



Log Entry # 8 – We're out of here, or where are we going to put all this stuff...?

Provisioning is way over-rated - its a lot of hard work. After inventoried all of the boats pumps, plugs, pipes and poopiers and figuring out what spare parts you just might need in the next two years, then finding them and having them delivered (the marina was beginning to think we were opening our own chandlery), you have to figure out where you are going to store it ... and then of course find it again in 2 years. Well, MaaMa absorbed more boxes and pounds of stuff than what any rational thinking person could imagine. The waterline lowered, but alas we are ready to go!

Couldn't scare her away the first time, so she's back!

Linda Ward, who sailed with us to Juneau this summer, came down to assist me with provisioning and several days later Suzan arrived in San Diego where crew and vessel were made ready. We left SD on Sunday, December 16th at 10 PM so as to arrive Ensenada at around 9-11 AM next day as this was a 10-12 hour run. On leaving SD the autopilot decided to stop working so it was hand steering all the way.

About six hours out, the engine suddenly stopped. I dove into its compartment to bleed the system but could not get it to start, but all was not lost, as the crew reminded me that MaaMa was a sail boat so I let the wind do the pushing. After several calls to several diesel mechanics in Seattle, we still could not deduce why we could not start...so I tried once again this time on advice bleeding the primary engine fuel filter...and voila, it started. Phew! We made it to Ensenada, Mexico, our first official southerly land fall out of the states. Suzan called ahead for a slip at *Marina Coral* where there is a hotel complex, marine services, a fuel dock and showers. We crew need to shower and Mamma need fuel as we were down to 40 gallons on arrival, took on 310 plus gallons at a dollar & a half less than San Diego price ... what gives? We found a technician who was familiar with autopilots and after Suzan's magnificent troubleshooting and tracing of electrical current he had our pilot up and running in 2 hours and \$120 USD... believe it or not this was a bargain.

Next day, Suzan went into town to check us into Immigration, Customs and Port Captain where she had to file copious paper work and finally step up and press "the button"... a



Yikes - There's too much stuff to stow!

random selection that determined whether we were to receive a full boat inspection... with a deep breath and a hesitant poke at the button the light came up green...so welcome to Mexico amigo's! Ole!!!

While Captain Suzan was getting us into Mexico and keeping us out of jail, Linda and I went into town where we procured three meals of fish for \$8 US a bargain and eight bottles of San Thomas wines... really good reds and superb whites reasonably priced as well.



What...Mexican Men Don't Wear (Man-Skirts)...Kilts?



Mike trying some revolutionary 'shoes'

While in Ensenada I had to post mail back to the US, I strode to the hotel to purchase postage stamps wearing one of my Kilts or 'man-skirts'...I don't think many amigos have seen a man awearin' a skirt...many stared... This is when I knew it was time to leave.

About 3 PM we cleared out of Ensenada and enjoyed a Mexican sunset over some of Suzan's superb poo-poops and a bottle of bubbly purchased by Linda to celebrate moving on. My contribution after champaign was to manufacture Old Fashions and steer the boat to 1 AM where Suzan took the Dog Watch...hmmm... didn't know dogs had watches?

Early morning found us on a south-

erly course along the west coast of the Baja peninsula with favorable winds so for the first time we flew our new cruising chute ...what a thrill and as you can see by the graphic on the kite...if nothing else we can 'scare 'em to death'.



Our fabulous new Drifter or 'chute' with the God of Wind graphic

Fair Winds _/)

Suzan and Michael