but it was a bit hard to find, and anchored in 5 fathoms, sand. Immediately went snorkeling, and somehow decided to steam 6 nice sized lobsters for dinner. Got in touch with Seahorse on the way back from Loreto and made plans for sometime later. They brought me some ice, and a few other things. I made some nice pasta, Lisa made a Cucumber Salad, and we were rewarded with Pat saying "I don't think I can eat this last piece of lobster." God I love the price of seafood here. I don't know whether to eat fish, scallops, or lobster tomorrow. Hmmm, decisions.
June 2	Uhuru (Mike) and Peggy Ann (Greg) arrived this afternoon. I shot the biggest Pargo (a kind of Snapper) anyone has ever seen. Weighed in around 12-15 pounds, and took quite some time to get him out of the rocks. He feed 5 people. There is about a 100 pound Dog Snapper that is inhabiting the rocks on the west side of the anchorage He laughed at my spear.
June 3	A day that will live in infamy. Went out with everyone and raided the cove around the corner. Hauled a total of 18 lobsters and a few pounds of scallops. I shot 9 or 10 lobsters, including 2 huge ones . Alouette de Mer arrived. Had a big feast with everyone on Peggy Ann. Had scallop sushi (tons), a lobster soup, potato salad, and steamed lobster. Ended the night with cocktails in the big sea cave. Seems like I vaguely remember something about some really good brownies that Lisa made.
June 4-5	Living the life of Riley in V cove. Cliff diving, spearfishing, and life on the boat. Seahorse left on the 4th.
June 6-8	Heading north with Peggy Ann. Greg is going to try to make it to Bahia Conception before heading around the corner for the bash back to San Francisco. We made San Juanico the first night, around nightfall and started early the next morning. I hailed Seahorse, suspecting that they might be in Caleta San Sebastian, and they were, planning to go about 6 miles north to Punta Teresa, so I decided to rendezvous with them there. Anchored, and went snorkeling. Lisa found a lobster hotel and we had to control ourselves. Shot 8 nice, big residents and a hawkfish. Taught Lisa how to filet the fish. Made a Pernod sauce, but did not have any Pernod. So, I crushed some fennel seeds in the mortar and pestle, and soaked them in some light rum for a few hours. Worked great, and was even that light yellow green color. We're really roughing it out here. Headed out for Conception the next day. Sailed the whole way from V cove to Conception, but a lot of at 2 knots. Anchored in Santispac, the north end of Bahia Coyote and went ashore to Ray's Place for Coconut Shrimp.
June 8-13	The water here is like bathwater, 84 degrees. Stayed a few days in Santispac, and a few in Santa Barbara Cove. Lots of clams around, but not much fish. Shot 6 nice snappers one day and had dinner with Taking Flight. Ann made a dish that is a Mexican type of casserole with fish and clams, I can not remember the name. Went ashore one day for a tour of some Cave Paintings and Petroglyphs with about a dozen people. Saw the famous Trinidad Deer that you may have seen in a textbook somewhere. These things are several

	thousand years old and still looking pretty good, which is pretty amazing. Also learned about a bunch of uses for the desert plants from our guide.
June 14-15	Heading North with Seahorse, they picked up Pat's cousin Joe as crew for a few weeks. Anchored off Mulege, and helped Pat with some alternator problems while Joe and Lisa went into town for some provisions. Had a nice sail from there to Punta Chivato. Did not get to explore since the swell made the anchorage untenable by morning. Left, and sailed and motored with light winds and large swells to the north east corner of Isla San Marcos. Nice calm anchorage, no other boats, and lots of craggy rocks. Had Pargo (a nice 8 pounder that I shot) and lobster sushi for dinner. Lisa is becoming quite the hunter, she shot 2 lobster, while I only found 1 that I could not shoot.
June 16	Life goes on. I think we went for a little hiking, worked on Pony (seahorses Dingy) and Snorkeled. Cold water. 4 fish, 2 lobster and a few big scallops for dinner. Taught Pat all about making sushi (Blind leading the blind).
