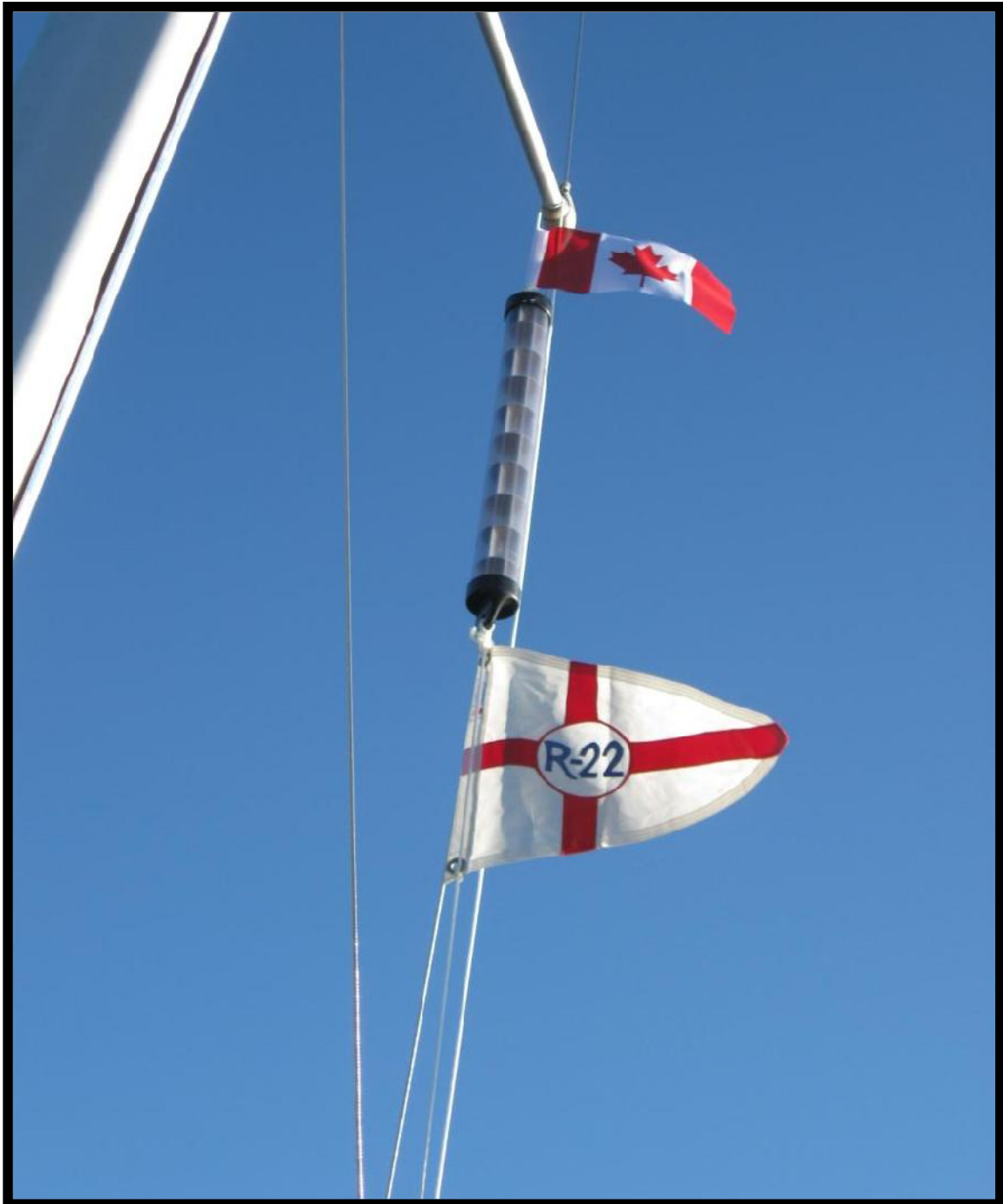


# **The 2<sup>nd</sup> Annual Northwest Rhodes Rally, 2010**





**Chris & Alice on *Enosis***

at skyline and opted to spend the night at the marina. At this time their boat was *No Name* for obvious reasons.

Caesar Paul and a sailing friend Gerard Burkhauser arrived in the late afternoon after a five hour drive from eastern Washington and chose to sleep aboard "Gentle Breeze" on the trailer at Washington Park a mile from the marina.

Their plan was to launch at the public ramp the next morning.



