



SAUVIE ISLAND YACHT CLUB NEWSLETTER

P. O. Box 2524, Portland, OR 97208-2524

Vol. 317 November 2010

SIYC OFFICERS '09-'10

Commodore
Garry Weber

Vice Commodore
George Stonecliffe

Secretary
Marianne Mullowney

Treasurer
Ed Mullowney

Rear Commodore
Ed Daugherty

COMMITTEE CHAIRS

Membership
Ed Mulowney

Database Editor
Susan Gierga

Cruising Coordinator
Open
*Contact George Stonecliffe
for more information.*

Newsletter
Susan Gierga

Refreshments
Sue Stonecliffe

Website
Jeff Gerritsen

*This month join us
Saturday, December 11th
Rose City Yacht Club
3737 NE Marine Drive
6:30 pm
For our Annual Holiday Party.
Bring your favorite potluck dish,
your own beverage and
dinnerware.
We will have a
'White Elephant'
gift exchange.
Hope to see you there!*



Cruise Weekend
December 31 - January 1st
New Year's Cruise
Coon Island
Cruise over anytime Saturday. Bring
your favorite party favors.

When: Saturday December 31st

Where: Coon Island

Host: Garry Weber

Theme: Party On!

Commodore's Comments

Hi all!

We're sailing into the holiday season with the Thanksgiving Cruise coming up this weekend on the 20th and 21st, and then the Christmas party and New Years cruise to Coon Island.

Dave Mangan is cooking his famous Barbecue Turkey for Thanksgiving so show up at Hadley's Landing if you don't want to miss out! The weather is getting colder but the warm friendship of our fellow members will make our winter cruises fun and rewarding. So don't be afraid to cast off those slimy green dock lines and join your friends for some great winter fun.

Garry

SIYC November Board Meeting

SIYC Board meeting was held at the home of SIYC Treasurer and Secretary-Ed and Marianne Mallowney. In attendance were the Commodore Garry Weber, Vice Commodore George Stonecliffe and Rear Commodore Ed Daugherty and wife Sarah.

The Treasurer reported revenue of \$3,485.00. The club has 12 Life Members, 4 Post Members, 25 Regular Members and 2 members on Cruising status. There are a few other members who have been contacted regarding dues and more revenue may be coming.

Dave King is the scheduled speaker for the October club meeting. The December meeting will be included in the Christmas party on December 11 at Rose City Yacht Club.

There was some discussion about the club website including the newsletter without the e-mail addresses of the club officers. George and Garry will work with Jeff Gerritsen to make the changes.

Yachting Club of America was a topic of discussion. When we first joined the club, the dues were \$100 per year but quickly grew to \$400 per year. The amount of use of this club by SIYC cruisers didn't seem to justify the expense. SIYC cruiser Norm Petersen reported that he was denied mooring privileges from some clubs while he was cruising north because SIYC wasn't recognized as a member in their registry. Maybe we need to open this discussion with our cruisers again.

Meeting ended at 8:30 P.M.

Respectfully submitted,

Marianne Mallowney

SIYC Secretary

SIYC November General Meeting

The meeting was called to order by Commodore Garry Weber at 7:30 P.M.

Rowan Madix and Devon Quinn were introduced as guests-for the third time. They have a 31'Ericson moored at St. Helens. Mark and Sharon Moreland were guests, also. Their boat is a Westsail.

The treasurer reported funds of \$3400.00. Dues may still be added with a few who have been contacted and have promised payment.

The Halloween Cruise was October 23/24 at Bartlett's Landing-the farthest East dock at Government Island. George and Sue Stonecliffe were hosts. While there wasn't a costume contest this year, there were many finely carved pumpkins on display. Peter Gierga arrived in his boat after dark and managed to dock without assistance AND avoid hitting the huge log that was hiding under the cover of night. Good job!!

The Thanksgiving Cruise will be November 20/21 at Hadley's Landing with host Dave Mangan preparing his world famous turkey. Don't miss it!

After the break, the speaker was Captain Dave King who competed in a solo race from San Francisco to Hawaii this summer. He competed against 15 other sailboats (14 finished) in his 32' Westsail named Saraban. Despite the worst recorded weather in 30 years and a broken boom, Dave managed to complete the race and place second. When asked if it were fun he replied with a very simple "NO". He was very happy to have completed the very difficult passage. He sailed home with a crew, sailed from Astoria to a Westsail rendezvous in Anacortes and then flew back to Hawaii to deliver another sailboat to San Francisco. Dave has sailed the California to Hawaii or Hawaii back to the mainland 22 times!!! Never an easy sail!

