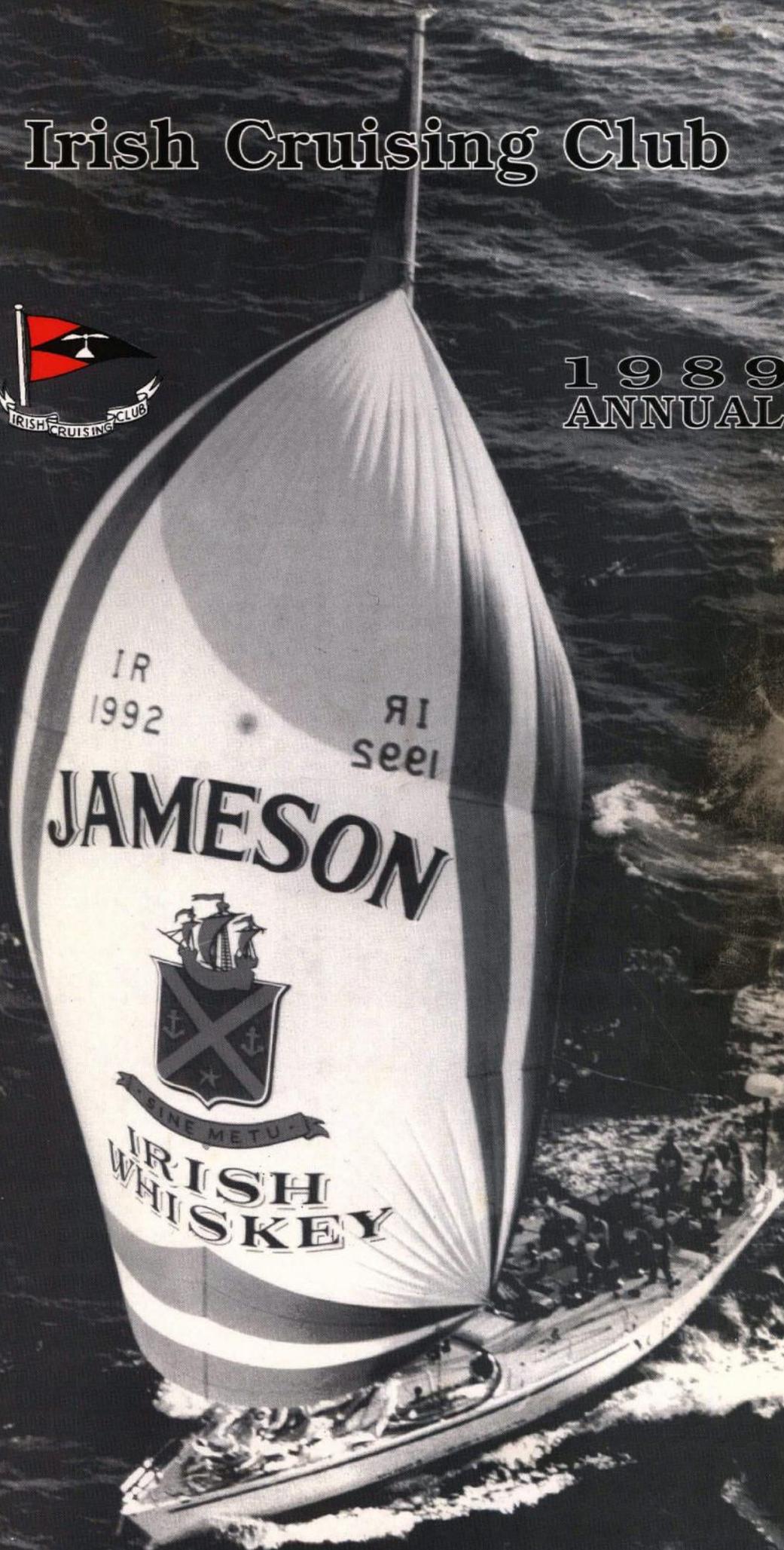


Irish Cruising Club



1989
ANNUAL





IRISH CRUISING CLUB

1989 ANNUAL



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Cover Photo:

The **Sail Ireland** project is one of the most important sailing projects ever undertaken in this country and is one of the most significant contributions made to Irish Sailing ever. Many young sailors will have benefited from the project and it is for this reason that the ICC Flag Officers have awarded the **John B. Kearney Cup** to all who have participated in the design, building, sailing, administration and fund raising of the Sail Ireland Project. Although this Club thrives on the less competitive forms of sport we enthusiastically wish *NCB Ireland* and its crew every success.

We are grateful too to **Irish Distillers Group plc** who have kindly agreed to sponsor the Conference of Cruising Clubs to be held in London on the 11th January 1990. This conference is being hosted by the Irish Cruising Club.

Back Cover:

Ice Persepctive - *Shardana* under spinnaker
Photo: *John Gore-Grimes*



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Irish Cruising Club Annual 1989

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Hon. Secretary's Report for 1989

For 1989 the Flag Officers and Committee are:-

Commodore	John Gore-Grimes
Vice Commodore	David H. B. Fitzgerald
Rear Commodore	Barry Hassett
Rear Commodore	Arthur S. P. Orr
Hon. Secretary	Brian Hegarty
Hon. Treasurer	Donal O'Boyle

Committee

Northern area: Peter J. Bunting, Hugh P. Kennedy, Michael O'Farrell, T. Robert J. Shanks.

East Coast area: Ronan M. Beirne, Terence C. Johnson, Liam McGonagle, Dermot J. Ryan.

Cork area: Clayton Love Jnr., David Nicholson, Vincent J. O'Farrell, Michael R. Sullivan.

Western area: Frank J. Larkin, Frank W. Sheridan.

Committee Meetings

Your Club held four Committee meetings during the past year, three at the Royal St. George Yacht Club, and one at Oranmore Castle, Co. Galway by kind permission of our Honorary Member, Cdr. Bill King. Attendance at meetings was 75.9%. In particular I would record the I.C.C.'s gratitude to the Royal St. George Yacht Club for making it's premises available for our AGM and Prizegiving, as well as for the three Committee meetings already mentioned.

Annual General Meeting

Our AGM was held on Friday 31st March 1989 at the Royal St. George Yacht Club. The Commodore John Gore-Grimes presided over an attendance of 76 members.

In the absence of nominations for the Committee, the Commodore put forward his own which were duly elected and are listed together with the Flag Officers at the commencement of this report.

The Hon. Treasurer, Donal O'Boyle took members through the 1988 Accounts. The result for the year was a loss of IR£840. He had anticipated a break even situation but was not unhappy with the result. It confirmed the correctness of the decision to increase the subscription to IR£25 for 1989.

Subscription income for 1988 was down IR£2000 on 1987. However, 1987 saw the introduction of a credit card system and a considerable catch-up in subscriptions, and hence the difference between the two years.

Profit from the sale of publications was, as ever, a most significant item (IR£2,151) and the Hon. Treasurer thanked Barbara Fox-Mills for her endeavours, and Arthur Orr who was preparing for publication of a new South and West Sailing Directions.

He was pleased to note that Ronan Beirne had managed to reduce the cost of the Club Annual to IR£6,700 from IR£7,576 in the previous year.

Postage and printing at IR£2,922 (IR£2,835 in 1987) continued to be a major cost item and efforts continued to keep it in check. However, with increased communications and increased activity in local areas, the Hon. Treasurer foresaw this being the Club's principal cost after the Annual.

Turning to the Balance Sheet, the Hon. Treasurer highlighted the fact that stocks had been written down to IR£1,000 reflecting the low level of stocks and the anticipation of new editions of sailing directions.

Finally, the Hon. Treasurer drew attention to the Club's Cash at the Bank which amounted to IR£19,636. This was subject to an amount of IR£4,887 due to be paid out in respect of the Annual which would leave the Club with IR£14,749 to deal with the cost of new editions of sailing directions.

The Commodore, in his address, stated that the Club was in



Off to Novaya Zemlya, Commodore and Natascha Gore-Grimes

W M Nixon



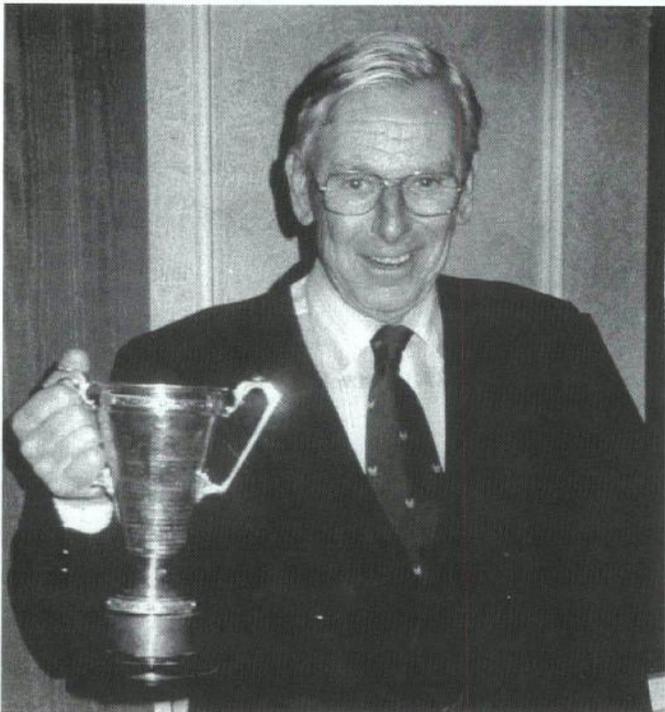
Aiden Tyrrell manages two trophies!

Ronan Beirne

great health and that this was strongly reflected in the Annual and in the sailing undertaken by members. He said that many people give their time so willingly that there were many "thank you's" due.

The Hon. Secretary was thanked for his on-going work, as was the Hon. Treasurer who has done so much in clearing up arrears of subscriptions.

The success of the annual Club Dinner at Galway was mentioned, and with it was linked David Fitzgerald, then Rear



Terence Kennedy, last years winner Faulkner Cup.

Ronan Beirne

Commodore, who had set up the arrangements there.

The Commodore spoke of the massive amount of work undertaken by Arthur Orr in preparing the new edition of the South and West Sailing Directions which the Club hoped to bring out in June.

In connection with the sailing directions another member, Rex Roberts, had generously offered to photo seventeen South and West ports from the air. He had been given a quote of about IR£2,700 for the air time, but he would contribute the photographs free of charge.

The Royal St. George Yacht Club was thanked for their kindness to our Club throughout the year in allowing us use of their Club facilities for our meetings. Special tribute was paid to Dermot Ryan for the work he had done in transforming the Royal St. George into the magnificent Club it represents to-day.

Barbara Fox-Mills was thanked for the work as Hon. Publications Officer. Sale of our publications is an important part of our Club's finances.

Andrew Somerville received the Commodore's "Thank you" for the work he has undertaken as Hon. Librarian to the combined ICC/RIYC Library. Members were encouraged to visit the library at the RIYC and to take advantage of the facilities available to them at the club on Tuesdays and Wednesdays.



Part of the fleet at Audley Roads, Strangford Rally

Ronan Beirne

Ronan Beirne was thanked for the excellent 1988 Annual which he had produced as Hon. Editor. He was also commended for having it published at a lower price than the previous year.

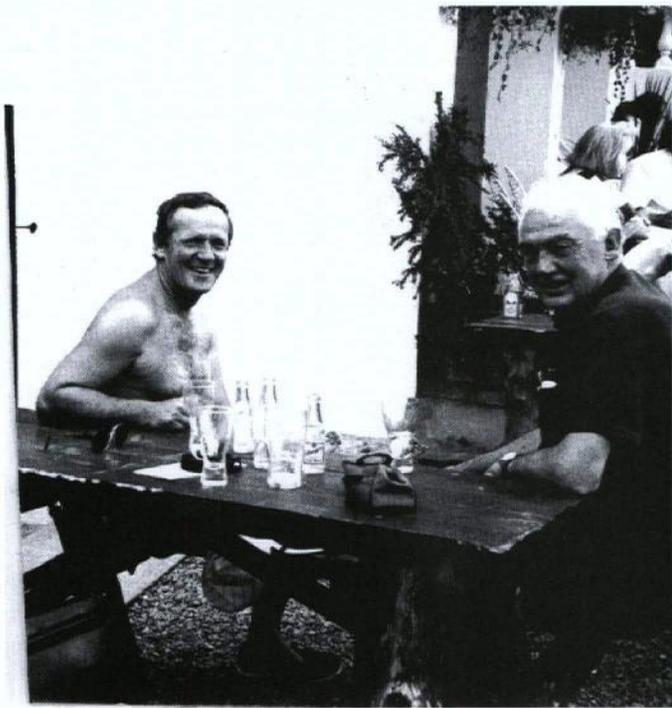
Benny Gallagher was commended for acting as our Hon. Auditor, and the Commodore was pleased to note that he would do it again in the coming year.

The Commodore thanked his Flag Officers and Committee for the support they had given throughout the year. He noted with regret that Joe Fitzgerald, who had served the Club for so long, and so loyally, was now retiring from the Committee.

Finally, the Commodore mentioned that the Hon. Secretary, Brian Hegarty, would be away in the Mediterranean for the Summer, while his son Andrew would be joining *Shardana* with the Commodore in his journey to the frozen North. The meeting was told that in the Hon. Secretary's absence Cormac McHenry would be the acting Hon. Secretary.

Membership

At the time of our AGM our membership stood at 508. At the AGM we remembered eight members who died during the year, namely: John J. Byrne, Michael F. Coyle, Patrick A. Dinneen,



Barry Hassett and Michael Sullivan just in to buy "spares for the heads" at Clandore (Summer Rally) Ronan Beirne

W. Mayne Elliott, T. Jarlath Mullen, Frank Ryan, John Tyrrell, Carl H. Vilas.

Twelve new members were welcomed to the Club, namely:

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------------|
| Michael Brannigan | (Portmarnock, Co. Dublin) |
| Colin A. Chapman | (Kilmacthomas, Co. Waterford) |
| Michael R. Dwyer | (Cork) |
| Howard E. Kilroy | (Shankill, Co. Dublin) |
| Heather R. King | (Greystones, Co. Wicklow) |
| Marshall G. B. King | (Gosport, Hants) |

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| Desmond McSherry | (Sandyford, Co. Dublin) |
| Peter Metcalfe | (Killyleagh, Co. Down) |
| Cecil Richardson | Killiney, Co. Dublin) |
| Grattan d'E Roberts | (Cork) |
| Susan M.G. Somerville | (Bray, Co. Wicklow.) |
| Ian H. Titterington | (Holywood, Co. Down) |

Senior Membership

This category applies to any member who having attained the age of 65, or over, has been an ICC member for 35 years. Such a member is not required to pay a membership fee. From January 1989 the following sixteen were senior members:

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------|
| J. R. Bourke | T. J. Hanan |
| K. J. Broderick | J. J. Macken R. Courtney |
| F. McKinley | R. S. Cresswell |
| L. McMullen | F. Cudmore |
| D. E. Mellon | C. J. Fitzgerald |
| R. Morehead | P. H. Greer |
| J. D. Pearson | R. C. A. Hall |
| P. Somerville Large. | |

If I have omitted anyone, who should be included, I would be pleased to hear from them.

Honorary Membership

Way back in 1950 an elderly yacht named *Ituna* left Dun Laoghaire for America crewed by four young men. In those days such a voyage was a major undertaking; nowadays Atlantic crossings are an every day occurrence. Kevin O'Farrell, who lives at Killaloe, is the only living member of the crew. At the time all four of the crew were elected to honorary membership of the ICC. However the record lapsed for some reason unknown. This year your Committee decided that Kevin O'Farrell, the only surviving crew member, should be reinstated with Honorary Membership.

Derg Rally.
The buzz
gets going
in Keane's of
Mountshannon
W M Nixon





Derg Rally. At Gurtalougha, *Harklow* (Ruth Delany) dressed overall with *Marula* (John McConnell) alongside.

W M Nixon

Annual Dinner 1989

Our Dinner was held at the Galway Great Southern Hotel on Saturday 25th February 1989. We had a fine turn-out with 221 sitting down to dinner. The Commodore, John Gore-Grimes, presided and toasted "Our Guests". The toast to the ICC was proposed by Nr. Sandy Taggart, Hon. Secretary of the Clyde Cruising Club. Altogether an excellent weekend!

East Coast Whit Rally

Originally planned for Conwy in Wales. It was switched to Strangford Lough because the North Wales port had not been dredged as planned. Whether this was an omen or not, it turned out to be one of the best weekends in recent years. The weather was perfect, the hospitality was great, and the turn out was the biggest for many years.

Participants arrived from Friday evening to Saturday morning,



Strangford Lough Rally. The morning after at the Down Cruising Club. Boats outside the *LV Petrel* include (left to right) *Beaver* (Philip Byrne), *Saki* (John Ryan), *Evolution* (Geoff Whelan), *Misty* (Harry Wilka & Trevor Woods), *Turtle* (W Nixon & H Whelehan) and *Alys* (D Park).

W M Nixon

customs clearance was smooth and easy, but with unexpected repercussions for many boats from the South, and the formal (?) proceedings began at Whiterock on Saturday afternoon with a visit to the new Lounge Bar of the Strangford Lough Yacht Club. Commodore George Block made all very welcome and our own Commodore dispensed his usual hospitality. Eventually members made their way to Daft Eddies where Barry Bramwell provided an excellent repast for a by now relaxed and noisy throng.

Later the Down Cruising Club welcomed us aboard their floating Clubhouse. The success of the day may be

measured by the arrival of some yachts Sunday afternoon's raft up at Audley's Roads as the raft broke up.

33 yachts were noted;

Alakushe, Alys, Andante, Bandersnatch of Howth, Beaver, Blue Bandit, Caranja, Emanuel, Evolution, Findabar of Howth, Hijack, Icarus of Cuan, Judy R, Kittihawk, Leanda, Leemara of Howth, L'Exocet, Mazara, Meg of Muglins, Misty, Mitigator, Ring of Kerry, Saki, Sapphire, Shardana, Spirit of Beauli Bay, State o' Chassis, Tamalin, Timealla, Tudorose, Turtle, Verve, Virago of Strangford.

West Coast Rally

This was held over the weekend of the 18th/20th August in the Shannon Estuary. The summer weather had deteriorated which may have accounted for an attendance of only two local yachts and no visitors. On Saturday night the dinner was held in Carrigaholt.

South Coast Rallies

Two rallies were held this summer, the first in July with an attendance of 6 or 7 yachts and the second as an Autumn Rally in East Ferry where it is reported that *Moonduster's* anchor misbehaved. Fourteen yachts took part.

North Coast Rally

Rear Commodore Arthur Orr organised this event for the weekend of the 16th/17th September in Belfast Lough with a very comprehensive programme. A competition for the "Most useful cruising gadget on Board" was to take place, the decision of the sole



Last years winner of the Atlantic Trophy, Brian Smullen with one of this years adjudicators John McConnell Ronan Beirne

judge, P. J. Bunting to be final and unchallengeable. Sadly, no photograph of the winning widget reached the Hon. Editor in time for publication. There were 44 members and a few guests for lunch in the Royal Ulster Yacht Club on Sunday, quite a few of whom, it was reported, were unable/unwilling to take part in the strenuous sail from Carrickfergus to Bangor and back.

11 yachts were noted:

Blue Bandit, Capella of Kent, Cuchulain (John Moore), Jeremy Fisher of Hamble, Leemara of Howth, Melandy, Miss Molly of Hamble, Mitigator, Sorcha, Timella, Wheesht.

Shannon Rally

After a number of years when we did not hold an October inland waterway rally the event was revived this year by popular demand. It was based on Lough Derg, and was held between Friday the 20th and Sunday 22nd October. The weather was a mixed bag - wet on Friday, windy with showers on Saturday finishing with a gentle sunny west wind day on Sunday. The fleet assembled at Derg Marine, Killaloe on Friday evening where everyone did their own thing, but mostly ate at the Lakeside Hotel close by the Marina. Saturday was lunch at Mount Shannon and then to the Commodore's party raft-up at Gurthallougha Harbour. Altogether fifteen cruisers (including two barges) attended. The Commodore's party was followed by a buffet dinner for almost 100 members and friends at Gurthallougha House. Sunday was a blissful day with a get-together at Garrykennedy before a general break-up in the afternoon.

John B. Kearney Cup

As most members will be aware this Cup is awarded each year at the discretion of the ICC Flag Officers to someone, or somebody, who in their opinion has made a significant contribution to Irish Sailing in the widest sense. For 1989 it has been awarded to all who have participated in the design, building, sailing, administration and fund raising of the Sail Ireland Project. The Sail Ireland Project is one of the most significant contributions made to Irish Sailing ever. Irrespective of the outcome many of our young sailors will have benefited in being associated with the building, training or sailing of the vessel.

ICC/RIYC Library

This library come to fruition during 1989. As far as our Club is concerned it has been guided and controlled as a project by our Commodore, John Gore-Grimes. We have collected over 1,000 books and more than the same number of charts together with £750 from our members. This staggering contribution has come from only 130 of our 500 plus members. The Library's most recent benefactor has been Peter Guinness who has given us a most generous donation of charts. Another member at work for the library is Ross Pilling of the CCA who has collected a great number of charts from CCA members with considerable energy. If any members have charts or books which they wish to donate would they please contact the Hon. Librarian, Andrew Somerville, at 12 Elgin Road, Bray, Co. Wicklow. Telephone 828891.

Subscriptions

The 1990 Subscriptions fall due on the 1st January 1990 and early settlement is greatly appreciated by our Hon. Treasurer. The amount is IR£25. Members who wish to do so can avail of a credit cards direct debit system which the Hon. Treasurer has introduced for the convenience of those who like to use this method of paying subscriptions. Any queries members may have about this credit card system, or their subscriptions should be addressed to our Hon. Treasurer, Donal O'Boyle, Drake Lodge, Drake's Pool, Carrigaline, Co. Cork. Telephone (021) 831028 (home), or (021) 277022 (office).

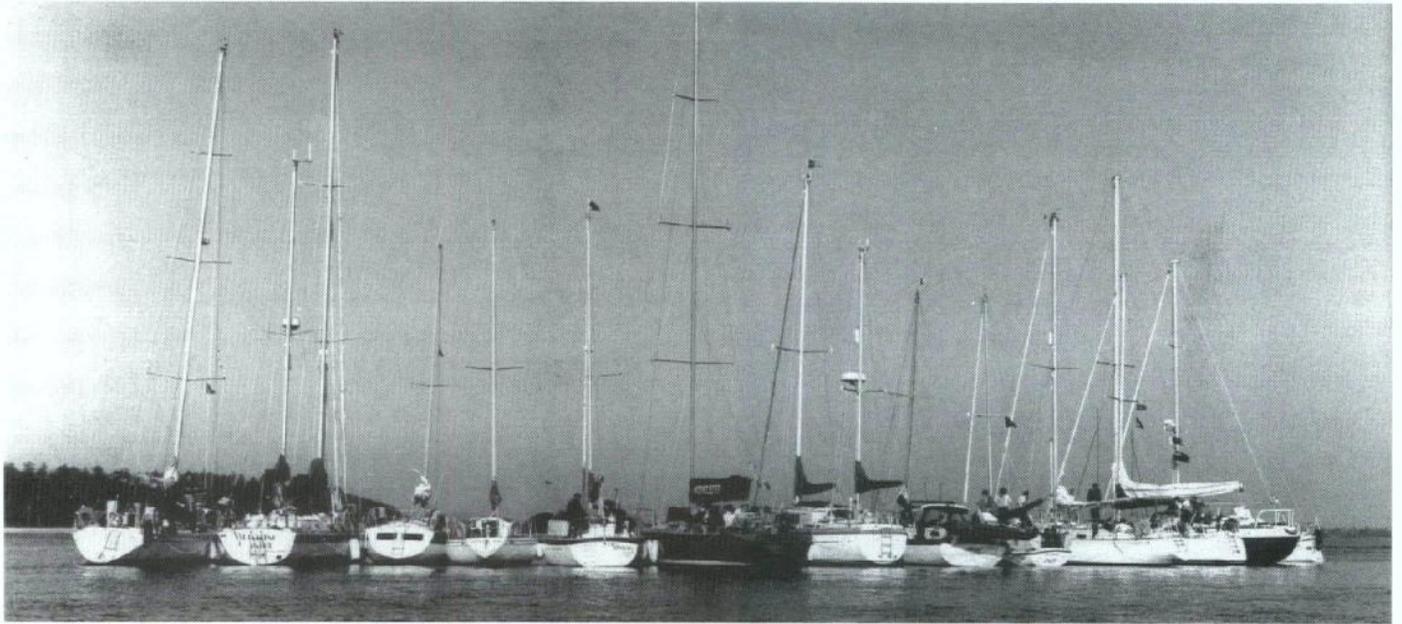
List of Members and Yachts

At this stage I make my annual plea to members. Please check the details of your name, address, phone number, yacht etc in this 1989 Annual. If there are any errors or omissions do, please, send me a note. If we do not have your correct address we cannot communicate with you and we cannot send you the Club's Annual.

Lastly

I take this opportunity of thanking the Flag Officers and Committee for their help and support in running Club affairs during the past year. In particular I want to thank Cormac McHenry for being the acting Hon. Secretary whilst I was pottering about the Mediterranean for almost six months. I know that he will be a fine Club Hon. Secretary when I retire from the post at the end of March next.

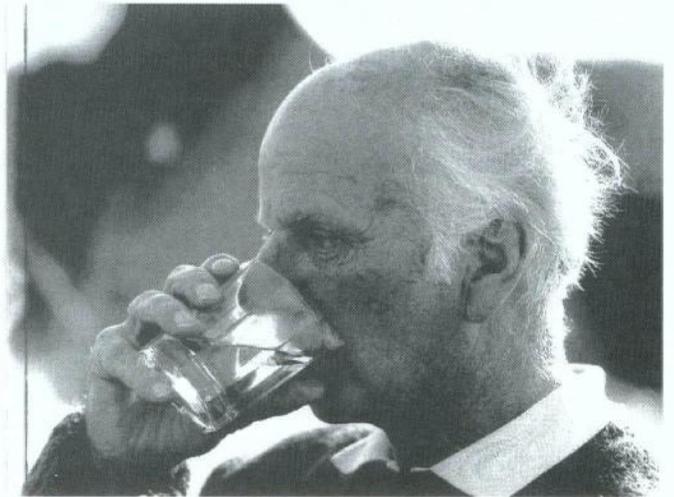
Brian Hegarty
HON. SECRETARY.



The raft-up at East Ferry: *Thalia* (J.Collins) *Whistling Oyster* (B.Cahill) *Moshula* (C.Condon) *Setanta Too* (F.Cudmore) *Diva* (B.Hassett) *Moonduster* (D.Doyle) *Spellbound* (R.Fielding) *Hafod* (G.Roberts) *Sirena* (D.Cross) *Aronele* (D.Whitaker) *Lola* (P.Walsh) *Stella Maris* (M.Coleman) *Mandalay* (J.Fitzgerald) *Gyn Trapp* (B.Cassidy)



The party on Hafod.



Jimmy Butler 'At Home' in East Ferry.



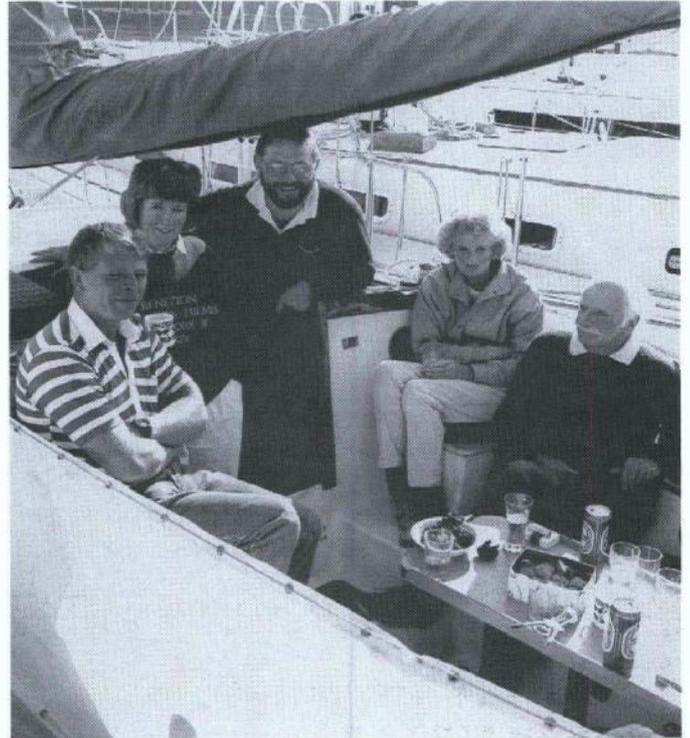
Fred and two Mary Cudmore's (on *Setanta Too*!!)



All well with Joe Fitzgerald on *Mandalay*



David Whitaker on *Elenora* (spelt backwards !)



Dan Cross entertaining the Hon. Treasurer on *Sirena*.

The Cork
end of
season rally
at
East Ferry.

Photography: Kevin O'Dwyer



Douglas Deane and J. Somers Payne on the stern of *Divva*.

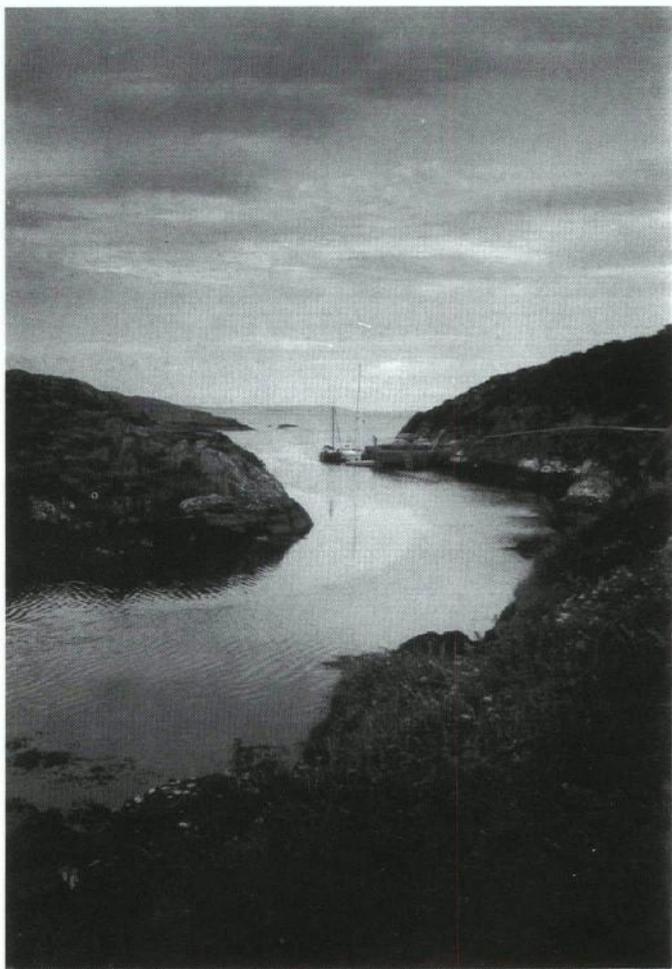


Rear Commodore on *Moonduster* with Denis Doyle.



Paddy Walsh with Bill Walsh and friends on *Lola*.

Honorary Editor's Note



Mandalay (C. Joe Fitzgerald) on the inside Berth. Ronan Beirne

From conversations with members it is apparent that most prefer to receive the annual during the Christmas Holiday. In order to achieve this it is most important that submissions are received by the deadline on October 15th. This year only five logs were received by that date (16 in 1988). Late submissions put great pressure on the production schedule resulting in overtime which will reflect in the cost of production. I regret that there are some very good accounts which have not been published.

Many authors do not conform to the notes circulated during the year. However, some Logs are now accompanied by a disc and this is of great assistance. Members writing a log are requested to make early contact with The Editor and to spend a little more time on the preparation of track-charts.

In addition to the authors of this years logs who have provided excellent and varied accounts and the many members who contributed to the Dunns Ditty section, I thank the many others who have contributed in some way to this Annual. In particular the following, who made important contributions:

Ronnie Barr for the sketches of the jury rig on *Deerhound* and the drawing of the Ruffian 23 in *Siamsa's* log.

Leonard Sheil Jnr. for drawing some of the track-charts.

Kevin Dwyer for the montage of photographs of the Cork Rally at East Ferry. Kevin of course used black and white film!

W.M. Nixon who always produces a photograph when required from his library and Frank McCarthy for some excellent pen drawings.

Our esteemed Honorary Secretary, Brian Hegarty will retire next March. I am indebted to Brian for his ever willing advice on various matters relating to the Annual and for keeping the lists of members and yachts updated. Brian is always a willing volunteer when it comes to packing and distributing the Journal. We are all grateful for his contribution to Club affairs.

Many of our port representatives furnished useful reports and these have been passed on to Arthur Orr for the Sailing Directions, however two of particular importance by Roger Foxall and David O'Morchoe are published.

Should you receive this journal without a postage stamp spare a thought for the dedicated team of volunteer postmen in Belfast, Cork and Dublin who have saved on the rather large postage bill. Their efforts are much appreciated.

Working with Declan Clancy and his creative and enthusiastic team at Laser Graphics continues to be a pleasure and without their efforts and the assistance of my wife Sheila, we would probably have the Annual ready in time for Easter!

I appreciate all the encouragement and guidance from the Commodore and Committee and I apologise for any errors.

Errors in the list of names, addresses and yachts should be reported to the Hon. Secretary.

Ronan Beirne.
November

Challenge Cup Awards 1989

Maimie and John McConnell

This, we believe, is the first time that joint judges have been appointed to adjudicate on logs submitted by members to compete for the eight Club Trophies. Whether it was a good idea or not, will be judged by our decisions - but as far as we are concerned, it was a great one, it brought on an orgy of that wonderfully nostalgic past-time "Do you remember?"

Like the time we met the late and great Eric Hiscock in the New Inn on Tresco and had lunch with him on his *Wanderer II* or the time our crew discovered "Scrumpy" at 6 old pence per pint in Fowey and so on, until even our long suffering Editor would have visited his wrath upon us for being overly late with the results of our deliberations, had we not got on with the task on hand.

We were still faced, however, with the perennial problem of all Judges, just how do you decide which log is more worthy of an award than another?

Here goes then, all the seventeen logs submitted (the same as last year), showed without doubt that our members are not only extremely competent sailors but also know full well how to enjoy themselves, both ashore and afloat. Unfortunately, two logs could not be considered because they were received far too late or did not conform to the guidelines. So having read, re-read, discussed at very considerable length and then read them again, we finally agreed on the following awards:

The Faulkner Cup

To Cormac McHenry and *Ring of Kerry* for a really great single-handed round trip to the Azores.

The Strangford Cup

To David Nicholson and *Black Shadow* for a leisurely and

competent cruise from Mahon to Corfu (5.5 weeks).

The Fortnight Cup

To Brian Hegarty in Ian Morrison's *Safari of Howth* for a remarkably fast voyage (5.9 knots average) from Palma to Corfu.

The Wybrant Cup

To Roddy Monson in *Mazara* for a first-class cruise in Scottish Waters with his wife and young family members on board.

The Round Ireland Navigation Cup

To Tony Morton in *Lamorna III* for his painstaking and very competent circumnavigation.

The Atlantic Trophy

To Dermot Ryan in *Sceolaing* for a splendid and lighthearted trip to the Azores and back.

The Fingal Trophy

To Bernard Corbally in *L'Exocet* for a splendid cruise in waters that your Judges know so well.

The Rockabill Trophy

To Colin Chapman in *Deerhound* for bringing his dismayed vessel safely home.

Our only regret, which has been expressed many times by previous Judges, is that all the entrants cannot receive an award - but then, if they could, it would have deprived us of the great pleasure of getting a preview of some of the entries in our 1989 Journal.

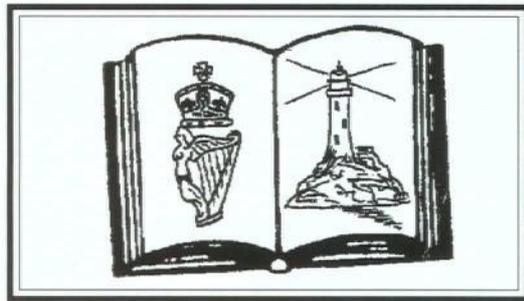
SUMMARY OF AWARDS

The Faulkner Cup
The Strangford Cup
The Fortnight Cup
The Wybrant Cup
The Round Ireland Navigation Cup
The Atlantic Trophy
The Fingal Trophy
The Rockabill Trophy

Cormac McHenry
David Nicholson
Brian Hegarty
Roddy Monson
Tony Morton
Dermot Ryan
Bernard Corbally
Colin Chapman

Ring of Kerry
Black Shadow
Safari of Howth
Mazara
Lamorna III
Sceolaing
L'Exocet
Deerhound

The ICC-RIYC Library



The library was formally opened by Commodores Barr and Gore-Grimes in February 1989, at a reception attended by many members of both clubs. It was particularly gratifying to meet members of the ICC who had travelled long distances from all over the country.

The Commodore's appeal to ICC members raised over £700, and the generosity of members of both clubs has enabled us to begin a programme of furnishing, book purchase, and binding.

Brian Dalton recently compiled a cumulative index to the ICC journal for the years 1965 to 1988. This index is currently being bound with the most recent issues of the journal. An earlier index, covering 1965 to 1970, may be found in the 1970 issue.

The inflow of books and charts has continued through the year, and therefore we have added new shelves to the south wall of the library. This extra space, which will eventually hold about 1000 books, has enabled us to lay out the collection in several distinct subject groups. The more prominent categories include journals (including ICC and RCC), pilotage, geographical, navigation, accounts of passages, general works on yachting, other maritime, natural history, and Irish interest. As for charts, we now have world-wide coverage, and the collection is housed in about 20 labelled drawers.

We have plenty of room for new additions in these or any other categories. In particular, the librarian would be delighted to hear from anyone who has surplus copies of Admiralty tidal atlases (current large format) for areas other than the English channel and Orkney/Shetland; Lloyd's Register 1979; and any issues of Flying Fish (journal of the Ocean Cruising Club).

Andrew Somerville
LIBRARIAN



Andrew and Sue Somerville in the Library

Ronan Beirne

And Ireland Smiled

Tony Morton



The Round Ireland Navigation Cup

I had left *Lamorna* at Neyland in Milford Haven after my 1988 cruise in the hope that by wintering her there I would be well placed to start another attempt to circumnavigate Ireland. This time it would be clockwise, in three separate legs of about two weeks each, starting in early May, with the aim of rounding Bloody Foreland before Midsummer's Day.

Wintering *Lamorna* so far from home, in a place where I knew few people and little about the area and the facilities had its attendant problems for fitting out and rectification of defects. These were made no easier by my damaging my ankle in March. Nevertheless, I felt able to set off on the first leg on Saturday 29th April, though not without some misgivings.

The forecast was for SW'ly winds becoming NW'ly with rain to follow, and I cleared the marina at Neyland at 1100, two hours before High Water, passing Milford Haven at 1240. The RTE forecast brought the comfort that the wind would go SW'ly 4/5 later.

St. Ann's Head was astern soon after 1300, but it was not long before the wind went light, and a long and tedious afternoon followed as I worked my way towards the Smalls Light in a choppy sea with a strong north-going stream. However, by 1730 I was clear and beginning to enjoy a SW'ly breeze.

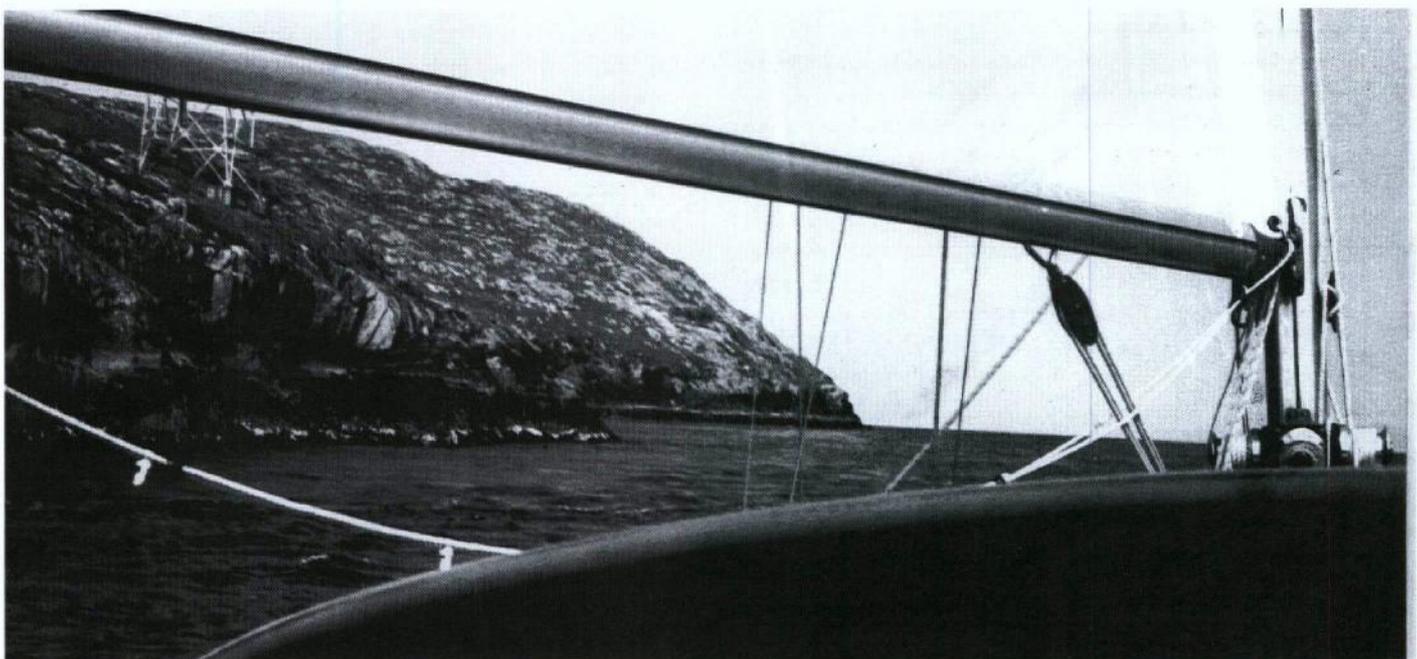
The wind steadily freshened as the evening wore on so that at 2130 I took down a slab. By 0100, having raised Coningbeg LV, the wind increased to 5/6 and I took down the second slab. From

Coningbeg onward the wind was a good 6 and the visibility down to about two miles in heavy drizzle/ rain.

The Hook Head Light broke through the murk at 0300, and I then worked my way southward so as to make my approach to Hook Head and thence Dunmore East from West of South. At 0415 I turned in on my approach, 45 minutes later I entered harbour and secured on another yacht as day began to break. It had not been an easy passage and some tiresome deck leaks had not been cured during *Lamorna's* time ashore.

I had a very pleasant and restful Sunday at Dunmore East drying out the cabin etc with everyone very helpful and welcoming. Then on Monday 1st May, with a forecast of W/SW'ly winds 4/6 plus intermittent drizzle, I cleared Dunmore East at 1000. It was a good passage Westward with the wind WSW 6 under Yankee and two slabs to the approaches to Helvick where I anchored to the west of the harbour in five metres and clear of the pots and moorings.

Tuesday's forecast was S/SW 5/7 becoming 3/5 and then decreasing to 2/4 with rain/drizzle and possibly fog. By 0820, having weighed with the anchor showing good holding ground, I had shaped up to round clear of the "Rogue", being warned off to go further to seaward by a fishing boat; was it pots or helpful advice? With *Lamorna* again going very well under Yankee with two slabs, I had beaten my way to the South of Ram Head when I heard "Mayday" on the R/T from a motorboat reporting that it



Dursey Sound

Tony Morton



Mizen Head

Tony Morton

was disabled and drifting on the rocks two miles East of Ram Head. The R/T was too busy for me to be able to verify the position, and, despite wondering what one man and 10 h.p. might be able to do, I turned reluctantly back.

As so often happens in such cases, I thought I saw something; down sails; on engine; closed the coast; false alarm. As I turned back, up came the local auxiliary life-boat; "Was I in trouble?"; "No! Looking for the Mayday motor-boat!" Feeling much relieved, yet grumpy, I set off back towards Ram Head. It seemed to take ages to get back to where I had started from. As I did so I heard that the boat in question was in tow by the Ballycotton life-boat.

By 1500 I was in the approaches to Youghal and by 1635 South of Capel island. Thence I made my way to Ballycotton where I was comfortably secured alongside a large fishing vessel by 1900. It had been a long, tedious, damp old day with the deck leaks and Mayday making it more so, and I had not made Cork.

Wednesday brought a very still hazy morning with a forecast of light SE'ly winds becoming SE'ly with drizzle and fog patches. I cleared Ballycotton harbour just after 0800 with visibility down to two cables or less and made my way around the salmon nets and Ballycotton Island. I then had a pleasant easy sail in better visibility to the approaches to Roche's Point and so to Crosshaven where I secured alongside in the Royal Cork Yacht Club. I was made most welcome and put in touch with Pat Lake, a shipwright, and the Customs.

Thursday brought a good forecast and a nice day, and by mid-morning I had done a number of jobs, stored, fuelled and was ready for Pat Lake. In an hour or so all the holes/leaks were stopped and everything back in place, so that by 1330 *Lamorna* was abeam of Roche's Point and on passage to Kinsale under sail with a pleasant light SSE'ly. This soon became lighter still; but having set the "chute" it was possible to maintain a reasonable speed and avoid the salmon nets.

At 1630 off the Sovereigns the breeze died, and I started the engine; but after about ten minutes all the dials began to flicker wildly. I stopped it, lifted the lid and found the alternator lying in a heap no longer bolted to the cylinder head. Groping in the bilge, I found the Allen bolts, and then came the hunt for the Allen keys, the appropriate spanners etc. Luckily the sea was slight, and so I was able to reassemble everything. The first try was not a success. I did it all again, and happily at 1730 all ran smoothly.

Helped by a pleasant evening breeze I passed the entrance buoy at 1750, and had a splendid passage up harbour to berth in the Marina at Kinsale at 1830. I was made most welcome by everyone, Giles, Mario and the Flag Officers and members, which made it a very happy end to an eventful day.

I slept well and arose a little late, but I managed to get going just after 0800, finding the stream strong through the Marina, and by 0900 was clear of the harbour on a lovely morning with a light NW'ly. I rounded Kinsale Head and with the wind NE'ly 3/4 but showing signs of freshening. I set the "chute" as a spinnaker and was soon bowling along. Off Dunowen Head as the wind began to freshen in earnest I got the chute down, and by the time I rounded Galley Head it had become SE 5/6.

I got the sails down in the approach about 0.5 miles SE of Adams Island and entered under engine to anchor two cables NE of the jetty at Union Hall in 2.5m. After squaring off I launched the dinghy and went ashore to see an old shipmate and his wife, with whom I spent a very happy evening, hearing all about the men of West Cork who served in the Navy. I returned on board at 2200. The night was quiet; but, in view of the number of fishing vessels using the jetty, a riding light might have made it quieter.

On Saturday 6th the forecast was NE'ly 2/4 becoming SE'ly 2/4, and on a lovely morning I was aweigh and off down the harbour by 0825. I passed the Bean Stack at 0900, though I could not pick out my friends' house. By 1010 off the Stags the wind had become SE'ly 5/6, and as I passed SE of Kedge Island it had freshened to 6. Thus my entry into Baltimore was rather exciting.

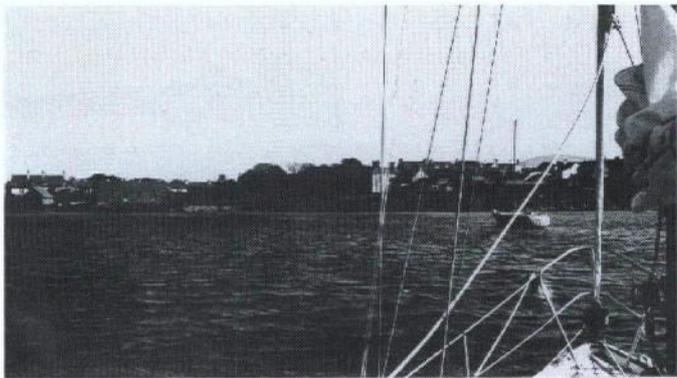
Between Lousy Rocks and Wallis Rock I got the sails down and then set off under engine for the North Channel between Sherkin and Spanish Islands. I cleared this fascinating passage and made sail off Truhane Head, shortly afterwards making a suitable genuflection to a wondrous view of Cape Clear Island and the Fastnet. With *Lamorna* going like a train, I passed between Middle and East Calf Islands and shaped up for Schull which I entered briefly at 1255. Thence I set off down Long Island Channel and Goat Sound for Crookhaven with Castle Point looking splendid.

By 1405 off the entrance to Crookhaven I decided to take advantage of such a good wind, SE'ly 5 plus, and press on round Mizen Head. I was greatly relieved when I was able to take down two slabs. As I got farther away from Mizen Head the wind eased; but the visibility reduced. However, by 1725 I was one mile South of the West entrance to Castletown Bearhaven and by 1750 off Walter Scott Rock. Trying to get the weather forecast and entering were not a good double act and I passed closer to Frenchman's Point than I intended.

The harbour jetties were very crowded with fishing boats and after examining a possible buoy I anchored comfortably in the "prescribed area". Then I launched the dinghy to seek diesel oil and the telephone, but with no real reward, other than a couple of beers and a friendly welcome, and so back on board to sup and sleep. It had been a wonderful, exciting but very tiring day.

Sunday 7th brought a lovely morning with a very light SE'ly and a promising forecast of S/SW winds. I was away by 0835 and cleared the outer entrance by 0900 in light winds ghosting towards Black Ball Head. The winds freshened as the morning passed and by 1100 I was off Crow Head. It only took twenty minutes to shoot Dursey Sound; but I was very glad that it was a quiet day! Once well clear I set the spinnaker and carried this past Scarrif Island and Bolus Head where the wind began to freshen and go more southerly. This tended to distract me from the Skelligs; but they look almost magical with the Great Skellig briefly resembling Merlin's Castle. I had a sporting time getting the spinnaker down in St. Finian's Bay before rounding Puffin Island.

Between Bray Head and Reenadrolaun Point the wind became



Knightstown, Valentia

Tony Morton

very gusty, 6/7, and I took down slabs. Then as I turned into the entrance transit to Valentia Harbour it blew very hard right on the nose. I rolled the jib and plugged slowly ahead on the engine with the favourable stream, leaving Cromwell's Fort Abeam at 1645. I anchored off the Knightstown Lifeboat House at 1705, though further out than I wished owing to the many yacht buoys. It had been another good but sporting day, and in the evening I went ashore for a drink, to telephone and get some diesel - all successful.

I had a beautiful quiet night and awoke to a flat calm and an encouraging weather forecast of SW'ly winds. After a brief trip ashore to get water and telephone, I weighed at 0930 and was clear of Cromwell's Fort by 0945. There was no wind until mid-morning when I was five miles SW of Blasket Sound; but as I cleared the Sound I was able to sail. The Blaskets looked magnificent; but I found the empty crofts and the lost village on Great Blasket a sad prospect.

I rounded Maher-Aneig at 1340 and at 1400 set the spinnaker with the wind W'ly 3/4. About thirty minutes later a shift in the wind required it to be gybed - not a happy evolution.

By 1600 *Lamorna* was bowling along two miles North of Brandon Head, and by 1700 was North of the Seven Hogs. However, at 1720 attempts to get the spinnaker down in the now very fresh wind were both long drawn out and rather hair raising. Eventually all ended moderately happily and I shaped course for Mucklaghmore, which I left to port at 1815.

As I came up to Little Samphire Island Light, I got the sails down and prepared to enter harbour. As I rounded the Fenit jetty, Jerry O'Sullivan waved to me to go alongside the wall where I eventually secured feeling rather weary and somewhat alarmed by the thoughts of a 14 foot rise and fall.

All anxieties were soon submerged in a happy trip to Jerry's house for a shower and refreshment, a visit to a bar, a quick look at *Lamorna* and a wonderful supper ashore with Jerry and Tom Clifford. Even the return down the ladder to *Lamorna* many feet below at 0030 with rather over-tight warps seemed to slip happily by.

By 1000 on Tuesday I was clear of the harbour. I made good progress initially with a good N'ly breeze. However this did not last long and not long after I had passed Mucklaghmore it went light though leaving a nasty choppy sea.

All this made the passage across the mouth of the Shannon a slow process; nevertheless Loop Head was abeam by 1540. Within minutes the wind had backed and freshened and *Lamorna* picked up speed. This was soon followed by sunshine and a School of porpoises who stayed with me for thirty minutes or so.

Going well, Castle Point was abeam by 1800, but I was disturbed by the size of the swell and the heights to which the waves were breaking up the cliffs, and wondered whether this would make anchoring in the lee of Mutton Island too difficult.

At 1930 I decided to try my luck and, having got the sails down, I turned in towards Mattle Island under engine. All went well but it was a slow business in the heavy swell.

At 2030 I anchored in the anchorage on the Chart only to find it too shallow, as I did with my next attempt. Finally, I anchored with the red door on the cottage bearing 345 in 6m, which gave around 2m at low water; it also proved well sheltered from the swell and the wind. Although it had been a very long and tiring day, and my right shoulder was very sore, it was a much better hole than a night at sea.

I awoke on Wednesday after a surprisingly good night to a fine calm day with much less swell, and after leisurely preparations weighed and proceeded at 0915. I endeavoured to sail but could not achieve more than 2 knots and so kept going under engine on a beautiful calm, sunny and warm day towards the Aran Islands and Gregory Sound. I entered Killeen Bay and was secured on the inshore side of Kilronan Pierhead by 1430.

I went ashore to the Post Office and contacted James Cahill on the telephone about Clew Bay. He suggested that I find the American lady who ran a pub; she in turn would tell me where to find Joe Gibbon, the bearded master of a coaster. It was all a bit of a rush; but I found him, with his coaster on the beach mending a small hole in her bottom, showed him the Chart and got myself briefed. Thence back on board and away with a freshening W'ly breeze. *Lamorna* hurtled along and I had dreams as to where I might go for the night; but reality took a hand with the RTE forecast and I made for Cashla Bay where I anchored off Struthan Quay.

During the night a fierce NW'ly wind set in. This, and thoroughly unfavourable forecasts for passage-making towards Inishboffin made me decide that Thursday should be a day for maintenance, rest and planning. The wind and rain squalls kept up all day and the forecasts remained discouraging, but much good work was done.

It was still blowing hard when I awoke on Friday 12th and the forecast was again not favourable enough to make the passage to Clew Bay. Accordingly, I contacted David Fitzgerald on the R/T to ask whether I could make for Galway and leave my boat there. Much encouraged and relieved by his response, I got ready and began to weigh. This was very hard work in the strong wind but eventually I was off down the Channel under a well-rolled jib and three slabs. I made a very fast passage and was in the approaches to Galway by 1320 when the wind began to ease. I got the sails down off Mutton Island and shaped course for the perch on Cockle Rock and thence up Renville Lough where I secured to David's mooring off the Yacht Club and was met by David and Dan Peirse.

I went home with David to Kinvara for a very happy evening and an excellent night's rest. Then next day I had a good day's maintenance and squaring-off before returning to Kinvara ready to leave for London on Sunday. So ended a successful first leg of some 470 miles.

The start of the second leg was not auspicious; my aircraft to Shannon left Heathrow four hours late on Friday 9th June and arrived in a very heavy rain storm. This rain then continued all the way to Kinvara, whilst the forecast of strong S'ly winds and rain for the morrow was not encouraging. However, shopping, storing,

fuelling and watering went very well and by 1200 I was off down the Lough with the wind SW 3/4.

I passed Mutton Island with an Irish Naval Patrol ship anchored in the Roads at 1240, but the wind soon began to head me and become fitful and variable whilst the afternoon forecast was gloomy. However, by 1530 the wind went S'ly and at 1730 I was off Cashla Point with the wind S'ly 4/5, though feeling very seedy. I did much planning of where best to spend the night at at 1820 turned into Greatman Bay. Twenty minutes later I revoked as I felt that the Maumeen Quay anchorage was too cluttered with hazards for a single-handed Anchorage or emergency departure, and headed for Cashla Bay where I anchored off Struthan Quay still feeling very low and seedy at 2015 and soon crept into bed.

I had a much better night than I had feared but awoke still feeling pretty low to a strong S/SE'ly wind and a forecast of S'ly 5/7 moderating to 4/6 with rain. As the morning progressed I felt better and decided to try and make for Clifden/Ballynakil. I weighed, a rough old struggle, and cleared the inner channel by 1130 with the wind S'ly 6.

An hour and a half later with *Lamorna* going very well south of Golam Head I heard a Gale Warning for NW Ireland and decided to make for Roundstone.

I rounded Golam Head, made my way inshore of the Namackan Rocks and thence shaped to leave St Macdara's Island close to starboard. All rocks and reefs were showing well in the wind and sea which strangely made navigation easier on the mind. Once past St Macdara's Island I altered to the NE'ward to pass between Illaunagroagh and Freaghillaun Islands.

By 1545 I was north of Inishlackan Island and uneasy about my exact position, so I got the sails down and took a deep breath. Mind eased, I entered Roundstone Bay and shaped for the bar. As *Lamorna* was going quite fast under sprayhood alone I put the engine astern to slow down over the bar. There was a nasty bang and the engine kept running with no effect. I let go the anchor in some haste, roughly where I wanted; it held and all was well!

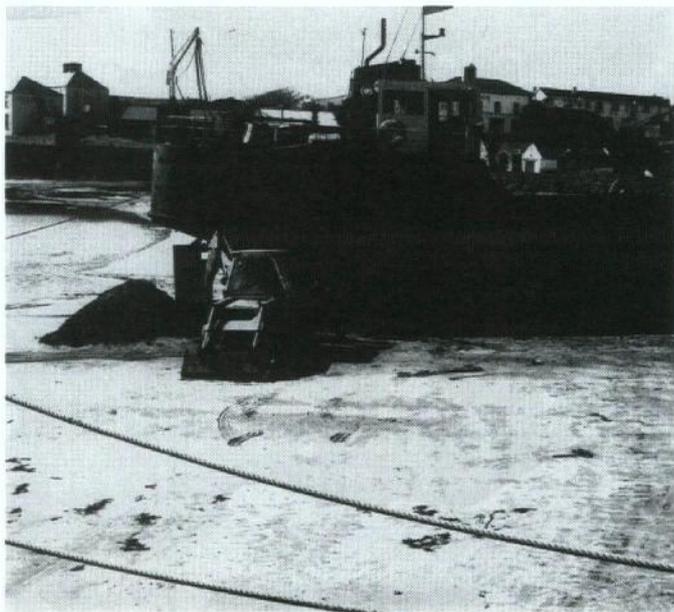
I soon established that the bolts in the shaft coupling had been wasting over the years and that the last of the four had finally given way. It could have been much worse! needed four new 8mm bolts with nuts preferably of stainless steel and 25mm in length, and also a small boy or pygmy contortionist to fit them.

I set off ashore to the village shop, where I found some possible but highly unsuitable bolts etc., and it was kindly suggested that I spoke to Patsy King in the blue house.

He was sympathetic and, though unable to help himself, suggested the "Followers of Mary" on the morrow. I returned comforted by Guinness to a wet and windy night on board.

Monday dawned wet and very windy from the SSE with gale warnings for the day. I set off early ashore in the rain to seek the "Followers of Mary", just over a mile from Roundstone. I found them in a house on a hill called "Fools' Paradise" with workshops alongside, and also exactly the nuts and bolts which I wanted. Returning on board in the rain with them, but sadly with no small boy, I spent a most uncomfortable couple of hours fitting them, bending with arms fully extended over the engine and unable to see what I was doing.

After lunch and glowing rather smugly with achievement I suddenly found that *Lamorna* was dragging fast. There was no choice but to start the engine and wildly to weigh by hand with no prospect of using the winch. The anchor came up just in time in a huge ball of weed. I motored up-wind, let go and prayed. It held, and as the afternoon wore on the wind began to moderate



Repairs to Joe Gibbon's Ship, Kilronan

Tony Morton

so that I had a very quiet pleasant evening.

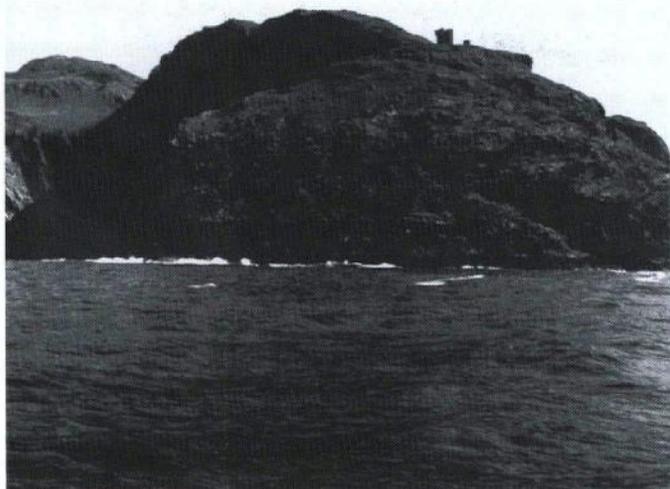
Tuesday produced a quiet fine morning with a very light S'ly and a forecast of S 1/3 becoming SW 3/4. I was aweigh by 0800 and set off under engine with the wind remaining very light as I made my way towards Slyne Head. I handed the Yankee to find that the shackle pin had gone - lucky! spliced in a new shackle and set the Genoa, and then from 1000 had a glorious sail round Slyne Head, up along the coast with the Genoa boomed out. I shot High Island Sound just after 1330 and decided not to go to Inishbofin but keep on for Clew Bay.

I had a lovely sail up past Inishturk and Caher Islands to round Roonah Head by 1710 and at 1900 was in the approaches to Westport. I had a difficult time getting the Genoa off as it would not roll and the evening breeze had become fresh. However, by 1945 I passed Inishgort Light and at 2000 secured to the Fishery Patrol Vessel off Inishlyre.

Joe Gibbon's father came off in his boat and, after a dram together, I launched the dinghy and followed him ashore to try and contact James Cahill by 'phone. All attempts were unsuccessful, but I was happily entertained with tea, biscuits and crack in the Gibbons' house, whence I returned to supper and bed. It had been a grand day, though I was sad not to have visited Inishbofin.

I had a good night and awoke to a fresh WSW 4 breeze and forecast of SW 4/5, possibly 6, with an outlook of moderate SW'ly winds. I prepared somewhat slowly for sea, changing headsails, stowing the dinghy, putting in two slabs and all the while keeping an eye open for any signal from Shore, without avail. I slipped at 1000, tooted, waved and by 1030 was clear of the entrance beating against a SW'ly 6 towards Achillbeg Island Light.

At midday when south of Bolinglanna I experienced a nasty line squall, which made it a rough old passage between Clare Island and Achillbeg Island. Once clear by 1330 it was possible to bear away up the west side of Achill and its awesome high cliffs - not a poor sailor's delight. As the afternoon wore on the wind slowly faded and it was a rather miserable slow business getting round Achill Head and Carrickakin, though somewhat



Carrigan Head

Tony Morton

enlivened by an Irish Naval Patrol Vessel passing close by and the exchange of courtesies.

As I made my way north the wind slowly faded right away and off Inishkea North I started the engine. The swell was heavy and the rocks and shoals showed well, all except Ede Rock, which did not do so until a particularly heavy swell broke on it giving me a nasty fright even though I was two to three cables clear.

I found it difficult, approaching from the south, to identify the entrance to Portnafrankagh and had to abandon my first probe. After that everything became much clearer; I made an easy approach and entrance so that by 2020 I was comfortably anchored just west of the fishing vessels for a very pleasant evening.

Thursday brought a dull grey morning with a forecast of SW 4/5 occasionally 6. I was away by 0700 and cleared the entrance fifteen minutes later. I passed close to Eagle Island and rounded Erris Head with *Lamorna* going very well in the good S'ly breeze. Despite the fishing boats and salmon nets I was clear to the north of the Stags by 1000 and happily on my way to Killybegs. However by midday the wind began to fade and veer. I tried the spinnaker but still made very poor progress so that by 1430 there was no choice but to set the Iron Topsail.

As the afternoon wore on, the sea became glassy calm and there were no signs of a breeze until I was off Inishduff Island at 1915. I shaped for the entrance and by 2020 I had Rotten Island Light abeam. I went well up the harbour and anchored NE of the big jetty and Gallaghers with the old Coastguard Tower bearing 285. Then, happy surprise, waves and shouts from the jetty. I launched the dinghy and was taken off by old friends for bath, whiskey and a snack and then back on board for the night.

I spent Friday 16th on maintenance, squaring off, storing, watering, fuelling etc., and, above all, enjoying the generous hospitality of friends in Donegal, whom I had not seen for many years.

It was still, warm and sunny on Saturday morning and the forecast was for variables S to SE'ly winds 1/4 though I felt a bit queasy! By 0805 I was away off down the harbour and by 0830 *Lamorna* was sailing well under Genoa and Main. My hopes of a wonderful sailing day rose only to be dashed by 1000 off Black

Rock when the wind disappeared.

However, the scenery was unbelievable as I made my way towards Rathlin O'Birne past Slieve League, and by 1300 I had cleared the Sound and rounded Malin More. The wind re-appeared and I sailed on.

I sailed intermittently for the next four hours or so, altering my plans as what wind there was went N'ly, to make for Aran Roads for the night. Although I did not find it easy to identify marks for the southern approach by 1700 I was three miles SW of Illancrone and by 1730 between Illancrone Island and Wyon Point heading up for Turk Rocks. After that all unrolled fairly happily, and by 1815 I was anchored east of the Obelisk in Aran Roads. On reflection, I believe that I would have had better sailing if I had kept closer inshore and the cliffs etc.; but even so it was a memorable day.

The requirement to catch the flood up Mulroy Bay dictated an early start on Sunday; and I was reluctant to get up after a disturbed night with a sore shoulder. However, *Lamorna* was under way by 0635 on course for Owey Sound on a calm hazy morning. Even though only the back transit was in sight the passage through Owey Sound went well. It was an attractive place but the virtually empty village and its ruined crofts added a sad touch of melancholy.

By 0915 I rounded Bloody Foreland, which I had never seen look so placid. I shaped course for Tory Island, even though my calculations indicated only a remote prospect of landing if I was to make Mulroy In time. By 1030 I altered sadly away; the chance had gone; but there was some comfort in the signs of a breeze. I sailed for a while but by midday this too had faded away and the stream had turned against.

I rounded Horn Head at 1240 and Melmore Head an hour later to enter the approach channel as planned about three hours before High Water Springs. It all looked and was very shallow owing to the very large anti-cyclone; but the passage up towards Fanny's Bay and then onward went very well. I had only one short period of major unease when I was not certain whether a small pile of rocks off Cranford Park really was a proper mark; happily it was, and I anchored off Cratlagh Island at 1710 at the head of the Lough.

I spent Sunday night and most of Monday very happily with my friends in Milford, and then returned on board *Lamorna* on Monday night so as to be ready to catch the tide at about 0900 on Tuesday 20th.

Soon I was away under engine down the Lough. After clearing the 3rd Narrows it became obvious that the winds outside were going to be stiff, and so I had a sporting time getting the Genoa off and bending on the Yankee before I reached the 2nd Narrows. I just made it. I cleared the 1st Narrows and was north of Ballyhoorisky Point by midday, with *Lamorna* going very well with a NNW'ly 5 plus and a heavy swell on the quarter which demanded hard work on the tiller.

Happily there were very few salmon nets or fishing boats about until I was east of Lough Swilly at 1500. From then on life became increasingly hectic as I weaved-my-way to seaward or inshore as appropriate to keep clear of the nets. I had hoped to keep close inshore of all this activity rounding Malin Head; but when I got there it was bedlam with boats and nets everywhere, and the wind now gusting 6, so that I was forced to go north of the Garvan Islands, which I cleared at about 1600.

There was relative peace for about forty minutes but I then began to have to work increasingly hard keeping clear of nets as

I came up to Culdaff Bay, where it was even more crowded with boats and nets with no real pattern. This and the swell running into the anchorage determined me to push on towards Coleraine. Whilst trying to raise Coleraine on the R/T *Lamorna* came up to a net. I sensed the onset of a very nasty incident, but *Lamorna* slid over without a hitch and all was well.

As I went on the wind moderated to Force 4 with some drizzle, but this made life a bit easier for steering etc. By 2000 I was off Inishowen Head and the Lough Foyle buoy and ten minutes later the Tuns, all with many memories.

I was off the entrance to the Bann by 2100 and ten minutes later entered under engine with no real trouble from the onshore swell. At 2210 I was off the Marina and with kind help secured five minutes later. After a quick snack I tumbled into my bunk with a very sore right shoulder and exceeding weary.

Wednesday 21st passed in rather a haze as I felt tired most of the day. However, everyone was very helpful and by early evening I began to feel brighter so that I was able to sort everything out and then join friends for a very happy evening in their house.

I was up in good time on Thursday to catch the tide for Rathlin, and with a favourable forecast set off down river at 0800 and was clear by 0900. For the first two and a half hours *Lamorna* made a splendid passage, but after passing Bengore Head the wind became increasingly fickle and the seas confused. This made progress slow and I did not anchor off Sheephouse Pier until 1230. I spent a peaceful afternoon at anchor waiting for a flooding tide and sufficient water to cross the Bow and enter Rathlin Harbour.

At 1900 I weighed, crossed the Bow with no difficulty as well as plenty of water and then berthed inside the harbour on *Winifred of Greenisland* (ICC), herself secured outboard of a large barge. They made me very welcome; but I decided, as did my hosts, to push on south to Red Bay for the night as another big barge was due in and the depth in the harbour was less than expected.

Friday brought a promising forecast with a pleasant morning and high hopes of a splendid sail to Carrickfergus. It all seemed to be coming right for the first three hours or so, and then the wind died and it became greasy calm. It stayed that way as I made my way south past the Maidens and Black Head to enter Belfast Lough. Off Whitehead a worrying vibration set in, which no amount of going astern etc. could shake off. This persisted until I had berthed at 1445 in Carrickfergus Harbour, where I later found a large black dustbin bag wrapped around the screw. It had been a disappointing last day of the second leg of 433 miles covered.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday morning sped by as I squared off *Lamorna* and made arrangements for her to be scrubbed etc. before the next leg of my cruise. All this was made much more enjoyable by the kindness and hospitality of friends and members of the Club so that I set off home on Sunday very content.

I returned to *Lamorna* on Tuesday 26th July to encounter a monsoon-like downpour at Aldergrove and heavy rain at Carrickfergus; but to find all well and ready. I stored and watered, paid bills and dues and prepared to be off south the next day.

There was not much wind as I left the Marina at 1000; but as I came up to Orlock Point and the Copeland Sound the W'ly breeze began to freshen and this with the favourable stream gave me a good passage down the coast past Ballywalter. The midday RTE forecast was gloomy, SW'ly 5/7, and off Portavogie at 1415

the wind went more S'ly and increased to Force 5 plus, so I took in a slab.

I took the inshore passage, the Breast, inshore of the South Rock and by 1600 had Butter Pladdy Buoy close abeam. As I came up to Ballyquintin Point a nasty squall from the SW made the approach difficult; but I managed to get the sails off and enter under engine.

By 1800 Ballyhenry Bn was abeam and I then made my way in driving rain across to Killyleagh Town Bn and thence up the Quoile River to pick up a Visitor's buoy off Gibb's Island by 1840.

It was a quiet and comfortable berth, which gave me a very good night and a pleasant and useful Thursday morning cleaning ship and launching the dinghy etc. It was also a good place to listen to the forecasts of SW'ly gales for the area. I slipped from the buoy at 1300 and had a speedy passage under Yankee only up the Lough to Ringhaddy where I secured to a buoy off Dennis Faulkner's house on Castle Island, prior to a very happy evening ashore with him and his wife.

In order to try and clear Strangford Lough before the ebb and overfalls set in, I was up early on Friday to find a very windy morning and to hear forecasts of Sw'ly winds Force 5/6 plus. I stowed the dinghy, secured for sea, put in two slabs and had a quick breakfast, so that by 0740 I was picking my way through the moorings towards the Lough. Ten minutes later I was hurtling along under small jib and two slabs. Once past Limestone Rocks the wind got very fierce and even with a third slab *Lamorna* was doing over six knots. However, off Strangford things became much more quiet and stayed so as I made my way down the Channel to the entrance.

I cleared the entrance at slack High Water and by 1000 was well south of St. Patrick's Rock with the wind SW'ly 6 and *Lamorna* going well beating to windward down the coast. However, off Ardglass at 1130 the wind became very unpleasantly variable in direction and force with the sea short and confused. These difficult conditions persisted until I cleared St. John's Point just after 1300.

My hopes ran high for a good passage across Drundrum Bay; but it was not to be. Between 1420 and 1530 *Lamorna* was beset by a series of violent squalls and near calms and it was difficult to maintain any real progress.

By 1545, one and a half miles NE of Annalong, the wind had settled to a SW'ly Force 6/7 with a nasty sea. It became a very wet and hard old flog along the coast past Annalong and Kilkeel, and eventually I needed to motor sail to keep up a reasonable speed of advance in order to make my ETA. However, conditions eased as I came up towards Hellyhunter Buoy and the approach to Carlingford Lough.

By 1845 I was in the approach and by 1900 had entered the channel up to Greencastle to be met by Michael O'Farrell who helped me to secure to a suitable buoy. By 2000 all was squared away and he took me off home for the night and a very pleasant supper party.

I spent a very happy Sunday with Michael and his friends and family, getting to know the area and the Lough, including a trip up the Lough from Greencastle to a mooring off the Yacht Club at Killowen in his boat. This also enabled *Lamorna* to secure to his mooring at Greencastle for the night.

I went back on board late on Sunday with the pleasure of seeing boys catching mackerel off the shore, and soon had the dinghy stowed below. I had a quiet night and-awoke to rain with

a forecast of NW'ly winds 2/5.

I was on my way out of the Greencastle anchorage by 0735 and cleared the Carlingford approach by 0815. I then had a very good passage with the wind between NW and N mostly 3/4 but with periods of fresher and lighter winds. The "chute" both as such and as a spinnaker was very helpful. I passed the Skerries and Rockabill at 1315, Lambay at 1430 and was in the Howth approaches on the edge of a fleet of dinghies by 1600. I entered and was secured in *Shardana's* berth by 1630.

I had a very happy evening and was made most welcome on board *Alakush* and in the Club and so to bed. Monday was a very good day as I stored, maintained and cleaned and had the VHF R/T checked and the fault found by an expert. All this was followed by a very happy evening in the Club.

I made a leisurely start on Monday 1st August on a very pleasant morning with a forecast of NW'/N winds 3/5 becoming 2/4, and cleared the Marina at 1000. Off Baily Light I shifted from the Yankee to the Genoa but by 1130 the wind began to fade. There followed a period of light airs and then at 1245 a good SE'ly breeze set in and *Lamorna* began to move well. About three miles north of Wicklow the wind freshened for about thirty minutes but then subsided to Force 3/4 again.

Wicklow Head was abeam at 1600 and Mizen Head by 1730, by which time the wind had gone SW'ly. I was off Arklow at 1835 and entered securing alongside other yachts in the basin at 1850. It had been a very pleasant day's sailing, and the evening was only spoiled by the inner boats wishing to move at 0700.

I had a bad night with my right shoulder very sore, and so was not enthusiastic to get up early, but all went smoothly and I re-secured alongside for breakfast. When the last inner boat decided to leave I shifted onto the Pilot Launch and set about repairing my automatic steering bracket. This went better than I had feared and all was repaired/renewed by 1030.

The wind was very light on clearing harbour; but by 1130 off Kilmichael Point there was a good enough wind from the SE to sail, and this with the favourable stream enabled *Lamorna* to make a good passage down the coast past Courtown and through the Rusk Channel. However, by late afternoon it was back to glassy calm and a beautiful afternoon.

Passing the entrance at 1620 I was much tempted to have a go at entering Wexford; but kept going and, as advised, anchored off Rosslare at 1720, one and a half cables to the west of the head of West Pier. I had originally thought that the many small buoys farther west were yacht moorings; but decided eventually that they were "pot buoys"

A light SW'ly wind set in after an hour or so and persisted during the night, though there was one NW'ly squall during the middle. However, by 0530 when I got up in order to set off across the Irish Sea to Milford Haven it was virtually calm; again. I weighed at 0600 and on clearing the pierheads shaped course to pass close to the Tuskar Rock, which I cleared at 0740.

I had worked out that in order to avoid a prolonged crossing with tidal streams at Spring rates I would have to maintain a speed of advance of about five knots. From 1000 until 1330 I endeavoured to sail; but, even with the spinnaker set, the wind rarely allowed such a speed for any length of time, and so I eventually abandoned my attempts.

There was a prolonged period of light airs as I came up to the Bishop at 1425; but it was not long before the strong favourable stream itself provided a useful additional wind. *Lamorna* flashed by Skomer and then Skokholm with no overfall problems other

than confused seas at the tail of the Wild Goose Race, and at 1710 I completed my circumnavigation South of Skokholm.

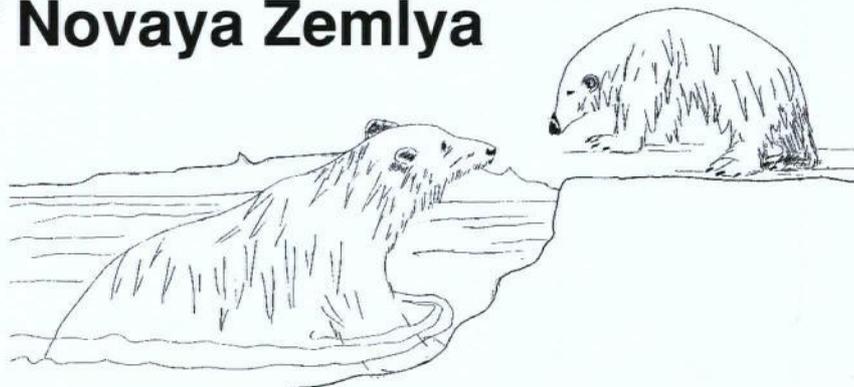
The wind remained very light for the passage into and up Milford Haven. Again attempts to sail were unrewarding; but by 1945 *Lamorna* was once again secured in Neyland Marina, and the third and final leg of 278 miles complete and a long-standing dream fulfilled.

However, the greatest joy of the whole cruise was the cheerful warmth of the welcome, friendliness, hospitality and help which I received wherever I went and whoever I met. Above all, I am greatly indebted and deeply grateful to the Commodore, personally, the Flag Officers and all the members of the Club for the most generous friendship, hospitality and kindness extended to help me on my way. All Ireland, indeed, smiled upon my endeavours and myself.

Month	Date/	From/To	Hours U/W	Engine	Distance
April	29-30	Neyland/Dunmore East	18 10	3 45	90
May	1	Dunmore East/Helvick	7 00	1 00	26
	2	Helvick/Ballycotton	10 40	2 20	43
	3	Ballycotton/Crosshaven	3 40	1 40	17
	4	Crosshaven/Kinsale	4 45	1 45	20
	5	Kinsale/Union Hall	5 55	1 25	29
	6	Union Hall/C'Town B'Haven	11 50	1 55	51.5
	7	C'Town B'Haven/Valentia	8 30	1 35	40
	8	Valentia/Fenit	12 10	3 55	50
	9	Fenit/Mutton Island	11 35	5 30	44
	10	Mutton Island/Kilronan/Cashla Bay	7 40	6 40	34.5
	11	Cashla Bay			
	12	Cashla Bay/L. Renville	5 50	1 15	26.5
	13	L. Renville			
			107 45	32 45	471.5
June	10	L. Renville/Cashla Bay	8 15	2 20	30
	11	Cashla Bay/Roundstone	5 05	50	
	12	Roundstone			
	13	Roundstone/Inishlyre	12 00	3 23	
	14	Inishlyre/Frenchport	10 20	2 50	47
	15	Frenchport/Killybegs	14 00	6 20	65
	16	Killybegs			
	17	Killybegs/Aran Roads	10 15	6 50	40
	18	Aran Roads/Milford	10 40	9 00	44
	19	Milford			
	20	Milford/Coleraine	13 10	3 30	52
	21	Milford			
	22	Milford/Rathlin/Red Bay	7 30	2 40	43
	23	Red Bay/Carrickfergus	6 40	4 00	31
			107 55	41 33	433
July	26	Carrickfergus/Quoile River	8 55	2 40	44
	27	Quoile River/Ringhaddy	1 30	20	6.5
	28	Ringhaddy/Greencastle	11 30	2 45	42 (52)
	29	Greencastle			
	30	Greencastle/Howth	8 55	45	42
	31	Howth			
August	1	Howth/Arklow	8 50	2 10	42
	2	Arklow/Rosslare	6 50	2 30	35
	3	Rosslare/Neyland	13 30	11 20	66
			60 00	22 30	277.5 (287.5)
		Totals	275 40	96 48	1182 (1192)

Mallemaroking off Novaya Zemlya

John Gore-Grimes



Nansen had allowed the *Fram* to be frozen in the sea ice of the Arctic basin in 1893. The boat drifted to 84° N but after one and a half years it seemed unlikely that she would reach the North Pole. Nansen and his crewman Johansen set off and sledged northwards with a team of dogs crossing the sea ice in the direction of the Pole. They had canvas kayaks and a fairly limited supply of food. The ice movements impeded their progress towards the pole and when they reached 86° 13 N they were forced to turn back. They had no means of locating the *Fram* so they headed southwards hoping to find Petermann Land which had been carefully mapped by Lt. Payer, one of the discoverers of Franz Joseph Land, as being North of Cap Fligely at the northern extremity of the archipelago. Nansen never found Petermann Land for the reason that it never existed but after five months he reached Franz Joseph Land and set up a winter camp. Nansen and Johansen built a stone hut and lined it with moss and earth. They raised a large pole in the centre and covered the roof with walrus hide. They killed polar bears, walrus and wild fowl and they dug in for the long winter.

On the 19th May 1896, having spent almost nine months in their miserable winter hut eating bear meat and walrus blubber, Nansen and Johansen headed south again. They were unsure of their position on Franz Joseph Land and were encamped, as Nansen described it,

“on a land which I believe to be unseen by any human eye and untrodden by any human foot, reposing in Arctic majesty behind it’s mantle of mist”,

Suddenly they heard a dog bark. Then they heard a shout from a human voice, a strange voice, the first for three years. Then there was another shout and they saw a dark form moving across the hummocks further inland.

“we approached one another quickly, I waved my hat; he did the same. I heard him speak to the dog. It was English and as I drew nearer I thought I recognised Mr. Jackson who I remembered once to have seen”.

The contrast at this meeting was unique. The Englishman, Jackson, was well groomed, wearing a check suit and high rubber boots. Nansen could smell the perfume of scented soap. The Norwegians were like wild men, dressed in dirty rags, thickened with grease and blackened with soot. Their faces were black and covered in fat. Jackson had no idea of who they were:

“Jackson; I’m immensely glad to see you”.
“Thank you, I also”.

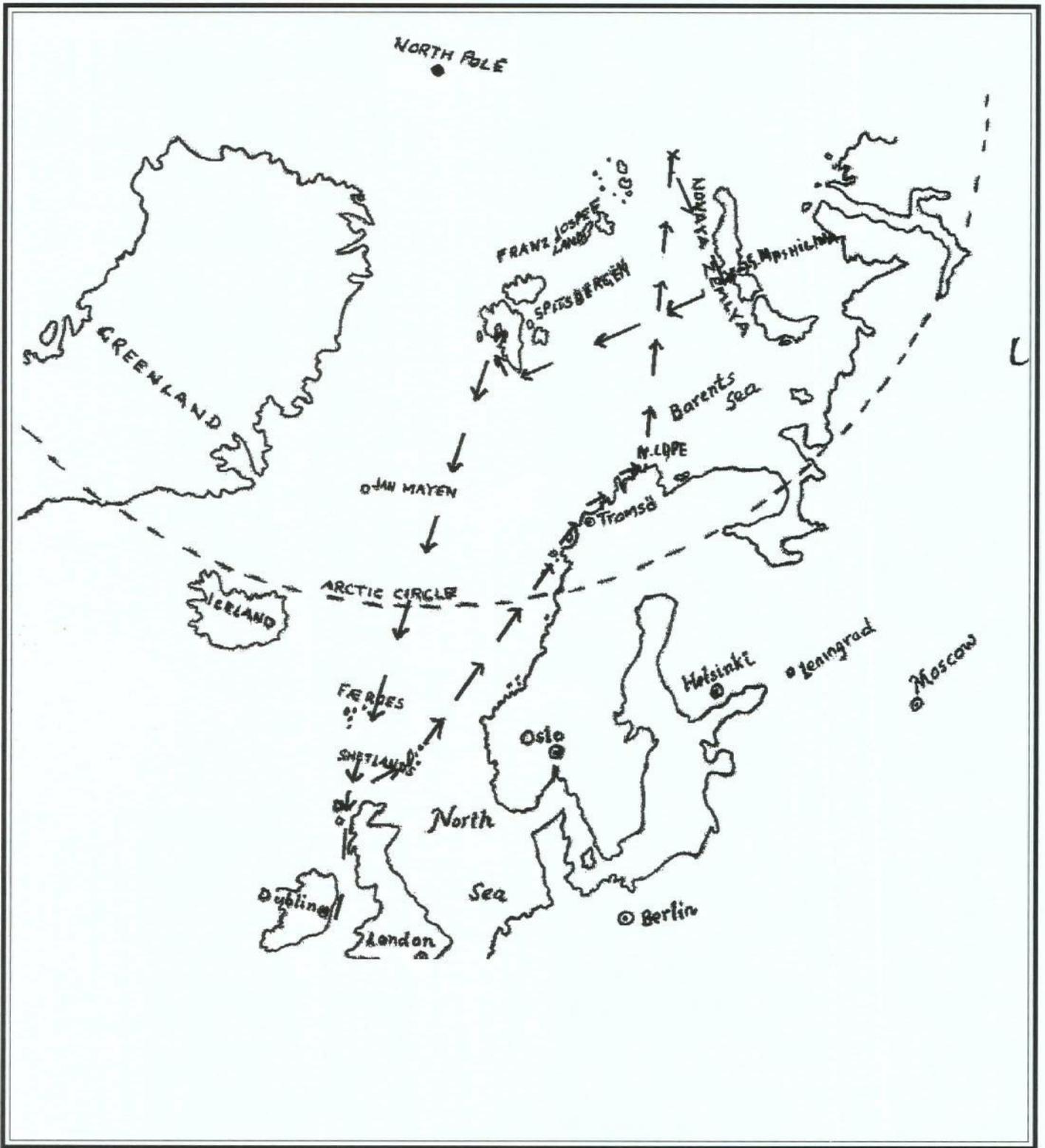
The two men walked in towards the land and Nansen took it for granted that Jackson had recognised him. Suddenly Jackson stopped and looked Nansen full in the face and said quickly:

“Aren’t you Nansen?”
“Yes I am.”
“By Jove!, I am glad to see you”

On the 7th August 1896 Jackson’s vessel *The Windward* set sail for Vardo in northern Norway with Nansen and Johansen aboard. One week after their arrival on the Norwegian mainland the *Fram* sailed in for a joyous reunion.

There were many reasons why I wanted to see Franz Joseph Land but Nansen’s meeting with Jackson was one of the most compelling. Franz Joseph Land was discovered, by mistake, by Lt. Karl Weyprecht of the Austrian Navy and Lt. Julius Payer of the Austrian Army. These men were following a theoretical route which had been suggested by the renowned German geographer, Petermann. Petermann believed that an ice free passage could be found to the north of Novaya Zemlya leading to the North Pole. His theory was based on the fact that the Gulf stream headed up that way from the North Cape of Norway. Weyprecht and Payer found, to their cost, that Petermann’s Gulf Stream theory was without merit. While caught in solid ice on their vessel the *Tegethoff*, they became involuntary passengers drifting slowly northwards. On the 30th August, 1873 Franz Joseph Land was sighted from the *Tegethoff*. It was the first discovery of this remote ice covered archipelago and the discoverers named it after their Emperor.

Our departure was from Howth on the 6th July 1989. Our good friend Tom Watson Jnr. of the Cruising Club of America had secured permission for us to land at Heis Island on Franz Joseph Land, where a Soviet Hydrometeorological station is located. Tom’s opening letter of request dated the 22nd December 1988 had been addressed to ‘The Honourable Eduard Shevardnadze’. Matters had progressed from there and the application was for permission to visit both Franz Joseph Land and Novaya Zemlya. Permission was communicated to Tom through the Soviet Ambassador in Washington. The letter was quite specific and referred to our request to visit both Franz Joseph Land and Novaya Zemlya. The permission was restricted to Heis Island only. To this day I have not located Heis Island with any certainty. The name does not appear on the Admiralty or on the Norwegian charts but it is probably a small ice free island in the middle of the archipelago. My ice charts, which cover the period from 1977 to 1989, show the island which I believe to be Heis Island, to have been clear of ice for only four weeks in that entire period.