**Steve & Mike on *No Name***



**Caesar & Gerrard on *Gentle Breeze***

couple from Flathead Lake in Montana, Eric and Michelle Anderson. This was their first time in saltwater with their Pierson 23, *Winded*. Caesar, with the power vested in him as admiral of the fleet made them honorary Rhodies and they joined the sail. As it

What appears to be the start of a tradition began this year with four Rhodes 22's coming together for fun, festivities and food. On Thursday, June 24<sup>th</sup> after a 10 hour drive Chris & Alice Geankoplis splashed their Rhodes, *Enosis* at Skyline Marina in Anacortes, Washington. Being a day early they headed down to one of their favorite close by anchorages at Bowman Bay just up from Deception Pass. Later that afternoon Steve Jacobs and his son Mike, who live in Bellevue, Washington a few hours away, also launched

The next morning *Enosis* and *No Name* met up at the entrance to the Marina and sailed the one mile around Fidalgo Head to Washington Marina. Because of the negative tide the ramp couldn't be used for another hour or two. The tides here in this area can be quite dramatic often exceeding 10 feet or more. We anchored up and watched a ceremony by Native Americans ashore until the tide raised enough for *Gentle Breeze* to launch.

While waiting for the tide, Caesar struck up a friendship with a charming

turned out *Winded* consistently beat the pants off of all the other Rhodes; yeah, but we looked cooler.

The plan was to sail up Bellingham Channel between Cypress and Guemes Islands and then up Rosario Channel around Orcas Island to our evening's destination of Sucia Island; a trip of 23 miles. As planned the current was with us, often as much as 3 knots or more. The wind was off and on so we sailed some



**Eric & Michelle's Person 23, Winded**



and motored more. The fourth and final Rhodes to participate was, *Moccasin*, owned by Julia Turney and Jay Lucas. It was easier to meet us along the way instead of coming down to Washington Park since they keep their Rhodes on Orcas Island and had lots of "local" knowledge to share.

It was a great introduction / revisit of the islands on the way up, with an added treat of seeing several pods of Orca whales. These amazing animals were hard to photograph

but exciting to see. It was a perfect day with lots of sunshine and clear skies; the green of the islands, contrasting with the blue

**Jan & Julia on *Moccasin***

green sea and the white snowcapped Mount Baker on the mainland. In no time we rounded the easternmost point of Orcas Island, Lawrence Point, and sailed past the small pair of islands that make up Clark Island State Park. Here we joined up with *Moccasin* and sailed the remaining 5 miles to Sucia Island State Park.



**Gentle Breeze sails past Clark Island State Park with Mt. Baker in the background**



**Jay & Julia's Pot Luck**

This island is a favorite with all sailors as it has some of the best anchorages in the San Juan Islands, plus the entire island is a state park. The "Fleet" chose Fossil Bay as their first anchorage and *Moccasin* picked up one of the many state maintained moorings. With copious bumpers out, the other 3 Rhodes and *Winded* rafted up for the much anticipated spaghetti dinner hosted by *Moccasin*. Before getting down to the business of food, we crawled over each other's boats admiring the many variations and clever "fixes" and equipment that each unique Rhodes had. On to the food: Other boats contributed pizza and anti-pastas, not to mention cheese cake and beverages. With a full moon rising, it was the end to a great first day sail. A few boats chose to remain rafted and a couple re-anchored for the night. The next day the fleet planned to go international.

Early the next morning we left for our next destination of Sidney, Vancouver Island, Canada, 23 miles away. *Winded* chose not to do the crossing this time and promised to keep in touch. There was not much wind so everyone started out motoring. Occasionally the wind would come up from the southwest and we would sail a bit but never for any length of time. The current was out of the north, and would set us to the south on our westerly route. At one point it was a real struggle for a couple of boats to avoid being drawn uncomfortably close to a reef near Stuart Island. The sea itself was a fascinating sight with strange flat spots, and right next to them rapidly moving small waves and whirlpools. Occasionally there were strong surges that would jerk the vessels off course when the opposing currents toyed with the boats.



As we entered Canadian waters and neared our destination of Sidney, the wind picked up and we had the challenge of threading our way through numerous islets, rocks and reefs, with a strong current to make everything interesting. The last couple of miles were pretty free of hazards and we had a great sail in 12 to 15 knots; a great end to a very interesting passage.