Respectfully submitted,
 Marianne Mullooney, SIYC Secretary



Brent and Molly Forsberg 11/09

"Love is what makes two people sit in the middle of a bench when there is plenty of room at both ends"



Craig Johnston on Sequoia
SIYC Clothing & Accessories

For 2009/10

- Short-sleeved collared sport shirt--\$20.00
 Adult - K420 Ladies cut - L420
- Long sleeved-----\$28.00
 Adult - K320
- Sweatshirts
 - Pullover, hooded-----\$24.00
 Adult - PC90H
 - Crew neck-----\$17.00
 Adult - PC90
 - Zip front, hooded-----\$32.00
 Adult - -F258
- Fleece Jackets
 - Zip front-----\$40.00
 Adult - JP77
 Ladies cut - LP77 (no green)
- Fleece Vests-----\$30.00
 Adult - JP79 Ladies cut - LP79
- Wind Shirt (v-neck nylon) \$24.00
 Adult - JP72
- Zip Front Nylon Jacket\$30.00
 Adult - JP70
- Anorak ¼ zip pullover, hooded-----\$32.00

*** All items come in green and navy except where noted.
 *** A check made out to SIYC need to accompany orders.
 Mail checks to: Sarah Daugherty

Note: sizes beyond L will be \$1.50 more.



- Molly Forsberg 11/02*
- Lyn Hellbusch 11/25*
- Anita Melbo 11/15*
- Jane Woodward 11/21*

*"And in the end, it's not the years in your life that count. It's the life in your years."
 Abraham Lincoln*

Please continue to send letters, articles, educational opportunities, recipes and other items that you would like to share with the club. Susan Gierga
 If you have new contact information, please contact Database Coordinator; Susan Gierga

2010-2011 CALENDAR

MEETINGS		BOARD MEETINGS		CRUISES	
September 3	Sauvie Island School	August 31	TBD	September 11 – 12	Gilbert River Docks
October 1	Sauvie Island School	September 28	TBD	October 23 – 24	E. Government Island
November 5	Sauvie Island School	November 2	TBD	November 20 - 21	Thanksgiving at Hadley's Landing
December 11	TBD	At Christmas Party	TBD	December 31-1	New Year's Cruise Coon Island
January 7	Sauvie Island School	January 4	TBD	January	
February 4	Sauvie Island School	February 1	TBD	February 12-13	Valentine's Cruise Coon Island
March 4	Sauvie Island School	March 1	TBD	March 12-13	Anchoring Cruise
April 1	Sauvie Island School	March 29	TBD	April 16-17	Navigation Cruise
May 6	Sauvie Island School	May 3	TBD	May 14-15	Race/Drift Cruise Sand Island
June 4	Annual Picnic	At Annual Picnic	TBD		

SIYC's November Cruise Report

SIYC November Cruise Report

Six boats, Hawksbill, Julia Max, Cambria, Penelope, Hokuloa, and Ursa Minor, showed up for the Halloween Cruise at the new east dock on Government Island. The weather wasn't as bad as predicted (which is the case more often than not) and there were intermittent showers and sun breaks. A fantastic potluck dinner was served aboard Hokuloa and a wonderful breakfast in the morning aboard Julia Max. The hosts even did our dishes for us! Everyone carved their pumpkins which were a fun Halloween touch. There is a nice hiking trail along the river there to see some nature and get some exercise.

Another great trip! Garry



ATTENTION ALL SIYC MEMBERS!

If you have information regarding any of our cruising boats, updates on locations, etc., **PLEASE** let me know! We can only keep this section current if we have the information!

Cruiser Liaison: Susan Gierga

SIYC CRUISING BOATS – Locations out of the United States

Adagio	Jeff & Jane Woodward	West coast of Mexico
Ahwahnee	Tom & Kathy Edwards	Bahia del Sol, El Salvador
Glaoch Ne Mara	Rick Brady	Mazatlan, Mexico
Kailani	David & Christy Dykkestén	Bocas del Toro, Panama
Moonshadow	Richard Sandefur & Anita Melbo	Turkey
Perpetua	Pat & Susan Canniff	Mazatlan, Mexico
Rolling Thunder	Bruce, Jan & Max Payne	Puerto Vallarta, Mexico
Sea Tern	Herman & Nancy Ford	For Sale...
Sequoia	Craig and Barbara Johnston	Southern California
Wild Rover	Mike & Gail Cannady	South Carolina...

