

Baja Voyage(cont'd) Day 7

Since we had a long sail ahead of us (about 45 nm) we left the following morning about 3 am. Our last view of Mike was his boat peacefully at anchorage in the waning moonlight. After rounding the northeastern tip of Estanque Island, and with the ebb tide, we motored south passing Partida Rock. We could barely see the Rock, but could hear all the carping, and complaining of the sea lions. Later there was a light breeze that sprang up from the northeast and we slowly ghosted along in the bright moonlight, the silence was broken only twice when some whales surfaced 100 feet away from us with a sudden whoosh of released air. A couple of days later Brad still had the knot where he bumped his head on the boom when he jumped at the sound of the whales. At dawn the wind abandoned us and we started up the motor. Twenty-five miles later, in early afternoon, we motored into the bay of San Francisquito.



Satellite image BLA to San Francisquito (from Cunningham's Guide)

This is a large bay and in the southeast corner is a smaller cove with almost 360-degree protection. It is fairly shallow perhaps half is less than 3 feet deep, the rest is about 4 to 15 feet deep with the entire cove being perhaps 50 acres in area. At one end of the cove were several houses and a cluster of shacks. We were quite low on gas and hoped that there might be someone who would sell us some fuel.



Old Lighthouse at entrance to inner harbor

No luck at the closed up holiday homes. The shacks housed a group of a dozen or so Mexican Special Forces with a very fast and armed 25' speed boat. We asked them if there was any place nearby that we might find gas.

"Sure, no problema, get your cans" they replied.

We went back to the boat and got the two 6-gallon and presented ourselves anticipating a quick exchange of cash for gas.

“So, donde’ este gasoline?” we inquired.

“Oh, that way 3 or 4 clicks through the desert,” they replied.

Hoping to appeal to their generosity, we applied our most pitiful facial expressions and body language. As a result they offered to drive us in the official pickup truck. Sure enough, 4 km later there was a cluster of barns, outbuildings and a number of American style ranch houses along a beach. Further inland was a huge (6-7,000 sq ft home) with its own water tower, out buildings and a private airfield. A big hacienda for sure!

There was a beachfront “restaurant” and the owner sold us some gas siphoned from 55gal drums for \$4.00 a gallon...beats rowing! We bought cold cokes for the “boys” who drove us and when we got back to the special forces camp gave some money to the lieutenant to buy the rest of the guys some cold drinks when they went in to the village, it was the least we could do as I have no doubt we would be vulture bait if we had walked.

Now that we knew there was a restaurant, we sailed around Punta San Gabriel for a couple of miles to the “restaurant”. We anchored off the beach and rowed ashore about 7pm for a simple dinner of carne asada, beans, rice and several cold beers. Our “simple meal” cost \$44, seems those are the private airfield prices!

There were a number of interesting people sitting on the veranda including a retired coastguard chief full of stories. He lived in San Francisquito fulltime and spent his days fishing and exploring the mountains. Some local Indians showed him caves with large numbers of unusual petroglyphs; many were never previously recorded and not listed in any publications.



Looking SE from entrance to inner harbor



Baja Petroglyphs (The above two photos are from a website and are used to illustrate some of the kinds of rock art that is found throughout Baja).

http://www.petroglyphs.us/photographs_pictographs_petroglyphs_baja_norte_california_BC.htm

The Chief (Coast Guard, not Indian) related a story how two friends of his were planning a four hour, 50-mile drive to Bay of Angles. True to the traditions of the Norte Americanos of the area they celebrated heavily before hitting the road. Two days later one of his friends was found disoriented but alive in the car that had taken a wrong turn. His other friend was found 2 days after that on a beach, surrounded by vultures and reduced to scattered bones and tendons. The idea of being the main entrée at a buzzard buffet convinced us to fill all our containers with water and to buy some extra bottled water too. That night about 10:30, we left and headed south in the waning moonlight. Without any wind but with a favorable current, our 6hp Yamaha pushed us south, humming along quietly.



Enosis at rest

To be continued.....