**Dumping wind or falling off, whatever works, Sidney Bay, BC**





**Sidney Harbor, Gentle Breeze, low tide high flowers**



**Sidney Pub Dinner Left to Right: Chris, Alice, Jay, Julia, Steve, Mike and Caesar, Photo by Gerard**

The next morning after a breakfast at various coffee houses and restaurants we prepared to head back to the U.S. Jay and Julia of *Moccasin* had to work the next day so they left first and checked in at Friday Harbor on San Juan Island. The remaining three Rhodes headed out south around Sidney Island and then across the Haro Straits to the southern tip of Henry Island, a trip of about 12 miles. The strait is often very busy with large ocean going freighters and tankers steaming up and down the traffic lanes. It can be surprising how fast a ship can approach

The entrance to Sidney Harbor is protected by a very long and high stone breakwater which offers great protection for the marina. The Customs dock was right at the beginning of the marina and we all tied up and began the check in procedures. Canadian Customs is a breeze, all done on the phone and very friendly and straight forward for the most part. It can be a bit of a challenge if not a U.S. citizen or if you don't have a passport. This resulted in a visit by customs officials and a brief conversation and then all was right in the world. The marina itself has beautiful hanging baskets on each piling. Within six hours of arriving the flower baskets were at eye level or even lower.

After getting our assigned slips (\$1.50 a foot) plus \$3.00 for power we were set for the evening. Several of us wandered around the nearby town and had a nice time looking into the shops on that Saturday afternoon. After making use of the showers we headed to a nearby pub for food and drinks. It is an easy bus ride from Sidney to the nearby Butchart Gardens, an amazing creation that has been developed over the last hundred years. We couldn't visit this time but next time we shall.



**Freighter fleeing attacking pirates, Aargh**



**Gentle Breeze, left; No Name, right**

your boat in the short time between first sighting on the horizon and when it crosses your intended path. Once safely across the shipping lanes, we headed up the winding passage of Mosquito Pass wing and wing for about a mile and a half; a very cool sail.

At the end of Mosquito Pass is Roche Harbor. This was originally the location of a limestone and cement kiln operation which eventually became a resort in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century. Since it is a port of entry it was here that we would clear U.S. customs.



**All three of the Rhodes lined up at U.S. Customs**

Eric. After clearing customs and getting some fuel, the group headed out to Stewart Island a four mile sail away.

Stewart Island is partly privately owned but there is a great anchorage at the state park with lots of walking paths. We managed to arrive early enough to get 3 spaces on the floating dock, a bit of a squeeze but we fit. Within a short time, who should show up but Michelle and Eric aboard *Winded*.

We all tied up to the custom's dock which made quite a site and proceeded to the small customs hut on the dock. Compared to Canadian customs, there was a more thorough examination of the paperwork and more extensive questions all done in a professional, if distant manner. However, it was this method and approach that caught the guy crossing from Canada to Washington State with explosives and plans to blow up the Seattle Space Needle, so one shouldn't complain too much. We saw *Winded* at the dock nearby but no sign of Michelle and



**At the floating dock, Stuart Island State Park**





After some walking around the park and admiring the two story outhouse (composting) we headed back to a fantastic meal provided by *No Name*. Steve Jacobs' son Mike, had a friend who was a gourmet butcher and he prepared some fantastic chicken and beef kabobs wonderfully marinated and

#### **Who rents the basement?**

amazing blue cheese, bacon, or sirloin, burgers. The other boats chipped in with additional food for a wonderful feast. This time we could all eat at the picnic table at the dock. We chose to remain alongside the protected floating dock for the night for a \$12 fee per boat.



#### **The dock all to ourselves**

Up not too early, we had the chance for scrambled eggs, bacon, toast & bread for breakfast all prepared on the picnic table on the dock, lots of room on that galley. *Winded* left an hour or so before us. The other powerboats on the dock, left also, leaving the whole dock to the Rhodes Fleet. Unfortunately, we had to leave as the tide was turning against us and we would have to sail against it.