SIYC Boat in Hawaii: Earl and Donna Davis's s/v Starbound

Cruising Websites/contact info:

Adagio:

Ahwahnee:

Albion:

Moonshadow blog:

Perpetua blog:

Perpetua Pictures:

Kailani:

Sequoia:

ATTENTION ALL CRUISERS:

Your letters are the highlight of the newsletter!!!...We really want to hear from you...Where you are... your adventures...recipes (we haven't had any of those in a long time!)... Cruising tips... gossip...well, you get the idea. ☺

Cruising Reports

Received from Barb and Craig Johnston

Santa Cruz Island
34° 1.1' N
119° 32.3' W
November 3, 2010

Dear friends and family:

Sequoia is finally out of the Bay Area and into warmer southern California waters. We waited in Alameda a bit longer than we had wished. Being October, the sunny Bay Area was not so sunny; by the time of our planned departure it was grey and threatening. The forecast of south winds at 25 knots and 15 foot seas were not something you'd want to head into, in any case. We waited through the weekend, spending time with family and taking care of laundry and groceries, departed on Monday, in a two-day window of NW winds of 15-25 knots, but still with those 14-15 foot seas. We took our seasick medications Sunday, and got started the next morning.

Our crew for the California and initial Mexican portion of the trip is Gerald ("Skip") Schippers. (How does one become a Sequoia crew? In Skip's case, back in September, he was sailing his Catalina 36 past our moored boat in Alameda, and he called out, "Heading to Mexico? Need crew?" We exchanged credentials and references and decided it was worth a shot.) (How else does one become a Sequoia crew? Ask!) Skip just retired from American Airlines with generous travel benefits, so he can come and go as we need crew. Being retired also helps, because there he has no work schedules or vacation schedules to contend with.

Monday morning, October 25, we headed out toward the Golden Gate, which was mostly shrouded in fog. We wondered how far out to sea the fog would extend, but as we approached the Gate, the fog began to dissipate. The seas were only 8-10 feet, nobody got seasick, and we had 10-15 knots of NW wind on a lovely sunny day. Tuesday evening, as we approached Point Sur (just south of Monterey), the wind increased to 25 knots, then 35 knots by Wednesday morning. We shortened sail down to the minimum, then took the staysail down and proceeded under a triple-reefed main only.

We did not relish another night of sailing like that (and that was the forecast) so we diverted into Morro Bay. The swells became huge, and closely spaced, as we approached the entrance, just south of the iconic haystack rock, and we slid thankfully into the lee of the rock and into the beautiful, calm harbor.

Shore walks, an Italian dinner, showers, a good night's sleep and we were set to go the next morning. It was about 24 hours then to Channel Islands Marina in Oxnard. We rounded Point Conception (of fame, fable and horror) during the night on a beautiful broad reach in light airs. Continuing into the Santa Barbara Channel, the wind filled into a moderate Santa Ana in our teeth and found us motoring, crashing into a short steep swell. Once we arrived, we discovered quite a lot of water on the forward berth. A new leak! For joy! Much of the next few days we spent on removing and re-bedding the forward starboard port, not to mention laundry and otherwise drying things out. Hopefully, the problem is now solved.

Skip departed for home, and we spent four days in Oxnard/Ventura/Los Angeles. In addition to boat tasks, we socialized with family, explored the area, planned for the coming week, and just relaxed.

Yesterday we decided to get away from the Southern California moorage rates (\$44/night in Oxnard) and we sailed out to Santa Cruz Island. We're anchored in Smuggler's Cove, which is sheltered from the light northwest wind, but not from the swells, which seem to come right around the corner. We've spent the last 15 hours rocking and rolling - something that's not conducive to relaxation or sleep. We're out of range of cell phones (our source of any internet connection). We know from the radio that the Republicans have taken control of the House of Representatives, but the California stations have told us nothing about what happened in Oregon. Not a happy political season for us; maybe it's better to be cruising!

The wildlife here is spectacular. Below us in the water is a constant turmoil of small fish, flashing in the morning light. Pelicans fly overhead, occasionally dive bombing with a huge splash, presumably to pick

up one or more of the little fish. Ashore the sea lions bark, and we see them swimming nearby, presumably gorging on the same little fish. There is an olive grove on the hillside, and below it, Eucalyptus trees seem to hide some sort of building. The beach must be made of boulders, from all the noise the waves making crashing ashore.

