

After we had finished our visit in Germany the moment had come to leave Rosario. We spent a lot of time to say goodbye because of the plenty of friends who would stay behind: Pili and her girls, only to name a few: Silvana, Andrea, Sandra, Sole, Borgi and Edu (the latter is no girl but a real tough guy), Alejandra and Pablo, Victor Hugo and Silvana, Ricardo, Silvia and Luciano, Viviana, Carlos, José and Jooorrrrrge, Alejandro with Gabriela and his lovely Dad. So we spent some more days meeting each other and sharing lucky hours together. Finally we organized a big farewell-asado, then we tied off JUST DO IT and she turned her nose out to the river.



It didn't need a long time to figure out that wintertime in the southern hemisphere can mean extraordinary fresh temperatures though you think you stay in the "sunny north". We looked for thick sweaters, scarfs, caps and gloves in all deep corners of our boat in order to protect our freezing bodies. During the nights the tiny little gasoil-stove could demonstrate its ability.



But on the other hand the sun showed up again. So the conditions were not that bad, on the contrary our travel started to be a trip to be enjoyed. Near San Pedro we took a shortcut following the Rio Baradero which shortened the distance to go some 90 km. Meanwhile temperature had fallen to zero degrees Celsius and the relatively warm water of the river created phantastic mist and fog. We had some time moving in an enchant, disguised or sometimes eerie landscape where once in a

while the wooden bark of some fishermen appeared. In this case romantic time finished because a fisherman means the risk of a rope or a net which we could hit. Or the fog was as thick to make it impossible to see the Baraderos river banks. It is unbelievable but on this some 50 m wide waters we had to switch on the radar from time to time because we did see – nothing, not to mention the banks. Minutes, quarters and hours passed by and finally the sun was powerful enough to wash away the last remaining mists and we changed to the comfortable part of our journey.



In Buenos Aires, precisely in the Club de Veleros Barlovento situated in the suburb of Victoria we met old friends. Busy Gustavo had organized a berth for JUST DO IT and we were placed alongside of LEOA. The reunion with Anne and Matze at once caused the obligatoric asado where we created the MM-unit. (One MM-unit = 600 (+) g Bife de Lomo per Matze and per Martin. The + underlines the circumstance that it is well accepted to oversize the portion, and Bife de Lomo, well, this is the best beef.)

May be I should mention that the Club de Veleros in some respects seemed to be a lazaret. Nearly everybody of the foreign guests had some more or less worse problem which forced a doctors consultance, the visit of an hospital or even an operation. Gustavo, our busy patron and assistant decided to keep solidarity and suffered too. For those who do not know Matze and Gustavo: the foto shows Gustavo (left) and Matze joined together to a kind of solidary unit expecting the first portion of beef during our arrival-asado.



After this event everyday's routine started. That means nothing else than work. Labour. Yes, you did read right. There was a lot of work to do. During the last weeks we had created a long to-do-list which waited for some hard efforts to reduce it. For days I didn't leave

JUST DO IT. I was hid away here and there somewhere deep in her inner spaces (which in fact are not really spacy). After some 10 days I nearly got a boat-tantrum. Anke could bike back and for to organize everything that was necessary to allow a continuing workflow in the depths of JUST DO ITS hull or whatelse that was needed. Including laundry. But their results makes me to reduce the number of shirts and shorts and other stuff which I sent to them. Too much of the shirts and pants shrank or grew to extraordinary dimensions. I got a severe scientific challenge: who can tell me the explanation why the shrinking and the growing process do not egalize?

From the beginnig on our waterline was set too low and too its line somehow followed crude design. Therefore we wanted to set JUST DO IT ashore and to improve this situation. We wanted to design a new nice waterline and by that way an inspection of the underwater hull can't be a mistake. But the efforts to crane our boat first was not that successful. First they postponed the date of lifting again and again. Finally we realized that it was impossible to crane our boat with the clubs equipment. Luckily only one week later we got a date in the neighbours boatyard. A travellift put JUST DO IT ashore. Freshly cleaned the underwater hull offered something we did not expect: more work! The old zink-silicate-painting had washed away dramatically. There was nothing else to do than to establish a complete new coating. Meaning: thoroughly brushing the whole hull with an inox brush (well, we could use an electric tool), than add several layers of epoxy-primer. Fix the new waterline before you applicate the last layer of primer. Than add the first layer of antifouling within the following six hours. Next layer of antifouling, than finish with one layer of brilliant painting above the waterline. Wow. Poohh.



