



Log Entry # 6 –There is no credit on my Visa Card, or ... Madam, Are you ready for your proctology exam?

We had a lovely time motoring from San Francisco to Newport Harbor as there was no wind but we were glad to finally have warm weather, nearly the first in 18 months. We brought along the teenage son of a childhood friend just to reinforce the notion that older teenagers and boats are not made for each other... but we all had a good time as the total voyage was a mere 2 ½ days .

Applying for a visa... or a lesson on being “French”

Before leaving the U.S. we knew that we needed to procure certain visas required to visit foreign countries. While US citizens generally enjoy open access to most countries, the French require a visa when visiting their territory for longer than a month... and a Visa should not be confused with a credit card. Given the increased scrutiny that the US is requiring of all visitors to our shores, the French have enacted their own counter-measures which might seem specifically designed for US citizens. You can not mail-in an application, instead you must present yourself in person at a designated consulate. The trick is determining which consulate. The French require that you must make an appointment on-line prior to showing up...but there are complications as the site is primarily designed in French and will not allow user of Apple operating systems to access the system. So after many phone calls and much confusing information, we set off from Newport Beach at O dark thirty to be at the consulate early as instructed. Los Angeles traffic is definitely challenging, but it helped to be a “carpool” of two. So after two hours of travel we arrive at the consulate where upon we are told to go home, as we did not have all the paperwork required. Suzan was not going to be denied! So, we jumped into the loaned car, raced to Kinko’s, made phone calls and downloaded information from the internet, bank, medical insurance providers and investment broker, then went to Suzan’s step-mother’s office to assemble all the required paperwork only to the consulate just moments after the visa office had closed (they are opened for 3.25 hours a day)...we missed by three minutes.



6’-5” Tyler tested MaaMa’s headroom

Deep breath.... So, instead of driving 4 hours back and forth, we stayed in Santa Monica for the night and presented ourselves in the morning smelling like frogs once again only to find that they wanted more (not previously identified) documentation. Another phone call, this time to our yacht broker, a trip to Kinko’s and about 3 more hours we got the Visas. In the end, we had to present 3 months of bank statements (the 3 month of paycheck stub had to be overlook... we could only hope for a paycheck), a financial guarantee, certificate of health insurance, a policy for an emergency medical evacuation (in the amount of 30,000€, the equivalent of or \$40,000) and boat ownership documentation in

lieu of a pre-paid airline ticket and hotel stay. We were spared one further indignity...fingerprints... only because their machine had not been installed in their new location. We were surprised that they didn't ask us to assume the position for a medical exam... all for the privilege to sail through French territory and spend money.

Hallelujah! A visa, we can relax and enjoy Newport. The "operation" of Newport is different than most other west coast ports. What is interesting is that there is very few dock spaces but a fairly large number of mooring buoys... and WOW are they close together. The Port encourages you to snub tightly to the buoy as there is very little swing room. Consequently, most boats have either solar panels or a wind generator to keep the batteries topped up. The yacht clubs operate tender services... a water taxi of sorts... but they only run from 8AM to 5PM, so if you are going to dinner, you will need to take your dinghy to the dock. Of course that presents all sorts of issues... Do I wear high heels with my lovely evening outfit or do you wear your foulies suitable for the dew?

We had an opportunity to catch up with the previous owners (Roger and Alice Williamson) and shared many stories and tips. Roger told us about the time that they surfed into an Oregon Harbor on the leading edge of breaking surf much to the amazement of the Coast Guard who were waiting just inside the bar for what they were sure would be a broach and roll. It just goes to show how fabulous of a vessel we have. We often say that it is MaaMa that takes care of us and not the other way round.

Every man's boat is his castle

Whenever we go into a new port we love to go out and stroll the docks and look at vessels... you learn so much about the area just by the harbor. While in Oceanside (on the edge of the Marine Corp Camp Pendleton) we saw this gem... a scale replica of large trawler, but this boat is at most 10' long... the outboard on the back is a good giveaway, what a hoot!

We push onto San Diego where we left MaaMa to return to Seattle for Thanksgiving and finishing up the paperwork required before leaving the country for 18 months... not an easy task, there are thousands of things to run down... accounts to close or have auto pay set up, give powers of attorney, etc. We are back in San Diego and will send the next installment soon. We push off tonight.

Fair Winds _/) Suzan and Michael



A "Mini" Super Yacht - all 10 feet