This evening we'll up anchor and sail overnight to Newport Beach. We were considering a shorter sail to Marina Del Rey, until we read in our guide book that transient moorage there cost \$9/ft./night, an astonishing \$396 a day! At Newport we hope to stay on a \$5/night mooring ball and dinghy ashore for some boat parts. Beyond that, we hope to be in San Diego by next Monday, and heading for Mexico within a few days after that.

We'd love to hear news of home, or responses to our emails. But please, when replying to this email address (k7cej@winlink.org), please DO NOT just click the reply button if "include original" is checked. We pay dearly (in time and electricity) for every character transmitted over the ham radio, and we'd rather not see our own words again!

Best wishes to all!

Craig & Barbara Johnston
S/V Sequoia

Received from Barb and Craig Johnston

Shelter Island Harbor
San Diego, CA
November 9, 2010

When I last wrote, we were anchored overnight at Smuggler's Cove on Santa Cruz Island, watching the millions of little fish and the pelicans and sea lions that were gorging on them. Watching the pelicans I learned that when they dive bomb, and miss getting a fish, they take off again immediately. If, however, the splash-down nets them a fish, they settle back, raise their long beak in the air a couple of times, and glug-glug, down goes the fish. Most of the time, you don't see the "glug-glug" performance; it's just dive bomb after dive bomb. So the fish must be quite aware and quite fast to avoid them.

We spent the next day at Smuggler's Cove, and then, at sunset, upped anchor for a night passage to Newport Beach. (The nights are, of course, getting longer and the days shorter. We always want to arrive at a new harbor in the daylight, so more and more often, that will involve starting the night before.) When it's just the two of us on night watch, we take watches of four hours apiece. That allows each of us to get at least 3 ½ hours of uninterrupted sleep, which seems to be just barely enough to be awake on the next watch. Craig passes the time listening to whatever is on the local NPR station (BBC world service?), and I pass the time with either an audio book, or NPR. We're also constantly checking the sails (if sailing), the engine (if motoring), and the presence or absence of nearby boat or ship traffic. We're lucky it's not crab season yet, because crab pots are almost invisible and thus tough to avoid at night.

The sail past Los Angeles had some special features. First was the cluster of slow-moving fireflies around one particular part of the hazy bright skyline. It didn't take long to figure out that we were looking at flight paths into and out of the LAX airport. A bit later, we passed the Port of Los Angeles, with all its container loading facilities that look like the Empire robot-critters from Star Wars. There

were lots of ships, coming and going, as well as smaller vessels – tug boats, fishing boats and various unidentified craft. There were offshore drilling platforms masquerading as giant boats lit up in every corner.

A number of times during the night we were approached by groups of dolphins. Usually, when this has happened during the day (in the Pacific Northwest), they have joined us for a few minutes, or up to an hour, playing in our bow wave, and seemingly playing chicken with the boat. But these LAX dolphins cursorily checked us out, and then kept going their own direction. No leaping in the bow wave, no fun. Is it that it's night time, or is it that Southern California dolphins have better things to do?

When the sun came up, it became apparent that the shoreline is tightly packed with million dollar houses. The Newport Beach harbor is several miles long, with a couple of big islands inside, and every inch is packed with million dollar (plus) houses. There are mansions, there are ordinary bungalows and there are even some manufactured homes. I think all are worth more than a million apiece, simply because of their location. In front of all the houses and businesses, there must be ten thousand boats tied up, from the lowliest dinghy to monstrous mega-yachts. There are hundreds more boats tied to mooring buoys (more about that in a moment...) A little ferry crosses from Balboa Peninsula to Balboa Island, carrying the BMW, Mercedes and Lexus vehicles belonging to those who are too lazy or too pressed for time to drive a few miles to the bridge that serves the island.

We wanted to get to some of the businesses on the inland side of the harbor, so we inflated the dinghy and motored over there, thinking we'd find a public dock, or even a restaurant that might serve us lunch and then let us stay a little longer at their dinghy dock. No such item! Just gigantic luxury yachts, cheek to jowl, and plenty of signs saying "private property no trespassing," or "no tie ups," or even, more explicitly, "no restaurant parking." We stopped a heavily tattooed workman motoring past us in his dinghy, and asked him if there was anywhere we could tie up for an hour or so. He directed us to one boat yard that he said is friendlier than most. That did the trick, and we went ashore and found a restaurant and the businesses we were looking for.