Franz Joseph Land is located between $79^{\circ} 50' N$ to $81^{\circ} 50' N$ and $42^{\circ} E$ to $67^{\circ} E$. On the day of our departure the entire archipelago was solidly icebound. Ice which varied from seven tenths to nine tenths stretched in a forbidding line from the South tip of Svalbard down to Bear Island and from Bear Island to the shores of Novaya Zemlya at latitude $74^{\circ} 46' N$. This was a formidable barrier. 1989 was a bad ice year. Viewed from the perspective of a 31 foot fibre glass Nicholson it is easy to exaggerate ice cover. Yachting, in this sense, is not unlike trout fishing. A yachtsman's gale may frequently measure force 5 to

6, particularly when beating into it. The forty foot waves may be eight to ten feet and five tenths ice cover (which means that one half of the area is water and one half is ice) is probably, in reality two tenths to three tenths. A small sailing-boat can only proceed with the greatest difficulty in four tenths ice and if the ice charts indicate an area of four tenths or more it is wise to make a decision to avoid it. Three tenths ice cover is exciting and it is dangerous. Ice horizons will appear and there will be solid bands of ice stretching across the way ahead; these may be a mile or so long. The point to remember is that ice measurements are not consistent



Shardana's crew in great form as they depart through the Sound inside Ireland's Eye en route for the Arctic on July 6th. On board are (left to right) Christine Heath, Bob Fannin, the Commodore, Andrew Hegarty, Peter Culleton and Natascha Gore-Grimes

W M Nixon

and an area which is indicated as three tenths or four tenths on the chart may very well contain areas of several square miles which have a density of seven tenths cover. These heavier concentrations, located in relatively more open water are alarming to the yachtsmen whose horizon, even from the top of the mast, is very close indeed. The satellite which makes the ice chart by infra-red measurement is many miles above the earth's surface. It can afford to take a broader view of things.

The air temperature was +25°C as we sailed, close hauled, past Lambay and Rockabill, bound for the North Channel. On board were Black Bob Fannin (34 years) Peter Culleton (26 years), Christine Heath (35 years) Andrew Hegarty (19 years) and my daughter Natascha (19 years). With the exception of Black Bob there was a new team aboard *Shardana*.

As we beat northwards on the first night, there was a magnificent lightening display which, at times, illuminated the interior of the cabin. The thunder rattled loudly and the scene was reminiscent of our departure for Scorsby Sound on the 24th July 1985, which will be remembered by many sailors who took part in the Clyde Cruising Club's celebrations of that year.

As we cleared the Mull of Oa the wind backed and we moved forward with free sheets. I was on watch with Natascha who peered through the mist at two black and white birds which had just landed on the sea surface.

"Ah", she said, "two for joy".

The magpies were guillemots! I had sailed with Natascha in north west Spain and around much of Ireland's coastline but she had spent several years working with horses. She took a little time to adapt to her new environment. People who have worked with horses will know what stubborn, wilful creatures they can be. A horse, on a bad day, can be every bit as troublesome as a rising wind and a dirty sea. Both take a lot of determination if you are to control them. In nine weeks on board *Shardana* I was to learn just how determined Natascha is. She dismissed the discomforts of interrupted sleep, mediocre food, sodden oilskins and constant sea motion, with a natural and uncomplaining shrug of acceptance. She had expected much more hardship and she returned to Howth wondering what all the fuss was about.

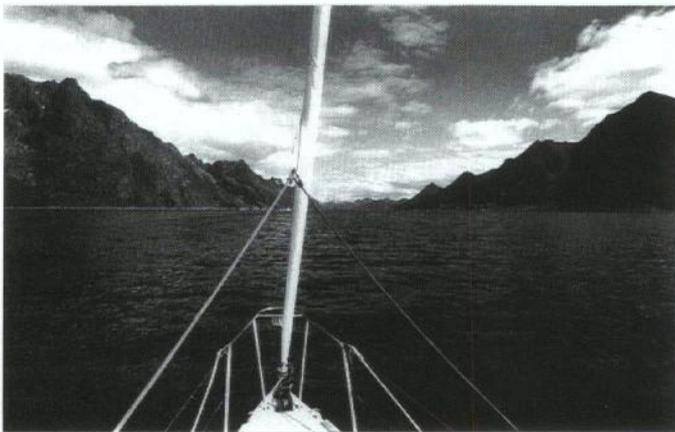
We had a fast passage to the Sea of the Hebrides and through the Minches. We passed Cape Wrath at 1335 hours on Monday the 10th July. We altered for Noup Head on the north west corner of the Orkneys and rolled dead down wind occasionally hitting the ten knot mark. It was a difficult evening in the galley for Andrew who finally managed to produce a grand Irish stew. The effort had left Andrew looking a little green and we noticed that his own bowl was empty.

“What have you done with your stew Andrew?”
“I dumped it”, he replied, “the price was falling so I just dumped it”.

We passed Noup Head and rolled onwards towards Sumburg Head at the south end of the Shetlands. Having rounded Sumburg Head we sailed into Lerwick arriving there at 1345 on the 11th July. It had taken exactly five days to sail 615 miles from Howth to Lerwick. Taking account of the head winds at the start and the down wind tacking from Cape Wrath we had logged 685 miles.

Shardana had first visited Lerwick in 1977 and again in 1980. The town has changed dramatically. The bar at the Queens Hotel, which used to be pleasantly shoddy and filled with characters, is now carpeted from floor to ceiling and filled with flashing lights and loud music. Conversation was impossible so we left it and visited the Lerwick Boat Club for showers. The Lerwick Model Boats are the most constant feature of this rapidly changing place. They are still raced enthusiastically by members of the Boat Club, but it was mid-week and there was little activity in the club at that time. We made our head quarters at the Thule Bar which was somewhat reminiscent of the old Lerwick. North sea oil and gas have brought a kind of prosperity to Lerwick. It is still a place of charm and of character and it's inhabitants are at once friendly and helpful. We had left Howth with sufficient supplies for the passage to Lerwick but we had sent a list of our requirements to Billy Moncrieff who is both Commodore of the Lerwick Boat Club and the owner of an excellent grocery known as The Granitefield Stores. In pouring rain Billy drove the supplies to the quay side and we loaded them onboard. We had ordered sufficient food to take us to the North Cape and every item on the list was provided. We were anxious to avoid the extravagance of shopping in Norway.

Lerwick was a most pleasant interlude and the passage from Howth had allowed the crew to settle in to the ways of *Shardana*. We set out for Svolvaer in the Lofoten Islands at 0745 hours on the 13th July. As we cleared the Out Skerries we were reefed down and the self-furling headsail was well rolled in. We were on the wind and sailing some 20° off our rhumb line in a lively force 5-6. The fulmars were intrigued by the spinner on our Walker log. They hovered just above us and frequently dipped down with their feet running across the breaking surf. The kittywakes and terns flew busily around the boat and we were fairly certain that one particularly persistent kittywake stayed with us all the way from Lerwick to Svolvaer. It glided in our slip stream and although it occasionally vanished for a few hours at



Reftsund just north of the Lofoten Islands

John Gore-Grimes

a time it returned again and did not leave until we were safely tied up at Svolvaer.

We had received many unsolicited kindnesses before our departure. Swissco of Little Island in Cork had donated 180 of their splendid meals. These are easily stowed and easily prepared main meals which provided us with 30 substantial helpings for six people. The Insurance Corporation of Ireland studied the route and the ice charts but in spite of this they generously imposed no additional premium. Jennifer Guinness gave us the Sailormat self steering gear from *Deerhound*. Jennifer also lent us her Icom MF/HF transmitter which was installed at Pat Colleran's house in Dundrum. *Shardana* had a similar set aboard and we were able to communicate with Dublin for almost every day of our nine weeks voyage. Pat continued to receive the ice charts from Bracknell and his report on the 14th July gave us little comfort. Apart from a small clearance to the south of Svalbard, ice conditions were much the same as they had been on the day of our departure. The daily radio chat with Pat became a feature of this voyage and he gave us both the good news and the bad news with equal cheer and good humour.

Within 24 hours of our departure from Lerwick the wind veered to the South West. And we had some fast, free-sheet sailing, making use of the spinnaker whenever the wind allowed. There was no darkness on the night of the 14th July and for the next 39 days the sun never dipped below the horizon. We crossed the Arctic Circle on the 17th July at 0428 hours and we were not to re-cross it until the 22nd August. Four of our crew had never been North of the Circle but the sea conditions were sufficiently boisterous to dissuade a celebration. Andrew's log entry read:

“Arctic Circle indeed!, I cannot see it. I cannot feel it. I cannot even throw it out of my stomach. Therefore it does not exist”.

Andrew kept us well amused for much of the passage issuing kindly cautions from time to time which begged us not to mention equatorial rain forests in front of a bonzai tree. We were not to mention mint jelly in front of sheep. We ran onwards with spinnaker filled through wet and breezy conditions until we sighted Skomvaer Island. We tied up at Svolvaer at 07.00 hours on Tuesday the 18th July. We had logged 725 miles on a rhumb line distance of 636 miles in 45 minutes less than five days.

Our passage-making to date had been exceptionally fortunate. 1989 was to be the last of *Shardana's* voyages under the present management. My journeys with Warren Brown on *Warbaby* had taught me a lesson or two. I had seen the value of a self furling head-sail. There are definite disadvantages in beating to windward with a self furling head-sail but this is easily out weighed by the advantage of pulling in or letting out the required amount of sail with just two crew on watch. The amount of sail required matched the frequently varying wind strengths. In previous years, as the wind increased, we shortened sail by changing down. Expecting the worst we would put up a smaller sail than was necessary. The decision was often correct but valuable speed was lost as we waited for the wind to increase and more speed was lost later when the wind decreased and a considerate crew would await a watch change before re-setting a larger head-sail.

This year we carried a large self-furling genoa with a spare storm jib and a spare working jib. Our sail locker was suddenly manageable, bereft as it was, of its usual supply of two genoas, a working jib, a larger storm jib, a storm jib and a high clew

reacher. The self-furling gear encouraged us to use our faithful old star-cut spinnaker which provided us with our best speeds ever when broad-reaching. The running spinnaker was much in demand and apart from those sails we carried a spare main-sail and a tri-sail. Comparing the speeds achieved in 1989 with previous years I would have to admit that the sailing was considerably faster but we were blessed with an extraordinarily high proportion of beam on or aft of the beam winds.

I had navigated our previous Arctic journeys with sextant and D.R. For the first time we used Decca from Howth to Svolvær and it was excellent. From Svolvær northwards, Decca was less reliable. The Norwegians have lost faith in the system and they wish to persuade the rest of Europe to change to the Loran C. system. The U.S. Government's G.P.S. satellite system works reliably for between 14 and 18 hours each day. By 1993 it will offer a 24 hour system of accurate position fixing. Decca is a coastal system which has worrying defects at dusk and in close coastal situations, particularly in the fiords of Norway. Its range is limited and it is of no benefit to the ocean voyager. The U.S. Navy have proved the superiority of Loran C. over Decca as a long range and reasonably reliable navigational aid but they will discontinue the service as soon as G.P.S. is totally effective. Led by Norway some of the European Countries feel that reliance on a U.S. controlled satellite navigational system is not acceptable. The entire matter is under discussion at present but it is likely that by 1995 most yachts will use the American G.P.S. system. Our present Satnavs will be defunct and will certainly be discontinued before the end of the century. It is also likely that Loran C. system will replace Decca and that Decca will be discontinued before the end of the century.

From these predictions there is only one certain lesson to be learned and that is that the yachtsman must continue to keep an accurate D.R. position in his log book and must perfect and retain the skills of sextant position fixing.

The M.F./H.F. transmitter was another new addition on board this year. It is a comforting safety aid and we made good use of it. We carried Satnav in 1982 and in 1985 but on each occasion the system malfunctioned before we had passed through the North Channel. This year the Walker Satnav performed a little better. It worked from Howth to the North Cape at a time when it was not required at all. It malfunctioned before we docked at Honningsvåg on the island of Magerøy. Looking to the heavens the cloud cover and was fairly consistent. Looking at the ice charts it was obvious that sextant shots would be few and far between and the open water lead, if it were to appear, would require very precise navigation in the limited time scale available to us. A replacement Satnav was dispatched to Honningsvåg where we installed it before our departure northwards.

The last piece of new equipment to be installed in *Shardana* was a Furuno radar. One cannot but be impressed by modern yacht radar. The new sets are compact but I would not use them for too long on a small boat without running the engine. As we sailed out of Guba Mashigina in Novaya Zemlya Arctic smoke appeared from nowhere. We were beating out through a narrow entrance. Safe passage could have been negotiated without radar, but for the navigator at least, the radar picture lifted a great burden of worry. The Norwegian bridges which span the fiords are fitted with small Racon beacons which indicate which supporting pillars you should pass through. Identifying buoys and land approaches or monitoring vessels at night are tasks which are greatly simplified by the use of radar. The radar also

picked up the sea ice and showed us the directional run of the open water leads. Reflections on the radar screen from sea ice tend to be a little misleading. Sea ice or ice bergs appear to be larger on the radar screen than the real thing. The radar screen can paint an over-dramatic picture which is useful for the movie maker on board but requires to be discounted by the navigator.

All of these modern aids greatly eased our passage in 1989, to such an extent, that previous crews who have shipped aboard *Shardana* would have felt, with some justification, that the skipper had gone soft.

The Lofoten Islands are renowned cruising grounds with a well earned reputation for beauty and remoteness. Svolvær is the capital town of the Lofoten group. It is a pleasant well ordered town which once thrived on fishing but which now thrives on tourism and commerce. Norway in the early 1950's would have been among the poorer regions of Europe. For one hundred years previously there was massive emigration but in less than forty years Norway has been turned around. Emigration has stopped and the standard of living in Norway today is, visibly, among the highest in the world.

There has always been a great debate about the Norwegian people. Are they friendly? Are they unfriendly? We have heard both cases argued with equal vigour. A small incident which occurred later, on the pier at Longyearbyen in Svalbard, gave us a fair insight into the Norwegian character.

It was early in the morning and Black Bob got up from the boat with a five gallon can. He jumped onto the wooden pier and met a solitary Norwegian there who was looking out across Adventfjord at the sun-lit pink folds of the mountains on the other side. The peaks were shrouded in white cloud with patches of reflected red sun light. It was perfectly still. Bob addressed the Norwegian:

"Hello there - it's a grand morning!"

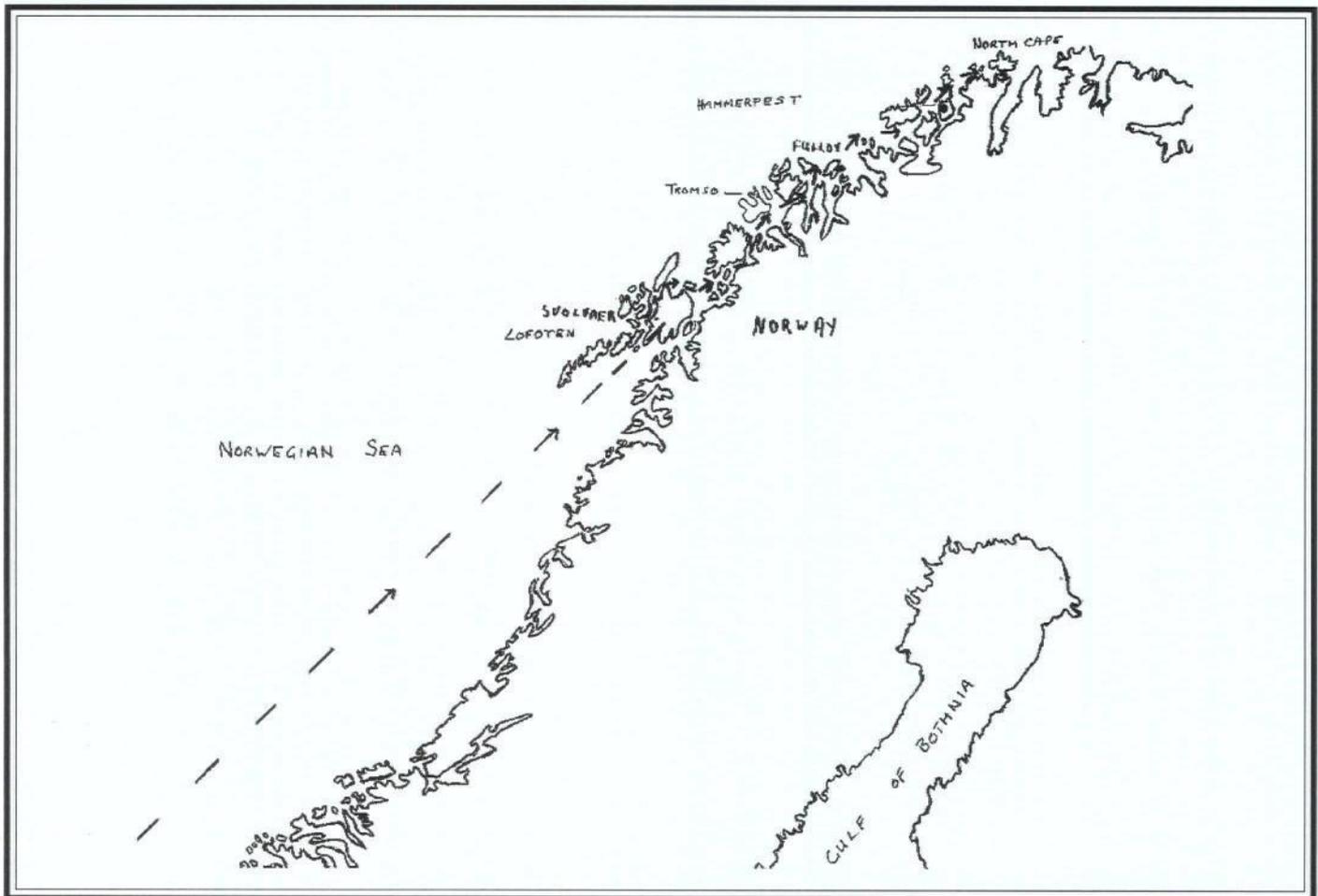
The Norwegian looked at Bob for a moment. There was no sign of hostility on his face but just a slight hint of bewilderment. He said nothing but turned away to look back across the fiord. Bob thought him to be an unfriendly soul and he wandered over to the tap to fill the water can. When Bob returned to the edge of the pier *Shardana* was almost six feet below it. The Norwegian at once saw Bob's predicament and came straight over to hand the water can down over the pier and onto the boat. In summary, the Norwegian had known that it was 'a grand morning'. He had established this simply by looking around him so that Bob's comment did not require a response. When the Norwegian noticed Bob's predicament with the water can he was immediately generous with practical assistance.

We found the Norwegians to be most helpful and friendly. They are a private people who are keenly aware of the importance of minding one's own business. Once you penetrate this rather thin and shy defensive veneer you will find a warm and sympathetic personality just waiting to greet you.

In Svolvær we had some trouble clearing customs. Our flag had been up for 24 hours but nobody came to see us. Eventually Bob located the Harbour Office where he was greeted with the usual indifference. They did not want to see our passports but they did take a few notes from the ship's registration papers.

"And tell me, have you any duty free drink aboard?"

"Yes", replied Bob, fearing the worst.



“Ah that is good, we must come down and have a drink with you”.

By leaving Svolvaer at low water you can take a strong tidal current which runs northwards for nine hours up through the magnificent Raftsund. We left at 0910 hours on the 20th July bound for Tromso which is 160 miles from Svolvaer. The sun light illuminated the high mountains and green tree lined edges which surround Raftsund. It is a most dramatic place. The tidal stream varied from three to four knots and we were swept through the sound on a windless day with the engine running. We made a detour into the famous Trollfiord. It is undeniably beautiful but I believe I detected a note of anti-climax among the crew. Trollfiord has received so much publicity that the reality somehow lacks a little of the majesty which the mind's perception had attributed to it.

We motored up to Sortland Sund under the mighty Sortland bridge and on through the narrow dredged channel which separates Andoya from Hinnoya. It looks very tight on the chart but it is so well marked that it is an easy passage. It was early evening as we passed through and there was a light drizzle which obscured visibility. Each navigation post is fitted with a radar reflector so once again the radar eased the navigators burden. We passed to the south of Grytoya and headed up to the east shore of Senja passing through the well marked narrows at Finnses. We were soon in Tromsofiord and we tied up at the visitors pontoon in Tromso at 1400 hours on the 21st July. Our journey of 160 miles had been completed in one day four hours and fifty minutes.

We had a fairly long job list to attend to in Tromso but 90%

of this was undertaken by Peter Culleton. Peter is a qualified shipwright who has worked on the building of the two new Howth Seventeen Footers which were launched in 1987. Peter was also part of the team which built *N.C.B. Ireland* and with that task completed he traveled to England to join the builders of *N.C.B.'s* rival maxi *Rothmans*. The job list on *Shardana* was child's play to him and it was completed in a very short time. Having demonstrated his considerable skills in Tromso and earlier in Lerwick the poor fellow was landed with all the maintenance work on board, which he attended to without complaint. It was a lesson to me to see Peter at work, not just below decks but on sail changes also. When it was time to strike a spinnaker in difficult and windy conditions Peter took charge naturally. He and Andrew proved their superiority by efficient sail handling. Both have been enthusiastic racing men for many years and the lessons which they have learned in keen competitive situations were of great benefit to *Shardana's* general progress. Seeing these two in action I could not help feeling that a little bit of competitive, around - the - cans sailing would do most cruising folk the world of good.

Bob and I called to the Met Office on the hill above the main streets of Tromso. Again we were greeted civilly but there was no surprise when we told the ice man that we were headed towards Franz Joseph Land. He pressed the button on one of his weather machines and a large ice chart came rolling out. It was not a pretty picture. The ice had drifted away from the south tip of Svalbard and there was some clear water to the east of it. There was also a small clearance off the west coast of Novaya Zemlya but the path from 76° N to Cape Flora on Franz Joseph Land at

80° N and 50°E was blocked solidly for 250 miles south of the archipelago by large tracts of seven tenths and nine tenths ice cover. The ice man did not advise us to abandon our plans but he commented that, for the time of year, the area had considerably more ice than in previous years. This was so. When we spoke to Pat on the HF set that evening the Bracknell ice chart told the same depressing story.

Tromsø is called the 'Paris of the North'. If prices are anything to go by it is well named but the standard of cuisine in the two restaurants which we visited was excellent. The Polar Museum, which is located between the boat yard and the main water front promenade, is well worth a visit. The exhibits are beautifully displayed and as you walk in to the old trappers hut the wind howls and the huskies cry. Across the bridge is the extraordinary 'Cathedral of the Arctic'. It is shaped and coloured like a solid ice berg but inside, it is wonderfully bright. We took the cable car to the top of the hill and viewed Tromsø Island from above.

We left Tromsø at 0945 on Sunday the 23rd July. Again it was necessary to leave at low water in order to clear the strong currents running under the bridge and beyond. Once clear of Tromsøfjord the currents are manageable.

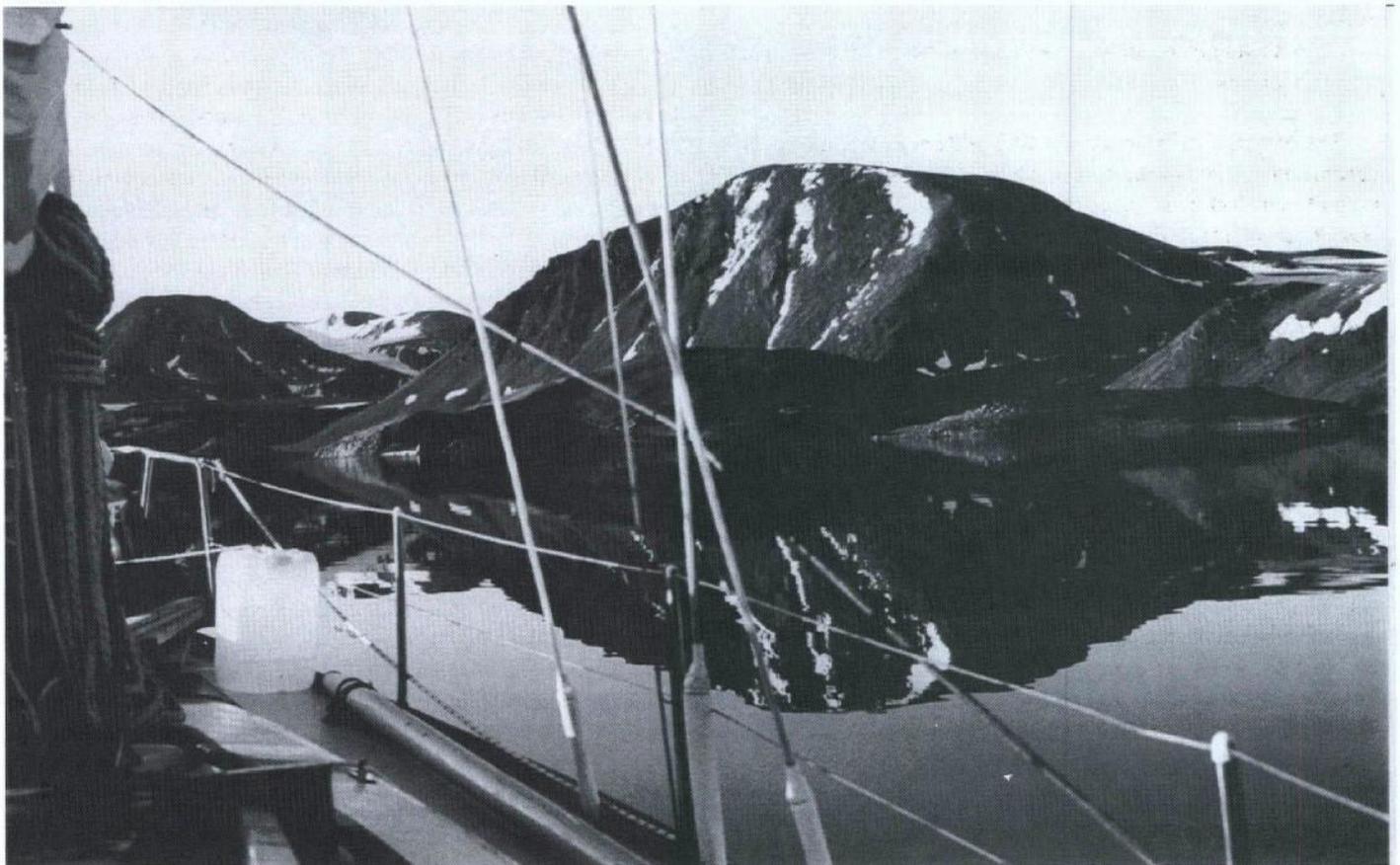
We crossed the 70th parallel in the afternoon as we came out of Landsund. We passed to the west of Karlsoy and up to the east shore of Vanna just beneath a large Decca mast. In spite of the mast's proximity to our vessel the Decca receiver stayed stubbornly in the red. Coastal navigators in Norway rely on radar as a navigational aid. The high mountains together with the lack of interest on the part of the Norwegians in maintaining Decca, combined to confuse the signals. The Decca map indicates that

the service extends to the North Cape but this does not match our experience of it. When we finally sailed north of the North Cape and the island of Mageroy, Decca was still in the red and it ceased to function altogether when we were just five miles out.

Once clear of Vanna we were in open sea and we could set sail again. We sailed alongside the steep east cliffs of Fugloy (Bird island). As we approached the island we could not see a single bird. The scale of the cliffs is deceptive but once we were close, the air and sea were alive with kittywakes, gulls and thousands of puffins. High above we sighted a white-tailed eagle. These are rare birds. They are the largest eagle left in the world today but they are awkward hunters and their numbers are declining. When John and Jennifer Guinness passed Fugloy in *Deerhound* in 1983 they reported sightings of several pairs of white-tailed eagles. Let us hope that our sighting of a single bird this year is not indicative of the rate of decline among the species.

We had following winds from Fugloy across to the northern point of Loppa Island and from there we ran past Silda and on to Sorøysundet where the wind dispersed. We motored past Hammerfest on a still, damp morning with a wet, low, red sky hanging on the land. It looked as if wind was on the way. We passed through Havøysund and on through Massøysund and Magerøysund to tie up at Honningsvåg on the south east coast of Mageroy at 1800 hours on the 24th July. We had traveled 175 miles in one day eight hours and fifteen minutes. It was raining hard in Honningsvåg and we lit the charcoal stove to dry out the considerable amounts of condensation in the cabin.

Monday morning's sky had promised wind. It kept its promise and by Tuesday morning it was blowing a full gale from the south west. Our berth on the northern pier in the harbour was



A beautiful anchorage

John Gore-Grimes

uncomfortable so we moved across to the leeward side just barely moving forward into the wind with full throttle open. By mid-day the worst was over and a small boat pulled alongside. A cheerful Norwegian greeted us. He was Sverre Olsen who had been introduced to us by Jennifer Guinness. Sverre is the harbour master at Honningsvag. The Norwegian Government make good use of their harbour masters and Sverre told us that he is in charge of all the lights and lighthouses on the north coast of Norway. He came



Honningsvag on the Nord Kap

John Gore-Grimes

aboard for a Paddy and complained bitterly about the stupidity of government policy which requires that the lighthouses must be de-manned. Sverre said that he was determined to keep at least seven manned lighthouses in his area. Sverre was on holidays with his family and some friends on a remote island off Mageroy. He had heard of our arrival and interrupted his holiday to travel to Honningsvag in a small boat in gale force conditions. His journey had been extremely uncomfortable.

Des Turvey (I.C.C.) had kindly undertaken the task of shipping two large crates of supplies from Howth to Honningsvag. The crates, which weighed eight and a half hundred weight, had been dispatched to a warehouse which is under Sverre's control. Because our meals are pre-planned and because the stowage on 31 foot Nicholson is limited when it is asked to cope with six ravenous crew, we were anxious to have preparations and ingredients which are familiar to us. In case the worst happened I had provided supplies for ten weeks for six people in the hope that if the worst did happen we would not be forced to eat one or more of the crew. By the time we had berthed at Honningsvag I was fairly certain which two would be served first.

Bob and Andrew accompanied Sverre to the warehouse while Peter attended to the maintenance. The shore party returned some time later followed by a fork lift truck with a large crate of supplies mounted on a pallet. I went up to the edge of the road to talk to Sverre. The fork lift driver looked at *Shardana* tied alongside a fairly rickety wooden pier.

"I have never taken this truck with a load on to this old pier. I wonder will it hold us? Ah well, there is just one way to find out!"

The fork lift was driven at speed on to the pier which creaked and groaned a mild protest but otherwise held firm. The second crate was later placed on the pier and in heavy rain we started to unpack and to stow a mountain of supplies. Sverre and the driver departed well laden down with bottles of Paddy. They had certainly earned it. I had expected difficulties with customs, forms and duties but there were none. Sverre simply said:

"There it is now, so I will go back to my holidays."

He set off in a rough sea to return to his remote, island holiday home.

We worked through Tuesday and Wednesday loading and

stowing stores in preparation for our departure. On Wednesday the Oslo Met office faxed an ice chart through to the Honningsvag harbour office. The ice situation had deteriorated since the previous week and solid ice once again hugged the shores of Novaya Zemlya down to 75°N. From a study of previous ice charts it seemed that our best chance of reaching Cape Flora was to sail to 76°N 50° E and head due north to latitude 80° N. There was seven tenths ice stretching down both sides of longitude 50° E South to 75° 30' N and both to the east and to the west of that there was nine tenths ice cover. Our approximate position at Honningsvag was 71° N 26° E. There was plenty of open water between us and the ice front but there was an impassable barrier of ice guarding the approaches to Cape Flora. The archipelago of Franz Joseph Land was coloured black which is not a happy sight on an ice chart. The ice problems were fairly universal between Canada and Novaya Zemlya. Both the north and east coasts of Svalbard were solidly blocked but the west coast of Svalbard was open as it usually is at this time of year. East Greenland and South East Greenland were as bad as I have ever seen it and the Denmark Strait between Greenland and the north coast of Iceland was properly blocked. It seems almost unimaginable to think of meeting sea ice off the north coast of Iceland in the month of July. The ice rarely touches the Horn of Iceland in winter months but this summer a circumnavigation of Iceland at any time up to the 3rd of August would have been hazardous. Cape Farewell had ice one hundred and fifty miles to the south of it and there was solid ice in the Davis Strait running south west from the north west corner of Greenland down to the south east shores of Baffin Island.

With so much ice about we decided to wait for one further report on the 1st August before sailing north. We discussed the charts with Pat on the radio and he agreed that the situation looked bleak.

We somehow managed to stow all of the provisions and we filled the tanks with diesel and with water. We were unable to get a refill for a gas bottle in Honningsvag so Bob and I travelled to Hammerfest on Thursday aboard the *Lofoten*. Each day a ship leaves Bergen and travels north to Kirkeness, close to the Russian border. The ships then return to Bergen. These ships run throughout the year and it is a fairly comfortable way of seeing much of the Norwegian coastline for those who do not wish to risk it in a sailing boat. The difference is akin to the difference between travelling the countryside on a bicycle or in a motor car. The former is uncomfortable but satisfying while the later is

comfortable but much of the atmosphere is lost.

The ship took six hours to deliver us to our destination. We got the gas in every sense and our visit included a leisurely lunch served by a girl who was so beautiful that I could have put her in my pocket and taken her home with me there and then. We climbed the hills behind the town and descended again into the town square. We visited the tourist office to enquire whether there was any alternative to the planned bus journey home and we purchased tickets on a motorised catamaran, which was scheduled to leave for Honningsvåg at 2000 hours. The tourist office was pulling down the shutters for the evening and the two girls behind the counter agreed to join us for a cocktail. We learned a little more about Norway in Hammerfest. It surprised us to see how philosophically forgiving the Norwegians are. Most Norwegian towns are filled with German tourists during the summer months. All of these northern towns had been evacuated and burnt to the ground by the Germans in 1944. This wanton act has not been completely forgotten but we did not sense any strong feelings of animosity. It is a curious comparison when you think that most Irishmen still have a poor opinion of Oliver Cromwell. Cromwell and his Levellers were knocking down the castles of Ireland as recently as August 1649.

Natascha had introduced us to a lethal cocktail called B 52 (one third Khalua, one third Baileys Irish Cream, one third Cointreau, each floating on top of the other in that order). We had enjoyed several flights of pure, self-indulgent fantasy aboard the B 52's in Svolvær and in Tromsø. We were flying again in Hammerfest and it was just as well, because when Bob finally managed to focus on his watch it was 1945 hours. We flew down to the pier with the gas bottle clanking behind us and boarded the catamaran as the warps were being cast off. The catamaran travels at twenty five knots but speed and scenery were lost outside heavy eyelids and when we awoke the passengers had left to enjoy another view of the mid-night sun on the Nord Kap, which was, as is frequently the case, covered in a dense fog. We had tied up at a small port called Gjesvær on the east side of Magerøy. The captain asked us if we had seen the Nord Kap from the sea. We had not. We were invited up to the bridge and we were fed with fine smoked salmon. We set off at speed and the captain steered northwards instead of taking the shorter and more tranquil route to Honningsvåg by passing south through Magerøysund. We passed beneath the North Cape with the fog resting on its summit, in a heavy rolling sea. It was interesting to see how well powerful engines and a broad hull can cope with these sea conditions. I did spill my coffee but the catamaran was no more than 20% at fault. The B 52's must take the blame for the remaining 80%.

Pat and my brother Anthony had arranged for the purchase of a new Satnav and once again the tall, soft-spoken Des Turvey, came to our rescue. Des efficiently organised trucks and planes to land the equipment in Sverre's warehouse for Monday morning. When we called to collect it there was no fuss, no bother, no import duty, no paperwork and no difficulty. It was a great credit to Des, who had gone to very considerable trouble, to make arrangements and yet I can honestly say that we never thought for a moment that the Satnav would not be there. Des is one of those rare people who alleviates worry by being generous and reliable. Can you imagine a poor Norwegian in the reverse situation doing his best to deal with Vatman, the Sherrif Street sorting office and all the mess and entanglement of a hopelessly uncivil Civil Service. I warrant that his underwater hull would require a fresh

coat of anti-fouling by the time he put to sea again.

On Friday we hired a car and Christine, Natascha, Bob and I drove to Finland and to the Russian border while Peter and Andrew kindly agreed to finish some work and to keep an eye on the boat. Honningsvåg is a busy harbour and no berth is guaranteed for any certain length of time. We drove for almost one thousand miles through the lands of the Skridfinns, the Fishing Lapps (Finns) and the Reindeer Finns (Lapps). We stayed two nights in log cabins and we visited Kirkeness and the tiny border settlement at Jakobslev in the most north eastern corner of Norway. There was a feeling of tension at this border settlement. On the Norwegian side was a seventeenth century stone church. Just opposite was a high raised tower with Russian soldiers peering through the windows.

Our impressions were of Lapps selling reindeer antlers and artifacts from tents at the side of the roadway; of majestic mountains and fiords; of open and beautiful countryside; of rivers and waterfalls, and of thousands of reindeer roaming the countryside. On our return we drove to the Nord Kap and peered out to the North in a dense, damp, wind-blown fog. We returned to Honningsvåg on Sunday afternoon to put Peter and Andrew aboard the *Nordenstern*, the boat from Bergen which was bound for Kirkeness. The *Nordenstern* was scheduled to return to Honningsvåg on Tuesday morning at 0700 hours. All of these journeys were worth while but they sit uncomfortably in a narrative which deals with our un-successful efforts to reach Franz Joseph Land.

We spent a week in Honningsvåg and it is not possible to leave the place without giving some account of the town. John and Jennifer Guinness were the first Irish sailors to berth there and *Deerhound* is well remembered. It is a perfect little fishing port. Honningsvåg is a town with two faces. Thousands of tourists pour through all the year around, to stay at the large, cold and clinical S.A.S. hotel. That part of the town is close to the steamer pier and there are taxis, buses, souvenirs and tourist informations. All of the tourists, including ourselves, dash out to the Nord Kap at all times of the day or night and they are sometimes rewarded with fine views of the midnight sun. There is a large interpretation centre at the Nord Kap which is dug into the cliff seven stories deep. It is filled with bars, restaurants, toilets, museum, shops and a spectacular video cinema which is seven screens wide. The film runs for twenty minutes in every hour and if you should pass that way the cinema is well worth a visit. It is unusually spectacular. The tourists in Honningsvåg are herded from bus to Nord Kap, to dining room, to bed and back to bus again by men and women with blue blazers and clip-boards. We did not hear much laughter. The whole scene was not unlike the Reindeer Finns herding their deer across the grasslands of Finmark.

There is one oasis in the tourist part of town which is known as the Ritz Bar. Over the years, the Ritz Bar has evolved its own defensive mechanism against the tourists. The tourists can just catch a glimpse of the Ritz Bar from the doors of the S.A.S. Hotel. The Ritz Bar has an unseen, unwritten notice which would be clearly understood by all who attended the gathering at the Tower of Babel. It says, 'strangers are not particularly welcome'. The S.A.S. Hotel opposite had one redeeming feature and that was the cocktail bar in the basement where the barman understood B 52's. After several of these, on our second night in Honningsvåg, we were soon up in the gun turrets and we flew over to the Ritz Bar. If there was a silence when we walked in and ordered our

pints we did not hear it over the noise of the B 52's engines. The Ritz Bar became our headquarters and, in the eyes of the Norwegians, three and a half beards (Andrew was still having trouble growing his) and two wild laughing girls added up to six B 52 pilots. The friendships established at the Ritz Bar gave the *Shardana* a free pass to the other side of Honningsvåg - the place where the fishermen live. We experienced wonderful hospitality which included meals in homesteads, fresh fish delivered to the boat, too much tasting of home-still and a constant flow of people to and from *Shardana* during our stay. The heart of Honningsvåg is within the wooden warehouses on the north piers of the harbour. One of our enduring friends was a man who had a most perceptive mother. Picture, if you can, a small baby arriving in the midst of all this turmoil on earth. The baby's mother looked down on him with adoring, loving eyes and decided at once to christen him Odd. By the time we met Odd he was 36 years old and we could not help wondering if his mother had some strange powers which enabled her to foresee the future. She had named her son with uncanny precision. Odd called down to see us in the morning and we presented him with three forty ounce bottles of Paddy to thank him for the previous evening's kindness. He wandered off north into a wooden warehouse on the second pier. Several hours later we met Odd weaving his way towards the Ritz Bar.

"Tell me Odd, did you enjoy the Paddy?"

"The Paddy - Paddy my ole friend. We paid it the ultimate compliment in the shed. We drank Paddy from mugs and we washed the mugs first. We usually drink straight from the bottle you know!"

During our stay in Honningsvåg we met many men and women who showed us genuine and unforgettable kindness. Odd was one of these for a while we shared his triumphs and tribulations. We observed the masterly way in which he ejected a trouble maker from Oslo out through the doors of the Ritz Bar and later we watched the look of utter disgust and disappointment on his face when the Honningsvåg football team were beaten five nil by Alta. Alta had joined the battle as hopeless underdogs. These are a sample of the many enduring memories which we have of Honningsvåg.

Peter and Andrew returned from their boat trip to Kirkeness at 0715 hours on Tuesday the 1st August. Bob had done a first class job in installing the new Satnav which was in place thumping out positions. Sverre motored into the harbour from his holiday island just to say goodbye and to wish us good luck. A few of the less enthusiastic Honningsvåg revellers came aboard to wish us well but the real champions, such as Odd, had only recently gone to bed and would not see a light of night until much later in the evening. The pilot house window was opened and there was a shout:

"Your ice chart is coming in on the fax from Oslo."

Peter hopped onto the pier and went to the harbour office to collect the chart. It was a little like waiting for your father to open the school report in that we expected bad news but hoped that we would not get it. The news was bad and apart from a small improvement at the southern extremity of the ice front, where the density had lessened from seven tenths to five tenths, the picture was as bad as it had been during the previous week. To put this

into perspective, the ice records show that it would have been possible to sail to Franz Joseph Land in the first week of August in 1978, 1979, 1980, 1983, 1984 (which was an exceptionally good year) 1985 and 1986. 1981 and 1982 were bad years. 1987 and 1988 were worse again but 1989 was unquestionably the hero of the decade.

We set sail at 1130 hours on the 1st August and we were soon broad-reaching at seven knots with full main and star-cut set. It was clear that if an ice lead were to be found we would have to sail well to the east of longitude 50° E. We set our course for 76° N 50° E knowing that it would take us into the ice and that further progress northwards would be impossible. The plan was to go to 76° N 50° E and from there to see if we could make 77° N 55° E. The later position offered the best opportunity for reaching any part of the coast of Franz Joseph Land this year. The distance from Honningsvåg to Cape Flora is 634 miles.

By 2100 on our first day out, we had slabbed in two reefs and rolled one half of the genoa. We were still reaching at seven knots but the additional weight of supplies taken on board at Honningsvåg had us well down on the waterline. The helm felt sluggish and the cockpit was very close to the water. It was a lumpy sea and green water washed over the boat fairly constantly. These conditions, which were quite manageable, gave us an indication of just how vulnerable a project such as this is. We were favoured by free winds for 85%. Suppose that it had been the other way around or even if the head winds had accounted for 40% of the voyage. Our time scale would have been badly disrupted and time, not ice, would have defeated our objective.

I have always had an uneasy feeling about loading eight to ten weeks supplies for six people on to a 31 foot boat. It is too much. In 1980, 1982, 1985 and again in 1985 we were very lucky with our first two weeks at sea. The cook, on each of these occasions, was encouraged to serve mighty portions.

"Eat up lads and lighten ship".

It takes about two weeks before the helm returns to normal. But what if a gale or worse were to blow. We would simply have to ditch two weeks supplies and again our objective would be defeated not by ice but by food shortage.

The thought of losing the mast is never very far from the surface of the mind and a replacement would be difficult to find where we were headed. Although we maintained good speeds, I did not press the boat as much as the men and women of Howth and Dublin Bay might do on a breezy Lambay race.

I was determined, before departure, not to take risks in the ice. The ice can look benign and it usually behaves consistently, that is to say, it drifts together with wind and current and in that situation you can drift with it. If however, a single floe drifts in a contrary direction as a result of a back-eddy then the trouble begins. Weyprecht and Payer lost the *Tegetoff* off Franz Joseph Land and they and their crew spent several months walking and boating back to Novaya Zemlya. It is a difficult task to drag heavy ship's life-boats from floe to floe particularly when the floes often drift in a direction which contrary to the destination. There is a long list of sailing yachts which have been lost in the ice about which little is reported. On average it is one a year in the Arctic seas between Novaya Zemlya and the east coast of Canada. A fairly large sailing boat sank off Cape Farewell this year and in each year, when we have gone to the Arctic, we have learned of

one or more fatalities. The Danes and the Norwegians have put their rescue services at considerable risk and they have spent huge sums of money, rescuing sailors from the ice. If it continues, restrictions will, inevitably be imposed. If a floe changes direction and meets an opposite floe, many thousands of tons will come together. If you are unlucky enough to be caught in between them you will be well advised to make your peace with your Maker.

On Wednesday we sailed through green, melt-ice water with reefed sails in 25/30 knots of following wind. Our speeds were gratifying and these conditions freshened during the night to give us 30/35 knots of breeze. In our first forty eight hours we had traveled 303 miles from Honningsvåg. The sky was filled with Arctic skuas, fighting and defeating the more common speckled-brown skuas. There were kittywakes and fulmars and even though the closest land was more than three hundred miles away we sighted occasional pairs of Arctic puffins. The Arctic puffins are slightly larger than their southern cousins. It was indicative of the conditions which we experienced that we had not sighted a single storm petrel. By comparison with other voyages the absence of the storm petrel was quite surprising and we hope that these courageous little acrobats are not in decline.

Our calls to Pat were maintained on a daily basis and the reception on 22 Megs was perfectly clear. We also patched some calls through Portishead and we must compliment the courtesy and efficiency of the operators there. They took great interest in our progress and showed considerable patience on days of poor propagation. In our experience we found Portishead to be the most alert station. Rogoland in Norway and Lyngby in Denmark are not to be criticised and, perhaps, if we had called in Norwegian or in Danish we might have had better success with those stations.

During the afternoon of the 3rd August we sailed into a dense, cold fog. Conditions below could hardly be compared with the Ritz Hotel so we lit the charcoal stove which soon dried up the condensation. We were in 'two pairs of socks', temperatures and both fog and wind stayed with us on Friday the 4th August. We measured the sea temperature that morning and found it to be plus 1°C. The ice would be around us soon. On Friday we also had our first sighting of the little auks. These small courageous birds are to be greatly admired. They are diminutive little creatures which somehow manage to keep their small heads above the wave crests by stretching out their necks. They have been sighted at 82° N and are reputed to be the most northern flyers among the Arctic community of sea birds. We also noticed that the fulmars had changed from white to dusky grey. We were now among the Arctic fulmars and I remembered how the same thing had happened as we sailed south of the Antarctic convergence on *War Baby*. The white Southern petrel was exchanged for a very beautiful shade of dusky grey petrel.

Friday presented one more interesting spectacle. I was on watch with Christine and, looking at the grey horizon ahead of us in the late afternoon after the fog had cleared, we could see

unmistakable patches of white in the sky. This was a weak but unmistakable example of 'ice blink'. At 2200 hours we sighted our first ice. There were just small lumps of sea ice.

Christine was a new ingredient aboard *Shardana* and I had not sailed with her before. Having seen how well the mix of men and women had worked aboard *War Baby*, I was determined to try it on *Shardana*. I would not be dissuaded from repeating the experience. Christine had not known any of the crew prior to our departure and perhaps she suffered a mild culture shock in the midst of so much uninhibited chatter. She accepted it well and carried out her tasks with competence. Much of Christine's sailing has been with the Irish Glenans group and that is a good recommendation even if she did have a slight tendency not to

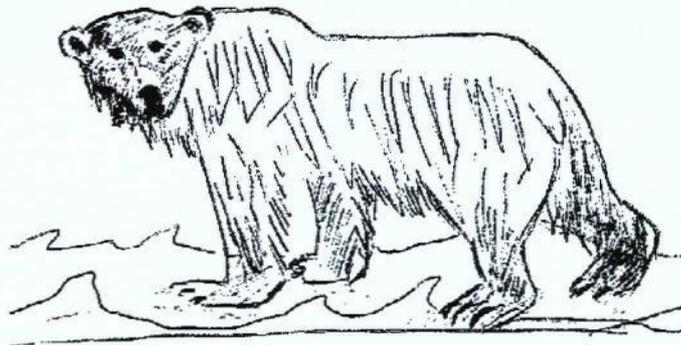
allow us to forget the Glenans philosophy for more than a single moment. All tasks aboard are shared equally and there was no question of confining the girls to the galley. Christine's preparations graced our dining table once every six days and although provisions aboard do not encourage gastronomic imagination, her turn at the stove was anticipated with justified relish, by all aboard.

By 0400 on Saturday the 5th August the wind had dropped. There was plenty of ice about and we started to motor but found that the engine was distinctly

sluggish. We measured the water temperature and found it to be 0° C. I have never before sailed in such cold water and the thermostat on our Yanmar engine could not cope. The engine was running very cold and it was impossible to obtain more than half power from it. We withdrew the Brookes and Gatehouse speed impeller. In previous years when we had neglected to do this the impeller was smashed by impact with the ice floes. Our Walker log, which had been a faithful friend on previous voyages, was decidedly weary by the time we reached 76° 03' N, 50° 08' E. It was 1000 hours on Saturday morning and we were motoring over a calm, ice-strewn sea in bright sunshine. The bearings on the Walker log were found to have shattered and we had to take in the streaming log and rely on our Satnav to measure distance.

The ice ahead looked thick and impassable and this was confirmed by the radar picture. We were unable to steer due north for Cape Flora and the leads took us to the north east. We set our course for 77°N 55°E and steered erratically towards it. The compass variation was 22°E and the compass had started to dip downwards and to respond very slowly indeed. This is another aspect of high latitude sailing which is most frustrating for the helmsman.

Saturday was a day of slow progress but we wondered if some guardian angel guided our course. Twenty four hours earlier, we had strong winds and a bumpy sea. We also had thick fog. As soon as we entered the ice the sea was flat and the wind had dropped. More important was the fact that we were in bright, cold sunlight with marvelously clear visibility. Sailing in ice is like sailing within the walls of a stoutly constructed harbour. There may, occasionally, be some ocean swell but the ice saps the strength of the wind-waves and the surface is calm.



By 2000 hours a good breeze had filled in from the south east and the engine was silenced. Sailing through the floes, with just the lap of the bow wave to punctuate the silence, was most exhilarating. My previous adventures in ice had shown me that very little time passed from the first sighting of ice until you were in the thick of it. On this occasion we had been sailing through two tenths and three tenths ice for twenty four hours without meeting any serious impediment. The Polar sea ice is of a different quality to the ice which the mariner will encounter off the shores of Greenland. It is flatter stuff and because it comes from the frozen sea surface there are no majestic bergs to hinder progress. Much of the ice which *Shardana* passed through on the approaches to the east and to the south and south west coast of Greenland is



Breakfast on ice - Note the menu, Alpen, Paddy and champagne

John Gore-Grimes

above the level of our deck. Some of the bergs there are one hundred and even two hundred feet high. In the Barents sea there are occasional lumps of ice which are four and five feet high but most of it is no more than a foot or two above the surface. The leads are easier to find and although we had to make some lengthy detours to avoid the thicker bands of ice, we were able to hold our course for long periods of joyous sailing.

Both wind and sunshine stayed with us through the clear, cold night. There was ice on the decks and in the rigging. The sails were solidly frozen. There was no need for Kelvar sails in these conditions. Andrew and Natascha had a particularly exciting watch from midnight until 0200 hours on Saturday the 6th August. It was necessary for one of the crew to stay at the pulpit and to shout instructions to the helmsman whose leeward view of the ice conditions was completely blocked by a full genoa. Ninety degree course alterations were not uncommon and all of this was only possible because the wind was aft of the beam. Beating along these narrow leads would have been both tiresome and enervating.

At 0500 hours Bob and Peter came on watch. I was below nodding over the chart table when I heard Bob call:

"Come back quick Peter. I will have to tack immediately".
I looked at the radar screen and it was almost completely green. *Shardana* came about and I heard Bob say:
"That was close enough, it was a dead end up there".

I came on deck in a dozy state and I asked what course we were steering. Peter told me that it was 230° but I missed the significance of this. I peered ahead and was encouraged by a few open leads. It was only when Bob suggested that I should look astern that I realised that we were now sailing back down the lead which we had just sailed up. Astern was a solid wall of ice running northwards for as far as the eye could see. I turned the radar up to six mile range and then to the twelve mile range and, even allowing for the ice exaggerated picture on the screen, it was clear that further progress with any sign of north in it, was impossible.

We sailed south and south west for one hour in search of

some open water. We had decided to stop and wait for a while to see if the leads would open up to the north. We hauled down the sails which were still stiff with ice and edged alongside a large floe. Peter took the C.Q.R. anchor and bedded it into the ice to hold the bow in. Bob jumped from the stern and found a jagged mount to which he secured our aft warp. In the centre of the floe was a perfectly shaped square ice table. We laid *Shardana's* table cloth on it and set six places for breakfast. Out position was 77° 03'N 55° 01'E.

My nephew, Richard Scott, aged eleven, had sailed his Optimist alongside *Shardana* as we left Howth. He had kindly presented us with a fine bottle of champagne to wish us well on our voyage. We toasted his eternal good health as we ate our Alpen and toasted cheese and salami sandwiches on ice. There was about six feet of ice beneath our breakfast table and beneath that lay 204 fathoms of the cold waters of the Barents sea. We were 180 miles south east of Cape Flora and the nearest part of Novaya Zemlya was 90 miles to the east.

It was a morning of discussion. Christine and Natascha missed some of it by playing a highly competitive game of chess on a small ice chess table close to the breakfast table. No one had ever expressed the possibility of not reaching Franz Joseph Land aloud but it was time to do so. The ice chart of the 3rd August from Bracknell had been accurately described to us by Pat on the H.F. radio and I had drawn his description on a blank ice chart. The conditions which we encountered were bad but there was always the hope that the situation might change rapidly and we decided to wait and see. I don't think that anyone was hopeful. I don't think that anyone was disappointed. Aboard *Shardana* we could not afford the luxury of Nansen's marvellous ice philosophy which he had expressed when drifting northwards on the *Fram*:

"What is difficult takes time. What is impossible takes a little longer".

We did not have time and we did not have the *Fram* which had been so cleverly designed by Colin Archer. The *Fram* had practically no keel and her sailing performance was abominable. In the ice the *Fram* behaved with manners. As the ice started to



Chess on ice, Natascha Gore-Grimes and Christine Heath, observed by Andrew Hegarty John Gore-Grimes

squeeze her hull she rose up and sat on top of it. 31 feet of plastic with a keel five foot beneath it would not match the *Fram's* performance.

As we studied the Norwegian and the Admiralty Charts, Satan entered the cabin in the shape of an open bottle of Paddy whiskey. Our rule is that we do not drink at sea and the drinks locker is opened only in port. We managed to convince ourselves, without difficulty, that since we were securely tied up, we were in port in the broadest sense of the word. After a nip or two, Peter, Christine, Andrew and Natascha motored north again to have another look at the position where Bob had turned the boat around earlier in the morning. Bob and I stayed on the ice floe to take some pictures of *Shardana* running back with spinnaker set. The wind had backed to the north east and this gave us some hope of open leads to the north. *Shardana* returned and we photographed her as she sailed by. When she was tied up again we learned that the situation to the north had not changed at all. For some reason which I will never understand, *Shardana* and her ice floe were drifting into the wind in a north easterly direction. The ice to the west of us was quickly filling in the patches of blue sea.

We had talked to Pat during the morning. His wife Valerie and their one and a half year old son Gavan had just returned from the United States. As we ate breakfast Pat and his family were setting off from Dundrum to have lunch at Kelly's hotel in Rosslare. It was a strange contrast and the meal in Kelly's sounded inviting if a little distant. When Valerie and Gavan had traveled in the hills in New York State they had visited a small chapel. Gavan at once spotted a statue of Jesus Christ and went running over to it shouting happily:

"Daddy! Daddy!".

Those readers who know Pat Colleran will understand the slight resemblance of features but it must be stressed that the resemblance ends there.

The afternoon and early evening was divided between the chart table, the main saloon table where a very noisy game of Crazy Eights was in progress and the galley for food. A plan was slowly emerging. Unless the ice conditions improved dramatically within twelve hours, we would finally abandon our hopes of reaching Franz Joseph Land and sail to Novaya Zemlya. There is a manned Consol station on Parkratyev island at the north western end of Novaya Zemlya. Since our visas did not permit us to land on Novaya Zemlya we were anxious to avoid direct confrontation. The Admiralty pilot gave us great hope by

disclosing that the population of Novaya Zemlya is a mere four hundred and eleven people. It seemed likely that we could find a deserted bay somewhere. Looking down the chart to the south west of Parkratyev island, the eye naturally falls on Admiralty Point. Just to the south of Admiralty point there was a deep indentation into the land with several glaciers falling from the mountain plateau to the waters edge. On the chart, at least, Guba Mashigina looked most inviting.

It had been a long day and we turned in at a reasonable hour. We had an early start in the morning but each of the crew agreed to do a two hour anchor watch. I excused myself from the watch and went to bed wishing all a good night's sleep. I awoke at 0630 the next morning. There was a frightful noise in the cabin. The ice was grinding against the fibre glass and the sound was most alarming. Bob was on watch and he reported that there was a lot of ice about. Andrew, who admitted that he had been unable to sleep during the night called out from his bunk:

"Johnny, I want to tell you that I have just had the worst good nights sleep of my life."

Between midnight and 06.30 on Monday the 7th August the noise of grinding ice below deck had been awesome. I had apparently snored through the whole lot but when I heard it I knew that we were in trouble. I dressed quickly and, once in the cockpit, noted that the wind had veered to the south. All of Saturday's ice had been blown northwards. For some reason our own drift, in twenty four hours, had been to the north east and we were now at 77° 11' N 55° 55' E. Each member of the anchor watch had noted the deterioration in the ice conditions but it was a gradual deterioration and in any case they knew that the skipper was an irascible old dog. They were not anxious to wake him. I had often said that any change in conditions aboard *Shardana* would have me awake in seconds. Changes occurred but the seconds drifted into several hours.

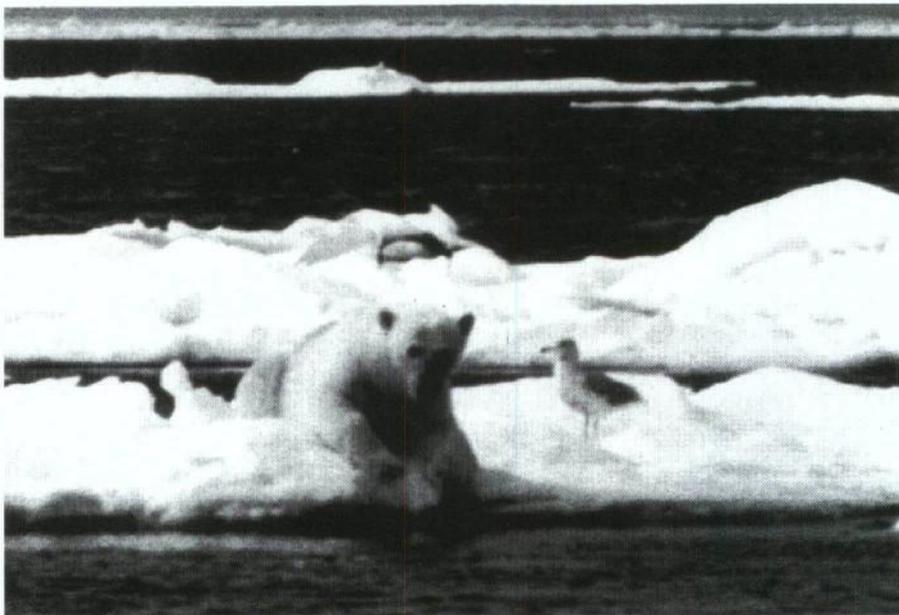
We assessed our situation. It was easy to step ashore. *Shardana* was completely surrounded by ice and the ice to the north, to the east and to the west, was solid. There were some pools of sea water to the south but they were not encouraging. Two large floes had surrounded us and they were joined just ahead of *Shardana's* bow. Peter and Bob got to work on the ice using the spinnaker pole to try to push the floes apart. Andrew, Christine and Natascha worked from the deck. I went ashore with the video camera and took film. From subsequent discussion with some of the crew I learned that this had a good effect because they felt that if I was relaxed enough to take film that the situation could not have been too bad.

Bob took control and I stood back and filmed it. Bob was completely in command and his work and enthusiasm guided *Shardana* through her most difficult hours. Bob had circumnavigated Iceland with me in 1978. In 1979 we had raced from Marble Head to Crosshaven against such famous Maxis as *Kialoa* and *Condor*. They beat us across the line. In 1980 we had sailed together to 80° 02' N, north of Svalbard. Since the early years when Bob was a boy our sailing paths had not crossed. Bob had worked for ten hard years first as a professional crew and then as a professional skipper sailing between Newport and the West Indies. His finest hours aboard *Shardana* took us from a poor situation to a good one. He was always ready to jump from the boat with the bow warp around his waist and to heave us through a narrow lead. His calm and direct orders inspired

confidence at a time of unspoken crisis. The young Black Bob of years ago had suddenly slipped into middle age. He turned from boy to man and I was unprepared for the change. It is a sign of advancing years when you meet an old friend and enquire about their eldest who was bouncing on your knee the other day - or was it a year ago? It is always a frightful shock when the old friend tells you that his child celebrated the twenty first birthday last year. One usually associates advancing years with greater tolerance and understanding. It seems, that in my case, it is the opposite and this was the root cause of several savage arguments with Black Bob during some of the sea passages on this voyage. At 77° N I could not have admired him more for his energy and common sea-ice sense which delivered us from a potentially dangerous ice situation into open water.

It took time and natural crew co-operation to work our way out of the heavy concentrations of sea-ice. Once clear of the first horror there were two more occasions of real danger. Andrew was at the helm driving an engine which, on account of the cold water, was working at half power only. He responded with an uncanny sense and when asked to go ahead his first concern was for the rudder and for the propeller. He looked aft to see if both were clear of ice. If there was ice about Peter 'the Pole' was called aft. Peter worked with the spinnaker pole to push the floes aside. It was extraordinary to see how effectively he could push hundreds of tons of ice by applying constant pressure with the spinnaker pole. *Shardana's* port side lay across the wind and Peter pushed the pole into the ice on the leeward side making a lead ahead of us by using pole pressure against the wind. Christine and Natascha jumped on and off the bow to give additional weight to Bob's warps, as required. Our progress was slow but certain and unlearned instincts triumphed over tribulation.

It is at this point that the title of the account requires some explanation. 'Mallemaroking' was a method employed by sailors to free high-sided, timber sailing ships from the ice. The crew ran from side to side rocking the boat in order to clear the ice from the water line. It is not an appropriate practice in a plastic boat and too much of it would almost certainly cause severe crazing in the gel coat. We did not do much mallemaroking but the title was quite simply irresistible.



Polar bear at 77 05 N 55 30 E

When Bob had got us free of our first ice predicament we had some more *Shardana* luck. Natascha was on the helm with Andrew and Peter on the bow. Christine was warming mugs of Bovril when Andrew shouted:

"Bears!"

There were two polar bears sitting on the ice no more than a cable off the starboard bow. The open water lead took us to the south west and there was a small floe between us and the bears. The bears stood up and one jumped into the water and swam to the floe beside us. The bear pulled itself out of the water and ran across the ice towards us. Bob had the camera in his hand but we were extremely nervous as the bear came to within thirty feet of us. Peter rushed below and took out the .375 rifle. Our escape route to port was narrow. The bear stopped suddenly and looked at us. Apart from the southerly wind whistling through the staunchon posts, there was awed silence on board. The bear turned around and at first walked and then ran across the ice. It dived into the water to swim back to it's mate. The mate had shown no concern whatsoever and the swimming bear hauled itself out of the water and sat down and licked it's paws. Two arctic gulls flew above it and then landed within a few feet of the resting bear. We did not know what to make of this behaviour. We were extremely nervous and when the nervousness had subsided a little we felt like guilty trespassers invading a sacred environment where we had no right to be. We stayed for a short time looking at the bears but with unspoken agreement Natascha pointed *Shardana* southwards and headed away. On the ice, close to the bears, we saw the remains of a carcass of a dead ring seal. We had not moved more than three cables when I heard Peter shout:

"There is another one!"

A young bear slipped down an ice flow on its tummy. It then stood up to look at us. Within seconds it had decided not to attack and for two or three minutes we watched it run at speed across the sea ice until it finally disappeared behind a hummock.

The sighting of the bears in the ice was ample reward for our failure to arrive at Cape Flora. There has been so much written about polar bears that it is often difficult to distinguish speculation from reality. They are most effective hunters and consequently they are effective killers. They roam the Arctic and have been sighted at 88°N. The human fear of the polar bear has been greatly exaggerated by propaganda. Most people expect to hear wild and savage stories about polar bears. The polar bears, in spite of their actual behaviour, are universally liked by humans. The polar bear is twice the weight of a tiger and the bear which ran across the floe towards *Shardana* had a good measure of common sense. It summed up the size of the boat and the people on board and clearly decided that attack was a poor proposition. It walked and then ran away from us. At the same time the recent remains of a ring seal indicated that the bears were not immediately in need of food. The polar bear is motivated by hunger and the search

John Gore-Grimes

for food is a constant pre-occupation. The victims are usually seal and walrus pups. A polar bear will charge a herd of walrus to create a diversion as a means of attacking and killing a walrus pup. Polar bears are unsuccessful hunters of adult seals and walrus. They have developed the skill of seeking out the pupping dens of seals. They dig out the den and eat the pups which is a pragmatic, but not exactly noble, approach. In October the pregnant female seeks out a denning area and digs into the snowbanks on land or, more rarely, on the sea ice. They stay there until March. When the young bears are born they have to be protected by the females against the males who have been known to kill and eat their own and other young. Bears also feed on young or weakened musk ox and caribou. They have been observed to catch and eat swimming birds under water and to eat a beluga whale stranded on the shore or on the ice. All in all the polar bear is a fairly expedient hunter but a true study of its habits will most certainly damage their cuddly image. In spite of this it is certainly easier to love a polar bear than say a rat or a horse fly. Polar bears have habits which could do with improving. In short, although I like polar bears, I would not wish to be seen drinking in the same pub as them.

By steering south for a total of fourteen hours, we traveled a rhumb line distance of thirty-two miles. This was slow, torturous progress. Once clear of the ice we set a course for Admiralty point on Novaya Zemlya. The sailing in light winds and fog took us through the 7th and 8th of August. We sighted the snowy peaks of Novaya Zemlya shortly after midnight on the 8th August. We drifted slowly through the day resisting the temptation to interrupt the peace by turning on the engine. As we approached Admiralty Point we sighted a black, rectangular object on the sea surface. I switched on the radar and it beamed in loud and clear. It was 1.2 miles away. We speculated for a while. It might have been a drifting navigational buoy. It might have been a discarded container. We were not sure but since our return we have seen photographs of the submarine's surface observer caught in the nets of a Skerries trawler. The size was about right and, for a while we had believed that we had sailed into Guba Mashigina on Novaya Zemlya unobserved by the Soviets.

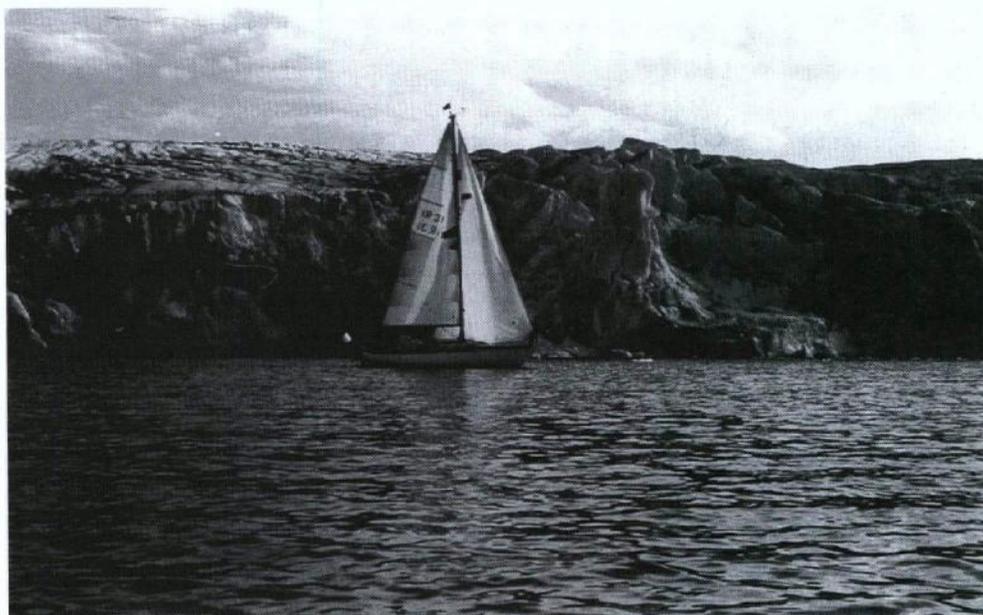
We motored up the spectacular fiord of Guba Mashigina and

anchored almost at its head in fifteen feet of green, melt-ice water. There were high mountains and glaciers around us and the silence was perfect, interrupted only by the soft flow of water and the chatter of the Brent geese. Occasionally there was an explosion of crashing ice as one or other of the glaciers rumbled and groaned across the land. There was no habitation although we had passed four deserted trapper's huts on the way in. It was perfectly tranquil and our anchor had bedded in at 2330 hours (ship's time) on Tuesday the 8th August. It was 0330 hours local time and a warm sun shone in a cloudless blue sky. The brown stone of the mountains was turned red in the sunlight and with patches of snow both were perfectly reflected on the sea surface. Our anchorage was completely landlocked and the ship's thermometer measured plus 22°C. We were at 74°40'N 56°41'E observing Novaya Zemlya in conditions which must be extremely rare. Everywhere the eye turned there was beauty. Here was a perfect landscape which was untouched by man. Guba Mashigina in the still, sunlit night was unquestionably the most wonderful anchorage that I have ever seen. It was so warm that Bob and Andrew slept on deck when they finally turned in. Sleep was postponed. There was too much to see. There was too much silence to listen to. For long periods nobody spoke. We looked around us in amazement.

Nobody can say, with certainty, when Novaya Zemlya (New Land) was discovered. The Vikings knew of it and recorded its existence in their Sagas. It was a good hunting ground for polar bear, walrus and musk ox. The Dutch navigator Barents sighted Novaya Zemlya in 1594. He attempted to sail around the north coast of the island in search of the north east passage to the Pacific. Barents returned again in 1595 but the ice in that year was 'most frightful to behold' and the expedition returned home in October. Barents refused to give up the hope of finding a route to the Pacific by passing to the north of Novaya Zemlya and he returned again in 1596. They sailed northwards to the west of the Scandanavian coastline and in June they sighted a small percipitous island when they landed and killed a large white bear, commemorating this adventure by calling it Bear island. From Bear island Barents sailed due north and landed on the islands on the north west corner of Spitzbergen. He thought that he was in

Greenland. Hindered by ice he sailed south again to round the southern tip of Svalbard from whence he sailed eastwards to Novaya Zemlya. He rounded the northern end of the island in August and his vessel was caught in the ice. The ice attacked his ship. It was a terrible spectacle which "made all the hairs of our heads to rise upright with fear". They were eventually forced to winter on the north east corner of Novaya Zemlya "in great cold, poverty, misery and grief". There was a good supply of drift wood and they built a hut there in conditions of severe cold. "It froze so hard that as we put a nail in our mouths, there would ice hang thereon when we took it out again, and made the blood flow".

Barents and his men suffered terrible privations during that winter.



Shardana in front of the glacier in Nova Zemlya

John Gore-Grimes



The deserted trappers hut at Guba Mashigina

John Gore-Grimes

“With great cold, danger and disease we had brought this year unto an end, we entered into the year of our Lord 1597”. It was to be Barents last year on Earth. Their ship had been damaged beyond repair and when the summer came they made up several small boats and started to sail southwards. In June, while still at sea, Barents died. Barents had not been the first discoverer of Novaya Zemlya but, even though the Vikings almost certainly knew of it, he is credited with the discovery of Spitzbergen.

We experienced very different conditions in Guba Mashigina. On Wednesday the 9th August we spent five good hours walking across the tundra to climb to the shoulder of a mountain from where we had a view of the whole bay and of the next bay to the north of it. We saw the tracks of fox and of musk ox and the geese were plentiful. Many small flowers smiled bravely towards the sun light as they danced their short summer existence in the wind. Later, Bob and Andrew collected twenty five gallons of beautifully fresh water from a fast flowing stream which tumbled down the mountain and crossed the tundra to join the waters of the sea. When we tasted the sea water it too was quite fresh. In the evening we moved westwards, down the bay, to land at the deserted trapper’s huts. There were the remains of old bedsteads, pot stoves and some crockery. A stream ran down beside the huts. The place had a sad, haunting atmosphere. There were many spent rifle shells on the ground outside the huts. Life in this settlement must have been extremely bleak and lonely even during the summer months. We estimated that huts had been abandoned during the 1930’s and this was confirmed by a date carved into a candle holder made of floats. It gave the Russian name of the carver. The date was the 25th November 1936. At the time the waters of Guba Mashigina were ice covered and the sea beyond was frozen solid. Winter in Guba Mashigina must have been unimaginably awful for these hardy Russian trappers.

On the morning of the 10th August we sailed across the bay to the face of a large glacier which had been roaring at us throughout the night. Thousands of gallons of water poured into the sea from this massive ice front. We spent an hour there and Andrew told us that he had read of canoeists who enter these sub-glacial rivers and paddle down them until they are spewed out into the sea water at the foot of the ice front. A most dangerous and unstable passage. I would not wish to invest my pennies with their insurers.

We had left Honningsvåg on the 1st August and I cannot recall ten days in my life when I have seen such a rich variety of

nature. I am always ready to shoot people who constantly ask me why I go to the ice when there is so much sunshine and warmth to the south. The excitement and the beauty of the ice is an endless pleasure and fascination. To have been in the Kingdom of the Ice Bear and to have observed these splendid animals was a reward which no-one on board *Shardana* had expected. Nature’s silence in Guba Mashigina had left us with an unforgettable impression of this remarkable place.

The rhumb line distance from Honningsvåg to our ice island and back to Guba Mashigina was 791

miles. We had logged 936 miles. Longyearbyen is 781 miles from Guba Mashigina and we set sail at mid-day on the 10th August with the, now familiar, following wind.

Andrew Hegarty was the youngest member of our crew. He is willing, cheerful and ever obliging and his constant good humour frequently defused some of the inevitable tensions which drifted around from time to time. While the three older voyagers occasionally bickered and snarled the three young crew members skillfully avoided confrontation and played about like a bunch of puppies. In Guba Mashigina Andrew found a bent, old stick which he took aboard with him. He carefully stowed it in the dinghy. The stick was christened Charlie and Andrew assured us that it was made of wood. In normal circumstances I would have thought that Charlie the Stick’s life expectancy aboard *Shardana* would have been no more than a few hours. Andrew treated his stick with such a sense of fun that it simply had to survive and today, it hangs proudly on his bedroom wall. Andrew is a highly competent sailor who will not allow any circumstances to get him down. He has spent two years training to be an actor. His imagination is wilder and freer than the imaginations of the other five people on board and although this produced many hours of comedy it had a slight drawback for him. Andrew, more than the others, was alert to danger, particularly in the ice when his free-flowing mind worked over time and denied him of many hours sleep:

“If my biological clock works any better I seriously intend to smash it”.

His parents were astonished when I told them how little Andrew had slept during his nine week stay aboard *Shardana*. They have found it extremely difficult to shift him from his slumbers when at home.

Our progress from Guba Mashigina seemed slow at the start. The wind was light but, in flat seas, and with the spinnaker drawing, we found, to our surprise, that we had traveled seventy miles in the first fourteen hours. It was 0200 hours on Friday the 11th August when the fog cleared. The sun was bright and looking astern we could clearly see the glaciated summits of Novaya Zemlya behind us.

During the day the fog rolled in again and the sea remained calm. There was just enough wind to fill the sails and once again our speed was surprisingly satisfactory. The Barents sea is filled

with large drifting logs which have been dumped into it by the fast-flowing, summer torrents of northern Siberia. Logs were constantly in view and if a sailing race is ever arranged from Novaya Zemlya to Svalbard the Maxis will have to take great care. Impact at five knots would not be too serious but a Maxi, under spinnaker, traveling at between eighteen and twenty knots would almost certainly be holed in a collision. There are few advantages in being small but, in the Barents sea, our relatively slow progress was one of them.

Pat had received an ice chart on the 11th August. There were signs of improvement. The ice still surrounded the north western shore line of Novaya Zemlya and an approach along longitude 50°E to Cape Flora was solidly blocked by nine tenths ice. There was a narrow lead of three tenths and four tenths ice running up longitude 60°E to within about thirty miles of the southern islands of the Franz Joseph archipelago but it stretched south down to latitude 76°N. We had missed our opportunity. We still had a considerable distance to travel to Howth and we felt that nature owed us a good blow and head winds.

Early on Saturday morning the wind backed to the north east and it freshened. Our course to Sorkap on the south end of Svalbard was north of west and our speed increased to seven knots during the day. We kept a sharp look out for the Siberian poles and we had to take evasive action on several occasions. The thermometer dipped to - 4°C during the afternoon which was about the lowest temperature recorded on the entire voyage. Greenland is a much colder place and I well remember the chill as we pushed our way through the ice into Scorsbysound in 1985. The thermometer registered minus 18°C.

It snowed fairly hard on Saturday night and the ice built up in the rigging. Without thinking about it, I tried to call Pat on the SSB. We could not make contact. In fact we were unable to contact Pat for the next ten days on the SSB and I believed that I might have damaged the set by pressing the transmit button at a time when the insulators, on the back-stay, were covered in ice. I thought that the transmission may have been conducted across

the insulators to the head of the mast and down into the earthing system. This may have happened but we were to discover later that no damage was done. We were in an area of poor propagation and our H.F. transmitter remained ineffective.

Sunday was another cold, damp day with good winds and fast progress. At 2100 hours we sighted Hoppen island and our course was to take us just south of Kap Thor. Hoppen is a long, narrow island which stretches sixteen miles from north to south. It is manned by three Norwegian radio operators. We spoke to them on our V.H.F. set that evening. They seemed very keen to encourage us to visit them. The wind had veered to the south west during the day and the barometer was falling. There is no landing place on Hoppen and the Arctic pilot describes it as being 'destitute of the slightest pretense of a harbour'. The radio hut is located on the eastern shore. The Norwegians suggested that we should anchor off the west shore and walk across the mountain to visit them. It would have involved a diversion of about twelve hours and with a deteriorating weather pattern, the thought of lying to an anchor off a lee shore, was unattractive. The Norwegians called the Met station on Bear island and the forecast indicated that the wind was to veer further to the west and to the north west. It also forecast an increase from a moderate breeze to a strong breeze.

The radio operators on Hoppen had arrived there by helicopter from Bear island on the previous Wednesday. Their helicopter had been grounded in fog and snow for three days. The three men were scheduled to spend fifteen lonely weeks on Hoppen before being relieved.

We were north of the 76° parallel and we passed under Kap Thor at 0216 hours on Monday the 14th August. Hoppen was named by Marmaduke of Hull in 1613. Markaduke was a whaling skipper whose ship was named the *Hopewell*. Kap Thor presented an extraordinary aspect. It is 1198 feet high. It has ledges on it which are gigantic raised beaches. They are strewn with large Siberian poles. Some of these poles are more than half way up the cliff. It is a matter of interesting speculation as to how



Bob Fannin walks across the sea ice in search of a lead.

John Gore-Grimes

and when these Siberian poles landed on these ledges. They must be many thousands of years old and they are completely preserved in this cold climate by the absence of timber predators.

The distance from Kap Thor to Sorkap at the south end of Svalbard is one hundred and sixteen miles. As we cleared the headland, the wind started to veer. We found ourselves on the wind for the first time since our departure from Lerwick and, although it was mildly inconvenient, it was well deserved. We slabbed in two reefs and rolled in an appreciable amount of headsail. I had been a little over ambitious with the dinner preparations on the previous evening and when Peter went to light the oven on Monday it would not work. The Shepherds' pie had overflowed beneath a layer of stodgy mashed potato and it had jammed the works. Peter had just opened up the SSB aerial tuner which is well hidden behind a bulkhead at the aft end of the quarter berth. The aerial tuner was a maze of red lights and it seemed to be working properly. Peter had spent two hours on his back doing this work and he then dismantled the gas cooker and we patiently cleaned each hole in the oven burner with a pipe cleaner. This did not cure the ailment and the oven would not light. There was a particularly stubborn piece of Shepherd lodged in the nozzle which feeds the burner. The cooker was placed on the top of the sink while Andrew, Peter and I worked on it in turn. We eventually blasted out the stubborn piece of blockage by attaching the Dinghy pump to the gas line. Christine, who had been on watch with Peter, did a gallant, uncomplaining four hour watch in cold damp conditions. Everything was finally re-assembled by 2000 hours and we dined late but well that night. Outside the sharp snowy peaks of Spitzbergen came into view

and we could also see Barentsoya to the north.

I was on watch with Bob from 0400 hours on Tuesday morning. Our bow was pointed well to the north of Sorkap and as we approached the land the wind suddenly freshened to gale-force. We had a long, bumpy beat down past Sorkap. There were two good size ice bergs in the water between us and the land and as we beat past them we estimated that they were traveling in a north easterly direction at about five knots. By 0800 hours we were well to the south of Sorkap and we held our course out to sea in order to clear the coast. Our aim was to make one long tack up the west coast of Spitzbergen to Kap Linne at the southern entrance to Isfjord.

The wind hurtled down the mountains from the north of Sorkap. It was a local phenomena but the gusts registered fifty five knots. We were hard pressed and we slabbed in the third reef and rolled in the headsail. The helm was lashed down and we lay, comfortably ahull for five hours in strong gale-force conditions. By 1300 hours the wind had eased and we set sail again driving to the south west until 1800 hours when we tacked and steered a northerly course in the direction of Prins Karls Foreland. Progress up the coast of Spitzbergen was slow during that night and by 0900 hours on the morning of Wednesday the 16th August we were under engine in a lumpy, windless sea. A Norwegian coast guard vessel came alongside and courteously asked us to identify ourselves. We gave them information of our voyaging and they cautioned us to head southwards as soon as possible saying that the winds were sometimes very harsh at this time of year.

By 2040 hours in the evening we were abeam of Kap Linne talking to Pat through Svalbard Radio on the telephone lines to



Work your way out through narrow leads.

John Gore-Grimes

Dublin. Pat had been a little concerned by our prolonged silence but, at least, he had not launched the life boats.

We tied up alongside some vessels at the pier at Longyearbyen at 0208 hours on the morning of Thursday the 17th August. Our position was 78°13' N 15°57' E. We spent two days at Longyearbyen. *Shardana* had first called there in 1980 and the changes which have occurred, since that visit, are, at once, noticeable. The pier is now crowded with research and tourist vessels. Supplies are readily available and there is a fine supermarket. In 1980 no supplies, other than diesel, could be purchased in Longyearbyen. The town has grown and there are bars and restaurants which were not there in 1980. Longyearbyen is still an unattractive town. H.W. Tilman's description of it in 1974 is still appropriate in 1989:

"On a wet day even the Garden of Eden must have looked sad. Longyearbyen whose very name suggests length and dreariness, is no Garden".

We had a lengthy jobs list, most of which was attended to by Peter. By sheer coincidence, as we tied up at the pier at Longyearbyen, the throttle cable had snapped. Bob and Peter took it to a workshop where a young Norwegian, named Terre, spent four hours remaking the cable.

Natascha had developed bad chilblains on her toes and walking, for her, was painful.

There are Soviet coalmines at Barentsberg and Prymiden in Isfjord and a Soviet supply ship came along side the pier and took on vast quantities of supplies. There were many tourists wandering about and the tourist boats put to sea at erratic hours. We could not leave *Shardana* unattended for long. A group of Italian tourists approached us and offered us £200 to take them to a glacier. It would have taken about twelve hours so we were unable to oblige.

We had logged 875 miles between Novaya Zemlya and Longyearbyen. We planned to sail from Longyearbyen directly to Stornaway on the island of Lewis in the Hebrides. The distance is 1300 miles.

We drifted out of Isfjord on Saturday the 19th August having left the pier at 0825 hours. We were abeam of Kap Linne at 1500 hours and although the wind was light at first, it blew from the north. The wind was to remain north of east and north of west until we had passed to the south of the Faroes, when it went ahead of us and gave us a short 140 mile beat to the Butt of Lewis.

We were at sea for ten days and thirteen hours between Longyearbyen and Stornaway. Fearing south westerly winds in the ocean, we steered well to the west of our rhumb line. It was a fast passage and we achieved a new record aboard *Shardana* by traveling 171 miles from observed position to observed position between mid-day the 26th August and mid-day the 27th August. That was an average speed of 7.3 knots over a twenty-four hour period. The running spinnaker did the work. It had been up for three days and shortly after the record had been established Andrew called me up to show me a small tear in the spinnaker. Watson and Jameson had made this spinnaker in 1978 and it had pulled us across many miles of ocean. I felt that the sail had done its work and it was no surprise when Andrew called me back ten minutes later to say that it was in tatters. We sounded the 'Last Post' and set the star-cut.

On the 21st August we sighted two large humpback whales blowing about one mile to the east of us. They do not make much

effort to disguise their presence and this is why the deadly predator has been able to hunt them almost to extinction over the centuries. On the 21st August we were just north of the 74° parallel when we saw the last of the little auks. It was a foggy night and there was some dusk in the cabin between mid-night and 0200 hours. On the 23rd August the sun dropped below the horizon. We were all delighted, after thirty nine days of daylight, to see the darkness again. Andrew's biological clock was ticking and tocking once again and he wrapped himself up in the black night and slept soundly. The air and sea temperatures increased rapidly and the winter woolies were put away. Also, on the 23rd August, our radio reception returned suddenly. I was able to put a clear call to Dublin through the ever-obliging Portishead station and re-arranged a radio schedule with Pat.

On Friday the 25th August we re-crossed the Arctic Circle. We had spent thirty-nine days north of it. I tuned in the radio receiver and to my astonishment there was clear reception from R.T.E. Radio 1. It was grand to find out the price of store cattle at the Bandon mart. We talked to Pat in the evening and learned that Christine's sister, Angela, had been chosen as part of the all female crew on *Made in Great Britain* for the Round the World Race. It was exciting news!

There were many fulmars about. I marvelled at their flying and gliding skills and, on a clear day with blue skies, I shot twenty-seven slides of them. The slides are back now and I have twenty-seven clear pictures of blue sky.

We sighted the Faroes at mid-day on Sunday the 27th August. During the evening we passed to the east of Nolso and I spoke with Thorshavn Radio. We exhorted them to abandon prohibition and the radio operator told us, with considerable humour, that he was unable to express an official view over the airwaves but that unofficially he impatiently awaited the day when a frothy pint of beer would be served in a bar in Thorshavn. We sent greetings to several friends whom we had met in 1974 and again in 1984 and the radio operator knew them all and promised to pass on our good wishes.

To the south of the Faroes the wind went ahead and we lay over and enjoyed beating. The lights of Sula Sgeir and of Rona were sighted in the early morning on Tuesday the 29th August and we beat down to the Butt of Lewis and on past Tiumpan Head to berth at Stornaway at 2329 hours on that day.

Our passage down through Scotland was memorable. Sausages, rashers and eggs for breakfast and pints of 'heavy' in the evening. We left Stornaway after breakfast on the 1st September and sailed, with spinnaker drawing, to the Kyles of Lochalsh. We spent the night in that beautiful place and set off at 1000 hours on the 2nd September on a bright windless day, down through the Kyles of Rhea.

Shardana had more than two hundred charts on board for the journey but as we had not planned to stop in Scotland we had one chart only for the area which included the Butt of Lewis at the top and the Mull of Kintyre at the bottom. Navigating with this chart was not unlike sailing around Ireland with just the cap of a Paddy bottle on the chart table.

We anchored at Tobermory and ran amok in the Mishnish and at the McDonald Arms. When I walked in the door of the McDonald Arms good old Bert Hall recognised me at once. I had last seen him in 1974 when Bob Fannin, Tom O'Gorman, Michael Harrison and I sailed into Tobermory on our return from the Faroes. I had no idea that we had made such an impression on that occasion. Bert and his parrot, which has not seen daylight in

twenty years, were in fine form and when the doors were closed we were not asked to leave.

We sailed away from Tobermory at 0730 hours on the 5th September with place names such as the Firth of Lorne, Scarba and Corryvreckan rolling off the tongue. We picked up a mooring at Ardmish Bay Gigha at 2345 hours that night.