The poor boy was my brother. He visited us to enjoy some sailing on the Rio de La Plata and may be to accompany us to Mar del Plata. But he found the boat on the hardstand and ourself working there. Instead of sea, islands and calm river estuaries he had to spent his time in a metropolitic city. We tried to get some countryside impressions by visiting an estancia but this was a real flop. The remaining rests of an estancia where we shared a gaucho-fiesta was situated in the middle of an commercial area. It was really nice and pleasing that you not could see the halls of the neighbourhood from the estancias main building. We used the opportunity and did an incredible seven minute horseback ride to the next meadow and back again. The foto shows my brother with some doubts in his eyes because of the authentic quality of his experiences.



At the end of his two weeks we could do a little two days trip to Buenos Aires city including a night at anchor at a lovely and peaceful place. Then he had to leave back home. Sorry! We continued working. One morning I woke up and remembered that I just had dreamed of a nice eight-to-five working day. Me working at an assembly line! (It was no nightmare, I enjoyed it!) There is nothing more to report except of work, work and more work. But this is boring.

But then we gave us some days of vaction. Before it would be too late again like last year we booked a flight to Trelew. At the airport we spontaneously took a rental car to avoid the public busses and went to Puerto Pirámide. This little village is situated in an national park and roundabout 20 km off the village limits you have to pay the national parks fees (35 pesos for foreigners, 10 pesos Argentines and Members of Mercosur, 1 peso for people of the region). The kindly ranger mentioned that it would be a problem to find some hostel but we kept our courage and went on. And we were lucky. For some - not really little - 100 pesos we got a very small, tiny cabaña including a shower with some water but seaside view. And most important including breakfast (Argentine type).

In the evening of our arrival day we strolled through the village and after a while we found ourself at the beach and a short time later on the shore rocks nearby. You can imagine our deep impression when we suddenly saw some Southern Right Wales simply in a stone throws distance. Year by year in Puerto Pirámide countless Southern Right Wales meet during springtime to look for a partner or to give birth to the young wales. After some minutes of watching it is no question that we will join two whale watching tours to get more intensive encounters.



The next morning we start with a little walk to the top of the steep cliffs at the eastern coast of the bay of Puerto Pirámide. There we had an overwhelming lookout to the whole Golfo Nuevo. With the help of our binoculars we recognize that everywhere in this golf whales are playing around. Just in front of our

position we watch a special couple, a big dark grey mother with her white coloured baby. At high noon we went on our first tour and in the afternoon at half past five to a sunset tour. From Fernanda, a Chilean student who studies the songs and noises of this whales and who accompanied our tour, we hear that at Península Valdés actually 800 whales stroll around. This number is affirmed by scientific counting as the minimum but it is possible that there are more. The scientists know about 2.000 individually identified whales which return to Valdés regularly. The population of the Southern Right Whale is estimated of about 8.000 animals which are living around the continents of Australia, South Africa and South America.



During our visit the Golfo was frequented by mothers with babies only. Some few youngsters and mislead males could be found too. They were looking for some partners to accompany with but most of them has to stay alone. We are able to watch several animals in a rather short distance. In most cases they are lazy drifting at the water surface. A whale watchers visit means some entertainment for them and from time to time they dive and cross just below the boat. We are surprised how easily they dive down and slip under the boat without any touch. The youngsters are more vivid and like to play. Sometimes kelp-gulls force the whales to react. They discovered that the whales fat is rich food and so they land on the back of a drifting wale, pick and tear off parts of the skin and than take pieces of the fat. Some of the whales have big visible wounds. From time to time these giants start unexpected strong activity. They are hitting the water surface by its fins or the fluke or they



“sail” across the Golfo by using their fluke as sail held to the wind. The most impressive activity show the jumping whales. But that always happened far away and when we come close to an jumping animal it decides to turn to some more lazy behaviour. The picture above shows the head (where is the eye?) of the white youngster in front of the huge body of its mother. White animals are rare. One of 250 births is a white (always male) animal. Getting elder the colour turns to grey. The peninsula allows to see much more than whales. We made a round trip and found places where we could watch sea-elefants, sea-lions, a longhaired tatoo, Magellanic Penguins, guanacos and finally four Orcas which patrolled in front of a sea-lions colony. It’s a pity that the distance is very far. The time was to short but the duty (work) is calling. JUST DO IT has to head south to this and other waters soon.



So I close this report of the calm last weeks in Argentina.

There is a note to be added. You remember the last report? Well, there was no chica, of course. No chica to see nowhere. Or did I act too stupid? Anke otherwise seemed to attract some Latino-Lovers. ;-)

Fair winds and mucha suerte para todos Martin and Anke aboard SY JUST DO IT