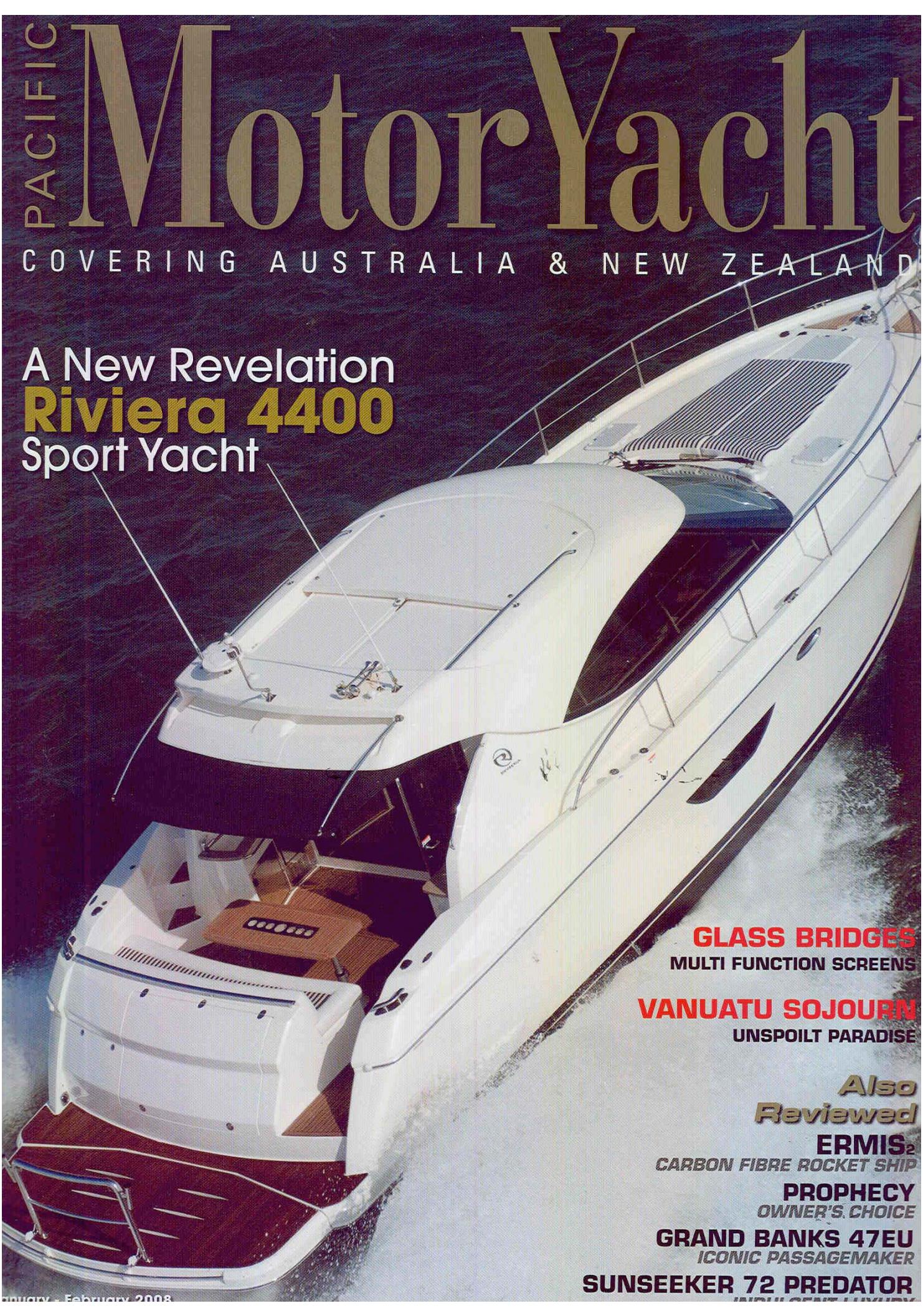
PACIFIC
MotorYacht
COVERING AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND



A New Revelation
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...nuary - February 2008