Next day we walked through the gardens at Achamore House and dined well at the hotel Gigha.

Our final voyage to Howth started at 0545 hours on Thursday the 7th September. With following winds we raced down the North Channel and the Irish Sea to reach the marina at Howth at

0826 hours on Friday the 8th September, with a few lazy days ahead of us before the dreaded return to the real world.

We had been away for 62 days 18 hours and 41 minutes and we had traveled 5262 miles on a rhumb line distance of 4685 miles. We had averaged 5.35 knots over the logged distance. We had traveled from 55° 23'N to 78° 16' N. The longitudes had taken us from 7°41'W to 56°42'E'.

From - To	Rhumb line	Logged Distance	Time	Engine Hours
Howth - Lerwick	515.3	683	5 days	19 hours
Lerwick - Svolvaer	635.8	725	4 days 23 hours 15 minutes	12 hours 13 minutes
Svolvaer - Tomso	158.85	163.57	1 day 4 hours 50 minutes	28 hours 50 minutes
Tromso - Honningsvag	174.2	186	4 day 8 hours 15 minutes	32 hours 15 minutes
Honningsvag - 77°11'N 55°55'E	614.6	731.95	4 days 18 hours 30 minutes	37 hours
77°11'N 55°55'E - Guba Mashigina	176.4	195.53	1 day 16 hours 25 minutes	19 hours
Guba Mashigina - to Longyearbyen	781	875.38	6 days 14 hours 8 minutes	40 hours
Longyearbyen - Stornaway	1300.2	1457	10 days 13 hours	58 hours
Stornaway - Kyles of Alsh	64.5	66.38	0 days 10 hours	0 hours 30 minutes
Kyles of Alsh - Tobermorey	50.4	54.36	0 days 9 hours 35 minutes	9 hours 35 minutes
Tobermorey - Gigha	67	77.41	0 days 15 hours 15 minutes.	15 hours 15 minutes
Gigha - Howth	147	158.11	1 day 2 hours 41 minutes	5 hours 15 minutes

Jojeto to Bruges and Zeeland

Bill and Hilary Keatinge

Northern European weather is not restful at the best of times and the annual three weeks of battling into headwinds and tides is not really conducive to the idea of 'holiday'; well, not every year anyway. We have done it for several years now in *Jojeto* our 33 foot Gladiateur and 1989 was to be different. We planned a two week break not far from base and then perhaps a charter later, somewhere in the sun.

Our home port is Enkhuizen, which is midway along the western side of the IJsselmeer in the Netherlands. We set Bruges in Belgium as our southernmost destination and looked forward to exploring more of the southern waterway of Holland.

Thursday 22nd June. Bill took a "snipperdag" (literally translated from the Dutch means "a cut day") and we had everything loaded onto the boat at 2 o'clock. Alas our replacement Brooks and Gatehouse wind and boat speed dials were still in the mechanics cat at this stage, but with some encouragement we got him on board and after the inevitable tense moments - "will it? won't it?" we were registering 20-25mph of northerly. It was

after four as we waited in line before the Krabbersgat lock 0.5m from our berth. One of the problems of summertime afloat is the volume of traffic using these locks and on this occasion it took almost an hour. Once through, it was full main and poled out No. 3 and we were flying southwards at a good 6-7 knots. As we neared Marken Lighthouse and with the more agitated wave pattern we were surging at 8 knots at times; an exhilarating start to our cruise.

Schellingwoude Bridge (it opens on the hour); negotiated the Oranjesluis lock and motored the last mile to the Sixhaven Marina and often crowded but they can nearly always find a spot for the passing boat.

Friday 23rd June. This was 'suit and tie and back to the office' day for Bill - traveling via the ferry and tram; and for myself it was a leisurely tourist day. In the evening we were guests on a vessel of a different type and size The L.E. *Eithne* of the Irish navy was on a courtesy visit to Amsterdam and we enjoyed Guinness and Paddy's in the helicopter hangar.



Scenic Bruges

H Keatinge

Saturday 24th June. Neil and his visitors were with us for early coffee before we left for the 12m. trip to the locks at IJmuiden along the North Sea canal and given the volume of commercial and other traffic it had to be a motor into the North-westerly. Knowing that a British minesweeper was likely to be coming the other way we were on the lookout with easy dip ensign at the ready and as they approached we were ready for them - their poor rating hadn't quite got the drill and let the side down somewhat by not knowing what to do.

A trouble free two hour passage and we were looking to fall back from one of the very large mooring posts before the locks at IJmuiden. We eased up to it with the line and boathook, only to be shouted at by a pair of seagulls standing on same, not just shouted at but they literally ran at the boathook - "get off get off." only then did we discover that they had a family of young in residence - we had to back off!

IJmuiden lock officials are notoriously unmindful of time and tide tables and there were many yachts waiting to go through; some had been there for over an hour. We were lucky to be at the end of the wait and we were out into the real sea 45 minutes later. Full main and No. 1 and shortly after this was changed for the spinnaker, on a course of 210M in a pleasant 3-4N.W. Our naval officers thought sailing was great and four hours later we could just make out the kite festival in progress over the beach at Scheveningen.

The navy left us here and we taxied home (only 20 minutes away) for showers, a night ashore and the frozen supplies. We collected our daughter Suzanne from the airport next morning and Richard joined us some hours later; both shaking off the dust of summer London.

Monday 26th June. Our city-weary crew groaned a bit at the thought of an early start but on a warm sunny morning it wasn't too much hardship. We left knowing we would have to buck the tide for an hour or so and the wind had gone into the SW overnight and was dropping. One tack for 30 minutes, tacked again and again - and still that pier at Scheveningen was in sight. For 1055 the log reads: "tacked onto port - hardly any progress." By the time we reached the entrance to Rotterdam, and even with the tide in our favour, we decided to turn on the engine and motor sail leaving MN1 0.25m to starboard. We had thought to cut the day's

trip to Roompotsluis and go into Zierikzee for the night, but in a flat calm, and with the prospect of a lovely sunset we carried on towards Zeebrugge.

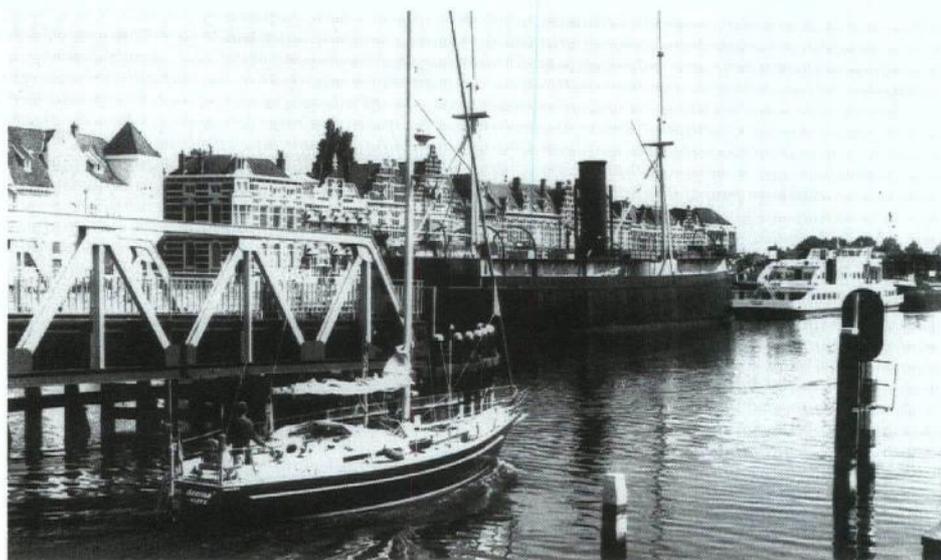
As we crossed the Westerschelde (Vlissingen/Breskens) the southwesterly blew up again, and in no time at all, so did the seas. We hoisted the main and motor sailed on. Then at 2145 the engine cut - we suspected an air lock - this proved to be the problem. Up went the sails; the wind was up to force 5 but we were able to finish passage close-hauled on starboard.

Zeebrugge Harbour Control answered us on Ch. 71 and we sailed into the darkening harbour behind two ingoing vessels and keeping clear of two outgoing ones. We rounded Leopold Dam and tacked into the channel to the marina. Happily an Arpege came up behind us and kindly gave us a tow. We would have been a long time without help as the high quays and buildings cut most of the wind. It had been a long 15 hour 'shake down' day for the crew.

Tuesday 27th June. Taking stock of the area in the daylight we were relieved to see a likely mechanic shop nearby and turning off my bad Dutch, I tried to drag up my slightly better French - but they spoke Flemish - so back to Dutch again to explain the problems. They would come as soon as possible. It rained on and off all morning and we waited and waited. Finally as we were finishing lunch someone arrived. In fifteen minutes he had the airlock problem solved and the engine was a going concern again. This Volvo was definitely installed with a monkey-like owner in mind; everything has to be approached through the depths of the sail locker. We asked for a demonstration of the venting process - and this was to prove invaluable later in the season when we mistakenly tried once more to motor sail on starboard tack at more than an angle. Under power again we wasted no more time and although we guessed we would be too late to get into Bruges itself there was no point in delaying in Zeebrugge so we moved on round to the big town lock. The walls of this looked most uninviting but the ladder had to be scaled to register out passage with ships papers and 150f. Once through we motored up to the rail and road bridges in torrential thundery rain - protecting our eyes under our large golf umbrella - who said that umbrellas were a curse on board!

We counted at least seven trains as we circled before the bridge; through that one and we were trapped between two bridges - but not for long. In all the passage to the lock on the outskirts of Bruges is only 6m but it took us just over 2 hours and we weren't ready to tie up for the night by the lock until the Shipping forecast came on - how often BBC4 catches on at a crucial moment! Our berth for the night was alongside a padlocked and dilapidated motor cruiser and down wind of a ship loading coal! However the nearest "Frites" stall wasn't too far - so the crew were content.

Wednesday 28th June. We presented ourselves at the lock office as it opened at 0800 and we were told we could go through "for free" as we would fit in behind a barge. This was one of the many family barges and the resident toddler was put into a sort of wooden cage/playpen at the back of the wheelhouse as



Road bridge at Middelburg

W Keatinge



Meeting the barge in the Goes Canal

W Keatinge

the mother worked the shore lines. On another barge we noticed a metal playpen fixed to the flat hole covers and mother and baby playing happily inside.

There was very little change in the water level but it took two men and a supervising foreman quite a time to manually operate the lock. Our barge went off to the right and ourselves to the left. Not far to go to the next lock which was sort of round - like a village pond but with slimy green/black sides - up the ladder for more formalities. All our details were entered into a computer, papers were stamped and signed and all for the princely sum of about 20p. When they did open the sluices (mechanically this time) the water really surged in most uncomfortably and there was a rushing round with more fenders and the like.

The next part of the canal is quite pretty and passing a windmill high up on a dike bank we rounded through the trees (just touched the muddy bottom) and into Coupure - a small canal with a jetty for boats.

Bruges town centre was only 109 minutes walk and the sun obliged and came out for the rest of the day. We all went in different directions - Bill and Richard to see the art; Suzanne to shop and myself to photograph the sights.

The whole town is virtually a museum but in particular there is a fine art collection in the Groeninge Museum, not to be missed are the Flemish primitives which are amazingly vivid and surprisingly bloodthirsty. Salvador Dali has nothing on Hieronymus Bosch. The doctors would enjoy the museum in the St. John's Convent - it is famed for its collection by Hans Memling.

We lunched well on the main square and dined quite well near the boat.

Thursday 29th June. As the bridges and locks on the ring canal operate from 0700 we set off early to make the exit lock at

0800. The day was overcast, grey, drizzling. We hooted at the first bridge and this seemed to activate someone, somewhere, - maybe the operator was behind the lace curtains; or maybe it was all worked by mirrors, but without seeing anyone the bridge lifted and we were waiting to go into the round lock. This time we were directed to the curved side as a large barge needed all the space possible. There was more computer work and a second payment of 20p. Then some delay at the outer town lock but keeping in touch on Ch. 13 we were able to squeeze in beside the first barge out.

Approaching the rail bridge we conversed with the man in charge on Ch. 13 and he seemed to tell us we would have to wait; the yellow operations light went out; two red lights came on, one over the other which seemed to indicate a long wait - but much to our surprise the bridge went up and without waiting for any other signals we scurried through. Into the sea lock with a couple of barges so we were given free passage but told to report to Harbour Control on Ch. 71 and to ask for permission to pass through.

Keeping well to the eastern side of the harbour as instructed we hoisted the Main and No 2.5 for a run northwards in a force 4 S. Westerly. Our No 2.5 is a blade jib cut for us by Saunders of Lymington - a very successful addition to our sail wardrobe. Our course was 030m for the Roompotsluis 27 miles on. Wind went more east than we anticipated so dropped jib and poled out the fuller No. 2. *Joieto* loved it and was steadily surging on between 6 & 8 knots.

But it wasn't to be a restful day. Wind began rising; clouds got blacker; seas began rising. Gusts one and two were testing, but as the third swept across we got the pole down; then dropped the No. 2; then took in the first reef - the wind had swung 180° and

we were now beating into a force seven. At this point we were on the north side of the Westerschelde Estuary in very poor visibility. With the prospect of a beat against an adverse tide, and drying sandbanks to starboard we decided on a change of course and we turned south-eastwards to leave banks of the Deurloo channel to port and then to round up into Vlissingen. With the reefed main we were making 7.5 knots through the water, but we had 3 - 4 knots of tide against us and our progress was slow indeed the three miles to the Vlissingen entrance.

Luck was with us at the lock and we had no delays there or through the bridges up the Walchern Canal until we came to Middleburg; here the busy road traffic only allows the water craft three openings per hour. Then round the corner we had a short delay for the pretty marina bridge which opens on the half past. We were happy to have arrived.

Middleburg is very much a summer town as there are numerous camping sites and holiday homes nearby. There is a magnificent town hall, a small museum showing the historical events of this ancient city and many picturesque streets away from the main shopping area. The shopping is good and many boats lie alongside for a couple of hours at the : "shopping only" jetty outside the marina.

Friday 30th June. Most of the day was spent in Middleburg. Richard and myself were challenged by the local supermarket - having got to the checkout with a trolley full we discovered that they were out of carry bags and there were no boxes! Eggs...bottles of wine...tomatoes... and just one vintage plastic bag...

Veer is five miles up the canal from Middleburg and there is but one lock and you are out into the tideless Veerse Meer. We anchored just north of the town for the night and enjoyed the view of windmill and spire until the wind changed it's mind again and we swung onto the shallows with a bump. Up anchor and into the town seemed the best solution.

Saturday 1st July. Where had the dry sunny weather gone? Damp and overcast as we did our shopping in the excellent

grocery and bakers shop; the rain drove us into the club before lunch for ice-cold Genever and Bitterballen (bite size soft-centered meatballs) and we left with the promise of a S SW 4-5 rain and poor visibility...family cruising...

At least the gusty wind was with us, and with only the No. 2 we made good time eastwards along the 12m to Zandkreeksluis. Through this lock, with only three other boats for company, and we were back in tidal waters once more. We motored down the narrow buoyed channel and put up the No. 2 again to head almost eastwards towards Goes. It was here that we had a visitor; a very tired and dispirited looking racing pigeon. He wasn't hungry, just wanted a 15 minute break before flying landwards again where we saw him trying to find his bearings.

The entrance to Goes (pronounced like 'goose') is at GoescheSas. This entrance has been completely rebuilt since we last went through - the lock, waiting pontoon - the lot.

It was still raining as we motored up the tree-lined canal and through the Wilhelmina Bridge. We did wonder after this if we were driving through weed or sludge as even allowing for the dinghy astern the boat seemed very sluggish. We put Richard ashore about 10 minutes before the town bridge was due to open, which it does on the the hour, - no he wasn't jumping ship..just ordering chips at a canal-side stall. Once past the bridge we turned sharp left - again pushing through the bottom - into the small but very picturesque marina.

There was some sort of street party in progress in the town, but nothing like the Mussel festival we had been to in August some years before. We went in search of a good meal. We consulted our Michelin Guide but the first restaurant we choose was fully booked - it looked good too! and the second one was miles from the boat and totally empty of clientele when we got there, so we settled for a Bistro near the harbour.

Sunday 2nd July. Quiet day; went to church, saw our offspring off towards Schipol by train, it stopped raining!

This Goes marina is quite special. It is run by an elderly



Joeto in the Goes Marina

W Keatinge



Canal from Zeebrugge to Bruges

H Keatinge

seafaring man (our guess) and his friends. Everything shows signs of being hand made and lovingly installed and one feels one should help out with the weeding or something. Indeed 'honour' boxes were much in evidence - a guilder for a hot water shower, there was a box by the fridge for money for beers and soft drinks from the bar. It had a charming atmosphere - as well as being very photogenic when the sun comes out.

Monday 3rd July. We were first to line up for the 10 o'clock bridge opening and with a procession of boats we motored the 40 minutes down the lock. The canal is narrow and a sailing barge coming towards us had us doing one of our sudden 'bumps' - with a 6ft draught we needed the middle.

We filled with fuel at the new marina, there was very little room for manoeuvre, but as we had had over 27 hours running the tank was pretty thirsty.

Looking for an oyster lunch we went southeast the 6 miles to Yerseke with the No 2 up in an ENE 4 and then through the narrow and rather menacing looking entrance - maybe it looks better at the top of the tide! We found an excellent oyster restaurant, The Oesterbeurs, in the village; mussels were not officially 'in' until the season was opened later in the week but it is famous for those too. We were back to the boat in time to see a departing 'neighbour' try desperately to wipe us out, his answer to being blown down on us seemed to be to open the throttle to full and scrape past. Just as well we'd had a good lunch. The tide was going N Westwards from five o'clock and at that hour we cast off our lines, hoisted the main with one reef and the No.2 and made an easy close hauled passage the 11 miles northwest to the Zeelandbrug. Just made the bridge opening and motored up the entrance canal to Zierikzee, as yet oblivious to the fact that the

entire Delta Week fleet was overnighing in the harbour. We made a diplomatic retreat and motored round the Vuilbaard bank into an increasingly nasty sea and into Colijnsplaat which has little more than a large marina and fishing harbour. We were assigned a berth anonymously by a loudspeaker; but what they did not tell us is that at low tide, with a strong wind blowing straight into a berth which is only just wide enough for our boat, that it was going to be hard work.

Tuesday 4th July. We motored back to the now almost empty Zierikzee in the morning and having grounded once more (it was near low water in the Nieuwe haven) we settled down to enjoy a pretty town in the sun. Bill went to see the museum which is set in a 16th century house with much of its original furnishings in place. For sailing visitors the paintings and models of old trading and fishing ships are fascinating. Later as we were wandering past an antique shop he suddenly saw exactly what he'd always wanted...? a full sized lee board 62in by 40in - the perfect coffee table.

"Can we deliver it sir?"

"On board?"

"Of course"

It had to be lowered by rope onto the pontoon - that the tide had gone out once more, and then there were a few anxious moments as we lowered it into the sail locker. Now it is waiting for legs in the garage.!

We had two boats outside us for the night and they as many others we met, failed in my 'springs' test; they being of the "if-we-are-tied-hard-bow-and-stern-we're-safe" school. I usually

make my adjustment after dark!

Wednesday 5th July. High pressure was once again established and we moved off at lunch time to take the tide eastwards to Bruinisse. There was a spanking force five from the NE and with one reef in the main and the No 2.5 we tacked up the KeetenMastgat. Bill was allowed to do the gorilla work as we tacked across the channel with a fair number of barges to-ing and fro-ing. Round Bruinisse Point and sails down to enter the lock and through the tideless Gravelingenmeer. There are some interesting stretches of deep stony bottom here which the diving groups explore and it is the venue for many Dutch families with huts and boats and tents during the height of summer. For us, we had a good broad reach up a narrow channel in competition with a Friendship 35. We won - morally anyway, as he shook out his reef ten minutes before the turning point.

This harbour entrance is quite novel, it is a one way system, controlled by traffic lights and operated by harbour officials directing the traffic over the loudspeaker from an office high on the dike overlooking it all.

We had an excellent meal ashore in an almost empty restaurant - Jacob Cats - this time we had booked earlier! and they promised us a bag of ice next morning too - quite a bonus in these parts.

Thursday 6th July. It was hot and sultry and a thundery wave was promised from France. We had a good beat back to the lock with full main and No 2.5. Seeing a lot of boats already waiting we decided to gill around - this was a mistake on this occasion as we had to wait 45 minutes and the challenge of keeping the boat head to wind and stationary soon wears thin.. We motored across the next lock at St. Philipsland. This one is only two years old and it is hopelessly small for the volume it has to handle. It is also infuriatingly slow as there is a complicated salt to fresh water filtering system through the sides of the lock. Ten minutes out of the lock and we were into another excellent beat in calm waters up the Volkerak, dodging even more barge traffic and with Bill the crew working very hard up to the Volkerdam where he was quite glad to take over the onerous task of steering us through the lock and on to the Haringvleit Bridge. It wasn't until we were approaching the bridge that we remembered that it's last opening for the evening is 1900 - it was now 1845! It might have added more tension to the beat if we had remembered... and then the bridge seemed to almost close on us - maybe the bridge-keeper wanted his supper.

We tried sailing westwards down the Haringvliet but the wind was dropping and when we were down to below four knots we motorsailed the rest of the way to Hellevoetsluis. We found a berth along the town quay and apart from an early plague of "brommers" (junior motorbikes with no silencers) we had a

peaceful night.

Friday 7th July. We planned our sea trip north to Scheveningen to go with the north moving tide and so sat out the rest of the good weather that Friday in Hellevoetsluis, having a good lunch and even a siesta. Then in an almost flat calm and with what wind there was directly on the nose we motored the four miles or so across to the Stellendam lock. The rain came down as proper stair rods as we went into the lock and it developed into an overhead noisy thunder storm. We had to motor out of the seemingly endless five mile twisting channel to the real sea against the incoming tide and the storm had completely killed the wind. We had to motor all the way to Scheveningen in an oily calm, and we didn't even have a good sunset.

Saturday 8th July. The early forecast gave us SW going into the S 3-4 with moderate visibility. In the event we had absolutely not a breath of wind and from poor visibility through a hazy sun we went into no visibility at all. There was less than 50 meters on occasions and the only thing in our favour was the tide which gave us a speed over the ground of 7.6 and never less than 6.2 all the way to IJmuiden. Approaching the entrance we were down to less than 50 metres again which even in a flat calm is not fun and this was where our Navstar 2000D "Derek" had his finest hour. Whilst traditional navigation would have got us to the harbour "Derek" rapidly indicated when we were being carried too far northwards past the entrance by the tide. We even had to set a compass course through the harbour. A patrol appeared out of the murk to make sure we checked in with customs and immigration. We went through the lock with *Irish Mist*, now under Dutch ownership, and just back from racing in the STE Race to London. It was hot, hazy and humid as we motored in improved visibility through the Orangesluis and on to Muiden. There was still no wind until right at the end of our trip. We were given berth at the Club and had a good meal ashore.

Sunday 9th July. With full main and the No 2.5 we headed north up the IJsselmeer in a NW force three. Thunder clouds were menacing and as we watched they closed in on us - the wind went round and round in circles. We dropped the jib and motor sailed for a bit, and then had a good sail for the last hour up to the Enkhuizen approach lock - the Krabbersgatsluis. This was definitely peak time and it was an hour and twenty minutes before we were finally in, but we were almost home.

The log finished at 403.9 for the two weeks and we had been to 13 different ports. We had done Bruges - and will be happy to do it again any time - but by car! Zeeland remains a great waterway and there are parts still to be explored and visited again.

Rhum Line

W.M. Nixon & Harry Whelehan

Off the Mournes in the small hours, a chill began to come into the mild night, and soon after daybreak it was downright cold as the newly-arrived rain and a strong sou'wester swept over to have us surfing swiftly towards the South Rock LV. You don't expect it to get warmer as you make northing but having sailed away from an Ireland slumbering in the hottest summer for years, we were to find Scotland distinctly chilly, though only in terms of temperature - our welcome was the warmest.

Not that we'd much time to reflect on the briskness of climate, as we were able to go for only a ridiculously short time. John Malcolm was with us for the first week from Howth, which we left at 2130 on Friday July 28th, and then Harry and I had to be home by Thursday August 10th.

But this scamper round the isles was in a transformed *Turtle*, so our time was optimised. Following our awful experience of being becalmed in fog off Malin Head in 1988 with the engine kaput, and also to give our vintage Hustler 30 a twentieth birthday present, we installed a new Yanmar 18 hp diesel with Saildrive, which makes motoring positively sleep inducing, as the lack of a P Bracket makes for very smooth running. While we

were at it, the starboard side of the saloon was rebuilt, the pilot berth and uncomfortably narrow settee being replaced by the most comfortable settee berth you ever saw in your life. As well, a new purpose-built Sobstad genoa with foam infill for better reefed shape replaced the ten year old re-cut sail which had served as our roller reefing headsail, and that too added to cruising convenience. It also improved performance generally. Despite the heavier engine, we found ourselves back in the frame in club racing with the new genoa. As a result, we found ourselves racing on the Wednesday night before leaving, a night which in times past we'd have given over to stowing the boat. We won the race by just three fifths of a second, but it did mean we were in the stowing mode until Rockabill was abeam.

After the South Rock a clearance came through and the wind veered to draw off the land with sunshine to give a splendid reach up the County Down coast. North of Belfast Lough, rain showers returned and the wind was all over the place, so Carnlough seemed an excellent idea. The notion, of course, was to have a quiet night and catch up on sleep, but the little duck pond of a harbour was its usual entertaining self, presided over by the



Carnlough. Mike Villiers-Stuart's *Winifreda* on Left, *Spectra* beyond, and *Turtle* on the right.

W.M. Nixon

stately 'largest resident', Mike Villiers-Stuart's *Winifreda*, with which I'd shared a shed on the north shore of Belfast Lough back in 1968 when preparing *Ice Bird*, for her cruise to Spain. As well, Robert and Pippa Fowler were in port with *Spectra ICC*, so they'd help us put the world to rights over a jar or two in the cockpit, and then across the quay in the friendly hotel we met up with John Reid from Bangor, and the night was far spent when we returned aboard.

Somehow away early in the morning (Sunday July 30th), and north for the the isles. Plans were vague, we simply wanted to get to somewhere in the Hebrides reasonably quickly, so the expected worsening of the weather indicated getting up to the Sound of Islay as soon as possible. North of Rathlin the sun was out, but the breeze was increasingly vigorous from the northwest.

Gradually reducing sail we tramped along just laying the course, but the wind piped ever stronger as vicious black clouds built over the Islay mountains. Clearly we were going to miss our tide through the Sound, but in their own private area of continuing sunlight were the Ardmores Islands, and we threaded our way through to Plod Sgeirean and the hook was down in that peerless pool by 1600, with 155 miles logged from Howth.

The Pool of the Shore of the Skerries is such a blissful place that you almost hesitate to write of it. Contemplative seals sun themselves serenely on rocks as you sail in. There are wildfowl in abundance. Snipe erupt underfoot. Curlews call. Deer trip delicately into the undergrowth. The sea is alive with fish. A walk ashore with Harry's insights of the countryman was an education.

Back aboard, the owners cleaned off the boot-top while John addressed himself to the first major meal of the cruise, traditional *Turtle* wobbly lamb (slightly ripe leg of lamb stuffed with garlic and peppers) with all the trimmings. Glorious. Afterwards, with

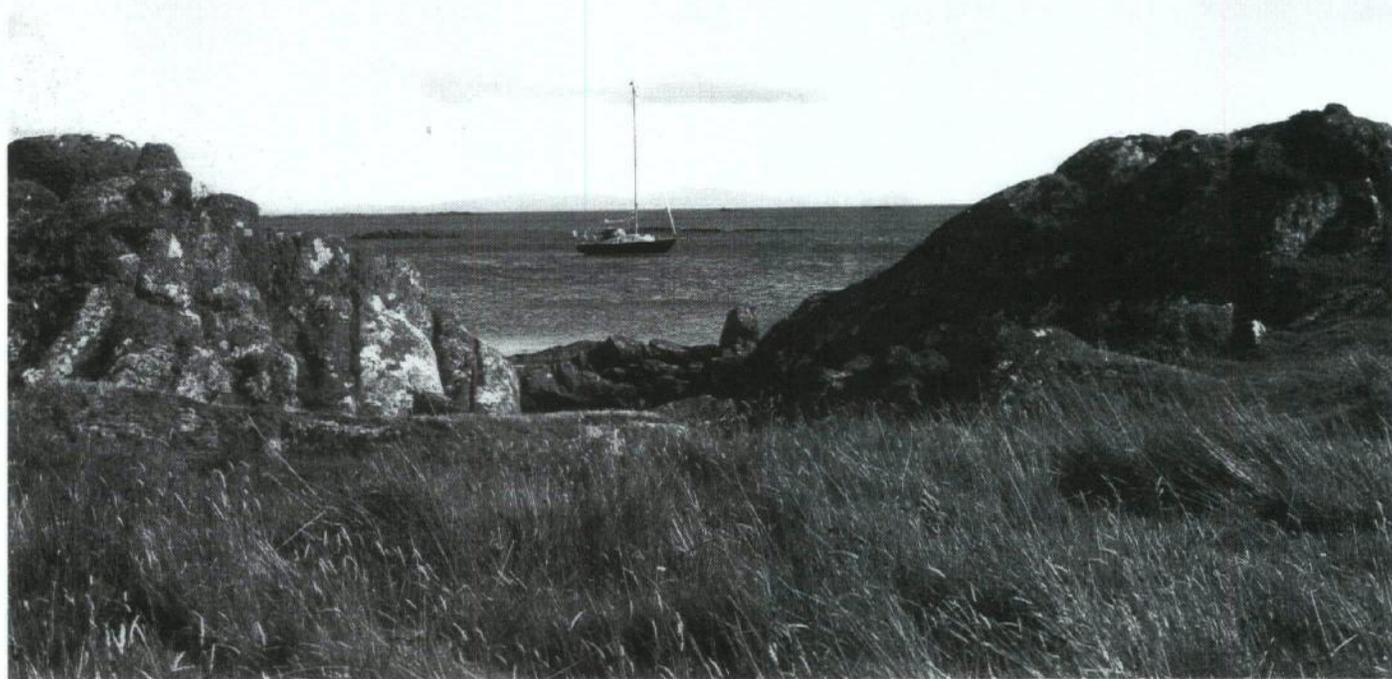
the conversation ranging over such harmless topics as Collins versus de Valera, I failed totally to keep alight the pipe Harry had bought for himself in Carnlough. The dishes were put out in the cockpit in anticipation of rain. It rained and blew in the small hours.

Things were gentler at first as we got under way in the morning, and gliding along under half the main in a state of enchantment, I nudged the rock just inside the entrance. It's a user-friendly sort of rounded, weed-covered rock, and contact was so gentle that we didn't even stop, but it was a useful reminder that pilotage is a constant requirement in Plod Sgeirean.

Approaching the Sound of Islay, conditions deteriorated. In unsettled weather I sometimes think the worst thing you can do is get to leeward of mountains. They gather up the rain, rope in all the wind they can find, and throw the lot at you. Certainly this is what happened in the Sound that morning, and it was a relief to pop out the northern end and sail on, still reefed and in rain, across a rolling sea towards Colonsay in a WNW wind that was at least steady.

And then, approaching Scalasaig, the clouds cleared, vivid sunshine came through, we found a handy berth against the new timber facing on the recessed north side of the ferry pier (excellent recessed ladders as well) and strolled in the sunshine up the familiar road to Kevin Byrne's hotel for showers and a feast of seafood in *Virago's* bistro and copious pints in the pub and then much guitar music and singing when David and Lesley from the little boat alongside came aboard with us, and *Turtle's* expanded saloon passing the hospitality test with flying colours.

Ever so slow to start in the morning. "I wonder" mused John, "is it possible to be fitted with a flow control device?" After a walk across the island, early lunch at the inn, marvellous broth



Turtle at high water in Plod Sgeirean in the Ardmores Islands at the sound end of Islay. The land in the distance is Kintyre

W.M. Nixon

and crisp rolls, and the problem of what to put in the Visitors Book wherein we've figured with *Turtle* since 1981. "What on earth will I write in it?" asked Harry. "How about: "Came on the tramtracks" said I. "Came on the tramtracks and left on the waggon" wrote Harry. Now there's teamwork for you. We went back to the boat where a green-faced Lesley told us we'd changed her life, for she was never ever going to take a drink again not ever never, and we sailed away in the gentlest westerly in sunshine past green coastline and lovely beaches on a day so clear you could see right up to Ben Cruachan or maybe even Ben Nevis dozens of miles away, and in late afternoon tracked in past pink granite islets to the Tinker's Hole.

Harry had been assembling the makings of the Chez Whelehan speciality, chicken tarragon, and needed peace to create it, so John and I went ashore and over the hills to David Balfour's Bay where the golden sand, for all that the sun was now behind clouds, looked so inviting we went swimming and returned in splendid form for a super supper which had Harry worried, for he feared we'd want chicken tarragon every night. It seemed a good idea to us. And from another boat nearby came the gentle sound of a lone paper. It was Hebridean perfection.

We'd a busy sight-seeing sort of day planned for the morrow, the duty visit to Iona, then maybe Fingall's Cave on Staffa, though the forecast was distinctly pessimistic. So much for sight-seeing, we awoke to fog and rain, but we picked our way from buoy to buoy through invisible Iona Sound, and put down the hook in what has to be the worst anchorage in the islands, and spent the morning ashore.

For John it was a genuine pilgrimage. In '81 he'd found the 15th Century headstone for King Malcolm, so we'd to pause thoughtfully at that. Harry was bewildered by it all: "Until now",

said he, "I didn't realise that Columba had been a Presbyterian...." Disgust was general in the ship's company at the Iona claim that the "Book of Kells" was created there, and not in Ireland, but all cheered up when I showed them the saucy Sheila na Gig in the walls of the Nunnery, which it was agreed must have been put there by some cheeky builder over from Donegal who found the pervading air of sanctity just a little too much.

Then Harry found some lightly smoked mackerel and fresh brown rolls on sale in the village shop, and we carried them back to the boat in the rain and sailed north through the Sound right back into the fog, and tucked into lunch of beer and smoked mackerel.

"John boy" I demanded of the helmsman, "John boy, what is that you is a-eatin' of?"

"Don't know, Skipper suh," he replied. "What is it I is a-eatin' of?"

"Holy mackerel, John boy. Holy mackerel!"

With a horrid afternoon we couldn't summon up any enthusiasm for Staffa, and sailed through the fog on course for Coll, with the visibility improving and the rain stopping as we closed in on the channel between the Dutchman's Cap and the Treshnish Islands. Coll soon appeared ahead, and we had the anchor down in Arinagour with plenty of time for a good run ashore, having logged 8 miles in all from Plod Sgeirean.

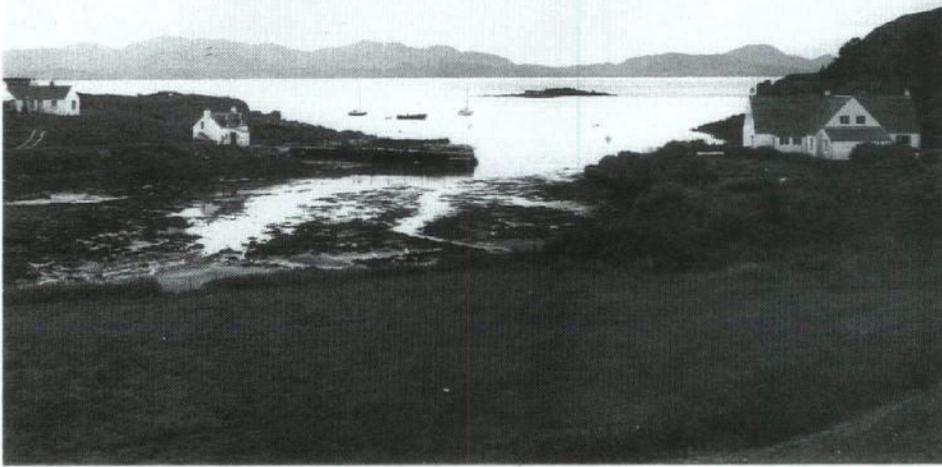
In all, that day, Wednesday 2nd August, was one of the most remarkable I've ever spent cruising. You'd have thought it hadn't much going for it. Fog, rain and a piercing southwest to west wind through the middle part of the day. Yet we rang the changes from the sacred to the profane, from Iona to Coll, met many people, and had the time of our lives.

The jaunt on the bikes set the tone. The original plan was



Turtle at peace among the pink granite of Tinker's Hole in Erraid

W.M. Nixon



Port Mor on Muck, *Turtle* (left) with Lawrence McEwan's ferry boat, and the German sloop *Viking*. On the right is the guest house, famed for its food based on island produce.

W.M. Nixon

simply to ride across Coll to over of the beaches on the west coast for a swim, but somehow we ended up making a circuit of the island, finding at the southwest corner that the 'road' indicated on the locally produced map was very notional indeed, as it became a track disappearing in sandhills for a mile or two. In the end we covered 14 miles, or rather John and Harry covered 14 miles as my velocipede sustained a puncture near the laird's castle (described by Dr Johnson as a 'tradesman's box') but thanks to a great character of a farmer, Colin Kennedy, I got a lift back to Arinagour and was comfortably ensconced in the bar at the inn when the other two arrived out of a new lot of rain.

Despite it, baths followed in a great feeling of well-being, and then we linked up with Jace and Shirley Blake of the Moody 39 *Irascible* (named apparently for Jace's father) for a splendid meal in the Coll Bistro nearby, run by Elfrida (Elda for short) who's of Scots-German descent. Then back in the inn where the bar was filled with folk much involved with Project Trust, the Coll-based organisation which sends young volunteers overseas, an interesting bunch, and then somehow the duo from *Irascible* ended up back aboard *Turtle* for a dance (the alteration of the saloon has made the cabin sole all of 1.5 inches wider, we can now entertain in style) and as they took their leave at 0300 they invited us to breakfast for later in the morning, so we sent them on their way with a packet of Rudd's organically pure sausages which David Rudd makes in the heart of Offaly, a very appropriately named county, come to think of it, for making sausages.

Anyway, mid morning found *Turtle* rafted alongside *Irascible* for the excellent breakfast feast- we reckoned it was probably the furthest north Rudd's sausages have ever been consumed, and well fed we headed on with mutual felicitations, bound in our case for Rhum.

There was a brisk grey nor'westerly and it was astonishingly cold. I remembered that just before leaving I'd met up with Max McKeever back home, and he'd told me he'd just spent six weeks

wandering the Scottish west coast in *Judy R*, and the chilliness had amazed him. When you read Roger Foxall's excellent "Sailing to Leningrad", you'll discover that Max was the tower of strength aboard *Canna* in the rough early stages of the voyage from Derrynane via the west of Ireland and Scotland to the Baltic, so if he reckoned Scotland was cool in 1989 then perhaps it really was, and our feeling about it wasn't solely the result of blood overthinned by the warmth of Scottish hospitality.

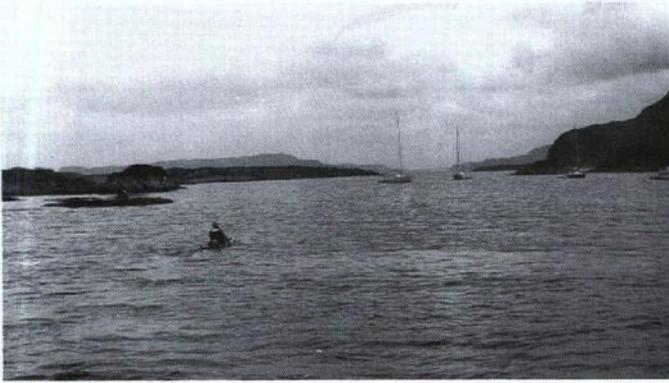
Despite being one of the Small Isles, Rhum always seems huge, a dark looming presence. Late afternoon found us entering Loch Scresort, which was perfectly sheltered in that day's breeze. Although by this stage we were in an informal routine of dining ashore one night, and aboard the next, there was a thought that we might make it two in a row ashore in order to sample Kinloch Castle with its Victorian grandeur even into an orchestration. But the place was

booked out as it was the base that week for a Stalking Course for trainee game-keepers. Those similarly inclined to dine in style would do well to phone ahead - a day's notice is preferred, the number is Mallaig (0687) 2037.

We'd a good long walk up Kinloch Glen, reflecting that if the Victorians inclined to heavy mountain scenery, then it's no surprise they lit on Rhum. Back down the glen, midges lit on us in a big way - I'd forgotten they existed. Thanks to the nature reserve, the shore at the head of the loch was fascinating, eider duck and ducklings chasing around, but our savouring of it was brief, the midges drove us back aboard and John excelled himself with supper, while we suddenly realised that if we put through a VHF call to the Carlingford boat *Gurgle* which has one of the half dozen yachts in the Loch, then we'd have to call: *Gurgle, Gurgle, Gurgle*, this is *Turtle* over, so we thought better of it and said nowt.

Friday August 4th saw us starting to head south, having sailed 277 miles to get to Rhum from Howth. It was a busy day, as we took in Muck for another 'first' before heading on for Tobermory in order to be handily positioned for John's return to London. In the early morning, the Sound of Rhum was a delight, alive with the Manx shearwaters which are a feature of the area, as well as gannets, puffins and porpoises, so maybe the polite claim that the Isle of Muck means Porpoise Island and not Pig Island has some basis.

Certainly it's an island which deserves a prettier name. Port Mor is somewhat exposed to the south, but in those conditions there's a reasonable anchorage on the north side in Gallanach Bay off Lawrence McEwan's farmhouse. The heart of an island which is green and fertile, and a welcome contrast to the dourness of Rhum. Be warned, though, that the rocks at the entrance to Port Mor go a very long way out, and in the anchorage, the nob of rock shown on the northeast side in the plan as being attached to the mainland is in fact two or three separate lumps of rock. We hasten to say this is from observation, and not 'nudging'.



David Bisset paddles away from Puilladobhrain in his kayak, with which he has crossed from Kintyre to Rathlin. *W.M. Nixon*

Muck was restful, and we were tempted to stay, particularly as there was the possibility of one of the legendary dinners at the guest house at Port Mor which is run by Lawrence McEwen's brother (tel. no. is Mallaig 0687 2365 as with Kinloch he prefers 24 hours notice if possible). But the forecast was for wind and rain from the south, so regretfully we headed on after having a German couple aboard for drinks. They were Silka and Jurgen on the little steel sloop *Viking* from Lubeck, and their complaint was of poor visibility obscuring the Scottish mountains since they'd arrived a fortnight earlier, so it was ironic that we went on round Ardnamurchan and into Tobermory in glorious sunshine and visibility for ever. It was Harry's first visit to Tobermory, and the little place was at its best in the evening sunshine. We ate far too much in the appropriately-named Gannets, made the scene at both the Mishnish and Bert Hall's, and got back aboard just as the rain arrived.

By breakfast time, three quarters of an inch had already fallen; it doesn't mess about when it rains in Mull. Harry was all bustle and energy, and went ashore with a long shopping list. Tobermory is better for stores than ever, and he was back with everything on the list, plus some extra goodies, in over an hour exactly. He begged us not to tell anyone he'd gone ashore shopping in Tobermory and returned with the job done in an hour - "They'll think me a terrible wimp" said he.

We headed out at 1130 and still it rained and rained and rained and *Turtle* motored smoothly down the Sound of Mull. The problem was that the low pressure area which had brought the rain had more or less come to a stop over the Hebrides, so it was well into the evening before any sort of half-hearted clearance appeared. In the meantime, we managed to have an entertaining day thanks to John's brilliant suggestion that we should visit Duart Castle, past which I've sailed many times since 1963 without stopping.

The downpour was worse than ever as we shuffled up the path. At the Great Gate, the man himself, the Lord Maclean K.T., G.C.V.O., K.B.E., was issuing into the rain dressed as though for fishing expedition, though it was a bit late in the day to be starting such a thing. "You'll never guess where I'm going" he cheerfully challenged. We couldn't. "I'm off to a Garden Fete," The castle itself was a real charmer as well, not least because it was restored by the present laird's grandfather, Sir Fitzroy MacLean, between 1911 and 1912 when he was already 76, and he enjoyed it for another 24 years, for he died a centenarian. For three blokes feeling just slightly creaky on a miserable wet day in Mull, it was a salutary thought.

Our anchorage that night was Puilladobhrain, which looked

lovelier than ever when the sun broke through, but just as quickly rain returned to induce irritability. Then we had further salutary thoughts when a lone canoeist shot through one of the drying inner entrances, and patiently established his base camp despite the weather. By comparison, we were in the lap of luxury especially as Harry created another chicken tarragon feast, even more delicious thanks to extra ingredients acquired in Tobermory.

Because I've an aversion to Oban despite never having been there - Puilladobhrain was where John was due to leave the ship, so of course it was necessary to get across Seil Island to the Tigh an Truish inn even earlier than usual to make sure that all travel arrangements were possible for the morrow. It was soon fixed up, as the 'Bridge over the Atlantic' is only a twenty minute taxi ride from Oban station, but then we met up with the lone canoeist, an interesting bloke from Campbeltown called David Bisset who'd paddled up from Carsaig that day, and his presence made for a foursome for darts and what with one thing and another the night was far spent when we made a somewhat messy return across the island in a thunderstorm. With the three of us carrying his bags, John was neatly deposited back at the inn next morning to await his cab, and then Harry and I sailed on past Easdale and through Cuan Sound in a muggy southerly. Cuan Sound was great sport; with Harry at the helm, we managed to sail through while a boat close astern attempting the same thing suddenly found herself on the wrong side of one of the tidal swirls and had to resort in haste to engine power.

Eastward of Torsa the sailing was delightful, and merited a celebratory gin. Harry was now on his mettle. "If I can weather that point will I be allowed another gin?" It was agreed, but he didn't get it, for we weathered the point okay, only to find that Ardinamir anchorage was just beyond it, the time was lunchtime, and it seemed ideal to go in there for a visit to that sacred spot.

Purest serendipity took over. Being a Sunday (August 6th) there were some boats in there on weekend cruises, two of them rafted up being the famous *Siolta* and Nick Wright's 35 footer, the cast present including "grands fromages" of the Clyde Cruising Club such as Nick himself, and Sandy Taggart and Bill McKean as well as friends from America. Had we set out to arrange such a meeting in advance, it would have taken much organisation, but as it was by pure good luck we all met up for a highly entertaining and most hospitable lunch party in the sunshine, with beforehand an historic first visit to the famous Irene McLachlan at her all-seeing house above the anchorage.

Miss MacLachlan has been keeping her Visitors Books for yachts calling at Ardinamir since 1949 (the record is 568 in any one year) but her associations with the area go back much longer, as a cruising book of the 1920s mentions her as 'a flaxen-haired farmer's daughter'. We were nervous about meeting such a famous personage, but she was the soul of charm, and there was an entertaining bantering session about the history of various yachts which concluded with herself announcing, in that lovely Highland voice, that for an Irishman I knew my boats fine well, which as Harry drily observed, managed both to be a compliment to me and a put-down for Ireland.

Back at the raft up, the crack was mighty, and it was in the greatest good humour that we headed on in late afternoon for Crinan, our new engine going over the tide in the Dorus Mor with no bother in another lot of rain. Off Crinan, an elegant dark green sloop lay to a mooring. We thought her an old Clyde 30 like *Brynoth*, but she turned out to be a boat which had been around Dublin Bay the same time as *Brynoth*, being the 1910-Vintage



Partner's Dinner in Submarine Alley - WN & HW sup aboard *Turtle* as she makes her way south with engine going and echo sounder running. Harry Whelehan

Fife 8 Metre *The Truant* which, in her Dublin days, had been owned by Harry and Philip Byrne's father, Philip Senr. Prior to that She'd been the 'big yacht' on Lough Ree, and now she is beautifully maintained as a pet boat, her owner being Nick Ryan of the Crinan Hotel, so even now there's an Irish connection of sorts. (See photo in Philip Byrne's *Dunns Ditty* - Ed.)

We'd a notion to be absorbed into the bustling little Crinan community for a night, so we went into the basin (80 miles logged from Rhum) and enjoyed the place, somehow putting away a substantial dinner at the hotel despite having eaten so hugely with the CCC people. Being Sunday night (August 6th) the basin was filled with fishing craft - it seems odd that such a busy fleet can't find a more convenient berth. they headed out around 0400 next morning, which filled the basin (it being windless) with diesel fumes for a while, but we were soon asleep again and then the morning passed in leisurely topping up with best local water (it was much savoured throughout Autumn sailing) and other gentle tasks such that it was gone noon by the time we headed out into a windless Sound of Jura, bound for Gigha. However, I happened to tune into the RTE shipping forecast towards southerly lunchtime, and they made much of expected strong southerly winds for the Tuesday afternoon. There was to be a bit of a lull with westerlies beforehand, so we discounted Gigha and headed direct for Bangor, with the Paps of Jura looking particularly fine in the afternoon sunshine, and then a grand westerly breeze to have us reeling off the miles the whole way down the outside of the Mull of Kintyre with Ahab the Autohelm doing his stuff.

Approaching the Mull itself at sunset, the wind went flat, but as we were crossing Submarine Alley we wanted to start the engine anyway, and switched on the Echo Sounder for good measure as well. Supper was under way and we made it the Partners' Dinner, Harry even managing to get a photo of us both (between intervals of glowering around looking for subs) thanks to his automatic camera.

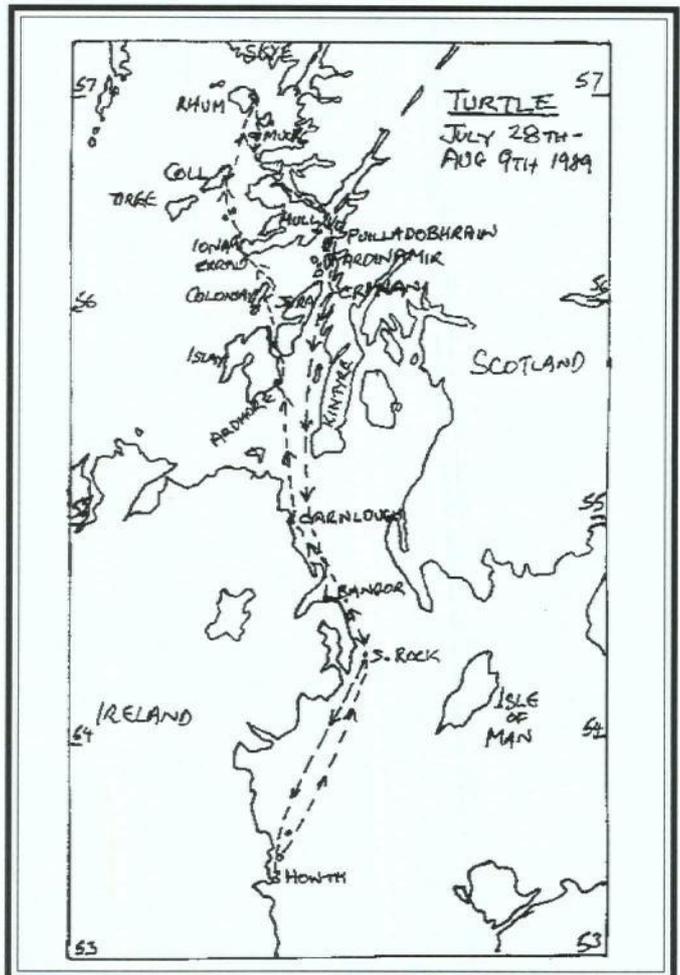
We were into Bangor Marina by 0400 with almost exactly a hundred miles notched up from Crinan, and when we awoke to sunshine six hours later, we wondered if the weather was really going to turn bad, but by lunchtime rain was sweeping over and the breeze was piping up. By that time we were into one mad social whirl, starting with a visit from my parents who hadn't been aboard since *Turtle* was in Ringhaddy Marina in 1983.

After that, there was lunch at the Royal Ulster where Harry had a long, learned and fascinating chat with fellow legal eagle James Lloyd MacQuitty while I found Peter Bunting and a colleague, Len O'Hagan, doing a spot of mild celebrating for some successful business deal, the celebrations in due course

being transferred to *Turtle* where our new sofa was much admired. Then there was about twenty minutes zizz before my brother David and his family turned up, then back to the Royal Ulster to find the same gang were still there every evening, and then the rain came down something shocking but I contrived to get us a lift to the Jenny Watts public house for cajun food by the simple expedient of reminding a pillar of contemporary RUYC society of the time he'd fallen out with his father and sought to register his grievance by pouring a couple of gallons of petrol onto the driveway at the gate of the family home and setting light to it. Faced with such revelations, he just couldn't drive us back to the harbour quick enough, and would, as Harry remarked, have driven us clean back to Howth if only to save his blushes.

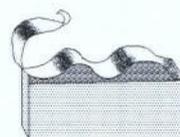
As it turned out, 'clean back to Howth' wasn't really the way the cruise finished. We still had a day in hand, but with all sorts of unstable tropical air floating about, it seemed a good idea to get back when things suited, and Wednesday August 9th was forecast for a clearance with a 4 to 5 nor'wester. But instead the front came to a halt more or less on the line from the South Rock to Dublin, there was a horrid leftover sea from the night's strong southerlies, the rain persisted with little wind from anywhere, so it was a case of copious use of the motor, Ahab with his oilskins on, and lots of hot food to keep up spirits.

We got back to Howth just in time for a pint. To our surprise, we'd notched 542 miles in all. Apart from the dreary final hop, it had been great going all the time, with some really tremendous parties. And with our little bundle of heather turning brown on the pulpit, *Turtle* sailed merrily into the Autumn and collected a racing prize or three.



The Azores for Dinner

Dermod J. Ryan



The title sounds very jet-setty but it is true. During the London Boat Show in January I participated in a Dinner with a group of well-known Irish yachtees and one stoic Englishman, Henry Williams, he being a Member of the Royal Cruising Club. The Irish and Royal Cruising Clubs were well represented at the table and it was at the port stage of the evening when Henry asked me if *Sceolaing* would join the RCC fleet at a muster and dinner in the Azores on July 4th. At that stage in the evening I usually agree to anything and so if the Commodore of the RCC, Scrap Batten, would have me I would be there. He would and, indeed, he sent me a preprinted copy of the Azores Pilot which will be published shortly by the RCC Foundation. I found this to be an excellent edition and a must for any visitor to the Islands. So my 1989 Cruise was in place. Apart from the Azores Cruise I also fitted in a ten-day cruise in Scotland in May and in September a flotilla holiday in Turkey with the Royal St. George en masse, but the cruise to the Azores was the biggie.

For those who do not know the Azores, they stand somewhat to the east of mid-Atlantic, approximately 1300 miles S.W. from Dun Laoghaire. They consist of nine Islands in three clearly defined groups, Sao Miguel and Santa Maria to the east, Terceira, Graciosa, Sao Jorge, Pico and Faial in the centre and Flores and Corvo to the west. The east and west group are 400 miles apart. If the Islands could be stuck together, they would only cover 900 sq. miles in area. They are an autonomous region of Portugal. The Portuguese discovered and colonised the Islands in the early 15th century. They were uninhabited at that time.

It is generally accepted that their whereabouts was known to the Phoenicians in the 6th century B.C. In any event, Prince Henry the Navigator, sent a small fleet to search for them in 1431. They failed, but tried again the following year and discovered Santa Maria. The Central Group were discovered around 1450 and the Western Islands of Flores and Corvo in 1452. The Islands are volcanic in origin and it seems that with weathering volcanic soil becomes very fertile, particularly in warm, moist climates and so it is with the Azores. The Islands are very green and are covered with colourful flowers and shrubs, particularly hydrangeas. Agriculture is the mainstay of their economy with little or no industry, so they don't know the meaning of smog or pollution. Interestingly, each Island has its own beauty and character and each is well worth a visit. I last visited here in 1981 in *Red Velvet* to cruise the Islands. On that occasion we visited eight of the nine Islands, unfortunately we missed little Corvo due to heavy weather and a lack of shelter on the Island. This year we only had five weeks for the entire trip and if one allowed three weeks for passage-making, the cruising time was limited to two weeks. The RCC Dinner was being held in Horta, Faial Island, so we decided to confine our cruising efforts to the Central

The Atlantic Trophy

Group.

Inevitably a five-week cruise calls for a crew change and the most suitable place was undoubtedly Horta, immediately after the RCC Dinner. The crew consisted of Jimmy Foley and myself for the entire cruise, my daughter, Yvonne (Yvie), Cas Smullen (both ICC Members) and Maurice O'Connor Jnr. for the passage south and the cruising until July 5th when they would fly home via Lisbon and our new crew would fly in, the new crew consisted of my son Paul (Member), Dara McMahon and Gordon Pyper.

Departure date was set for Saturday, June 17th in the early a.m. after Dinner in "The George". The week leading up to departure date was hectic for all the crew so *Sceolaing* was neglected until departure day. As we dumped provisions, clothing, kit bags, essential spares etc., on board, the Customs arrived with our duty free mountain which had to be stored, locked away and sealed. The mess below was depressing. Also depressing was the weather, Ireland was in the centre of a massive high and for the previous week the sun shone incessantly, but with zero wind. To make matters worse, the high seemed to stretch a long way towards the Azores. Even with additional fuel cans our range under power was only something over 600 miles less than half way, so it could be a slow passage. On the other hand, the crew were in great form and could not care less whether the passage would be slow or not. All were looking forward to the trip.

We set off at 0400 on Saturday, June 17th and our cruise almost came to an abrupt end just outside Dun Laoghaire Harbour when we sucked a large plastic bag into the engine cooling water inlet. Fortunately we quickly noticed all our engine gauges in the red zone before the engine seized, so we cut the power and the offending plastic drifted away. We restarted the engine a little later when it had cooled down and motored south over a flat calm sea as the sun rose over Dalkey Island, a magnificent scene. It was an ideal way to start a long offshore passage, even if there was no wind. I decided we should head for Kinsale and spend a few hours checking the rigging, stowing the gear properly and refuelling, all agreed. We continued south and sympathised with the National Yacht Club, whose Regatta was scheduled for this day. Amazingly, they had a lovely wind in Dublin Bay with excellent sailing, while we motored through the Irish "Doldrums". That evening our expectations of a gourmet meal were shattered when Yvie announced we had forgotten to defrost some of our frozen meat mountain and as a result, had to make do with "Kitchen Classics", our iron rations. A beautiful night led to a beautiful dawn as we tied alongside Kinsale Marina at 0600 on Sunday, June 18th. We were soon working on the check list, all split pins in place, no apparent flaws in the rigging, some running rigging replaced, anchor and chain tied down in the

anchor locker, equally with anchor locker cover etc., all the essential things which are easily done ashore but which if not done will inevitably cause problems in heavy seas offshore when every little job requires the greatest effort. So all was now shipshape with the jobs done, everything stowed properly so that nothing encroached on our living quarters, diesel tanks topped up and then a meal ashore, showers in the Yacht Club and we cast off for the Island of Terceira on Sunday, June 18th at 1915.

We motored out, passed the Old Head of Kinsale into a sloppy sea in spite of the windless conditions and streamed the Walker Log. An hour later we were called on the V.H.F. by an American Yacht *Wandering Star* sailing close by who was on passage from the Azores to Crosshaven. They had enjoyed little wind on their nine-day passage and motored most of the way, we could have done without this encouraging information. We motored through a bright, clear night on a course of 235°M. By noon next day, Monday, 17 hours and 108 miles out, we sensed a light N.E. breeze and hoisted the spinnaker. At the same time we hardened our course to 260°M to improve the wind angle and so managed 4 knots more or less in the general direction of the Western Azores. The day passed as we played with the navigation instruments, Sat. Nav., Decca and Loran, but used the compass course and Walker Log to check on the accuracy of the modern microchip technology.

Yvie excelled herself in the galley with dinner of a sirloin of beef with three veg etc. A contented crew reminisced and told stories over after-dinner drinks. It was great to be at sea with a congenial crew, in such pleasant conditions and the cruise only beginning. Full-moon, flat sea and a smooth five knots under spinnaker in an N.E.3. all very pleasant, even if we were sailing well above our course.

Tuesday, a glorious morning followed, not a cloud in sight and the wind backed a little and rose to force 4 and the speed to 6.5 knots. The wind continued to increase until it reached force 5 - 6, so we dropped the spinnaker and poled out the genoa, we were cruising, not racing and I did not want to risk a damaged spinnaker so early in the cruise. Inevitably the seas rose quickly with the wind and we rolled south-west on course before big, white headed seas. A heart-felt note in the log comments - "glad we are not heading north!". The prevailing winds should be between SW-NW so it was pleasant to have the wind aft as we sped goose-winged towards the Azores. Our noon to noon run was 131 miles. We lost Decca about 300 miles out and were outside-the range of Loran. Sat. Nav. was also acting up so we took accurate notes of our progress. Progress continued well in all areas, speed, direction, and Yvie's efforts at the galley. The latter was a continuous job as feeding "the gannets" (Jimmy and



Sceolaing - Nicholson 43

D. Branigan

Maurice) was a day-long requirement.

Wednesday, with the increased wind became quite chilly and the new dawn was grey. The barometer was rock steady at 1030 mb but there were no complaints when Wednesday's noon to noon run was declared to have been 162 miles, an average of 6.75 knots. Each day we ran a competition to predict the day's run and the declaration of the day's winner was an important part of the day before nooners were allowed. We had travelled 400 miles from Kinsale and had not seen a ship, glad we were not in a liferaft! but Concorde repeatedly boomed its way overhead with its shattering and unexpected double bang which always frightens the life out of the watch on deck.

The wind continued N 4-5 and although it was a sunny afternoon, the air was chilly and the sea roilly. During dinner the *Keyio Maur* passed 1/4 mile to starboard. We were not overly impressed to observe that both her radar antennae were stopped and there was no sign of life on the bridge. We considered calling her on the V.H.F. but remembered it was early morning in the Far East and decided not to awaken them! Another superb night followed and we continued our fair weather night watch system, namely one on for two hours, four off for eight, vulgarly lazy thanks to our Autohelm 5000 which steers like an arrow, up-wind

or down. Incredibly oilies were essential during the night watch because of the heavy dew.

The Thursday's run of 152 miles left 566 miles to Terceira. Although the air continued chilly Yvie and Jimmy had sea-water "plunges" on the foredeck - BRRR!! As the afternoon progressed the game "Spinnaker", a dice/sailing game, made its appearance and with the offwatch crew totally absorbed in the game, dinner was put in second place, even by the gannets. Finally, the game ended and Yvie quickly produced home-made burgers and veg. to pacify the on-watch crew.

We withdrew the Walker log line to check for chafe and, sure enough, the line was chaffing at the weights. We shortened the line and repositioned the weights and all was well. We all know that hauling in the log line can be extremely knotty as the spinner continues to rotate as the line is being hauled in. This can easily be overcome by using the top half of a Ballygowan or other large plastic bottle. By slitting the side of the top half of the bottle it can be placed around the log line and let fall back on the spinner. Once the neck comes in contact with the spinner, the spinner is trapped and stops rotating so that it can be taken on board without the usual kinking.

A dark night followed with a decreasing wind so the spinnaker was reset. The Friday dawn/morning was grey, perhaps a forecast of things to come as the heads failed. Jimmy and Cas jumped into the breach and volunteered to effect the necessary repair which they succeeded in doing after a couple of hours hard work, not helped by our rolling in the big following seas, making the necessary valve from a large patch from the Avon Dinghy repair kit, a superb effort. At the end of the season the heads continue to work better than ever. Indeed, in fairness, Jimmy and Cas were always anxious to effect repairs on the many minor items that occurred during the cruise. Cas had a special hatred of unravelling cord ends and each day he would search in lockers for rope ends to whip. Inevitably he became known as Mr. Whippy. By noon to-day Ireland was a further 144 miles behind us.

Each day we ran the engine in neutral for at least two hours to keep the batteries topped up as the demand was quite severe with the fridge, Sat. Nav., Auto Pilot, Nav. lights etc., taking a lot of feeding. Nights were darker now that the full moon had waned but the phosphorescence brilliant, especially when the dolphins put on their flamboyant displays at the bow. The wind and seas tended to decrease at sun-down, very convenient for those off watch below. After another Yvie special for dinner, we opened "a book" on anchor down time in Angra do Heroismo, Terceira, which Jimmy the optimist eventually won. This passage would be over too quickly. To date it had exceeded all expectations, a favourable wind, the right strength, a strong, competent crew, the best of food and drink, what more could one want.

Saturday we had rain in the morning and the wind eased and backed. A big, black cloud chased us and the barometer had been falling slowly and steadily to 1020 mb. We had 300 miles to go to Angra after the day's run of 161 miles. Happy anniversary, She-She, we are 28 years married to-day. Cards were produced and inevitably a cause for liquid celebration, not that one is ever really needed. The sky brightened and the sun shone to help the celebrations on their way. It was a beautiful afternoon. The wind eased and veered east, so the spinnaker was hoisted once again and we continued on our way smoothly and quickly.

When we left Kinsale I had switched off the water pressure pump so that all water required had to be hand pumped, this really saves on water consumption. I decided to check on our

consumption and having checked the tanks estimated we had used about 12 gallons of our 70 gallon capacity without conservation so I decided to switch on the pressure. On arrival in Terceira I discovered we had consumed the same quantity in the following 36 hours as we had in the previous 6 days. The moral - do not use the pressure system.

Spinnaker was the "in" thing again for Saturday as we reached along at 6 knots. Otto, the Autopilot, steered beautifully, leaving the crew below to play "Spinnaker" and swill gin. The roast pork in the oven sizzled invitingly, this was absolute magic, surely one of the greatest sailing days of my life. We even got a Sat. Nav. fix. After dinner, drinks continued late into the morning, with Cas giving a five-star performance of Captain Boyle's soliloquy from the "Plough and the Stars", in spite of losing a crowned front tooth during the meal. The writing in the log was decidedly shaky that morning, with an entry at 0420 which, when deciphered recorded - "beautiful, moonlight-night. Goose-winged, doing 6 knots of superb sailing. The crew asleep and missing it - poor whores. The stars are everywhere. We have lost half the moon since Kinsale, but the half that is left is shining on us. What is the moon, what are the stars". There's eloquence after an after-dinner session with Jockser. Yvie noted at 0700 - "beautiful morning but I'm feeling really tired as Cas, who was footless and toothless kept us up half the night with stories about when he was tied to the bridge of a sea "Jockser". The noon day's run at 149 miles was excellent, leaving us with 120 miles to go, but the day was overcast, the barometer still falling and it started to rain. Visibility decreased considerably as the sky became more and more overcast as a small, local depression went through. It was obvious now that what I did not want to happen would happen, namely a night time landfall. There is an RD beacon at Lajes Airport, but it is two miles inland! There would be a light at the Airport also which has a stated visibility of 28 miles but would we pick it up in the poor visibility? In an hour we would sail the width of the Island and if we missed it would have to sail back into the wind and those big, breaking seas. We decided to reduce sail in an effort to slow down, as we had been averaging in excess of seven knots for the past six hours. While we took a slab in the main we turned broadside to wind and seas and immediately felt the full force of the NE6 and accompanying seas, they were mighty powerful. Having slabbed the main, we furled the genoa completely, nonetheless we still travelled at 6 knots. Jimmy prepared dinner to give Yvie a day off and how well he did, smoked salmon starters, roast leg of lamb as mainers, a memorable final meal on the passage. The RDF was clear and where it should be. At 0140 we sighted shore lights, but no sign of the Airport light with its alleged 28 mile range. Fortunately, although it was a very dark night, the visibility was better than we had thought, probably 10 miles or more, however, without our Airport light we were uncertain which town we were closing, was it to the north or east? We continued on in rising seas, disturbed by the shoaling bottom and raised the light of Pta das Contendas on the SE corner. This confirmed our position, our only problem now was to clear the unlit, uncovered rocks of Fradinhos some three miles south of Pta das Contendas which Cas negotiated confidently and awoke us at 0700 on Monday, June 26, as he and Maurice had completed the remaining 129 miles of the passage and were entering Angra harbour where we anchored at 0745, seven and a half days out of Kinsale. What a superb passage it was, it could not have been better. We hoped most sincerely that the wind would change direction to its' prevailing westerly direction



Connemara walls on Terceira

Dermod Ryan

name to the list.

Next day, Tuesday, June 27 the early morning was sunny, but gradually became overcast. The repairs to the city from the earthquake damage of 1980 have not yet been completed but almost are, and they are most impressive, the buildings being restored in their original style. After a morning's exploration ashore, we rented a minibus for a tour of the Island which was interesting and well worthwhile, if somewhat nerve wracking. Apart from the corner cutting by local drivers, the

before our return passage or we would be in for a mighty rough trip home.

Angra is a beautiful, natural harbour, protected by high land from all directions other than the south-east, dominated by the huge 650 feet peninsula of Monte Brasil with its' old Spanish fortress. The city looked beautiful from the harbour. There were numerous metal mooring buoys in the harbour in front of the Yacht Club, but as in other parts of the Azores, the condition of the ground tackle was suspect, so we preferred to anchor. There were three other yachts anchored in the bay, one French, one Swiss and one English based in Portugal, the latter heading for the RCC Rally. The morning was spent sleeping, clearing customs, obtaining the cruising carnet from the Harbour Police and finally, scrubbing *Sceolaing* from stem to stern, inside and out, we were then ready for the fray.

Terceira means "third" in Portuguese. It was the third Island discovered in the mid-15th Century and by chance is also the third by size at just over 150 sq. miles. The Spaniards captured the Island in 1583 and built the massive Sao Joao Baptista fortress, commanding both the town of Angra and its' harbour, to provide safe-keeping for the gold and silver brought to the Island by galleons returning to Spain from the New World, a tempting target for the many pirates who roamed the seas at the time, including Sir Francis Drake and the Earl of Essex, both of whom attacked Angra. The fortress is impressive to this day.

In 1980 during the afternoon of New Year's Day whilst the populace were outside celebrating, the Island was struck by a devastating earthquake. As the people were in the open the death toll was small, but the destruction to the city was appalling with 75% of the buildings damaged. During my last cruise here in 1981, nineteen months after the tragedy, the city was still in ruins. I wondered what it would look like now. We ventured ashore to the Yacht Club for a simple dinner that evening. The cost with after-dinner drinks and copious quantities of wine came to somewhat over £4 a head. The Club kept a register of visiting yachts and looking back over the years we noted that *Deerhound's* visit in 1981 was recorded, as was Vincent O'Farrell's *Sandy Ways*, and Diarmuid Reardon's *Galanta*. We added *Sceolaing's*

roads throughout the Island are badly surfaced with sizeable potholes. Naturally motorists avoid the potholes and so drive on both sides of the road when rounding the dreaded pothole. Hence, totally unexpectedly, a car coming towards you on his correct side of the road may swerve directly in front of you, suddenly and without warning. Unfortunately, there are no I.Y.R.U. rules relating to room to manoeuvre at potholes. It was brown trouser country. However, the Island is incredibly fertile, dotted with colourful towns and houses, well tended gardens and all-in-all giving the appearance of a simple prosperity. From the summit of Sierra da Corne (1700 feet high) there are superb views over the Island with its landscape of patchwork fields. We drove through Villa Nova on the northern shores, seconds before a bull run was due to start. Pavements were barricaded so that spectators could watch in safety, while the would-be matadors displayed their courage. There were thousands of people packed in the town and the "fiesta" atmosphere was everywhere as people strolled down the main street. Moments later they would be anywhere but on that main street as the bull was due to be released. We drove on as parking was impossible and in any event, I felt that I was participating in a motorists version of the same thing as old black Fiats jumped at me out of potholes every hundred yards or so. On the northern side of the Island the fields are tiny and surrounded by black lava stone walls, Connemara style, growing vines. They are most attractive. We continued out circumnavigation and headed south from Biscoitos to the pretty village of Sao Mateus for an excellent dinner with, of course, - wine, in the Beira Mar Restaurant (the first of many Beira Mar Restaurants). Once again the cost was about £4 per head, this we learned was the norm throughout the Islands, incredible value. Back on board for the seniors, the driver's nerves were shattered, the juniors went discoeing. Next day we had a lazy day in Angra, shopping, topping the water tanks, taxis to the top of Monte Brasil for spectacular views of the town and harbour. A slight drawback in Angra is that yacht tenders must embark and disembark at the customs quay, rather than at the town quay which is more convenient to the town. The Customs regard a visiting yacht as "in bond", they do not board or search it, but



The coast of Sao Jorge

crews must use the customs quay so that the officers can ensure that nothing is brought ashore from the visiting yacht. This rule applies everywhere throughout the Islands, but in Angra there are two quays and using the customs pier necessitates a mile walk to the town. In most other towns, the town and customs quay are one and the same.

Thursday, June 29th. We left for Velas on the Island of Sao Jorge at 1000, having checked out with Customs and the Harbour Authority. This is a boring procedure at each stopping place. On a cruise a yacht must report to both Customs and Harbour Authorities on each arrival and departure. All is entered in jumbo size ledgers in both offices. The Cruising Carnet and crew Passports must be presented and forms completed twice at each port of call. Any change of crew must be recorded on the Carnet. In fact, the procedure is reasonably quick after the initial papers are issued and the Officers are friendly and helpful, it is simply a mandatory chore. In any event, having cleared we set off on the

fifty mile passage. The wind was NW4 and we enjoyed a lovely close reach towards Sao Jorge in hot sunshine. The barograph remained steady at 1030mb as we slipped along over sizeable seas between the Islands. In the bright sunshine the visibility seemed endless, but in fact, we had closed to less than fifteen miles before the faint outline of the massive bulk of Sao Jorge showed itself. This is a feature of the Islands which must have been frustrating to the sailors in the exploration ships of Prince Henry the Navigator. Frequently the Islands can be seen from a distance of 50 miles or more, but on other occasions visibility can be less than five miles although the horizon appears to be very sharp and distant.

In any event, we enjoyed the sail, especially when we got into the lee of Sao Jorge where the seas disappeared and left us sailing in flat waters at 6-7 knots in shifting gusts from the hills. Finally, the wind died and we resorted to the engine which promptly broke the fan belt. However, we had spares on board and were soon motoring the five miles or so to Velas. We anchored at 1850 rather than use the buoys available. Three yachts were anchored, *Fizzy*, *Norfolk Quetzal* and Henry Williams' Halberg Rassay *Orlanda*, all three participants in the RCC muster. Having cleared with the local authorities, we visited *Orlanda* for a drink or two and a word with Henry and his crew which included Michael O'Flaherty and Brian Smullen (both ICC and RCC) The HR49 is a massive ship with enormous space and oozing comfort. Next day, Friday, was a lazy day, we explored Velas, telephoned

Dermon Ryan

home, ate and drank ashore. It rained. We were told it was the worst summer for years. On Saturday we had decided to tour the Island, but by taxi rather than a rent-a-car terror run. This proved not only safer but we also had the advantage of the driver's local knowledge, including folklore and history. It was essential to have an English speaking driver of course. Unfortunately the day started very overcast, indeed on the western highlands we were in fog for the start of the tour but the day gradually improved and we were impressed with the cliff scenery on the north side of the Island. The Island is very pretty and the tour well worth-while. The four hour tour cost £20 per taxi, the rented car in Terceira cost £45, so we concluded that the taxi offered better value. By 1600 we were under way for Horta, Faial Island, motoring into a light headwind. At 1950 we tied up at the reception quay outside Scrap Batten's *Swaraj*. It was too late to check in. We dined on board and were joined by a couple of ICC Members for a nightcap or ten.

Of all the names in the Azores, Horta is by far the most famous as in 1885 it became the base for the new Trans-Atlantic telephone cable linking the U.S. with Europe, where it remained until 1969. The superb breakwater was started in 1876 and this provided the necessary shelter to encourage the sailing ships of the day to sail there. Probably the principal users of the new harbour were the American Whalers who called here in great numbers and took on Azorian crews for their voyages southwards. The Azorians became famous for their whaling abilities. Old photographs show some 400 U.S. whalers anchored in the harbour at one time. More recently, in 1930, Horta became a refuelling point for American flying boats en route to Europe. It also provided shelter for the Allied Navy during both World Wars. It is the target point for very many trans-Atlantic yachtsmen who call here for provisions and rest and then continue on to cruise these attractive islands. Incidentally, it is said that more visitors arrive in Horta by yacht than by air, few islands can claim this distinction.

The RCC fleet was expected and berths were made available free of charge for the duration of our stay, almost a week. We were also presented with a tourist pack with brochures, wine, etc., all very generous. We cleared with the Authorities and docked into our allocated berth. Topped up with water, chatted with adjacent yachts, made friends with the gathering RCC members, joined by ICC members, afternooners and finally away for dinner in a small, new restaurant, run single-handed, by a Dutchman. An excellent meal, good value as always, and taxi back to Cafe Sport. As our taxi driver spoke English we engaged him and a colleague to take us on a tour of Faial next morning, £17 per taxi for the four-hour tour. We set off at 1000 next morning, Monday, on what proved to be an excellent tour. Once again the island was incredibly lush with sild roses, hibiscus and, of course, hydrangea. The latter were introduced to the Azores from China in the 18th Century and have taken hold strongly in all the islands. They were not in full bloom during our visit, especially on the high ground, but they were still spectacularly beautiful. They must be incredible when in full bloom. Indeed, Faial is nicknamed the "Blue Island". We saw many sights that morning, but outstanding amongst them was the Caldeira which is the bowl of an extinct volcano, perfectly bowl-shaped, 1300 feet deep and 7000 feet in diameter. Then, to the remains of the Capelinhos Lighthouse which was operational until September 1957 when its useful life ceased due firstly to a series of earthquakes, then to an undersea eruption which pumped up millions of tons of lava, pumice and sand. The eruption continued for more than a year before subsiding. By that time a new headland 525 feet in height had been formed and the lighthouse was now one mile inland, its lower floor filled by ash and seeming to stand in the middle of a desert. 300 nearby houses had been destroyed by the earthquakes or buried by ash. The entire area suggested a moonscape. Apart from this, evidence of volcanic activities is apparent everywhere throughout the Island with frozen lava flows, sandwiching layers of pumice which in many places have been turned into swimming pools by the simple addition of the smallest concrete wall or walkway. The cliff scenery too was spectacular. Underneath one such cliff lay the wreckage of a French yacht which three weeks earlier was on passage from Flores to Horta in poor visibility or darkness and her crew did not realise they were sailing into a sheer cliff until they struck it, fortunately all were rescued, but the yacht was lost.

The tour was simply great with the usual Azorean lushness

and attractive landscape. Yet again Faial was different with its own character and separate identity to Terceira and Sao Jorge, as already mentioned each was worth the tour. Yvie produced a five-star lunch, having scoured the town for suitable shops and reassured us that, contrary to our 1981 experience, the supermarkets were well stocked and we should have no provisioning problems for the passage home. Relaxing afternoon, quiet dinner in town in preparation for the hectic morrow.

Tuesday, July 4th dawned and the RCC fleet had gathered.

There were twelve yachts present :

<i>Swaraj</i>	<i>Orlanda</i>
<i>Caravela of Exe</i>	<i>Mother Goose</i>
<i>Fizzy</i>	<i>Ann Caroline</i>
<i>Surfbird</i>	<i>Adele</i>
<i>Piper Rising</i>	<i>Norfolk Quetzel</i>
<i>Isaac Minet</i>	<i>and Sceolaing</i>

They had sailed from the U.K., Ireland, Norway, Portugal and the U.S.A. It was a commendable gathering and Scrap Batten deserved congratulations for bringing such a group together, sailing thousands of miles simply for a dinner. The marina walls in Horta are covered by thousands of paintings, mementos of each yacht's visit. A capable artist amongst the RCC crews recorded the muster with a painting under the RCC burgee recording the name of each participating yacht and their national flag. Jimmy proposed to take responsibility for *Sceolaing's* record and sought a suitable space amongst the masses of pictures. He would start, on the morrow, as this was the day of the Dinner and Commodore's Cocktail Party. We had a quiet day spring-cleaning *Sceolaing*, strolling through the town, chatting with RCC Members and entertaining ICC Members on board! We put on our good dudes and made ourselves pretty for the Commodore's Cocktail Party on board *Swaraj*. She is a beautiful one-off of forty five feet, spacious and powerful. In truth, she is a two-off as when Scrap Batten's son saw *Swaraj* he promptly ordered a sister ship. Scrap's hospitality was generous in the extreme and laid the foundation for a last night for all the participants. An excellent buffet dinner was held in the nearby Estalagem overlooking the harbour and, of course, the Commodore had invited all the hoy poloy from the Island and everyone, guests and members enjoyed themselves immensely. After dinner I acted as host to the entire world in the bar. It was a great night, if only I could remember it. When the bar closed we entertained ICC Members to a nightcap on board *Sceolaing*, for heaven's sake.

Wednesday dawned carefully, hangovers abounded. It was a sad day for us as Yvie and Cas were flying home and Maurice was leaving to help crew *Orlanda* on her passage home. They had been an excellent crew and the best of company. We left them to the airport, after a superb lunch in the Club Naval de Horta, wished them farewell and collected the new crew. The incomers had overnighted in Lisbon where apparently they had embarked on a nightclub cruise. It must have been successful for they were little short of diseased when they arrived, probably a bad bottle of tonic. They were anxious to visit the most famous institution in the Azores, from a yachtsman's view at any rate, namely the Cafe Sport where Peter Azevedo runs a bar devoted to sailors. It is an attractive bar with burgees covering every square inch of the ceiling and walls. Peter is famous for his efforts to help visiting yachtsmen in every possible way, nothing is too much trouble. This day he helped my crew back to life with much needed bottles

of beer. Jimmy spent the entire day painting *Sceolaing's* memento on the harbour wall. It was hot work in the burning sun and I greatly appreciated the finished result. That evening the local tourist office put on a generous Cocktail Party for the R.C.C. visitors, after which we dined and turned in. Next morning, Thursday, the new crew took a taxi-tour of the Island and like their predecessors, were mightily impressed. Jimmy discovered there was a Regatta planned for the coming weekend racing from Horta to Velas, Sao Jorge on Saturday and returning to Horta on Sunday. He was told that the race is usually a drifting match, taking eight hours or more to sail the twenty miles. We decided to enter so I paid the £10 entry fee which included dinner and breakfast for all the crew in Velas and dinner in Horta on our return, that cannot be bad value. Friday was a quiet day and Saturday saw us make a brilliant start as the gun was fired from a large naval vessel. Spinnaker up like a flash and away in a group of four, two local multihulls, an American Baltic 42 and us. For an hour we slipped along at 5-6 knots, pulling away from the thirty odd yachts astern. Jokes of record times came to an abrupt end when we sailed into an almighty hole in the wind and the laggards of the fleet caught and passed us, then they too stopped. For hours we struggled in the burning sun to coax *Sceolaing* along. Eventually a gentle breeze filled in from ahead giving a dead beat to Velas. We crossed the finishing line eight and a half hours after the start, fourth boat across the line astern of the multihulls and the Baltic 42. We were third on handicap and won a magnificent hand-woven lambswool bedspread which was presented after the dinner, an excellent meal. The town was en fete during the week-end with various bands, folk dancing, side shows and so on, but believe it or not, the bars were all closed so it was back on board for nightcaps and an early night, well reasonably early.

Sunday morning was again hot and sunny and forecasted a scorcher of a day. The barograph was rising slowly to 1034 mb, it had been remarkably steady since we left home. The return race was shortened because of the lack of wind, to a ten-mile leg to Horta, starting between two naval vessels. The gun sounded and *Sceolaing* with spinnaker set crossed the line as the smoke

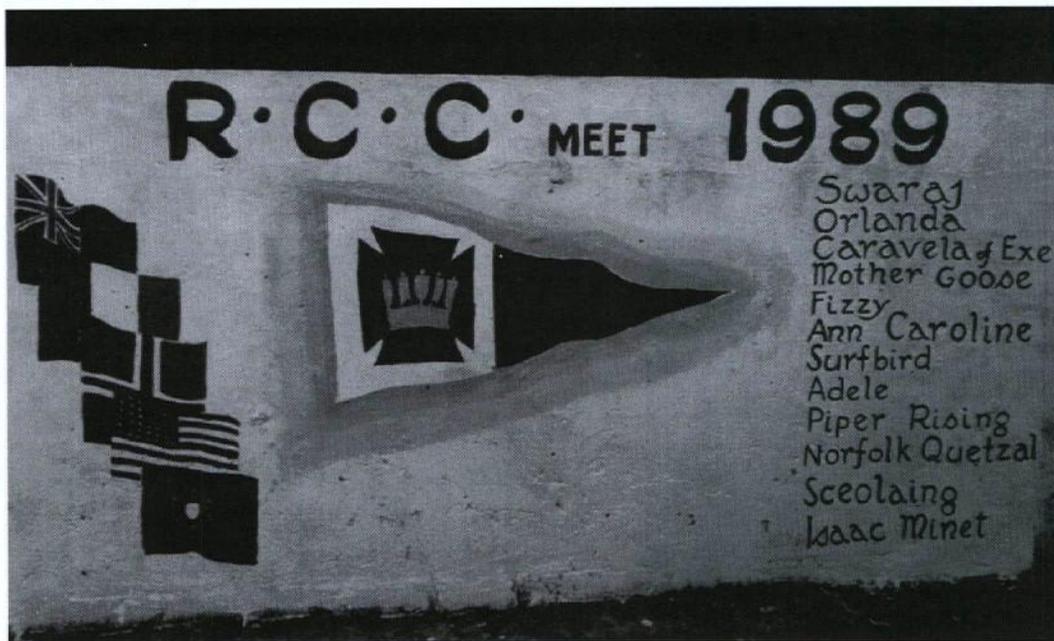
cleared. I never made such perfect starts before in my life. Inevitably the wind faded to nothing after half an hour or so and we drifted on the tide for hours. Eventually we were caught in a powerful tidal eddy which took us around the headland before Horta and towards the finish. The Baltic 42 had again slipped passed us but after her we finished second, to be presented with a model sailing yacht and a plate for being second overall in the Regatta. The multihulls finished fourth and fifth. We were flattened by the heat of the day and after the dinner and presentations crept into bed without even a celebratory dram.

Monday, July 7th, after breakfast we shopped in the nearby supermarket semi-provisioning for the return passage. We also acquired ice, chipped ice was available from the fish quay, block ice called for a taxi-ride. Unfortunately the ice was undrinkable. Topped up with diesel and away to Velas again on the start of our return trip home. We checked out with the Authorities and thanked the marina office for the free berth during our stay. We motored back to Velas in a light head wind and anchored with difficulty at 19.30, 25 fathoms of chain and the 56 lb. angel down, but the bottom was rocky and not receptive to an anchor. We dined ashore and on our return aboard were entertained to a spectacular firework display, this was the closing event of the week-end fete. On Tuesday morning we met officials from the Island's tourist board and had a conducted tour of the little, but pretty townhall. The friendliness of the people throughout the Islands was exceptional.

However, back on board and away to Angra before noon. In the lee of the Island the sea was windless but once we cleared the land we had a NW 4/5 which had us sailing at 6.5 knots and more in a lumpy sea. Three hours later the wind faded in the lee of Terceira, forcing us to motor the last five miles to Angra where we dropped anchor at 1930. The evening was overcast and chilly as we ate a poor meal in the Yacht Club, incredible, it had been so good on our arrival two weeks earlier. We rolled all night as a gentle swell found its way into the anchorage but we slept well nonetheless. We decided Wednesday, July 12th should be a lazy day as our return passage was scheduled for Thursday evening. We relaxed and enjoyed the day in Angra buying souvenirs,

sipping beers, appraising the local talent and generally having a good time. Dinner that evening was an outstanding success in the Beira Mar Restaurant (another Beira Mar) close to the seafront and made for a memorable last dinner in the Azores, even if the prices approached Irish levels. After dinner the activity was dictated by age. I went to bed and therefore cannot speak for the activities of my colleagues, suffice it to say the morning brought pain to some, remorse to others.