#### **Winded off to Friday Harbor**

A few miles south of Stuart Island was Spieden Island and south of it a further seven miles away was Friday Harbor our destination for the day. Spieden is almost bare with a sprinkle of trees on the south side of the island and heavily wooded for the most part on the north side. We would be motoring along the north shore in 300 feet of water only a few boat lengths off along its cliff bound shore. Progress was



#### **No Name, North shore of Spieden Island**



#### Plenty of wind with just the 175% up

forth across the San Juan Channel in relatively smooth seas against the wind and a half knot current. Wind speed was about 10 to 12 knots, occasionally higher, just right for some fun sailing. With the sustained winds we could adjust sails and view other Rhodes to see how they were sailing and how their sails were set. It was not only fun but very informative. *Gentle Breeze* had a 175% Genoa as did *No Name*. *Enosis* carried a 150% Genoa. It was during this sail that *No Name* was informally christened with a new name; *Winding Rhodes*. Not because of the tacks she took but rather after the Beatles' Song. We shall see if the name sticks. Henceforth, *No Name* would be called *Winding Rhodes*. We arrived in great spirits at Friday Harbor on the floating docks which charged \$.90 a foot.

slow as there was a two plus knot current against us. However, this gave us more time to admire the rugged scenery and even spot some very strange goats. We finally cleared the southeastern tip of the island, the current dropped considerably and the wind picked up from the south.

Now at last we had some real wind and as one sailor put it some real Wha-Hoo Sailing. All three boats proceeded to tack back and



#### Wha-Hoo Sailing, time to shorten sail



Popeye; no fish = wet clothes

Dinner was hosted by *Winding Rhodes* dockside Bar and Grill, Chef Mike and Bartender Steve at your service. From the bottomless cooler came more kebobs and burgers along with salad from *Gentle Breeze's* organic salad farm and wine from the cellars of *Enosis*. *Winded* helped round out the selection, with some great beer, a very nice dinner indeed. One uninvited guest was "Popeye". This is a one eyed seal that swims about the harbor. She will come right up to people on their boat in hopes of getting a fish. If you don't have anything for her she will either swim away or splash you, then swim away. We didn't have any fish for Popeye.





**Winded in the lead, again**

Our next destination for Tuesday evening was Spencer Spit on the eastern side of Lopez Island. After a nice shower, food, fuel, and ice purchases, we left in cloudy weather and headed for the spit. On again, off again wind made motoring necessary for part of the time. A couple of boats went up to Division Pass to check out a friend's home and then headed back to the spit. Eventually those that motored arrived in a timely manner at the spit and dropped anchor on the north shore. This is another state park and is quite lovely with a long spit of sand crowned with interesting piles of driftwood along its spine. There are shelters, fire rings and campsites along with bicycle and kayak rentals. We anchored off and everyone rowed (or canoed in the case of *Winded*) ashore on their own to explore the park. Late that afternoon Gerard even persuaded Eric to go over to a small islet and go *snorkeling* in the 47 degree water; crazy as a polar bear, I think.



**Rafted up, Frost Island in back**

That evening it was another raft up and a concerted effort to eat up Mike and Steve's gourmet meat before it, or we, went bad. Mission accomplished. We sat around and talked and just relaxed. The weather was predicted to change to rain the next day and to make things interesting the wind was on the nose and the swells were on the beam. Some of the swells were from the ferries and were quite big causing the boats to rock a lot. The solution in this case was to set two anchors so that the boats' bows were into the swells and not the wind. Since the winds were predicted to be less than 15 knots with two anchors fore and aft and with plenty of scope it would not be a problem. It was a much more comfortable night at anchor than what it might have been otherwise.



**Dinner time, the "Spit" behind**



**Winding Rhodes, Enosis, Gentle Breeze, off Spencer Spit**

The next morning, July 2<sup>nd</sup>, saw cold windy rain come in and for the fleet a dispersal of the boats to go their separate ways. Steve Jacobs and his son Mike on newly named *Winding Rhodes* were off to cross Rosario straits and pull out at Skyline Marina. *Winded* with Michelle and Eric was off on her own adventure for another day before pulling out at Washington Marina. Caesar of *Gentle Breeze* was determined to stop and smell the roses, so he spent the day at anchor reading and relaxing, while Gerard rented a bicycle in the rain and explored

Lopez Island. *Gentle Breeze* left the next day. Chris and Alice of *Enosis* were headed out to meet up with their son back in Sidney for another 10 days of sailing and left late that afternoon.

It was amazing how much learning, beauty, food and drink, adventure, excitement and of course friendship a few short days can contain. For some of us it was a first time meeting of old "Rhodes List" friends, discovering new anchorages, and improving our sailing techniques. For all it was a unique experience to share our passion for and the beauty of sailing with three other Rhodes 22's (oh, of course the honorary Rhodes, the Person 23, too). This all happened in a truly amazing sailing venue, the San Juan Islands and southern Gulf Islands. We all look forward to sharing this experience again in the vast sailing paradise called the Pacific Northwest. It would be even better if a few adventurous souls from points east should consider coming along the next time we sail these waters.



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