There is a real counterculture in Newport Beach. Some of the boats on mooring buoys are quite run down – a definite contrast to the wealth displayed by boats tied up in front of the mansions. We had noticed this as soon as we found our designated mooring ball tie up – costing us a mere \$5/day. A dinghy carrying a man with long grey braids stopped by our boat with a petition to the City Council regarding moorage rates and rules. We told him we weren't residents there, but he explained to us what the issue was. For years and years, the cost for a boat (of apparently any size) to stay on a mooring, has been \$1000 per year (\$83/mo.) The moorings are, however, so valuable, that mooring holders have been able to sell their moorages for as much as \$50,000. The City has apparently acquiesced in the practice. Now, the City is adopting regulations raising the rate to \$250/mo. and eliminating any right to sell a moorage. The mooring holders association is (not surprisingly) up in arms about all this, and are attempting to gather support to persuade the City Council to reconsider. This sounds like impending litigation to me, but the grey-braided guy said they weren't considering that because of the cost.

Our second day in Newport Beach, we decided to leave our mooring for a tour around the harbor, including stops at a pump-out station, and a stop at the harbor-run showers. That was all fine and good, but a strong south wind had come up by the time we returned to the mooring. The wind was blowing sideways to the moorings. Catching the fore and aft mooring balls, and getting ourselves restored to equilibrium took about an hour, and the assistance of two other boats. We put on quite a circus, and had many amused observers. I will say, in our defense, that we never touched another boat, although we certainly came close.

That evening, we had dinner guests – Jen, who has played bassoon in several orchestras with us in Oregon, and her partner, Celeste. They moved to Southern California a couple of years ago, and it was really nice seeing them again. I really like the idea of seeing friends from home in faraway places – it made my day. They brought some salmon, wine, bread and grapes (how poetic!) and we cooked it up, served with a salad and rice.

Later that evening, we saw a really strange sight. Here we were, several miles inside the very heavily populated Newport Beach harbor, and there was a big seal or a sea lion asleep in the water, 20 feet away from our boat. His flippers were up in the air (like a couple of sticks), and then every 30 seconds or so he'd raise his nose out of the water, and there would be breathing noises, after which the nose would slip again below the water.

Sunday morning (November 7) we motored from Newport Beach to San Diego. With the shortened hours of daylight, we left at dawn, and arrived at dusk. The trip was uneventful – no wind – but sunny and pleasant (aside from the motor noise). We are staying here at a yacht club, invited by the owners of one of our sister ships (an Outbound 46). After the bare concrete shower at Newport Beach, we feel like we've fallen in the lap of luxury. Tiled, heated showers, all the facilities of home, and lots of friendly people. One old fellow here told us we really ought to display our yacht club burgee as a matter of courtesy. We didn't know! Now the SIYC burgee is up, and everyone we see seems to know who we are.

There's a big military presence here – loud fast jets and slower, but also loud helicopters were buzzing over the entrance to the harbor as we came in. We've been told that one reason cell phone service is so spotty here is that the nearby submarine base jams civilian frequencies on and off.

From here, we'll pass almost immediately into Mexico, so this is our last chance to do things requiring cell phones or internet access, and our last chance for a big shopping trip – at least until we reach the first big city (Cabo San Lucas or La Paz). So our list is long, and we have repeated trips planned out to various parts of the City. Costco, Safeway, West Marine, Downwind Marine, the laundromat, the post office, etc. etc. Various other boat tasks remain to be done, including issues with the mast sealing to the deck.

Two other Outbounds preceded us into Mexico, and we are to carry various repair and replacement items for them. So there's lots of coordination required to acquire the parts, communicate with the people in Mexico (or their sailmaker, rigger or supplier) and find places to stow everything.

At night as we lie in our berth, we hear the snapping shrimp that we haven't heard since New Zealand – we must be getting closer to the tropics!

All the best to each of you –

Craig & Barbara Johnston
S/V Sequoia

Received from Craig Johnston

On days when the horizon is crisp and clear w/no clouds in the way of the sun when it sets, you stand a reasonable chance of seeing it. Avoid looking directly at the sun until the very last part of the disk is about to slip below the horizon. Looking at it before hand will burn a greenish image onto your retina,

creating a "fools flash," (and possibly wrecking your eyes.) The instant before the last part of the sun disappears, a vivid flash of green is often seen. This is because the sun's rays are passing through the thickest part of the atmosphere, and the light is bent and split into its different components the way it is in a rainbow. The light that is bent the most is the green and blue light, but the blue is less vivid and is overwhelmed by the flash of green, which lingers for the briefest of moments as the very last of the sun sets.