Thursday, July 13th was our last day in the Azores and it was a busy one as we provisioned fully, topped up diesel and water, collected more ice. All was completed



Harbour wall at Horta records the muster

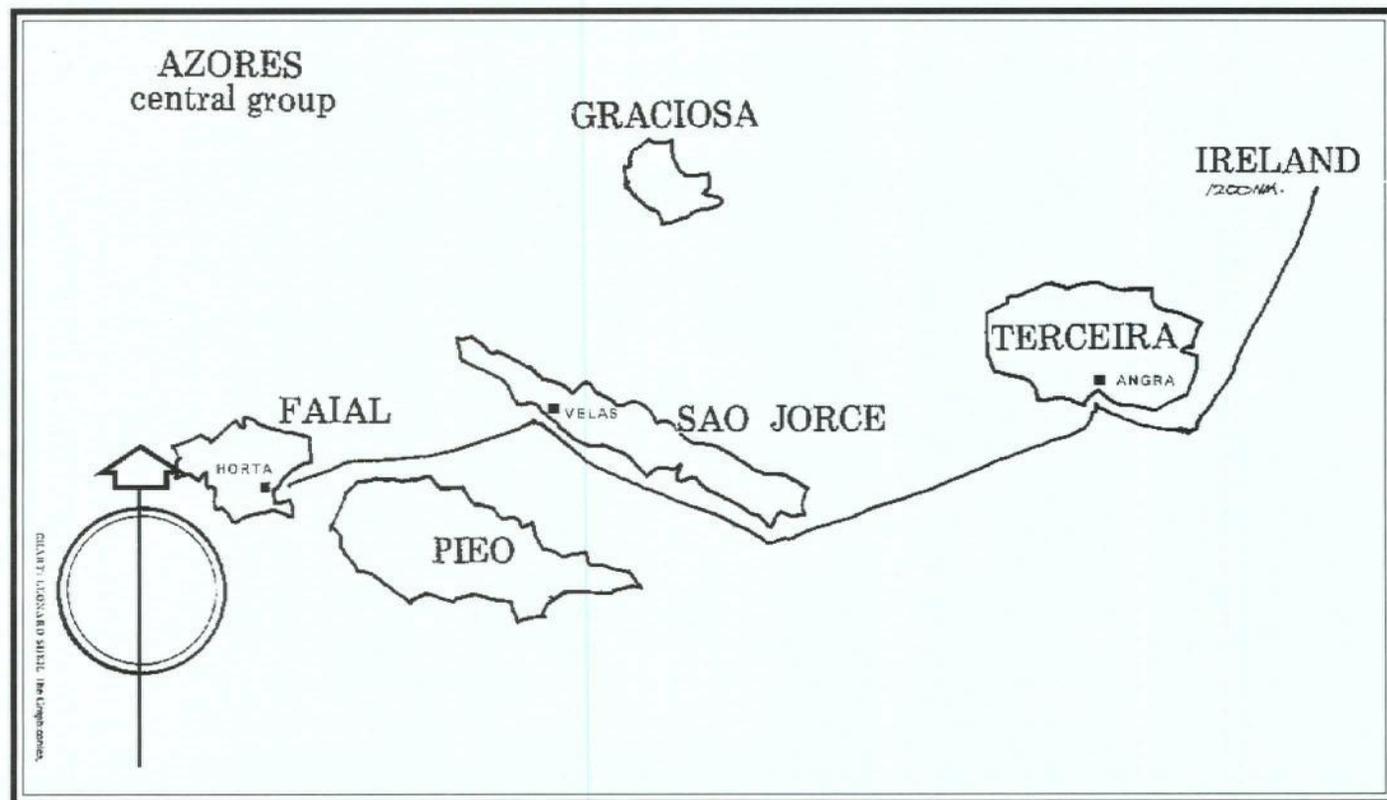
Dermod Ryan

by lunchtime and we enjoyed an excellent lunch in a typical restaurant Adegas Luisitania, after which we cleared Customs and the Harbour Authorities for the last time and went back on board to prepare *Sceolaing* for the passage home. At 1730 we raised the anchor and headed for home. There was not a gasp of wind but a heavy swell as we motored around the south of the Island and headed north-east.

Although it seemed visibility was excellent to seaward, Terceira gradually faded in a golden evening haze. Some hours later it was gone. It was a beautiful moonlight night (well half-moon) as we motored towards Dun Laoghaire at 1500 R.P.M. (5.5 knots) to conserve fuel. There was a huge high covering the entire Atlantic and undoubtedly we would need every drop of juice we had. Even so the lovely night let us settle into the passage easily, 10 days to go?

Friday dawned cloudy, and windless, but by 0900 a westerly 2-3 set in so we unfurled the genoa and sailed at a shy 5 knots, the silence was magic. Mind you, it wasn't totally silent with four smokers on board, we were something of a coffin (coughing) ship, as each in turn reluctantly came to life. Our sailing pleasures lasted a mere two hours until we had to start the engine again. The sun shone brilliantly and the ocean looked beautiful. Our run to noon Friday was 105 miles. In the early afternoon a gentle north-westerly filled in and we set the spinnaker which eventually pulled us along at 6 knots through an idyllic afternoon and evening and into Saturday, July 15th Jimmy had added to his workload by taking over the galley and he did an impressive job; thank heaven we had a capable replacement for Yvie. We held the spinnaker until 1100 next morning, by which time the wind had headed and called for the genoa. Nonetheless, we enjoyed 19 hours and 122 miles under spinnaker, the day's run, Saturday, was 150 miles. The wind came and went that afternoon and evening so that we sailed when we could and motored when we

couldn't. In the gentle conditions it was an ideal time to take sun-sights so we availed of the opportunity and were pleased to prove Sat. Nav. spot on. That evening a ship passed nearby and we raised her on the V.H.F. She confirmed our position and, most importantly, told us they had raised us on the radar 8 miles off, thanks to the Blipper reflector. Our Sunday noon run was 138 miles. The day was overcast, chilly and totally windless with a decided ocean swell. We picked up BBC 4 very faintly and looked forward to receiving the shipping forecast next morning, even if we were outside the various sea areas. Monday, 17th, at 0033 we listened warmly to the strains of "Sailing By" for the first time in almost a month as the off watch crew relaxed in their berths reading, it was very very cosy. The forecast correctly predicted a windless outlook and we had motored 140 miles when the Monday noon log was calculated for the previous 24 hours. At noon this day we had a few moments of great excitement as we were surrounded by a pod of sperm whales. I had been disappointed not to have seen any whales whilst among the Islands, especially as recently whaling has been outlawed in the Azores. They used to hunt with hand harpoon from a canoe, all very fair to whale and whaler, but that has now stopped in spite of recent Island mutterings, so I had expected some sightings. Well, there they were now and they looked magnificent. A baby jumped completely out of the water as he played among the adults. After a short while they moved on. Having stopped the engine when we saw them, we decided to set the spinnaker to try sailing in the hot sunshine of a glorious afternoon but it is pointless and after a few hours we resumed motoring. The remainder of the day alternated between resetting the spinnaker and motoring as the fickle winds came and went. Tuesday, July 18th, the noon run was 110 miles, not so good. However, shortly after noon a gentle breeze enabled us to set the spinnaker yet again and this time we held it for twelve hours before the wind





Dermod writes up the log while Gordon takes a sight.

J Smullen

excepted. The result is they are genuinely unspoilt and are therefore a superb place to cruise. As Joshua Slocum said when he visited the Islands in 1895 - "only those who have seen the Azores from the deck of a vessel realise the beauty of the mid-ocean picture".

I look forward to another visit but next time I will endeavour to visit all nine Islands. To my crew who made this cruise possible and so very enjoyable I offer my sincere thanks and hope that *Sceolaing* and I will have the privilege of their company on another voyage before long.

MILEAGE CHART

headed and we were reduced to the genoa but we still made good progress until 0500 on July 19 when we accepted the inevitable and reverted to the engine. The morning alternated between sail and engine yet again. The Wednesday noon run was 120 miles. The afternoon and evening were decidedly chilly and Irish Sea clothing made its appearance. At midnight the Tuskar was 400 miles to the north-east and shortly after that the wind arrived from the east and we were sailing again. It rose to force 5-6 with a big, unpleasant sea and we crashed our way through the waves in the general direction of Ireland. Before noon it faded away for a few hours and we were under power again. The day's run, Thursday, was 135 miles. Gentle breeze, up spinnaker and we slipped along throughout the afternoon and evening with the sail earning its keep. A spinnaker is not often regarded as a cruising sail, but on this cruise it certainly earned its place. Jimmy cooked another splendid dinner but it used up the last of the meat and veg. but no one worried, we were so close to home there was talk of being home before the pubs closed, although we still had 365 miles to go to Dun Laoghaire. We sailed beautifully into July 21st, a beautiful night. Decca was glowing green and confidently displaying our position, however, it was over 20 miles out. Friday's run was 158 miles. Spirits were high as the wind returned and the miles clicked away as we spinnakered along at 5-6 knots under a sunny if hazy sky. We changed spinnaker halyard as the one in use since Terceira had chafed badly. We sailed into Saturday after a superb evening, what a way to end a cruise. Regrettably sometime after 0900 the wind deserted us with 140 miles to go and we resorted to power. Saturday's noon run was 130 miles. The sun shone during the afternoon and Dara led the ship's company in a thorough wash down for *Sceolaing*. At 2050 hours we sighted the Saltees and shortly after that the Tuskar Light. We motored into Sunday, July 23rd and at 1120 hours motored into Dun Laoghaire harbour with 1.5 gallons of fuel left, nine and a half days after leaving Terceira.

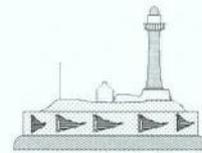
It was a marvellous cruise and I am indebted to the RCC for thinking of the idea and for having *Sceolaing* as a guest. The Islands have improved immeasurably since 1981, standards are higher in all departments yet the Islands see few visitors, Horta

Date	Passage	Miles Sailing	Miles Motoring	TOTAL
June				
17/18	Dun Laoghaire to Kinsale	-	165	165
19	Kinsale to Angra Terceira (16.75 hrs)	-	108	108
19/20		131	-	131
20/21		162	-	162
21/22		152	-	152
22/23		144	-	144
23/24		161	-	161
24/25		149	-	149
25/26	(19 hrs)	124	5	129
		<hr/>		
		1023	278	1301
29	Angra to Sao Jorge (Velas)	40	10	50
July				
1	Velas to Horta, Faial	-	22	22
8	Horta to Velas	-	22	22
9	Velas to Horta	18	4	22
10	Horta to Velas	-	22	22
11	Velas to Angra	31	26	57
		<hr/>		
		111	84	195
13/14	Angra to Dun Laoghaire (18.5 hours)	8	97	105
14/15		128	22	150
15/16		97	41	138
16/17		-	140	140
7/18		53	57	110
18/19		95	25	120
19/20		118	17	135
20/21		147	11	158
21/22		113	17	130
22/23	(23.5 hours)	-	149	149
		<hr/>		
		759	576	1335
	GRAND TOTAL	<hr/>		
		1893	938	2831
		<hr/>		
		67%	33%	100%

Deerhound to Spain and almost back

or Trial by Jury

Colin A. Chapman



The Rockabill Trophy

Taking over the wheel and chart table from John and Jennifer Guinness was a daunting task but *Deerhound* is a very kind ship and teaches her new owners step by step.

Deerhound sailed from Crosshaven at 0900 on Friday, 7th July with a crew of six bound for La Coruna (or thereabouts knowing my navigation). The crew consisted of myself, my commanding Officer, Jeanne, my daughters, Emma and Lisa and our good medical friend, Dr. John Gowan and our trusty lusty crew of old, Richard Cantillon (the Garcon).

Two people on three hour watches was the order and before long a routine was building up. To me one of the joys of passage making is the timeless routine that gradually takes over from time dominated pressures and the horizons become meals, warm bunks and the limitations of the next watch. We were making a good six knots and by evening had made good over 50 miles offing when heavy rain suggested downing the spinnaker and before long taking a roll in the genoa.

In the early hours of the morning two reefs in the main were called for but by noon on the second day at sea we were back under full sail with dolphins dancing round us in sunshine.

At 2215 on Saturday, 8th July an electrical short cut out the Decca and log and despite starting the generator and restoring power for lights the instruments failed to respond accurately. We had, however, been towing a Walker log as a precaution.

By midnight the wind had again failed and in the swell we were more comfortable motor sailing which we continued to do for some twelve hours. Early on Sunday afternoon we passed close to a motor ship *Biscay Spirit* and confirmed our position by VHF.

Soon after dark that evening the inevitable confusion of lights from Spanish fishing trawlers appeared as our reading had warned. However, the night passed without too much anxiety.

At 1105 on Monday, we sighted land quite close to but in very hazy conditions and with rising onshore wind and our Decca out of action we were not sufficient sure of our precise position and decided to bear off to the west until we could clearly identify a headland which we ultimately did in very poor visibility, Cabo De Villano. The wind was now up to force 6 or 7 which we were later to learn was typical of the Finisterre region. By early afternoon we were anchored off Finisterre beach under a clear sky in hot sun with strong offshore winds. There were four or five other yachts sheltering there including a very attractive American yawl named *Voyager* with whom we were to cross tacks many times over the next few weeks. Our dinghy reached the beach as the last of the swimmers were packing up to go home but the beach hut of which there are two on the North Eastern end of Finisterre beach proved very hospitable and although they spoke no English, John's Spanish was sufficient to secure a splendid

meal of morescoes (razor shell fish), Spanish omlette, tuna fish pie and numerous bottles of wine. Thus ended our first passage of over 500 miles in *Deerhound* and we were now happy and ready to explore the rias.

The following morning it was still blowing hard from the North and so we arranged to motor over to the harbour in the dinghy to shop and walk back along the beach against the wind with the ever willing Garcon battling back in the dinghy alone against the wind.

The occupants of the beach hut the night before had been extremely hospitable but we had put this down to good commercial sense in securing our dinner order. However, on arriving at the Fishermens' slip in Finisterre Harbour a fisherman stopped his work and came over to take our painter and help us ashore. This we found was typical of the smaller fishing villages in this part of Spain and although they spoke little English there was a great air of helpfulness and friendliness and certainly no animosity towards yachtsmen which one sadly finds elsewhere.

That evening we decided to dine ashore again at a fisherman's store on the North Western end of the beach where you can eat at a table on the terrace above the beach with a fisherman's store (including salt water tanks keeping all sorts of crabs and shell fish fresh behind you and the broad expanse of the Atlantic in front). Sea grown delicacies were pressed upon us with sardinos grilled over an open fire and red mullet being in our opinion the best. Throughout the meal, however, we were conscious of the wind rising and soon our salad was garnished with blowing sand and I realised that we were eating in a full gale when the bread basket lifted off the table and whistled past my right ear and landed 50 yards down the beach. How were we to get back on board?

Deerhound was anchored in the lee over a mile to windward and the choppy sea even in the darkness was white with foam. One volunteer to motor the dinghy back to the windward end of the beach and pick up the crew in the sheltered waters was the obvious solution but for once Garcon did not volunteer so I, as Skipper, felt it was my duty to take the frail tender out into the wild night. Launching wasn't as bad as anticipated and I was soon revving the outboard into the plunging seas in darkness. Bang, bang, bang, each wave was conquered and then suddenly the tender stopped and spun uncontrollably stern to the waves and filled with water. The "prop" was around a rope which I eventually freed but at the expense of motorisation for the rest of the evening. The outboard just did not want to go out and challenge the waves again.

The gallant Spanish youths on the beach weren't so reluctant and before I knew what was happening two lusty oarsmen had the dinghy in tow, out to the launch and then behind it plunging into the darkness water and spray everywhere; my shouted instructions

(in unintelligible English anyway) were ignored by all but the wind so I just sat in the back of the dinghy and enjoyed the ride. "Yata", "yata" they shouted pointing at the various yachts in the anchorage. I identified *Deerhound* and was deposited alongside before they rushed off into the night again up the beach to pick up the crew. A good first day in Spain.

Throughout the night the wind howled and upon on the hill behind Finisterre a fierce forest fire raged with flames leaping against the sky. Such fires we encountered several times over the next few weeks.

The morning of Wednesday, 12th July dawned calm and bright and we motored out setting course for Muros in poor visibility and little wind and as the morning progressed visibility improved with a light wind enabling us sail in glorious sunshine up the ria round the headland and into the anchorage. Muros is a much larger town than Finisterre and provided a very peaceful anchorage just outside the harbour to the north of the shell fish rafts which fill the rest of the bay. We discovered the bottom is very soft and muddy and it gave Garcon a lot of cleaning work when the anchor ultimately came up. Diesel and water are available at the pier head by arrangement and very adequate shopping exists in funny little stone streets behind the waterfront. A lovely old fish market and narrow cobbled alleyways with wrought iron balconies make a very picturesque hinterland to a somewhat uninteresting waterfront. Here again we watched a forest fire creep down the hill behind the town and nearly engulf two outlying houses.

While we were anchored at Muros another Irish yacht came in which turned out to be *Peigin Eile* with Vice Commodore David Fitzgerald and his daughter aboard. They rafted alongside and came aboard for a drink under our awning in bright sunshine and we talked of winter in convivial Irish hostelries and the enormous cruising opportunities open to us if we only had time. They were going North and left shortly afterwards for Finisterre where we had come from.

We had been swimming over the side every day since land fall but in Muros at low water there was a dirty film on the surface of a now windless sea so we decided to motor further up the ria to Freijo which our pilot suggested might be smaller and cleaner. Freijo wasn't particularly pretty but we did enjoy the boatyards along the shore where wooden fishing boats were being built and repaired and the smell of newly sawn timber, pitch and the sight of good old fashioned craftsmanship renewed one's faith in simplicity. The Spanish fishing boats have high flaired bows to throw off the head seas that they are inevitably meeting when they travel against the propounderately northerly winds. The afternoon was spent with palm and needles repairing the working genoa and enjoying the sunshine before returning to Muros to refill our water and diesel before turning south once again.

Our next of port of call was the tiny fishing village Corrubedo with hazardous outlying rocks and a very narrow entrance. The RCC Pilot, however, was very clear and we were soon happily anchored just inside the entrance finding ourselves the only yacht in a small fishing village. Once again we swam and went ashore encountering onshore startling mosaics on the fronts of many houses and lots of brightly coloured little fishing boats drawn up on the shore.

Early the following morning we set sail for Islas Cies at the entrance to the Vigo Ria. We motor sailed out in very light wind and the poor visibility which we had come to expect. However,

on this occasion the visibility deteriorated and before long we were relying heavily on radar and listening to the sound of fishing boats near at hand. A large "bleep" on the radar proved to be a container ship coming out of Vigo but soon the wind was improving and although the visibility was still thick, we were happily sailing, navigating by radar and compass towards the magical Isle whose picture, in our Pilot, had attracted us in the early days of planning in the cold wet Spring of Ireland.

We anchored off Playa Area das Rodas in the early afternoon taking care to avoid the unmarked rock of which the pilot and charts had warned. A sweep of white sand with eucalyptus and pine trees rising behind to craggy heights and the still persistent mist adding a sense of mystery in the distance. Despite the mist it was warm and as soon as the anchor was holding our boarding ladders were down and we were swimming in the crystal clear water over a sandy bottom. Here for the first time we encountered a number of yachts.

Going ashore in the early evening for a walk, John, Lisa and I were soon toiling up a winding path edged by granite cut stone walls across which scampered green and brown lizards of up to six inches in length. Round and round we walked until at last we reached the heights of Mte. del Faro Light and looked down the cliff face over a swirling sea gulls to the red granite rocks below on which the Atlantic rollers pounded.



Deerhound

W.M. Nixon

We so enjoyed the Islas Cies that we decided to stay for two nights and not approach the city of Vigo until Monday morning.

Monday dawned predictably with poor visibility and little wind but with the aid of our trusty motor, radar and some peering with magnifying glasses at our chart, we found our way up into the portal suburbs of this great city and entered the marina which was so different from the sparkling white sands that we had left.

Vigo Marina is substantial and well sheltered with comfortable pontoons but sadly stagnant dirty water to such an extent that 24 hours was more than adequate for our stay. The Yacht Club at the head of the Marina is large, airy and hospitable if lacking in character and there is an adequate chandlery also on the quayside. John was beginning to flex his entertainment muscles and we had already had to restrain his generosity in replenishing the ship's stores but he insisted upon us dining ashore in where he suggested we might get a typical Spanish meal. The heat of the city was unbearable and it was not until 8 or 9 o'clock that we could summon the energy to walk ashore and search for a restaurant. The Spanish, however, do not themselves dine until 9 or 10 o'clock in the evening and it was, therefore, no surprise when we found some restaurants full. However, at last we found a suitable table.

Whether it was the stench of the stagnant water in the marina or our hangover but for once there was unanimity that we must leave Vigo for the cleaner realms of the open sea. The ladies' mania for clothes washing and showers had, however, reduced our water tanks and a delicate berthing operation to reach the water hose was necessary before we could sail down the ria toward Bayona.

Sailing into Bayona some hours later with the sun dancing on the ramparts of the old castle now the Parador Hotel and the hundreds of masts some flying flags or supporting brightly coloured awnings was a delight. The waterfront and back streets of Bayona are steeped in the history of times before Columbus' first Captain brought news of the new world to this landfall.

The Yacht Club in Bayanna contrasts with that of Vigo, being friendly, practical and picturesque and a walk through the old streets to the 12th century church is well worthwhile.

We had arranged to meet my sister June and brother-in-law, Greg in Porto on the 21st July and our chart told us that this was some 68 miles which with the prevailing northerly wind should be an easy day's passage.

On the morning of the 20th July, we set sail in light winds and poor visibility. Again the visibility deteriorated and soon we were relying on radar. Our Decca was still on the blink but our Walker log appeared to be operating satisfactorily. Progress was, however, slow in the light wind and heavily polluted sea. Towards dusk our log suggested that we had only made good some 50 miles and as darkness fell we closed with coast which appeared on the radar as an uninteresting line of sand dunes. Peering into the darkness we at last picked up a light which our log suggested should be Leixoes. However, upon approaching the characteristics were incorrect and the harbour entrance which we gingerly approached was not quite conforming with the plan in our Pilot. A rapid tide was flowing out against us as we motored in and soon we found ourselves amongst shipping in a large dock and I realised that we were at Aveiro and not Lexios at all. Our log had under recorded by some 20 miles. A small fishing boat approached "aki" "aki" they shouted and then a launch with search light guided us in to a safe anchorage. The dinghy lowered, we raced ashore to catch a telephone in the

restaurant and confirm a meeting place with June and Greg for the following afternoon in Porto.

Dawn came with a thick and murky fog and a rapidly falling tide which forced us out, despite the visibility, eyes glued to the radar until at last we were safely at sea again. Retracing our steps northward we passed a wreck on the sandy shore being cut and lifted by great floating barges with cranes like herons' necks. The narrow entrance to Porto was almost blocked by little anchored fishing boats of every size and colour. The sun shone on the red roofs and other walls of the crumbling warehouses and dwellings, that cluster along the shore of the Doro River. We motored up through the first bridge towards the second where the yacht wharf lies beneath the Cathedral. Our Pilot reassured us that there would be a welcome but did not fully explain "El Capitano".

As we approached the yacht wharf just down stream from Louis II bridge we noticed that there was just one yacht alongside and apparently plenty of space. However, we were told to raft alongside this small French yacht and "El Capitano" took our warps and immediately clambered down the ladder to come on board. He told us that he was "El Capitano" and that he needed our passports and ship's papers for the Police and while they were dealing with them he would bring us for a port wine. The ladies enquired about a laundry and he immediately said that if we gave him the laundry he would deal with it. We suggested he might like a drink at which his eyes brightened and we brought him below and poured a large Irish Whiskey. He clearly didn't like the stuff but nevertheless downed the lot quickly and then urged us to come up and go to a local hostelry for a real port.

Later, there were several other yachts rafted up outside us and "El Capitano" had moved his allegiance and was wining happily on a German yacht some two craft outside us.

We walked through the central part of Porto and I visited the Cathedral which did not have the simplicity or antiquity of the little old Church in Bayona. In the small winding streets below the Cathedral poverty was very apparent with women washing their clothes in the streams that ran down the gutters outside their front doors, barefoot and ill-clad children running about and a general air of dirt and malnutrition. That evening we dined in a small restaurant near the yacht quay and had one of the poorest meals that we had ashore throughout the entire cruise.

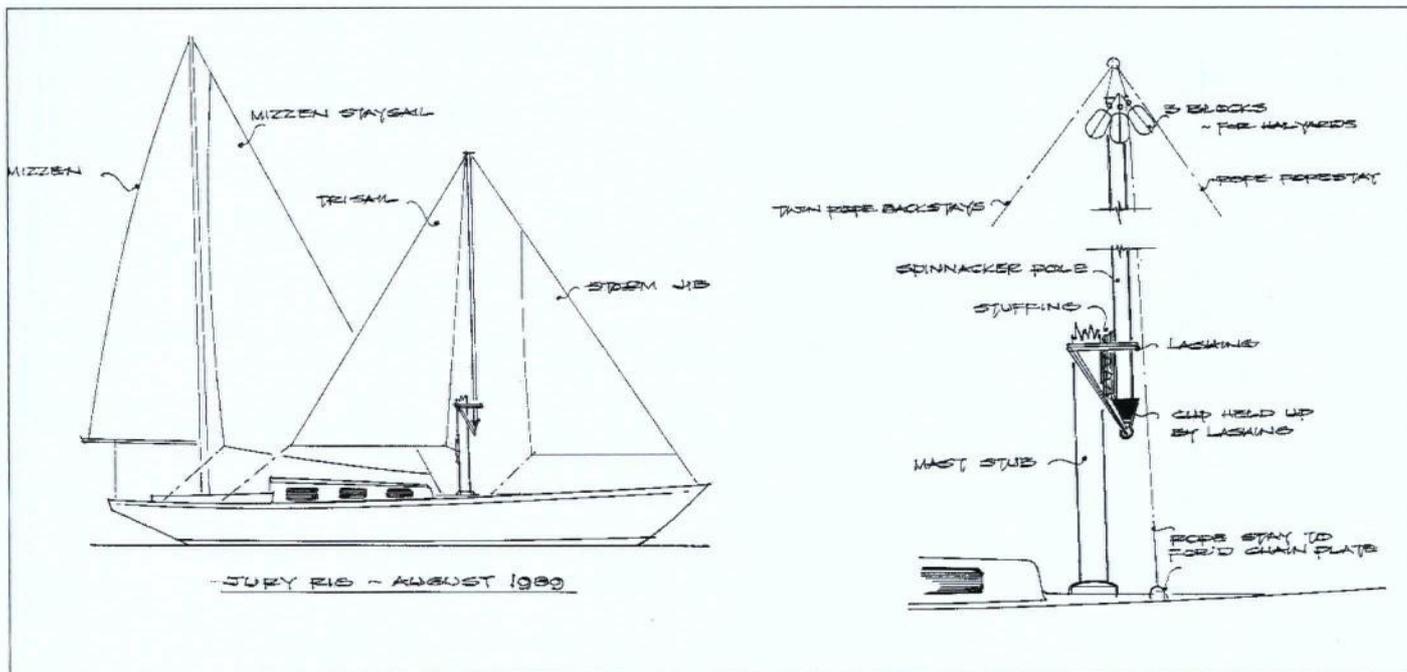
We motored downstream passed the cluster of fishing boats anchored in the tideway at the estuary and out at last into fresh air. Porto was colourful but very dirty.

As our fuel was running low we planned to go into Leixoes to refuel and then turn North to Bayona and Islas Cies which had captured our hearts.

For once the wind was from the South and we drifted under spinnaker northward until the wind disappeared altogether and we were again forced to use the iron horse. We entered Bayona that evening happy to be back in cleaner waters with a proper Yacht Club and shops to cater for our needs.

The following day we sailed across to another anchorage at Islas Cies where we again enjoyed good swimming and walking through the undergrowth to the rocky peaks of these magical islands.

It was some time since we'd had a really good sail and when the next morning dawned with a fresh north westerly wind we were delighted to at last put *Deerhound* through her paces and were soon beating up the entrance to Ria Aosta doing some 7 to 8 knots in a fresh north westerly breeze to anchor for the evening at Porto Novo. Porto Novo gives good shelter in northerly winds



and is a mixture between a holiday resort and a fishing village. That evening we found the restaurants and bars full of young people and John encountered a queue at a telephone kiosk as he faithfully tried to keep in contact with his wife in Ireland. Although there are no facilities at Porto Novo for replenishing our water tanks, the authorities did not recommend their water as drinkable. We, therefore, decided next day to go up to rear to Villa Garcia and as we set course up the Ria there on our quarter was *Voyager* who we gradually overhauled until we entered Villa Garcia some 200 or 300 yards ahead of her. The chart and pilot book were by no means clear as to the exact layout of the harbour and we were further confused by some posts sticking up in the middle of the basin and, therefore, decided after consulting the echo sounder to anchor just outside. The following morning we found a lighter dropping rubble into the harbour near these posts and harbour works actively in progress which confirmed our caution as being correct. *Voyager* came in and anchored near us and we explained that we were not actually following them and arranged to meet for drinks later in the evening. A trip ashore in the dinghy produced a real welcome from the Yacht Club and confirmation that we could go alongside at high water for fresh water. We arranged to go alongside at 1700 but when we raised our anchor and prepared to manoeuvre the north westerly wind decided to reappear at some force 6 or 7 so that we were being blown into the narrow berth with little room for manoeuvre. Ten minutes of frantic work with motor, wheel, fenders and warps ensued to the entertainment of the crew of *Voyager* and on shore. At last, however, we had full water tanks and were safely back on our anchor.

After lunch on the following day the wind had eased and we were able to sail down the ria to Aguino where we were indeed weather bound for the next 48 hours. This little fishing village nestles amongst rocks and the pilot describes its approach as a "rock hoppers" paradise. In practice it is not as difficult as it appears although there is not a great deal of room to anchor inside as the harbour shelves fairly rapidly. We lay at anchor here for two days with the wind whistling through our rigging and for one night at least I tossed and turned in my bunk wondering whether

I should have laid a second anchor, let out more chain or if something broke, whether I could get her under control before she crashed onto the breakwater. All was, however, well and with some relief we left this little harbour. Two pleasant memories, however, of Aguino are the lines of little double ended deep keeled fishing boats drawn up on the slip and the clusters of women sitting under umbrellas and straw hats mending nets on the quay. This was a real fishing village where livelihood depended upon the harvest of the sea, wrought at times against strong elements.

With the gale passing we sailed from Muros and were surprised before long to be shaking out our reefs and reaching in smooth water up the Muros ria to the anchorage where we had been some two weeks earlier. That evening in Muros anchorage a friendly German came aboard bearing "three cheers" for the Irish in the form of three cans of German lager and he told us of his cruising up and down the coasts and laying his boat up at Vanne in France. He told us that he would not leave a boat in Coruna (this turned out to be significant).

The following morning we sailed for Finisterre but on the advice of our German friend, anchored a mile or two short in Sardineiro Bay in clear water over white sands with holiday makers snorkling all round us. This is a nice little bay with two alternative anchorages, one on the north eastern side and the other on the north western and both well sheltered in any winds other than south western. There is a small supermarket in the little fishing village. The wind was again getting up and the forecast suggested north westerly winds of six or seven when we sailed the following morning under number 3 genoa with no main out towards Cape Finisterre. On reaching the Cape we hoisted the main and had an exciting beat in fresh winds until Cabo de Vilano was almost abeam at which stage the wind dropped away and our speed dropped significantly so that ultimately we nosed into Corme in the gathering dusk. As time was short we did not land at Corme but from the anchorage it looked as if it was another typical fishing village with two pleasant beaches for swimming and lots of shelter from any northerly wind.

The following morning we sailed for Coruna and soon ran into

a blanket of thick fog necessitating navigation by radar with some anxiety about the increasing number of fishing boats. At one stage, we identified on the screen a ship bearing down on us and altered course to starboard only to find that they responded by altering course to port and appeared to be steering erratically. Eventually we decided to stop and in a few moments a fishing boat crossed our bow less than 50 yards away quite unperturbed by the poor visibility. As the day wore on we cleared the fog and reached in bright sunshine past Hercules Light which is reputed to be the oldest working lighthouse in the world and into Coruna harbour where a host of other boats of all sizes clustered round the two or three Yacht Clubs behind the mole. Quite near our anchorage we noticed a rusting French steel yacht that had been dismantled and was temporarily rigged with a small mast presumably for her homeward journey. Little were we to know this was an omen. On arrival in the Club Mr. Bob Roberts made us welcome in English, taking our particulars and confirming that there were no harbours dues to pay if we lay on an anchor. We explored the historic town, visited Sir John Moore's grave and prepared for the passage to Crosshaven. On the afternoon before departure we visited a large "Super Macado" and filled three trolleys with fruit, vegetables, meat, bread and sufficient stores for the eight of us for up to four or five days at sea and having safely got this aboard and stored it decided upon a farewell dinner in the Club. The cooking in the Club was excellent and we thoroughly enjoyed our evening to the extent that when the first dinghy load had gone back aboard those of us that remained ordered second brandys and cigars as we awaited our faithful Garcon to return. When he did and we reached the marina we were entertained by lovemaking squid cavorting in the floodlit waters. The 0645 forecast the following morning predicted north easterly winds force 5 to 6 and further up in sea area Sole north westerlies turning to westerly in Fastnet which suggested a passage hard on the wind for Crosshaven.

We raised the anchor and motored out into a lumpy sea and were soon beating at 5 to 6 knots steering a reasonable course for Crosshaven.

On the morning of Wednesday, 2nd August, 1989, at 1305 at approximately 45 22N 8 33W without warning the main mast snapped above the gooseneck and went over the port side. June and Greg were on watch and I was woken by "Oh my God the masts gone" and then complete silence. It was curious how after the rush and crash of the beat to windward there was All hands were soon on deck with torches and cutters. A quick inspection convinced me that there was no prospect of getting the spar on board and some danger of it damaging the port side. The rigging screw pins were knocked out, sheets, halliards and electrical connections cut, the mainsail was cut off the boom and last starboard and bow shrouds released together so that the entire tangle dropped clear without fouling the propellor or rudder. The roller reefing gear on the forestay, however, fouled the pulpit and bent it to port. The spar sank immediately. All remaining loose lines were tidied up before the engine was started and mizen housed.

The Decca Navigator and VHF were still working being on the mizen mast but the main radio aerial had gone with the main mast. An emergency aerial was rigged as were navigation lights for the following night. The top of the emergency radio aerial subsequently also carried away.

Damage to the hull was confined to superficial scratching on the port side. Most of the port side stanchions forward of the

cockpit were damaged and the pulpit crushed.

Thought was given to the best port of refuge and an attempt made to steer 035 so that either Brest (Camaret) or Sillies might be reached but progress up wind was too slow and it was estimated that the fuel would not last for this length of passage even if the weather moderated as forecast. Consequently at 0645 it was decided to run back to La Coruna.

Having turned tail *Deerhound* picked up speed and for a short time we flew the mizen staysail but as the wind freshened anxiety about it blowing out or putting too much pressure on the mizen mast made us take it in and continue under mizen and motor alone. The motion was unpleasant and the seas were breaking continually so that those on watch in the cockpit were constantly wet. Slowly the miles to Coruna were retraced and once again we started to cross the shipping lanes having once or twice to alter course and on one occasion become an object of curiosity from the bridge of a passing merchant man. We also passed close to a French yacht who kindly radioed us to ensure that all was well and ultimately at 0215 on the morning of Thursday, 4th August, just under 24 hours after losing our mast we dropped our anchor again in Coruna Harbour and thankfully fell into our bunks.

The following morning we began to clear up, telephoning and ultimately faxing particulars of the accident to our insurance company and making enquiries about the yards in Coruna and nearby to effect repairs. The kindly Bob Roberts was of enormous assistance and the hospitality of the Club was appreciated. Our initial thoughts were to leave *Deerhound* in Coruna until a new mast could be shipped out and stepped there, we accordingly arranged for the majority of her crew to return home, Jeanne, I and the Garcon remaining to make final arrangements. As the weekend approached it became apparent that we would not be able to find a boatyard until the Monday morning and we, therefore, planned to have Sunday morning off from our dismantling labours.

On the Saturday evening, upon the advice of Mr. Bob, we took the dinghy round to the Old Yacht Club to see the 400th anniversary celebrations of Marie Peta's repulse of Drake. From the balcony of the Old Club, mingling in our scruffy sailing gear with the prosperous and their groomed and jewelled consorts, we witnessed a pagent of fireworks, a tableaux of sea battles and armed combat between the brave Spaniards defending Coruna from the devilish Drake attacking in his ships of paper wood and canvas concealing steel barges and powerful diesel engines. These raiders having been repulsed with loud bangs, fire and search light to the delight of the thousands of patriotic onlookers. We were ushered in our frail rubber dinghy further back and further back out into the harbour by the watchful police launches. The reason was now apparent as there followed an incredible sea of lights as every colour and type of firework ignited from floating waterborn sparkle to stratospheric star shells an unforgettable blaze.

Jeanne, the Garcon and I flew back to Ireland (at great expense) on Monday, 8th August and returned to Coruna again with Billy Coad as an additional crew on the 16th August.

I had spent the intervening ten days negotiating with my insurers discussing replacement masts with Proctors designing Jury rigs but not sleeping for anxiety about my beloved *Deerhound* lying hurt in Coruna harbour.

We spent the greater part of Thursday, 7th August rigging a jury mast which consisted of a spinnaker pole hoisted vertically from the stub of the mast supported twin back stays, single port

and starboard stays and forestay with blocks for halliards to hoist the storm jib and trysail. Having thus converted *Deerhound* from a dismasted Ketch to a schooner with the good Mr. Roberts waving a favourable weather map from the pontoon reassured us, we refuelled and ate a good evening meal and made ready for sea.

Deerhound sailed from La Coruna at 2215 on Thursday, 17th August, following a course 035 magnetic bound for Raz de Seine some 320 nautical miles distant.

As we motored out into the night and the sea got lumpier, our thoughts questioned the sailing ability of the jury rig and the endurance of the engine. However, by dawn the Spanish coast was almost over the horizon beneath the stern but in the grey first light the wind was freshening on our nose and the sea becoming more unpleasant. *Deerhound* was rolling more than usual due to the lack of main mast and even the mizen didn't seem capable of steadying her. That first day was a little unpleasant and none of the crew ate very much beyond porridge and dry biscuits. However, the second night brought calmer weather, clear sky and a moon so that by the second dawn spirits had risen considerably and more than 150 miles had been made good. Such wind as there was remained on our nose and consequently the jury rig was still untried. Towards evening, however, the dirty diesel from the bottoms of the tanks began to penetrate the filters and we had to stop the engine and clear these, fortunately in calmish waters. Calculation of the fuel consumption, however, led to anxiety and it was decided to try the jury rig as soon as any wind appeared.

The forecasts had been consistently predicting the wind to swing from north east to south west and this kept our spirits high for the northern half of the bay but the wind did not, however, finally materialise until the following morning and then to start with from the north west.

The storm jib hoisted forward of the jury spinnaker pole with the trysail as our mainsail and a tightly sheeted mizen staysail soon gave us three to four knots if not on a perfect course to start with a gradually improving one as the wind backed as predicted to the south west. The routine of an offshore passage had by this time relaxed the crew and we happily went into our third night at sea with French trawlers' lights for company and later a waning moon and stars to steer by. Soon after midnight a trawler steaming on collision course to us gave me such anxiety that I tightened my grip on a white flare but before pulling the trigger she turned to starboard and I was able to let our sails fill again in the light moonlit breeze.

Gradually our position was moving north across the chart and

during the following sunlit day the peace of sailing in smooth waters, albeit under jury rig, gave us enjoyment. However, as evening approached the dying wind and known shortage of fuel in our tanks made my calculations of our land fall at Raz De Seine crucial. Anxiety was heightened by forecast which predicted head winds which I knew our jury rig would not accommodate. However, a reach might have enabled us make Concarneau if all else failed. At 0400 the wind, as predicted, shifted north and we had to hand the mizen staysail and risk five to six hours motoring on rapidly diminishing tanks altering course to pass outside the Raz De Seine which we rounded at 0700 in poor visibility and light rain with a north westerly head wind still hampering our progress.

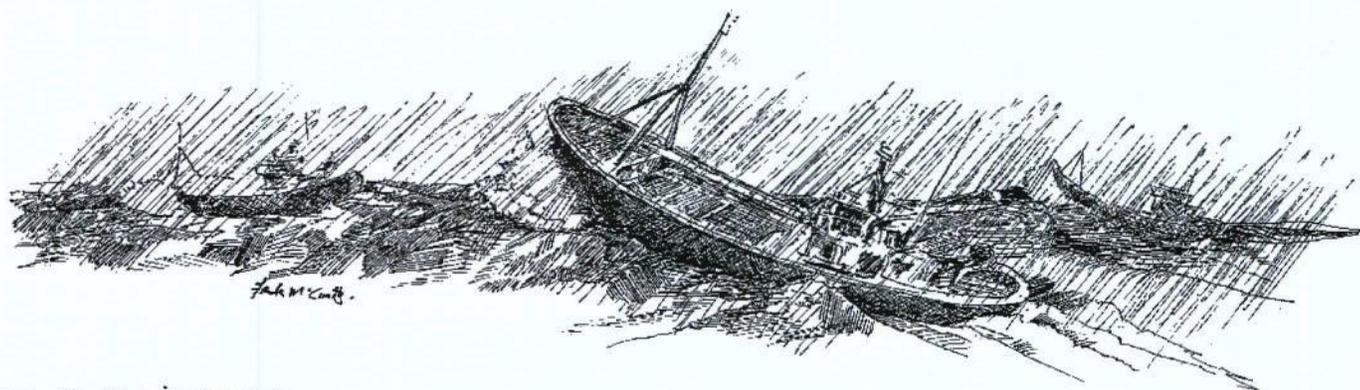
Even in the comparatively calm conditions that we were experiencing crossing the Bay of Biscay, there were quite marked overfalls as we crossed the edge of the continental shelf and in one particular position marked on the chart as an area of exceptional variation in depth there was a very pronounced change in the surface of the sea. We counted ourselves lucky to be passing through this area in calm weather.

An interesting feature of the passage was the wealth of birds and sea life. Cory shearwaters, gamets and every sort of gull, dolphins and even perhaps a whale. The joy of nature was, however, a little subdued by the ever present pieces of plastic bottles and fish boxes floating by.

The dipping of the tanks added to anxiety and soon the engine was stopped again and we were struggling to make *Deerhound* beat under jury rig. She gradually clawed her way against the wind and tide. The radar showed us the buoys leading into Camoret with the tide at 1330 turning in our favour and sweeping us happily to windward. A short burst of engine to pass safely through the Channel brought us into the Raz de Brest where we were able to drift into Camoret Bay and finally motor the last half mile to the marina. Because of the high degree of concentration required to make *Deerhound* beat with her jury rig, we had to cut down the watches to one hour during this period.

At the marina our ropes were caught by a kindly frenchman who had met us in Coruna some two weeks earlier and before long we were walking up to buy cheese, pate and fruit before a refreshing shower, well earned whiskey and French food washed down by a good bottle of wine.

The customs arrived the following morning and enquiry showed that we would have to hurry to go along side to refuel on the falling tide. Diesel can be pumped aboard from a slip on the western side of the marina but only for the first half of the tide.



SPANISH TRAWLER IN HEAVY SEAS.

Deerhound sailed from Camaret at 1330 on Tuesday, 22nd August bound for Southampton.

We motored out accompanied by five or six other yachts making for the Channel du Four and at first it looked as if the breeze was going to be favourable. However, it continually headed us although as the hours went by the tide increased its assistance and by 1700 we were motor sailing at some 7.5 knots passed Le Verge Lighthouse and our first night in the English Channel appeared likely to be calm.

As predicted, however, the shipping increased and by the time I came on watch there were some ten different lights to be monitored And I decided to extend my period on deck into Richard's and Billy's watches also as four eyes are better than two.

Thursday morning dawned for Jeanne with clear sky and gradually warming sun and the morning bowl of porridge added internal warmth to what was to be a happy sail up the English Channel.

We were never for long without the company of ships and on two or three occasions course alterations were necessary.

At 1230, 23rd August, we passed close to the Channel Light Vessel and altered course for Anvil Head as our calculated ETA suggested a passage up the Solent in darkness which I did not relish.

The shipping lane crossed, French trawlers and aircraft carriers on exercise were substituted for freighters and oil tankers and as the tide gathered strength against us, our progress slowed particularly when alas the mizen staysail which had served us so

well tore against the mizen spreaders and had to be doused.

Deerhound dropped anchor in Swanage Bay at 2200 and at last the trusty engine could be switched off and another bottle of wine broached by way of celebration.

The tide table suggested entry through the Needles at 1015 and we thus commenced hauling the anchor at 0800. However, the hours of vibration had loosened the hydraulic couplings to the engine and the task had to be performed manually. Another glorious day but with initial poor visibility necessitated laying a course for the Solent which we entered some thirty minutes later than planned. With a good tide under us to waft us pass the legendary sailing names, "Lymington", "Beaulieu River", "Egypt Point", "Calshot Point", "The Hamble" and then approaching us a white Maxi with green painting on her side - yes, it was *NCB Ireland* to whom we waved and shouted good wishes even if it was just a delivery crew moving her from Southampton back to the Hamble.

We passed the great walls of a huge oil tanker and then approached the entrance to Hyth Marina with trepidation as the lock gates appeared to be shut. However, they opened in welcome and the kindly lock-keeper enquired if we had a berth. A telephone call and we were located a berth where *Deerhound* will be cared for, repaired and have her new mast stepped.

The end of the voyage showed a total of 547 miles logged under jury rig and some 1800 miles logged since leaving Crosshaven so very long ago.

Table of Distances

Dates		Distance Approx.	Time	Engine Hours
7/7 - 10/7	Crosshaven to Finistere	550	3.5days	20.0
12/7	Finistere to Muros	24	5.5hours	3
13/7	Muros to Freijo	8	2.0hours	1.5
14/7	Freijo to Muros & Carrubedo	19	6.0hours	3
15/7	Carrubedo to Islas Cies	31	6.0hours	3
16/7 - 17/7	Islas Cies to Vigo	8	2.5hours	2.5
18/7	Vigo to Bayonna	11	2.5hours	1.5
20/7	Bayonna to Aveiro	82	14.0hours	10
21/7	Aveiro to Porto	22	4.0hours	4
22/7	Porto to Bayonna {Via Leixios}	72	11.0hours	9
23/7	Bayonna to Islas Cies	6	2.0hours	-
24/7	Islas to Porto Nova	14	3.0hours	-
25/7	Porto Nova to Villagarcia	24	4.0hours	-
26/7	Villagarcia to Aquino	18	3.0hours	-
28/7	Aquino to Muros	18	5.0hours	1
29/7	Muros to Sardineiro	16	3.0hours	1
30/7	Sardineiro to Corme	60	10.0hours	2
31/7	Corme to La Coruna	43	4.0hours	2.5
1/8 - 2/8	La Coruna to Sea	110	20.0hours	1
2/8 - 3/8	Back to La Coruna	110	20.0hours	20
	Approx Totals	1300		
	La Coruna to Camaret	344	94.0hours	63
	Camaret to Swanage	173	33.0hours	33
	Swanage to Hythe	30	5.5hours	5.5
	Totals	547	131.5hours	101.5
	Grand Totals	1847		

Classical Gas

Robert J. Fannin

Puritan leans into her self made furrow, bowsprit edging clear, and lays a carpet of foaming white down the length of her topsides. Everything on deck is bathed in the crisp brightness of a full moon. The main and fores'l sheets have been eased and the booms look as though they might smack the wavetops. She is a rogue charging. Aloft the rig is silent, gaffs outstretched in the shimmering silver and pale shadow of moonlight. It is 0300 and I have just come on watch. Seeing this 103 ft schooner off the wind, behaving like a dinghy it is easy to understand the meaning of the word 'classic'. Designed by John G. Alden in the late twenties and built in New London Connecticut, *Puritan* was launched in April 1931. Her 103' hull is steel with welded butts and riveted lapped seams - the first such hull to be built by the Electric Boat Company. Thus she helped pioneer the construction method for hulls which must withstand extremes of water pressure. For all the untested strength of her hull, *Puritan* has that classical elegance of line that makes her fit wherever she is moored.

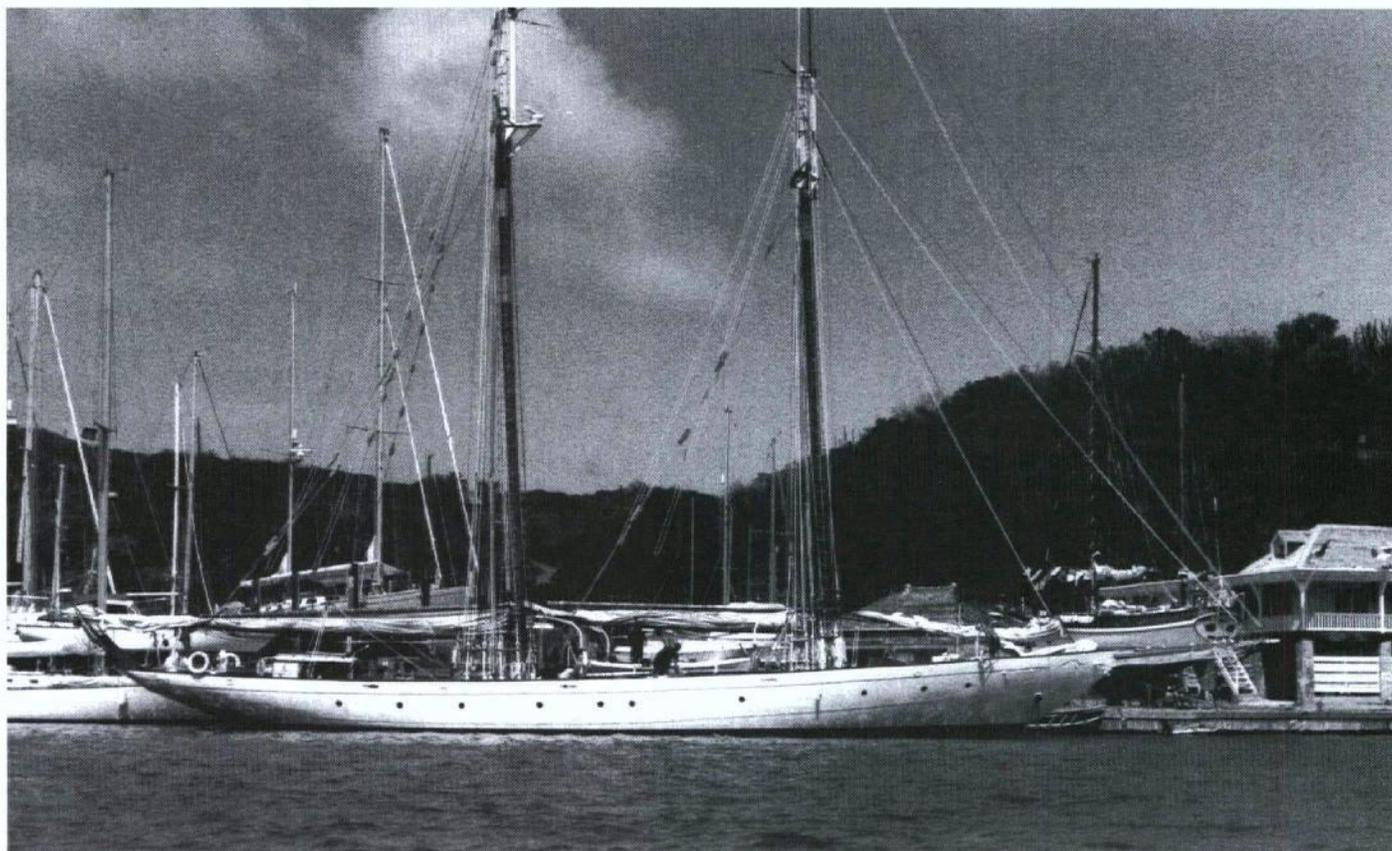
Alden designed *Puritan* to be crewed by up to forty men. This number was somewhat lessened later, when in 1974, during a

major refit at the Camper & Nicholson yard in Gosport, four electric winches were fitted. This takes the grind out of trimming sails but it still leaves the considerable task of getting all the canvas and wood aloft using human strength alone.

There were nine of us aboard now and we were taking *Puritan* from Falmouth Harbour in Antigua to Villefranche in the South of France. Our skipper, Domnic 'Fearless' Mahlich had run *Aile Blanche*, the 1939 Camper & Nicholson ketch for many years and is a man well versed in the ways of old boats.

The first leg was a brief overnight sail to St. Martin to provision. It was difficult to sleep listening to the strange knocks and bangs, wondering what each sound meant. Going on deck you find all that clangorous din is nothing more than this boat working, driving her way through the waves.

We went to St. Martin as it is cheaper and has greater variety. We had a long hot day dinghing stores out to the boat as she rolled at the anchorage in St. Petersberg Harbour. It was dark by the time we hauled the dinghy aboard and made ready for sea. After a Chinese take away we were ready to 'raise the lowers' as



Puritan taking fuel in Antigua

R J Fannin



Leaving Bermuda under sail

Robert J. Fannin

Fearless would put it.

As a team we were improving, raising the lowers. Once all lines are layed out so that nothing will snag both topping lifts are hauled. We then go to the mast, three on each side, to haul the throat and peak, aloft. As first mate it was my job to roar 'Heave' so that the two sides could pull together. The most the roar would muster was a laugh from the far side of the mast and friendly abuse from my own side. But with halyards the width of your wrist running through blocks the size of your head breath is needed for other things than laughing. Once the sail is up the halyards are belayed, tension is then taken up on the jigs until a crease runs from the peak to the luff. When the topping lifts are let off these creases disappear and the sail, once sheeted, is ready to do its work. First the main is raised, then the fores'l, the stays'l and whatever collection of jibs you like forward.

The second leg of the trip was from St. Martin to Bermuda. For two days we ran before the trade winds clocking up painless miles under blue skies. Bright yellow sargasso weed stretched in lines across the waves. Bermuda, was growing closer by the hour. On such days optimism is high. The crews talk is of the bars of St. George and Hamilton. Nights were recalled, which, by the sound of them, would be best left forgotten.

A little north of 25 N. the wind died away. At night heavy squalls filled in bringing brief wind and rain complete with the most pleasant sight of rainbows in the moonlight. During the next two days these billowing grey monsters with their marched spines blew across the sky.

When they cleared we were left with light head winds. We were a hundred miles south of Bermuda motoring into a mindless of a swell on a dark night when Kevin Byrne, a man of few words, looked aloft and said, "St. Elmos fire!" Just above the spreader on the port side of the foremast it looked as though a team of invisible welders were at work. Every few seconds a bright blueish flash buzzed. It leaped about inside the triangle of the mast, the spreader and the shroud. With the rig swinging wildly it would not have been sensible to send someone aloft so we sat

and watched.

Everyone who came into the cockpit that night had their own theory as to what 'St. Elmos fire' actually was. They varied greatly but the word 'electrical' was included in most theories. I later read that it was "a type of corona discharge observed on ships under conditions approaching those of an electrical storm. The charge in the atmosphere induces a charge in the mast and rigging. The result is a corona discharge which causes a spectacular glow around the effected parts."

At dawn we saw the inner shroud scorched black and frayed, dangling from the spreader it was supposed to be supporting. St. Elmo had burned through five sixteenths stainless steel wire!

In Bermuda, we made repairs, rented motorbikes and drank.

Somewhere along the way most of the nine of us found ourselves standing at the bar of 'The White Horse Tavern' in St. Georges. Beside us stood a selection of the crew from *America*, replica of the schooner that started the 'America's Cup' back in 1851. They too had sailed up from Antigua. As notes were being compared and beers were being swallowed it was discovered that we were both leaving the following day and we were both bound for the Azores 1800 miles east. Suddenly we had a race on our hands. More beer was swallowed on the strength of it and boasts blossomed like spinnakers at the windward mark. By closing time everybody was hell bent on victory.

The following day, Thursday 27th of April, departure was set for 1400. The rivalry had not moderated an inch during the night. We had to call for a postponement as we were trying to fit a new saddle on to the foremast gaff. At 1615 *America* motored out of the harbour while we worked on. Two hours later we raised the mains'l, fores'l and stays'l and at 1700 we sailed through the narrow gap to the Atlantic.

Once outside the full luffer and No. 1 were set. The wind was light and out of the north. But 5-8 kts. apparent was all we needed to glide along at 7 kts. As darkness came the wind died. For the next few days it huffed and puffed out of the South West but it was seldom steady. If we were to match *America* at all we needed a constant blow. Thoroughly sober now, doubts were beginning to edge their way under our confidence.

By Sunday the wind set up shop in the east and we got the feeling it intended staying in business for a while. Steve Heany, our engineer, and Niall O uHadaigh were determined that after their complete failure to catch a fish on the last leg they were going to get one now. As soon as we cleared St. George a colourful if not bizarre collection of fish killing equipment was out on the aft deck. With the aid of vicious sounding knots, lengths of red rubber with artificial eyes were connected to catgut and the lot was allowed slink below the surface. They were so confident they'd continually instruct our long suffering cook, Ester Verity, not to remove anything from the freezer as today

fresh fish would be supplied shortly. On the third evening they landed the log line.

Conditions remained light. *America* would be increasing her lead all the time light winds prevailed. At noon on Monday we spoke to them on the S.S.B. They were 250 miles ahead and had slid north of the rumb line in search of more favorable winds. As yet they had not found them.

In the utterly windless days that followed the sea became a mirror of the sky. It was ideal conditions for beginners to practice taking sights. The ships sextant was seldom in it's box for long.

All this time we were making valuable miles under power. The masts and booms were becoming meaningless deck decorations. Sails were something we'd recall along with the good old days when there was a thing called wind.

Our hopes of catching *America* were dwindling. When the wind did return it filled in from the South West which was perfect for our easterly course. We had one joyous days sail. Just after midnight and as suddenly as someone had turned a switch, the wind stopped. *Puritan* straightened, her sails limp. Then a whisper came out of the North and we had to jibe. After it the wind grew solidly. Within minutes it blowing 25 kts. A call went down for all hands, by the time they were on deck it was touching 40 kts.

We dropped the No.1 and waited for the squall to blow through. When it did not we went forward again and dropped the full luffer. *Puritan* tore through the water. With headsails down she felt very comfortable so we left her as she was and had a night of fast sailing.

By 1000 there was no sign of the wind abating so 'Fearless' called for reefs. It is a scary feeling to look up, at a mainsail the dimensions of a tennis court and wonder is it going to comply with your wishes, fortunately it did. As the boom extends beyond the stern by eight feet which made it impossible to take up on the outer reef points. This was a situation which frustrated OuHadaigh who never liked to see a job half done. He went out along the boom, when he came back aboard all reef points were secure.

It was a wonderful day to be heading east. The wind stayed in the North and held strong. The sky cleared and *Puritan* climbed on the backs of waves and surfed.

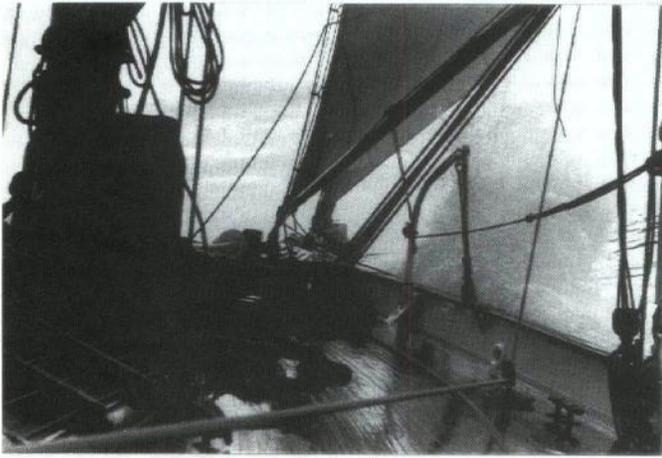
During the night the wind eased but at dawn a powerful tower of black cloud sat on the windward horizon with an angled downpour at it's base. Small wave scurried in front of it, scrambling to rid themselves of their crests. When it hit the wind rose from 20 to 45 kts. *Puritan* leaned over as we ran before it, and moved fast. The squall remained with us all day, with variations of strengths. With all this wind something was going to give. At 0300 the fores'l spilt. When we dropped it was decided it was also time to drop the main as well and bend on the tris'l.

The tris'l is a cumbersome and heavy little sail with toggles which strap around the main mast. It is loose footed. As soon as it was hauled and sheeted you could see that this bulletproof piece of canvas would see you up into windstrengths you would hope never to witness. It was down before the deck was squared away and bleary eyes were thinking of their bunks. During that sleep the wind vanished and left us wallowing in windless slop.



Mid-Atlantic under way

R J Fannin



Atlantic Splash

R J Fannin

Over the next twenty four hours the wind filled in from the N.E. and we motor-sailed. Soon the waves grew smaller and the deck changed to a lighter shade, dry for the first time in days. By now we were closing in on the Azores. All the squalls had us well south of our rumb line and the wind, which was not budging out of the N.E. made progress a tedious affair.

Eighty miles south of Faial we came across a French catamaran which had lost it's mast. Their jury rig was compitent but they could make little progress to weather. We motored over and gave them some cases of bottled water.

When we entered the harbour at Horta at 1230 on the 11th May we, looked for the raked masts of *America* behind the wall. They

were not to be seen. For one optimistic moment, we allowed ourselves believe that we were first home. The port authority informed us later that she had been and gone. She had beaten us by three days.

There is much one could say about Faial. It is a beautiful island and it's people, bars and architecture make it more so. Of the many sights there I saw I will not forget on the first evening sitting in Peter's bar, looking across the harbour to Pico, the neighbouring island with it's magnificent mountain top clearing the clouds.

It was raining when we left on the following Sunday for the 1100 mile sail to Gibraltar. For the first three days we tore along under full sail and a southerly wind. Skies were grey and there was alot of sleeping going on. Catching up for nights spent carousing in Horta.

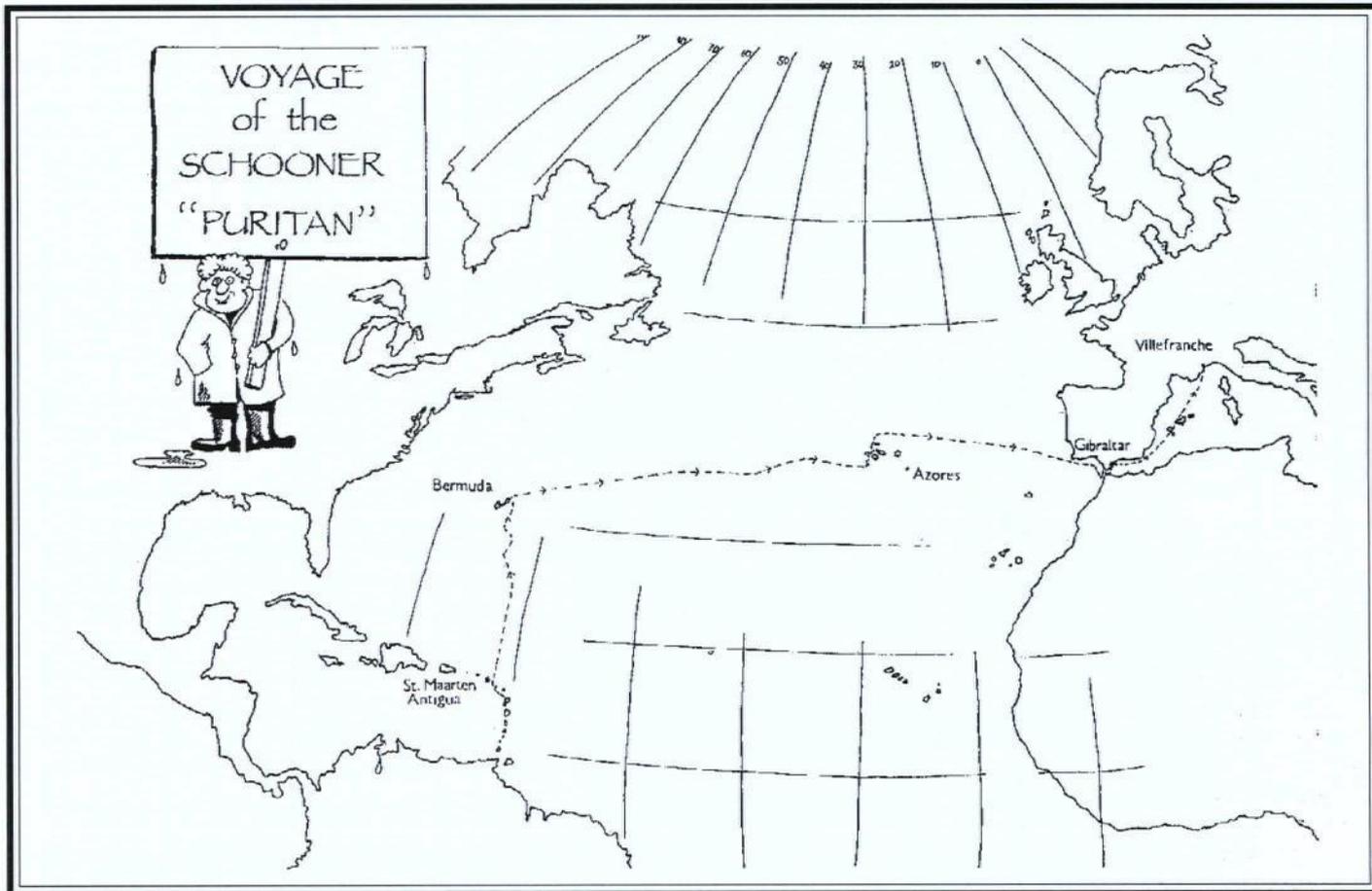
On the third night the wind died and we began our familiar motoring routine of 2 hour 2 man watches. It was a comfortable system but it did open up the possibility of lethargy creeping in. To combat this we started work scraping, sanding and varnishing every block that was not in use.

On the fourth evening out Ester complained that the gas kept running out. When Heany returned from his investigations he informed us that we were out of gas. The two large containers on deck were empty. This was bad news. It meant no hot food or drink for the next three hundred miles. For a coffee addict like me it meant disaster. "We could cook on the manifold from the main engine." Heany said. 'Fearless' agreed and said he'd seen this done. A look of devilment crept over certain members of the crew and without further ado panels were ripped out of the galley to get at the port side of the engine.



The bow sprit after a blow

R J Fannin



Chicken and potatoes were wrapped in foil and strapped to the manifold Heany upturned the iron, strapped it to the stove and plugged it in. This had a pot of water boiling in five minutes.

I am not quite sure whether manifold cooking is an art or a science but I do know that it takes patience. The chicken was ready in time for breakfast. When we removed it we lay foil wrapped bacon in its place. Breakfast was baked beans, cooked on the iron, bacon, coffee and all the chicken you could eat. Later in the day we found a bottle of camping gas and the crisis was over. It was fun while it lasted.

The Spanish mainland came all the smells of land. Five hundred million European armpits hid behind the thin grey line on the horizon. Fortunately there were other smells too, pine trees, earth and burning rubber.

Winds contrary and often violent had us tacking through a long night as we approached the straits. By the following morning, the 21st May, we were gliding by the coast of north Morocco in bright sunshine and a much tamed wind.

At 1500 we reeled in the still empty fishing line and tied up the to the marina under the rock of Gibraltar. Our stop here was to be short. We had just to pick up fuel and be joined by two friends, Helen Bates and Denise Morey who had flown out from England for the 800 mile final leg to Villefranche.

Winds in the Mediterranean were light, the sky fluctuated in tone but the colour remained grey. It was Thursday before became strong enough to manufacture a decent shadow. Encouraged by its success it repeated the performance the following day. By Sunday morning, as we neared Villefranche it was shining. But things were not all bleak in the Mediterranean, finally a fish was caught. It was a decent sized sword fish and caused much cheer from all.

We entered the quaint harbour of Villefranche shortly before noon on Sunday the 28th of May and so ended a 4683 mile sail. It had taken a little longer than we had first thought but leaving by train for England the following Tuesday I wished we had at least another 4000 miles to go.

Stromboli Vulcano and Etna Alive, Alive O!

David Nicholson



The Strangford Cup

Black Shadow had wintered 1988/89 under the care of Bob Jenks of Menmar Marine in Mahon, Minorca. Bob, who was originally from Kinsale, runs a most efficient yacht service business and was most helpful to us. By request, *Black Shadow* was antifouled with 2.5 grammes of tetracyclin added to each litre of antifouling, as suggested by *Yachting World*. This treatment appeared to work, as there was very little growth on the hull after two and a half months. Everything being in order, we had very little to do except provision the ship for our cruise. We planned a six week cruise to Corfu via Corsica and the West Coast of Italy, including the Volcanic Islands off that coast. After a visit to Sicily we would continue across the boot of Italy to Corfu - our ultimate destination.

Monday 22nd May. Crew Skipper: David Nicholson Rob Dalton, Eddie Sheehy & Patrick Coughlan.

The cruise had begun. At 0700 we were under way with the wind blowing from the East 3/4. The skies cleared and the weather remained steady throughout the day as we all settled down. Next day conditions freshened and the N.E. Tramoutana from the Alps settled in blowing 5/6 and making the seas very rough and lumpy. Unfortunately our impellor fell off, and we had no log until we reached Rome two weeks later, where we fitted a replacement. Without the log, and in unpleasant conditions with several changes of course, our exact position was difficult to pinpoint. On the third day, in continuous bad weather, we laid Corsica off Cargese and spent that day motor sailing north to Calvi. The coast line is most majestic with many bays inaccessible by land, and jagged rocks jutting out of the sea. Just off the headland approaching Calvi there is a fast race of water which most boats making for Calvi ahead of us seemed to avoid but *Black Shadow* worked her way through it; the tide race set up a very choppy sea with huge short waves. It was extremely rough but no problem to the robust *Contessa*. After these few days of wet conditions we were pleased to find excellent facilities on shore. Calvi is the birthplace of Christopher Columbus and also the home of The French Foreign Legion. From the boat we saw plane load after plane load of parachutists jumping. Later we met some of these fellows and learnt that some had done 100 jumps.

The picturesque citadel looks down on the beautiful old town and we found a good (if expensive) restaurant there that night. We are told that Napoleon Bonaparte lost an eye in an attack on the citadel.

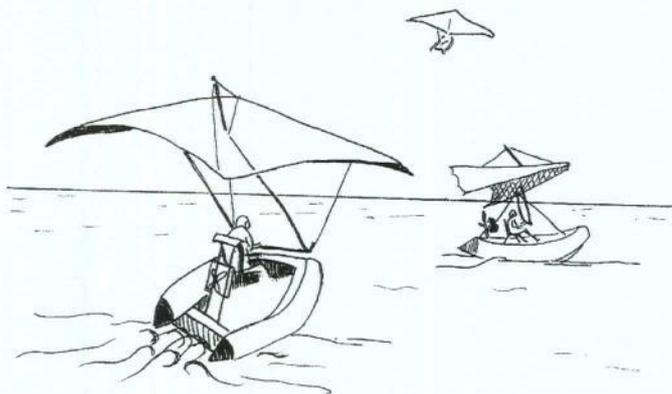
Next day we took a taxi and drove inland to see some of the countryside. We visited San Antonio high up on the top of a hill and here sampled genuine Corsican fare, including wild boar and quail. We understand that the last Irish flag flown in Calvi was that of Clayton Love in 1988. At this time of year most places are only opening up. The tourists come later when they have a very

busy short season. There are many artisan products in Corsica jewellery and crafts, pate, fruit and wines, confectionery, sauces etc.

We arrived in St. Florent next day after an eight hour trip, motoring most of the way. There was no wind but plenty of sunshine. Once again we had an excellent marina with electricity and showers - but no ice. It seemed to be more expensive than Calvi. St. Florent is a small easy-going town with winding narrow streets and a square. We found an excellent restaurant in the back streets, after we had enjoyed a tasting of local wines in a cellar nearby. The town has much evidence of historical events. Lord Hood bombarded the town and Christopher Columbus lived here. The remains of his home are to be seen close to the citadel.

We all liked Corsica; it is a beautiful island with a magnificent western coast line and lovely scenery inland and everywhere we met friendly people. Next day we set sail for the Italian island of Capraia.

This was an estimated distance of 43 miles and took us about eight hours in dead calm seas. The journey was enlivened by a school of dolphins which accompanied *Black Shadow* for an hour. The crew also enjoyed a swim en route. The harbour reminded us all of North Harbour, Cape Clear. There was no marina here. We moored out from the quayside - in places there were three or four boats tied up behind each other as space was very limited. This mountainous island is still in use as a prison island. However, we were not able to clear customs here that had to be done on Elba. There is a citadel which we visited by shuttle bus and later we were entertained by noisy celebrations over a local basketball result, while we enjoyed our first taste of Italian food. It was a very brief stay and next day, Sunday 28th May, we set off in a S.E. direction for Elba, making a stop at Gulfo della Biodola - a beautiful beach on the north coast. We anchored off



the beach and swam ashore to watch the trials of a new Italian "toy" - an inflatable aeroplane with hanglider wings and a 48 h.p. engine. It is manufactured in Italy and is only just on the market at about £6,000 .

We continued our journey in a more conventional way, by sail, to Portoferraio where we tied up on the pier. We cleared customs - a process which took us over two hours. It is essential to have duplicates of insurance policies preferably in Italian. We paid a fee which enabled us to stay in all Italian ports free during the next two months.

Elba is described as the largest, richest and most beautiful island of the Toscano Archipelago. It is everywhere mountainous and extensively terraced. There is a very good tourist trade with many ferries coming and going. Napoleon Bonaparte spent a year here in exile in 1814-15 before making his escape back to France. He is said to have lived a spartan life, but his Palace, the ruins of which can be visited gratis, would suggest otherwise to us.

It was while here that we learned of the sudden death of Mick Cahill in Cork. This news shattered us all. Mick was a sincere friend, full of fun and kindness. He spent three months on *Black Shadow* in 1979 crossing the Atlantic to Antigua. This was a very special time which we all remember fondly. The skipper and crew went to Mass to pray for him and his family.

We did not have much time to explore Elba as we hoped to meet up with fellow member, Michael O'Farrell from Newry, who was on holidays with his wife, Anne, in Italy .

We set off at midday for Santo Stefano on the mainland. It was an estimated 55 miles with the wind on the nose all the way. We made good progress under engine, enjoying warm sunny conditions . Unfortunately, we did not connect with the O'Farrells - but we got close !

In Santo Stefano we hired a car - a 1977 Fiat 126. The cost for the twelve hours was £30, which we estimated was also the sale value of the vehicle ! Four large fellows travelling to Siena in this was a great test - for us and for the car !

Siena and San Gimignano are two towns that should not be missed. In Siena we climbed the 320 steps to the top of a tower - the focal point of the Piazza. The views of the city were fantastic. In the oval Piazza del Camp they hold a festival twice a year. The famous horse races take place and everyone dresses in 15th century costume. The Pope lived here many centuries ago; St. Catherine giving him shelter when it became politically unsafe for him to remain in Rome.

The smaller 14th century town, San Gimignano, has kept its medieval appearance. Its narrow cobbled streets and many towers make it very picturesque. Not so good was the fine the skipper got for driving the wrong way up a oneway street !

When we returned to port to spend the night aboard, the seas were mounting and the barometer dropping. Very early in the morning we were forced to abandon our stern-

to-quay mooring as we were almost hitting the quay wall. The 1977 Fiat, (and the fine), was left on the street for the owner, and we set sail for Giglio and better shelter.

Again the wind was on our nose all the way and en route we decided to go, instead, to Civitavecchia as the wind was still increasing. We were disappointed not to visit Giglio as it is supposed to be a very pretty place. Civitavecchia is a large commercial ferry port for Rome. It was interesting to watch them loading whole trains of animals on to the ferries for Sardinia. There was a large trawler fleet here and a very big fish market too, which was immaculate and very hygienic. We availed of the electricity and water - but once again, no showers .

June 1st, 1989. The time was coming close for some of the crew to return to Ireland. Eddie and Patrick would be leaving, and Rome had not yet been visited. So we left early, in the rain with no wind, and arrived at Fiumicino at midday, sailing on the wind in the sunshine. This is very close to Leonardo de Vinci Airport and was a suitable place for a crew change. We tied up on the quay outside the bridge until the next day, when we moved into the inner basin, where it was extremely hot. The approach to Fiumicino was remarkable for the amount of debris floating in the river - plenty of logs of wood and other hazards brought down from the inner reaches of the river. When all was settled, we had a full day to see Rome and the much closer Ostia. Ostia Antica, the ancient city in ruins, was the old port of Rome inhabited by 100,000 people. The modern Ostia is the summer resort of the capital city.

This had been a most successful few weeks cruise and we had covered 518 miles from Mahon to Rome. The weather conditions had not always been favourable but nonetheless we had all enjoyed every moment.

Eddie Sheehy and Patrick Coughlan left us at this point and the new crew members, Eddie Kelliher, Joan Nicholson and Janet Marsden were expected.

The last entry in the log, after tying up at Fiumicino reads 'very hot no berth charges - no showers - no electricity - fresh water very difficult'. This seems to speak for a great many ports where we berthed in Italy.

The previous crew had spent a day driving around Rome



Entering Fiumicino canal

Rob Dalton

seeing the sights. The new crew were not going to be done out of that experience and a valiant skipper motored around again on Monday with Eddie Kelliher giving a historical background to all the places that we passed. Big cities should be explored at leisure and not in top gear! However, we saw much of interest. We were glad to go to sea once more on Tuesday 6th June, leaving at 0730 after refilling the water tanks and getting some fresh bread.

We headed down the coast to Felicio Circeo, a journey of nine hours. We had a lovely sail after lunch when the wind increased. Very noticeable was the constant stream of plastic bags and other rubbish as we went. On the whole this area had a rather shabby, depressed air.

Arriving at Felicio Circeo was tricky, with a sand bank at the entrance to the harbour. We were definitely ahead of the tourist season, which does not get going until mid-July. So June is an excellent month for cruising in the Tyrrhenian Sea. The weather is not too hot - particularly when there is a breeze. Mosquitoes and no-see-ums are scarce. Few Italians are around and only a few English, German, French and American boats are seen cruising towards Corfu.

The Pontine Islands are a group of five volcanic islands 15-20 miles due south of Capo Circeo. Ponza is the largest of these and as we approached, all the white buildings, which were positioned in three tiers, were covered in a pink glow in the afternoon sun. There was not much room because of fishing boats, but we found space and berthed on the quay. A daylight approach is advisable

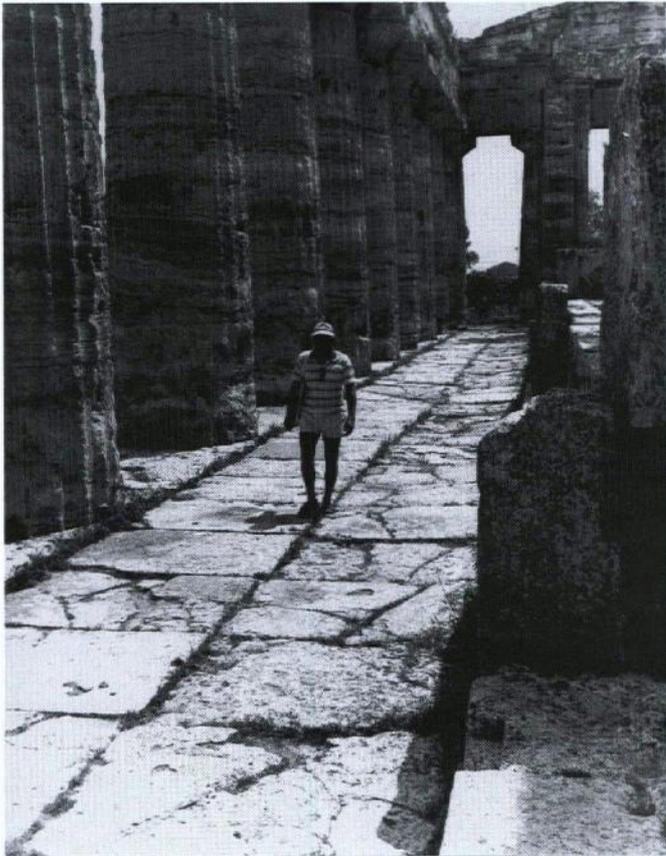
as there are many rocks, above and below water. Ponza is an unspoilt fishing town with narrow streets. The hills are all terraced and cultivated and in the coves, the high cliffs show the evidence of volcanic action over the centuries. We had a swim in one of these coves and the rollers there were quite dangerous - a distinct difference to the postcard edition where the beach is depicted full of tourists and the waters flat calm!

Next day, 8th June, we moved out from the harbour and anchored in a cove to have our breakfast. The wind comes up about mid-day so we delayed our departure till then and thus had a wonderful five hour sail to Ventotene. This island is much smaller than Ponza and sparsely cultivated. Porto Vecchio has a very narrow entrance to its harbour and we decided to anchor out in Cala Russano rather than tackle this. It is an old Roman galley port excavated from rock with arches carved in the tufa of the cliff. Tufa is the name given to the rock formation resulting from Volcanic eruptions. Beautiful clear waters made swimming from the boat a delight, and the soft ochre and rose coloured buildings made a very pretty picture. We spent an evening ashore exploring the warren of little streets and eating yet another meal of spaghetti. The peace and quietness appealed to us all and we spent two days here - taking a trip out to neighbouring San Stephano. Ventotene and San Stephano were penal settlements until quite recently (1965). We climbed to the top and poked about the prison cells and yards. We left Eddie on anchor watch and thankfully found *Black Shadow* still there on our return. We



Porto Vecchio, Ventotene

Joan Nicholson



The skipper in Paestum

Joan Nicholson

did not fancy being prisoners. Later that day we were stopped at sea by the Guardia di Finanza, who demanded our papers. All was in order - so we escaped again!

The barometer remained a steady 3040mg and it was very hot. We were now heading in the direction of Ischia, an island at the Northern side of the Bay of Naples. There was no wind so we motored the whole way, entering the port behind two hovercraft. There was space for eleven ferries in the port, so it is essential to be alert as they do not give way. We found this place to be rather overpopulated by Italian tourists. Unfortunately, we arrived too late to partake of a thermal bath, to the disappointment of the skipper. His aches and pains were going to have to wait for ease till later in the cruise. However, we all enjoyed the Saturday night parade, while we ate outside in one of the many open air restaurants on the quay. This parade is quite a feature of Italian towns. Everyone is out, dressed in their best, walking up and down and taking care to be observed. After our meal we indulged

ourselves by having one of the very special Italian ice creams available from small shops. Pasta and pizza and ice-cream - no wonder we gained weight!

Sunday 11th June. Our plan to make an early start was delayed, due to getting our anchor fouled. There was very little space for mooring and a large motor yacht proved to be one too many. The skipper is expert at underwater disentangling - as he was to prove a few times, and we were soon on our way. Noting that the barometer was dropping a little, we had a good three hour sail to Capri Harbour, described as The Pearl of the Bay of Naples. We had a very quick look. It was decided not to moor - but instead we made a short return, to visit the Blue Grotto - so did hundreds of others! This is a great money spinner, the tourists arriving by bus loads and boat loads. The fantastic blue was something to remember. During the afternoon sail to Amalfi we had a very sudden, short storm enough to pull out the oilskins, which was a novelty. We arrived in the evening sun, which lit up the harbour, leaving the hills behind in shadow, in marked contrast. The magnificent views along this coast have precipitous limestone cliffs which we viewed from Ravello - a small friendly village at the very top of a mountain and reached by a hair raising trip in a bus from Amalfi town. It was well worth the trip.

In Amalfi harbour we were treated to a filming session by a film company making a French comedy movie. Hours of preparation were involved to film the churning water of the propellor - perhaps *Black Shadow* will feature, as we were moored very close.

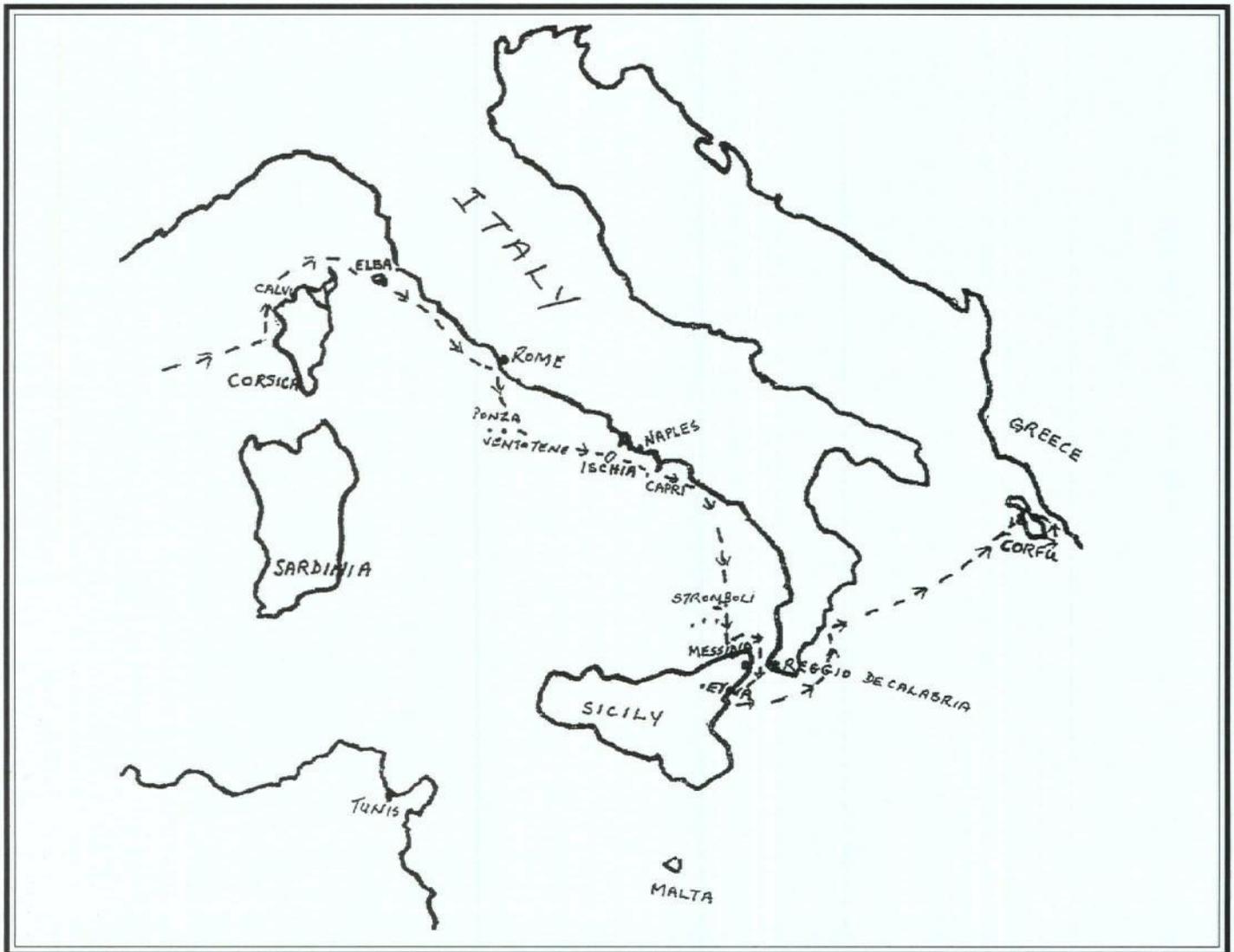
We still had not found any showers on this southbound trip, but some of us sorted that by washing our hair under a pump close to the town, cheered on by road menders. Amalfi town is very impressive - a warren of streets radiates off the central square where the cathedral takes priority - with its many steep steps. Beer at £2 a half pint was not so good. The weather continued sunny and with the wind from the west we had a broad reach in perfect conditions, making a fast passage to Agropoli - the nearest safe harbour to Paestum, the ancient Greek city which was built in the 6th century B. C.

The city, built by the Greeks, overtaken by the Romans in 273



Stromboli in eruption.

Joan Nicholson



B.C. and abandoned in a malaria epidemic and later sacked by the Saracens in A.D.877, lay undiscovered till 18th century. Little excavation was done then, until after World War 2, and excavations still continue. It is a magnificent sight, comprising numerous temples, towers, baths, theatres etc., and remains one of the highlights of this trip. In Agropoli we were able to get diesel on the quay and a friendly grocer offered to deliver to the boat, so we stocked up with some good bargains in wines and cheeses. We were now set for a long trip.

Acciaroli is a fishing harbour two and a half hours journey south and we stopped there for a few hours to have a good fish dinner. It is supposedly a favourite spot of Ernest Hemingway's, but the locals knew nothing of that! At 2200 we set off again in very calm conditions, motoring with the mainsail and continued overnight till mid-morning when we sighted Stromboli in the mist. We had completed 84 miles of motor sailing.

The most northerly of the Aeolian Islands (which take their name from Aeolus, the God of Winds) was a most impressive sight - gently belching smoke; The archipeligo lies 35 miles off the coast of Sicily and consists of seven volcanic islands - two of which remain active - Stromboli and Vulcano.

Stromboli is in a continuous state of activity releasing its pressure gently, daily - unlike Etna or Vesuvius where the pressure builds up to a big bang. A small settlement of houses is situated on the northerly side and we anchored here at San

Vincenzo. Fifteen feet from the shore the depth plunges very steeply to many fathoms. Some of the party swam ashore to sit on the black cindery beach and gather pieces of pumice. Others stayed on board spotting talent. The shore party explored further and found a small village with narrow streets and white buildings and some good restaurants. There was an excellent selection of antipasta and pasta available, which we enjoyed. Others in the restaurant had obviously climbed the peak and some were so fatigued they were unable to eat. The heat was great enough at sea level - we were not tempted to climb 3,000 ft.!

After this lunch we sailed around the North West coast of the island. The volcano was in eruption with lava pouring out of the crater and steam rising high into the sky. As we passed the path of the lava flow, an avalanche of scree plummeted into the water, sending up plumes of steam as the hot rocks hit the sea. This was a good send-off for us as we headed off to Panarea.

