

## Baja Voyage (cont'd) Day 21

The next morning we were up early, but before leaving I wanted to get a picture of the cove. This involved a short hike up a small hill so I could get the shot. Photographing the boat at anchorage and getting the most brilliant colors is best done during midday. The problem is that at midday the sun is



so intense is too hot to climb hills. At midday we were usually under sail, so most pictures of the land and sea when taken from the land are taken in the morning or late afternoon. As you can see, morning light does not lend itself to depicting dramatic colors and does not convey the incredible blues and greens of the water as it meets the land.

**La Ramada Cove, early in the morning, looking north**

Our next destination was 40 miles away, so we wanted an early start. The sailing was great though the seas were in the four to six foot range and mostly quartering. Winds were about 15 knots or so, sometimes increasing.

It was just after Punta Pulpito that I spotted my first sail. Other than Mike's Ranger 23 and my boat, we had seen no other sails this trip. On the horizon was an odd craft just rounding a small islet of San Ildefonso. The rig was not a Marconi, and it was so far off I could not tell what kind of boat it was or how big. With nothing else to do we altered course to investigate. As we converged, I could see it was a monohull and moving slowly toward us. Finally, I understood what I was looking at. It was a 20-foot panga with its motor up and short, thin pole made from a tree with a gaff-rigged sail attached. The sail was a patchwork of cotton canvas, sailcloth and tarps. In the stern with a makeshift rudder, was an old fisherman, white haired and chestnut brown sitting in the sun. With few teeth his smile still lit up the scene and he made a grand gesture full of pride at

his sail and himself. As we sailed along on a parallel course he said we were the same. We both are sailors and we were doing what he did as a boy and what he learned from his father and his father before him. However, I realized that I was only playing at being a sailor. He was the real sailor.

I asked if he needed help. "No", he replied, he did not need any help, the motor had quit and since he had no fish to worry about he would enjoy the sail to his village of San Sebastian about four or five miles away. With smiles and waves we went our separate ways. It wasn't until later I realized I hadn't gotten a picture. Upon reflection, I think it would have removed some of the dignity of this old man and lessened the experience for me.

By late afternoon the wind began to desert us. The seas, however, remained faithful as we motored the last 10 or 12 miles past Los Pilares, our intended



overnight location. It proved too exposed to the swell, so we continued on in the fading light another six miles. We anchored in the lee of Punta Concepcion at the familiar Bahia de Santo Domingo, AKA Brad's Lost Cache Bay.

There were two other boats in the bay, one flying a pirate's flag (we would bump into him several times later during the trip) and a very reclusive fellow on the other boat who

**Dusk and a cold drink at "Lost Cache**

wouldn't return our wave. I tried some bottom fishing with no luck, so we had a quiet dinner of something canned and something cold to drink since there was still ice left from Loreto. Night comes quickly and we both were tired from the long sail, but we still counted shooting stars together before we fell to sleep.

**To Be Continued**