The Journey Continues

AFTER A SUMMER FILLED WITH CRUISING ALONG THE MEDITERRANEAN AND CONDUCTING FINAL PREPARATIONS FOR THEIR BIG VOYAGE, SCOTT AND MARY FLANDERS LEFT SEPTEMBER 16TH, 2006 FOR THE CANARY ISLANDS - THE FIRST STOP IN THEIR GREAT ADVENTURE TAKING THEM FROM GIBRALTAR TO NEW ZEALAND BY WAY OF CAPE HORN.
AFTER SUCCESSFULLY TRAVERSING THE HORN, THE FLANDERS FELL IN LOVE WITH THE PRISTINE CRUISING GROUNDS OF THE "DEEP SOUTH" AND DECIDED TO WINTER IN CHILE, THUS POSTPONING THEIR ARRIVAL INTO NEW ZEALAND BY A YEAR. WE CATCH UP WITH THE FLANDERS IN PUERTO WILLIAMS, CHILE, IN EARLY DECEMBER AS THEY PREPARE TO LEAVE AND CONTINUE THEIR JOURNEY TO NEW ZEALAND. THE REPORT IS FROM SCOTT'S CAPTAIN'S LOG.

Well, mis amigos, sad day for the Egret crew. We'll save those thoughts for later. Moving back in time we'll describe our last few days in Ushuaia, Argentina, base of operations for Egret's Deep South cruise this past year.
After waiting a while to get fueling arrangements sorted we finally succeeded. Twasn't easy. The Argentines in Ushuaia have closed their only fuel dock to yachties. AFASyN Yacht Club doesn't want fuel drums rolling down the dock as in the past.

(Fri) We fueled today from a truck with 4 – 1000 litre fuel bladders (we took 3600 liters - 950 gallons) tied to a secret dock. It went without a hitch...if you understand Argentine fueling. No fuel nozzle, single speed pump (too fast), hose fitting direct into tank fill, fine for spilling if caught, nervous about Prefectura showing up (Coast Guard) in unauthorised fueling spot (there is NO authorised spot), and so on.
We filled both main tanks and three fuel bladders with no fuel overboard. (We don't need fuel bladders for the trip north to Puerto Montt, Chile. Simple economics. Every gallon we load here we save 3 American pesos in Chile.) Fortunately the fuel hose, about 1 1/2", was thin and I could regulate the fuel flow by folding it over. 2 hours, 20 minutes. AND the wind held off until just after fueling & paying the bill. THEN 25-40 knots. We anchored when we got back. The tide was too high to do a somewhat controlled downwind crash into the dock. We anchored for an hour, cleared kelp off the anchor chain in 30+ knots, THEN crashed into the dock on a lull, just 25 knots, after the tide fell a bit. Thank goodness for lots of oversized fenders. Geesh!!
This place isn't easy. Yesterday the Polish charter sailboat docked forward of Egret, 50' ketch, had a guy up the mast in 40 knots. Spray from the chop was flying over their deck. Then, it started to rain. Then, it started to hail. The large, square guy had his short round legs wrapped around the mast holding on with one hand trying to do wiring with the other. Another large square guy at the base of the mast who winched square boy up wasn't paying a bit of attention. He was worried about keeping his cigarette lit in the wind, flying spray and rain/hail. Wild! Watching scenes like this we should hug our little white fiberglass ship every day.

(Sat) Today they (Polish boat) left. Gusting to 45 or so. They used a bow spring line (aft of the bow) and a huge round fender to rotate from the dock. The captain knew his stuff but the charter weenie on the spring didn't let the line go. Then IT hit the fan. Or should I say the fan hit it. Lotsa yelling in some primeval language, lotsa grande white eyes, then a spectacular crash back into the dock. They made it on the second try. Next, the 60' French aluminum charter yacht that was rafted outside square guy's that left decided to do a controlled crash with their toy fenders just in front of Egret. He approached during a rare 45 second lull in the wind. Just after passing Egret and clearing his 'stuff', including