Here we moored stern to the quay and spent an uncomfortable night in choppy conditions. It is a very unspoilt island - popular with tourists. There was plenty of ferry traffic. By 0930 five ferries had landed goods and passengers. We waited for fresh bread and then set a course for Vulcano in search of the therapy hot sulphur baths. We anchored off a beach, just close to the harbour of Porto di Levante, and took the dinghy ashore.

The Grand Crater was just above us, erupting occasionally, and in the water were numerous bubbling hot mineral springs. A

few yards further on we found the mud pool - what a sight! - bodies lolling in the heat, covered with grey mud, which cracked as it dried. These creatures then waded into the sea to wash or soak in the hot springs. The skipper took his two women for this experience, leaving the lads on anchor watch. Wading into the hot water was something to do cautiously - in places it was boiling! It was decided to return to the ship before washing off the mud, in order to convince the faint-hearted that mud baths did exist. However, the cold sea water did not remove the mud easily. It took a few days of swimming to do this completely. The strong sulphur smell was very noticeable and it has disastrous effects on metal; however the experience healed all the aches and pains! It is a completely un-commercialised event and the ferries bringing tourists are the only ones to gain.

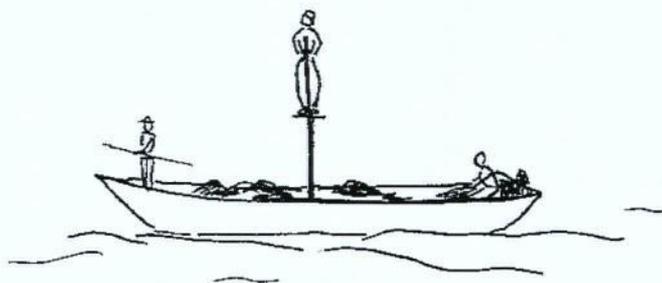
June 15th - Sicily . From here, the closest point on the island of Sicily is Milazzo with its conspicuous chimney's and tanks of the oil refinery. We moored stern to on the town quay, very tightly squeezed in between others. All facilities were very close by diesel, water, shops and restaurants are all on the street. We enjoyed a Michelin choice of pizza restaurant and a stroll on the Lungomare promenade, watching all the Sicilian young people parading at sunset in their noisy excited groups, dressed in their best. We saw no evidence of the famous Mafia here, or anywhere else. Our impressions were of friendly, helpful people, especially in areas away from the main tourist spots.

We had not long to spend in Sicily now because Janet had to catch a train to Rome from Reggio de Calabria, on the toe of Italy. We were looking forward to the trip through the Straights of Messina. Our departure from Milazzo was delayed by another foul anchor. An old unused chain lay on the bottom and we caught it! The skipper did the necessary underwater work - blissfully unaware that he was diving just where the town's sewers entered the water. A good hosing down was necessary later.

While getting water, we met an Antigua lad named Anderson, who was delivering a Swan to Athens. We wrote hurried notes for him to deliver to our friends and our Nicholson cousins out there.

It was mid-afternoon when we passed under the overhead cable at Cape Peloro. Here it is one and a half miles to the mainland. At the Southern end it is seven and a half miles wide. Conditions changed from the lazy, calm motor sailing we had been doing to a following wind and massive current, fully seven knots worked out from our log readings. Even in good conditions the currents and whirlpools should be treated with caution. Because the Tyrrhenian sea is warmer and less salty than the Ionian, the difference in density sets up currents which flow southward at the surface and northward below about 30 metres. We dodged the continuous stream of ferries in the Straights and followed some swordfishermen for a while. They ride the big seas in small motor boats in pursuit of the migratory fish. The boats have large masts with a seat on top from which the boat is steered and the fish are spotted and harpooned as they sleep on the surface. It was a thrilling and lively hour's trip through here, a fitting end to Janet's cruise.

Reggio di Calabria has a few things to offer - a railway station 100 metres from the marina, which shrieked all night, cold open air showers on the end of the pier (the first showers we had met in Italy) and also some doubtful taxi-drivers. When Janet left for her train there was nothing to keep us and we headed off for Sicily again - this time to Naxos (also called Giardini). It rained and there was a huge tide against us. We logged 30 miles, but on the



Searching for sword-fish in the Straights of Messina.

chart it was a 22 mile journey. We tied up in Naxos, a thriving tourist resort under the shadow of Mount Etna and Taormina - an old city on a hill. At night this hill was lit up and made a very pretty sight while we ate outside.

Sunday 18th June. We hired a car to go and visit Mount Etna. This is quite a different volcano to the others we had seen. Its height is over 9,000 ft. and is often obscured by cloud and haze. The drive up was a twisty trip through very fertile places growing many fruits - peaches, oranges, lemons, melons etc. Vegetation was particularly lush from the volcanic ash. Visitors shortly after the last massive eruption in 1983 would not recognise it now. We were typical tourists - we drove to 800 ft., where it was very cold, took some photos and made our return. If we had wanted, it was possible to hire gear and walk to the lip of the crater. We preferred to return to sea level and then ascend another twisty road to Taormina. This city was built at the top of a hill to avoid the pirates of long ago. It is incredible to think how they transported all building materials up such a height. There were magnificent views from here of Taormina Bay. Amongst the ancient buildings and modern crafts, voting for the European Elections was taking place. Brussels will have a Sicilian representative next to an Irish one!

We had two nights in Naxos. It had a good pier, no water and diesel was difficult to obtain. There were no facilities such as showers or loos (as in most harbours). *Black Shadow* was now ready for the last push to Corfu some 280 nautical miles.

Monday June 19th. We departed at 0500. Just about breakfast time we spotted a whale surfacing. Previous to that we had the attentions of dolphins. Birds were noticeably absent throughout this trip - so different to our home waters.

The log for the two and a half days it took to reach Corfu is punctuated with "engine on", "engine off" and later with numerous mathematical workings to decide whether the diesel would last. We were using the engine a lot and eventually decided to stop for diesel at Brancalone - a dirty little town with no pier, on the "instep" of Italy. Eddie remained on board and the rest of us rowed ashore and ran to the nearest garage, minutes before they shut for siesta. The next two days were uneventful - the seas were very choppy and we motored most of the time.

Wednesday 21st June. The longest day of the year and we marked it by leaving Italian waters and making our landfall in Greece at Gouvia Marina - Corfu. Hot showers were a glorious welcome and much washing was done, before motoring over to the docks in Corfu town for customs clearance. We returned across the bay to tie up again at Gouvia for our siesta. Our journey from Mahon, Minorca, to Corfu was a total of 1,169 miles. We



Rob Dalton seeks the shade.

Joan Nicholson

still had four more days before our return to Ireland and so we had time for a mini-cruise of these waters, starting with a trip to Sivota on the mainland. We arrived at 2000, after a five hour sail, and tied stern to the quay. It was shallow on the north side of the quay. The best place to moor was opposite George's Restaurant. We went ashore for a drink and met all the flotilla sailors pursuing the same pleasure. The first people we spoke to were Jackie and Desmond Bailey from Nenagh, bare boating with Jackie's parents. A lively night followed. Next day we had a leisurely morning swimming and shopping and practising our Greek. The only word we managed was "Evharisto" which means "thank you". However most Greeks spoke some English and after that we gesticulated to get what we wanted.

From Sivota we had a lovely sail to Paxos island, once the wind had got up. We arrived at Lakka mid-afternoon and anchored in the bay which was the most beautiful clear green colour. Swimming here was a delight - though we did notice a drop in the water temperature since our last swim off Sicily. We rowed in to the village for our evening meal. Greek food is quite different to Italian, with plenty of Greek salads and various meats, served with chips. The village was very small but busy with flotilla boats and other cruisers. Another leisurely morning was spent here telephoning and drawing out money - tourist information offices and travel agents act as foreign exchanges which is very convenient for travellers dependent on wind and weather.

Our final call was to Parga on the mainland. An hour out we detoured to have a look at Gaois, a picturesque old town tucked

in behind an island. It is a place we would like to return to for a longer visit. At Parga there were places to moor on the pier but these were mostly occupied by flotilla boats. We anchored off in the bay, where we could row ashore for a swim on the beach. Amongst the cruisers moored we spotted an Irish flag flying. On investigation we found Horst Kneisel of Waterford aboard his ship *Georgie*. He spends a lot of time in these waters and was able to give us some useful information about other ports further south.

The water taxi was available in the evening to transport anyone from this bay to the town. It was possible to walk too - but the climb up and over the hill was too daunting. The town was very busy, with many restaurants on the quay, and everyone was out doing their shopping.

Sunday 25th June. This was the last day of our cruise and we finished up with a lovely day of sailing. As we approached Corfu bay we had to take special care because of the numerous ferries. The temperature had risen and when the wind dropped we were seeking the shade. A sun tarpaulin is essential in this climate.

When we finally moored the ship we had a celebration drink in the evening sunshine to conclude a wonderful holiday.

Italy has a lot to offer - travel out of peak season, visit the islands, meet the friendly people, enjoy the food and wine - you will not be disappointed.

This has been one of the best ever cruises on *Black Shadow*.

Mahon to Corfu

		Distance	Time at Sea	Engine Hours
May			hrs.	
22/25	Calvi	approx.290	591	25
26	St.Florent	25	6	4
27	Capraia	43	8	8
28	Portoferraio	28	45	2
29	SantoStefano	55	8.75	5.5
31	Civitavecchia	45	9.5	0.5
June				
1	Fiumicino	32	5.5	4
		(518)	(102.75)	(49)
6	SanFeliceCirceo	45	9	3
7	Ponza	19	4.25	-
8	Ventotene	18	5	-
10	Ischia	24	4.5	4.5
11	Amalfi	36	6	1
12	Agropoli	22	3.75	-
13	Acciaroli	15	2.5	-
13/14	Stromboli	84	15	15
14	Panarea	14	33	-
15	Vulcano	15	4.75	4.75
18	Milazzo	18	4.5	2.5
16	ReggioCalabria	30	7	4
17	Gairdini(Naxos)	30	5	2
19/21	Corfu	271	51	31.5
22	Sivota	21	4.75	0.5
23	Lakka	15	3.75	0.5
24	Parga	14	4.5	1.5
25	Corfu	35	7.25	2
		(726)	(145.5)	(74.25)
Totals:(1244)		(248-.25)	(123.25)	

Have Hang Gliders Cruising Potential ?

Robert Barr

This unkind question was put to me by a friend when he learned that I had parted with my Nic 345 and had acquired an X 102 three quarter tonner. It all started last winter when I decided that having had a good long innings the time had come to retire from sailing. I sold *Joliba* in early spring and it was then that the vista of perennial gardening, relieved only by occasional croquet began to pall. Five days later my eye fell on the X 102 and retirement was at an end. I was encouraged by the fact that she was not entirely a racing machine but is remarkably well fitted out below with comfortable accommodation for six. There was something, congenial about her which persuaded me that, despite her awesome runners and spindle mast, she had a good heart and could be encouraged to cruise happily if kept well under-canvassed. No one else shared that view. And so in the twilight of my career at sea I set about learning new tricks. For the first month or so the crew and I felt like apprentice lion-tamers in the cage without a whip. The first few races were harrowing and fortunately for us the weather was benign. But, bit by bit, we began to get the upper hand and fondness for her grew. But would she cruise ? That was the question. I decided that a couple of weeks in the West of Scotland in August would provide the answer. It certainly did.

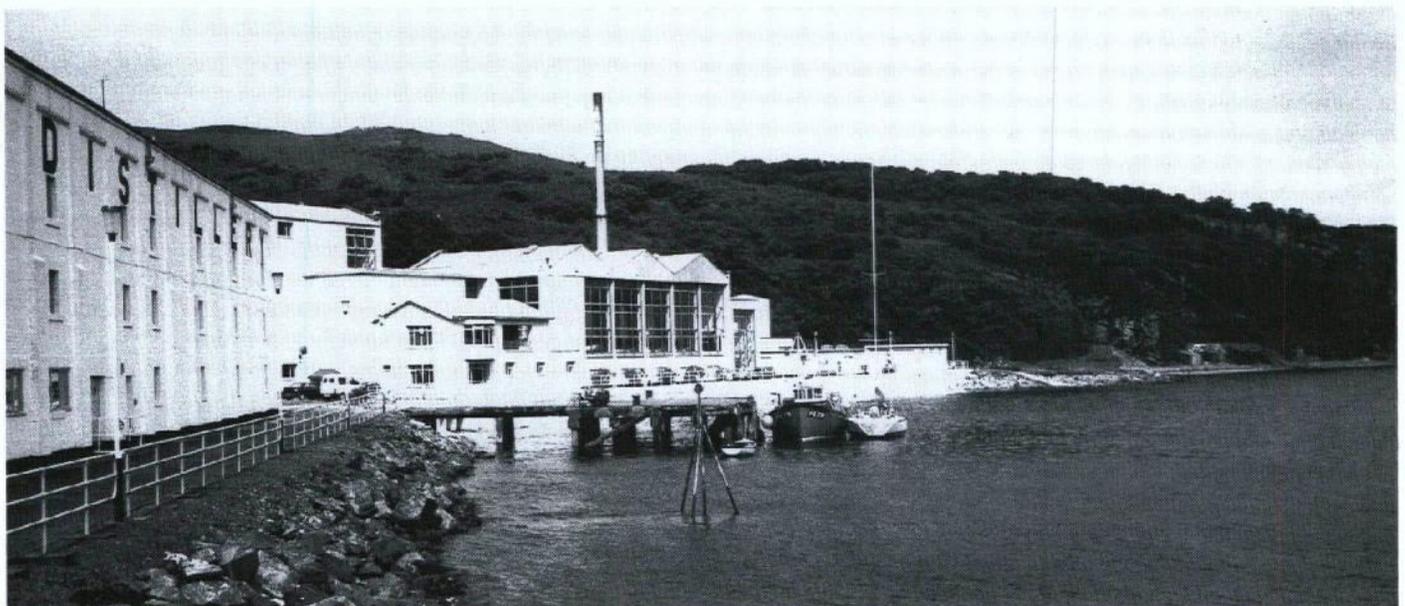
But first a few more words about the boat. She is an X 102 Mark II designed by Niels Jeppeson and built in Denmark. Her dimensions are LOA 32.09 ft.; LWL 25.06 ft.; beam 11.1 ft. and she draws 6.02 ft. The displacement is 7,700 lbs; she has a sail area of 710 sq.ft. (main and No. 1 genoa) and the auxillary is a

Yanmar 15 hp. diesel. The first thing I did was to change the name. She is now called *Ar Men* after a lighthouse west of Ile de Seine which has given me much comfort over the years.

The cruise started on the Bank Holiday Monday, 7th August, which transpired to be the last day of our glorious summer. The crew comprised my son, Robert, making a welcome re-appearance; your scribe and three of my regulars. Claire O'Grady, descended from a long line of gannets and reputedly the only web footed school teacher in captivity. Her energy and capacity is rivalled only by her kindly good cheer. Garry Fleming - one of the great maritime chefs and occasional winch-man whose presence ensures a high morale. The third was Sean Lynch who has not yet, grasped the art of fishing but who can turn his hand admirably to nearly everything else. They are a congenial collection with very little harm in any of them.

We cast off in the early afternoon in what was then perennial sunshine and a gentle 10 knot SE wind to speed us on our way to Campbeltown. The tropical night was just the right foil for Garry's formidable Libyan Hot Pot.

On Tuesday we had a freshening southerly and rain on and off which was the first we had seen for months. Not far from the Mull of Kintyre we joined a school of 20 sharks which stayed with us for quite a time. As we approached Davaar island the wind freshened to 28 knots S and we took in two reefs in the main. This gave us a nice balance with the No. 3 genoa and restored reasonable comfort.



Caol Ila Distillery with "Puffer Pier" looking N, Sound of Islay

Robert Barr



Port Askaig, Sound of Islay

Robert Barr

Campbeltown is a kindly, pleasant port which is much improved since the harbour was dredged a few years ago. There is now plenty of accommodation for yachts without interfering with trawlers at both the N and S quays. Diesel is available at the ridiculous price of 75p per gallon and another attraction is the nearby indoor 50 meter swimming pool with showers. The fishermen are kindly and generous. We were given a present of a large bag of prawns. But for me the delight of Campbeltown is the White Hart hotel. Dining in Scotland is nearly always exceptional value and is sometimes extraordinarily good. This establishment is near the top of the league and has been a favourite of ours for years. It was good to be back.

It lashed rain with high winds all night. But the scene had become more cheerful by the time we set sail for Craighouse, Jura. Beyond Davaar island we found a very confused steep sea and a brisk W gusting 25 knots. Once more our rig comprised two reefs in the main and the No. 3 genoa. As it transpired we never set more sail than that during the rest of the cruise.

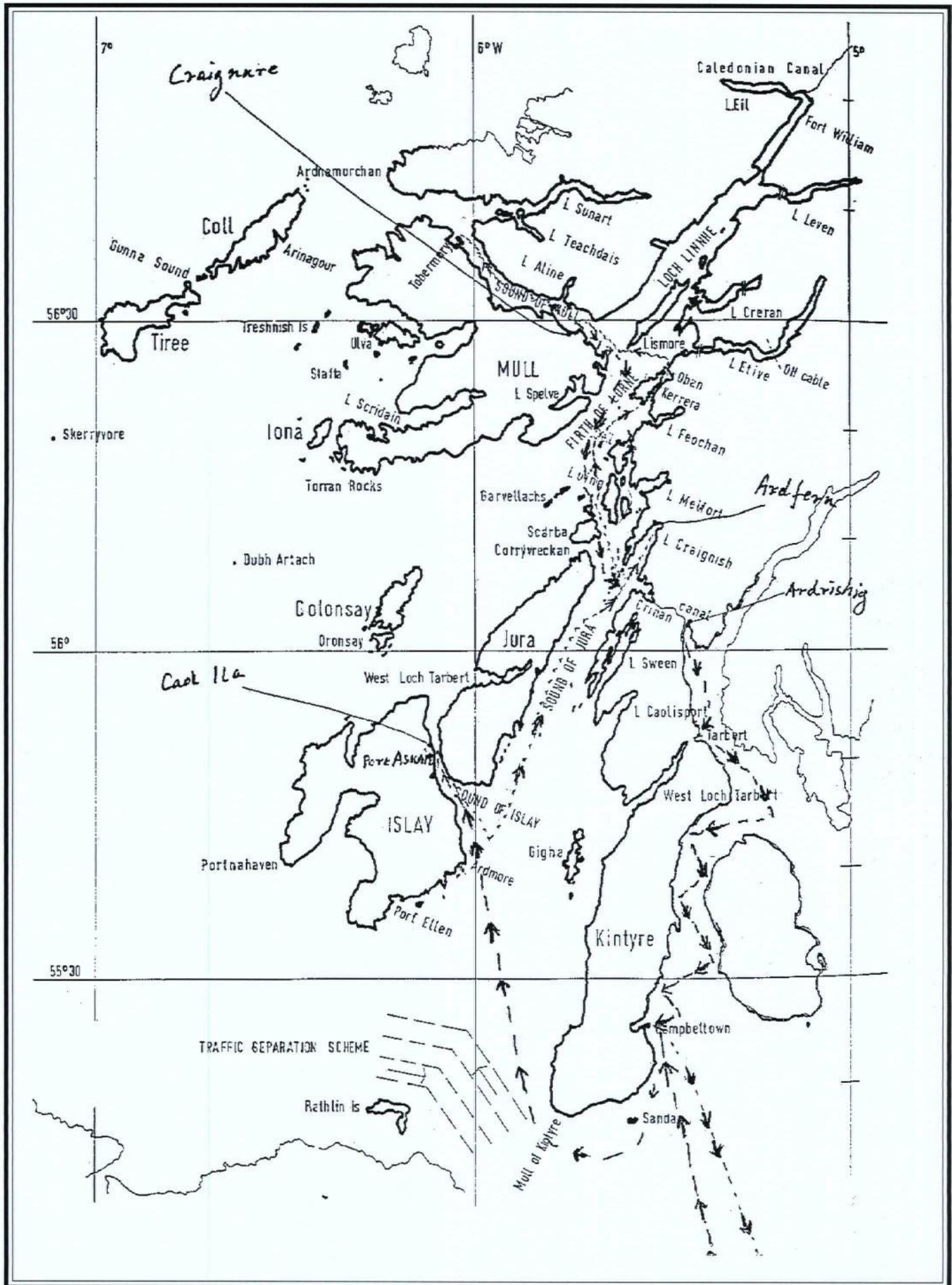
We gave Sanda island a wide berth to avoid the overfalls and the worst of the heavy seas in that area. There was no question of taking the inner passage round the Mull having regard to the strong wind over a spring tide. The rain came down in sheets during frequent squalls and visibility was poor. The miserable weather was a particular annoyance because, apart from my son, none of the others had sailed in Scottish waters before and I had enthused at length about its beauty. After a few hours I was beginning to curse the whole scene when suddenly the curtain lifted; the sun emerged in oceans of blue and there was Islay, Jura, Gigha and the west of the Mull in their glory. All was forgiven! As the tide was right and the wind had moderated and veered NW, I decided to head directly for Port Askaig in the sound of Islay. In the late evening we tidied up at the Mac Brayne ferry pier. Port Askaig is tucked away-beneath a cliff and steep hill looking out on the Paps of Jura across the water on the other side of the sound which is only a mile wide at that point. It

comprises a lifeboat station; a P.O. cum shop and a small hotel of great antiquity set in a lovely garden. In the glow of the setting sun it was difficult to imagine a more delightful scene. A word of caution, however, about the pier. It is not recommended except in settled conditions. There is also a potentially serious problem caused by naval and other vessels which occasionally pass through the sound at speed. In the narrows their wash causes sudden violent action at the pier even though it is well fendered with rubber.

Thursday morning was cheerful enough as we sailed up the sound about half a mile to Caol Ila distillery. The man in charge is our friend Grant Carmichael, and we had arranged with him that we might use the old puffer pier at the distillery. Grant very kindly also loaned us a minibus to tour the island and in particular to visit the Isla Agricultural Show.

I doubt if there is a distillery in a more beautiful location than Caol Ila. It is at the waters edge sheltered by precipitous high ground and looking across the sound at the majestic mountains of Jura. Until the late 1950s the produce of this and other waterside distilleries was ferried in barrels to Glasgow by puffers - small ships which were hardly bigger than barges. There were quite a few of them and they used to be a colourful part of the maritime scene in the west of Scotland. Sadly the advent of the ro-ro- ferry has brought about their demise.

The Agricultural Show attracted most of the farming community of the island, and had much of interest. My abiding memories are of Grant Carmichael's beautiful prize-winning Dahilias; pink long-haired sheep and Islay oysters which were a revelation. A few dozen were consumed on board that night - Claire was given an extra winch-handle. The rest of the day had nothing going for it - except my son Patrick's arrival from Glasgow and one of Garry's inimitable banquets. It lashed rain again and we had our first full gale that night - a SW force 9. We were tied up alongside a small fishing boat and were sheltered against the worst of the wind and sea. Doubling up all lines turned



out to be a wise precaution later on when there was wind over tide and a big sea built up which caused occasional severe snubbing when the lines were pulled taut violently from time to time. But no damage was done and, all in all, Caol Ila is a good anchorage which gives fair shelter in all but N and NE winds. The depth at LWN is 5.3 meters. It does not suffer from the same problem as Port Askaig because the sound is substantially wider than at that point. The photograph shows Caol Ila looking up the sound towards the NW.

On Friday things had simmered down slightly - in particular the rain had gone and the weather was quite encouraging with even some sun now and then. In the early afternoon we bid farewell to Sean and set sail for the Sound of Jura and Ard Fern, Lough Graignish. The local forecast from Oban coast guard was W 6 to gale 8 and rough seas. This entailed a new rig, three reefs and a No. 4 genoa - which as it happens remained the same for almost all of the rest of the cruise. It transpired that the sea state was not as troublesome as expected and the wind seldom exceeded WNW 26 knots. The end result was a glorious 38 mile passage in brilliant sunshine - the west of Scotland at its very best. The day ended in the Galley of Lorne where we have found consolation often in the past.

Ard Fern marina is well sheltered in a lovely situation near the head of the Loch. Entry is easier than the CCC directions suggest. It offers all usual facilities and also boat and engine repairs. Many yachts are laid up there in winter.

On Saturday we were up early for showers and one of Patrick's admirable porridge breakfasts. The weather was bright and cheerful again but with some showers. The wind was 28/30 knots SW which gave us a spectacular passage with a 4 knot tide through the Duras Mor on our way to Oban. Later on conditions deteriorated again with the all too familiar lashing rain and a big sea, but *Ar Men* rode it all comfortably and she was as dry as the proverbial bone below. We ended the passage with a lively dead run up Kerrera Sound in a 36 knot westerly. Just before we reached Oban the tap turned off and we tied up in watery sunshine at the R.N.L.I. pontoon. It is a recent very welcome innovation near the heart of the town comprising a single raft which in addition to the lifeboat accommodates about 20 yachts in threes on either side. Water is laid on but there are no other facilities. The charge is a modest £5 per day.

I have found over the years that the Scots, like the Bretons, are a kindly people and a generous helping hand is seldom far away when needed. The truth of this was confirmed once more in Oban.

If there was a ships radio expert in Oban. He replied "Yes: there is - he is working in the next boat". I found my man and although it was supposed to be his half-day, he arrived on board *Ar Men* at 1830 and took the offending set away to his workshop. He returned about half an hour later with good and bad news. The bad was that without a circuit diagram he could not locate the fault; but the good news was that the set could still transmit outwards - so a May Day was possible if we felt the need of it and he thought that if we left the set switched on at all times, we might receive messages also. We did this and he was quite right. So all was well again. Our guardian angel refused to accept any payment for his efforts - not even a glass of Black Bush.

Oban is by no means beautiful but it has a good range of shops and services - an admirable place for acquiring trinkets for the nearest and dearest at home.

Garry was leaving us the next day and with Claire he prepared

a final farewell banquet. It started with melon and fresh mango and never looked back. There was a large cruiser/racer called *Bravo* from Riga, Latvia just ahead of us on the pontoon. After dinner we thought that we should invite the crew for a night-cap. To my surprise I found when I went on board that they were all tucked up in their bunks. None-the-less, a representative selection of five or six responded to the invitation and a convivial, informative night emerged. The leader of the crew was Kalmanis Ugis who is a Latvian lawyer. He explained that *Bravo* is the first Latvian yacht to cruise to the west since his country became part of the U.S.S.R. He and his crew told us much of interest about the Baltic states and of the giant strides being made there in perestroika and glasnost. It was most interesting to hear about the winds of change in the East at first hand. Our guests gave us a fine poster of Riga by Night which indicates that it is a jollier place than one might expect. They encouraged us to cruise there next season and we were assured that a warm welcome would await any visiting yacht from Ireland. It is a tempting thought. Perhaps the Commodore will lead the way.

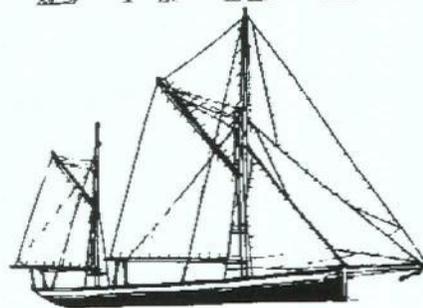
Sunday had a tearful overcast beginning but the scene improved as time went on. Patrick cooked a special farewell breakfast for Garry - fruit juice, porridge, bacon, haggis, eggs and fried potatoes - which we felt should get him as far as Dublin. By noon the sun appeared and we set off for Tobermoray, Isle of Mull in glorious conditions. A flat sea and a 28 knot SW wind provided ideal conditions for crossing the Firth of Lorne and sailing up the Sound of Mull. Tobermoray has surely one of the most perfect situations of any fishing village and all its pastel shades were glowing in the evening sun. We were lucky to find a fisherman's mooring which we were told was not required for a couple of days.

Showers and a few drams in the McDonald Arms were followed by an admirable repast in the Mish Nish which has lost none of its robust charm. A tranquil night was passed on the mooring.

There was nothing tranquil about Monday. We had intended making a passage to Crinan in the afternoon, but by midday the wind was 36 knots SE even in the shelter of Tobermoray bay. It emerged that two Atlantic lows had coalesced and were tracking NE creating conditions for severe gales. I decided that we should stay where we were for the time being. We were happy that we had done so when later in the afternoon we heard a trawler skipper off Iona telling his home base by R.T. that he was contending with a severe gale 9 gusting F 11.

On Tuesday morning the situation was a little easier and we set

L O R N E L E A D E R



Lorne Leader

sail hopefully for Crinan. The wind in the sound was S 28 knots with a big sea running. It was a dead noser for us so we motorsailed ; with a No. 4 genoa only. We persevered for three miles and then decided that enough was enough. It was apparent that the passage down the sound would be a long gruelling dead beat to be followed by the same again for 30 miles. Many tacks would be and progress would be far too slow. And so it was back once more to the bosom of Tobermory. The shipping forecast a few hours later contained familiar medicine S veering SW force 7 to 9.

The weather conditions moderated for a time after lunch Robert visited the local tourist office and devised an interesting way to spend the afternoon. We took a bus to Craignure and then a train by courtesy of the Mull and West Highland Railway Co to Torosay House. This is a remarkable little narrow gauge railway with real puff-puff and diesel engines which run/about three miles to the house. There we visited the famous garden which is said to be one of the finest in Scotland.

On returning to Tobermory we discovered by chance a gastronomic oasis which made up for all our weather problems. It was a restaurant cum small hotel called Harbour House on the sea-front near the McDonald Arms. The proprietors are Kathy and Derek McAdam. We had a memorable encounter with the authentic taste of Mull.

The weather situation was thoroughly unpleasant on Tuesday morning. We did not need to be told by radio that a south westerly gale force 9 was imminent. It was already in full swing at Tobermory. We were bouncing about on our mooring and recording a wind strength of 36 knots plus even though we were reasonably sheltered from the south west. However the worst feature was the torrential rain like a cloud-burst which was beating a tattoo on the coachroof. We reckoned it was coming down at a rate of at least one inch per hour. Things improved a little in the afternoon. We set sail from Tobermory yet again and hoped that there would be no further curtain-calls this time our destination was Craignure at the other end of the sound and we had in mind departing from there on the tide at 0600 on the following morning heading for Crinan. To our surprise the conditions in the sound turned out to be comparatively gentle and a great change from earlier in the day. The sun returned and the sound was its beautiful self with hardly a hint of its previous trauma. Late in the evening we tied up at Craignure pier to a fine old gaff cutter, *Lorne Leader* which is a sail training ship.

The tranquility of the night was submerged in more murky weather early on Thursday morning as we cast off from Craignure. There was a short lumpy sea in the Firth of Lorne but the wind was a comparatively modest 24 knots S.W. We shook out one of the three reefs and *Ar Men* had no difficulty in maintaining a boat speed of 6.2 knots. She handled the situation very well - fast and comfortable on the wind in a difficult sea. A couple of hours later the situation deteriorated once more and we encountered very heavy weather with overfalls in the Sound of Luing. There were severe rain squalls gusting 36 knots. The sea rose and there were numerous tide rips. We were pleased to find that even without the third reef, *Ar Men* took it all in her stride. Once out of the sound the sea became much less troublesome and the passage through the Doras Mor on a broad reach gave no trouble. We averaged 6.5 knots to Crinan, having been hard on the wind for 20 miles.

After all that we had to hang around for over half an hour for the sea lock to open - a delay which was costly in the end. Having paid what seemed to me to be an extortionate £38.50! we headed

straight through the canal at 1115 in the hope of reaching the Ardrishig road bridge before its operator went off duty at 1630. There were no boats with us and we encountered only one or two sailing towards Crinan. Apart from the sea-locks at either end, all other locks had to be operated by ourselves which means, of course opening and shutting two gates at each lock. It was hard work against the clock and we did not even stop for a pint at the summit. Robert and Patrick looked after the gates. Claire and I managed the fore and aft lines.

I have two abiding memories of the canal. One is a little vignette at the lock beside the Cairn Baan road bridge. The situation on board was more than a little frantic at the time. Claire was throwing warps, adjusting fenders and generally performing like an enthusiastic novice temple-dancer on the fore deck when I noticed an elderly Indian gentleman studying her performance from the bridge - enraptured. It was apparent that not since he had emigrated from Bombay had he seen a woman more dedicated to work! The other memory is less pleasing. Having worked like trojans, we were no more than a 100 yards from the Ardrishig road bridge blowing our horn at 1630 - just in time to see the keeper emerge from his hut. lock the door and walk away. He is the only disobliging Scot I have met over the years. Our intention had been to over night at East Lough Tarbert and head for Campbeltown or Port Patrick, but as things turned out we had to spend the night tied up beside the road bridge. The Royal Hotel nearby is not a gastronomic oasis, but the staff is kindly and baths are to be had. The Argyle Arms Hotel which we discovered later is more congenial.

At 0740 on Friday we were up and waiting for the demon bridge -minder. Soon afterwards we went through the last three manually operated locks and arrived in Ardrishig basin. We had intended heading for Campbeltown but learned from the crew of a neighbouring boat that a three day music festival had started in Tarbert on the previous night. We had no difficulty in deciding that a night at the festival would do us good. Lashing rain and a 26 knot S.W. seemed to underline the wisdom of our decision. But just as we reached Tarbert the curtain lifted yet again the sun shone on that lovely little port. We tied up beside Roy and Sue Waters *Melandi* at the marina. They were cruising from Carrickfergus with their two little boys, and were waiting for better conditions. We found that our informants were not quite right about the music festival - it takes place in September. However, we were rewarded instead by discovering outstandingly the best restaurant we have ever encountered in Scotland - the Anchorage on the quayside. It could hold its own in any company. There is a mussel dish in a tarragon and wine sauce which would bring tears to the eyes of a Breton.

The accumulation of delays had caused problems for Robert. Sadly, he had to leave us on Saturday and I arranged for my youngest son, Michael, to join us instead. In the morning we were battered by another S.W. gale gusting 40 knots at the marina. In the middle of it all we were joined by about 20 CCC yachts which had raced from Largs despite the conditions. This enlivened the scene no end. *Hejira* skippered by Henry Kerr tied up to us and nearby was the redoubtable Tommy Cuthbertson's large Moody *April Fool*.

In mid afternoon the storm became more severe with gusts of 45 knots, but less than two hours later the wind had disappeared and Tarbert was restored to complete tranquility. It was a quite extraordinary transformation. The timing was propitious because the CCC gentry had very kindly invited us to a shindig which they

had arranged at the Columba hotel a short distance out of the town. We were made very welcome and it was a most congenial occasion enlivened in particular by one of Tommy Cuthbertson's crew who had brought his bagpipes. Thereafter we were invited to a tail-end party in *April Fool* at which many did their piece and Dirk the Piper displayed more of his chameleon talents. There were poems, ballads and stories which gave great delight. It was a maritime rave-up of formidable proportions.

On Sunday morning we found ourselves back to square 1 with torrential rain and the familiar SSW 30/38 knots of wind on the clock. But nothing daunted, most of the CCC boats raced back to Largs.

Michael arrived at lunch-time and brightened our day with stories about his experiences working for a demolition contractor in Jerez where he had spent most of the summer.

Although the forecast for Monday was S 6 - 8 veering SW and increasing F 9, I decided that we would at least make for Campbeltown if at all possible. Fortified by an admirable Scottish breakfast at the Anchor hotel we set sail. The wind outside the lough in the Clyde was less than expected, being a relatively modest 26 knots, but there was a big sea which had been building up for days. Soon after we set course for Campbeltown we had a sudden crisis. A weld in the gooseneck where the through bolt attaches to the base of the ram's horns parted. It was a stroke of good fortune that this problem happened where it did because near at hand at the Tarbert marina is Mr. Willie Leitch sailmaker and rigger extraordinaire, a cheerful kindly man who has aided us several times in the past. We returned to the marina and I brought him the offending fitting. He told me that he would have it put right in two hours. He was true to his word and we were at sea again in mid afternoon. There was more wind than there had been earlier and we had to contend with a SW force 7 gusting 8 and a big short sea. It was a dead beat to Campbeltown with seven tacks in all, but for the first time for ages there was no rain. Unlike our visit two weeks earlier there were only two yachts in Campbeltown when we arrived just before midnight.

We could hardly believe our eyes on Tuesday morning when we awoke. The sun was shining in a blue sky and the wind was WSW 18/25 knots. When abeam of Sanda island we were delighted to find that South Rock LV was a comfortable close fetch and that leg of the homeward passage was fast and exhilarating in a spectacular sea. I recorded our position in the log at 1900 and noted that we were 14 miles NNW of S Rock LV and that we had sailed 50 miles from Campbeltown at an average speed of 5.75 knots. I also noted that it was "a glorious sunny

evening. Today has restored our faith in cruising". Although hard on the wind having altered course at the light vessel we continued to make reasonably good time and I noted that Rockabill LH was abeam at 0645. However, the wind headed us at that point. We were obliged to sail 20 degrees off our rhumb line and we did not reach Dunlaoghaire for another 6 hours.

The verdict was that *Ar Men* has established beyond yea or nay that she has admirable cruising potential and deserves to visit her namesake next season. I am glad to say that all the crew share this view and have signed on.

SUMMARY

Date	Port or Anchorage	Time (hrs)	Engine (hrs)	Dist.
7th Aug.	Dun Laoghaire			
8th Aug.	Campbeltown	25	12	141
9th Aug.	Port Askaig	12	-	62
10th Aug.	Caol Ila	-	-	1
11th Aug.	Ardfern	7	-	40
12th Aug.	Oban	4	-	27
13th Aug.	Tobermoray	5	-	25
14th Aug.	REST DAY			
15th Aug.	Tobermoray-return	1	1	4
16th Aug.	Craignure	3	3	15
17th Aug.	Crinan-	4	-	27
	Ardnishig (via canal)	5	5	11
18th Aug.	East Lough Tarbert	2	-	10
19th &				
20th Aug.	Rest Days (enforced)			
21st Aug.	Campbeltown	7	-	39
22nd Aug.	Depart Campbeltown			
23rd Aug.	Dun Laoghaire	27	-	147
	Total	102	21	549

Statistics (excluding canal)

Average speed = 5.6 knots
 Ports visited = 16
 Hours motoring or motor sailing = 21
 Nights at sea = 2
 Hours under sail only = 81
 Total duration of cruise = 16 days.

This Time I made it!

Cormac P McHenry



The Faulkner Cup

Some readers may recall the log I wrote for the 1986 Annual about my first, abortive, attempt to sail to the Azores. It was not so much that I wanted to visit the islands, more it had been the challenge of a direct voyage of over 1,000 miles from the Fastnet Rock to Horta on the island of Faial, which had appealed to me. After my first attempt several people suggested that the right way to go was across the Bay of Biscay, down the coast of Spain and then straight out from Portugal. This did not attract me at all. If I was going, I was going straight there!

Originally, 1989 was to be an attempt at the Round Ireland cruise during the month of July and charts, crew etc were organised. However, as the month of June progressed, with the beautiful weather continuing from the Azores high which had spread so far north this summer, I became more and more unsettled - the cruise to the Azores was never far from my mind - I felt that this was the year to make another attempt. Finally I warned my crew that I might well take off when I got down South, and I put on board the few extra charts, the Atlantic Crossing Guide and the supply of books which Barbara (my wife) said I would certainly need if I did go. I had decided after my first attempt that I would go it alone. The Kerry at 27' l.o.a. with a beam of 8'4" is by today's standards a small boat and an extra person and his/her stores would take up a lot of room. I had done a fair amount of sailing on my own over the past couple of seasons, and felt confident that I could cope on such a voyage which was to be totally out of sight of land.

I left Dun Laoghaire at midnight on Monday 3rd July, with Stan Conroy as crew, on the first leg of the Round Ireland cruise. The first crew change was to be in Baltimore. The sail down was great. We got into Baltimore on Thursday evening at about 1800, having stopped in Dunmore East for Tuesday evening and anchored in Sandy Cove off Kinsale for Wednesday night. The weather was still perfect and within the hour the Met. Office had confirmed that for the next five days, as far ahead as they would predict, the Azores high would remain stationary. "Grab a chance and you won't be sorry for a might have been". This was that chance and I decided to go.

I have a full stores list for the Kerry which I have added to and refined over the years and I stocked up in Cotter's and O'Driscoll's and after the hard work of stowing, we relaxed up in Bushe's with fresh salmon salad. I don't know whether Stan noticed it or not, but I felt I was getting rather quiet, wondering what I was letting myself in for, and half wondering if there was any way out of it!. Just as we were going out to our mooring Dan and Jill Cross came alongside in *Sirena*. They were on their way to Cape Clear for the weekend and Stan, of course, had to tell them of my plan which I was still keeping quiet about. If it didn't work out I hoped to be able to sail quietly back without attracting much attention!

Saturday 8th July. Stan departed to Dublin and at 1100 I sailed out of Baltimore Harbour. One of the lessons of the previous attempt had been that we had had far too many stores, and with additional containers of diesel and water tied on the deck the boat had been grossly overloaded. This time I only had one 20 litre container of each, which I was able to fit into the anchor well on the deck. I was not planning to motor at all and the diesel was for charging the batteries. I had enough for 48 hours running. I was determined to get West, and stay well West of the rhumb line. The true course from the Fastnet to Horta is 226° and the distance is 1,116 miles. There was a light NW breeze but I would not let it push me South of the Fastnet which I left very close to Starboard, and easing sheets slightly, I felt I was really on the way. Another yacht had passed me on the way out, he sailed around the rock and headed back east. I wondered if he wondered where I was off to as I maintained my course!

Later in the afternoon the wind freshened and I changed down, first to the No. 1 and then the No.2 jib, and I put two reefs in. This seemed to take ages. My safety harness was getting tangled in everything. I kept turning around the same way and winding myself up in the safety line and by the time I was finished I was feeling queasy, largely I am quite certain from tension and apprehension. The Navik self steering was performing perfectly and so for the rest of the evening and most of the night I took to my bunk with just the occasional glance at the course and to check for shipping, of which there was none. Towards morning the self steering came apart in two places and the boat gybed and hove to. As the sea had got up and I was still lying down, I left it.



Always hard to photograph a big sea from a small boat. C McHenry



I was pleased to find that I could actually work the sextant

C McHenry - Delayed Exposure

The occasional wave, slopping against the side would shoot over the deck and in under the side of the main hatch to remind me that sealing the hatch was a job from the last attempt that I had not got around to doing.

I was able to repair the self steering, but I was not sure how long it would hold together. Another excuse for turning back if I now wanted one, but as I had decided before I left that I would stay out for at least three days, there was no way I was turning back then. (Conventional wisdom is that the most likely time to give up is during the first three days). I got sailing again with the No.2 jib and the two reefs, at 5.8 knots with a lumpy sea. By noon the sun was back, the wind was dropping, no land was visible and I had brunch. By late afternoon I had both reefs out, the genoa up and was doing 5.5 knots on a course of 260° , i.e. well to the north of the rhumb line. I made the first of too many stews for my dinner. I used my pressure cooker for the potatoes and vegetables before dumping in the tin of stewed steak. I ran the engine for an hour to charge the battery and at the end of day two, I was sailing nicely, on course into the mild misty night feeling quietly confident that this time I would make it.

I found that throughout the night I was waking up about every hour. I would get up, check the course, check the sails, check for shipping and get back to sleep again very quickly. One thing I had not been checking was the battery voltage and I had a moment of panic on day 3 when the engine would not start on No. 1 battery. (I cannot start my otherwise totally reliable Sabb diesel by hand) Fortunately it started on No. 2 battery (an addition since the first attempt) and it was a warning to keep a close eye on the voltage levels. In fact, this turned out to be the biggest worry of the

voyage. My charging rate was too low and I could not change it. I fully understood when I got to Horta just why there were so many wind generators and solar panels on the transatlantic boats. One or the other would be a must for any future voyage.

I was navigating with a sextant, log and compass, with an RDF set for the approaches to land. I had bought a scientific calculator from Simanda Yachting Services to help work out sights. It is a basic calculator with no memory for the almanac or tables, and so I used Reed's for GHA and Dec. Because it worked in degrees, I usually took five sights and averaged them and their times very quickly with the calculator. I had a set of Air Navigation Tables with me but I never used them. A spare calculator would be a much lighter and less expensive back up than those tables. I can thoroughly recommend that system even for those with Satnav, because the calculations are so simple. If you can get a good sight you are unlikely to make a mistake in working it out.

In the afternoon for the first time I relaxed and started to read the papers I had bought from Baltimore. I saw the account of our Commodore's departure for the far North. Every man to his choice; cold and polar bears are certainly not mine. I far prefer the bikinis and the sun! I also started on my first book. Dinner was stew again with added herbs (but which one?, the labels had fallen off!). Many people who are not sailors ask me what I did all the time, was I not bored etc etc. Day 4 was a typical day. I rose (permanently) at 0900 and had breakfast of orange juice, muesli, an egg, tea, bread and marmalade. By the time I'd washed up it was 1100 and by the time I'd washed and shaved it was 1200. In the meantime the wind was all over the place so I'd tacked and tacked back. In fact my course that day varied from 130° to 275° .

It was misty and hazy so I was messing around trying to get my noon sight for nearly half an hour. Lunch of salad (lettuce lasting very well) with tomato, cheese, sardines, pickle and brown bread. Then on engine to charge battery. Wash feet by dangling them over the side (there are advantages in a small boat!), more course changes to keep to the west of the rhumb line. Read for half an hour, an easy dinner (just reheat the stew). It does not seem a lot, but in fact I had to force myself to get into a routine to include relaxation otherwise I'd have been on the go all the time.

One reads of yachtsmen calling passing ships to obtain position checks, but to be able to do that one needs (a) a passing ship and (b) them to answer. I had only seen two ships so far, one of which was hull down, and after a series of dull, cloudy days I was anxious to check my dead reckoning. About midnight on day 6 Thursday 13th, a ship was coming from dead ahead to pass quite close, so I called him. He responded, with no name, sounding very suspicious. I asked for a position check which he said he could not give me because he was navigating by the sun and stars. I told him I was doing the same and because it had been overcast I would like a check. After a few minutes he came back with a position, and never responded further to my thanks. I was quite pleased to find that his position put me 24 miles from my last position which I had plotted at 1730.

Well, I'd survived the first week, and the sun was getting hotter and I'd had my best noon to noon run so far - 104 miles. (Next day I logged 115 miles which turned out to be the best run of the trip). Still keeping well to the west with an average course of 250°, I was conscious all the time of the North Atlantic current pushing me in an easterly direction about 12 miles a day. The wind varied between NE and E and in strength from 4 to 6 and I counted 6 sail changes in the 24 hours. I suppose that was about average for the trip. 624 miles to go from noon that day. Not bad. I could have done it in six days. Just was well, I was getting fed up with my stew every evening. Stan had selected a couple of tins of chicken meat balls in gravy from a very well known manufacturer, and this was day 2 of their stew. I noted in my journal "it is about the most revolting muck that any mother could inflict on her kids. Probably the scraps of intestines etc of chickens, glued together into balls with monosodium glutamate, or polyfilla, or both." I got it all down. There was one more tin of the muck left. I decided I'd eat it early on the return trip otherwise if I left it as survival rations I'd probably have preferred to starve rather than eat it!

Day 9, Sunday 16th. Cloudy, some rain showers and no wind. At one stage I was down to 1 knot and worked out that at that rate I had 400 hours, or another 15 days to go. It struck me that this was the longest period in my life that I had ever been entirely on my own. It also struck me that it did not bother me in the least. The day ended with a beautiful sunset, clouds colours of indigo and pink that I don't remember seeing before. This is what makes blue water sailing so attractive. I took a sun's amplitude to check the compass, but it is not easy to do without an azimuth pin. After dinner I had a large glass of port and snoozed. I would have loved to put on a tape of Chris de Burgh, but I could not afford the power. It was also staying bright much later now that I had got to 23° west. Local noon out there was at 14.42 BST that day.

The next couple of days were beautiful, relaxed, no hassle sailing, a brilliant sun, lovely high cloud and a long Atlantic swell rolling up from astern. Speed was down, a day's run of only 68 miles, but I enjoyed it. I had two genoas up, took the main down

and enjoyed imagining that I was rolling down the trades. But in these latitudes things change and the barometer started to drop. It had been up at 1030mb for most of the time, but on Sunday it was down to 1025mb, Monday to 1022mb and by Tuesday afternoon to 1017mb. I took down the genoas and put up the No. 1 jib. By 1900 I was down to the No. 3 jib in a confused sea with wind 6/7. Day 12 Wednesday 19th dawn was very late. It was 0600 before there was any light. A heavy grey sky, big confused sea with the boat being thrown all over the place with only the No. 3. jib up. The main at least stops it rolling so quickly. But, I'd logged 1001 miles! Horta was 180 miles away at 1400, Friday evening maybe? The sun came out, the wind dropped and the genoa and main got going on a close reach with a NW wind. And, an exciting dinner! I sliced and fried a half a tin of corned beef and with potatoes, carrots and peas; it made a very welcome change.

The radio beacon on Faial has a range of 250 miles and by on Thursday, day 13, my E.P. was 150 miles away. So I got out the RDF and found to my delight that Horta was really there and what's more at 235°C it was just where it should have been! That was very useful, because it was overcast, the wind was up to about F6, and I was now having to beat to keep to the west of the rhumb line. It is always hard to judge visibility when there is nothing to go on, but I recorded it in the log as three miles. During the night I used my alarm to make sure I awoke every hour. In the morning an RDF fix put me 10 miles West of the island of Terceira. Nothing was visible until 1100 when I saw land broad on the starboard bow. By 1200 I could see three islands and confirmed that I had sailed down between Graciosa and Terceira (about 30 miles apart) and would now have a beat to round Pta de Rosias at the west end of Sao Jorge. It was pleasant sailing, but very slow. There must be a strong current setting SE between the islands. I cleared Pta de Rosias at 18.45 and freed off on the last



The famous Café Sport, Horta, Faial, Azores.

C McHenry



In the marina at Horta, Faial, Azores.

C McHenry

leg to Horta, with the impressive cone of Pico on the island with the same name, emerging occasionally from cloud.

At 2230, after exactly 14.5 days at sea, I entered the port of Horta on the Island of Faial. It could not be an easier approach; there is a long mole stretching out parallel to the coast and reaching towards a small headland which shelters it completely from the North. In the harbour itself the new marina is on your starboard hand as you enter, very well protected by its own sea wall. At its entrance is a new quay with the modern Marina Control Office, literally a few yards from the water. I was directed by the Harbour Police to tie up in front of the office until the morning when I could check in at 0800 and with the assistance of the policeman on guard, that's what I did.

I must admit that stepping ashore in Horta gave me more pleasure and satisfaction than any other landfall in my sailing career. I really felt thrilled with myself that this time I had actually made it! Shortly afterwards Peter Azevdo, proprietor of the famous Cafe Sport, arrived along to greet me. I had read so much about him and his hospitality to sailors, but it was only later that I realised how yachting in all its aspects revolves around and is facilitated by Peter and his son José. When he left, I spent a quiet hour tidying up, putting on the sail cover and then walking around in the glorious warmth of the night.

Next morning, well after 0800, Marina Control opened up and I checked in turn with each of the three officials who sat solemnly in their three offices. First with the Marina itself to find that the charge was less than IR£2 per day, then to the police for my entry permit (60p) and then to Customs. I filled with diesel from the pump on the quay and noticed that the Marina was flying the EC blue flag indicating a clean harbour. I must say it really was; the water was crystal clear, there were quite big fish being caught in it and lots of people were swimming there. I was already very firmly in favour of a clean environment, but this reinforced my resolve to assist where I could in ensuring that the waters of our coasts and harbours are cleaned up as much as possible.

My first visit to Café Sport was to get Portuguese cash. Peter operates his own very informal exchange here, giving exactly the same rate as the banks and at any hour of the day or night. I then found the Supermarket before I moved to my allotted berth in the

Marina itself. I was lucky to be helped in by Burt, a Swede who had arrived from Brazil some weeks earlier with Maria, who had joined him just a year ago. He had previously come from New Zealand and has sailed around the world three times over the past ten years having retired three times and divorced three times!

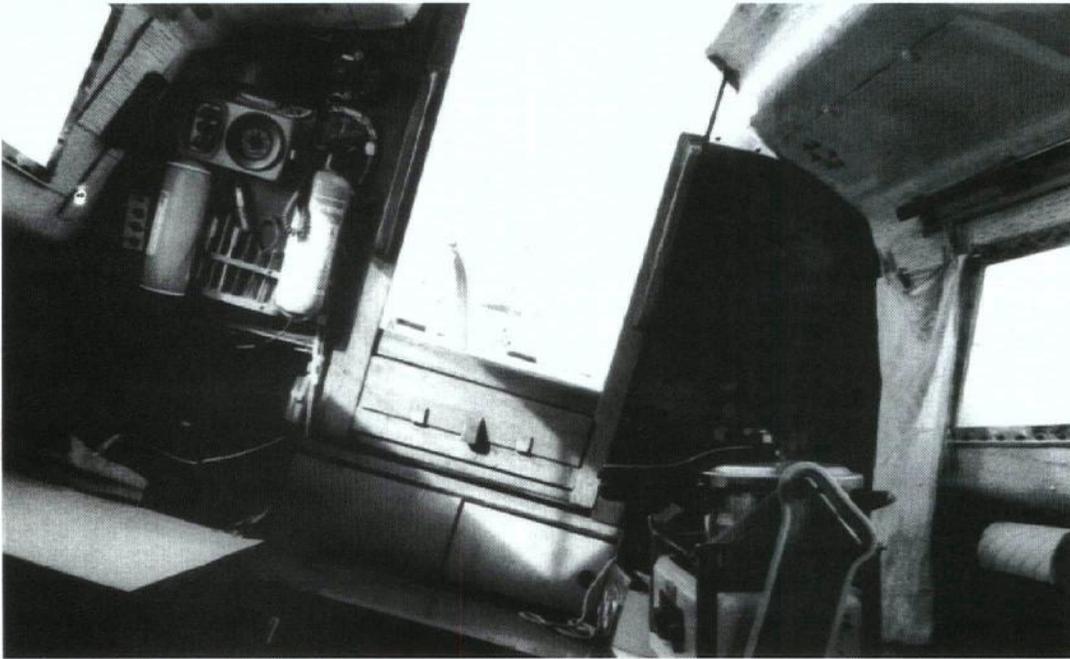
At last I started to wind down, had a very late lunch, got my washing done in the launderette just a few paces from the end of the pontoon and then had a long, hot shower. Back to Café Sport which provides a telephone for international calls to ring Barbara who was now on her holiday in Brussels. She was very, very relieved to hear that I had arrived safely. Then to my first evening

meal in a small cafe overlooking the bay at the south end of Horta. At IR£5 for a full meal I could have been persuaded to stay there quite some time!.

Next morning it was just like the south of Ireland, raining hard, but when it stops it dries off even more quickly than it does at home. A 32' boat arrived in the berth next to me having crossed from Bermuda in 20 days. Boats were moving in and out all the time, most had only two on board and were solid, ocean cruising boats from all over: Canada, USA, Spain and Portugal. Burt, the Swede next to me showed me over his boat. It is a solid, traditional wood boat with an 8hp engine. He has only used 15 litres of diesel in the past year! He has a solar panel for charging his batteries and uses shore power, with a little two plate electric cooker for use in marinas. Later I screwed the storm boards onto the main saloon windows of the Kerry, another of the jobs that had not been done before I started out. The main windows are in my opinion too large and I was afraid of having one stove in if I were to be knocked down.

Rain again next morning, so I got my stores list written up. Again it cleared up about noon and I fixed the weak links of the self steering which had come apart on the way out. Later I put draught excluders on the main hatch, as my way of preventing water coming in, (it worked very well); another job which should have been completed before I started out. I got most of my shopping done, and in so doing I got a good picture of the town of Horta. It is laid out around the harbour, and is reasonably prosperous, in fact much more so than the picture painted of it in the Atlantic Crossing Guide. It is quite attractive and all the shops are clean and tidy, but obviously apart from those whose work is associated with the harbour, life on the island is quite hard. There are a number of hotels and cafés, but apart from the rather small supermarket, there are only very small shops selling food. There is an open air market where I bought my vegetables but EC standards of grading have certainly not arrived here yet. I appreciated having my purchases from the supermarket delivered right to the boat by their hand cart.

Another job to be done was to add *Ring of Kerry's* name to the hundreds and hundreds of yacht's names painted all over the harbour and marina walls. I'd picked out a spot, just beside



Home from home for 36 days.

C McHenry

compass course ranged between 285° and 115° with a rhumb line true course of 046° . I made many course changes but with the wind now from ahead the little sea there was slowing the boat down and tending to throw her bow off, so that with the self steering I was tacking through up to 140° . Day 6 Monday 31st July and I was getting quite depressed with progress. It was cloudy, overcast and much cooler with pressure up at 1030mb. I wrote that at the rate so far it would be another 3 weeks to get to the south coast of Ireland, and I spent a morning worrying about whether or not my stores would last. I really missed not having some special treats to mark special events and to cheer me up. I didn't even have a glucose sweet on board, and as to hand made chocolates ...! I had an exciting evening meal of stale, mouldy bread, cheese, jam and tea. I should have had some of Mother Murphy's Brown Bread mix so that I could have baked fresh bread in a pot on the cooker.

My noon sight on 1st August had been a disaster. It put me only 300 miles from Horta after 7 days. By that evening the glass had fallen to 1023mb and I hoped that if it blew it would not be from the N or NE. However by nightfall it was still 1022mb and I was in a flat calm. A beautiful sunset, it would have been just perfect if I had not been trying to go somewhere! Day 11 Saturday 5th August. The glass was down to 1016 and the wind up to F6/7. I put a third reef in, the first time I ever used it. It made the boat a lot more comfortable without slowing it down. There was brilliant sun and the sea reasonably flat. With a course of 070° , at that time I worked out that I could have got home in a further five days. No harm in dreaming I said! Such are the swings of expectation and mood over a long voyage.

Until one has actually made a long trip, there is a lot one does not absorb when reading other accounts of ocean voyages. I had never had to pay so much attention to the barometer before, and I found that when it started to move I had no difficulty in remembering to log it every few hours. On shorter voyages one tends to rely almost entirely on the regular shipping forecasts. I could only get the BBC forecast at 0035 until I got closer to home. I could also appreciate the changing pattern of sea and sky

throughout the 24 hours, watch banks of cloud building up and moving away over the day, and feel that closeness to nature which others write about. Above all, a realisation that I was on my own, and that my decisions and mine alone were what would get me back home. Depending on my mood I was either perfectly content with this and confident that I would succeed, or I wondered how the hell I was ever eejit enough to get myself out there!

I had been getting some sun sights which seemed very far out. The one as I approached the islands on the way down was out probably because visibility

was poor and thus the horizon was closer than I thought. Day 13 again gave me a large intercept, and I decided that this was because I sat in the cockpit while taking the sight and thus my height of eye was only about 3'. I repeated this sight standing in the companionway and it came out spot on. With my noon sight I fixed my position at $N47^{\circ}04'19''07W$. That meant I'd be turning over the chart next day, another cause for celebration - where were the hand made chocolates?

Throughout the day the wind kept up from astern, the sun shone and the sea was flat, and by noon on 8th August I had made my best noon to noon of the return trip, 109 miles. But then the wind increased and started to head me and I had to change down to the No. 3 jib and put in the 3rd reef again. A front of rain and drizzle passed, there was quite a sea running and from out of the mist two French fishing boats passed quite close, the crew of the first coming out of the deck house to look at my little boat being tossed about. I was looking at them being tossed about too, but they did look a little more comfortable than I felt. I called them on VHF mainly to ask if they had spotted me on their radar, but with no response. The midnight forecast talked of the deep Atlantic depression that was tracking across to pass just north of Malin. I realised that it was going to hit me before I got home. This would be the first gale in the Kerry that I had no possibility of avoiding, and I was quite apprehensive about it for the next couple of days.

During Wednesday night and the morning of Thursday 10th, the wind stayed light and the glass was steady at 1018mb. The 0600 BBC forecast was giving F6 perhaps 8 for Sole, Lundy, Fastnet and Shannon, and when I turned for consolation to Radio Eireann at 0633 they forecast gales in all areas, perhaps F9, SW, veering W that night. About midday I dropped the jib and secured it at the bow. The barometer was down to 1014 mb and falling, it was down to 1009mb by 2000 and I furled the main and put up the trysail. Another first for Ring of Kerry, I had never used it before. There was quite a sea running, and with the trysail only my speed was down to 2.8 knots and the boat was really being thrown about. I was very glad I had completed all my precautions

before I set out. I don't know if the windows were being hit by waves (with the storm boards in place not alone could I not see out, but the light could not get in, and with the wash boards in place and the hatch firmly shut, it was dark and gloomy in the cabin), but the hull certainly was and one particularly violent crash ejected every book from the bookshelf right across the cabin and threw the kettle off the cooker. I knew there was nothing I could do about it, and now that the gale had arrived I was much more relaxed than when I had been anticipating it. I was trying to read lying on my bunk but that was made difficult by the gloom of the cabin and the way I was being lifted off my bunk every time a wave passed.

It was 0830 on Friday before I noted the glass beginning to rise, and at that time I got the No. 3 jib up. There were reports of the difficulties the Fastnet race fleet were having, but they did not seem very serious to me. Big fully crewed racing boats having been at sea for only four or five days! I could not get a good position line at noon. The boat was really jumping about, but I was spot on course for the Fastnet and thankful that I was now nearing home. About 0200 on the Saturday morning I tried to pick up Mizen on the RDF but could not get any signal. It was starting to blow up again even though the glass was still rising.

About 1100 on Saturday 12, day 18, I heard the double bang of Concorde. I wondered just how wide the track of a sonic boom is, because it gives an indication of one's position. (Since I came back I have read Brendan McWilliams note in the Irish Times which says that it extends over approximately 50 miles). I was most anxious to get a definite fix. My morning sight which I took with extreme difficulty gave me an intercept of 40 miles. My noon sight put me 56 miles south of the Fastnet. In the afternoon I got a position line which I felt was good, and then I got bearings on both Mizen Head and the Old Head which gave me a cocked hat which was 55 miles south of the Fastnet. To make it easier to get the boat back to Dun Laoghaire I had been thinking of heading East to Kinsale or Crosshaven, but at 1800 there was another gale warning the barometer was dropping again, and so I decided to head straight for Baltimore.

I had drawn the arc of visibility of the Fastnet light on the chart and expected to see it between 2300 and midnight. But there were constant rain squalls, and visibility was very poor. Just to confirm that it was still there, I called Valentia Radio at 0200 on the Sunday morning, they came back loud and clear. Then, at 0315

I saw the loom of the Fastnet. The Autohelm hand bearing compass was a great help. It is so much easier to get a snap bearing on a light with it when one does not have to refocus from the distant light to the compass scale. Finally, about 0600 I could distinguish Clear and Sherkin Islands out of the gloom. It was blowing stink, the glass was down to 1002, and with a big black cloud hanging low over the coast, it was very hard to pick out the entrance to Baltimore Harbour. In fact, the Baltimore beacon was easier to see without binoculars than with them, its whitewash was so saturated with rain that it was almost the same dull grey as the heavy clouds hanging behind it.

And so, at 0715 on Sunday 13th August, my nineteenth day at sea, I sailed back into Baltimore Harbour. I slowly stowed sails, started the engine and motored in to the quay that I had left 36 days previously. It was dull, it was raining steadily and it was very clear that the lovely weather that had tempted me to sail south was well and truly gone. But I was delighted that I'd "grabbed the chance..." Even if we'd completed our cruise around Ireland, I'd still have had the Azores trip in my system and Barbara and the rest of the crew would not have put up with another season's uncertainty as to whether or not Cormac was going to try it.

As for the Kerry, it certainly fulfills and more, the design brief which the magazine of the time, "Ireland Afloat" set out in 1967 for a family cruiser/racer suitable for the seas around Ireland. Brian Kennedy's design not only took me safely and relatively comfortably over what I believe to have been the longest port to port voyage which a Kerry has made, but we were also second in Cruisers III in the Royal Irish Regatta a week before we set out, and we won our class in the Royal Alfred race two weeks after we came back.

For me, that was much more than just another cruise. It was, I suppose a challenge, a wish to see if I could emulate those many, many others who had taken off on their own and enjoyed the complete freedom of days and days alone at sea, all the while knowing that my safe return lay almost entirely in my own hands. Gilbert Kaplan's words probably best sum up what I was about;

"One of life's tragedies is that so few people are willing to take the risk of finding out if they can pursue their dreams, let alone actually pursuing them."

Fastnet Rock 51°23.0 N 9°36.0'W Horta, Ilha do Faial N38°36' 28°36'W

Rhumb line distance 1,116 True course 226°

Outward:	Total distance logged	1,231	
	Total hours at sea	348	
	Average speed	3.53	
	Total hours motoring	2h30	
	Best day's run 115	Worst day's run	61
Return:	Total distance logged	1,542	
	Total hours at sea	424	
	Average speed	3.60	
	Total hours motoring	4h30	
	Best day's run 109	Worst day's run	44

A Bretagne en *Condor*

Paul Butler

At the end of last season, when I was showing signs of wear and tear, brought on in no small measure by more than a decade's devotion to and work upon the Dublin Bay 24' *Arandora*, I was approached by my friend of many years and fellow member of the ICC, the late David Butler, with a view to sharing the lesser burden of maintaining and sailing *Condor*, a Ruffian 8.5, well known to readers of this journal through the writings of both Robert Barr (with whom I logged many miles and visited almost as many fine restaurants) and David.

For Whit 1989, David and I thought it appropriate that *Condor* should return to Brittany, the setting of her maiden cruise in 1981. John Murray joined us as far as Ushant; Donagh McDonagh as far as Camaret; Bill Kavanagh sailed to Vannes and joined us again in Camaret for the passage home; Don McCarthy, outward as far as Vannes; Oonah McCrann and Noel MacMahon, from Vannes to Camaret; Nigel Rollo, the passage home from Camaret. I did the entire cruise. David was scheduled to join his yacht at Vannes. Though active to the last, he was unable to join *Condor* because of the illness to which he finally succumbed.

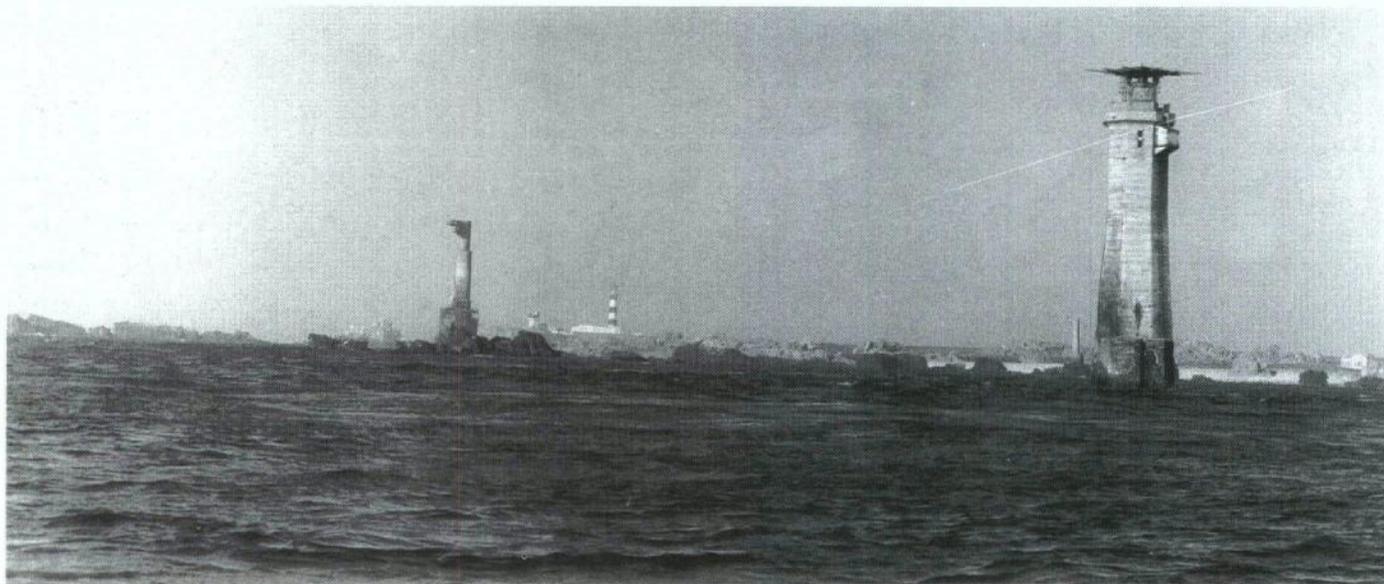
Friday 5th May. After a fine dinner in the Royal Irish Yacht Club we set sail from Dun Laoghaire at 2300. The evening was cold but pleasant and we were obliged to motorsail in a gentle Southerly F3. The following day we had an uneventful passage down to the Tuskar which we had abeam by 1100. We sailed for most of the day and dined that evening on a blancquette of veal which had been prepared by Nóirín before our departure. On Sunday 7th May we had Land's End abeam at 1430, and set the

autohelm on a course for Ushant. As we sailed across the western approach to the channel we spent a pleasant evening in westerly F4/5 and dined on boiled silverside and cabbage.

On Monday 8th May John cooked a full breakfast for this, the last morning of our passage. Discussion during the day centered around what we might be eating and where that evening. The original plan had been to make Camaret our first landfall. As we approached Ushant from the NE it became apparent that we would not reach Camaret until after nightfall and, more important, would miss dinner ashore. That and the convenient fact that we could enter Lampaul on the W side of Ushant at or about high water, led to the unanimous decision to make this, a first for all of us, our landfall.

Entry to Lampaul for the first time is quite difficult and particular attention must be paid to the directions in the North Biscay Pilot as there are very strong currents which do different things as one approaches. I would think Admiralty Chart 2694, which we did not have, highly desirable.

There are good moorings and an anchorage quite a distance from the small harbour (little bigger than Coliemore in Dalkey). However, as the harbour dries out and we intended leaving the following morning, we decided that conditions were ideal for drying out on the quay on the N side of the harbour. Having tied up at 1930, this operation proved highly successful and allowed us to dine well at the nearby L'Hotel de l'Océan. Much later and after visiting a couple of other hostelrys we were to find *Condor* secure on an even keel and we managed to have a small Céilidhe aboard!



Ushant

Paul Butler



Entrance to Concarneau

Paul Butler

Tuesday 9th May. Sadly, pressure of work meant that John had to leave us this morning, but not before all (save Don who, despite Donagh's best efforts, remained asleep) had petit déjeuner on the terrace outside the Hotel in brilliant sunshine. John was able to arrange flights from Ushant home via Brest and Paris, a facility worth noting on this island which I had long considered must be isolated and desolate. Nothing could be farther from the truth and I think it makes an excellent landfall for those intending to cruise West and South Brittany.

With minutes to spare on the tide which was ebbing out of the harbour we departed at 0930. Having entered, leaving Lampaul presented no difficulties. We rounded the island to the South and set course for Cap de la Chevre south of Morgat, our next port of call. We had very pleasant gentle sail in a NE F2/3. Don surfaced just before we tied up at the marina at Morgat at 1700. We dined well in the nearest restaurant the name of which I did not keep a note.

The following morning Don and I were up at 0600, and we departed half an hour later in a flat calm sea, leaving Donagh and Bill asleep. Soon the wind got up to NE F3/4 and we were able to sail for most of the day. As we approached the Raz de Sein, I was telling Don and Bill, who had not been there before, of the doubtful delights in store for them. However, the passage through proved fast and disappointingly uneventful. We arrived at the Marina in Concarneau by 1430, in good time to shower, visit La Ville Close and have drinks before adjourning to an old haunt of mine, La Coquillage a restaurant in the fishing quarter in the inner harbour which most surely deserves a Michelin rosette.

We had a leisurely morning on Thursday followed by a large luncheon in a restaurant in La Ville Close. At 1430, we set sail. We arrived at Port Tudy at 1830, just in time to enter the marina through the lock gates. After securing *Condor*, I repaired immediately to Cafe de la Jetee to meet my friend Guy Tonnerre; I originally met Guy and his Parisian wife, Laurence, when I first entered Port Tudy with Robert Barr aboard *Estrelita* in 1980, the relationship has blossomed since with many visits each way and summer exchanges of our sons. We forced ourselves to consume yet another large meal.

On Friday after luncheon on board, we set sail at 1330. The passage to Le Palais on Belle Ile was to prove the best so far. We had a NE 5/6 and sailed all the way with a full main and poled out No. 3 genoa. On our arrival at 1730, we moored fore and aft off the pier in the outer harbour and, for the first time, inflated the

punt and got its outboard engine working. On previous visits to Le Palais I had always dined at La Saline, an excellent seafood restaurant taking its name from the trawler owned by the husband of the proprietress, Madame La Guerre. I met Madame while having a quiet drink in a quayside cafe with Don and learned to my dismay that she had sold her interest in the restaurant and had retired. In the end we were too late to get into any decent restaurant and had to make do with a meal that was memorable only for its mediocrity.

Saturday 13th May. We left Le Palais at 0930, and set sail for the Golfe du Morbihan. As I was in no mood for serious pilotage and had time on hand, we took the easier, though longer, passage south of Ile de Heodic rather than that between Quiberon and Ile de Houat (pronounced "What?") which we were to take on the way back. Having entered the Morbihan, it was our intention to spend the evening on Ile aux Moines. We entered a small port on the NE side of Ile aux Moines but, as we did so, to my eternal shame, I confused the marks which marked the channel up to Vannes, with one at this port and went aground, a rocky bottom on a falling tide. A local fisherman kindly persuaded two of us to join him on the crosstrees from where we spent half an hour swinging from halyards trying, without success, to free *Condor*, after which our helpful friend left refusing a bottle of Bushmills Single Malt and muttering a lot in French about the International Buoyage system. Soon thereafter the tide began to rise and we got free, picked up a mooring nearby at Aradon and ate aboard.

On Sunday we slipped the mooring at 1100, and motored up to Vannes. We arrived a little early to enter the lock gate and tied up to a waiting pontoon outside the bridge. Here we were joined by Oonah and Noel with the news that, at the last moment, David found that he could not join us. This was to cast a sad spell over an evening that would otherwise been wonderful in this beautiful ancient City, in the heart of which, *Condor* was on a pontoon.

The following day, Monday, Bill and Don having departed, we left Vannes at 1215, in time to catch a favourable (and essential) tide which took us all the way out of the Morbihan. In beautiful weather we reached Ile Houat where we entered by the leading line which is the lighthouse at the end of the pier in transit



Paul and Oonah leaving Morbihan

Noel MacMahon



Harbour at Ile de Houat

Paul Butler

with the church and picked up fore and aft moorings in the small harbour at 1850. The local hotel is about half a mile uphill from the harbour. As we were late getting there, the menu was very limited but we were given an excellent short dinner which we ate while enjoying a magnificent view over the harbour and the Baie de Quiberon.

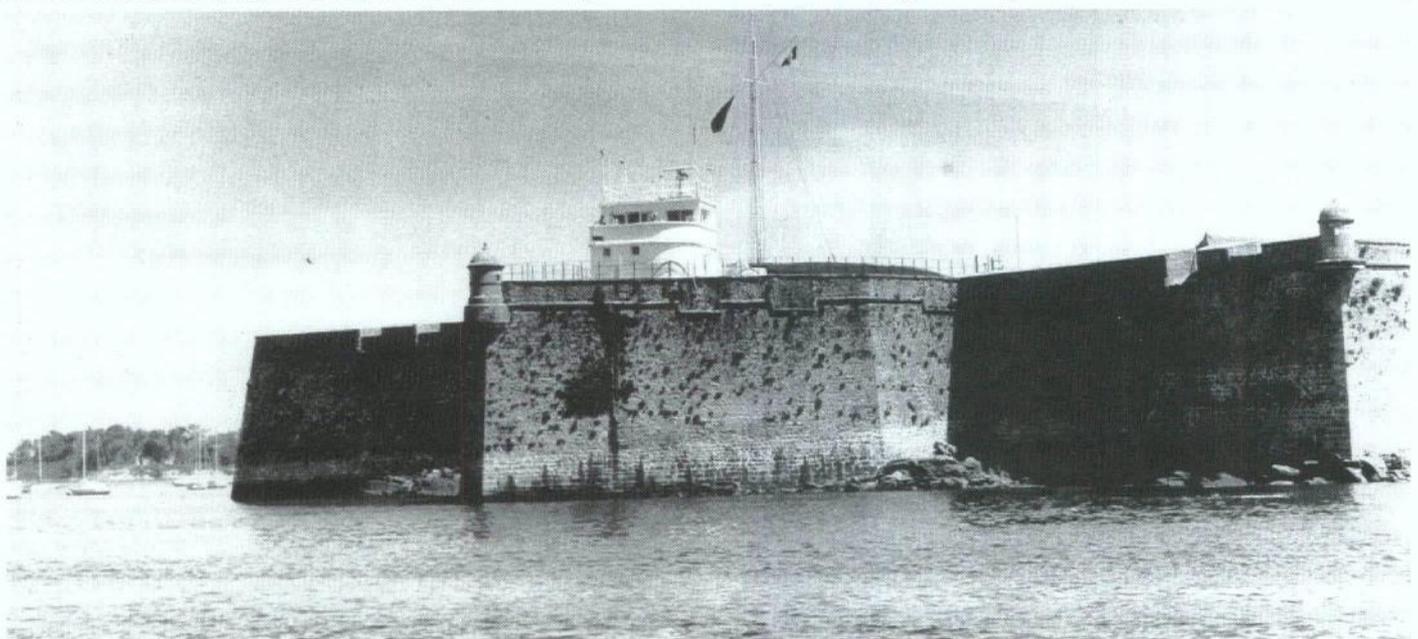
Tuesday 16th May. Donagh and I left Oonah and Noel asleep and slipped our moorings at 0700. We headed NNW until we found the well charted, though very narrow and easy to miss, channel out to the open sea. From there we had a pleasant sail back to Port Tudy on Ile de Groix where we arrived in the afternoon. We were joined ashore for dinner by Guy and Laurence. Groix was, until then, crime free. Our dinner was interrupted by the arrival of a Gendarme with the news that the proprietors gun dog had been seen led away by a well known poacher. Tempers flared and many sympathisers called to the restaurant offering to join a search for the animal and poacher. The dog, a red setter, however, arrived back under its own steam before midnight. Great celebrations ensued.

After a shopping trip and drive around the island with Guy, on Wednesday morning, we had lunch on board and departed at

1300, on a short passage across the Basse des Bretons to Lorient. Lorient has a large submarine base and as we passed the Citadel at Port Louis, on the southern entrance to the port of Lorient, a gentleman used a loud speaker system to gently ask us to move from the centre of the channel. We did so and were soon to find out that we had been asked to move as two (black and unmarked submarines) were leaving. The first vessel did, however, have a small French tricolour flying from its coning tower. We could not resist the temptation to dip our ensign and were delighted to see that the submariners took the time to dip theirs in return.

We had a tour around the very impressive submarine pens, which, built by the Germans, survived sustained bombing by the allies during the war and are still in use. The area is restricted but, though taking photographs in full view of naval personnel, no one sought to move us and we even got one friendly wave. Apart from a marina at Port Louis, Lorient boasts two other marinas; a very large one on the North side just opposite Port Louis and another in the heart of the city. We entered the latter in the afternoon, in time for shopping for les cadeaux and ship's stores. We dined well near the marina.

On Thursday 18th May after showers and breakfast ashore,



Citadel at Port Louis

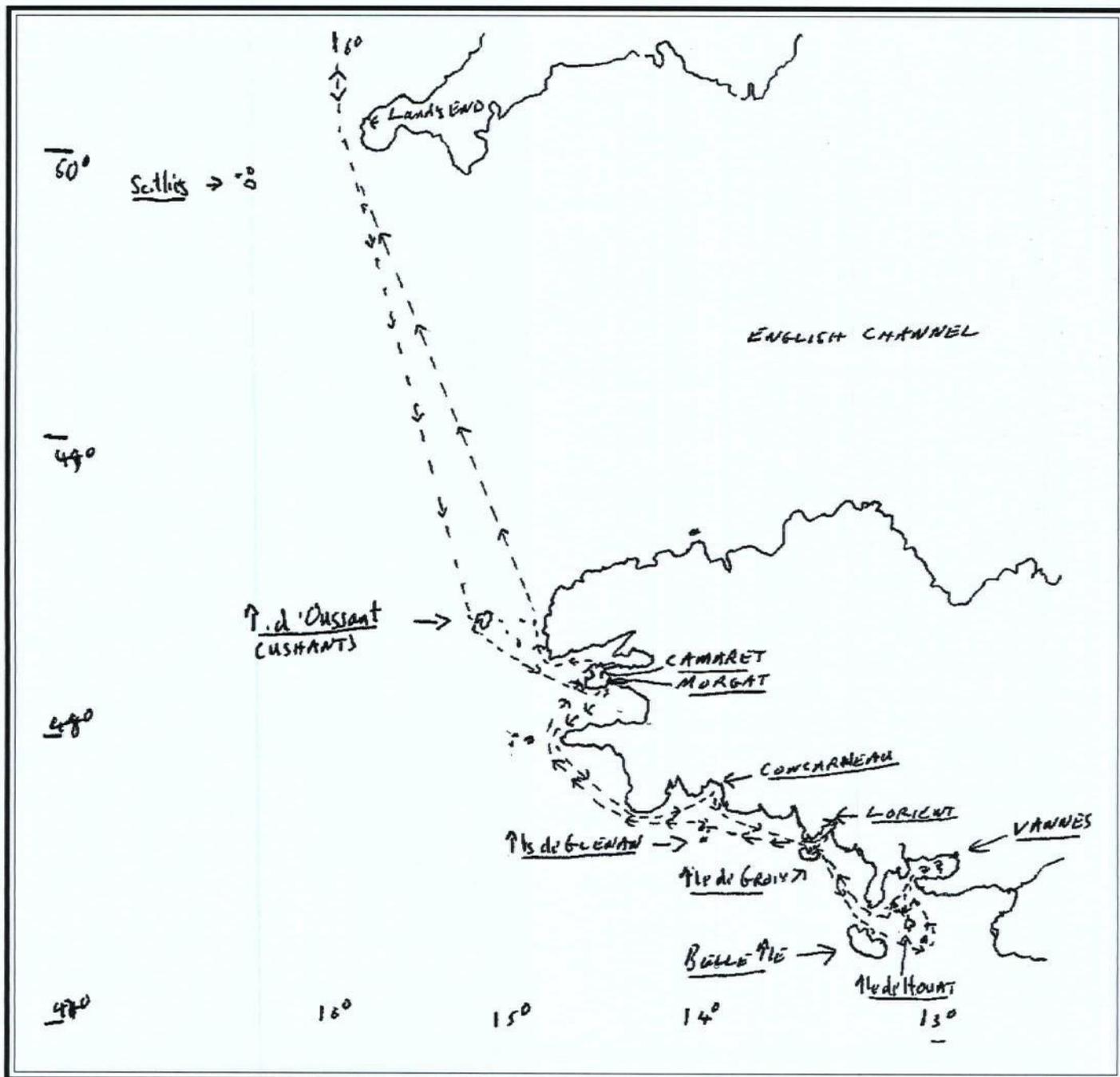
Paul Butler



Condor at Ile de Houat

Paul Butler

we set sail at 1030. We headed for Benodet with the proviso that if conditions proved settled we would, instead, visit the Glénan Islands. I had often passed these islands but called there only once (that was in a French yacht with a lifting keel!). I had always thought the entrance difficult and so it is if one takes what is regarded as the usual route by the W side of Ile de Penfret and then the W side of Ile de Banance and on to Ile de St. Nicholas. This route is very shallow and narrow and one must accurately identify a number of bearings. Instead, we stayed half a mile off the islands until we had a point between the last two mentioned islands on our starboard beam, then we steered 181 in a straight line right into the beach between these islands where, at 1445, we anchored securely in sand in the most beautiful surroundings of the cruise. Before going ashore we swam in the crystal clear waters. The Glenans are well worth a detour. They are entirely



unspoiled and are now inhabited only in the summer by the renowned sailing school and a few summer visitors and fishermen. For those travelling on land there is a daily "Jet" ferry service during the summer months from the marina at Concarneau. After exploring St. Nicholas we had a few drinks and dined aboard.

The following morning we weighed anchor at 0730, and sailed for Camaret via the Raz de Sein. Again, having told Oonah of all she could expect, the passage through the Raz proved entirely uneventful save that visibility was poor and the Navstar proved its worth. We identified La Plate and La Vieille because we were very close to them, but never saw the normally prominent Tévenec. We were tied up at the marina in Camaret by early evening.

As Oonah, Noel and Donagh were to leave here and as Bill could not join us until the following week, I too decided to return to Dublin and look after a few things. I left *Condor* securely berthed at the marina.

Friday 26th May. Bill, Nigel and I left Dublin at 0755, and, through careful study of timetables, managed to reach Camaret

by 2100, where we found *Condor* perfectly secure and eager to put to sea again. Sadly, we arrived too late for anything but crepes and a couple of bottles of wine.

On Saturday after breakfast we spent the morning shopping for ship's stores (and more cadeaux). After a very leisurely lunch ashore we set sail at 1730, in time to catch the last of the tide out of the bay and the beginning of a good tide up to the Chanal du Four inside Ushant. It soon began to blow NE F5/6 and increased to F7 for a while and the going was rough beating under a fully reefed main and no. 3 genoa. For a short period we had to use the engine to help us fetch the entrance to the Chenal du Four. Thereafter, it was a lose fetch to Land's End and, with about 10 hours, motor sailing, we had the Tuskar abeam by 2330, on Monday and picked up our mooring at the R.I.Y.C. at noon. on Tuesday.

In all *Condor* had travelled 941 miles and visited 12 Breton ports. Oh, would that I could spend six months cruising those waters sometime! One could spend half of that time in the Morbihan alone.

Condor, Whit '89

	Arr. (Hrs)	Dept. (Hrs)	Dist.	Engine	Night	Time	Speed	
Dun Laoghaire		5 May 2300						
Ushant	8 May 1830(FT)	9May 0930	297	16	3	66.5	4.46	
Morgat	9 May 1700	10 May 06.30	38	1.5		7.5	5.06	
Concarneau	10 May 1700	11 May 1430	63	4		10.5	6	
Ile de Groix	11 May 1830	12 May 1330	24	0.5		4	6	
Belle Ile (Le Palais)	12 May 1730	13 May 0930	23	0.5		4	5.75	
Aradon (Morbien)	13 May 1600	14 May 1100	35	4		7	5	
Vannes	14 May 1230	15 May 1215	5	1.5		1.5	3.3	
Ile de Houat	15 May 1850	16 May 0700	20	2		3.75	5.3	
Ile de Groix	16 May 1530	17 May 1330	30	1.5		7	4.3	
Lorient	17 May 1515	18 May 1030	7	1		1.75	4	
Iles de Glenan	18 May 1445	19 May 0730	21	1.25		4.25	4.9	
Camaret	19 May 1730	27 May 1730	62	5		10	6.2	
Dun Laoghaire	30 May 2300		316	15.5	3	67	4.7	
Totals				944	54.25	6	194.75	4.8

Safari in the Med

Brian Hegarty

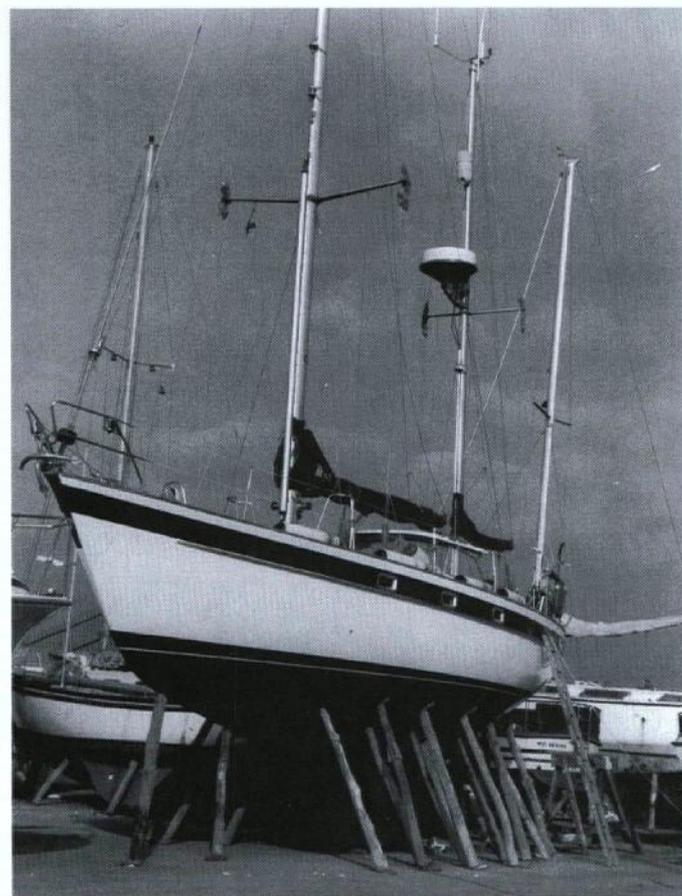


The Fortnight Cup

I joined *Safari of Howth* at Palma, Majorca, on the 11th April last with her owner, my brother-in-law, Ian Morrison. *Safari* was to be my home until I left for Dublin and cooler climes on 27th September.