We were recently in Maui and I came upon this explanation in a book called: "Maui Revealed" by Andrew Doughty. Page 55

Best Regards.

Craig

Cruising Report from s/v Kailani

Spend a little time at sea and you can actually feel the water reaching out for you, sinking its claws into your soul. The sea is at all times beautiful and ugly, gentle and angry, compassionate and mean-spirited. While it is nothing that you should ever take for granted or turn your back on, the sea also becomes a part of you, a life blood of sorts, and its salt water running through your every thought. As it does, you while away the hours doing everything within your power to keep the boat afloat, for even though your soul is at one with the sea, you certainly don't want the connection to become permanent.

The sea may have a mind of its own, but it has no conscience. There is a brutal honesty about all things at sea. It is not a place for wimps, for complainers or the weak of heart. Spend enough time at sea and you finally understand why farmers refuse to leave their soil, even when they go broke. The sea is as addictive as any drug. Willingly, we are living this lifestyle and are still hooked.

So after letting those dock lines go back in 2008, two years & four months ago where is s/v Kailani and her proud owners now? We are thousands and thousands of miles away from our home port of Portland, Oregon. Enjoying the people and history of this world, experiencing the culture and learning of the many traditions while exploring the calm and not so calm Island life of the Bocas del Toro Archipelago's in the Republic of Panama.

While here, we have been attempting to fill our pockets with more cash so we can continue to sail on. Our pile of \$ is not getting big, it's not even a small bump, as you can jump over it. No work, no food. No work, no boat parts. No work, no visiting our family. No work, no sailing on. This may sound like a complaint but it is not. It is simply one of the challenges we choose to face in order to live our dream now instead of waiting until we retired. Life is a series of risks so we took that leap of faith having no monthly income to count on, only our skills and the drive to survive. Life is good, with the promise of it getting even better.

Living at anchor you would imagine only a life of tranquility, losing track of the date and time while being surrounded by the biggest water clock in the world. The ocean. Here we have had the best of both worlds. The independence of isolation and the comfort of community. Even paradise has more than bumps in the road. It too has drama, gossip and politics.

The weather has been exceptional. The tides so minimal and the anchorages very calm. Nothing at all like what we experienced on the Pacific Ocean the first year we set sail.

The main island, Isla Colon is where you will find a small town for food and supplies all having been ferried in from the main land of Panama. There are “water” taxi’s buzzing about, small hostels for the back packers & surfers, a few open air restaurants, small hotels and a quant town filled with life and laughter, conversations on the streets, the scent of flowers and pineapple, sometimes the stench of the sewer and dinners cooking all swirling thru out the air.

The Christmas season was full of cheer, with not many children near.
New Years was extremely clear as the town filled with fire cracker fear.
Even though fire works are accepted all thru the year.
Boom! Bang! Fire, smoke! More smoke. Watch out, it’s no longer clear.

Now Carnival’s here, the devils are near.
The children stay clear and adults indulge in their beer.

The air is alive, so let’s learn to dive.
This puts Christy in hives because she wants to survive.

Do not fear. There is a hospital near but you really should stay clear.
Once inside, there will be an inspection for the detection of his infection.
He should be committed because he has been admitted.
We thought the cure should be a beer. But they said not in here.

Instead of a hike we took some bikes and found it was something to like.

No body said that riots are quiet. There is plenty to fear as the riots are near.
Tear gases flying so everyone’s crying.
The bullets are rubber, the bullets are lead which has now left many dead.
So it is time we fled.

From country to country to country we go.
The trip over the land is ever so slow.
We finally arrive in the land of plenty; we sure can’t buy much with our twenty.
We see our family we see our friends, we see so many new trends.
The pace is fast and we surely won’t last.
So it’s back to the land of slow we go.

Stay clear of “Wild Bill”, he is one man to fear or you may disappear.
This serial killer is on the loose, soon to be in a noose.

Although it was not violent the protest was not silent.
They all blocked the pier with the ferry so near.
You will not be docking here is that clear.
All transportation has stopped
So now we can’t shop.

Dengue they say is here to stay, but today is the day they spray.
The cloud is thick, it will make you sick.

Their hired captain was dumb and boy what scum.
In his behavior he showed he’s no savior.

From the call we got we learned a lot.
A sailor he was not.
To sea we go to give him a tow.

Who ever said there is no drama here.

* * * *

Caribbean Christy & Panama Dave
s/v Kailani