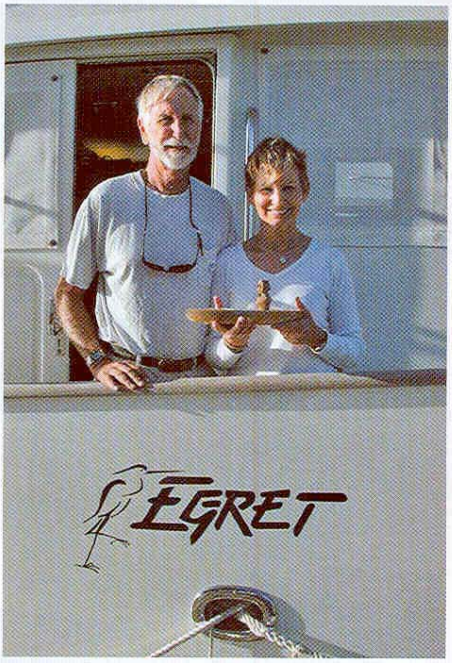
man overboard poles and the like, past TK (our monster anchor) the wind hit. Seconds earlier Turkish steel (TK) would have done a number on his stuff. Frenchies.

Lets be naughty for a bit and stereotype the charter clientele. They arrive in herds of brandy new goretex clad pilgrims carrying their designer duffel bags down the dock. (Sailboat charter in Ushuaia isn't cheap so it doesn't attract the poor folks set) They wander down the dock buzzing with excitement and probably a little trepidation. They find 'their' yacht and pile aboard with their stuff. Meanwhile the sailboat skipper and wife/mate are frantically trying to ready themselves after a short turnaround. Provisioning, repairs, fueling and so on.

Next the pilgrims all sit outside on 'their' sailboat looking around and talking. In time they figure out they are wet and cold so down into the cave they go only to appear now and then. With the wind ripping the rigging realisation starts to set in...slowly...heavily. This is the real deal. This isn't like reading a magazine or internet blog. This isn't like hazy summer Wed night races around the buoys I got caught in a Chesapeake storm once and so on.

So, in time, off they go in their new plastic clothes to tackle Cape Horn, the Drake Passage... TWICE...to Antarctica and back or whatever. Along the way I'm sure more than a few are wondering why they are spending huge buckos to be scared witless, freeze to death on watch, dry heave into the darkness and so on.

In due time they arrive back at the dock a bit



SCOTT AND MARY FLANDERS ARE ONCE AGAIN ON THE MOVE.

worse for wear. However, they have survived an adventure they will never forget. Very few people ever get to see Cape Horn or Antarctica from the deck of a small boat. Pretty cool. (After typing this paragraph I looked up and there are 7 colorful pilgrims exactly as I described standing on the dock - except previously I left out the latest designer footwear)

More last, last minute provisioning. Tomorrow (Sun.) is fresh fruit and veggies day and last minute phone calls. We will be out of voice communication for 2 1/2 months except for emergency Iridium time if necessary. No internet for 2 1/2 months. No nuttin. Monday before clearing out of Argentina with the Prefectura we pick up our bread order (10 loaves just baked and wrapped) from the French bakery. We have been working on leaving for a while so there is no panic and no loose ends (at least we can think of this 5 minutes).

(Sun) Mucho kilos of veggies and fruit. Last day phone calls to the family. Rinsed Egret, it was too windy to give her a good wash, topped off water and so on. Here and there we are saying our goodbye's.

(Mon). More goodbyes. Pretty tough mis amigos. We left Ushuaia at 10:50 local time. It was blowing 25 knots. After leaving the dock it was gusting to over 40. A proper send off from Ma Weather letting us know she is still in charge. So, the next adventure begins with a trip back to Puerto Williams, Chile to clear in then out and get our zarpe (cruising permit) to Puerto Montt, Chile, 13.22 degrees north and two and a half months away (by choice).

It is difficult to get here (Deep South). It is also difficult to stay here. It is more difficult to leave here. And leave we are after just under a year enjoying this wild, wild frontier. Will we return? Don't know. Hope so. We'll see, however we still have some unfinished business. Ciao PMY

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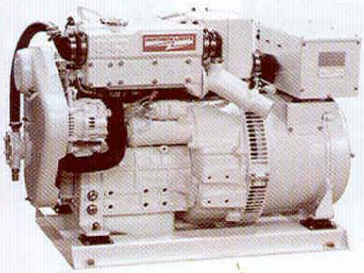

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156 Beaumont Street,
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