Having availed of early retirement the previous November I was free to go yachting for the whole summer. Ian, who had had *Safari* based at the Club de Mar, Palma, for some three seasons was keen to move east but needed somebody with the time to spend continuously with her. Hence an arrangement that suited both parties was soon arrived at and my own yacht *Freebird* was abandoned at her snug berth on the hard in the household garden!

Because *Safari* was intended to be away from a centre like Palma with its excellent fitting-out facilities for several years, Ian was keen that she would undergo a major refit before we left. As a consequence my time for some two months was spent doing, or having done, a number of jobs at a leisurely pace designed to have *Safari* in first class sea going condition by the time we departed



Safari after refit and before launching at C'an Pastilla Brian Hegarty

Palma. After some initial loneliness I enjoyed my sojourn in Palma, greatly helped by a number of ICC members who entertained me there, some with unforeseen results. In particular I remember, Denis Johnston, George Ralston, Jennifer Guinness, Otto Glaser, Clayton Love, Jnr, Bernie Cahill, Howard Kilroy, Malcolm Kelliher and that most dangerous member of all Liam McGonagle!

Eventually Saturday 17th June arrived - our day of departure from Palma. I had had much kindness from my friends in Palma who had taken me under their collective wings, had entertained me, taken me sailing and enabled me to see some of the interior of this lovely island of Majorca. On board with myself were Ian Morrison (owner), Harry Byrne, Bud Bryce and Sean Flood. Our plan was to spend two weeks covering the 1000 miles between Palma, Majorca and Corfu, calling to Sardinia, Sicily and Italy on the way.

For this cruise both weather and sea conditions were to be amenable as one would expect in the Mediterranean. However, by local standards 1989 was a poor year in weather terms, occasioned no doubt by the Azores High taking up a more northerly station for a lengthy period bringing one of the best summers in memory to Ireland and England. In the Med odd little lows and fronts were creeping eastwards up-setting the local idea of summer. Generally speaking those parts of the Med in which we sailed had lower temperatures and less sunshine than is apparently normal. For me it was just fine! It was interesting to me that in Palma the locals said that summer begins mid-June and that undertaking longish passages earlier than that could entail bad weather.

In C'an Pastilla, where *Safari* was hauled for fitting out, there were a number of yachts who intended cruising in company to Greece in early May. I met some of them in C'an Pastilla in early June and they had great tales of woe about how they had been beaten back by wind and sea conditions in the stretch of water between Majorca and Sardinia.

Our passage to Sardinia was to be much different. Mostly we needed the engine, and sometimes the engine was assisted by our sails. For a relatively brief few hours after clearing Majorca we had a good sailing breeze and fairly lumpy sea. Thereafter wind and sea became easier. By noon on Monday, forty eight hours out, we were passing Vacca Island off S. Antico Island the south western tip of Sardinia. A gentle breeze wafted us up Palmas Bay towards Porte Ponte Romano as we enjoyed our lunch in the cockpit. By 1340 we had rafted alongside at Porte Ponte Romano and completed 286 miles, the first part of our journey.

In order that one may enter Italian ports and be "legal" the ship must have it's Constituto. Similarly in Greece one has to have a Transit Log, and in Yugoslavia a Sailing Permit. Obtaining those

papers involves local bureaucracy and it was not without some trepidation that I approached this first encounter. I had read the appropriate chapters in Brandon, Heikell and Thompson on numerous occasions, and I had spoken with a number of people who had found the experience easy or difficult in varying degrees. Armed with *Safari's* Certificate of Registry, Insurance Certificate in Italian and our crews passports we obtained our Constituto without any problem. In fact in each country we visited I found officialdom helpful and courteous. However one needs time and patience. It would not help matters to be in a hurry.

We did not linger in Porte Ponte Romano. The owner had quickly established that he could not get a decent meal in the place and could not wait to get going! We were away by 0600 the following day en route to Cagliari some sixty nautical miles away. It was an interesting day. This part of Sardinia is mountainous providing fine scenery right down to the coastline with its shallow coves and sandy beaches. The day was sunny, warm and good to live in standard for this part of the world! The watches would vie with each other as to which could produce the best cold lunch. This meal would start soon after mid-day when Ian would declare the sun over the yardarm, and 'Nibblers' would be produced to accompany the mandatory libation. Then would follow lunch at the cockpit table - always an occasion. It was amazing how much time could be spent getting the French dressing just right!

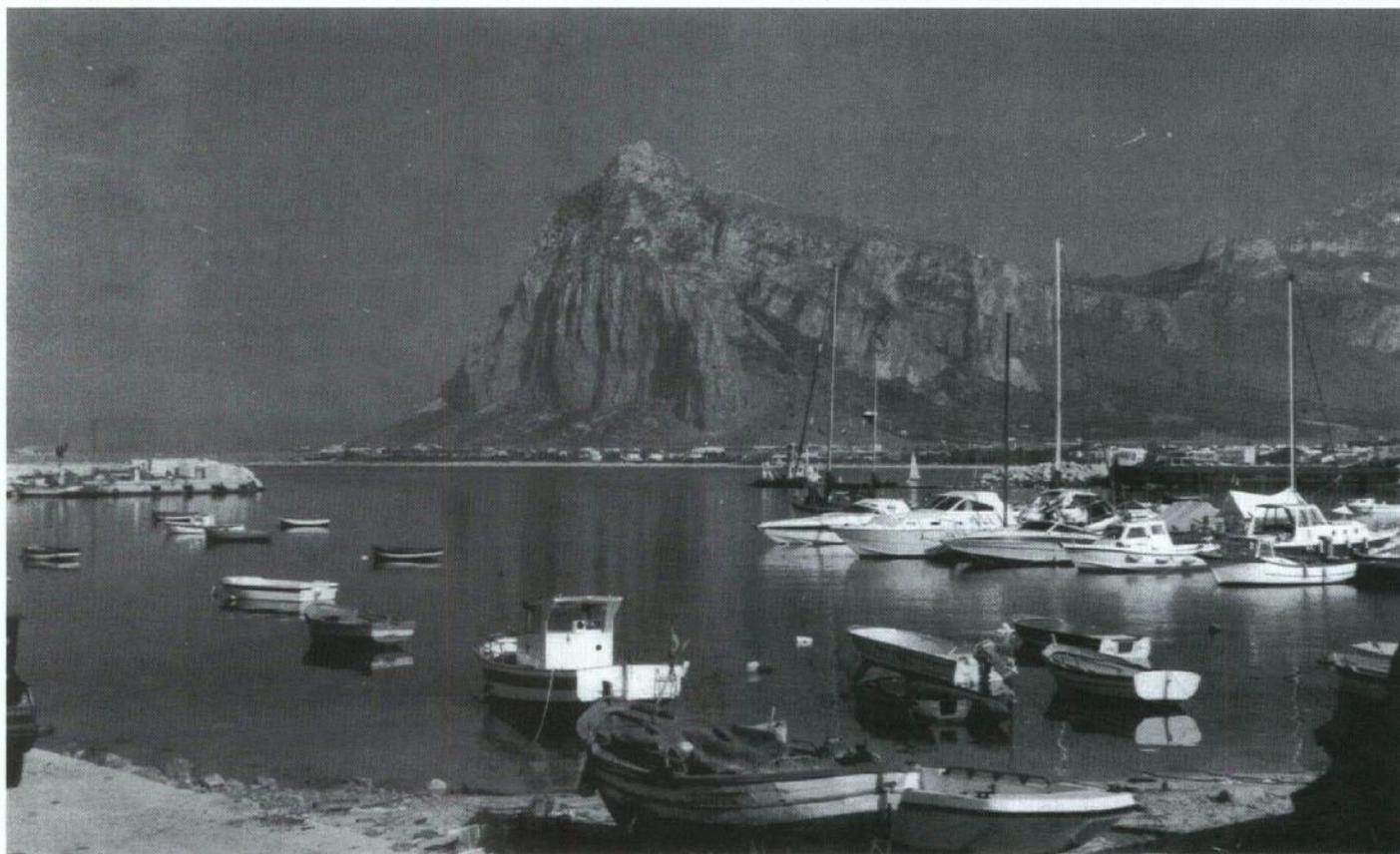
By 1600 we had arrived at Cagliari. We endeavoured to moor at the Yacht Club Italiano Marina but were re-directed to the Commercial Harbour where we moored alongside close to other visiting yachts. It was not a bad spot and was close to the town centre and shopping facilities. We wished to take on diesel but because of our draft could not reach the fueling dock. Help was

at hand as an English couple with a smaller yacht were taking on diesel. Bud borrowed a number of drums from the yachts there and was able to accompany the English couple to get diesel for *Safari*. We had an anxious time transferring from the drums into *Safari's* tanks without having a spillage of diesel on our decks.

The next leg of our journey was the 180 nautical miles from Cagliari to San Vito on the North West tip of Sicily, on a course close to ESE, departing from Cagliari at noon on Wednesday 21st June, this was to be one of the best passages of our cruise.

The log reminds me that soon after departure we were on course under all plain sail to a SW F3 in bright sunshine. "Wonderful sailing over a gentle sea" it says. We got about three hours sailing on that occasion before the breeze eased and we were back to the engine. At 0235 Thursday the watch on deck recorded a ship sighted. Since leaving Palma we had been conscious of the total absence of any ships, yachts, or fishing boats on our track and hence the entry. By 0420 the breeze was SF4; the engine was silenced and we were making good progress under all sail over a slight swell. The sky was partially clouded but there was plenty of light from a near full moon. And so it was some sailing, some engine, gentle sea, warm and sunny, until 1600 on Thursday when we were close in to the high and mountainous Cabo San Vito where we drifted in the afternoon sun while all hands swam. By 1700 we were moored stern to a floating pontoon in the small harbour of San Vito, a delightful little harbour nestling against the back drop of the massive Cabo San Vito. Despite the smallness of the place we were able to have water and shore power from the pontoon. The shore facilities of San Vito lived up to it's little harbour and the crew felt suitably tired the next day!

Friday morning 23rd June found us underway at 0740. It was to be a day of either no wind, or when we did have a breeze it was



Safari's first port of call in Sicily - San Vito

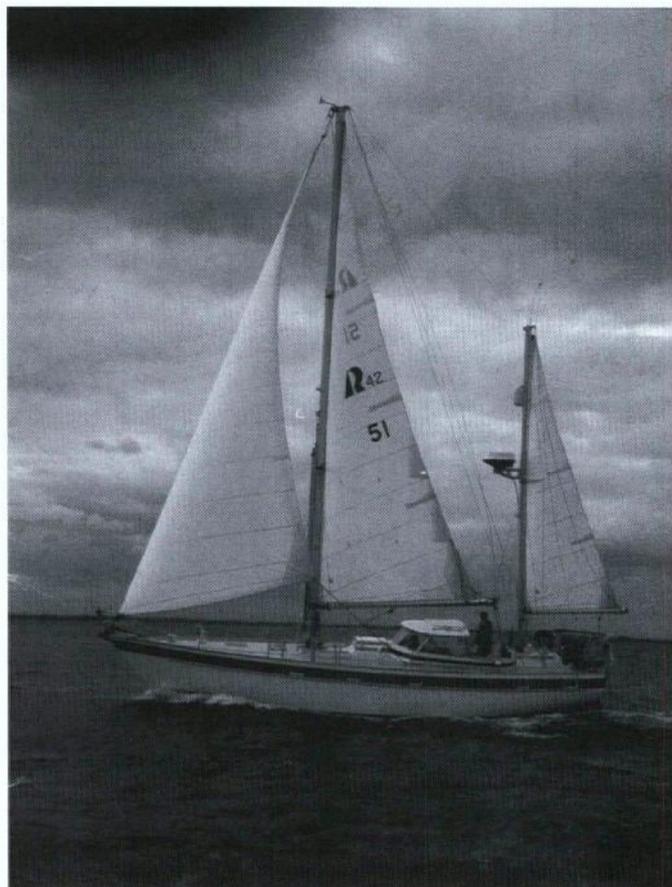
Brian Hegarty

a dead noser. By mid-day we had completed half our 46 mile journey with our anchor down in a bay just East of Castellamare for swims and lunch. The coastline hereabouts is most dramatic and beautiful with its mountainous hinterland and sandstone cliffs. On completing that days journey we were fortunate on arrival in Palermo harbour to be offered a berth at Club Mediterranee. It was sheltered and a suntrap - very hot! But again we could avail of shore power and water. What's more there was a bunkering berth close by.

Palermo has a poor reputation amongst many yachtsmen. The populace has a reputation for thieving, probably a few giving the many a bad name. In any event we had hardly got *Safari* moored when a Frenchman was exhorting us to be careful of both boat and our own possessions at Palermo. In any event we received nothing but help; the only mistake we made was asking a taxi driver to recommend a good restaurant which resulted in a long drive! Bud Bryce did another lengthy drive with the same taxi next morning as he set off for the airport and home.

Having spent one night at Palermo we were away next day at 1100 bound for the island of Vulcano - one of the Aeolian group of islands eighty nautical miles away. It was one of those lazy journeys engine, no wind, flat sea, sunshine, eat and sleep! At 0300 on Sunday morning 25th June we dropped the hook at Porto di Levante at Vulcano Island. It was a beautifully fine night and the island lived up to its' name, emitting a strong smell of sulphur, we spent the day on the island enjoying - if that is the correct term - bathing in the grey sulphur pools with the tourists to the island.

Monday at 0730 found us underway bound for the Straits of Messina some 36 miles away. Our course was South of East, the sky was somewhat overcast and we enjoyed a fine westerly force 4 to 5. At 0945 our log records great sailing, rolling down wind with the genoa goosewinged. However by 1130 rain was threatening and a waterspout was visible about one and a half miles off, forward of the port beam. Some discussion on the best method of dealing with waterspouts! 1400 found us entering the Straits of Messina. It is one of the few, if not the only place, in the Mediterranean where one takes cognizance of the tidal stream for which there are constants related to HW Gibraltar. We had timed our arrival to pick up the first of the south going stream. We left the rain clouds and waterspouts astern and conditions soon gave way to sunshine once more with a fine northerly force 5 to push us along. Now, of course, we were in an area of shipping. Large



Safari of Howth

Ian Morrison

cargo vessels passing up and down the Straits, and numerous ferries plying across the Straits between Italy and Sicily, because we were going east we held to the eastern side of the Straits by the Italian shore. It is an attractive coastline to sail past, a mountainous hinterland forming a back drop for the many summer homes that front onto the miles of beach on this coastline. What it lacks of course, are harbours suitable for yachts. Rest of our passage along this SE Coast of Italy was under engine in flat conditions. Then came the Bay of Squalls which produced a lumpy sea and a fine NW F 4-5 giving us a close reach with genoa and main. On Tuesday by 0800 the Bay of Squalls had done its' thing and we were once more motoring in sunshine and calm sea.

Loran finds it difficult coping with the Bay of Squalls. It is an area which induces error as we realised later having spoken to other people who had the same experience as ourselves. Soon after midday Tuesday 27th June we moored alongside in the harbour of Crotonne.

Entering this harbour I spotted a Vertue class yacht painted white but with a familiar outline. Sure enough on investigation it proved to be *Foresight* which Tom Sheppard of the ICC had commissioned way back in 1957 and which I had helped him sail home from Elkins yard at Christchurch. She was on passage from Bodrum in Turkey to the South of France having been in the Med for some five years.

Ian had to leave us here as business commitments required his presence in Dublin. He set off to explore Sibari Marina some sixty miles north where he intended to winter *Safari* all being well. He would then take a



The small harbour of San Maria Di Leuca on the Heel of Italy

Brian Hegarty



Hon. Sec and Harry Byrne on passage.

R. d'Alton

bus to Rome (six hours) and fly from there. Whenever I think of Crotonne I remember the market place - one of the most colourful and abundant that I have seen anywhere.

On Wednesday 28th June at 1700 we left Crotonne bound NE across the Gulf of Taranto for San Maria di Leuca, a small harbour on the Southernmost tip of Italy's heel. It was engine all the way on a dark quiet moonless night. We had the tall lighthouse atop Cap San Maria di Leuca in sight for hours before arriving to put our anchor down at 0430. Harbour works are in progress at San Maria di Leuca, but at present the harbour is exposed to the South West. The harbour is also quite shallow and *Safari* drawing 7'3" is about as big as can really use the place at present. There is a yacht club here with many dinghys and some J24s. We were made most welcome by the yacht club and enjoyed lunch there.

On Thursday 29th June at 1930, on the evening of the day of our arrival, we departed San Maria di Leuca and Italy bound for Corfu. It was overcast, and with no moon it was to prove a very black night. Other than that the sea was calm; we had a very light NE breeze which assisted the motor which all made for an easy passage. We passed South of Othoni Island and along the North coast of Corfu. By six in the morning we were closing with the NE tip of Corfu.

As the sun came up a light breeze came off the land bringing

with it the scent of trees and vegetation. The sun came up and dried the dew off our decks - another lovely day in the making.

Along the NE coast of Corfu one has, of course, to be aware of Albania in whose waters one is forbidden to sail. The channel between Corfu and Albania is probably two miles wide at its narrowest and all shipping keeps to the Corfu side. Later in the season when taking *Safari* to Yugoslavia and when returning again to Greece, I plotted courses which would keep us over twenty miles off the Albanian coast. On another occasion we spent a night in Stephanos Bay on Corfu's East side facing Albania. At regular intervals during the night hours Albanian search lights would sweep the Albanian waters in the channel between the two countries - eerie!.

As we progressed South towards Corfu town the morning became hotter and the sea glassy calm until there was not a ripple. 0900 that Friday 30th June found us entering the busy port of Corfu to moor stern-to at the Customs Wharf. Heikells book says it can take anything from one hour to four hours to obtain one's Transit Log and complete all the bureaucratic procedures. It took me one and half hours. I found the officials I had to see most helpful. To obtain a Transit Log which is essential in Greek waters one goes to the Customs officials first who issue the lengthy document which is the ships Transit Log in triplicate. They hold one copy and give you two which you take to the

Immigration or Passport Control Official. He examines the passports and logs same with name of vessel etc.. Finally one goes to the Port Captains Office. There one fills in a crew list and pays a small charge for the Port. One copy of the Transit Log and crew list kept by them. The last copy of the Transit Log together with receipt for port dues is retained by yachts representative. For clearance out of Greece the procedure is the reverse, namely, Port Captains Office first, Immigration second, and Customs last where Transit Log is surrendered. Corfu is a convenient port for entering or leaving Greece because all of the three offices one must visit are in the one building.

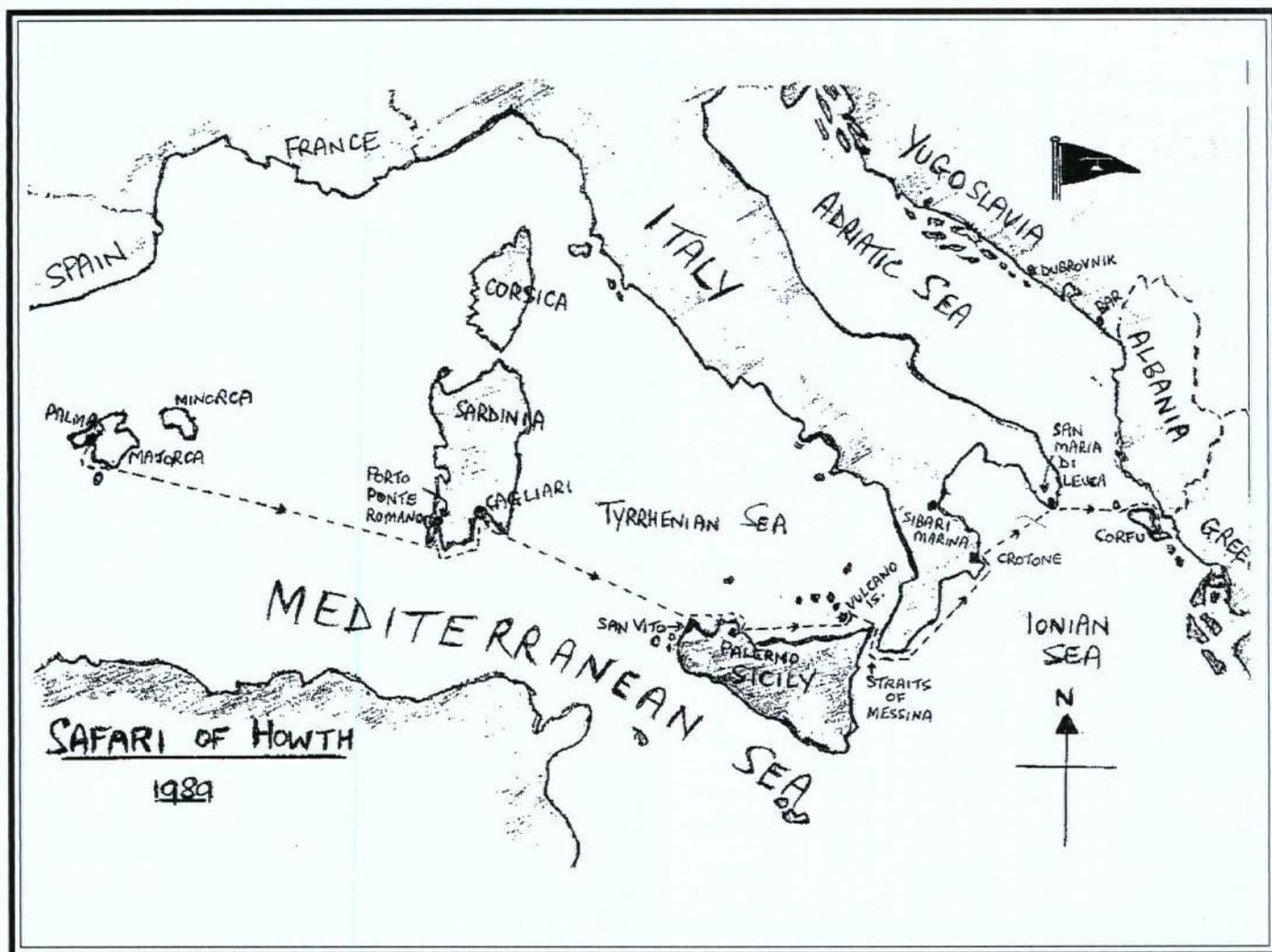
Transit Log obtained we were able to take on fuel and water. Then because space is limited at the Customs Wharf we were required to move and berth in the neighbouring Old Harbour. The water here is by no means odourless to put it mildly! However the Old Harbour is secure and convenient to the town, and Corfu is well worth a visit. *Safari's* first cruise was finished having covered 1000 miles.

Betty Hegarty joined *Safari* the following morning at Corfu. There would be six more cruises taking *Safari* to the end of September and her winter berth at Sibari Marina on the West side of the Gulf of Taranto in Italy. She would cruise in the Ionian Islands, following which she would journey to Bar in Yugoslavia and cruise the coastline to Dubrovnik. August would be spent cruising and pottering about the Dalmation Islands north west of Dubrovnik. End of August/early September she would journey

back to Corfu and finish the season with a cruise ending at Sibari Marina. It was not a year of great distances traveled but we had seen a lot. We had poked our bow into many delightful bays, anchorages and harbours and spent more time in prolonged good weather than ever before - a good life!

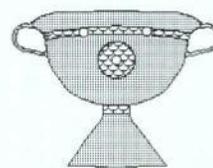
Safari of Howth (June 1989) - Log

Date	Ports	Distance (Nautical Miles)	Underway (Hours)	Speed (Knots)
June				
17	DEP. Palma, Majorca			
19	ARR. Porto Ponte Romano, Sardinia	286	48.3	5.9
20	TO Cagliari, Sardinia	60	10.3	5.8
21	DEP. Cagliari			
22	ARR. San Vito, Sicily	183	29.1	6.3
23	TO Palermo, Sicily	46	8.2	5.6
24	DEP. Palermo			
25	ARR. Porto Di Levanta, Vulcano Is.	80	16.0	5.0
26	DEP. Porto Di Levante			
27	ARR. Crotone, Italy	170	29.1	5.8
28	DEP. Crotone			
29	ARR. San Maria Di Leuca, Italy	72	11.5	6.3
29	DEP. San Maria Di Leuca			
30	ARR. Corfu, Greece	86	13.5	6.4
		983	166.0	5.9



Mazara to the 'Outer' of the 'Outer Hebrides'

Roderick Monson



The Wybrant Cup

It never ceases to amaze me how easy it is to leave Strangford, with a fair tide and a free sheet, and sail directly to the Hebrides. But this, of course, is in January or February, when we start planning our 'Summer Cruise'.

By Friday July 7, our departure date, the wind is in the North, and the only sensible thing to do is to slip our moorings at Whiterock, and sail to Ballyhenry Bay, and have a good nights sleep. No complaints from the crew. - Ross, age 8; Sue, age 6 and; Valerie, Mum.

On Saturday 8th We put reef in main and set No 2. headsail: Lifted hook 0830. 'morale good', although Ross was not quite himself? We carried the tide out of Strangford. Wind N.W.5., a slow wet beat inside Butter Pladdy and South Rock, and as we rounded the North Rock there were choppy seas and plenty of spray flying. By the Plough Buoy we had had enough of this ungentlemanly sailing, so we free'd the sheets and sailed into Portavogie, much to the delight of Ross, his idea of a good harbour is plenty of fishing boats. Arrived 1330., glad to be in sheltered water. We spent the rest of the day exploring Portavogie Beach? - to the North of the Harbour, and then had an early night, in anticipation of the morrow!

At 0745 left Portavogie. Wind N.3-4. Motorsailed. Off Ballywalter, Ross was 'seasick' - very strange - we don't often have this problem, so off Donaghadee, with a foul tide and rotten conditions, as well as one very miserable little boy, we decided to put into the Harbour, and lay between the 'old and the new Gaffers', Frank Smiths *Speedwell* and Davy Steadmans *Dolphin*.

Valerie was worried about Ross - but after a sleep and a huge feed the little fellow was ready to go again - thank heavens - so at 1515 we left Donaghadee: Wind decreased N.2., and we motored to Larne and lay alongside *Bamba* (Carrick), at the Ferry Pier. Went ashore to stretch little legs and then back to *Mazara* - tomorrow 'Gigha'.

Senior members of the crew underway on Monday 10th 0530. Rain - Wind S.W.2. By 0700 wind had died altogether. Engine on. By 1100 the wind had filled in from the S.W., conditions still



Fladda Light.

V. Monson

damp and misty, but by this time the rest of the crew were in full swing and looking for goodies and surprises which had been hidden all over the boat before the cruise began. Shrieks of excitement could be heard coming from the depths of the cabin, and all appeared to be well so far. Goose-winged to Gigha, arriving Ardmish Bay 1630, to find approximately 30 boats - including *Timella* ICC. We now felt that our holiday had really begun. Made a quick dash ashore for some fresh milk and had a very pleasant dinner on board. Later we were invited on board *Kermit*, where Sue whipped the boys at Dominoes - much to their displeasure.

Another early start on the 11th - Left Ardmish at 0530 in company with a German Yacht and guess what? 'Sunshine' and a light westerly breeze - this is the life' by 0600 we had to start the engine - which complained bitterly - and everyone held their breaths we had to motor-sail to carry the tide past the Mac Cormaig Isles, but it didn't really matter, it was a beautiful morning and the scenery was superb.

Wind increased and we were eventually able to get the engine off. Wind S.W. 3-4. Passed Dorus More and Corryreckan and made Fladda Light at 1130 - Suberb sail across Firth of Lorne wind increasing 4-5. Abeam Duart Castle hardened sheets and sailed close hauled to West of Cray Island; off Lough Aline the wind headed and increased. Engine on and reefed main - rain

squalls and choppy seas until we passed Green Isle and were able to ease the sheets and have a fast but very wet sail to Tobermorey— as beautiful and welcoming as ever (It's good to see the children recognise places now - Ross was just 1 year and 9 months when he first visited Tobermorey - and Sue was 'on the way'). At 1950 we anchored in 4 fathoms inside the permanent moorings and hurried ashore, in full oily's. Enjoyed very pleasant meal in 'The Gannet' Restaurant, and coming out were greeted by the Skipper and crew of *Dingo* BYC— We had spent the winter fitting out alongside each other in BYC Boatyard - and Ross was delighted to find James - age 9, and a friend for Sue. Very pleasant evening spent on board *Dingo*.

On Wednesday we spent the morning being typical tourists: Showers, souvenirs, coffee and sticky buns etc: and left Tobermorey at 1600. Sailed over to Loch Drumbuy Wind W.3. The dreaded 'Fishing' had begun. Score - Ross 6 Mackerel - Sue 1. Drumbuy at 1700. Pouring out of the heavens!, so we put on our precious 'Boom tent': made a hot meal and spent the evening playing games and doing jig-saws.

On Thursday 13th wind N.W.3. Beat to Ardnamurchan - conditions dull, cold and miserable. Rounded Ardnurchan Light at Noon. Wind N.W.4. Sailed past Muck : Egg: and Point of Sleat to Armidale. This was a new anchorage for *Mazara*.

We lifted one of the Highland and Islands Board Moorings at 1645 , alongside - guess who? *Dingo*. This is a very pleasant place (in the right conditions), and the children spent a very enjoyable evening exploring with yet more company.

Underway on Friday. It was a dull grey morning, but we are so familiar with these conditions in the Hebrides that no one was particularly bothered! Sailed North up the Sound of Sleat, past Isle Ornsay At this point, we decided that our original intention of going to The Orkneys was now futile and just decided to go wherever conditions permitted. So we sailed slowly on, our speed increasing as the tide gathered momentum through Kyle Rhea, with, as usual, low mist shrouding the mountain tops. Ross caught a mackerel, just in time for lunch - so Cookie filleted same, and cooked it in white wine, with chopped onion: bacon: tomato and mushrooms, and served it up on slices of hot buttered toast. The wind died completely, so we started the engine and motored to Kyle of Lochalsh and tied up alongside a fishing boat at the Fish Quay. This is one of the childrens favourite places - there is plenty to see and do. So with *Mazara* well secured we all went ashore on a shopping expedition. Fresh milk, bread, goodies and of course: souvenirs. Ross and Skipper took supplies back to *Mazara* where they were given a huge carrier bag filled with 'Squat Lobsters' - strange looking creatures, unfamiliar to us a cross between a small lobster and a king prawn. Nevertheless, highly recommended by the local fishermen . Cooking instructions as for prawns - so we spent the rest of the day lazily shopping; walking, having coffee in the Loch Alsh Hotel, and eventually preparing the Squat Lobsters which turned out to be very prickly and sharp and extremely sore on the fingers - but well worth the effort! they were absolutely scrumptious in a seafood salad. By late evening we found it hard to believe that there were no other yachts tied alongside, and it was a beautiful evening. We were also fortunate to see an Otter.

On Saturday at 0500 we know why there were no other yachts alongside. Helicopters started taking off and landing every 15 minutes from the Naval Base, 200 yards away. Breakfast came very early that morning! 0855 we set sail and beat out past the lighthouse. After 2 hours the wind died, engine on and we

motored in flat calm conditions to the E of Crowlin Island. It was after lunch before we were able to get the engine off again, and sailed slowly north for three hours arriving Badachro 1645. On the way into the anchorage, while fishing, the children were swamped with mackerel, the water was alive with them; it's good to know that there is something that will get Sue out of her bunk!

Tidied up and went ashore for a meal in the Badachro Hotel, - not a lot of hospitality!

Underway at 0800 on Sunday. Guess what! no wind - there is never a happy medium, so the decision was made to head out to the Outer Islands and visit Stornaway, it had been 16 years since our last visit. Apart from a 2 hour sail in the middle of the day, we had a very uneventful crossing of the Minch, to the North of the Shiant Islands. One of those warm, bright sunny days with superb visibility, we closed Kebock Head and arrived in Loch Grimshader at 1620. "Skipper actually took his shirt off". Later wet suits went on and Ross and Skipper went for a swim in freezing cold water. After being revived with hot coffee, we all went for a long hike in what could only be described as a very bleak, desolate area of the Outer Hebrides - we were not very impressed with Loch Grimshader. *Dingo* turned up later.

Left Grimshader at 0900 on Monday 17th and motored to Stornaway; it hadn't changed much, but it really is a very dirty harbour. It was good to be back. *Dingo* joined us later. We did all the usual touristy things purchased fresh supplies, and new fishing rods etc., much to Skippers disgust!

We were very fortunate to meet a very interesting chap, from Washington D.C., sailing single handed in a 30 foot Cutter *Nereid of Norfolk*, Stephen Demas; and this gave us the perfect recipe for a party on board *Mazara*, which went on into the wee small hours.

On Tuesday we motored out of Stornaway, having had enough of civilization. No wind, so we motored off looking for new anchorages. Past Loch Shell at 1410 - sighted whale off the port bow. 1530 arrived Loch Brollum, which no one seemed to like so came out again and motored on down the coast to a really fabulous anchorage in behind a small island, 1 mile up the Loch on the North side - Loch Claidh, there was not another human being in sight. Later in the evening we managed to climb part of Crionaig Mountain, the visibility was incredible, approximately 50 miles, we were wishing that we had brought a video camera with us, you couldn't possibly hope to capture such beauty. The Minch was like a 'mill pond'. It made us reflect on a number of occasions when that particular stretch of water had not been so kind! Wednesday 19th We were awakened in the early a.m. to the sound of a high speed motor boat circling *Mazara*! It turned out to be the local Game-keeper, looking for 'Poachers'. We invited him on board for breakfast, which he graciously accepted, and we spent ages listening to his stories, and the problems he was having with the deer, salmon and trout. Reluctantly we left Loch Claidh, and with not a breath of wind all day, motored down past Scalpey and were off Rodel at 1400. Decided we would have a look at the 'Sound of Harris' - and who knows if we could find a way through - we might even go out to 'St Kilda' the next day!

On entering the Sound of Harris at the north east end, the marks were very confusing to say the least! The one that looks like a tower, is a cairn, and the one that looks like a cairn is a tower., but having got that little lot sorted out we motored safely into Leverburgh Pier, where we anchored at low water.

1545. Again, our main aim was to try and find some 'fresh milk', it's amazing how little things can become an obsession.

On reflection, our past experiences sailing with Davy Steadman in *Dolphin*, had given us the confidence needed to sail through this very tricky stretch of water. It appeared that the 'bottom' was always clearly visible, and inclined to give one the 'creeps', but the old Guru himself was never more at home than when the kelp was licking the keel bolts on his beloved *Dolphin*.

At Leverburgh we found a very civilised Store, come restaurant, come tourist Office about 2 miles inland, in an otherwise bleak, desolate spot. But no fresh milk an explanation must be due by now Skipper is allergic to 'Long Life Milk'

At 0530 on Thursday 20th we are back to this early nonsense again! Skipper didn't sleep very well. I wonder why?

For 25 years, 'St Kilda' had been a 'Myth' and an unfulfilled challenge. So, with settled weather forecast and a high barometer, maybe this is the time to go! decisions - decisions! 0530, with good visibility and a fair wind N.E.2., we left Leverburgh Pier to make our way through Leverburgh Channel, taking Volinish Rock to port and Red Rock to Starboard, and out into the Atlantic, through Stronay Channel. Past to the N.E. of Shillay Island at 0730 and set a course for 'St. Kilda', with lots of hot coffee and plenty of anticipation! Ross and Sue were still sound asleep.

(Skipper changed his hat, for one brief moment). i.e., Father was heard to say to mother—"Before we go any further, are you happy? I don't really mind if you want to go back." Talk about 'passing the buck' these are the kind of thoughts one can have when there are children on board.

Rain and mist descended as we motorsailed to keep up a



Valerie, Ross and Sue in Main St., Hirta.

R. Monson

reasonable speed. Wind S.E.2. At 1000 Skipper retired to his bunk and left Valerie to steer a 'true course'. At noon he was awakened by sounds of excitement on deck. A school of Dolphins had been sighted, otherwise there was nothing else to be seen but birds. Curiosity got the better of Valerie and eventually she asked that probing question? "How do you know we are still on course?" The reply came back quite confidently, If you are not sure, just follow the birds! (it appeared that all the birds going West were on the same course as *Mazara*). By 1330 bets were being made as to whether we had missed the islands altogether, and contingency plans thought out for getting back, you could feel the excitement on board as everyone glared into the mist for any sight of land. (It's amazing what can be conjured up in the mind, out of mist and fog!). At 1400 a distinct white cloud appeared, dead ahead. (No one was prepared to commit themselves), there was a deadly silence!, but by 1415 land appeared just on the starboard bow approximately 4 miles off, the



Fulmer and chick on St. Kilda.

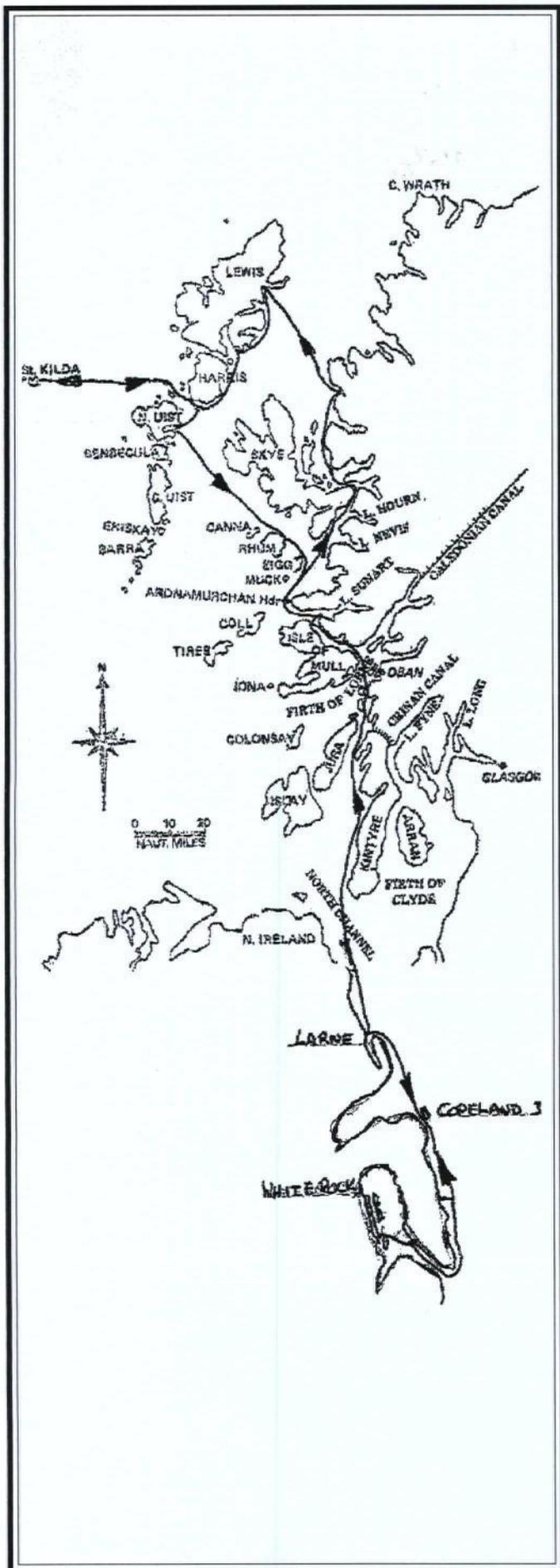
Sue Monson

excitement was terrific. The land turned out to be Boreray and our course (much to Skippers surprise) without alteration would bring us into 'Village Bay'. not bad, considering that all navigation had been done by dead reckoning - no 'Rich mans' toys on *Mazara*.

We let go the anchor at 1545 off the pier in Village Bay, in 6 fathoms of crystal clear water, not really believing that we had actually arrived. Words could not describe the scenery before us! we were surrounded on three sides, by rock rising straight up out of the sea, and disappearing into the clouds, it really was quite spectacular. We made our way ashore, to be greeted by the Wardens wife, (as you will probably know, the Island is occupied by the Army), who welcomed us to St Kilda, and gave us leaflets and relevant information. (It was quite strange, she remarked how odd it was to see 'children' on the Island, she could not remember when there had been any there before). We spent about six hours exploring this fascinating place. The bird life was unbelievable, we saw the famous St Kilda wren, fulmers, kittiwakes, skuas, and of course the famous 'Soay sheep, there was just so much to take in and so little time to do it. In the evening the mist cleared and we were able to see the tops of the mountains. After eventually exhausting the children and ourselves we declined an invitation to 'The Puffin' (the local) and returned to *Mazara* at 2200. A slight rumble made the anchorage uncomfortable, so by 0515 we lifted the anchor and headed back to the Sound of Harris, with the hope that we would be able to return to St Kilda again someday. Visibility very poor.

By mid-morning it was raining and visibility was down to a couple of miles. We were once again joined by a school of Dolphins who played around the boat, much to the delight of the children. By 1330 we had a confirmed sighting of Shillay Island visibility 1.5 miles, at best. (creepy). Skipper decided to return through the Sound of Harris the same way he had sailed out. Land marks all appeared, without difficulty, - the only problem being the 'engine', (isn't it always), it appeared to have lost power!, but with a fair tide and little more than steerage way we were abeam of Stumbles Rock Buoy 1530., and in clear water tried the engine in reverse which must have cleared weed from around the propeller, the power improved and we decided to make our way to Loch Maddy.

But, just as we were clearing the Sound of Harris, visibility closed in to 50 yards. The last bearing taken was Renish Island,



just South of Loch Rodel, so we altered course and motored for it. After rounding Renish Island we were confronted with a lot of shouting and banging, which turned out to be another Yacht. It followed us into Loch Rodel. We anchored at the head of Loch Rodel, in beautiful sunshine you just wouldn't believe the weather conditions could change so quickly?. The evening was very pleasant. We went for a long walk and were fortunate enough to be 'in the right place at the right time', or Sue is very good at 'chatting up fishermen', she was given a large bag of crabs nippers, and Ross was given a 'Ling' approx 4lbs in weight, mind you we are not exactly fish-dish lovers, well, Skipper is, but we decided to have a go, so we headed back to Mazara with out 'loot' and spent the rest of the evening cooking the nippers. Skipper filleted the Ling - fair to medium result! We were all about to retire, very pleased with ourselves, for a couple of good reasons; when there was a very strange noise outside, in the water. Millions, yes literally millions of mackerel fry, (none of us had ever seen to many in one place at any one time), and then almost immediately following them came the Loch Rodel Massacre! What seemed to be an equally large number of mackerel and blocken, invaded and for about 30 minutes we witnessed 'feeding time'. Nature certainly can be very cruel.

On Saturday 22nd July we left at 0900 under sail. Wind E.3., very leisurely sail - still trying to get meat out of crabs nippers. Ross was starving, and breakfast consisted of; cornbeef, crisp and pickle sandwiches! Skipper ate crab for the next two days. Wind died and by 1130 engine was on and we arrived Loch Maddy 1230, in very hot sunshine.

We went ashore to find Baths! Local Hotel obliged, and this turned out to be a very successful venture, everyone looked beautiful and the aroma was much better. Left again 1630 under sail and motored to Loch Eport. We discovered that this Island was occupied by deer in quite large numbers and they could be seen quite clearly - after a short walk we explored the head of the Loch in the dinghy. Unfortunately the following morning we disturbed the deer as we lifted the anchor (beautiful creatures) No wind, we motored off in cool, damp conditions across the Minch. Abeam of Neist Point at 1145., (there were two lucky little people still tucked up in bunks). At 1400 we sighted Canna. Eventually the day cleared up to warm sunshine and good visibility and in flat calm conditions we arrived in Rhum in the evening. Went ashore for our usual hike. There was a spectacular sunset over Kinloch House. We were also being eaten alive by 'midges', so needless to report, we retired to our bunks.

Up anchor at 0700 on Monday. No wind, but a beautiful morning. It was our intention to go between Eigg and Muck, but this soon changed as we motored into thick fog, we altered course and rounded to the North of Eigg in clear visibility, Eigg left abeam 09.30. Set course for Ardnamurchan Light and once again motored into thick fog. Visibility 50 yards at best, as we rock hopped round the Head land with the 'boom' of the Fog Horn, which sounded to be abeam at 11.30 (we could hear waves crashing, awfully close, but couldn't see a thing!), and by 1145 visibility was 5 miles plus, with bright sunshine. We set the spinnaker in N.W.2., but this was short lived, as the wind died away completely again, so we started the engine and motored in flat calm conditions to Tobermorey. Went alongside stone steps at the Steamer Pier and filled up with fuel and water. Dropped the hook in 4 fathoms inside the permanent moorings at 1400.

We spent the rest of the day being typical tourists, and in the evening had a lovely meal in the 'Captains Table', to be

recommended for children, and afterwards went for a walk up to the Golf Course, to return, only to find that our dinghy had been moved, and was wedged, and sinking, under the metal steps, as the tide came in. Disaster was averted with the aid of some very kind lads from a Sail Training Vessel. Poor Ross was very upset, the dinghy and outboard are his 'pride and joy'.

Wind S.E. 4-5 on Tuesday 25th. A hard slog down the Sound of Mull, with reefed main and No. 2. Headsail. Plenty of spray flying, rain showers and squalls and as usual, every time we thought we would get a free sheet, the wind headed us again. It became apparent that the yachts coming from the south were having a good sail but all appeared to be over-canvassed. We considered putting into Loch Aline, but the crew voted to go on to Oban, and hit the 'high spot'. Abeam Lismore light the wind decreased and we were able to free the sheets and have a brisk sail to Oban. Tied up alongside the pontoon. 1630. The rest of the day was spent walking round in the pouring rain. Fish and chips, candy floss and some presents for home. The highlight of Ross's day was a brief visit to the Amusement Arcade.

Wednesday 26th underway 1030 Motored down Kerrera Sound. Wind S.W.1. Once clear of Esdale with a fair tide under us we were able to stop the engine and make a fast passage to Crinan.

We were joined later by *Jeremy Fisher* I.C.C., who was having one of those 'nightmare' cruises where nothing was going right. A walk ashore to inspect the 'Basin' and drinks in the Crinan Hotel. (Very expensive). The following day as we had to wait for the tide, we didn't leave Crinan until 1115. Wind W.3-4. There was a Southerly Gale on the way! Close hauled to the MacCormaig Isles and then eased sheets, and a superb sail into Ardmish Bay; Gigha. Again full of boats waiting to go South.

Friday was our only 'day off'. Southerly Gale forecast. S.5-6 *Dingo* was in Gigha, this meant that the children spent a very happy day, with company, and in fact, only appeared back at 'feeding time'. Saturday was one of those days with an awkward decision! There was no great advantage in leaving early, as the tide would be against us at 'The Mull'. Left in company with four other yachts at 0915., and were off 'The Mull' by 1320 with two hours of ebb tide still to go. We were pushed well to the N.W., which gave us a free sheet down the County Antrim coast, but off

Larne with wind died away, engine on and we motored across Belfast Lough to Copeland Sound. The tide, by now, was against us and the engine seemed to be loosing power, yet again, so we put into Chapel Bay for the night, in company with *Lutanda* I.C.C. Sun 30th Up at 0530 This was to be the 17th and very last time Valerie would lift the anchor. More rain. Wind W.1. Motored south, off Ballywalter wind increased. Engine off and rain cleared by 0800. Off North Rock and cross Strangford Bar with 'Hot dogs and coffee', everyone was starving. Beat up Lough to our moorings with a fair tide, arriving midday.

After such a 'cruise', thanks must go to Messers McGruer & Feltham for designing and building *Mazara* our 30 foot wooden home for the last three weeks.

	Engine Hours	Underway Total Time	Total Miles made good
Whiterock to Ballyhenry		1.30	
Ballyhenry to Portavogie	1.30	5.0	17.0
Portavogie	4.5		
Donaghadee to Larne	4.5	9.0	27.0
Larne to Gigha	4.0	11.0	49.0
Gigha to Tobermorey	7.0	12.30	78.0
Tobermorey to Drumbuy	0.0	1.30	5.0
Drumbuy to Armidale	4.0	8.15	34.0
Armidale to Kyle of Loch Alsh	0.25	4.30	23.0
Loch Alsh to Badachro	5.10	7.10	31.0
Badachro to Loch Grimshader	8.10	35.0	
L.Grimshader to Stornaway	1.15	1.15	
Stornaway to Loch Claidh	6.0	6.0	23.0
L. Claidh to Leverburgh	5.45	5.45	22.0
Leverburgh to St Kilda	7.10	10.15	51.0
St.Kilda to Loch Rodel	11.10	11.10	55.0
L.Rodel to Loch Eport	3.40	5.40	18.0
L.Eport to Rhum	14.15	14.15	45.0
Rhum to Tobermorey	5.30	6.30	32.0
Tobermorey to Oban	4.50	6.50	24.0
Oban to Crinan	1.15	4.15	24.0
Crinan to Gigha	3.0	5.15	26.0
Gigha to Copelands	6.20	12.50	62.0
Copelands to Whiterock	2.30	6.30	33.0
TOTALS	108 55	166.15	726.0



The Monson family aboard *Mazara*

W.M. Nixon

To the Outer Isles with *Emanuel*

Andrew Somerville

Emanuel is a 27' long-keel sloop. Her displacement of five tons makes her rather slow, so for this, our fourth annual cruise, we set aside three weeks: previous experience proved that a fortnight would not do. As usual, Sue and I travelled a deux in 1989 - we like to spread ourselves around the boat, and *Emanuel* is easily handled by two people. In fact, in any conditions short of a gale, all sail changes can be managed with only one person on deck.

For us, the last day of the 1989 heatwave was 22nd July. We drove north from Dublin in an over-heating car to join *Emanuel* at the new Bangor marina, and after 85 hot miles and numerous pints of water for the radiator, we swapped the car for the boat at noon. Following a quick stowage, we cleared the marina at 1430, bound towards the Sound of Jura.

On Sunday After a tedious beat against light northerlies, we lay a mile or so west of the Mull of Kintyre at 0400. Much of our progress was tidal, and during the hours of flood we were fortunate to be able to hold our ground. At this stage of the cruise we were still keeping three-hour night watches. Later, we stretched them to five, on the basis that each of us should get a decent spell below. By 1300, McArthur's head was abeam, and the tide was beginning to take us through the Sound of Islay. Port Askaig looked attractive, but we wanted to make more distance and so we pressed on to Bunnahabhain and anchored off the distillery at 1605. This was more troublesome than we had expected, the best part of the anchorage was occupied by floats, and we had to find a berth quite far out into the tide. At nightfall, the floats were explained:- a trawler arrived to lift each of them and empty the pot that it marked. Evidently the bay was in use as a holding-tank for the week's catch.

At 0705 on Monday we left Bunnahabhain bound towards Colonsay. In the company of a fat and wheezing pilot whale, we drifted slowly westwards. The steamer pier at Scalasaig has been furnished with planks on its north face, to provide comfortable berths for yachts. However, dredging was in progress when we arrived, and a notice warned of blasting operations. We headed for a quieter berth in Loch Staosnaig (Queen's Bay) where we anchored at 1300, under a clear blue sky. At this stage our Seagull was working well, so we launched the dinghy and headed for Scalasaig for a run ashore. After picking our way through a herd of sunbathing cattle on the foreshore, we walked to the hotel for our first pints of heavy. The visitors' book included many familiar names, although few in 1989. After returning to the boat, Sue braved the clear and very cold water for her first and last swim of the cruise.

As we watched the mares' tails gather in the sky, the shipping forecast on Monday evening warned of imminent south-easterlies, so we were not surprised to be woken by *Emanuel* snubbing her chain at 0230. I decided not to hang about, and we left immediately.



Arinagour '89

Sue Somerville

Coll was our destination, but in poor visibility we decided to do it the easy way, through the Sound of Mull, rather than make the direct passage south of Mull. We sailed into the Firth of Lorne as dawn came up. Later in the morning, as we turned the corner into the Sound, the wind turned as well. As it freshened it brought mist and rain, and our shorts, sunglasses and sunhats were sent below for the last time. At 1600 we anchored in 30' off the south shore of Tobermory Bay. By this time it was a poisonous afternoon with rain falling by the gallon. Alarmingly, drips were appearing on the deckhead and falling onto the pilot berth. Using my last reserves of optimism, I suggested that the hot weather had shrunk the deck, which would now swell. To our relief, it did. By 2000 the rain had moderated to pint measures, so we launched the dinghy and rowed ashore. By that stage the shops were shut, which was a serious matter as it turned out: opportunities for provisioning were rather limited during the following two weeks. In particular I regretted missing the butcher's shop with its 4-inch-bore black puddings. Amazingly, rashers with the rinds on are unknown in the outer isles, and bread is almost always a sliced pan freighted up from Berkshire.

We arose late on Wednesday to find a SW 4-5 rattling our halliards, and we set off for Coll at 1045. In the sound, we encountered our first Irish tricolour: *Eriskey* from Clontarf was also on passage to Barra, but by way of Canna rather than Coll. *Emanuel* is slow on the wind, so it was 1630 when we finally picked up one of the HIBD moorings off Arinagour. At the cocktail hour we watched a procession of local boats setting off for the annual boatmans' race. A fishing competition is part of the fun, and a friendly islander gave us part of his catch while we were ashore the next morning.

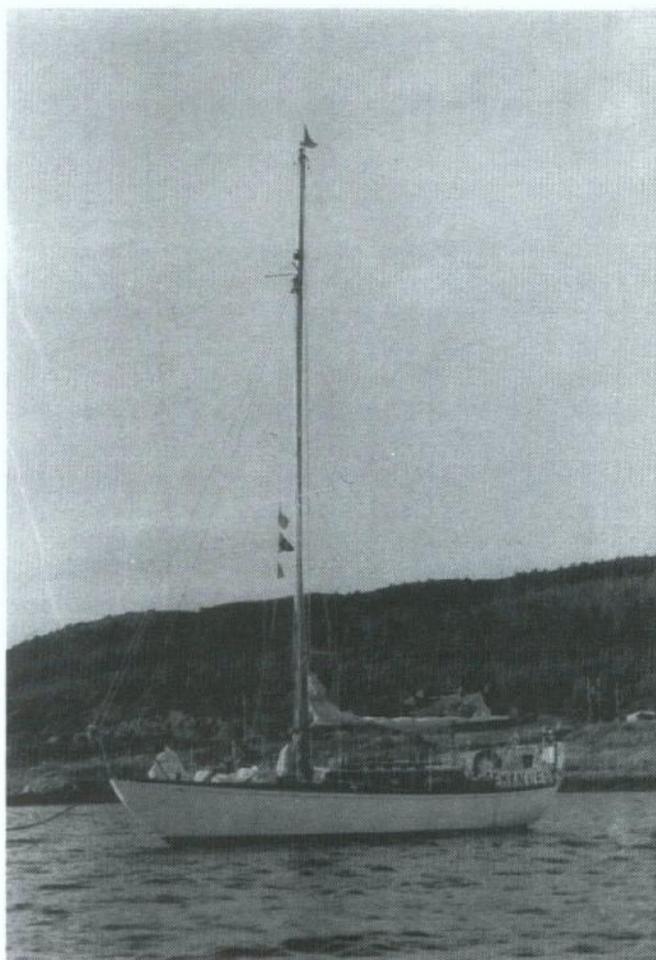
Our arrival at Arinagour marked the start of a trying spell of unpleasant weather. It blew fairly constantly from W or SW, never below F5-6. Gales were constantly forecast and they blew

much of the time. Enough swell got into Loch Eatharna to give us two uncomfortable nights. Driving rain took the pleasure out of going ashore, although we were made very welcome in the bistro, which fed us well, victualled the ship, and supplied hot showers and a laundrette. At Arinagour, the Seagull outboard packed up for the summer - perhaps because a namesake spent two days roosting (and worse) on the magneto.

By lunchtime on Saturday 29th July we were anxious to be off, and at the first sign of the weather lifting, we got under way at 1900, bound towards Castlebay. With the wind ahead after the Cairns of Coll, progress was slow.

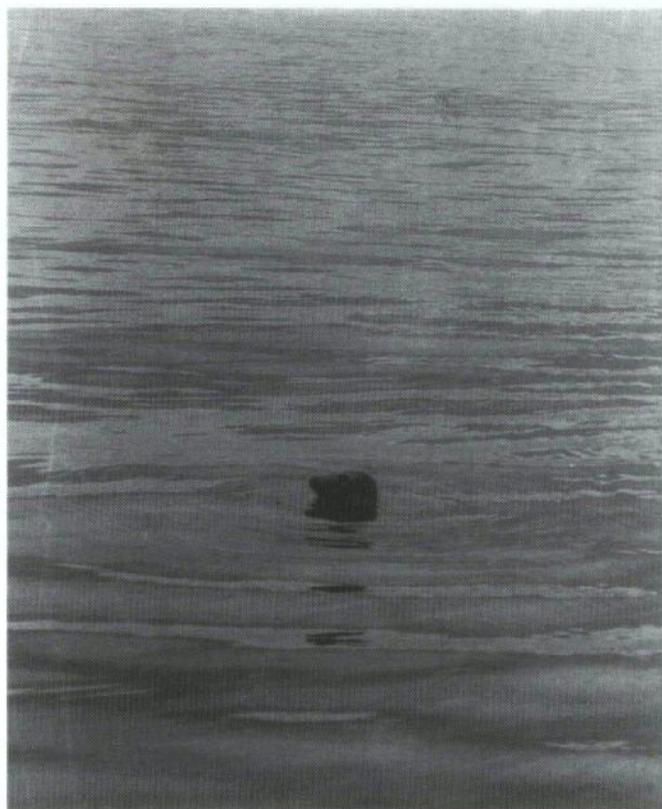
As we slowly crossed the Sea of the Hebrides, the swell increased. The working jib, with six rolls in the main, gave little drive so we set our rather tired genoa. At 1100 on Sunday we sighted Berneray through the mist, and for the next six hours we beat slowly towards Barra. As we closed the land, the wind became squally. To make progress, we shook out the reefs and put up with being overpressed in the squalls. Muldonnaich was abeam at 1700, and we finished with an exhilarating thrash up the Sound of Vatersay and into Castlebay harbour. With some relief we picked up a HIBD mooring at 1830. Eriskey, last seen off Ardnamurchan, followed us in a little later.

Monday 31 July This was our first provisioning stop since Bangor, so Emanuel's lockers were rather bare. For a small town, Castlebay has excellent facilities, so we were able to stock up with fresh food from a choice of three supermarkets. Amazingly, the current Daily Telegraph was also available: on Coll, much closer to the mainland, the dailies always arrive three days old. The Telegraph is the most absorbant of British newspapers and is invaluable for neutralising deck leaks. That evening the Craigard Hotel supplied us each with a large pink bathroom, with plenty of hot peaty water to soak out the grime of a week's



Emanuel in Dunvegan

Sue Somerville



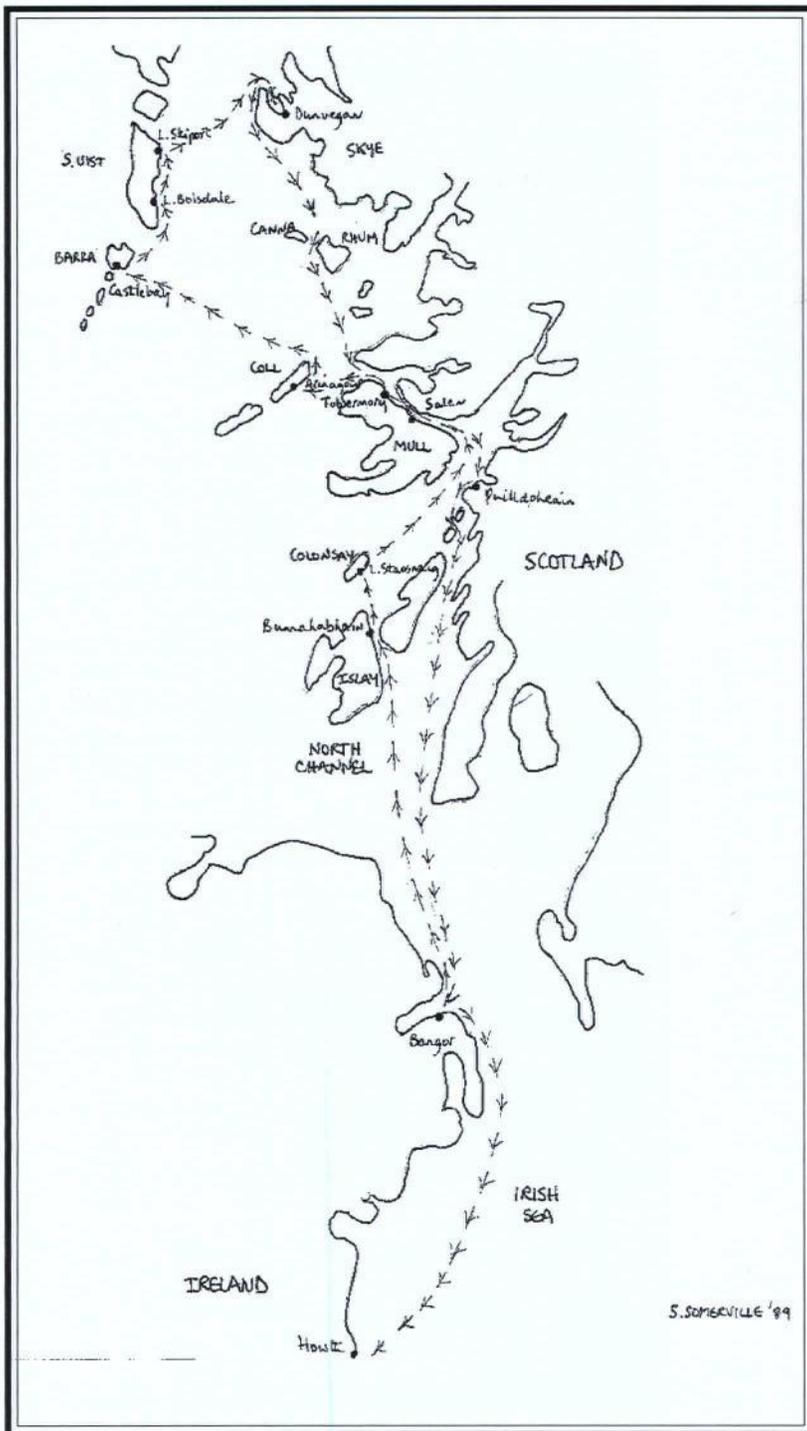
Seal

Sue Somerville

cruising. We ambled into dinner feeling a great deal cleaner, and dined extremely well from a surprisingly inventive menu.

At 0845 on Tuesday 1 August we left our mooring bound towards Loch Boisdale. As we motored gently down the Sound of Vatersay in the morning sunshine, Murphy was ready to strike. *Emanuel* has a single cylinder Penta MD1 of 1962 vintage, on solid mountings. Vibration is inevitable, but on that morning it seemed to be a little overdone. A quick inspection revealed that the mounting plates were loose on the beds. As the fastenings are only accessible with the engine out, there was nothing for it but to shut down the power. From that point, we did not use it for passage making. In low spirits we set sail. Shortly after, the wind died: further gloom. In all it took nearly thirteen hours to sail nineteen miles to our anchorage for the night at Loch Boisdale - much of it in the company of an intensely curious grey seal.

When leaving Loch Boisdale in 1987, Dermod Ryan reported hooking a bicycle frame, broken furniture and an old jacket. However, the rest of the suit escaped him: when we hauled up our anchor, there it was - along with a pair of socks and a coathanger. Luck was with us, and we had a fair westerly breeze to take us to Ushinish Point and Loch Skiport. After Ushinish, we turned westwards towards the islands that guard the Wizard Pool. Fat grey seals and their pups watched as we short tacked through the narrows in a freshening breeze, before dropping the CQR close to the shore. Sue was keen to try out our new mackerel jiggers. I was sceptical, and was surprised to hook three on the first cast and two on the second. While we gutted them and sluiced away



worked in the fifth (and last) hotel.

West of Dunvegan lies Dunvegan Castle, which is the seat of the Clan McLeod and well worth a visit. The interior comforts seemed to us a little incongruous in the wild setting of north-west Skye, although some of the appointments recalled a less civilised era. Off the drawing-room, a hatch in the floor gives a view into the dungeon in which the Clan's enemies were once imprisoned. Having walked to the castle and back, our appetites were ready for a blowout. Our choice of restaurant was unfortunate: sirloin steaks were delivered to us boiled, grey, and drenched with brown gravy. However, the Calon Segur 1982 at 7.50 was a considerable compensation.

At this stage we were two weeks down with one to go, so it was time to turn south. As usual, our planning had been over-optimistic: charts of Lewis, Harris, and east Skye never left the drawer. At 0640, we headed towards Loch Harport and the Talisker distillery. Progress against light headwinds was slow, and Neist Point did not come abeam until 1425. The light station there is for sale for £35,000: perhaps we should have stopped to take up this bargain. Instead, we carried on in continuing calms, cocooned in an eery combination of thick fog and thunderstorms. Loch Harport was now ruled out, and we pressed on for the Sounds of Canna and Mull. We passed Canna Harbour late on Sunday. After a tack out towards Oig Sgeir, we set course for Ardnamurchan in a freshening and freeing breeze at midnight.

Ardnamurchan light was abeam at 0350 on Monday 7 August, but as dawn came up the wind fell light. It took until 0930 to ghost the last few miles up to Salen, where we picked up a mooring after a passage of 73 miles and 51 hours. Salen is a convenient and sheltered anchorage, with eight HIBD moorings. We spent a few hours ashore, but the effort of dragging the dinghy up and down a long weedy beach was hardly worthwhile - except for a bag of locally-grown tomatoes that we bought in the village store.

The following day with light southerlies in prospect, and the tide due to turn north at Fladda at 1500, we settled on a short sail to Puilldohrain. This took the morning to achieve, and we anchored in heavy rain at 1400. Four boats were ahead of us in the anchorage, but by 2200 the total was fourteen with several more outside. The rain confined us to the boat, which was a disappointment - the food at the inn at Clachan

Bridge was excellent when we tried it in 1987.

At this stage it was questionable whether we should put in at any more Scottish anchorages. The weather forecasts were becoming a little threatening, and we began to think of a quick dash across the North Channel, ahead of the approaching depressions. *Emanuel* left Puilldohrain at 0720, bound provisionally for Gigha. We made good time past Fladda with the first of the tide, and were well into the Sound of Jura at the time of the lunchtime forecast on RTE. The 'further outlook' of S to SW gales was confirmed by the early evening forecasts, when Gigha was abeam. By this time the wind was in the NW, and we decided to press on. The Mull was 25 miles off, with the tide due to turn south at 2300. By 2200 the Mull was abeam, and we felt

the entrails, the waters around us boiled with shoals of fish.

The Wizard Pool lies below Ben Mor, from which blasts of icy wind tumbled. At 1820, our CQR on a 3:1 scope of chain started to drag. We motored up and dug it in again, on a lengthened scope. Still we dragged: it was clearly time for the fisherman. After dropping him over the side, we went below to deal with the fish.

On Thursday around lunchtime, conditions improved and we set off for Loch Dunvegan on Skye. After reaching across in fine style, we anchored off the village at 2130 and rowed ashore. The usual signs advertised 'bar meals all day', and as usual they meant 'not after 9 o'clock'. It turned out that the right approach was to sidestep the bar staff and approach the chef directly: this



Sound of Jura

Sue Somerville

reasonably confident of making Bangor before the gale.

Sue's log entry for 0200 reads 'Andrew looking for anchorage among the Maidens'. Running on starboard gybe, we had slipped to the west of our course. I under-estimated our distance off, until the speed of the light across the glow of the shore rang the alarm for me. We gybed away to seaward, expecting to see the perch on Highland Rock at any moment. Although the wind backed continuously during the night, we were always able to sail our course. As we approached Bangor Bay at 0740, a high-speed inflatable appeared astern, directly on course for our logline. At last, the driver reacted to my frantic waving: obviously a towed log was a novelty to him. Our visitors were a military patrol; two of them boarded us, while the launch kept station to leeward: at that stage we did not want to waste a stiff breeze by heaving-to. The boarding party looked a bit unsteady on *Emanuel's* sharply heeled deck, and did not stay long. By 0830, we were alongside

a pontoon in Bangor marina, with rashers sizzling on the Primus while we sipped hot whiskeys. We slept well into the forenoon, and rose to find the forecast F9 whistling in the rigging. This is the only way to enjoy a gale - in a sheltered harbour, with no pressure to put to sea. The only decision facing us, an easy one, was where to dine. I was last in the Royal Ulster many years ago, and remembered a friendly welcome and good food. Nothing had changed in the meantime, and we decided to stay put for another 24 hours.

We put out from Bangor at midnight on the 11th, after a second excellent dinner at the Royal Ulster. A light breeze from the NW pushed us through Donaghadee Sound with the tide, and we were abeam of the South Rock at 0340. At that stage we were still within VHF range of *Tanda II* of the National YC, which had left Bangor with us. However, a backing wind and a westerly course change at the lightship forced us back on the wind again. As the day passed, we beat back and forth, with Carlingford Mountain on a depressingly constant bearing. In the meantime, as we learned later, *Tanda II* pressed on under power and was home about a day before us. By late afternoon, there was a smell of wind about - in the forecasts, the sky, and the glass. Around 2100, a gale began to develop and by 2200 we had 9 rolls and the storm jib. A steep sea built up quickly, and the Primus jumped out of its gimbel. After an hour of little progress and much discomfort, we decided to heave-to under the tris'l. Rockabill could be seen about 15 miles off.

Sunday 13th August at about 0400 I found that we were moving slowly towards a line of trawlers or small ships, all apparently hove-to, so we put about to avoid them. At 0720, moderating conditions allowed us to sail again. We had Rockabill close abeam at 1100, and after beating down inside Lambay we put *Emanuel* alongside Howth Marina at 1645. We had no difficulty in deciding to leave her in her old home, and to let the weed grow for a few more days on our mooring at the Royal Irish Yacht Club in Dun Laoghaire.

Summary of passages

	Distance made good (miles)	Distance Logged (miles)	Time
Bangor - Bunnahabhain	78.5	58.0	25h 30m
Bunnahabhain - Loch Staosnaig	11.5	13.0	5h 25m
Loch Staosnaig - Tobermory	48.0	50.0	13h 30m
Tobermory - Arinagour	17.0	20.0	5h 45m
Arinagour - Castlebay	45.0	60.0	23h 30m
Castlebay - Loch Boisdale	19.0	20.0	12h 45m
Loch Boisdale - Wizard Pool	14.0	15.0	4h 00m
Wizard Pool - Dunvegan	27.0	28.0	7h 30m
Dunvegan - Salen (Mull)	73.0	109.5	50h 50m
Salen - Puilldohrain	18.5	19.0	7h 40m
Puilldohrain - Bangor	102.0	93.0	24h 10m
Bangor - Howth	89.0	121.25	41h 15m
Totals	542.5	606.75	221h 50m

Average speed made good: 2.4 knots.

The logline was hauled during calms, so logged distance understates distance sailed.

The engine was not used significantly for passage-making.

Cruise to the Channel Islands

Bernard Corbally



The Fingal Trophy

The idea to visit the Channel Islands was our inevitable response to their reputation for friendly people, superb scenery and excellent cuisine. Our decision was also probably influenced by the navigational challenges posed by strong tidal races, extensive overfalls and rock strewn approaches, which would probably have to be negotiated in dense fog!

Thursday 20th July. We departed from Dun Laoghaire at 1500. Tommy McCann, Michael Reid, Tom McCann and Patrick Davy made up the crew. The sun was shining, the tide was favourable and there was a light breeze to carry us along at about 5k. This idyllic start to our cruise was short lived. The wind disappeared as we approached Dalkey Sound and we had to resort to the engine in order to maintain our schedule for an early morning arrival at the Isles of Scilly.

We motored for 5.5 hours under an almost cloudless blue sky. Tom prepared an excellent meal, and a beautiful relaxed feeling prevailed throughout the boat. The fact that the Decca did not function when the engine was running was only a minor irritant. At 2120 we were outside the Arklow bank opposite the town, when the wind picked up briefly to give us about an hour sailing. We then motored quietly the rest of the night. The Tuskar Lt. Ho. was a welcome sighting at 0520. We got in another couple of hours sailing as we practiced taking running fixes on our way south.

The sunrise on Friday morning, through a scattering of white cloud, was a magnificent sight. It was a beautiful windless day, ideal for sunbathing and relaxing with a good book. A school of Dolphins joined us for a while and a few commercial vessels were spotted in the distance as we motored on our way. Our plan was to catch a favourable tide down the east coast of the Scillies and to enter St. Marys Sound in daylight. So, except for a brief drift during lunch, we pressed on at about 6k. We were treated to a dramatically colourful sunset followed by another peaceful night at sea. We anchored in Porth Cressa 0400. The crew enjoyed a refreshing swim before breakfast, although Tom's encouraging shout that the water felt a lot warmer on the second plunge, was not very convincing!

Our first priority ashore in Hugh Town was to book a table for dinner. We had learned from our previous visit, that our

favourite restaurants were very difficult to reach before they got booked out. In this case, we were extremely fortunate to be able to obtain a cancelled reservation at 'the Galley' restaurant, where the 'John Dory' would be hard to beat anywhere in the world. The owner, Peter Thomson liaises with his fisherman brother on *Sundancer* to ensure the pick of the catch for his customers. Our evening meal lived right up to expectations, absolutely superb. We now have the telephone number for a link call on our next visit to Hugh Town (0720-22602). There was a barrel organ playing in the main street, as we wandered through this enchanting town.

Sunday 23rd July. After a leisurely cockpit breakfast, we sailed across to Samson's Island and anchored just to the east of the south hill. A swim and lunch in this magical environment were memorable events, as the sun continued to shine and sparkle on the water all around us.

Soon after lunch, we sailed up to Tresco Island and anchored off the pier to the east of the south tip. We passed a cricket match, with most of the players in whites, as we walked up towards the gardens. Unfortunately, we were just too late. The attendant locked the door from the inside as we reached to turn the handle. No flexibility here! We were disappointed not to be able to see this twelve acres of exotic plants and flowers from all over the world. However, we enjoyed a brisk walk across to the Abbey farm, and then, back along the beach of Appletree Bay, which enticed the crew into the water for yet another swim.

Our next stop was at St. Martin's Island. Although, at this stage, we had become quite used to being surrounded by fabulous beaches, those on St. Martin's seemed bigger and to sparkle with a more dazzling whiteness than those on any of the other islands.



Anchorage at Porth Cressa

Michael Reid

We anchored off the jetty in Higher Town Bay. It was a twenty minute walk to Old Town at the west end of the island. We were impressed by both the location and style of the newly built St. Martin's Hotel which made us very welcome and allowed us to use their facilities.

The bird life was particularly evident on this island. Puffins, Guillemots, Terns, Plovers and Cormorants were among the names mentioned. At one stage, we were so close to a pheasant that we were almost able to stroke it. Another feature of this island was an abundance of long narrow paddocks surrounded by very high hedges.

Our return to the boat was beautifully timed to allow us to sail back to Porth Cressa on a favourable ebb tide. We ate dinner on board that evening and toasted the end of a very full and thoroughly enjoyable day.

Monday 24th July. After an excellent bar lunch at the Star Hotel, which has a fabulous panoramic view out over the harbour and the bay to the gleaming white beaches on many of the islands, we sailed over to Porth Conger between St. Agnes and Gugh Islands. This was an idyllic place to swim, with a beach on both sides of the bar. Afternoon tea in Rose Cottage, with fresh scones and lots of Devonshire cream, complimented this most enjoyable sunshine excursion. We dined extremely well that evening in another of our favourite Hugh Town restaurants, The Pilot's Gig. (Tel. No. 0720-22654)

Tuesday 25th July. A 0700 alarm was not popular with the crew. Never-the-less, we weighed anchor at 0730, and put Tommy ashore at St. Mary's Harbour. We had all enjoyed three days of Scillies magic under the most perfect conditions imaginable. Light breezes had taken us, under continuously blue skies, to a whole series of enchanting places. We all promised ourselves that we would return, as we headed off for the Helford river.

There was negligible wind during our passage to Helford which obliged us to motor for much of the way. A heat haze, across the blue sky, reduced visibility and obscured the impressive Wolf Rock Lt. Ho. until we were quite close to it. On our way across to the mainland, we found ourselves being pursued by a naval patrol boat, which closed on us at an impressive speed. Having checked our clear consciences, the patrol boat passed us by without so much as a friendly wave.

Although the weather became a bit misty as we were passing the Lizard, we had a great sail right up into the river estuary. We tied up to a vacant, green buoyed, guest mooring at 1913. We called up Helford River Sailing Club on VHF to book for dinner and to confirm our mooring. Alex, the club manager, gave us a great welcome when we arrived at the log cabin style club house. He had identified our flags and home port and told us that Bill Riordan (ICC), had been a most welcome visitor to the club on *Tudor Rose*, a few weeks before us. His letter was proudly pointed out to us on the notice board. Even hot towels were available for the showers!

Wednesday 26th July. After a leisurely morning, we sailed around to Falmouth and rafted up alongside the Yacht Haven pontoon. Patrick managed to obtain a suitable suppressor for the engine, which, he figured would solve our Decca problem. We enjoyed a late lunch on board and in the afternoon, headed off for Fowey. It was another beautiful day with little wind. We compromised by sailing for half the time. As we approached Fowey, we encountered the local fleet of 'Troy' yachts which greatly enhanced our view as we sailed into the port. The boat

marshal patrol launch met us and directed us to raft up, with another yacht, on a guest mooring at the north end of the Polruan Pool, which is more or less opposite the Royal Fowey Yacht Club. We dined that evening as guests of Michael's parents, Mavis and Jack Reid, at the Royal Fowey Yacht Club. The club secretary, Eddie Warren, made us very welcome and invited us to make full use of the club facilities during our stay in Fowey. We were introduced to many of the club members, and spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening exchanging yarns. Our return to *L'Exocet* was quite an obstacle course as we motored our dinghy back in the dark. That is until we realised that, what we thought were lots of mooring buoys, were seagulls sitting on the water!

Fowey is a real gem of a town and well worth visiting. The streets are narrow and full of friendly shops, well stocked chandlers, excellent restaurants and enticing pubs. Michael's suggestion that we should stay on for an extra day, was accepted with alacrity.

Thursday 27th July. We were still enjoying fabulous weather. We spent the day exploring the town, replenishing stores and acquiescing to the temptations of the chandlers. After lunch, chez Reid, Jack drove us to the local railway station, where we waved good-bye to Patrick. Later, as we relaxed on board, we were treated to a spectacular exhibition of ship control as a large freighter turned around in a very limited space, next to our mooring. We needed to have a lot of confidence in the skipper or we would have panicked!

Over an excellent dinner in the 'Frenchman's Creek' restaurant, we debated the idea of another day in Fowey. The third night on a mooring is free! But, the Channel Islands were beckoning strongly.

Friday 28th July. The sun was shining through a partially overcast sky, as we left Fowey at 0718. We motored until the wind picked up later and we were able to sail the rest of the way to Salcombe. At 1440, we were met by a harbour patrol boat just beyond Sandhill Pt. in the beautiful beaches lined estuary, and were directed to raft up with two other yachts on a yellow buoyed guest mooring.

Our dinghy trip ashore turned out to be quite a frustrating experience, as we encountered a whole battery of notices along the shoreline prohibiting the use of access points, jettys, etc. to dinghys, with the threat of a removal or fine penalty. We began to feel that visiting yachtsmen were not welcome! Eventually, we found the landing place behind the T shaped pontoon jetty used by the water taxis and local ferries. We visited the yacht club, located in an impressive cliff house. However, we were obviously too early for any activity. We then resorted to our standard procedure, in unfamiliar territory, of asking the proprietors of wine selling shops to recommend a local restaurant for dinner. We dined extremely well that evening in 'Clare's' (Tel. No. 2646) and voted that such an excellent meal would justify a return visit to Salcombe, particularly should the same Chilean Chablis be available.

Saturday 29th July. It was barely daylight at 0554, when we slipped our mooring at Salcombe to set sail for the Channel Islands. As the sun arose, it created a strange yellow glow over the land, which dramatically highlighted a scattering of black clouds just above the skyline. The changing patterns and colours provided a most entertaining panorama as we motored away from the mainland.

The wind picked up to about F.4 from the S.W. at 1130 and stayed with us, providing us with some exhilarating sunshine



L'Exocet in Beaucette Marina

Patrick Davey

sailing for the rest of the passage. In the afternoon, we sighted land and were soon homing in on Les Hanois Lt. Ho., which we reached in perfect time to catch the last of the east going tide along the south coast of Guernsey. We carefully monitored our compass bearing on the light house as we approached the island across a 3k tide. To be carried in an easterly direction along the north coast would have lined us up with some very nasty reefs.

We rounded Les Hanois Lt. Ho. at 1608, thankful that the forecasted fog patches had not materialised. S.W. winds tend to carry fog across from France. But this is normally more of a problem in the mornings and early afternoons. There were a lot of lobster pots to be avoided, as the favourable tide helped us to maintain about 7k. along the cliff lined south coast of Guernsey. We arrived at the Victoria Marina with about an hour to spare to gain access over the cill (4.4m above Chart Datum).

We were made very welcome at the Royal Channel Islands Yacht Club (opposite the Crown Pier). Afterwards, suitably refreshed, we explored the town for a couple of hours before returning to Salcombe steaks, a la skipper.

Sunday 30th July. For the next few days, the tides ruled our lives. We departed from Victoria Marina at 0745 both to get across the cill in time, and to catch the end of the north flowing ebb tide up the Little Russel. This left us about an hour to reach Beaucette Marina and to get across that cill. The Petite Canupe Beacon, on a thin pole, was not easy to see. There is a small green buoy just south of it that marks the start of the buoyed channel into Beaucette. There was a strong cross tide as we proceeded along the channel with reefs on both sides of us, which made us extremely vigilant in monitoring our back bearing on the buoy as we made our approach to the marina. The entrance is only 18m wide. It was formed by blasting away the rockface into, what was originally, a quarry and now forms a 250 berth marina. It is a dramatic and beautiful place to visit. The facilities for visiting yachtsmen are excellent, including a fuel barge and laundrette. The Marina Restaurant has an island wide reputation for excellence. But, one needs to pre-book (Tel. Vale 47066). The views from the cliff tops are spectacular extending over many

islets and reefs to Alderney in the distance.

We motored out of the marina at 1415 and headed for The Swinge, assisted by the north flowing tide. The sea was pretty bouncy until we had passed the Platte Fougere. We were still experiencing fabulous sunny weather every day, together with enough wind to enjoy some really good sailing in this outstandingly scenic area. What a holiday!

The guana covered Les Attack rock was visible as soon as we left Beaucette. It looked very much like a high white freighter from afar. It also made navigation easy until we started to look for the approach transits to The Swinge. First, we tried to keep the Great Gannet Rock just to the right of Burhou Island until

we got the Ortac in line with the Casquettes, in order to stay well clear of the Corbet Rock. But, we did not find it at all easy to positively identify the Great Gannet and the Ortac was hard to see with the sun in our eyes! Just as we were about to alter course onto our second transit and avoid an area of overfalls, a hydrofoil craft forced us to hold our course for a few extra minutes. We suddenly found ourselves being tossed about all over the place with no chance of keeping any wind in our sails. We motored out of that lot in a hurry!

The breakwater of Braye Harbour is a huge structure with a submerged extension, which is a hazard to shipping and needs to be given a wide berth. Leading marks are provided to indicate the safe approach. There are 80 yellow buoyed guest moorings inside the breakwater on which one can raft up to four yachts, which is indicative of the popularity of Alderney amongst Yachtsmen. We rafted up with a French yacht.

After a drink in the welcoming sailing club, we walked up to St. Anne's village in the centre of the island. We found this to be a charming place with narrow cobbled streets and flower bedecked pastel coloured houses. There were even a few lovely Georgian style buildings. The countryside was also lovely and totally unspoilt. It was quite late on Sunday evening and we seemed to have the place to ourselves.

Monday 31st July. We enjoyed a fantastic sunshine sail with favourable tide and F4 wind all the way to Jersey. We passed quite close to Sark and were tempted to visit the lovely Creux Harbour for a lunch break. But, with the long low flat profile of Jersey in the distance, we decided not to ruin our tidal plan, which would get us to St. Helier in perfect time for the opening of the cill into the marina (HW+/- 3 Hrs.)

As we rounded Corbier Pt. at 1505, and headed for the first inshore passage buoy, we were intrigued by the sight of large lobster pot buoys being almost completely submerged by the strength of the tide. They looked as if they were being towed through the water at tremendous speed. We were very glad that that we had resisted the temptation to tarry at Creux Harbour! We passed 1/2M south of Pt. de la Moye and then quite close to the

light off Noirmont Pt., making sure to stay north of the N. Cardinal Les Fours Buoy. About a mile further on, we left the green Ruandiere Rock Buoy to starboard before starting our approach to St. Helier.

At 1534, We were told by St. Helier Pier Head Control (Ch.14) to wait until 16.00 before approaching the marina and to continue listening on channel 14. At 1553 the marina was announced open. Our timing for both tides and marina had worked out perfectly. Pontoons E, F & G are allocated for visiting yachts. We were directed to raft up outside two other yachts on F.

We were made very welcome when we dropped in for a drink at the Royal Channel Is. Yacht Club, which is quite a step round from the marina at the Bulwarks. We dined extremely well that evening in the Tratoria Centrale in Don St.

Tuesday 1st August. Michael and Tom were seen off to the airport after breakfast. Then followed two days of sightseeing in Jersey. Ann Woulfe Flanagan, who was staying with her aunt, was lent a car which enabled us to make a thoroughly enjoyable tour of the whole island.

During the course of conversations in the marina, we heard people speak in awe about the superb restaurant, which was located on not much more than a rock, in the Iles de Chausey. It was an irresistible temptation. So, we purchased a chart covering south of Jersey, and over an excellent dinner in the Broadway Restaurant, we made plans. It took us a while to find the tiny island amongst the reefs on the chart!

Thursday 3rd August. After a leisurely breakfast, we left the marina at 1052, which, allowing us about six hours for the trip, would mean arriving at the Isles de Chausey at the start of the flood tide. This would also allow us plenty of time to get to Granville, or even St. Malo, before high water, if we should encounter any problem in finding a mooring or suitable place to anchor at the Iles.

It was a very hot day, with negligible wind and sunshine through haze. Except for a very brief spell attempting to sail, we motored all the way. Having rounded the Cancaise Bn., we headed for the well marked south entrance to the anchorage haven on the east side of the main island. At 1626, we were amicably drinking Irish whiskey with a very helpful Frenchman, who had assisted us to raft up alongside and then lent us his dinghy to rig long warps onto huge fore & aft mooring buoys. We had arrived in one of the most impressive anchorages that I have seen for a very long time. On one side of us was a tiny rocky

island, and everywhere else were islets, rocks and reefs stretching out into the distance, with water breaking over almost everything. The sun was shining and sparkling on the water all around us, greatly enhancing our enjoyment of this fabulous place.

As soon as we were ashore, we booked a table in The Restaurant de Fort, which is in a fantastic position overlooking the haven. We then did some exploring of the island before returning on board to smarten up. We arrived at the restaurant at the appointed time to find the place packed out except for our empty table. We wondered why we had been asked to appear later than everybody else. It was not until the following day that we realised that we had turned up an hour late. We had completely forgotten about the hour time difference with France! Despite this inconvenience, we were served a most delicious meal.

Friday 4th August. We luxuriated in the breath-taking panoramic views all around us, as we tucked into a good breakfast before getting away at 0830. The Frenchman had allowed us to take a tracing from his detailed chart of the Isles, which enabled us to head out through the north route.

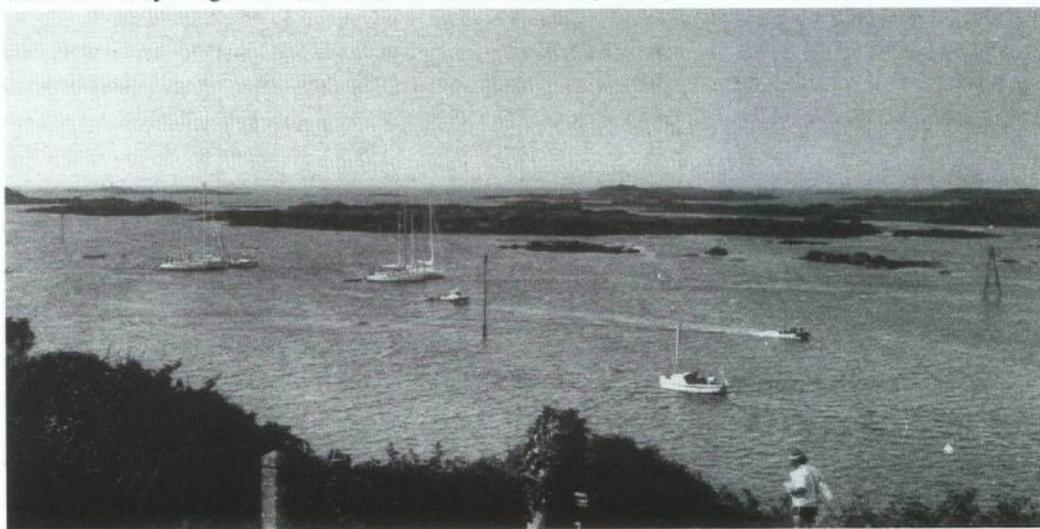
The tide was strong and favourable all the way along the south and east coasts of Jersey, until just north of the Rigdon Bank. Then, very suddenly, it turned against us. It took three hours to motorsail the 11M to Derrible Bay. We anchored in 7m close to the cliffs, at 1605. We followed a steep path up from Dixcart bay, which brought us to the top of the 90m cliffs. It was only as we were approaching a most inviting pub that we discovered that we had left our wallets and money on board!