June 17	Seahorse left for Santa Rosalia for a day or 2. I stayed behind, but Taking Flight and Sangaris showed up. I went for a dip as they were approaching, and acquired a large lobster and located several others. Sangaris (Craig and Catherine) had anchored, but I told them that I had found the Happy Hunting Grounds and they relocated closer. Taking Flight and came along with Craig and I for some hunting. I think we had about a half a dozen nice sized lobsters for dinner with some veggies and of course, butter. Craig and Catherine had not seen any lobster since Panama, so they were excited about it. Just another day in paradise.
June 18-19	Motored, sailed and motored to Santa Rosalia. Archie off Setacean hooked me up with a slip for a few hours, so I washed the boat and myself in copious amounts of fresh water. Santa Rosalia was very hot. Without constant wetting down, I do not think I could stand it for very long. Put on provisions, fresh eggs, fruit veggies, and lots of beer and ice. Also got crew. Joe (guest on Seahorse) crewed on the overnight trip up to San Fransisquito. Lots of sailing, a bit of motoring, and some sleep, overall a good passage. Nice to have someone around so I could get a nap. Threw out the trolling line at sunup. Hooked up 4 dorado, but only got 1 on board. Great morning of fishing. Had to cross a tide rip on the way into the anchorage. Lots of 4-5 foot standing waves, spaced very close together. Morning tidal currents had given us up to 2 knots of extra speed. Arrived and anchored around noon. Promptly emptied out some space in the icebox in case we needed it for something else. Never did need that space, but the beer was really good. Then got a nice nap. Dinner was on Seahorse.
June 20	A little hike and some snorkeling. The water is really cold here. I think the coldest since Ventura. We heard 68 degrees. I can stay in for only a few minutes even with a wetsuit. Lisa found a lobster, but Pat and I saw nothing. She picked up a spear in Santa Rosalia.
June 21-22	Sailed over to Isla Salsipudes (Leave if you can Island) with Lisa as guest crew. Saw quite a few whales, some close to the boat. Not sure what they were. Greg Fish of Peggy Ann will note that we were playing DeeLight (Funky Music) on the stereo. Seahorse (control) was not playing funk, and saw no whales. Greg and I will be looking for sponsors to do a worldwide study of whales and funk. We will need a very large sailboat and a lot of money, so please start saving for this important scientific endeavor. Anchored in a tight cove with Seahorse, and a bayliner that was already there. Dance Baybe is perhaps the only deisel Bayliner, and definetly the only one in North America. She can not plane when fully fueled. Strange concept for a Bayliner. Went snorkeling and shot a couple nice groupers, but no bugs to be seen. Some pretty strong currents around. I would dive down and then drift around a corner, and surprise a school of grouper, and viola, dinner. Water is still cold but not near as bad as San Fransisquito. It is keeping the air temp down as well. Quite pleasant here, high about 90. The next day I did some boat stuff and picked a few scallops off the wall near the boat.
June 23	Sailed and motored up to Isla Partida (another Isla Partida). Lots of whale action on the way up. At one point some of the beasts surfaced only a few boat lengths off the starboard bow. Scared the hell out of me since I was in the bow pulpit. I'm not sure what these guys are, but they are pretty big. At least the size of humpbacks, but they don't are not nearly so entertaining. Possibly McBryde's or Finback whales, and serious about feeding. These guys work the tide rips methodically. Lots around, at least 3 or four pods of 3 or more. Anchored at Partida, and the water is so full of algae that I opted not to snorkel. I have fish from yesterday anyway. There are some very large and stupid houseflies here. I have killed 7 and not needed the flyswatter yet.
June 24-25	Caught up to Seahorse in Pueblo Los Angeles on the west side of Bahia de Los Angeles (BLA). Went out to eat, and had a few beers with Joe, it was his last night here. The next day, started provisioning, got Laundry done and hung explored the town. Pat left with Joe to get a ride out to the main highway, 42 miles. Then Joe was planning to flag down a bus, or hitch a ride.