Saturday 5th August. After yesterday's experience in stemming the tide, we left Derrible Bay at 0658 to ensure that we could get around L'Etac before it turned against us. It was a foggy windless day with an almost magical quality about it. Since it was nearly high water on a close to spring tide, the navigation was easy as we rounded L'Etac at 0800. Castle Cornet, on St. Peter Port breakwater, has two rectangular white shapes on its base, which were a most welcome sight as they materialised into view. The fog had lifted by the time we motored straight into the marina at 0934.

Terence Moran, Wallace Beatty and Max McMullen, arrived on board in the afternoon. We dined extremely well in Le Nautique Restaurant.

Sunday 6th August. In order to enable the new crew to experience the character of the islands, we left the marina at 0850 and headed off for Herm. We navigated ourselves through the

Alligande Pass and changed an to the Percee Pass at the Epec Bn. This took us between Jethou and Henn. We continued round Les Maulettes and Boue au Port, passing inside Selle Roque to reach a lovely little sheltered bay. It was a fantastic wee trip that really did highlight the magic of the islands. The sun was shining, and it would have been hard to imagine a more dramatically beautiful setting for a swim. It was certainly very refreshing. We stayed for 1/2hr before returning to St. Peter Port. An old school friend of Wallace's met us at the pontoon.



The Haven, Isles de Chausey, Channel Islands

Ann Woulfe Flanagan

Falmouth. Wallace and Max welcomed the opportunity for a game of golf at the Budock Vean Golf & Country House Hotel. The skipper then motored the dinghy up the Helford River to the old shipyard at Gweek. It was a most pleasant trip through lovely countryside, with very little traffic to disturb the peaceful atmosphere.

We chose a 17th. century thatched pub, called The Shipwright's Arms, for our dinner. It is located in an idyllic waterside situation, with tables set out on terraces which lead right down to the waterside. Barbequed steaks and fresh local seafood are their specialities, which we thoroughly enjoyed.

Friday 11th August. Departing at 1150, we had The Lizard abeam at 1500 with still a bit of weak tide against us. We arrived off Gwennap Hd. at 1900 just after High Water Dover as the tide was changing to favour us up between Land s End and The Isles of Scilly. We kept well inside the Carn Base as we motor sailed through an uncomfortable sea to pass quite close to The Longships under an hour later. At this stage, we cut the engine, and sailed for another two hours before the sea became more settled. We then began to enjoy some night sailing.

Saturday started off as a beautiful day. It clouded over briefly at midday, just as we found ourselves surrounded by about a dozen fishing vessels. Our position was approx. 20M SW of The Smalls. At 1847, we had passed The Tuskar Lt. Ho. and were screaming in towards Rosslare, when we had to slow down to

allow The Sealink ferry to pass ahead of us into the harbour.

The 1755 forecast for the Irish Sea had indicated the possibility of F.8 gales soon, hence our decision to stop for the night in Rosslare. The wind screamed through the rigging during the night, as we lay snugly alongside a trawler.

Sunday 13th August. We were away early at 0511, and at 0612 began to enjoy same magnificent sunshine sailing up the Irish Sea, via the Rusk Channel. We reached the No.2 Glassgorman Buoy before the tide turned against us. At 1050, we experienced about an hour of unfamiliar rain to welcome us home! Soon afterwards, the wind dropped considerably obliging us to motor round Wicklow Head, in order to make progress. We cut the engine for lunch, and motored the rest of the way to Dun Laoghaire. We arrived at 1620, in perfect time to witness the departure ceremonies for *NCB Ireland*.

The Channel Islands in sunshine would be hard to beat as a superb venue for a sailing holiday. We certainly found that eight days was not nearly enough time to fully experience the many delights to be found on and around the islands. There was so much lovely scenery, so many beautiful anchorages, lots of enticing beaches, as well as the pleasures to be experienced on the land exploring both the towns and the countryside or tucking in at gourmet restaurants. Topping all these attractions, was the welcoming and friendly attitude of the people everywhere we went. We will be back!

Summary of Channel Islands Cruise 1989

Date	Passage	Sailing		Motoring		Total	
		Time Hrs.Mins	Dist. K.Miles	Time Hrs.Mins	Dist. K.Miles	Time Hrs.Mins	Dist. Miles
Thurs 20th July	Dun Laoghaire to Porth Cressa, Scilly Is.	4.54	25.8	32.01	189.0	36.55	214.8
Tues 25th July	Porth Cressa to Helford River	7.13	42.8	3.35	21.4	10.48	64.2
Wed 26th July	Helford River to Falmouth	0.44	4.5	0.56	3.8	1.40	8.3
	Falmouth to Fowey	3.09	21.4	0.50	3.6	3.59	25.0
Fri 28th July	Fowey to Salcombe	3.44	15.9	3.51	22.7	7.35	38.6
Sat 29th July	Salcombe to St. Peter Port, Guernsey	6.33	39.0	6.12	39.5	12.45	78.5
Sun 30th July	St. Peter Port to Beaucette	0.37	3.3	0.17	1.3	0.54	4.6
	Beaucette to Braye Harbour, Alderney	2.08	13.0	0.49	3.9	2.57	16.9
Mon 31st July	Braye Harbour to St. Helier, Jersey	5.30	31.4	0.50	2.7	6.20	34.1
Thurs 3rd August	St. Helier to Iles de Chausey	0.32	1.5	5.02	27.8	5.34	29.3
Fri 4th August	Chausey to Derrible Bay, Sark	4.36	23.9	2.59	20.6	7.35	44.5
Sat 5th August	Derrible Bay to St. Peter Port	-	-	2.57	15.4	2.57	15.4
Sun 6th August	St. Peter Port to Herm	0.56	1.2	0.20	2.0	1.16	3.2
	Herm to St. Peter Port	0.32	1.9	0.33	2.4	1.05	4.3
Mon 7th Aug	St. Peter Port to Salcombe	6.11	35.6	6.51	38.4	13.02	74.0
Tues 8th Aug	Salcombe to Plymouth	2.15	10.2	2.31	12.0	4.46	22.2
Wed 9th Aug	Plymouth to Helford River	7.03	35.2	1.38	7.1	8.41	42.3
Fri 10th Aug	Helford River to Rosslare	28.01	141.9	3.34	16.8	31.35	158.7
Sun 13th Aug	Rosslare to Dun Laoghaire	6.47	37.1	4.22	22.2	11.09	59.3
	Totals for cruise	91.25	485.6	80.08	452.6	171.33	938.2

Skye's the Limit

Arthur Orr

Through the pages of "Spreader", the occasional magazine of RNIYC, I learned that *Leanda* was to cruise in company this year with *Ocean Dove* and *Moody Blue*. All three yachts have close connections with the I.C.C. and R.N.I.Y.C., my heart sank; it is difficult enough to plan and organize any two boats belonging to any one club to carry out a successful expedition, but three from two clubs - the mind boggled! In the event we had a wonderfully successful time in truly magnificent weather. Not all the objects of the cruise were attained, but no matter, a good time was had by all.

This offering is by way of being the log of *Leanda*, a 24 foot 5 inch Falmouth Pilot owned by John Currie and crewed on this occasion by Christopher, his 14 year old son, Robert Carson, aged, acting as engineer/deck hand, and Arthur Orr also aged, as cook/navigator. During the winter Robert and John had installed a new Volvo diesel engine, which had been tried and tested prior to the cruise and pronounced excellent and economical. Our

cruise was due to start on Friday 30th June, during the four days before while we roasted in blazing sun the ship had been well victualled with dry, wet and fresh provisions to last three men and a boy for three weeks without having to top up with either the first two items during the trip, or so we thought.

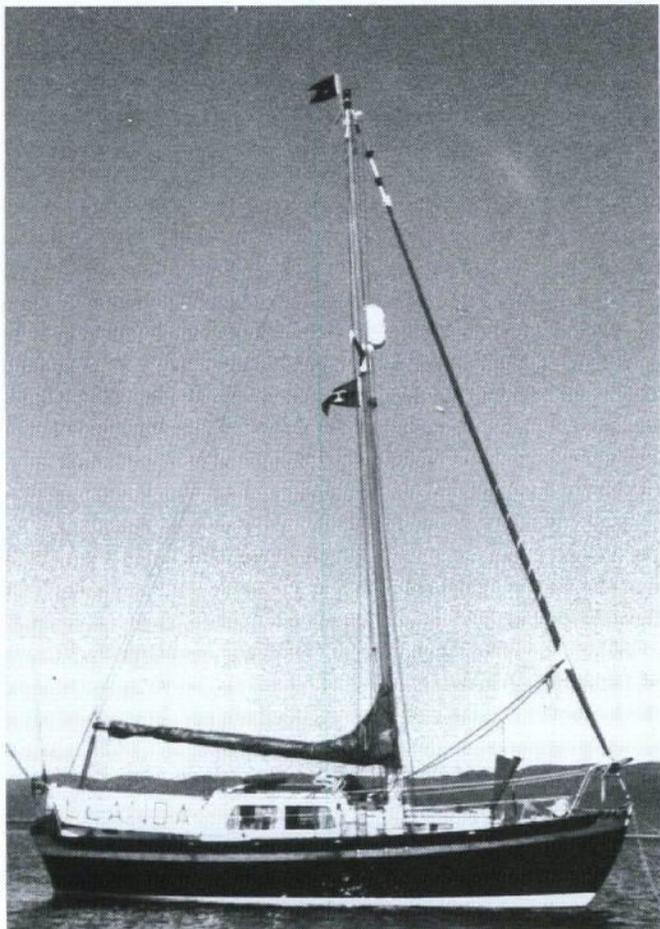
The weather had been good for weeks, we hoped it would last. The plan was to leave Carrickfergus the temporary base of all three yachts, proceed in company non-stop to Bara in the Outer Hebrides, cruise up the inside to Stornaway, return inside Skye, visiting John and Sheena Olver in Balmacara, down past Tobermory, Oban, to Gigha and home.

Moody Blue left on the evening tide of Friday, 30th June from Carrickfergus, attained the objectives of the cruise, and was not seen by ourselves and *Ocean Dove* until the following Tuesday week! The forecast of NE 7 did not fill us with much enthusiasm to beat on short water-line lengths for many miles to the N at the start of a holiday, so we deferred departure until Saturday's tide.

Daylight brought sunshine and calm as we left under engine at 0930, *Ocean Dove* following, to the changed destination of Gigha where we secured to one of the excellent Highlands and Islands buoys in Admminish Bay at 2030. The only minor excitement was finding a large empty rubber duck drifting N of the Maidens Lt, which being too big to embark on *Ocean Dove* or ourselves, was reported to the Coast Guard. A little refreshment in the hotel where Robert renewed his acquaintance with the owners who were old friends of his, brought the evening to a close. Unfortunately the Roebucks, well known to many Irish yachtsmen, are about to leave the hotel and the island.

On Sunday we were to leave Gigha in the morning to take the N going tide through the Sound of Islay and go on out to the Outer Isles. On pressing the starter button to the engine, an horrendous clanking noise emitted. Consternation and bad language! Much fiddling but no joy. A decision was taken to go to Crinan for repairs, *Ocean Dove* volunteered to tow us there. The navigator, without looking at the chart said it was only 18 miles! It is in fact about 28 so he had his leg pulled on this count for the rest of the trip. We left at 1430 and arrived in Crinan Harbour securing alongside *Ocean Dove* on a buoy at 2015. During the passage the engine was stripped down to find that one of the push rods had jumped its socket on the valve gear. As there was no apparent damage all that was needed for repairs was a feeler gauge.

Monday morning brought the engineers together on both boats and the remainder went ashore to sample the expensive beer in the Crinan Hotel, look at the traffic in the canal, take coffee; I tried to persuade the female in the very good chandlery to keep the ICC Sailing Directions. Returning on board before lunch time to find the engine recovered from its malady, so we were making for Loch Aline on the tide.



Leanda - 24.5' Falmouth Pilot

Arthur Orr



Ardnamurchan Point in a docile mood.

Philip Byrne

It was a fine clear sunny day, our spirits had revived, a small gin and noilly prat put the navigator to sleep so we were anchored in Loch Aline without difficulty by 2000 with *Ocean Dove* a few yards away.

The *Leandas* went ashore to the hotel, a pleasant 15 minute walk up the road, the hotelier was not accommodating as far as Christopher was concerned so we returned on board and decided it was such a nice night, the tide was fair, so Tobermory here we come! It only took us a couple of hours under power; there were a surprising number of vessels underway that night, some of which were sadly lacking in having their correct lights showing. Anchoring at night in Tobermory Bay is a bit of a problem, it is deep, there are a lot of various sizes of ships, swinging room is difficult to judge, however we had our heads down by 0200.

The following morning was spent in embarking stores, fuel, water, testing the gravity of the beer and the colour of the gin to see if it was suitable for the use of the *Leanda* ships company. *Ocean Dove* turned up having found us fled when she came to, in Loch Aline. *Leanda* decided to make for Aranagour in Coll for the night, *Ocean Dove* stayed for a night in the flesh pots of Tobermory. On the passage to Coll we fished in a flat calm at slow speed without success. In all my years on the West Coast I have seldom caught fish. We anchored well up the bay in Aranagour ignoring the H.I.D.B. buoys which have been put down in a rather exposed place. I had not been to the island for some years and was disappointed to find it scruffy and unkept, as was the hotel. A new set of heads and showers appears to be built at the root of the old pier. If they enjoy the same standard of cleanliness as the rest of the village, it does not augur too well for their future.

Wednesday 5th July brought mist and as we motored N towards the Cairns of Coll turned to thick fog. Our passage to Canna harbour was enlightened by the Decca going on the blink, and the accompaniment of a Roso Dolphin for an hour. We later found that these large mammals are often seen on Scotland's West Coast reaching 18 feet in length. Ours looked every bit this size as it swam alongside 24 ft. *Leanda*, first one side and then the other. The skipper was slightly nervous about loosing his ship but the dolphin soon got tired of our 5kt speed and went off to play with something better. A brief clearance of the fog gave us a bearing of Ardnamurchan Lt, confirmed our D.R. positions,

allowed the resetting of the Decca and gave us an idea of the number of fishing boats in the area, one of which passed close ahead of us in the next fog bank, I hope it could see us on its radar. We altered course into Canna Sound on our D.R. and about a quarter of an hour later another fishing boat appeared out of the gloom and offered to lead us into the harbour, an offer which we readily accepted. At anchor in brilliant sunshine in the harbour was *Ocean Dove* arrived from Tobermory and a few other yachts enjoying the clearing weather.

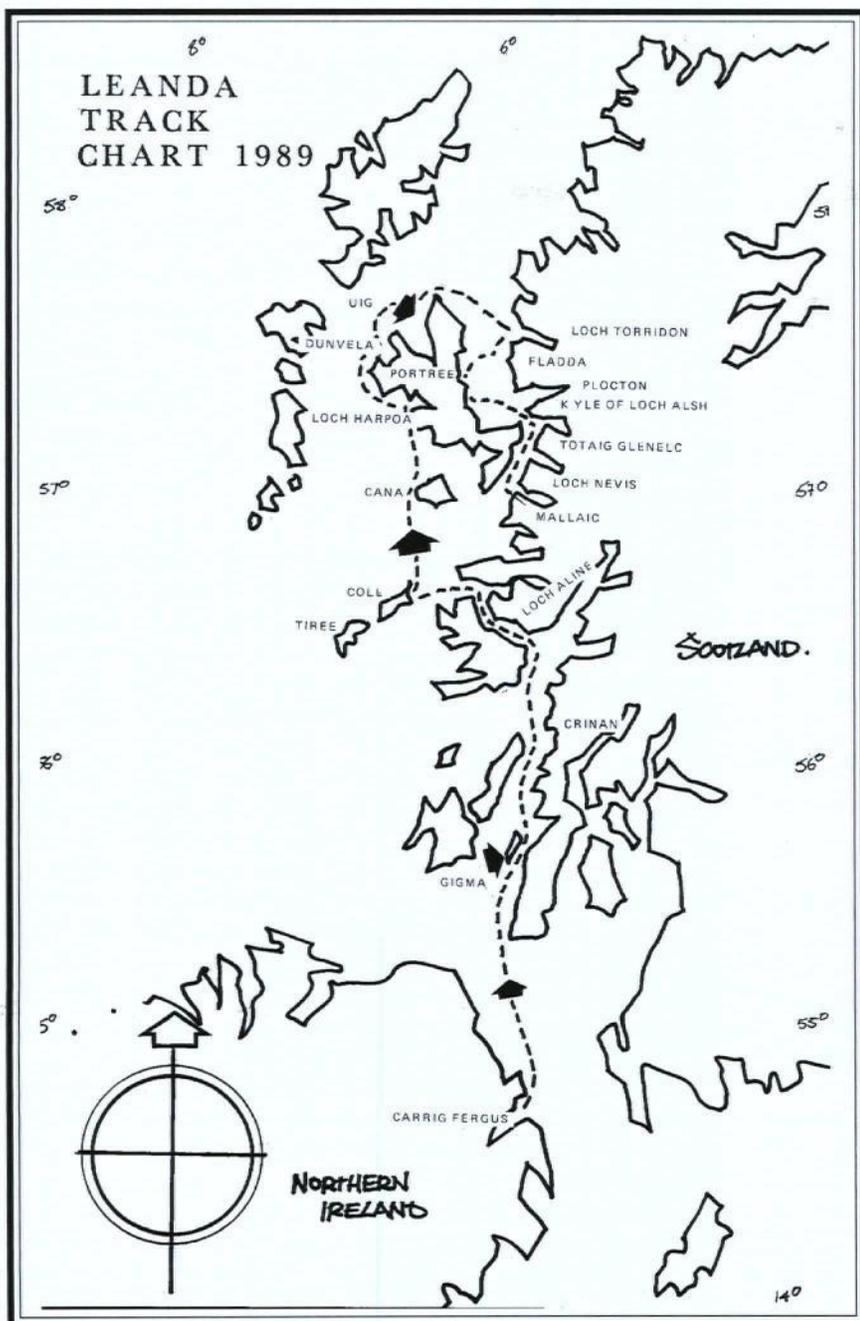
A long walk ashore in the morning in this attractive place, now belonging to the National Trust, was followed by a bathe by the navigator whose voice remains as before - only just. Alongside *Ocean Dove* we discussed going to Soay, a place I have always wanted to visit, however a study of the Sailing Directions made it clear that it was advisable to enter and leave on a rising tide, so in order to press on, our next destination was changed to Loch Harport some 18M distant and a new anchorage as far as I was concerned.

We anchored together in Portnalong at entrance to Loch Harport which is now a major fish farm area. A scouting party of *Leanda's* skipper and *Ocean Dove's* crew was landed to see if the natives were friendly; they returned some time later with two salmon and a rather alcoholised fisherman, who having been paid for the fish, been given a couple of drams, leapt into our rubber



Ocean Dove

Arthur Orr



duck and broke the floor boards. With difficulty this reluctant gentleman was propelled ashore and packed off in his car. This little anchorage has a nice hotel and post office about a mile up the road together with quite a good shop, however the bread is rationed out to the locals only, which was rather annoying.

We left in company of *Ocean Dove* at 1230 the next day bound for Dunvegan. When I last visited Dunvegan in the early '50's with Billy and Brian Smyth, those well known sailing twins. On that occasion we had been unable to beat through the narrow entrance and having no engine had to content ourselves by anchoring outside until the wind abated. This time in Dunvegan we stayed the night off the village. We managed to swop the second fish, both ships having had more than their fill of the first, for seven toasted sandwiches, two plates of chips and four baths for the *Leanda's* with a friendly hotelier at the head of a newly constructed jetty. Everyone, particularly the two ship's cooks, being satisfied, it was onward to Uig in afternoon.

Uig on Skye is the ferry terminal to the northern part of the Outer Isles. It has a large new concrete pier with Ro-Ro facilities, easy access to water, and providing one turns ones back on the pier and looks up the valley appears to be a pretty little village. We had not time to explore, only the cook and deck hand from *Leanda* ventured ashore to take soundings of the local brew.

On Sunday 9th July, still brilliant sunshine, with sails up and the batteries being charged, both yachts were underway early, at least for us, at 1020, destination Loch Torridon. We passed round the top end of Skye in a swirling favourable tide, noting the Shiants in the distance, deciding not, in view of the tide to explore a highly recommended anchorage at Tulum Isle. During the day, as we had done on both previous days we tried to raise the Commodore in *Shardana*, outward bound for North Cape, without success. We fished, also without success, took photographs of each others yachts, with sails set and drawing, most in colour and therefore useless for publication with this log.

We anchored off Kenmore - Loch Chracaich - an arm of Loch Torridon at 1820 with *Ocean Dove* in company. A rising breeze and poor forecast made us shift berth twice before we were happy for the night. There are quite a few fish cages in this area and care must be taken when arriving at night. Ashore to the P.O. in the morning where we discovered that supplies could be brought by the Mail van from Shieldaig about 8 miles away. However the Postmistress explained that this particular Monday was a holiday for some ill-defined reason, so she could not oblige us with anything. Little did she know we were still well topped up with most items, however it was worth noting for another time.

This day we had our oilskins on for first and only time in a three-week cruise in the Western Isles, surely a record. We headed out of Torridon in a lumpy sea to meet *Moody Blue* for the first time coming S from the Gareloch. She was going well in a good breeze; the three of us, after VHF

consultation made for the wonderful anchorage Acairseid Mhor in South Rona.

Leaving left South Rona to starboard, motored through Caol Rona to make the anchorage, all rafting up for a late lunch time session in the restored blazing sunshine. In the late afternoon we made the hour's passage to Fladda anchorage in Raasay. The main object of this shift was to gather mussels for dinner that night, the tide was at full ebb, so it took only a few minutes to fill a bucket. Certain members complained about their size, but regardless they tasted wonderful with garlic and white wine on our ship. The late evening was spent in yarning with the *Moody Blue*, about their independent trip as far as Stornaway. Fladda is a very safe anchorage having N & S bays to choose, according to wind. For this first time in many visits we saw another yacht anchored in the S bay in this very much deserted area. There are wonderful walks ashore.

It always blows a gale in Portree! This year was no exception.



Cabin Boy Christopher earns his keep

Arthur Orr

Moody Blue and *Ocean Dove* determined to press on left us in Fladdy and had a wet passage there, had difficulty anchoring and getting ashore - all the usual problems. *Leanda's* navigator considered waiting till evening would be wise. When the wind took off, as one would expect, we arrived dry at 2210 to find *Ocean Dove* secured alongside a large old fashioned fishing boat, which had been well restored and in wonderful condition. *Moody Blue* had left for Plocton as the bay in which she was lying was uncomfortable.

The Twelfth is not observed as a holiday in Scotland for some peculiar reason, so we were able to go the banks, take on fresh provisions, top up *Ocean Dove's* liquor locker - they never seemed to have sufficient, communicate with wives and sweethearts, have baths, test the weakening gravity of the beer, and the muddy colour of the gin before leaving at 1300 for Plocton on the mainland. This particular afternoon we actually did a bit of sailing, a good Westerly 4/5 in the squalls off the hills and headlands stirred up the now complacent crew, we actually had to do a proper stow to avoid loss overboard or breakages!

Moody Blue and *Ocean Dove* were at anchor in Plocton when we arrived at 1700, arrangements were made for all of us to eat ashore in the pleasant little hotel/pub. We had to celebrate the cabin boy's birthday which had occurred a couple of days previously; furthermore it was the Glorious Twelfth. The following morning some members went to dhoby some clothes; having walked up from the pier went to end of the village furthest from the washing machine in the camp site, it was rather a slow process, walking all the way back. A point worth noting if you are in a hurry, turn right at the T junction for the camp site. The less clean had a cure in the pub!

At 1445 we left in company to visit John and Sheena Olver at Balmacara near Kyle. The hotel owner has laid a buoy so we all rafted onto it. If you are lying to an anchor, buoy it, as the bottom

is full of boulders. The Olvers shop/P.O./Off Licence is an excellent place to top up supplies, the hotel has excellent meals. John joined *Moody Blue*, his old boat, for a few days cruising.

The expedition moved on in the late evening to Totaig arriving too late to go ashore in this lovely anchorage. Furthermore we had to be underway early (for us) in the morning to catch the last of the tide through Kyle Rhea. *Ocean Dove* and ourselves picked up a mooring at 0900 at Glenelg at the S entrance to the Kyle in order to go ashore to phone, with a view to sorting out the overland travel arrangements from Mallaig. Its a nice little place with a small hotel, P.O. and store. A local fisherman gave us a graphic description of being caught in the Minches with his gear down in force 11! He was talking to his chummy ship on VHF Channel 6 and missed the warning on 16. A salutary thought! The telephoning was a waste of time - always read the timetable yourself!

Moody Blue had gone on to anchor in Isle Oransey, so we followed her down the Sound of Sleat, anchoring in the bay off the pier which conveniently has the pub at it root. After lunch, a committee decision was taken that we should go to the Bistro at Inverie on the shores of Loch Nevis for what was to be the last night of the cruise for four of us - 2 from *Moody Blue* and 1 each from the other two. The Bistro was highly recommended by the local - John Olver. In the event it turned out to be a pub - not even glorified - the choice was burger and chips, chicken and chips, and you've guessed it, fish and chips! After a pleasant evening, *Moody Blue* disappeared for Mallaig, *Ocean Dove* fouled her hook on a mooring, which only goes to show that the anchor should be buoyed even in the most deserted anchorages in the West Coast of Scotland. About half an hour out of Inverie *Ocean Dove* fell behind, was noticed by the *Leanda's* who returned to take her in tow - a wrecked gear box. It took an hour and a half to pluck *Ocean Dove* - a heavy boat - to Mallaig, a distance of 3 miles in a lumpy sea. Anchor down at 2359.

I struck my flag on *Leanda* at 0630 on Saturday 15th July. The joining of the replacement spare crew over land from Belfast, at Tobermory; John Olver's journey back to Kyle, the repair of the gear box, the expeditions eventual return, on time, to Carrickfergus and the issuing to one of *Ocean Dove* crew with invoice for his conducted tour of the Hebrides, would fill another complete log; the editor would have a pink fit!

Approx. distances:W

1.	Carrick to Gigha	62.5
2.	Gigha to Crinan	28.25
3.	Crinan to Loch Aline	30.0
4.	Loch Aline to Tobermory	11.0
5.	Tobermory to Arinagour	16.5
6.	Arinagour to Canna Harbour	30.75
7.	Canna Harbour to Loch Harport	21.0
8.	Loch Harport to Dunvegan	28.0
9.	Dunvegan to Uig	20.0
10.	Uig to Kenmore	32.75
11.	Kenmore to Acairseid Mhor	13.5
12.	Acairseid Mhor to Fladday	3.5
13.	Fladday to Portree	7.5
14.	Portree to Plocton	11.0
15.	Plocton to Balmacara	7.0
16.	Malmacara to Totaig	3.75
17.	Totaig to Glenelg	6.75
18.	Glenelg to Isle Oransay	7.0
19.	Isle Oransay to Inverie	12.0
20.	Inverie to Mallaig	5.0

357.75

Ireland - the other way round

M.M.A. d'Alton

Dun Laoghaire to Castletownshend

For many years I cruised with that well known character, (Dr) Ninian Falkiner, in his Dublin Bay 24 Footer, *Euphazel*. Eventually there come upon us the realisation that through we had sailed to many places "we should now sail around our own island before we become too old to do it".

Now in this tenth year of sharing the Ruffian 23 Footer *Siamsa*, with Franz Winkelmann and Leslie Latham and having cruised her somewhere almost every year, exactly the same feeling has overtaken us.

Imagine then the shock on looking back through the I.C.C. Journals, of finding that the date we had settled upon for departure this time was within two days of twenty five years since I set out northabout with Ninian in *Euphazel*.

Tempus does indeed fugit - and at an ever increasing acceleration at that.

As befits our increased maturity and the decreased size of our boat, we set aside three weeks and a couple of days for this rounding - a leisurely circumnavigation we hoped, with time to tarry in an odd anchorage of especial delight.

In the event, even though almost the whole of Ireland had the most magnificent weather of the century, ours was most mixed, not kind to cruising, so that except when weather bound, we had little time to stay an extra day in any place.

On Thursday evening, 22 June, having spent the whole afternoon stowing with our usual care we sailed from the R.I.Y.C. Dun Laoghaire, a lovely evening but with little wind. By soon after midnight there was no wind at all and as we have only an outboard and limited fuel and as we were inside the Kish Bank, we headed for it until we were in 5 fathoms and there we let go our hook, hoisted a riding light and all disappeared below to our bunks for six hours-or so - what better way to spend a first night at sea!

As we trundled south in light and in no wind we wondered, just before lunch, why the boat seemed sluggish; we soon found out when we looked in our large lazarette right aft; it was completely flooded - one of the hoses draining the cockpit had come uncoupled; we were more than glad that the locker has a watertight bulkhead between it and the cabin.

We continued though Friday night and put into Dunmore East at lunch time next

day, later having dinner ashore as compensation for our slow passage.

Though Sunday was beautiful when we sailed, the wind outside was a stiff dead noser - S.W. F6 - with short steep seas, so we had a solid 8 hours dead beat to make good 20 miles to windward, to arrive off Helvik by early evening (having hoped to get as far as Ballycotton). Here as the harbour is so small, we let go about half way between the Head and the harbour, and found surprisingly good shelter from the still strong S.W. wind.

No sooner had we anchored than a small boat approached with two very young fishermen - 'netmen' - anxious about our movements. When I asked them about all the mile and more long nets without markers at the end and why there are not flags on sticks, they looked at one another and then grinned sheepishly "shure they might see them from the shore!"

We weighed anchor next day at noon bound for Ballycotton and ended up by motoring most of it despite a good (head) wind, as Leslie began to feel very rotten and we to think of doctors, as he was convinced it was caused by crab that only he had eaten ashore; however he began to recover before we got to Ballycotton but it did point out the present danger of infected food in this hot summer; a disturbing thought at sea.

We motored in to the harbour right across a net which entirely encircled the entrance, luckily without getting caught up. The Irish Lights vessel the *Granuaile* was anchored off, obviously on her 'Commissioners Cruise' so Franz called her up on our R/T and presented his compliments to Terry Johnson; later when we



M. d'Alton, Leslie Latham

Franz Winkelmann



were having dinner ashore, we were invited by Captain Denis Gray to come aboard for drinks, where we met the Commissioners making this half of the cruise, many of whom we knew - gone are the good old times when all of them made the whole trip around their bailiwick - a most pleasant evening. We were put ashore in their 'oil-boat' as their pinnacle was entangled in that dratted net across the harbour mouth!

We were up next morning, Tuesday 27 June, soon after dawn and had a glorious reach in glorious weather along the coast past Cork Harbour, on round the Old Head of Kinsale (inside the race), the Seven Heads and Galley Head, resisting Glandore, and finally early in the evening, beating into what is one of my favourite anchorages Castletownshend, where we let go in 1.5 fathoms off the village, after a most enjoyable passage of 53 miles, enhanced a little later on by a drink or two in Mary Ann's pub, half way up the almost vertical main street.

Next day, all next day, was a stinker, a filthy 'small depression' going though with driving mist most of the time, the only relief being a splendid pub lunch of excellent smoked salmon sandwiches in Mary Ann's.

Castletownshend to the Aran Islands

Another early start on Thursday 29 June - though not quite so early - another glorious day but light winds and so a deal of motor

sailing along a magnificent coastline all the way, first around Toe Head, inside the Stags of *Kowloon* infamy, past Baltimore and Cape Clear Island with the Fastnet Rock a few miles to the S.W., across Long Island Bay, around that 'Great Divide' the rather unspectacular Mizen Head and now for the first time somewhat north of west, out off Dunmanus Bay and Bantry Bay to Crow Head (the true south western point of Ireland - not Mizen Head as invariably claimed, and that by three miles and more), up though Dursey Sound, with a rock in the Narrows but an easy passage with an engine if not a leading wind, and finally due north across the Kenmare River to that wonderful natural harbour Derrynane - or is it Darrynane as the I.C.C. Sailing Directions so consistently maintain ?

Truly we had now turned the corner, but with more than a tinge of regret at having to pass these marvellous inlets, each with a crop of lovely anchorages; temptation for years yet to come ?

We had in this day's splendid sail covered almost 60 miles of unsurpassed coast and huge beckoning inlets, with a backdrop even more magnificent than the one a couple of days ago.

We let go shortly before dusk well in, in 2 fathoms, with but a single other yacht here, a Frenchman.

We dined aboard, well, off a genuine *Siamsa* Hot Pot, that is made up of onions and new potatoes thatched with a dozen or so rashers (not the ersatz version, with a gammon of bacon instead of rashers).

Next day was as our second day in Castletownshend, a filthy one of heavy wind and driving mist as a warm front went though. We all remained on board listening to one weather forecast after another, all poor.

Towards evening I rowed ashore and walked in the now lighter mist the couple of miles to Cahirdaniel for a few supplies and a solitary jar - a thoroughly depressing and frustrating day.

In the middle of the night I became conscious of an unusual motion of the boat, which as I fully awoke, I realised was a bumping on the keel. Panic stations I all tumbled out on deck to find that in the heavy wind we had dragged about 200 yards down on to the beach at the lee end of the anchorage, most uncomfortably close to the knuckle of the little stone pier.

After very heavy pulling in the inflatable I relaid the kedge and then laid out the huge fisherman's anchor (from Franz's Dublin Bay 24 Footer days) up to windward, being directed by torch by him as I could not see the boat so dark was the night.

Eventually we gently drew ourselves just free of the bottom and when secure, turned in again; only to be awoken four hours later when we touched once more. This time the outboard got us out, yet all but drove us up on a patch of rocks in doing so as it quite failed to bring us head to wind, which luckily the kedge warp managed to do.

I have since been told by someone who lives in Cork and cruises west from there that almost everyone who does so has their own personal horror story of dragging in Derrynane. Perhaps the I.C.C. Sailing Directions should add a caution about the poor holding in this anchorage.

Next morning (Saturday 1 July) made amends, fine sunny though still with strong winds and heavy gusts which later on moderated, but as last night had made us a little cautious, we did



Kilronan to Aran Islands

M. d'Alton

not sail until late evening by which time the wind had greatly lightened.

It was a beautiful and gentle evening in the sinking sun as we rounded Bolus Head, well inside that marvellous pair of pinnacles, Little Skellig and Skellig Michael, and slowly made our way northward, outside Valentia Island, across Dingle Bay, through Blasket Sound and then around the very striking Sibyl Point screening Smerick Harbour with its melancholic memories of the slaughter of Spaniards there four hundred years ago, and on for Loop Head at the north side of the Shannon Estuary, 30 miles away.

When off Loop Head we altered course slightly for the Aran Islands, a further 33 miles on.

Having spent Saturday night rounding Valentia, we spent the Sunday one off Loop Head, sailing gently, motoring from time to time for as long as the fuel lasted and sailing/drifted on up the Clare coast, until early on Monday morning we picked up a little breeze when approaching the Arans, rounding the Bar Buoy at Kilronan just after breakfast time, letting go just beyond the lifeboat in less than a fathom and a half, on a most magnificent morning.

This was one of our longer legs, 85 miles in 37.5 hours, a long slow but easy passage, at an average of only 2.25 knots; it was moreover just about our halfway mark.

There were a couple of other yachts here when we got in, one of which belonged to Mick Reilly, a pig farmer from Maynooth, with whom the three of us had sailed aboard the *Verve* with Fred Espey in N.W. Spain last year and I on back to Dun Laoghaire. He had his wife Bridget and his two young children with him.

We idly watched a couple of old Galway Hookers getting

under weight, under sail only, from alongside, one of which slowly, gently and inexorably ran aground from where she was later hauled off by one of the large modern ferries - more like rich men's motor launches - which were pouring tourists ashore in astonishing numbers. I hope that this boost to local business will not develop to the point that Kilronan becomes the Blackpool of the West.

Late in the afternoon we went ashore for much shopping, a stroll, a drink or two and a very good plain dinner in a large modern guest house, 'The Dormer'; a pleasant closure to a lovely day.

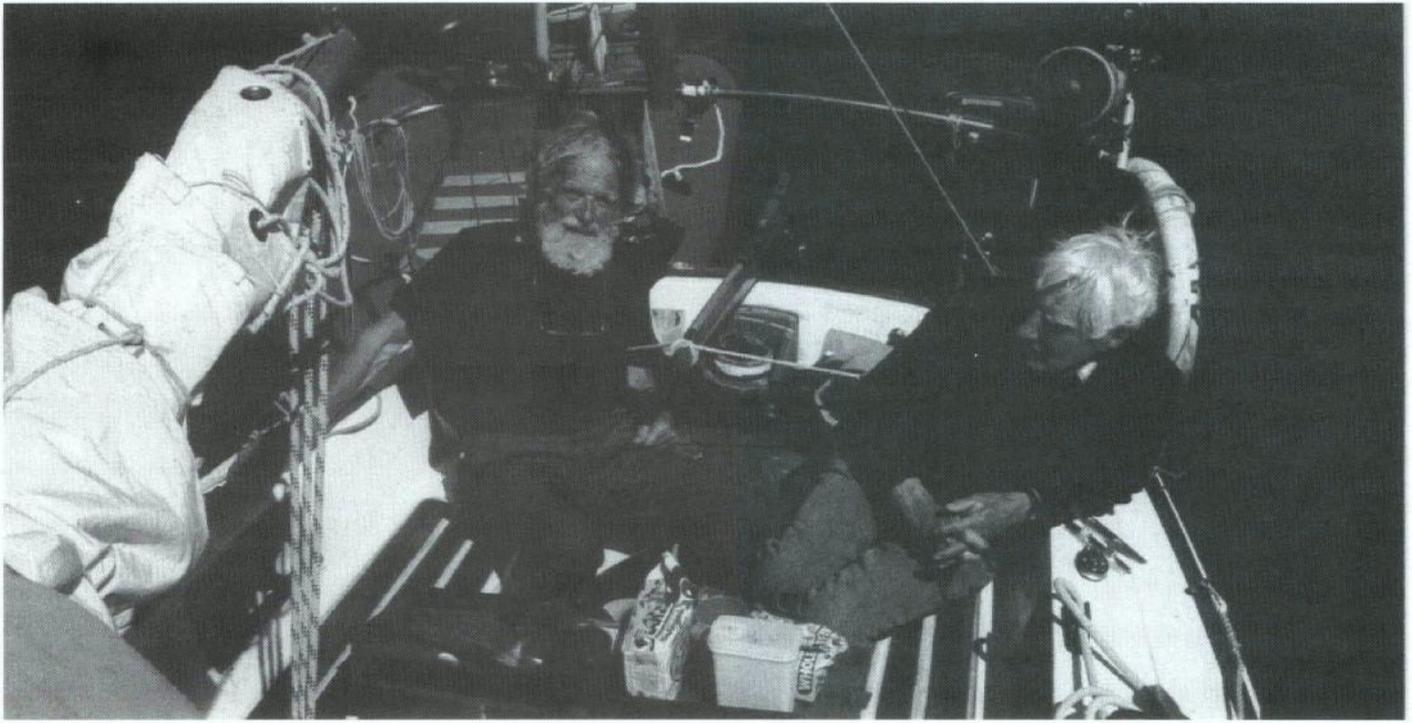
The Aran Islands to Tory Island.

The morning of Tuesday 4 July was a glorious one, through dead calm. We set up our cockpit table and had a leisurely breakfast in lovely surroundings before setting out under engine on a dead flat sea, for Roundstone.

Though it was beautifully sunny, there was a dense heat haze so we saw nothing of the magnificent mountain backdrop of Connemara, which we knew must be there.

As there was little or no wind we motored most of the way, making our approach to Roundstone by the main 'fairway', leaving Croaghnekeela (Deer Island) to port, having taken the greatest care to identify the Skerd and the Mile Rocks and the passage between them, after which it is plain sailing.

Soon after four we anchored off Roundstone Harbour in 2.5 fathoms beside a Galway Hooker and a large aluminium French yacht, the *Absinthe* which we had seen in the Arans. A little later on, on this glorious day, the haze thinned just sufficiently for us to sense rather than see the outline of the Twelve Pins of



Franz Winkelmann, Leslie Latham

M. d'Alton

Connemara, which sadly served to emphasise what we were missing rather than what we could see.

Leslie and I slipped ashore for a drink in the old pub beside the harbour - perfect outlook - and then returned on board for dinner where Franz had it all ready *Siamsa* Hot Pot I think it was; it must have been as it always was.

Wednesday 5th July was another fine windless and hazy day and so we had another passage to Inishbofin similar to our one to Roundstone. We had to motor all the way, from shortly after breakfast to mid afternoon. We rounded Slyne Head, keeping it at a safe and constant distance, by the simple expedient of merely keeping it dead abeam as we altered course through almost 90 degrees, swinging round it as through on the end of a string.

We came in carefully on the leading marks glad that it was daylight as through there are a couple of lights hereabouts, the I.C.C. Directions add

"Both these lights are weak and cannot be seen from any distance. It would be most unwise for stranger to get involved with this bit of coast in the dark!"

We all went ashore for a stroll to the west end of the island after which I looked up Mrs. Day - of the Hotel here whom I had last met when I called in here with Ninan Falkiner on our rounding twenty five years ago. Despite the time which had elapsed, we both well remembered the details of the occasion. Those who have called in here - and they must be many - will be sorry to hear that her husband has had heart trouble but had just returned home again.

Later we had dinner in the Day's Hotel and also had a visit from the Reillys and their children, who were turning back from here for Galway.

Next morning was yet another fine but hazy day, with a light wind, dead ahead, so that we were beating the whole day through; eventually, shortly before dark and in a dense and thickening mist we were beating around Achill Head yet trying to keep some

sight of it before all light vanished.

As this was a deteriorating night and not one to make a night passage in these waters, we decided to put into Blacksod Bay and anchor until daylight just inside the southern end of the Mullet Peninsula, off Blacksod Quay, a shallow but rather open bay.

In the afternoon we all went for a walk to the lighthouse at the west end; Franz and Leslie returning by the road whilst I came back by the cliffs on the northern coast across the barren landscape of bare rock and exposed subsoil where even the scraw had been skimmed off for burning as fuel, destroying all chance of future cultivation.

Tory Island to Dun Laoghaire

Though it was a beautiful evening, the forecast was a little disturbing, backing to S.W. F4, perhaps F6 later. We laid out the kedge in addition, but soon after midnight the anchorage began becoming very exposed, with the rocky foreshore uncomfortably close to leeward. Shortly after this the local fishing boats started putting to sea and as the Sailing Directions mention this as an ominous sign, I decided to follow suit though the recovery of two anchors (one a very heavy fisherman) was an operation of real effort and anxiety as was the beat out in the dark, especially as the outboard was quite useless in the now very choppy seas, lifting out in every trough.

Eventually we made it and keeping well offshore as far as we could judge it in the dark we scooted away from Tory, I at least, with great regret at being deprived of a day's exploration of the remainder of the magnificent north coast cliffs and the village at the east end, which I had visited all those years ago.

We continued well out to sea during the night, to make sure of being nowhere near the very dangerous Limeburner Rock, well offshore between Sheep Haven and Lough Swilly where we had decided to seek shelter, off Port Salon, as though this rock is marked by a buoy, it was indicated in Reed's Nautical Almanac and on our new (1989) chart that it was an enlightened one. However the lighthouse on Fanad Head at the entrance to Lough

Swilly has a red sector over this menace, so as soon as we were through this and back into the white again we hauled in along the dividing line in a much relieved frame of mind.

In fact as we came in, we found that the buoy - an I.A.L.A. North one - is lighted, albeit a rather low powered light, flashing every second.

We entered the Lough soon after first light and a couple of hours later dropped anchor close off Port Salon pier, in good shelter from the N.W. wind, after a far from peaceful night.

The day (Monday 10 July) turned out a beautiful one so we went ashore, disheartened to find the large old Hotel - in years past, a veritable institution, where families went back year after year - was now deserted, having been closed up about 3 years ago; a landmark gone. We were however heartened by a pleasant pint or two in 'Old Ritas' pub which was far from closed.

It blew strongly from the N.W. all day and all day too on Tuesday, so we remained at anchor, as we hoped to land on Irishtrahull on our way round Malin Head, something I have longed to do.

The morning was another lovely day so I went ashore and walked a few miles of most delightful little twisty lanes; in the afternoon I walked the couple of miles of golden beach and then up and along the ridge of Knockalla Mountain, with magnificent views to the north west of the convoluted waters of Mulroy Bay, seemingly a series of huge ragged edged hammered sheets of shimmering silver flung down at random in the verdant countryside; the other two rested aboard, exhausted by their contemplation of where I might have dragged them to.

Next morning Wednesday the 'Twelfth of Immortal Memory', we left a breakfast time, en route I hoped, for my cherished landing on Inishtrahull; quite in vain it turned out, as there was far too much swell and sea to think of doing so.

We reached on fast on the N.W. wind though this most notorious of Sounds, in what I suppose was a relatively moderate mood and by late afternoon were entering Rathlin Sound, again with hopes of calling in here especially as there was now little wind; however this intention was promptly knocked on the head by the forecast we received just then "west backing to S.W. F4-6; 6 to 7 for a while near Malin Head" which could hardly be more unsuitable for such a call - a very great disappointment to us all.

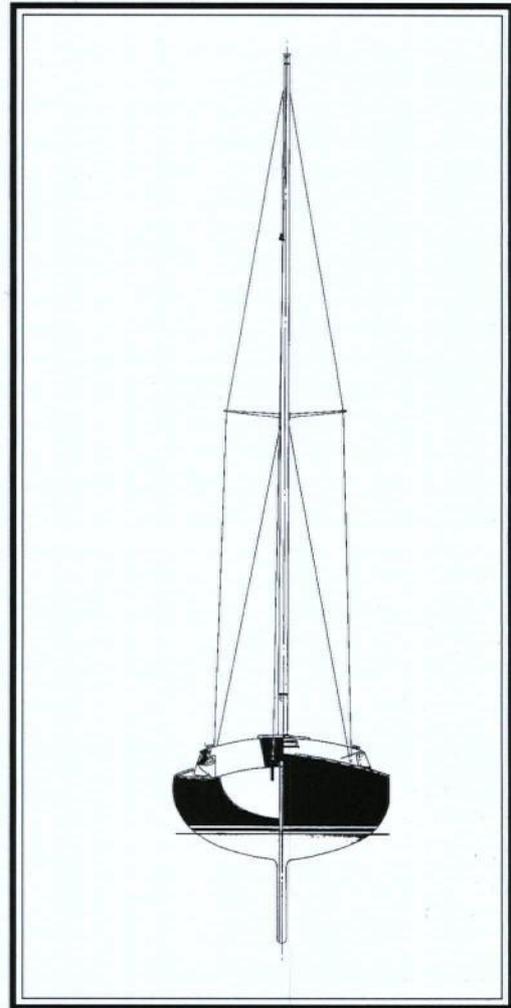
We motored for a while through the Sound, using the centre of Church Bay eddy to get through as the tide had now turned foul, this eddy an immensely useful piece of local knowledge very well set out in the sailing directions diagrams.

Shortly after this the N.W. wind returned with increased weight as the foul tide strengthened so soon we were careering round the corner of Ireland at Fair Head at a splendid pace in broken seas; at times we were almost surfing on what was becoming a rather wild dead run.

As Rathlin Island could offer no shelter we kept on, now southwards, for Red Bay which seemed likely to provide what we needed for the night - an anchorage.

It was well dark as we approached it, so it was difficult to make out how far in we should go. At almost midnight we let go in 3 fathoms off Waterfoot in Red Bay near some moored yachts and though we had good shelter we also had a lot of swell. When daylight came we saw that we could have gone in a good deal further where there would have been calmer water.

We left again soon after breakfast and had a fast reach all the way down outside the Island Magee, across Belfast Lough and on to Donaghadee Harbour where Franz thought there was a marina



(it is in fact in what appears to be a flooded quarry slightly to the south of the harbour).

We shot into the very small free space between the breakwaters, in a fresh breeze and were fortunate to be able to pick up a spare mooring for our bow and two heavy quarter lines attached to it, all of which meant some tricky work and heavy hauling to turn the boat around and secure in our 'three-point' mooring, which incidentally was made fast to the northern breakwater, the inner end of which does not reach anywhere near the land - so it was the inflatable or stay aboard.

We did go ashore and furthermore had an excellent meal in the 'Old Pier' Pub/Restaurant and made the jovial acquaintance of the owner, one Brian Courtney well known in Howth I gather, who if I took him up correctly rather late in the night, is a master mariner, not only skipper of a 130,000 ton tanker, but the Owner no less - a man of enterprise.

We left Donaghadee at ship's lunch time next day, Friday 14 July, to catch the flood as far as St. John's Point and carry the ebb on south from there, using the engine for a little while to ensure this. We continued on though the night and so got into Dun Laoghaire Harbour and sailed up alongside the platform of the Royal Irish Yacht Club, just in time for breakfast on board, before a little snooze to prepare us for destoring and stowing all away again.

This circumnavigation which in the circumstances should have been a 'cushy' one, was in the event not so; we had, as I have indicated, to keep moving most of the time, as we lost so much

time early on when there was no wind and later, when there was rather too much - and that from dead ahead - even though we did not have a single full gale.

Still it was a most interesting sail around and has need we say, further whetted our desire to spend a proper time in a detailed potter in some of the finer areas, especially of course, those magnificent 'south west fingers' of which it is almost unforgivable to sail past the tips as we had done.

A cruise which begets another one is no bad cruise!

One thing we learned on this cruise, apart from the fact that even a long shafted outboard is quite useless in a short steep chop and headwind, when most needed, was that contrary to what we had believed before, the inflatable dinghy can be towed in quite bad weather and steep seas without capsizing in strong winds provided a bridle is rigged from the lifeline eyes on the top of the tube forward as well as (or perhaps instead of) the usual towing bridle from eyes on the underside, whose whole effect is to cause the bow to lift so that the wind gets under it and makes it take off like a kite. In addition the bridle(s) must be hove up short so that

the bow of the inflatable is only just clear of the stern of the boat.

We had the inflatable stowed forward below when we set off; we put it in the water in Castletownshend; we took it out in Dun Laoghaire harbour; it behaved perfectly all the way between once we put the upper bridle on.

One other discovery, by Franz, was a marvellous little electric pump to inflate it, which though its consumption was rather heavily rated it blew the inflatable up in an astonishingly short time so the total drain on the battery was acceptable even though we gave the inflatable the odd extra puff now and then to keep it hard. This pump was a splendid little addition to our cruising gear, and was moreover, quite modest in cost.

We had been away 22.5 days in all; of these we had spent 8 nights at sea (including the one asleep on the Kish Bank 1), we had been on an anchor for another 12 nights; the remaining 3 had been in harbour.

(In case you are mathematically inclined the 22.5 days encompassed 23 nights).

Siamsa - Round - Ireland - 22nd June - 15th July 1989

Date	From	To	N.Miles	Time at Sea		Engine		Av. Speed (Kn)
				Hrs	Mins	Hrs	Mins	
June								
22-24	Dun Laoghaire - Dunmore East		119.7	40.35		5.50	14.4	2.95
25	Dunmore East - Helvik		33.8	8.25		-	0.0	4.02
26	Helvik - Ballycotton		25.4	5.45		5.45	100.0	4.42
27	Ballycotton - Castletownshend		52.1	11.00	-	0.50	7.5	4.74
29	Castletownshend - Darrynane		58.0	13.45		6.05	44.4	4.22
July								
1-3	Darrynane - Kilronan		85.4	37.30		6.05	16.3	2.29
4	Kilronan - Roundstone		25.6	6.50		4.15	62.2	3.74
5	Roundstone - Inishbofin		28.7	6.55		6.40	96.5	4.16
6-7	Inishbofin - Blacksod Quay		61.6	18.55		1.00	5.3	3.26
7	Blacksod Quay - Frenchport		29.5	7.00		-	0.0	4.21
8-9	Frenchport - Tory Island		96.2	27.00		2.05	7.8	3.56
9-10	Tory Island - Port Salon		17.9*	8.30		0.42	8.2	
12	Port Salon - Red Bay		72.7	15.13		1.28	9.8	4.78
13	Red Bay - Donaghadee		34.5	8.00		0.35	7.5	4.31
14-15	Donaghadee - Dun Laoghaire		87.1	18.55		6.40	35.2	4.61
TOTAL			828.2	234.18		48.00	20.5	3.53

* Log not streamed until well clear of Tory Island

Total time away 22.5 days

Distance per day away 36.8

Percentage of time away at sea 43.4%

In the Gulf of Mexico

Hazel & Ronnie Barr

One day in June 1988 we received a postcard from a place called Isla Mujeres in the Yucatan Channel, a few miles off the coast of Mexico. It came from our friends Bill and Barbara Watson (I.C.C. & C.C.C.) who now live in St. Petersburg, Florida.

The contents of the card intimated that they, along with friends, were on a race from the yacht club of St Petersburg to Isla Mujeres. The last line of the card was the most interesting - it read "How about joining us next year on *Strathspey*?"

The seed was sown, it grew, and flourished and at New Year we met up in Scotland, when we all stayed with Frank and Katy Christie (C.C.C.) who were to be the other crew members. Over dinner that night, and well lubricated with drams, we made all the initial plans.

The race, an annual event, is a nominal 500 mile straight line dash across the Gulf of Mexico, and takes the place of the old prestigious St Petes to Habana Yacht Race.

It was arranged that the Christies and Barrs; would make arrangements to be in Tampa, Florida, on 26th April 1989. The race would start at noon on 28th April. This would allow us one day of rest!

Our travel arrangements had worked well, and the Christies and Barrs arrived within a short time of each other, having travelled independently, from Scotland and Ireland.

We were met by Barbara, and were soon being whisked away to St Petes in the Watson stationwagon - a cross between a comfortable lounge and a Boeing 747. By car phone we contacted the skipper who had flown into Florida earlier in the day. He was relieved; all his crew had arrived plus son Neil, also joining us. The Watson homestead has a pool in the "yard" and then some 25 metres away (at the bottom of the garden) was *Strathspey* lying peacefully at her own wooden dock; instant marina!

Strathspey is a Pearson 40 designed by Bill Shaw and built in Portsmouth, Rhode Island.

Our "day of rest" was an early morning rush to load and stow, with all hands performing an ant-like procession between the house and boat until everything had been transferred. The house rose half an inch on its founts and *Strathspey* went down three inches! Very hectic but how easy really - a total distance of some 40 metres from the deep freeze to the ships ice box.

We slipped the warps at 0930 and arrived at St Petes Y.C. at 1200, an interesting journey under several opening bridges, with breakfast taken under way consisting of a Pandora's Box full of doughnuts and Danish pastries washed down with coffee!

The Y.C. marina was a hive of activity and muted chaos - whats new? We had our own share of prerace problems - the "Loran" wouldn't "Loran", we lacked navigation lights, a new forestay had to be fitted, and Frank decided he needed white socks to go with our *Strathspey* uniform (ably designed and

generously provided by the Skippers wife.)

There was a Skippers Briefing at 1700, and a magnificent reception at 1900 in the Y.C. For this we wore our formal rig of red shirts, with *Strathspey* emblazoned across the front, and smart white jeans. We had an excellent evening, with much good humoured and lively banter between competing crews.

Big race day dawned bright and clear. Ashore for breakfast, then back on board to find riggers just finishing, but electrical work still incomplete. However gradually everything began to take shape, the mess was cleared up and we were ready to join the exodus out to the start. But...no engine! A lot of bad language and an almost flat battery later it burst into life and we slipped our warps and away.

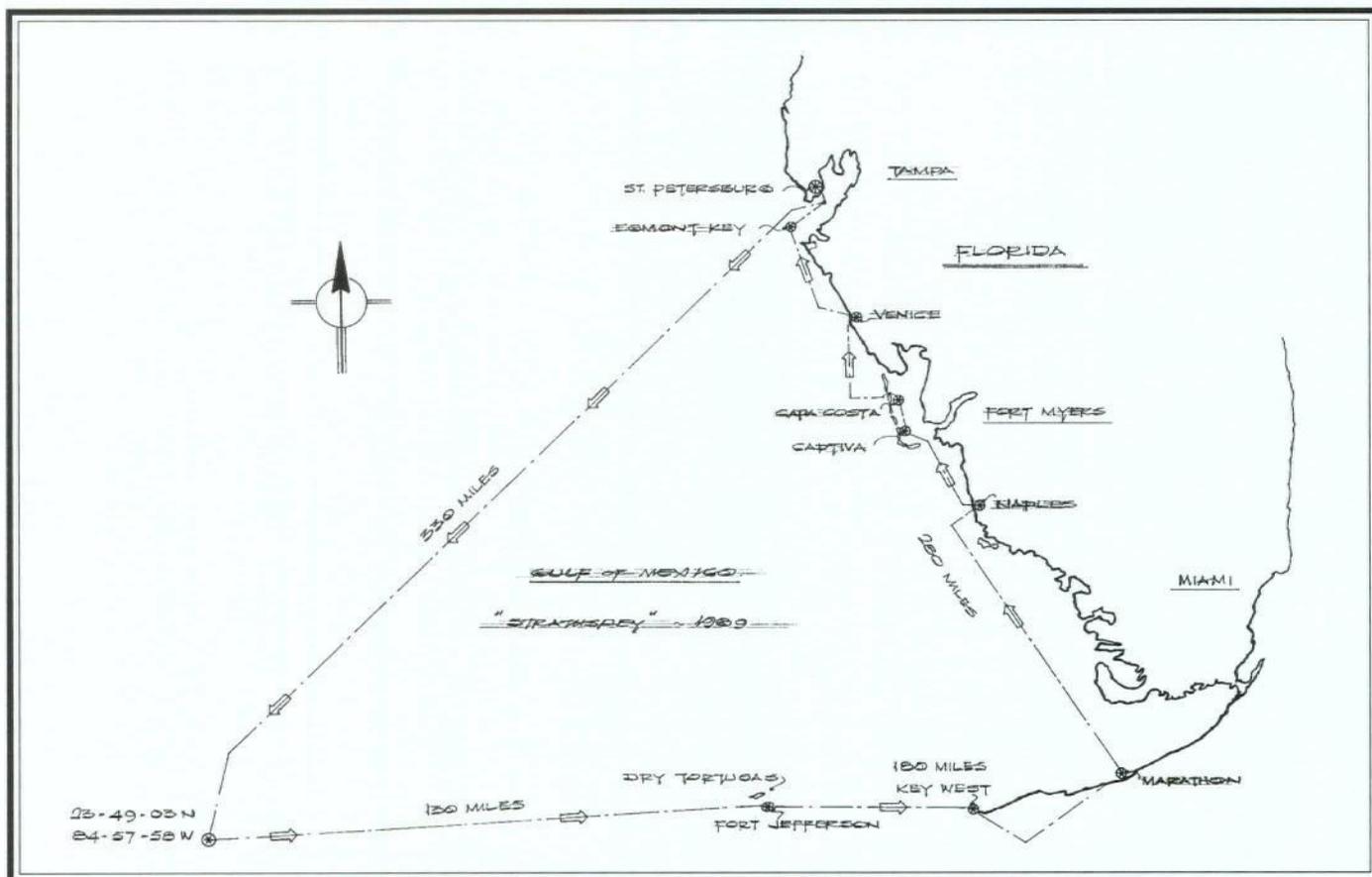
The noon start was a spinnaker run out of Tampa Bay, a beautiful sight and a mass of colour. However, by 1430 the wind changed to N.W., increasing in strength and soon we had to take in the first slab reef. At 1600 we rounded the last mark on the course before Mexico. All on deck in our sailing gear, red tee shirts, and white shorts, 75°F, wind W/S.W., cloudless sky.

Just before midnight we were "attacked" by a large number of Dolphins, who, encouraged by a spotlight gave a magnificent display of their skills, leaping right out of the water and over each other, all round the boat, and then went as quickly as they had come, taking the wind with them, leaving us in very light variable conditions, which persisted all through the night, eventually settling to a steady, light, S.E. breeze at 0630.

29th. The day dawned bright and warm, and the Skipper ordered the spinnaker up at 0645. A small shark visited us for a close look, but soon left. The wind freshened slightly, and the spinnaker was doing a good job, but not long enough for us to catch up with some boats just ahead. The starboard luff tape tore out of the cloth for more than half its length. The girls 'set to' to make repairs, but it was too big a job by hand.

By evening a storm was brewing and Skipper Bill ordered an immediate reef on the main, and we hoisted the storm jib, furling the Genoa - all within a few minutes of seeing the sign of a small tell-tale white cloud. Only just in time. We were suddenly in the centre of a violent electric storm (no thunder) - a full 360° of blinding light lasting up to 5 seconds at a time. This was followed by torrential rain and 20 knot wind, which died away completely for a while, then rose up to 35 knots, S.E., and accompanied by another violent electric storm, a very lumpy sea, making it uncomfortable below, especially for those in the port bunks, and pilot berth. This continued for 2 hours before falling very light and variable. The genoa is unfurled.

30th. At 0200 the wind dies completely and full sail is hoisted. After several complete gyration the wind picks up suddenly and we are forced to reef genoa and main and with the wind dead on



the nose we have an uncomfortable night but making good speed. Just before midnight we are in the middle of yet another electric storm, much more violent than the previous occasions and accompanied by the mother and father of all rainstorms. The whole effect was worse than any of us had experienced before. (I found it not a little incongruous to be standing in the middle of the ocean, dressed in a bathing suit, and full life harness, in a torrential downpour, whimpering, and being illuminated by 100,000 flashbulbs - on holiday R.B.)

1st May. It had been another very uncomfortable night; especially for those below, very warm and airless since all the hatches and vents had to be kept closed. At 0300 we furled the genoa and eased the main. At daylight one of the reef points was seen to be pulling out and tearing down the panel. By 0845 a decision was taken to call it a day, as far as the race was concerned, and that we should make directly for the finish and join the "party" which officially started to-day, some 150 miles away.

However after about an hour of motor sailing (with 2 slabs in the main and no jib) into a large head sea and making very little progress it was agreed that as we were now on a cruising holiday we should go the "gentlemen's route", downwind, and make for the Florida Keys - a pleasant alternative! We set a course for the Dry Tortugas islands.

2nd. As dawn breaks we are able to see the tall lighthouse, at Loggerhead Key, which had been "looming" at us for the last few hours of a clear starlit night. At 1015 we anchor in 4 mts off the Coastguard Station and the energetic among us swim ashore through turquoise water to a fine coral sand shore.

We walk through a palm grove, past the lighthouse, with its noisy generator and de-salination plant, to the windward side of

the island where the shore is quite steep-to, and pounded by huge breakers.

All went swimming and had a much needed wash, using very effective salt water soap. (The Dry Tortugas islands have no water, or any other provisions, or fuel, for visitors).

We are all very disappointed about the race, and especially sorry for Barbara who almost single handed had organised the whole scheme of things, supervised all the shore and refitting work, bought, prepared, and stocked the boat with every possible item required for our trip, from planned balanced meals, through a vast spares and emergency equipment list to prizes for "on board" games and competitions - all in her usual unique efficient manner - the result of many years experience.

On the other hand, here we were in a beautiful part of the world, with at least 10 days cruising ahead of us, with a long list of possible places to visit on our way back to St Petes.

We celebrated our good fortune with a superb lunch, (Which had been planned for our arrival in Isla Mujeres) - champagne and Scottish smoked salmon. In the early afternoon we motored over to Fort Jefferson, a half hour trip. The Dry Tortugas are a cluster of sand banks and coral reefs which form the seaward end of the Florida Keys, a necklace of small islands stretching from main land Florida in a gentle curve 150 miles westward into the Gulf of Mexico. The islands are now linked by a succession of bridges and built up road works as far as Key West, 70 miles short of The Tortugas. The Tortugas, (Las Tortugas - "The Turtles") discovered early in the 16th century by the spanish explorer Ponce de Leon, now-form the Fort Jefferson National Monument. The fort itself is the outcome of a decision made by the U.S. War Department early in the 19th century to fortify this strategic outpost, safeguarding the sea route to the Mississippi Valley

centres of commerce.

The fort, its design, construction and its subsequent and sometimes chequered history would form the basis of a lengthy volume, not a paragraph in a log. Suffice it to say that, to-day, it is a fascinating monument, a huge brick built, six sided fortress, half a mile in circumference, rising out of the sea, with a moat, and extending on four of its six sides well beyond the extremities of the reef on which it was constructed. Its 8 foot thick walls rise 50 feet above sea level, its 3 gun tiers were designed to house 450 guns (4"-12"), and accommodate a garrison of 1500 men. The inner area formed the parade ground, with its officers block, soldiers barracks, hospital, magazine, water storage cistern, and gardens. Work began in 1846 and continued spasmodically for some 30 years after. Although the fortifications were virtually complete (a structure some 80 feet wide in places), the accommodation areas were never totally finished. The march of time and in particular the development of rifled cannon was rapidly making the fort obsolete; the final straw was the discovery in 1864 by engineers making sub-soil experiments that the forts foundations (some of them well out from the shore) were "resting" on nothing more than a few coral boulders beneath a sand bank. Inevitably the massive structure began to settle and the walls to crack. The works of the slave labour (from Key West), artisans from the North and subsequently imprisoned Union deserters, was disintegrating. A devastating hurricane, continued outbreaks of yellow fever, and the march of history was a cancer from which the old fort had no escape and although it was used as an anchorage and, for a short while, a seaplane base by the U.S. Navy, it was virtually abandoned in 1874; left to its own wild environment of the sea, the winds and its colonies of birds - particularly the unique Sooty Tern Rookery - now a protected refuge 100 metres offshore.

Federal troops occupied the fort during the Civil War, but apart from a few pot shots at Confederate Privateers, it was never used for any serious naval actions.

In recent years The National Park Service of the U.S. Department Of the Interior has been actively, and, thankfully, very sensitively restoring and maintaining the fort, as an on going project. It was interesting to see it much as it has been for over 100 years, "warts and all" with some of its bones well bared for inspection, and much litter of its earlier existance lying where it fell. No doubt it will be tidied up and made a commercial attraction. Whatever happens it will always be a minor wonder of construction and human endeavour - all 16,000,000 bricks of it. Do go and visit it!

We could have spent several days there, relaxing in the Florida sun, and sharing its waters with "Charlie", the resident and lugubrious barracuda, and the flocks of friendly and surprisingly elegant pelicans - flyers and swimmers par excellence, but we were rapidly running out of water, having to use melted ice-box water for cooking, and neat alcohol for drinking; with six Scots persons and one Irish (lady) person on board this was only of concern because we had provisioned for normal consumption of the commodity - not a concerted attack!

4th. 0650. Up anchor and of to Key West - a 70 mile passage - with a dead noser. In spite of splitting the main from mast to leach, and having to talk to an enquiring Customs boat who came close to in huge seas, we arrived in Key West at 2200 and found our way up to the anchorage opposite the harbour entrance, dropping in the hook in 12 feet. Soup, whisky, coffee and bunks.

After breakfast we moved across to the marina and found

ourselves a good berth, moored fore and aft to the local dispenser of beverages. The Skipper and son Neil took the damaged sails to the local sail maker, who did a quick and efficient job on the failed seams. Other crew members did a big clean up on board, refuelling and filling the water tanks, and making sundry lists of replenishments.

In Key West one must go on the Broadwalk, along the sea front, to have drinks, and be entertained by sidewalk buskers, magicians, popcorn specialists, along with several hundred others. We enjoyed the warm evening and the spectacular Florida sunset, with its elusive green flash as it falls over the edge of the shimmering horizon.

A beautiful hot morning, ashore for breakfast - that all-American wall-to-wall syrup sticky bun feast and coffee. All went into town for sightseeing and post cards. When the girls went to the "Atorca" (Spanish Galleon) treasure museum, the four boys taxied out to Key West Airfield and after much discussion with an air-tour company agreed on a package deal with the resident "Biggles", whereby he would endeavour to take two of us at a time for a 35 minute tour round Key West, out to Sand Key Light and back again, in a replica, "WACO" y.m.f.3. open biplane, the front cockpit of which was large enough for one person; with two sitting side by side it was necessary to remove the port side door and share the same seat belt! This was alarming on the ground, more than exciting in straight and level flight; 2 loops later and a low level "beat-up" of a small yacht anchored between two close, high sided islets left the laundry budget heading rapidly into the red! Later, we discovered that the remains of a smashed up light plane and some difficulties with an insurance cover were the legacy of some thrilling episode a short while before we arrived!

We planned to leave early for our next marina at Marathon, but the engine thought differently until 1000. A good sail, close fetch, N.E. 10 knots, under Marathon Bridge with absolute minimum clearance! Turn to starboard and brisk sail, in 7-8ft depth of water, to Faro-Blanco Marina - round up inside breakwater and alongside 1800. A super, neat, little marina, well kept with a restaurant where we ate an excellent meal.

In fact so large were the portions that "doggie bags" were supplied and our next meal on board was thus ensured.

Ashore and into the very large marina swimming pool, whiling away a pleasant forenoon, and afternoon waiting for the wind to abate slightly before leaving at 1800 for an overnight passage to Naples. After motoring for an hour we hoisted sail. (Wind steady N.E. x 14 knots) On this leg of our trip we are sailing in very shallow waters for hours on end. (Once you get used to the depth sounder read out of only a few feet below the keel it becomes less concerning; at first it is quite exciting!)

We make our approach to the estuary leading to Naples at 0800 and after calling up the Y.C. we tie up there at 1040. Our trip up the river took us past some of the most beautiful houses, all totally different, that any of us had ever seen. Set in well landscaped, rolling parkland and lawns, each with its own dock at the waters edge; they are the epitomy of "every vision of the good life". We taxied into town and "did" the very super shopping mall from end to end.

In the evening we dined in the exclusive Y.C. - but only after our Skipper had made prior arrangements to, literally, walk into the obligatory jacket being held at arms length by the manager as we passed through the foyer! (Bill had forgotten his reefer in the pre-race packing).

Our meal was as good, and colourful, as the garb of the 50 or so members in the dining room. As long as you wear a tie and a jacket it appears to matter nothing what colour they might be - pinks, reds, yellows, greens - our table was the only one where the men wore blue reefers.

10th. 0700 left Naples Y.C. and out to sea. Heading for Captiva and South Seas complex; with little or no wind at times we motored all the way, arriving at 1450. A beautiful spot. The ocean side of the key is just like-a south sea island, white sand, large beach, palm trees, shallow water, with big breakers, and a golf course right down to the edge of the shore. We all went swimming and then back on board to prepare for an evening ashore.

The shoreside facilities are superb, with an excellent restaurant, "Capt. Als", where we enjoyed our moneys worth from a well stocked buffet. There are a number of small shops, a pleasant pool, well laid out gardens and an apartment complex - Bill and Barbara have a time share here.

The marina itself, in spite of the number of boats using it, its location away from the sea, and being well sheltered by tall trees all round, is remarkably clean. This is no doubt largely the result of an underwater aeration system where every finger of the berthing system has 2 or more underwater "Jacussi" outlets which keeps everything fresh and moving. Even Manitees can survive here; sadly we didn't see one.

After settling our marina accounts, we took a tourist trip round Captiva and were back on board and ready to leave by 1045 and set out for Cabbage Key; through all the marker posts defining the narrow channel, and arrive at 1400 alongside the little clapboard house and restaurant - the latter being entirely papered in dollar bills - the food was good besides!

We leave soon after lunch and head for Pelican Bay where we had intended to visit the National Park on Capa Costa, but it was blowing too hard from the north and we could not land, so with only about 1 - 2 feet beneath the keel we inch our way into the bay and anchor in 7 ft of water. However after an hour or so we move to an area with slightly more depth, to clear a possible L.W. problem in the morning. It was a not too comfortable night in this shelterless bay.

12th. Depart 0745, wind dead on the nose, and out through the shallow narrow channel, seawards for 3 miles, round the outermost bank marker, and then head almost due north into ANOTHER dead noser, and quite a sea, making for Venice. We arrived there and tied up alongside the Y.C. with our bows almost overhanging their swimming pool - its crystal water shimmering enticingly above a huge tiled club burgee on the bottom.

After we had cleaned the boat, taken on fuel and water, we washed the decks and generally brought her up to the standards, of her surroundings. We adjourned to the pool to cool off. Each day is getting hotter. Barbara, after executing a magnificent pike dive, emerged with a bloodied nose and a lump on her forehead. After entering the water she realised, with commendable speed, that her bikini top, certainly, and her bikini bottom, possibly, were about to disappear, and abandoning the usual arms position, grabbed the various components, and bounced of the bottom!

We had an evening meal in the yacht club, the meal being every bit as good as their magnificent, huge, dining room. There was a very pleasant 5 piece band which encouraged us to join the dancing. A very happy last night.

13th. Depart 0800 with breakfast under way and in light southerly wind make for Egmont Key, our last stop, where we enjoyed a final alcohol lunch, swimming and enjoying this pleasant island anchorage. We finally set sail on our last passage - back to St Pete and *Strathspeys* private dock. We arrive at 1830 and by 2000 the boat was totally unloaded, the girls had the washing on, the boys set-to to clear the pool, heat up the built-in "Jacussi" bath, and make preparations for a last night party.

We had come to the end of a wonderful cruise, and the Christies and Barrs, as guests of Bill, Barbara, and Neil Watson will always have the happiest memories of our trip together and be grateful for the opportunity to sail to places we would probably never have seen.

Strathspey is an extremely able boat, well laid out, finished to a high standard, and maintained with great care and skill by her owners. Bill and Barbara, with their many years of experience in boats of every size and shape must-be justly proud of her - may they have many more happy years sailing her in those beautiful waters.

Desert Island Pub Crawl

Hugo du Plessis

Much of 1988 was spent at home or in England, in and out of hospital with *Samharcin*, my 36' Westerly Conway, equally miserable, ashore in Castries Yacht Services, St Lucia which probably has the best security in the Caribbean. *Samharcin* also has rather higher freeboard, an important consideration when hurricane surges can be twelve feet with storm sized waves on top. Television pictures of hurricane Gilbert clobbering Jamaica, seen from my hospital bed, had me really worried about where it had been 24 hours earlier, but apparently it did no more than dump sixteen inches of rain in twelve hours onto my poor boat.

It was still raining when I returned in November with two plastic eyes and a large crate of stores, new equipment and yet more books, which somehow got stored below and upped the waterline yet another couple of inches.

The boat too needed surgical treatment, in this case at my hands. It was not until just before Christmas that the boat was launched again.

Christmas was spent in Rodney Bay with Liz England. I was delighted to find she was presented the very attractive Atlantic Trophy which I won but have yet to set eyes on. It is a sad fact that the further you sail the less chance of seeing your awards !

I was under orders to be in Bequia by Jan 25th to meet my daughter Prim and Bruce who might one day be my son-in-law, I made it with two days to spare. Just time to clean ship. It was a familiar long day's sail, one reef between the islands, motoring in the lee, the usual winter pattern. In the early morning sunlight, shoals of flying fish flew ahead like shooting stars, dolphins jumped in the bow wave framed in the rainbow from a light shower.

Bernie Cahill of *Whistling Oyster*, who had just flown home and back to collect a side of smoked salmon (or so his crew claimed) warned me British Airways were running twelve hours late, so it was no surprise that Prim and Bruce were a day late. Unfortunately that was the day my VHF chose to break down. Not being a radio gossip I seldom use it, but this was one of the few places a link with the shore would have been useful.

The plan was for them to stay for the first week at the 'Sunny Caribbee' where Prim has a time share. In the course we explored every bar and restaurant in Bequia, places I had never

visited in the four years or so I have been pottering up and down the islands. I have little incentive for that when sailing alone. Frangipani, Old Fig Tree, Sunny Caribbee, Whalebone, Green Boley, you name it, we tried it. During the day, when I was working, they went off and discovered others I had never heard of. Amazing how an Irishman can smell out a bar. In the evenings we eat ashore, an unusual luxury for me. They were on holiday of course whereas I am a liveaboard, but they took old dad along as well.

Bequia is a pleasant island with a life and atmosphere of its own, in some ways rather like the Irish islands. Most of the visitors are from yachts. The stay there was prolonged. No, not because there were still some bars on this small island unexplored. Bruce had developed a painful swelling and preferred to drink standing up. The excellent Indian doctor decided it had to be lanced which meant going to the hospital, as the small clinic is called. The taxi driver (yes there are cars but roads are another matter) when given the address said "If you take my advice mister, you'll catch the next plane home". Bruce survived. But it seemed it was the end of the month and supplies, including local anaesthetics, had run out. He swore it was not an hallucination due to the pain, but he really did see a hen and three chicks walk into the operating theatre.

This inconvenience delayed us (but the time was not wasted as we added some more bars to the score). A small yacht is no



Bequia

Hugo du Plessis

place for an invalid and the sea is no respecter of anyone who has to sit down gently.

So we abandoned plans for a quick dash down to Venezuela or even Grenada in favour of a leisurely cruise down the Grenadines, that bundle of small islands scattered between the larger islands of St Vincent and Grenada, too small to be independent island states, but large enough to have bars.

We left Bequia on Feb 2nd, which as I reminded them was the first day of spring, in Ireland anyway, even though to them it felt more like high summer. We were late getting away.

There was just time to get to the next island Canouan, before dark. It was a good sail, a reach all the way, one reef down, but an awkward irregular sea, deflected by the small rocky islands on the way. Appetites were not good, it was just getting dark when we anchored in Charlestown Bay and rolled badly all night. This too is a familiar feature of Caribbean sailing. In the trade winds it is quite normal to use open anchorages on the lee side of islands. Some have no harbours at all. Even on the larger Islands the swell hooks round each end of the island and, being windrode, it is of course on the beam. The smaller the island the worse the swell and most such anchorages are roly and sometimes very uncomfortable. Some boats are worse than others. Designers, in their quest for speed or seaworthiness, never consider comfort at anchor when a cruising yacht spends most of its time.

Next morning there was work to be done, the heavy gas cylinder had to be changed, a job I had put off until I had assistance. It is an awkward sweaty job in the sail room, but usually lasts six months - which shows what my cooking is like. Then there was a job on the engine which had pattered out just as we anchored and it did not go right and was an even more sweaty job. By the end there was a large puddle on the floor. People who sail in cool climates just do not know how lucky they are.

Salines Bay in Mayreau was an easy hour's sailing in fresh sunny weather. It is another open bay but generally less roly. Mayreau is not a large island, no cars, no roads. (But watch out for the soap boxes on the steep concrete footpaths). The population is about a hundred. I did not know there was a bar on the island. Prim and Bruce came back saying they had found three.

Admittedly they had to look hard to find them.

The island has beautiful sandy beaches. Luckily it was not a cruise ship day when the deserted beach with its palm trees, manchineel and sea grapes, gets converted into a 'typical desert island' with beach chairs, formal barbecue with white table cloths on the tables, and white coated waiters, a steel band, stout mamas selling colourful imported T shirts on long washing lines. The beach packed as solidly as the Costa del Whatnot with white bodies grilling pink like sausages under a grill. By nightfall it is a desolate desert island again! Fortunately that only happens one day a week, definitely a day to avoid, although I have heard of cunning yachties who go there to mingle with the passengers and stuff themselves with enough free barbecue and run punch to last the week. But it's difficult to pretend you are a cruise ship passenger when you have an all-over sun tan.

Just why two people who spend their lives living and working in an island hotel should want to spend their holiday sampling other island hotels and bars beats me. I would have thought something far inland like the high Alps. What started out as a serious, albeit leisurely, cruise now degenerated into an island pub crawl. A drink ashore in the morning, a short afternoon sail to the next island in time to explore and locate the next bar.

Palm Island was another easy, hour's sail away. Unlike Mayreau which is a native island, Palm Island is a hotel island, owned and developed by the hotel. It is a Caribbean style hotel, far removed from the concrete Mediterranean wall, low rambling, isolated chalets restaurant and bars all built of local stone and nothing higher than a palm tree. Next morning, while sipping our mid-morning passion fruit juice, we found ourselves being televised as part of the audience of a choir. You never know what may happen in the Caribbean.

Four miles away lies Petit St Vincent, another hotel island, with an entrance channel between two very low sandy islands, whose names mean Crab Island and Bed Bug Island, with a lot of reef in between them. The sun was low, not good conditions for reef navigation. We should have been earlier but that would have upset the drinking schedule. Sailing regulated by natural forces like tides is far away.

One of those little islands has a palm thatched shelter. As one of the crew remarked "Only a Kerryman would put a bar on a bar like that." Unfortunately it had run out of beer and everything else except a Coca Cola bottle half full of rainwater.

Petit St Vincent which has several good anchorages and a big area of shallow reef for goggling, is another hotel island and nothing else, entirely self-contained, making its own electricity and water. The low buildings built of island stone, blend perfectly. It has of course a bar where we were badly bitten by Leaping Lizards. These beasts are even more dangerous than they sound, pina colada with creme de menth. And I swear we really did see a six inch long caterpillar, black with fluorescent green stripes and a red head.

This was the furthest point reached, and now it was time to turn back the



The bar

Hugo du Plessis

wind became strong NE. It would be a tough sail back. We got bitten by the Leaping Lizards again while waiting to see if the wind would ease. It did not. In fact it kept up for a week or more.

A ridge of high pressure had settled to the N, and when that happens it augments the trade wind.

If I had been alone I would have stayed put until the wind dropped but you cannot do that with passengers on board (sorry *cr w* I mean crew). Airline tickets, holidays, jobs. What tyranny the young have to face. They did think of flying back from nearby Union Island until they saw the length of the runway.

So with two reefs down, half jib and the engine ticking over it was out past the bar on a bar into the white capped roughness beyond. Through the reefs off Palm Island (we've done that bar), and past Mayreau (done that one too and anyway the cruise ship was there.) But everybody goes to Tobago Cays which meant motoring into the teeth of wind and sea for a couple of miles. Gentlemen do not sail to windward, not at any rate in overloaded houseboats if they can help it. During this the engine developed fuel trouble again and beating, or at least something other than drifting towards an unpleasantly obvious reef, seemed a better idea. It must be admitted that dealing with a fuel problem is easier when there is someone to steer while I work below, a luxury denied the single hander.

Tobago Cays is not my favourite anchorage. the best and most sheltered places to anchor are packed with charter yachts, and anything on the reefs which swims has been shot. Away from the crowd behind the reef it was a bit oopsy woopsy in that wind. There was no enthusiasm to see the once fabulous reefs everyone goes there to see. So we moved to better shelter between two small islands where the only berth was too close to another reef for comfort and needed the kedge as well. The crew went ashore in search of a pub and for once even that indefatigable bar hunting pair had to admit defeat although they did find a pile of bottles, even Guinness bottles, unfortunately empty, every single one.

Meanwhile the skipper had put his time to better purpose and discovered and cured the cause of the fuel trouble.

Conditions were no easier next morning. If anything the wind was stronger. A big charter yacht had gone on the reefs during the night. So with the sailing dinghy on deck (so much easier with the luxury of a crew) and well reefed down we set off on the hard slog, close hauled, back to Bequia, motor sailing all the way. This is quite the usual custom in the Caribbean where the seas between the islands are surprisingly short and steep despite a fetch of three thousand miles. There are never the big, long Atlantic rollers we get at home. The autopilot and Aries both had a day off. I had a crew who actually wanted to steer (except when I was asked to take over for five minutes and immediately brought in the Aries just to show how much better it could do). I rarely steer myself. Then I am captain instead of merely helmsman. There are so many other things to do and worry about.

At least Caribbean sailing is seldom beating. At the worst close hauled. Because of the current, which flows almost permanently westwards between the Islands we missed Bequia by two miles, soon made up by a tack when the small islands of Bequia gave a lee from the current. Then it was motoring the last three miles up wind into the harbour. This was the evening when the crew were too tired to go ashore. Anyway we had done all those pubs. It was time to make inroads into the cellar, or rather the bilges. There was even a suggestion that *Samharcin* might sail better if the displacement was reduced, although I did point out indignantly that only a small part of the estimated extra three

tone or eight inches raised waterline, was actually drink.

There was one day left and the fearless bar hunters wanted to bag Young Island, off St Vincent. It was handier to the airport anyway. The Bequia channel is reckoned to be the roughest in the Caribbean and that afternoon was no exception. There is a race off the end of Bequia and counter eddies make wind against tide which are hard to see and avoid.

Young Island is yet another island hotel. A chalet ashore was transition to their return to the civilised high class hotel life to which they were accustomed. I do not know what that cost them, or the lobster dinner, but I do know that a bottle of fairly ordinary wine cost me £40, a whole week's pension (and I had thought of champagne!) Young Island is the sort of place a skipper would suggest a grateful crew take him on their last night - and avoids if he has to pay.

Obviously at last I had, with the guidance of my bar hunting crew, stumbled upon the millionaire's playground and the lifestyle that tax inspectors and suchlike believe everyone in the Caribbean enjoys. All I can say is that it has taken four years to find it, during which I have not starved or stinted myself of rum to do so. Neither have I gone out of my way to extend my discoveries. If I could live as cheaply at home as I do here I might be tempted to return. It is certainly no millionaire's lifestyle which keeps me here.

Next day the crew departed by Air Mustique for Barbados, London work and English weather, for which by all accounts a winter cruise in the Caribbean was just acclimatisation. It had been great having them, even if the sailing had been reduced to ten days, a welcome change, in fact a holiday for me too, a nice break in my usual life of living, sailing and working alone on the boat which is really little different, except in climate, from living alone at home.

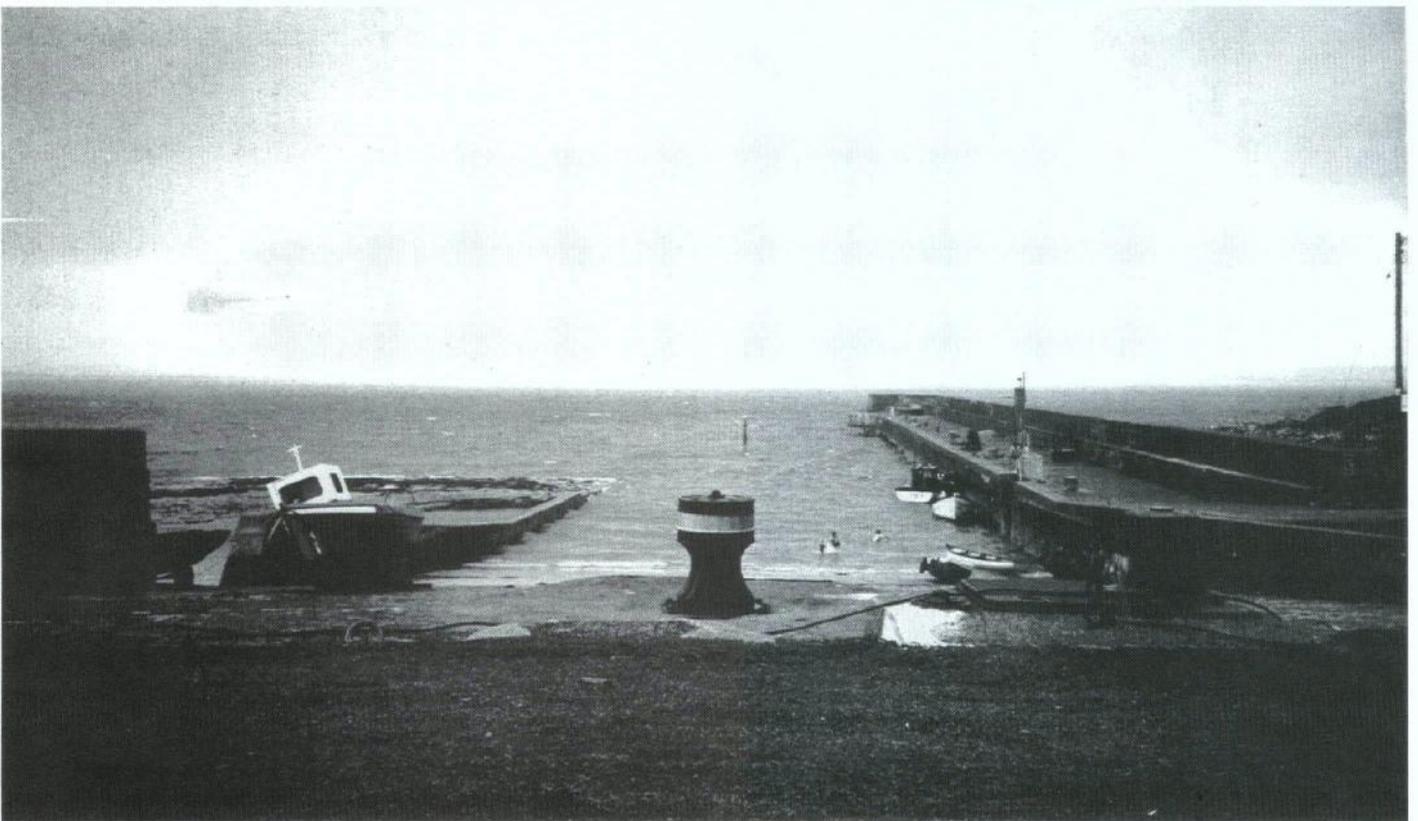
Since then I made my way in a leisurely fashion back to Grenada, sailing, as is my wont, only when the wind is fair, not too strong and it is not raining. I arrived back in April, a year to the day since leaving. There were two objects. To finish a book and start another, and to base myself for the hurricane season south of the main hurricane area. Grenada is generally reckoned safe. As I write this I am snug in a good hurricane hole and trying to live down the American weather bureau naming the worst hurricane of the century Hurricane Hugo. It is calm here and there has been the usual Sunday barbecue on the beach. Hard to believe that all hell is let loose only 250 miles further N. We are far more worried about little Iris, a tropical storm (that's just a rare gale) following close behind and on our latitude, but that's the way these things come. The warnings are good provided you have SSB and can receive the US Coastguard at Norfolk Virginia. The local radio weather forecasts vary from fair to very dangerous and are often out of date. Yet even the Americans with their super high technology satellites, aircraft, radar and synthetic voice broadcaster, managed to lose a 140 knot hurricane for a critical twelve hours!

For the future I have no definite plans. One day I suppose I shall have to sail home. I have books to write and that keeps me very busy. If I went further or sailed more energetically I would need a crew (Any volunteers? Preferably female, young pretty with lots of money?) Old age is creeping up with its warning signs. Meanwhile the sun still shines, the water is warm, rum cheap. Some people might be forgiven for thinking it is a pleasant way of life out here in the Caribbean, whether you live like a millionaire or a humble liveboard yachting stretching an old age pension.



Dar Młodzieży and Juan Sebastian De Elcano on the Tasman Sea

Cormac McHenry



The pier at Enniscrone, County Sligo

Ronan Beirne

Dunns Ditties

Ronan Beirne writes

Early in the season I came across our I.C.C. Librarian Andrew Somerville securing an antenna to the top of his timber mast. "What could this new fangled gadget be?" I enquired.

"The problem with cruising these days is that nobody understands semaphore anymore so I'm having to install a V.H.F." replied Andrew.

Brian Black writes on Seven Days for St. Kilda

The boom flicked across with terrifying speed and Michael dropped senseless to the cockpit sole. Unable to leave the helm as *Roma* bucked and reared through the tide-swept channel separating the islands of Vatersay and Barra at the southern most tip of the Outer Hebrides, I yelled to Fred for assistance, but he was having his own problems.

Perched on the afterdeck and balancing himself against the violent motion of the boat he was struggling with the hand-bearing compass to get the transit bearings that would clear the spume-covered pinnacles of rock that seemed close enough to touch on either hand.

He turned, took in the situation at a glance and hurried to help and at that instance *Roma* cleared the Sound, and the visibility closed in completely.

But Michael's needs were the priority now and with retreat impossible I could see only one way of getting him the urgent medical treatment he would require. I locked on the auto-pilot and my hand was actually reaching for the RT, when I thought I saw a flicker of movement from his eyelids. He groaned then muttered, with obvious effort, "I'm all right...I'm all right..."

By mid-morning, Michael's recovery was almost complete, the clouds were lifting, and soon we were creaming along under clear blue skies, the bow-wave frothing over the backs of the seas



Roma approaches St. Kilda.

Brian Black

as they passed beneath *Roma's* hull. Sometimes she would shoulder-charge a big one, as if refusing to allow anything to check her determined push towards the islands that by mid-afternoon were less than 30 miles distant. Other than her manners were perfect, just as you'd expect from a 35-foot traditional heavy-displacement yacht designed by Alan Buchanan and built more than thirty years ago from the finest mahogany and teak. I remember our surveyor, Sammy Kirkpatrick Of Carrickfergus, saying of her, "She's built for the weather, that one. She sits in the water, not on it. That's a sea-worthy boat."

Suddenly my reverie was interrupted by a triumphant cry from Fred. "Land ho!" Straightening up sharply from his deckie duties he pointed at a plume of cumulus away to the north-west. In an otherwise clear sky, it could only be land cloud forming on the high ground of Hirta, the main island in the group. The Decca obligingly confirmed our position and the Walker Log, a close companion over many thousands of sea-miles in seasons past agreed with the Decca — a reassuring back-up just in case modern electronics should play us false.

No sooner had we dropped anchor in the blissful ease of Village Bay, than the RT burst into life. It was the army base, wanting to know our intentions. At first I thought it was my Ulster accent that accounted for the rather formal tone of the operator at the other end, and the absence of any offer of hospitality, or even showers, but next morning we discovered the entire post had spent the night cleaning and polishing in anticipation of a visit from top brass, and we forgave them.

We lay to anchor that night, the boat listing heavily as williwaws rushed down the hill, hitting us with a blast that made the rigging hum. Dawn came early and with it a vivid blue sky, tempting us out of our bunks and ashore for a walk to the summit of Hirta. The views were breath-taking, as were the breaking seas stretching as far as the eye could see and confirming that we had a bumpy ride ahead of us.

At mid-day we set off, and our return trip began with all the violent promise that had been evident from the hill, but gradually the wind eased, the seas quietened and we had a gentle breeze to take us home. Barra Head by midnight, Skerryvore around breakfast, and then, because we had a lot to think about and there was no rush, we eased away towards Mull, Coll and Tiree, over towards Colonsay and on down the Sound of Islay with Jura to port. As the sun sank, the blues and purples that are a feature of this most beautiful cruising ground filled the horizon and our nostrils picked up the scent of warm earth, heather and turf smoke.

And there was yet one more reward for us — a night filled with stars, and then with great streamers of eerie light which came sweeping up from the northern horizon as aurora borealis erupted

gave a silent display.

All that remained was a quick stop-over for a celebratory meal in Portpatrick and then *Roma* was home, back on her moorings in Strangford.

We had 460 miles on the log, and the unforgettable experience.

Philip Byrne writes on *Beaver* in Scotland

It has been five years since our last cruise to Scotland in *Beaver*, so with my regular sailing companion Cecil Richardson (ICC), we set off on a two weeks cruise with enough charts to cover us to Stornoway!

We left Dun Laoghaire Thursday afternoon the 29th June and overnighed at Ardglass. A S.E. gale delayed us for 14 hours at Ardglass. Later, on the wind for Carnlough we close tacked inshore to avoid a foul tide and were compensated with outstanding scenery on the Antrim coast in the evening sun to arrive at Carnlough at 2200. Our passage from Carnlough to pass the Mull Of Kintyre was thankfully uneventful in perfect conditions to arrive Gigha, just in time for dinner at the hotel, and well worth it. On to Crinan the next day we came across the *Truant* an old 8 metre built in 1911, was sailed and raced for many years out of Dunlaoghaire Harbour by the McGill family in the 1940's.

My late father purchased her about 1950 and I crewed on her at that period. She is now moored opposite the Crinan hotel and is owned by James Crinan the proprietor of that hotel. She has been nicely restored with a Bermudian rig, inboard diesel and is in pristine condition. The owners son kindly took us out to inspect the old *Truant* before we left for Tobermory.

At Tobermory we declared a rest day - however, the party mood here was in full swing so the word "rest" was a misnomer as far as we were concerned. Early next day we were glad to get away from Tobermory and past Ardnamurchan Point in idyllic calm conditions. Later our old and much used small outboard was acting up, and to give it a rest and ourselves, we pulled into Arisaig at 1700. A perfect anchorage at the head of Loch Nan Ceall. We had the best seafood meal of the cruise at the local hotel in Arisaig and very reasonably priced. With a week gone and only a week left, we decided to head back, - calling at Tobermory and a new anchorage for *Beaver*, Pulldohran. Back to Gigha again just in time for dinner at the hotel. I was very anxious on leaving Gigha at 0600 as we had a 4/5 N. W. winds on the nose with misty rain and very poor to nil visibility - not ideal conditions to round the Mull. We pressed on and with careful D.R. navigation were well clear of the Mull of Kintyre in the afternoon when the



Beaver on the bottom at Tobermory, but within short rowing distance to the shops etc.

Philip Byrne

sun came out to give perfect sailing to arrive rather late (we had a foul tide for the last 3 hrs.) at Portpatrick at 2200. The next day over to the new Bangor Marina, well worth a visit, only £6 for our 23ft. boat and very good value when we had the free use anytime of the excellent shower facilities. Our passage home was uneventful stopping overnight at Ardglass and an early start in brisk conditions, arrived Dun Laoghaire at 1800 on 13th July.

In all it was a most enjoyable easy cruise with 90% fine and sunny weather with light to moderate winds.

We visited at least 8 yachts, made lots of new friends and met a few old friends. *Beaver* returned with not a mark on her - no comment on her skipper and crew !

Alas - *Beaver's* season came to an abrupt end when she lost her mast racing on the 19th August. Roll on next season.

Hugo duPlessis writes to the Editor

By the way of an example of the sort of problems here (Grenada) that one would never consider at home. To post this log I must first sail five miles (awning down, up anchor and re-anchor), walk a mile to the bus stop. Bus five miles into the 'city' (admittedly only as big as an Irish country town) then to the G.P.O.

Postal collections and deliveries out here are unknown.

Peter Gray writes

For our summer cruise, we helped Peter Huntley from Howth in his First 30 *Pablo* sail down to the South West of Ireland taking more or less the well trodden path with just a few variations to liven up the proceedings.

We overnighed in the quiet of Passage East, aground on the luxuriant mud, and we thought the extra hour or so up the Estuary well worth it as compared with the usual stop over in Dunmore East.

Two nights in Kinsale and then on for dinner in Mary-Anne's all of which set us up nicely for the real cruising among Carberys thousand isles.

We stopped briefly in Barlogue for lunch. As it was empty, I rather thoughtlessly dropped our hook right in the middle of the anchorage. I was reminded of my thoughtlessness rather nicely when Bernie Cahill arrived in *Whistling Oyster*. He happily and courteously expressed regrets that he had "disturbed our tranquillity" and then brought up his yacht beautifully in the tiny bit of space we had left. A visit by his crew in their inflatable to



The *Truant* at her moorings in Crinan.

Philip Byrne

make sure that *Whistling Oyster's* anchors would not foul ours under-pinned the good example. Thank you, Bernie.

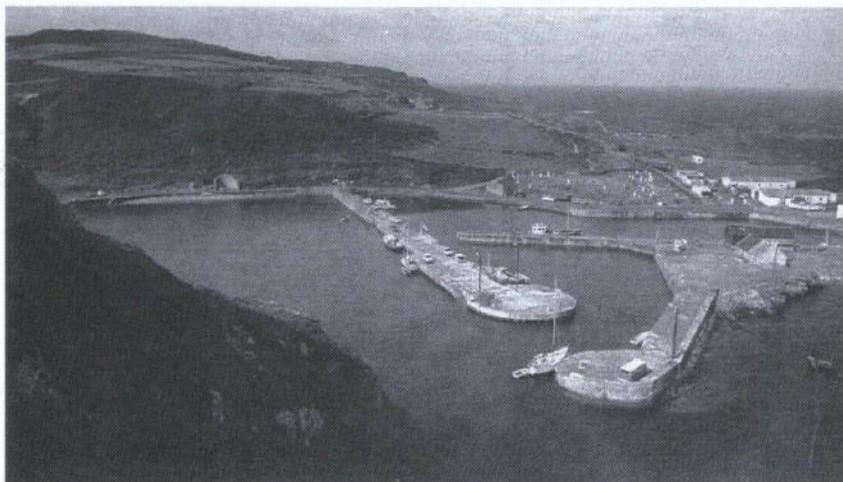
We had fun in Baltimore, Skull and North Harbour but the real highlight was two nights anchored off Heir just near the little Harbour and a visit to the Desmond's for dinner. That was just fantastic. If you haven't heard about this eating experience to end all eating experiences - just ask locally!

The whole ten day cruise was carried out in the most perfect weather conditions and we left *Pablo* in Baltimore in the hands of her owner and a relief crew.

For our late season cruise we returned to Yugoslavia where we explored the Dalmation coast and the islands near Split. Direct flights from Dublin to Dubrovnic makes access to that part of the Mediterranean just that much easier and we added variety by taking the inter island 'residential' ferry from Dubrovnic to Primostin to pick up *Rivanj*.

David Laurence writes

This year we did a delivery trip for the Island Sailing Charter Co. and went West, sailing from their depot at Lavrion (Greece) across the Soronic gulf and through the Corinth canal. This was a most amazing experience and for anyone who has not sailed through the Corinth I can highly recommend it. We sailed West to the Ionian sea and delivered the boat to the resort of Nidri on the Island of Levkas after visiting the lovely port of Fiskardo on



North harbour - Clear Island

Susan Gray

Cephalonia.

Frank McCarthy writes on *Scilly Goose to Spain*

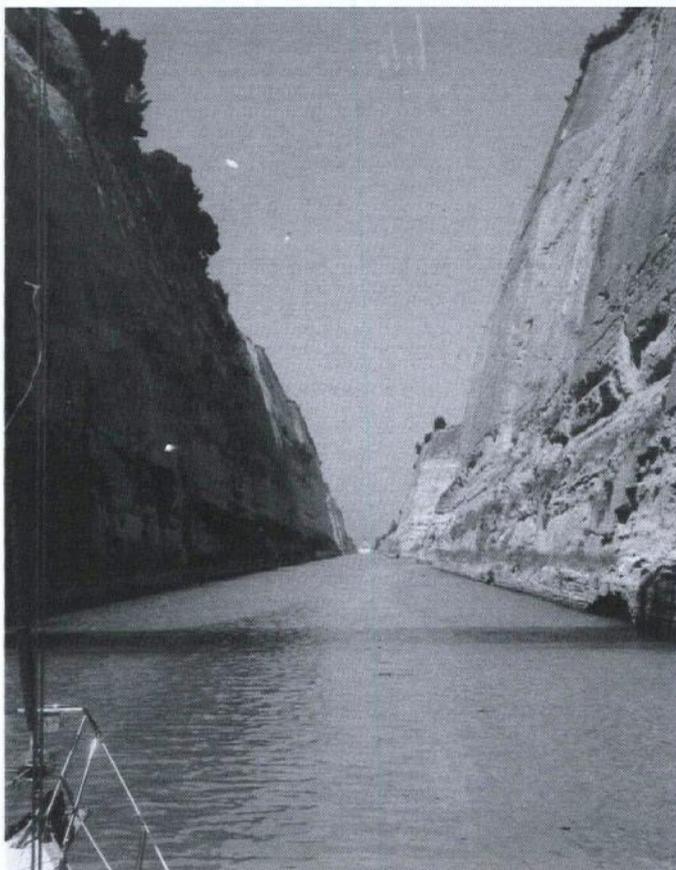
June third dawned, *Scilly Goose* was ready, so my wife Fionnula, our eight year old son Ross and myself departed Kinsale. Two cold nights and fifty hours later we tied up in an almost deserted Morgat, Brittany. No problems and beautiful sailing while we called to thirteen ports before reaching the Airforce, Naval and Artillery offshore range between La Gironde and Capreton (150mls). We stayed in the safe 3 mile zone alongside continuous white beaches and entered Arcachon basin in thick fog (Decca not reliable in this area). However having left for Capreton a military helicopter overflew us and returned maintaining a position just above and aft of the cockpit. A very agitated pilot advised us to leave the area as soon as possible. He wasn't a bit impressed when Ross (Army mad) appeared in the cockpit fully dressed in army camouflage brandishing a toy machine gun. We had just cleared the area when a bombardment of heavy artillery started behind us.

From Capbreton we sailed to St. Jean De Luz and Socca before entering Spanish waters. We cruised in beautiful sunshine as far as Santander. Our favourite spot on this coast was Castro Uriadles. We were made very welcome in all the Spanish Ports that we visited, we found the people very friendly and they knew how to enjoy themselves.

We left Santander for Belle Isle with a favourable forecast but alas it was wrong. The wind blew strongly from the N/W and we were hammered for 40 hours. In the gloom we passed three Spanish trawlers ploughing into the seas. It was a very tired and much relieved McCarthy family that tied up in Sauzon.

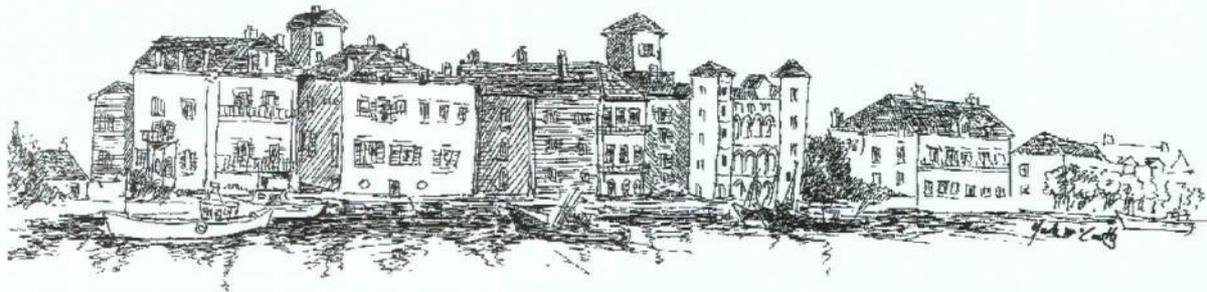
A week was spent exploring the Moriban. In Aurey we met Aidan Tyrell and Russell O'Neill (*Miss Molly*) and had an enjoyable time together. We worked our way up to the Brest. A most uncomfortable night was spent in Ushant before calling to St. Mary's and Penzance.

We arrived back in Kinsale on August 5th having covered 1800 miles visiting 42 ports and spending 64 nights aboard. Our final night aboard was on our own moorings in Kinsale. While we were asleep someone cut the painter and stole our almost new Zodiac with engine attached. We never recovered them. A good Summer nevertheless.



Corinth Canal

David Laurence



St. Jean de Luz

Frank McCarthy

Donal McClement writes

The best Summer in living memory must have kept sailors happy throughout the land. For me the season started with the proverbial bang whilst delivering Pat Hegarty's new Oyster Lightwave 395 from Ipswich to Plymouth in early April.

Strong to gale force North Easterlies made for an exciting ride and the passage from Lymington to Dartmouth was memorable to say the least. A double reefed main with the roller genoa as small as a pocket handkerchief would seem unlikely to provide some of the most exciting I have ever experienced.

The very big seas between the Needles and Portland Bill made for fantastic surfing and the speedo regularly hit 16 knots. 2 or 3 really big waves saw us hit 18.3 and I must say it felt like doing 150 mph in a high performance sports car. Our average speed for the 80 miles was an astonishing 11.3 knots and this was in a forty footer!

My season continued with an interesting visit to Newport, Rhode Island to start the Rothmans Transatlantic Cup and the help and hospitality received from our good friends in the New York Yacht Club, the Ida Lewis and many of their members was very much appreciated. The race itself had all types of weather and each yacht recorded some outstanding daily runs. *NCB Ireland* managed in excess of 350 miles in 24 hours and both Oliver Waldron and Seamus Gallagher clocked over 220 in the same period.

I raced mainly on *Woodpecker* another of the Oyster Lightwaves owned by Bill Grainger. Cowes week in early August and the Nationals at Torquay were the high spots of the season.

I was lucky enough to have been invited by Clayton Love Jnr. to race on *Assiduous of Cork* at the Nioulargue Regatta in Saint Tropez for the second year running. This regatta, held in the first week of October, must be one of the nicest ways to round of a season. In fact it has been referred to in Cork as the 'Poor Mans October League'. It attracts more than 250 entries ranging in size from 186' of the magnificent *Shenandoah* to mere 34 footers. We raced in CHS class 'B' where we ended up 3rd in class out of an entry of 39. Not bad for a Swan 46 with the cruising rig!

This result was achieved under great personal strain and lest the readers think it was all "wine and roses" they should check with some of the crew members. Tommy Dwyer found that "Paddy McGinty's Goat" did not travel and the French translation was not understood by the natives. Neil 'Bow Call' Kenefick found that the only way he could hang onto his shoes was to tie them to the legs of his pants. Peter Crowley is now attending the

International Sailing Centre to take Navigation lessons as he could not find his hotel one night. Archie O'Leary found the strain of trimming the Leeward runner far too great and had to be relieved halfway through the week and Grattan Roberts damaged his back and got frostbite on his hand from holding onto the backstay without wearing gloves. It was as a result of this that he may have, unwittingly, set a new trend in fashionable St. Tropez because he had to resort, like 'Batman', to wearing his back support outside his trousers.

All told 1989 was a really good season with superb weather. Lets hope that 1990 will be as good.

George Nairn writes

I joined *Finndabar* for a delivery cruise to St. Peter Port for the Swan Internationals. Ports visited included Newlyn, Penzance, St. Michael's Mount. At the Helford Sailing Club in the river we were pleased to see the Tricolour hoisted in our honour.

I then joined *Misty* for the CCL Blue Water Trophy from Dun Laoghaire to Inverkip on the Clyde and then to Brest. After cruising in Brittany we returned to Dun Laoghaire via Isles of Scilly and Rosslare.

W.M.Nixon writes on the Ionian Islands

That the Ionian Islands are often hazy in outline is a fact of life. The climate west of Greece is significantly different from that of the crystal clear Aegean. But the climatic haziness in no way dims the sharpness of the pleasant memories, and as our departure date on June 21st drew near and we had an increasing rush of information and encouragement from many other sources, it became evident that the Ionians must be one of the most-loved cruising archipelagos in the world.

As ever, it was a sailing holiday with working undertones. Georgina and I and the three boys-Brian (15), Bobby (12 to start with), and David (11)-were there for the entire fortnight, but for the first week we had as a resident photographer Georgina's brother Andrew, and then in the second week we'd Rick Tomlinson to take the snaps.

Having the change over of personnel at mid-cruise, it made sense simply to return to base, for once you wander into the islands you can become gloriously inaccessible. But as the Sunsail Group's main base was at Syvota on the south end of Lefkada, getting back to base was as convenient as possible, and the place itself was not without its entertainment, as it has one of the best tavernas of all, run by the hospitable and helpful Yannis.



Board-sailing in a 'private' cove on Cefalonia

W M Nixon

Inevitably each night we found ourselves eating at waterfront tavernas, regardless of the quality of the food. In Greece, they tend to make the appearance of cooking more important than the quality of the food. Thus the spit-roasted lamb for the evening meal is cooking by mid-afternoon. Not surprisingly by the time you eat well into the night, it has been reduced to some decidedly stringy meat. Our best meal was aboard the boat in Kastos. Georgina made a shrimp omelette using the little Island's free range eggs, and it was delicious. As for eating ashore, I found that grilled 'mackerel fish', which the locals didn't rate very highly, often turned out best because they didn't give it the full treatment of cooking it to skin and bone.

With a fine fast First 405 blessed with two toilets, we were officially bareboat chartering we were able to get the best of both worlds by hitching on to flotillas from time to time. To help the photos, and if we felt exceptionally sociable, we were welcomed into flotilla barbecues, and their parties in tavernas - for instance, Bobby became 13 when we happened to be alongside a flotilla in Port Spiglia on the island of Meganesi. They gave him a birthday party which he'll never forget at Laki's taverna in the midst of the picturesque village on Spartahori crowded on the hilltop high above the port.

With each day's north to northwest breeze filling in around noon, sailing tends to be leisurely but from time to time you might feel the need for a bit of sport. So we welcomed an invitation to join a flotilla regatta.

At other times, we wandered off on our own to find remote beaches for swimming, or hidden inlets for board-sailing. Even at ports the water is so clean that you'll find plunging over the side for a refreshing swim a frequent part of each day, while the good winds of the afternoon make for great sailing while they last.

Inevitably if you want to cover the longer distances you'll find yourself doing a lot of motoring through the morning calms. We had arrived in the Ionian Islands with all sorts of ambitious ideas of getting up to Paxos, and perhaps to Corfu beyond, but there's something about the air in the islands which slows you down very satisfactorily indeed. In the end, we stayed in the big islands of the south, and covered short distances with some good sailing.

Some ports stay in the mind more strongly than others. Everyone's favourite was Fiskardo at the north end of Cefalonia.

On the hill on the north side of the harbour, there are the remains of a Norman church. It's a serious little ruin which contrasts vividly with the cheerfully hedonistic little port which is Fiskardo today, where you find that the favourite taverna is the Captain's Cabin, run by Tassos and Rowena, a place where sailors from the four corners of the world gossip while awaiting the day's breeze which will carry us down the Ithaca Channel for a visit to the caves of Melissani and Drongarati, with myself in great good humour as I'd scored bonus points by recognizing that the handsome schooner moored under the Norman ruins was formerly *Lumberjack* which Max Aitken had owned in the mid 1950's.

These caves of Cefalonia are something else altogether. Melissani is an underground lake whose waters are fed from the sea by way of subterranean channels which come the whole way from Argostoli on the west side of the island. As for Drongarati, it is a great golden cavern, cool on even the hottest day, a spooky place of soaring stalagmites and stalactites.

For contrast, if you seek a spot of nightlife, Nidri on Levkas is where it all happens. The joint is jumping till all hours. You need a strong head and a stronger liver to stick the pace in Nidri.

One of our favourite islands was Meganesi, where the range of anchorages on the northeast coast is remarkable, even if the cicadas ashore are almost too noisy. One Sunday morning, after an early departure from the port of Zaverda on the mainland, we came into Port Atheni on Meganesi, and wandered up the little road to the village of Katomeri in the hills. It was total enchantment as the place came gently to life, the real Greece.

And if it's somewhere away from it all that you seek, head for the islands of Kalamos and Kastos. On the west end of Kalamos, Port Leone is a place of great remoteness, lost to the world in an earthquake, but now reviving with its own little taverna. Kastos is somehow the most remote of all. Island transport is almost solely by donkey. The only taverna spreads right across the only road.

Visiting such places, we found it took a long time to get ourselves into the frame of mind to sail to Ithaca itself, despite having been immersed in "The Odyssey" and the adventures of the 'subtle, wily red-haired man' in the weeks before our cruise. But one day in Cefalonia we gathered up the crew, and had a fast sail round to the tidy little port of Kioni on Ithaca's east coast. There we became serious for a while, hiring a taxi early next



Schooner *Lumberjack* moored at Fiskardo

W M Nixon



The tidy little port of Kioni on Ithaca

W M Nixon

morning to take us on a tour of the historic sites, easing ourselves back through history by first going to the Byzantine church at Anogi, and then on to Kathara monastery right up in the sky, where admittedly it was somewhat difficult to remain serious, as their proudest possession seemed to be a chandelier donated by Onassis and Callas.

But outside the buzzards soared timelessly in the thermals. Creaking down roads which clung to the mountainside, we were reminded that Odysseus himself had said that Ithaca was too steep for horses, but was fine for goats. Suddenly we were passing the site of the farm of Laertes, Odysseus' father. And then above the bay of Polis, we came to the village they call Stavros today, the site of Odysseus' 'tall place'.

Little if anything remains. Somehow the thing which impresses most is the modern bust of Odysseus - he has the look of a man who would have made a somewhat challenging Commodore of the ICC.....As for ancient remains, thanks to earthquakes and so forth there's just enough for endless squabbles among archaeologists. It doesn't bother the modern citizens of Stavros who, like many people living everyday lives at places which are alleged to be focal points of history, tend to find it all a bit of a bore and prefer to get on with the more immediate business of life, such as haggling over the price of fish being sold from a truck parked in the village square.

Who is to say they aren't right? We'd made our duty visit to the legendary places. We'd breathed the sacred air. We'd sailed to Ithaca. We went back aboard *Diana* and sailed on, for there was a good breeze that day.

Donal O'Boyle writes

This year through the kindness of Vincent O'Farrell I returned en famille to Palma where Vincent's Oyster 35 *Sandyways* is moored in Real Club Nautico. Liz and myself had our three children and we were accompanied by Reg Reville and his wife and two children. The general plan was to go around Mallorca in

the two weeks available to us and generally take it fairly easy on account of the children. The heat in Palma in the middle of July was absolutely unbearable and as soon as Reg arrived from Dublin we headed west for Andraitx. There we met Gail Hall who was awaiting Mervyn's arrival and John Finnegan and one or two other old friends. After Andraitx we pushed up toward Puerto Soller where we anchored off. While ashore that night Simon Reville, Reg's youngest fellow, broke his wrist quite badly and had to go to hospital in Palma. Reg, Jackie and Alwyn also went with him which left Liz and I and our three abandoned in Soller. Communications between Palma and Soller proved reasonably difficult and the true meaning of "manana" became apparent to me.

We finally decided to leave Soller and go back towards Palma as things were becoming quite indefinite. We met up with Reggie, Jackie and the children back in Andraitx. We spent a very pleasant, if

warm, time doing this and wandered slowly back towards Palma.

Vincent's boat proved a most accommodating vessel in every way and is certainly the most spacious 35" I have ever been on. It was extremely unfortunate about Simon's accident but we tend to make the best of these things in any event.

Tom O'Keefe took Orion to Brittany via the Isles of Scilly in July/August visiting 20 ports/anchorages with five night passages.

Ivan Selig writes on Bareboating in Turkey

We were chartering a Maxi 130 *Inshallah* from Yacht Club Charters, a comfortable and well maintained yacht with nice cruising conveniences like an electric windlass.

The wind dropped as soon as we started to sail, so we resorted to our ever friendly motor. Unfortunately our navigation was not quite up to our usual standard and we overshot our planned anchorage. After seven and a half hours and forty three miles we arrived at dusk in Kalkan. The crew was tired, grumpy and in need of showers. I was just relieved that we got in before dark.

My excuse in all this is that we sailed faster than I thought and the instruments under read by about 20%. This persisted throughout the whole trip but at least then we knew about it. We must have shot by the light on Cape Ilbis without seeing it. We saw it ten days later on the way back. It is not very much of a light and indeed most of the Turkish lights, by our standards, lack prominence. By the time we had recognised that we had overshot it it was just as easy to go on and get out of the way an uninteresting stretch of coast.

Kalkan was one of the busiest ports we visited, with a fair amount of life.

0730 the following morning, bleary eyed, we took a taxi and visited the ancient ruins of Xanthos and Patara. It was an interesting morning - magnificent amphitheatres - a must for

everyone.

From then on we adopted our general pattern of a sail to a scenic anchorage for lunch, swimming, windsurfing and then moving on to a more recognised anchorage for the evening. That translated to a trip to Longos near Kas and then into Kas that night.

Although the pilot gives a better write up to Kas and it is a bigger town than Kalkan, the harbour is not as good. There is still a great deal of work in progress and much of the quay does not have water laid on.

Next day our scenic stop was at Bayindir Liman, which was only a couple of miles south of Kas. A very pleasant anchorage. The restaurant ashore is supposed to be the first part of a five star hotel and marina to be built in that area. In the meantime it is a pleasant restaurant and has good shower rooms.

Our target next day was Ucagiz via Tersane. With the wind in our favour we had our best sail to date. We raced for the last "space" in the tiny cove which is Tersane. Our prize for winning was to be engulfed by rowing boats manned by locals all selling headscarves. They invaded the yacht from all sides but were content enough to withdraw after we had bought three! It was a pleasant cove for an afternoon swim but not for an overnight anchorage.

There is supposed to be a "sunken city" here. They run day trips to it but we could not see anything. This is not typical of everywhere we went. There are lots of interesting Greek ruins in the area some of which go right down and into the water.

Inside Ucagiz Liman the anchorage was very sheltered, but there was enough wind for some of the boats at anchor to hoist their spinnakers and let them fly free. The crew member attached has a sort of personal air conditioning. The lack of wind, except in the middle of the day, is the thing we noticed most about the cruise. At night it was always very hot and there was no wind to funnel through the yacht and while there was plenty of room on deck there was really only room for three to sleep in comfort.

The last stop on our trek east was Gokkaya Liman. Lovely clear water with cold springs everywhere - a bit of a shock if you dived in - sort of hot and cold running water in the sea. That night was the most entertaining of the whole holiday. The local tavern was a family business with the children doubling as waitresses and then providing the after dinner cabaret.

On the 23rd August we started on our way back to sail back to Kalkan and then the following day to Olu Deniz meaning to anchor off there during the day and go into Gemiler Adasi (the anchorage we missed on the way down) that night.

We had a particular reason for stopping at Olu Deniz apart from it being a well known anchorage. Olu Deniz is now closed to yachts but there is a little bay just outside which is suitable during the day. We had been told that it was not worth going to because it was full of tourists. It probably has been over-developed with motels and fast food places. The bay is closed because it had been so popular that it had become polluted. Now that yachts and other larger vessels had been excluded for some years it is cleaned up, but the view that it is too full of tourists, certainly to stay any length of time, is correct.

We moved around to Gemiler bay in the evening, our "missed" anchorage. Most yachts moor off the island and the locals offer to put your stern lines ashore, and to remove your rubbish and more particularly want to make sure you come to their restaurant that night. A water ski boat offered its services for £5 a person for as long as you liked. He did not reckon with the length of time

Justin and Eliana were prepared to stay up. He was supposed to come back for the rest of the crew the following morning but never showed!

We spent our last few days in the Gulf of Fethiye where there were many anchorages and some good sailing. Fethiye itself has an enormous number of marinas but we found the one immediately to the west of the channel most convenient for using the facilities of the town which included a Turkish bath. The attendant offered mixed bathing and a massage for everyone, but only the males accepted. In the end we had the Turkish baths to ourselves which seemed odd since the Turks are supposed to have a Turkish bath after sex. Fethiye has a large variety of restaurants including a Pizza Parlour close to the harbour and a welcomed decision was made to have pizza as we had had enough Mezze to last a lifetime.

We sailed about 250 miles in the fortnight. The area is certainly well provided with beautiful anchorages, marinas and facilities for yachts. It is usually possible to anchor very close to the shore with a line astern in such clear water that you can see the rocks on the bottom a few feet below the keel. Going in August is, however, very hot and not really to be recommended. The big question starting at Gocek is whether to go east or west. We opted to go east. With hindsight it may have been better to go west, not so much for the more touristy places like Marmaris, but because the bulk of Rhodes might help to produce more variety in the wind. Some of the flotilla holidays move from Gocek to Finike or the other way and if you have that choice go to, rather than from, Finike.

Cas Smullen writes

Sure there was no Winter at all last year. No Winter until the last week in April when the snow flurries powdered the Dublin mountains and yours truly and a motley bunch of intrepid ones flew to Amsterdam to take delivery of an "X" three-quarter tonner *Escapade* and bring her home to Dun Laoghaire. The boat lay at Warmond near Leiden some 40km south-west of Amsterdam and had been bought jointly by Vincent Farrell and Tony Fox of the National Yacht Club. Starting with an interesting 10 hour canal voyage through the tulip fields and the old town of Haarlem to lock up to the North Sea at IJmuiden, it took a few hours short of a week to complete the voyage and I don't believe I have ever been quite so cold at sea in all my born days. The general discomfort was aggravated at one time by having to lie a-hull in a gale in the Bristol Channel for some six very dark early morning hours. But having arrived alongside the pontoon at the National Yacht Club at 2330 on Friday April 28th, joy of joys, the snooker dinner was in full swing so all facilities were available and a very hospitable welcome was enjoyed.

Now for the Islands. In June I had the pleasure of accompanying Dermot Ryan and crew on *Sceolaing* in a cruise from Dun Laoghaire to the Azores. D.J. will be reporting in full detail on this cruise elsewhere in this Annual so suffice it for me to say that the Islands were very charming, fertile and extraordinarily inexpensive. Their self-sufficiency in foodstuffs and high quality agriculture allows meals for five with lubricants to often cost less than IR£20.00.

The same claim cannot be made for the next island on the agenda, but then it was the Big Apple itself - Manhattan.

On Saturday 12th August 1989, Helen and I flew to Boston to meet Declan and Margaret Tyrell who had arrived that day from Los Angeles and we all traveled to Newport, Rhode Island to join



Puerto de Castro Urdiales

Frank McCarthy

brother Brian and Clive Browne on *Cuilain*. The following day we were treated to a great display when *Shamrock* welcomed *Endeavour's* return, beautifully refurbished, to Newport. Both J's looked spectacular and the welcoming spectator fleet, complete with fire-hosed plumed Coastguard vessels, was most impressive. During the next two weeks, we cruised Long Island Sound visiting, inter-alia, Block Island and Essex on the Connecticut River where we met Tom Sinstaden who is doing an excellent job on reconditioning *Standfast* there. Tom joined us when Declan and Margaret left and he shared the thrill of passing through Hell Gate into the East River, feeling very diminutive and overshadowed by the famous skyline of enormous buildings. Hell Gate is an "S" bend channel, about 200m across at its narrowest point, which joins Long Island Sound and the East River. The currents there are so severe and turbulent that the almanac gives the daily times of slack water and the maximum rate and time of ebb and flood. On the day we passed through the maximum rate had been 4.9kts so we were very glad to get through on the very last of the favourable ebb just before slack water.

New York Port Authority have a small marina and seaplane pier at East 23rd St. and the marina master kindly allowed us to lie for two nights on one side of his fuel dock which was the only berth there with the eight foot draught which we needed.

The fleshpots of the Metropolis we enjoyed to the full and it was quite exciting to be in the heart of a huge city while still living aboard and enjoying the relaxation of cruising life.

Having made our way back to Newport, R.I. via Indian Harbour and Saybrook, our cruise was brilliantly rounded off by joining the huge spectator fleet to watch the glorious J's *Shamrock* and *Endeavour* match-race for the first time since the thirties. There was a great atmosphere and while the competition was somewhat one-sided in *Endeavour's* favour, this did not really detract from the sense of historic occasion.

Andrew Somerville writes on new customs and old habits.

In early September a flimsy letter to me from the customs office at Alexandra Quay noted that 'you have left/entered the jurisdiction without giving due notice...', followed by dire threats 'should there be a reoccurrence'. A phone call established that the 'crime' was committed when *Emanuel* made the round trip from Dun Laoghaire to Strangford and back for the ICC Whit rally. Evidently the customs in the UK now check with the Irish customs as a matter of course, to establish that boats clearing in

with them have reported accurately. Before this I assumed that clearing customs was only required when inbound. In fact, notice of departure is required as well. Apparently a telephone call is adequate in either case; Dublin 746571 has an answering machine.

Geoff Whelan writes

'89 was a pleasant if somewhat short season for me. It started with *Evolution* going to the ICC rally in Strangford Lough on the Whit weekend, accompanied by stalwarts Brian Kelly and Muiris Walsh. I opted for an early start on Friday in order to overnight in Ardglass. This plan was well rewarded by an excellent meal in the hospitable "Waterside" restaurant just up from the harbour. Saturday and Sunday saw Strangford Lough at its best, an excellent weekend led by the Commodore, returning to Howth on the Monday.

In June a friend very kindly made available to me a 40ft Moody in Majorca. Long time cruising companion Austin Dunphy, self and wives, Stella and Valerie enjoyed superb weather in which we covered familiar ground visiting Arenal, Santa Ponsa, Andraitx, Dragonera and Rapita, a new port for me on the east coast, which is very pleasant if somewhat a quiet marina. We finished up in the Real Club Nautico Palma timing our arrival precisely to coincide with that of King Juan Carlos. The holiday ended spending a few very pleasant days with St. Oswald (Johnson) of Andraitx, the new patron of cruising Irish yachtsmen.

The Oyster Pearl festival in Carlingford in August was the last attraction of the season. Despite strong winds and badly serving tides a good time was had by all including Brian Kelly, Muiris Walsh and Troy Hopkins and self on *Evolution*.

David Whitehead writes on A Short Cruise In The Antilles

The Whitehead family chartered in the Caribbean in February, a Vagabond 47 ketch *Messalina* and we joined ship in Nelsons Dockyard, Antigua.

During the course of the cruise we visited Nonsuch Harbour (Antigua), and Cocoa Bay (Barbuda) before having a fabulous sail to St. Bart's. Rolling along under Jib, Mizzen and awning before a strong trade I have never seen so many flying fish - there were actually "flocks" of them. We spent the night in the Carenage at Gustavia and then visited Columbus Bay and Isle de la Forche - the latter is very unspoiled and worth a visit, then sailed to St. Maarten and anchored in Philipsburg. We sailed



Afloat Passage East

Susan Gray

from Tintamaree to Blowing Point Harbour (Anguilla) and then to Rendezvous Bay for the night. The next day we made passage around the west end of Anguilla to Sandy Island for lunch (it now has 11 palm trees, 1 coral reef and a hamburger stand!) - and on to Road Bay for provisions. A plan was then hatched to visit Saba.

A glorious night sail under a tropical full moon broad reaching in a balmy trade wind brought us to Ladder Bay at midnight, having been escorted by Dolphins much of the way. We anchored in 20 fathom as tight under the cliffs as we dared.

We awoke at 0700 and went on deck to find a smiling morning with *Messalina* lying quietly to her anchor, which was clearly visible from the deck dug into the white sand 20 meters below the surface of the clear water. After breakfast we took a taxi tour along "the road that couldn't be built".

The story behind this road is that the islanders used to travel by foot and carry their loads on their backs or on donkey's. Not surprisingly they found this something of a bore and so petitioned the Dutch Government (Saba was a Dutch colony) to build some roads around the (exceptionally hilly) island. An engineer was despatched from the Netherlands and spent several months (no doubt very enjoyably) surveying the place. He then reported that owing to unsympathetic topography it would not be technically

feasible to build a road usable by motor vehicles, and returned (no doubt regretfully) to Holland. People who live on remote and rugged islands like Saba are not inclined to accept judgements of this nature so one of them took a correspondence course in civil engineering with an American University and then designed the roads and supervised their construction - using completely volunteer labour. It took seven years, but as a result the island has the best (and most scenic) roads anywhere in the Caribbean. Having, so to speak, got their "hands in" they then built the world's shortest airstrip (400 yds) and now have a daily air service in VTOL aircraft to St. Maarten's - Remarkable people!

Saba is famous for its lacework (done in the homesteads) and for its indigenous liquer SABA SPICE - which is both potent and flavorsome. Having a Dutch background the island villages and houses are immaculately kept and blend beautifully into their carefully chosen sites. With great regret we weighed anchor and set sail for St. Maarten's. The island faded swiftly away into its perpetual cloud cap as we headed north for St. Maarten's and we were both glad we had had a chance to see the last unspoiled Caribbean island and sad that there are so few left.

After a smart passage we anchored in Philipsburg at 0200. My last word - See Saba before they build a proper harbour and the cruiseliner tourists can get there!

List of Award Winners

THE FAULKNER CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1931	Keatinge & McFerran	<i>Marie</i>
1932	A. W. Mooney	<i>Nirvana</i>
1933	D. Tidmarsh	<i>Foam</i>
1934	Mrs Crimmins	<i>Nirvana</i>
1935	H.D.E. Barton	<i>Dauntless</i>
1936	A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>
1937	D. Tidmarsh	<i>Foam</i>
1938	H.P. Donegan	<i>Gull</i>
1939	Miss D. French	<i>Embla</i>
1947	A. W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>
1949	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1950	H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>
1951	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Zamorin</i>
1952	P. O'Keefe	<i>Mavis</i>
1953	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Caru</i>
1954	B.C. Maguire	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1955	C. Love	<i>Galcador</i>
1956	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1957	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Harmony</i>
1958	R.P. Campbell	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1959	P.H. Greer	<i>Ann Gail</i>
1960	R.D. Heard	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>
1961	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1962	R.D. Heard	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>
1963	T.H. Roche	<i>Neon Tetra</i>
1964	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1965	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1966	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1967	R.P. Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1968	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1969	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1970	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1971	R. Sewell	<i>Thalassa</i>
1972	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1973	A. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1974	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1975	J. Eves	<i>Aeolus</i>
1976	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1977	B. Law	<i>Sai See</i>
1978	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1979	M.P. O'Flaherty	<i>Cuilau of Kinsale</i>
1980	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1981	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1982	E.P.E. Byrne	<i>Beaver</i>
1983	R. Cudmore	<i>Morgana</i>
1984	O. Glaser	<i>Verna</i>
1985	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1986	B. Bramwell	<i>Tor</i>
1987	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1988	Terence Kennedy	<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>
1989	Cormac McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>

THE STRANGFORD CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1970	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Clarion</i>
1971	M. Park	<i>Kitugani</i>
1972	R. Gomes	<i>Ainmara</i>
1973	J. Beckett	<i>Dara</i>
1974	J. Guinness	<i>Sule Skerry</i>
1975	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1976	W. Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1977	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>

1978	J. Villiers Stuart
1979	J. Gore-Grimes
1980	M. Villiers Stuart
1981	J. Guinness
	D.J. Ryan
1982	W.A. Smith
1983	J. Guinness
1984	J. Gore-Grimes
1985	A. Morton
1986	P. Barry
1987	Brian Dalton
1988	Hugo du Plessis
1989	David Nicholson

<i>Vinter</i>
<i>Shardana</i>
<i>Winifreda of Greenisland</i>
<i>Deerhound</i>
<i>Red Velvet</i>
<i>Velma</i>
<i>Deerhound</i>
<i>Shardana</i>
<i>Sung Foon</i>
<i>St. Patrick</i>
<i>Boru</i>
<i>Samharcin an Iar</i>
<i>Black Shadow</i>

THE ATLANTIC TROPHY

Year	Winner	Yacht
1978	R. Cudmore	<i>Morgana</i>
1979	A. Doherty	<i>Bali Hai</i>
1980	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1981	M.H. Snell	<i>Golden Harvest</i>
1982	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1983	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1984	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1985	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1986	Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an Iar</i>
1987	James Cahill	<i>Ricjak</i>
1988	Brian Smullen	<i>Cuilau</i>
1989	Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>

THE ROUND IRELAND CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1941	E.J. Odlum	
1951	Brendan Maguire	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1954	Wallace Clark	<i>Caru</i>
1955	Dr R.N. O'Hanlon	<i>Ancora</i>
1956	R.C. Arnold	<i>Maid of York</i>
1957	R.P. Campbell	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1961	C. O'Ceallaigh	<i>Julia</i>
1963	W. & B. Smyth	<i>Wynalda</i>
1964	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1965	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1967	C.H. Green	<i>Helen</i>
1968	J.D. Beckett	<i>Dara</i>
1969	R. Mollard	<i>Osina</i>
1971	M. Tomlinson	<i>Pellegrina</i>
1973	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1974	R.P. Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1975	J.B. Law	<i>Sai-See</i>
1977	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1978	R.P. Campbell & J.R. Osborne	<i>Verve</i>
1979	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1980	P. Gray	<i>Korsar</i>
1981	Ronan Beirne	<i>Rila</i>
1982	W. M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1983	A. Doherty	<i>Svegala</i>
1984	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1985	T. O'Keefe	<i>Orion</i>
1986	B. Hegarty	<i>Freebird</i>
1987	Wallace Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1988	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1989	Tony Morton	<i>Lamorna III</i>

THE FORTNIGHT CUP

	Winner	Yacht
1958	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>
1961	H.W.D. McCormick	<i>Diane</i>
1963	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1964	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1965	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1966	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1967	Miss E. Leonard	<i>Lamita</i>
1968	P. Dineen	<i>Huntress</i>
1969	R.C.A. Hall	<i>Roane</i>
1970	N.St.J. Hennessy	<i>Aisling</i>
1971	J. Oliver	<i>Vandara</i>
1972	C. Green	<i>Helen</i>
1973	M. Tomlinson	<i>Pellegina</i>
1974	J. Wolfe	<i>Gay Gannet</i>
1975	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1976	A. Morton	<i>Sung Foon</i>
1978	R. Dixon	<i>Oberon</i>
1979	B.J. Law	<i>Sai-See</i>
1980	R. Paul Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1981	S. Orr	<i>Den Arent</i>
1982	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1983	C.P. McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
1984	B.H.C. Corbally	<i>Puffin</i>
1985	R. Barr	<i>Joliba</i>
1986	W. M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1987	Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1988	ohn Ryan	<i>Saki</i>
1989	Brian Hegarty	<i>Safari of Howth</i>

THE WYBRANTS CUP

	Winner	Yacht
1933	J.B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1934	Dr L.G. Gunn	<i>Albatross</i>
1935	J.B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1936	Leslie Chance	<i>Britannia</i>
1937	A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>
1938	Dr O.P. Chance & R. Storey	<i>Saphire</i>
1939	J.B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1940	K. McFerran & Dr O'Brien	<i>Huzure</i>
1941	D. Keating & R. O'Hanlon	<i>Evora</i>
1942	J.B. Cottrell & J.F. McMullan	<i>Minx</i>
1943)	
1944)No Award	
1945)	
1946	J. B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1947	H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>
1948	Dr R.H. O'Hanlon	<i>Evora</i>
1949	P. O'Keefe	<i>John Dory</i>
1950	A.W. Mooney	<i>Evora</i>
1951	P. O'Keefe	<i>John Dory</i>
1952	H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>
1953	No Award	
1954	T. Crosby	<i>If</i>
1955	R.P. Campbell	<i>Alata</i>
1956	S. F. Thompson	<i>Second Ethuriel</i>
1957	Col W.S. Knox-Gore	<i>Arandora</i>
1958	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>
1959	G. Kimber	<i>Astrophel</i>
1960	J.C. Butler	<i>Happy Morning</i>
1961	S. O'Mara	<i>Fenestra</i>
1962	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>
1963	Lt Com T. Sheppard	<i>Grey Lag of Arklow</i>
1964	T.F. Doyle	<i>Elsa</i>
1965	S. O'Mara	<i>Oisin</i>
1966	D. N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>
1967	P. H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>
1968	D. N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>
1969	R.I. Morrison	<i>Querida</i>
1970	Hugh Coveney	<i>Dalcassian</i>
1971	J.A. McKeown	<i>Korsar</i>
1972	J.C. Love	<i>Fionnuala</i>
1973/1977	No Award	

*1978	Chris Green
1979	D. J. Ryan
1980	A. McMillan
1981	W.M. Nixon
1982	Ronan Beirne
1983	M.M.A. D'Alton
1984	R. Barr
1985	B. Hegarty
1986	M. M. A. d'Alton
1987	Paul Butler
1987	Paul Butler
1989	Roddy Monson

<i>Norella</i>
<i>Red Velvet</i>
<i>Goosander</i>
<i>Turtle</i>
<i>Givusa Kuddle</i>
<i>Siamsa</i>
<i>Condor</i>
<i>Freebird</i>
<i>Siamsa</i>
<i>Arandora</i>
<i>Arandora</i>
<i>Mazara</i>

THE FINGAL CUP

	Winner	Yacht
1981	Robert Barr	<i>Condor</i>
1982	W. Walsh	<i>Carrigdown</i>
1983	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1984	R.M. Slater	<i>Tandara</i>
1985	P. Barry	<i>St. Patrick</i>
1986	B. Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1987	Frank McCarthy	<i>Scilly Goose</i>
1988	Robert Barr	<i>Joliba</i>
1989	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>

JOHN B. KEARNEY CUP

1983	P. Campbell
1984	J. Moore
1985	Jennifer Guinness
1986	Harold Cudmore Junior
1987	Capt F. "Eric" Healy
1988	Capt. Tom McCarthy

ROCKABILL TROPHY

	Yacht	Winner
1959	<i>Ann Gail</i>	P.H. Greer
1960	<i>Vanja IV</i>	R. I. Morrisdon
1961	Harmony	R. O'Hanlon
1962	No Award	
1963	No Award	
1964	Angelique	J.D. Faulkner
1965	Sharavogue	J. H. Guinness
1966	Helen of Howth	P. H. Greer
1967	No Award	
1968	Helen of Howth	P.H. Greer
1969	No Award	
1970	Ganiamore	J.P. Jameson
1971	Bandersnatch	R. Courtney
1972	No Award	
1973	No Award	
1974	Korsar	J.P. Bourke
1975	No Award	
1976	No Award	
1977	No Award	
1978	No Award	
1979	Shardana	J. Gore-Grimes
1980	Deerhound	J. Wolfe
1981	No Award	
1982	Moody Blue	J.R. Olver
1983	<i>Estrellita</i>	K. and C. Martin
1984	No Award	

From 1978 onwards Wybrants Cup awarded for best Scottish Cruise
 aFrom 1985 onwards Rockabill Trophy awarded for "A Feat of Exceptional Navigation/Seamanship".

1985	<i>Shardana</i>	J.Gore-Grimes
1986	No Award	
1987	<i>Redwing/Spirit of Shell</i>	J. B. Law
1988	No Award	
1989	<i>Deerhound</i>	Colin Chapman

Port Representatives

Port	Name	Phone				
HOWTH	W.M. (Winkie) Nixon	01-323929	CLEW BAY/ BLACKSOD	James Cahill	094-21364	
	Dick Watson	01-322472		Kevin McLaverty	077-82239	
	Brian Layng	01-324104		GREENCASTLE	Wallace Clark	0648-42737
DUN LAOGHAIRE	National Y.C.	J.D. (Cas) Smullen	01-862679	PORTRUSH	Dr. Michael Hill	04-493-22245
				Royal St.	CARRICKFERGUS	John Moore
	George Y.C.	Roger Aplin	01-857248/756426	BANGOR	Peter Ronaldson	08-0247-465681
	Royal Irish Y.C.	Paul Butler	01884393		Michael McKee	08-0247-472692
WICKLOW	Neil Watson	0404-2152		Robin Simms	08-0247-473563	
ARKLOW	Henry Horseman	0402-9804	DONAGHADEE	George Ralston	08-0247-882330	
DUNMORE EAST	-	-	STRANGFORD			
CROSSHAVEN	Dan Cross	021-831521	(Town)	David Maxwell	08-039-686205	
KINSALE	Bob Cassidy	021-871203	(Ringhaddy)	Maitland Eves	08-039-6-828923	
DERRYNANE	Roger Foxall	0667-5155	CARLINGFORD			
TRALEE	Jerry O'Sullivan	066-21011	LOUGH	Michael O'Farrell	08-069-37-72620	
LIMERICK	Tony Clarke	061-51823	DROGHEDA	Desmond Gogarty	041-8740/8165	
GALWAY	Frank Sheridan	091-63920	SKERRIES	Tony Walsh	01-490113	

Roger Foxall writes on Derrynane Harbour, Kenmare River

The fine 1989 season produced a return to the high number of visiting yachts we had become used to before the previous disastrous Summers. Many boats were French, some English; together with a smattering of Americans, Scandinavians, Swiss etc., and the welcome appearance of 'Yachting International's' *Bianacas* on charter from Kinsale to Continentals.

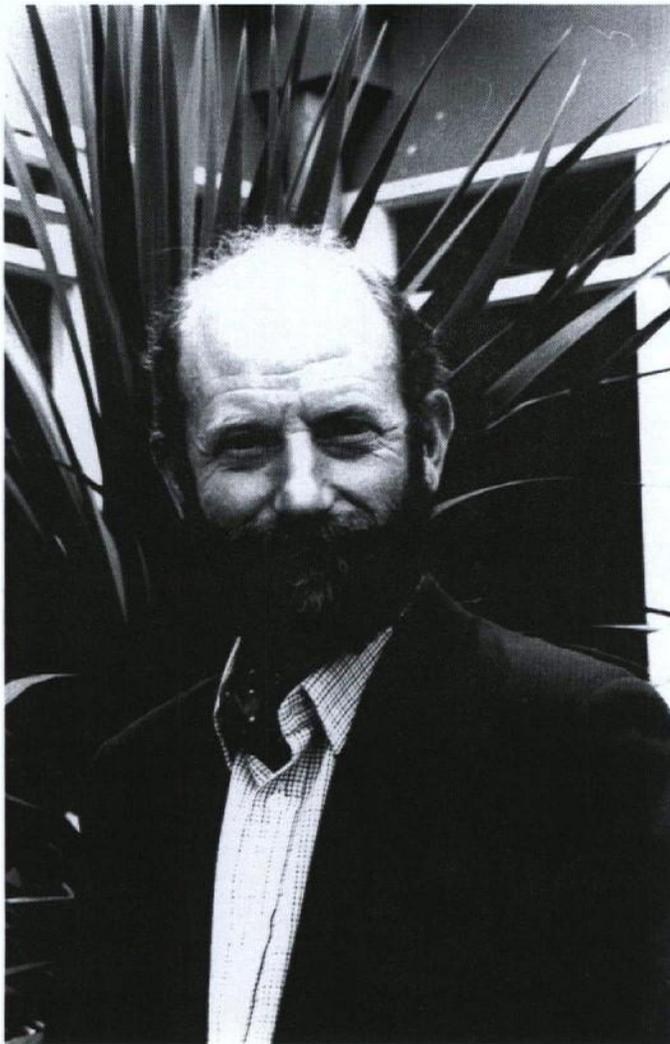
With the renewed upsurge of traffic, other potential sea-room claimants became suddenly more significant, in particular the shellfish and salmon farms existing or proposed in South-West Kerry, and elsewhere.

For some years rafts and mooring buoys for mussels have taken over more and navigable water in many harbours in the Kenmare River - in Ardgroom in particular, but also in Cleanderry, various parts of Kilmakillogue, and most recently near Oysterbed at Sneem. Much of the upper part of the Kenmare River has been designated by the Department of the Marine as a fish-farming area, and some licences for salmon farming had been sought within it. In the Spring of 1989 the E.S.B. offshoot, Salmara Teo, applied for licences off Dinish Island (3 miles west of Derrynane Harbour) and to the south-east of Inishfarnard, on the Cork side of the Kenmare River. Strong representations were lodged by sailing and fishing interests to preserve access to the harbours and waterways affected. Two cages are now in place in the mouth of Dinish Harbour, and are presently being serviced by an ex-lifeboat, from Derrynane. In September, the cages were not yet

fully equipped with daymarks, or anchor marking buoys; despite this, and a large mooring buoy for the lifeboat inshore of them, it was then still possible to by-pass the cages to north or south, and anchor in Dinish Harbour. At Inishfarnard, representations were made to the Department of the Marine to curtail the proposed salmon farm site so as to preserve sufficient water for yachts passing through Kilcatherine Sound, to and from Ballycrovane Harbour, which appears to have been successful.

During *Canna's* summer cruise it was noticeable, especially in the Ardmore Bay and Roundstone areas of Connemara, where as yet uncharted fish cages are severely restricting some harbours, that there is a danger of the needs of cruising yachts (and their potential future benefit to the tourist industry and coastal communities) being overlooked completely at a crucial stage in the development of Irish sailing. Salmara Teo, for instance, confessed they had not considered yachts at all when drawing up their plans.

It turned out that the predominant reaction of the two Russian sailors from Volgograd, whom *Canna* hosted for three weeks in July from Kinsale to Galway and the Arans, was amazement at the 'quiet and even temperament, of the Irish'. What this presages for *Canna* in the southern Soviet republics next year, I can't imagine - but perhaps it implies we need to stand up and be counted more boldly at home, on such environmental matters. Quite apart from access, locals and marine specialists in Connemara are becoming very concerned indeed about the polluting effects of fish farming.



Roger Foxall

A word of warning: beware the Bullig at Derrynane. This very dangerous sunken rock, to starboard of the beacon'd line and correctly chartered, is usually religiously avoided by yachts entering.

As often as not, however, after as little as a night ashore, departing crews show every sign of having forgotten its existence; they veer studiously off the line to set their sails on top of it. Local boatmen are convinced it's only a matter of time before a serious wreck occurs.....

David O'Morchoe writes on visiting Wexford Harbour

Back in the early part of the year I was asked to join with Mr Billy Maauley, owner of *Heatherbell*, and up-date the ICC Sailing directions North and East from Arklow to Rosslare. We had some difficulty in contacting each other as both of us spent a fair portion of the summer in hospital. However by October we had made contact and Billy asked me to join him on *Heatherbell* with a view to sailing our appointed coastline.

Clearly our most difficult task was Wexford Harbour since the sailing directions indicated caution and no entry without a pilot so we decided to sail here and cover the rest of the coastline from

shore by car.

Preparatory phone calls were made by me to a member of the Wexford Harbour Boat Club who told me that the Harbour had been buoyed in 1989 by the Club under the inspiration of John Keane, a club member and local estate agent. He had persuaded local business to sponsor the initiative with a view to attracting visitors to the port. We arranged a time of arrival at the bar off Raven's Point, and decided that at the then state of tide we could get over the bar an hour before high water - just!

Billy and his wife Diana and hand, George White and I assembled aboard on the morning of 27th October and we cast off from Tyrrell's yard in Arklow. *Heatherbell* is a beautiful wooden ketch built in 1932; Tm 52. As I had been the only contact with Wexford I was cross-examined closely by the skipper regarding depth at the bar at 1545 which was when we had been advised to be there. The more he questioned me the more apprehensive I became about the arrangements I had made to have this lovely old boat guided safely into Wexford Harbour.

We had a very pleasant journey south under motor arriving a little early but in sufficient time to have a leisurely lunch and drift with the tide, there was no wind, until to my relief at the prearranged time I saw the pilot boat coming out to meet us at the bar. There were two members of the WHBC aboard who invited us to follow.

We steered 225m from the North Long Buoy to the leading buoy marking the start of the channel and followed the pilot boat along a series of 21 buoys each clearly visible from the preceeding one. Having successfully cleared the bar we followed a channel which began in a SW direction to the Forth Post, swung NW, W, SSE and then E into the quays.

It was on the SSE leg that we encountered the shallowest water. The pilot turned back to us and told us he was registering 8 feet on his echo sounder. As this is what we drew we slowed to a crawl and George took out the lead line. His first and subsequent casts were reported by him to have reached the 6 feet mark! As we were not aground or touching we verified, much to our relief, that the mark was at 9 feet.

To our surprise and pleasure we were greeted on arrival by several members of the WHBC who were delighted to see us and spent much time admiring *Heatherbell*. We were guided to the quays which were occupied by the mussel trawlers so we tied alongside one of them.

The weather unfortunately turned against us in the form of an easterly wind producing a swell which made it unsafe to leave the harbour. So it wasn't till Wednesday 1st November that we cast off at 0645, meeting the pilot (a member of the WHBC) at 0700 and making a successful exit on a tide higher than the one on which we had arrived.

An uneventful trip ensued under engine back to Arklow except for meeting with the dredger off Cahore Point which the previous day had turned turtle under tow.

A visit to Rosslare Harbour and to its Harbour Master by car gave me all the information I wanted about facilities there. There is little change from before except that the commercialisation has gone ahead without affecting the very bare facilities for yachtsmen. There is talk of a marina but it is largely talk. WHBC members made us very welcome and told us that the plan was to lift the buoys during the Winter and relay them in Spring thus avoiding the Winter storms.

Officers of the Irish Cruising Club

Commodores

1929	H.M. Wright
1942	A.W. Mooney
1950	M.A. Sullivan
1953	J.B. Hollwey
1954	R.P. Campbell
1958	F. Cudmore
1960	H.W.S. Clark
1963	P.H. Greer
1966	R.L. Berridge
1969	J.D. Faulkner
1972	R.H. O'Hanlon
1975	D.N. Doyle
1978	J.H. Guinness
1981	P.J. Bunting
1984	C.J. Fitzgerald
1987	J. Gore-Grimes

Vice-Commodores

1929	H.P.F. Donegan
1941	A.W. Mooney
1942	H.E. Donegan
1947	P. O'Keefe
1948	M.A. Sullivan
1950	J.B. Hollwey
1953	R.P. Campbell
1954	B.C. Maguire
1956	F. Cudmore
1958	H.W.S. Clark
1960	P.H. Greer
1963	C. Riordan
1965	W.H.D. Mc Cormick
1967	J.D. Faulkner
1969	D.N. Doyle
1971	R.H. O'Hanlon
1972	P.J. Bunting
1974	G.B. Leonard
1976	J.M. Wolfe
1977	A.D. MacIlwaine
1978	P.J. Bunting
1980	G. Kenefick
1982	C.J. Fitzgerald
1984	L. McGonagle
1986	J. Gore-Grimes
1987	H.P. Kennedy
1989	D.H.B. Fitzgerald

Rear Commodores

1929	H.R. Wallace
1930	A.W. Mooney
1941	H.E. Donegan
1942	D. Mellon

1947	H. Osterberg
1950	K. McFerran
1951	R.P. Campbell
1953	B.C. Maguire
1954	F. Cudmore
1956	H.W.S. Clark
1958	P.H. Greer
1961	C. Riordan
1963	W.H.D. McCormick
1965	R.L. Berridge
1966	J.C. McConnell
1968	J.H. Guinness
1970	R.H. O'Hanlon
1971	R.J. Fielding
1973	H. Cudmore
1975	J.M. Wolfe
1976	A.D. MacIlwaine
1977	J.M. Wolfe
1978	G. Kenefick
1980	M. McKee
1981	J. Gore-Grimes
1983	L. McGonagle
1984	M. McKee
1986	H.P. Kennedy
1987	M.R. Sullivan & D.H.B. Fitzgerald
1988	B. Hassett & D. H. B. Fitzgerald
1989	B. Hassett & A.S.P. Orr

Honorary Treasurers

1929	W. MacBride
1948	G.B. Moore
1964	N. Watson
1973	L. Sheil
1979	R. Shanks
1984	D. O'Boyle

Honorary Secretaries *

1929	H.B. Wright
1933	D. Keatinge
1935	R.P. Campbell
1937	K. McFerran
1941	D. Keatinge
1944	M.F. Hally
1948	T.J. Hanan
1960	P.D. Morck
1965	A. Dunn
1977	P.J.D. Mullins
1981	B. Hegarty

*NOTE: From time to time there were acting Honorary Secretaries; the names listed are where the incumbent has held office for at least one year.

List of Members

An asterisk denotes an Honorary Member.

The year when honorary membership was conferred is shown in brackets.

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics
Adams, Peter J., 1970	Elm House, Mannamead Avenue, Mannamead, Plymouth, Devon, <i>Calcaria</i>
Allen, Harry, 1971	Shangri La, Port Oriel, Clogherhead, Co. Louth
Anderson, Gordon F., 1974	30 The Orchard, Glenageary Woods, Glenageary, Co. Dublin, (806531)
Andrews, Dianne, 1988	Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Road, Comber, Co. Down BT23 5NP, (872233), <i>Braw Lass</i>
Andrews, Tom, 1988	Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Road, Comber, Co. Down BT23 5NP, (872233), <i>Braw Lass</i>
Aplin, Roger, 1972	Synges Street, Dublin 8, (857248/756426)
Ashenhurst, C.G., 1980	5 Wilson Road, Mount Merrion, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, (881491), <i>Ailsa</i>
Balmforth, M.B., 1966	Westgate, Toward, Dunoon, Argyll PA23 7UA, (Toward 0369-87-251), <i>Sgeir Ban</i>
Barnes, Dermot, 1955	D320 Punto Romano, Marbella, Spain, <i>Cu Two</i>
Barr, Mrs. Hazel, 1971	60 Tullynagardy Road, Newtownards, Co. Down BT23 4TB, (813369)
Barr, R.G.M., 1973	60 Tullynagardy Road, Newtownards, Co. Down BT23 4TB, (813369)
Barr, The Hon., Mr. Justice Robert, 1969	Heather Lodge, Kerry Mount Avenue, Foxrock, Co. Dublin, (893269), <i>Ar Men</i>
Barrington, Desmond J., 1983	37 Ballinlea Heights, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (855732)
Barry, Paddy, 1984	21 Belgrave Road, Monkstown, Co. Dublin, <i>Saint Patrick</i>
*Barton, Randolph P., (1987)	
<i>Hon. Sec. CCA</i>	PO Box 3099, Beverly, Massachusetts 01915, U.S.A., (617-922-0431)
Barton, Robert W., 1982	Laurieston, 164 Shore Road, Greenisland, Co. Antrim BT38 8TT, (0232-865370), <i>Timella</i>
*Batten, W.H., (1987)	
<i>Commodore RCC</i>	Church Farm, Ryne Intrinseca, Sherborne, Dorset, England
Beck, Horace P., 1963	Ripton Middlebury, Vermont, U.S.A., (Vermont 05766), <i>Jack Ivor</i>
Beckett, Dr., W.K., 1973	44 Green Road, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, (880162)
Beirne, Ronan M., 1975	
<i>Hon. Editor ICC Annual</i>	49 The Drive, Woodbrook Glen, Bray, Co. Wicklow, (822567/Fax: 01-788997)
Benson, Dr., R., 1975	64 Bellevue Road, Glenageary, Co. Dublin, (802352), <i>Marlou</i>
Black, Brian, 1981	45 Lecale Park, Downpatrick, Co. Down, (Downpatrick 2835), <i>Chancer</i>
Blaikie, James A., 1969	Lyndhurst Crescent, Springhill Road, Bangor, Co. Down, (Bangor 2209), <i>Different Drummer</i>
Bourke, Dr., Michael Paget, 1975	9 Morton Terrace, London SW1V 2NS, (01-828-3044)
Bourke, J. Roger, 1940	Corbiere, Ashbourne Avenue, Limerick, (061-28026/Office: 061-31544), <i>Iduna</i>
Bourke, John P., 1965	20 Frogmal Lane, London NW3 7DT, (01-433-1450), <i>Joliba</i> (PO)
Bourke, Philip, 1983	University of New South Wales, Dept of Finance, Kensington, New South Wales, Australia, <i>Fiacra</i>
Bowring, Wing Cdr., J.H., 1973	Mornington, Saval Park Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (853899)
Boyd, Kenneth M. 1987	Coolbeg, 23 Seaford Road, Cultra, Holywood, Co. Down BT18 0BB, (Holywood 4422), <i>Jeremy Fisher of Hamble</i>
Bradley, Brendan, 1980	Fairview, Kindlestown Hill, Delgany, Co. Wicklow, (874034), <i>Andante</i> (PO)
Brady, William, 1985	81 South Mall, Cork, (Office: 021-20917)
Bramwell, Dr., B.R., 1963	Killinchy, Co. Down, (541505/Belfast 669300), <i>Tor</i>
Branagan, Michael, 1989	14 Blackberry Rise, Portmarnock, Co. Dublin, (462554)
Branigan, Patrick M.C., 1982	Tahilla, Woodside, Sandford, Co. Dublin, (956273), <i>Maximizar</i>
Broderick, K.J., 1943	St. Judes, 118 Merrion Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, (886784)
Bryce, Robert G., 1969	St. Benedicts, Thormanby Road, Bailly, Co. Dublin, (322829)
*Buckley, Christopher, (1986)	
<i>Hon. Sec. RCC</i>	4 Coval Lane, London SW14 7DS, (01-876-8490)
Bunting, Christopher J., 1986	57 Oak Road, Horfield, Bristol 7
Bunting, Mrs. E.A.M., 1969	Ballyreagh Farm, Portaferry Road, Newtownards, Co. Down, (812310)
Bunting, Peter J., 1962	Ballyreagh Farm, Portaferry Road, Newtownards, Co. Down, (812310), <i>Mitigator</i>
Burke, J.F., 1971	Richmond House, Blackrock, Cork, (021-33730), <i>Golden Shamrock</i>
Burns, Richard M., 1969	Box 409, Osterville, Massachusetts 02655, U.S.A., <i>Adele</i>
Butler, J.C., 1959	Belgrove, Cobh, Cork, (021-811343), <i>Tam O'Shanter</i>
Butler, Paul, 1987	32 Oakley Grove, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, (884393), <i>Condor</i> (PO)
Byrne, Dermot, 1977	C/o Apartment 6, Dawson Court, Cross Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin
Byrne, E. Philip E., 1982	Sunnydale, 4 Nugent Road, Churchtown, Dublin 14, (981951), <i>Beaver</i>
Byrne, H.E.O'C., 1974	Lismoyle, Shore Road, Malahide, Co. Dublin, (450498), <i>Rapparee</i>
Cagney, Mrs. Romaine, 1978	7 Roncalli Road, Kilbarrack, Dublin 13, (323239)
Cahill, Bernard M., 1984	Cuan Ban, Colla Road, Schull, Co. Cork, (028-28309), <i>Whistling Oyster</i>

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED

ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

- Cahill, James, 1978
 *Campbell, R.P., 1934, (1969)
 Carr, Mrs. J.E., 1972
 Carr, W. Derek, 1972
 Cassidy, Brendan, 1982
 Cassidy, Liam, 1978
 Cassidy, Robert, 1984
 Chapman, Colin A., 1989
 Clapham, John F., 1965
 Clark, H.W.S. M.B.E.DL, 1951
 Clark, Peter, 1971
 Clarke, Anthony A., 1985
 Clarke, S.H.R., 1967
 Clifford, Thomas F., 1988
 *Clow, John W. (1988)
Commodore CCC
 Coad, Brian P., 1982
 Coe, R., 1957
 Coffey, John F., 1981
 Coleman, Michael C., 1988
 Colleran, Patrick, 1980
 Collins, James A. 1988
 Collins, Michael D., 1975
 Condon, K. Cal., 1988
 Connor, Brendan J., 1980
 Cooke, K.L., 1959
 Cooke, Victor A., 1977
 Cooper, Paul D., 1983
 Corbally, Bernard H.C., 1984
 Costello, Walter F., 1980
 Cotter, William J., 1975
 Courtney, Peter, 1982
 Courtney, Ross, 1948
 Cox, James F., 1970
 Cresswell, R.S., 1949
 Cronin, T.P., 1981
 Crosbie, E., 1957
 Cross, D., 1986
 Cudmore, Anne, 1979
 Cudmore, Denis, 1986
 Cudmore, Fred, 1947
 Cudmore, Fred Jnr., 1966
 Cudmore, H. Jnr., 1959
 Cudmore, Harold, 1956
 Cudmore, John, 1977
 Cudmore, Justin R., 1966
 Cudmore, Mrs. Mary, 1970
 Cudmore, Peter F., 1966
 Cudmore, Richard B., 1966
 Cudmore, Ronald, 1964
 Cuffe-Smith, Capt., W.R., 1970
 Cullen, M., 1971
 Cunnane, Jarlath, 1988
 Currie, John D., 1985
 d'Alton, M.M.A., 1956
 d'Alton, Robert, 1978
 Dalton, Brian, 1967
 Daly, Dominic J., 1968
 Davis, Mrs. Helen, 1980
 Davis, Samuel, 1980
 De Quincy, Mrs. Sheila, 1974
 Deane, Douglas, 1965
 Dempsey, J.A., 1973
 Denham, Dr., P.C., 1975
 Devenney, E.K., 1973
 Dick, J.R. William, 1971
 Dickinson, William B., 1979
 Dixon M.B.E., Hon., Robin, 1977
 Doherty, Tony, 1969
 Donegan, James D., 1983
 Doonan, Francesca, 1988
- Rathbawn, Castlebar, Co. Mayo, (094-21364/Office: 094-23767), *Ricjak*
 Culin, Bray, Co. Wicklow, (821028)
 Portland House, Downpatrick, Co. Down, (2051)
 Portland House, Downpatrick, Co. Down, (2051), *Melora III*
 Dunluce, Strand Road, Sutton, Dublin 13, (322254), *Anita*
 10 Vico Rock, Sorrento, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (857091), *Tudorose* (PO)
 Lee View, Inniscarra, Co. Cork, (021-871203)
 The Old Rectory, Comeragh, Kilmacthomas, Co. Waterford, (051-91166/Office:051-75855), *Deerhound*
 Mertoun, Cliffside Road, Torquay, Devon TQ1 3LB, (0803-34726), *Tresillian III*
 Gorteade Cottage, Upperlands, Co. Derry BT46 5SB, (0648-42737), *Wild Goose of Moyle*
 Cillenamara, Ringhaddy Road, Killinchy, Co. Down, (541814)
 12 Westfield Park, North Circular Road, Limerick, (061-51823/Office: 061-44852), *Silver Breeze*
 Glevins, 38a High Street, Lymington, Hants. SO41 9AF, England
 The Kerries, Tralee, Co. Kerry
- Mid Linthills, Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire PA12 4DL, Scotland
 Noreville, Inistioge, Co. Kilkenny, (056-58417), *Raasay*
 Craigie, Monastereven, Co. Kildare, (045-25300)
 Lischane, Ballycorus, Kilternan, Co. Dublin, (820579), *Meg of Muglins*
 Rathronan, Lower Road, Cobh Co. Cork, (021-811397), *Stella Maris*
 48 Tansey Crescent, Goatstown, Dublin 14, (985625)
 70 Beechwood Park, Ballinlough, Cork
 "Inniskeel", Quill Road, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow, (868109)
 Montana, Crab Lane, Blackrock, Cork, (294165/Office: 543102), *Mashona*
 22 Offington Drive, Sutton, Dublin 13, (322403/Office: 747021), *Vinter*
 Salia, Dublin Road, Sutton, Dublin 13, (322348/Office: 771801), *Kumaree*
 Islandreagh House, Dunadry, Co. Antrim, *Misaja*
 91 Kilbarrack Road, Raheny, Dublin 5, (326014), *Lazy Dazy*
 Gilspear, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow, *L'Exocet*
 "Ferndale", 36 Howth Road, Sutton, Dublin 13, (322973)
 6 Old Orchard, Templeogue, Dublin 14, (904192), *Zubenubi* (PO)
 Seamount, Balscadden Road, Howth, Co. Dublin, (322008), *Oona*
 7 Roncalli Road, Kilbarrack, Dublin 13, (323239), *Bandersnatch of Howth*
 14 St. James's, Hollybrook Park, Clontarf, Dublin 3
 Lynton, Dalkey Avenue, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (859775)
 35 Harbour View, Howth, Co. Dublin
 Woodlands, Montenotte, Cork, (021-52420), *Senta*
 Woodhouse, Aghamarta, Carrigaline, Co. Cork, (021-831521), *Sirena*
 5 College Green, Dublin 2, (793888), *Morgana*
 30 Rockcliffe Village, Blackrock, Cork
 29 Richmond Est., Blackrock Road, Cork, (021-362126/Office: 24019), *Setanta Too* (PO)
 Ocean Approach, Myrtleville, Co. Cork
 9 Queens Road, Cowes, Isle of Wight, PO 31 8BQ, (0983-291376), *Silver Slipper*
 Ainrush, Rosebank, Cork, (Office: 24091), *Auretta*
 29 Richmond Est., Blackrock Road, Cork, (021-362126)
 29 Kensington, Rochestown, Douglas, Co. Cork, (021-294307/Office: 24019)
 Ainrush, Rosebank, Cork
 6 Camden Place, Cork, (021-53726)
 Merlin, Maryboro Hill, Douglas, Cork, (021-293625), *Anna Petrea*
 5 College Green, Dublin 2, (793888), *Morgana*
 274 Seacliff Road, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 5HS, (465066), *Leemara of Howth*
 Grainblah, Palmerston Park, Dublin 6, (977002/Office: 778932)
 Knock, Co. Mayo
 11 Seafront Road, Cultra, Holywood, Co. Down, (Holywood 6469), *Leanda*
 Kilda Lodge, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (Office: 763671), *Siamsa* (PO)
 74 Sugar Loaf Crescent, Bray, Co. Wicklow, (861484)
 368 Strawberry Hill Road, Concord, Massachusetts 01742, USA, (508-369-9707), *Boru*
 Rockmount, Montenotte, Cork, (021-505969/Office: 505399)
 37 Church Road, Holywood, Co. Down
 37 Church Road, Holywood, Co. Down, *Suvretta*
 C'an Mestransa, Pollensa, Majorca, Spain
 Churchbay, Crosshaven, Co. Cork, (021-831002), *Darinda*
 Inwood, South Strand, Skerries, Co. Dublin, (491326)
 2 Floraville, Brookvale Road, Donnybrook, Dublin 4, *Charles Whittan* (PO)
 4 Vernon Park, Bangor, Co. Down, (61410/Office: Dundonald 4535), *Phoenix*
 Shango, Near Blessington, Co. Wicklow, (045-65233)
 15 College Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, *Jaxon* (PO),
 Drumadarragh House, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim BT39 0TA, (Ballyclare 40222), *Lazy Life*
 2 Southern Road, Cork, (021-21327), *Bali-Hai*
 Carrigmore, Glounthaune, Co. Cork, (021-353137), *White Rooster*
 Martello Tower, Sutton, Co. Dublin

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED

ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

Doonan, Paul S., 1986
 Dorman, Dr., J.K.A., 1971
 Dowey, Jimmy, 1988
 Doyle, D. Conor, 1966
 Doyle, Denis N., 1956
 Doyle, Frank, 1966
 Du Plessis, Hugo, 1978

Duggan, John P., 1986
 Dunn, Aidan, 1963
 Dwyer, Kevin F., 1966
 Dwyer, Michael R., 1989
 Dyke, Stanley W., 1965
 England, Mrs. Elizabeth M., 1967
 Escott, William P., 1980
 Espy, Fred J.K., 1979
 Eves, Alastair R.W., 1984
 Eves M.B.E., F. Maitland, 1967

Eves, Roland E., 1982
 Fahy, Patrick J., 1982
 Fannin, Robert J., 1981
 Fannin, Robert N., 1959
 Faulkner, Dennis J., 1960
 Faulkner, Mrs. J.K., 1969
 Fergus, Sean G., 1985
 Fielding, Dr., R.J., 1956
 Fielding, Mrs. C., 1971
 Finnegan, John J., 1966
 Fisher, J.D.F., 1969
 FitzGerald, C.J., 1944
 FitzGerald, David H.B. 1966
Vice Commodore ICC
 Fitzgerald, Jack, 1986
 Fitzpatrick, Thomas J., 1985
 Flanagan, Jack J., 1980
 Flowers, Maurice H., 1983
 Fogerty, Walter B.C., 1983
 Foley, Mrs. Clare, 1980
 Fowler, Robert J., 1969
 Fox-Mills, Barbara, 1981
Hon. Publications Officer ICC
 Foxall, Roger, M., 1988
 Freeman, F. David, 1986
 *French, Miss D., 1934 (1987)
 Fryer, Patrick J.H., 1969
 Gallagher, Benignus N., 1980
 Geldof, Robert, 1968
 Gibson, James C., 1977
 Gilmore, Dr., W.R., 1985
 Glaser, Dr., Otto, 1972
 Glover, Dr., W.E., 1963
 Gogarty, Desmond, 1960
 Gomes, H.R., 1967
 Gomes, Mrs. Deirdre, 1980
 Gore-Grimes, Anthony, 1978
 Gore-Grimes, John, 1973
Commodore ICC
 Gore-Grimes, Mrs. J., 1975
 Goulding, Tom, 1980
 Gray, C. Peter, 1980
 Green, Dr., Michael, 1964
 Greenhalgh, David, 1978
 Greer, Howard, 1966

Greer LL.D., P.H. 1951
 Guinness, Ian R., 1979
 Guinness, Mrs. M.J., 1966
 Guinness, Peter, 1963
 Hall, Mervyn J., 1970
 Hall, R.C.A., 1952

Martello Tower, Sutton, Co. Dublin
 Sketrick Island, Killinchy, Co. Down, (370), *Maid of Skye*
 5 Windermere Avenue, Carrickfergus, Co. Antrim, (Carrickfergus 67219)
 C/o D.F. Doyle Ltd., 1 Connell Street, Cork
 Tideways, Carrigaline, Co. Cork, *Moonduster*
 17 Barnstead Drive, Church Road, Blackrock, Cork
 Temp Address - Yacht Samharcin, C/o 29 Greenway Close, Lymington, Hants. SO41 9JJ, *Samharcin anlar*
 PO Box 484, Port Moresby, Papua, New Guinea
 2 Nutley Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4, (691158/Office: 770733), *Eblana*
 The Wilderness, Glanmire, Co. Cork, (021-353441)
 Bellvue, Glenbrook, Co. Cork, (021-841453/Office: 021-273131)
 Benwell, Crosthwaite Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, (807918)
 PO Box 161, St. Lucia, West Indies, *One Time* (PO)
 70 Thornleigh Gardens, Bangor, Co. Down, *Wheesh* (PO),
 4 Myrtle Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, (805160), *Ariadne, Verve* (PO)
 The Sheiling, Downshire Road, Bangor, Co. Down
 Loughside Farm, 57 Ringdufferin Road, Toye, Downpatrick, Co. Down BT30 9PH, (Killyleagh 0396-828923), *Takahe* (PO)
 Carrig-Gorm, 27 Bridge Road, Helen's Bay, Bangor, Co. Down
 3 Kylemore Park, Taylors Hill, Galway, (091-23997)
 C/o Earlscliff Mews, Baily, Co. Dublin
 Earlscliff Mews, Baily, Co. Dublin
 Ringhaddy House, Killinchy, Co. Down, (Killinchy 541114)
 Ringhaddy House, Killinchy, Co. Down, (Killinchy 541114)
 214 Grange Road, Rathfarnham, Dublin 6, (941980/Office: 685777), *Sinead*
 Skellig, Monkstown, Co. Cork, (021-841428/51848), *Spellbound of Skellig*
 Skellig, Monkstown, Co. Cork, (021-841428/51848)
 Seapoint House, Monkstown, Co. Dublin, *Jane*
 Rathruttent, Warrenpoint, Co. Down, (3667), *Onaway*
 Kylemore, Richmond, Blackrock Road, Cork, (021-292210/Office: 021-20095), *Mandalay*
 The Quay, Kinvara, Co. Galway, (091-37290), *Peigin Eile*
 27 Hyde Park, Dalkey, Co. Dublin
 2 Baily Green, Howth, Co. Dublin, (325554/Office: 688644), *Fifi*
 Reamount House, Lusk, Co. Dublin, (437233)
 3 Carisbrooke Terrace, Upper Clifton, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 5JA, *Joker Of Lymington*
 Burnley, Ennis Road, Limerick
 2 Richmond House, Richmond Hill, Monkstown, Co. Dublin, (806632), *Flying Ferret*
 Mont Alto House, Sorrento Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (858529/Office: 801422), *Spectra*
 The Tansey, Baily, Co. Dublin, (322823)
 Derrynane, Caherdaniel, Co. Kerry, (0667-5155), *Canna*
 Knollycroft, Coliemore Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (859439/Office: 760261), *Twocan*
 4 Fairfield Park, Greystones, Co. Wicklow, (876374)
 27 Mountain View, Glencrutchery Road, Douglas, Isle of Man, (0624-72557)
 4 Carrickbrack Hill, Sutton, Dublin 13, *Blue Belle*
 18 Crosthwaite Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, (802818/Office: 778869)
 Bryansford Road, Newcastle, Co. Down, (23438), *Chloe of Mourne*
 9 Coastguard Lane, Groomsport, Co. Down BT19 2LR, (Donaghadee 882410), *Scotch Mist*
 Thalassa, Baily, Co. Dublin, (324797/688227), *Tritsch-Tratsch, Tritsch-Tratsch IV*
 2 Coolong Road, Vaucluse, Sydney 2030, New South Wales, (02-337-4342), *Melite*
 Lamlash, Mornington, Drogheda, Co. Louth, (041-8740/08165), *Alpara*
 Ballygarvan House, Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Co. Down, (365)
 Ballygarvan House, Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Co. Down, (365)
 Roxboro, Baily, Co. Dublin, (322449/Office: 748537)
 The Shack, Baily, Co. Dublin, (323670/Office: 748537)
 The Shack, Baily, Co. Dublin, (323670)
 12 Asgard Road, Howth, Co. Dublin, *Walrus*
 45 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (853911/Office: 777623), *Andromeda*
 3 Sycamore Close, Woddingdean, Brighton, Sussex BN2 6SJ, (33676)
 15 Ashley Park, Bangor, Co. Down, *Freemew*
 Cynara, Windgate Rise, Howth Summit, Co. Dublin, (323731/Office: 983911), *Deilginnis, Bright Eyes* (PO)
 22 Greenfield Road, Sutton, Dublin 13, (323195/Office: 771801), *Tarquin*
 Rosbeg, Baily, Co. Dublin, *Hera*
 Censure House, Baily, Co. Dublin, (323123), *Alakush*
 Chapel Farm, Great Missenden, Bucks. HP16 ORF, England, (Great Missenden 2322)
 Gleenhook, Ullardmore, Ardeevin Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (858264/Office: 773167), *Baily of Howth*
 Lisniska, Monkstown, Co. Cork, (021-841083), *Roane*

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED

ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

- Hanan, Thomas J., 1937
 Hand, Frank, 1985
 Harbison, Dr., John F., 1977
 Harte, Edward D., 1969
 Hassett, Barry, 1975
Rear Commodore ICC
 Hawthorn, George S.N., 1985
 Healy, Capt., George F., 1968
 Heard, Mrs. Ruth, 1967
 Heath, Lewis F.G., 1978
 Hegarty, Brian, 1957 *Hon. Sec. ICC*
 Hegarty, Dermot, 1959
 Hegarty, Mrs. Betty, 1986
 Hemphill, Lord, 1981
 Hennessy, Dr., Noel St. J., 1957
 Henry, Dr., George R., 1969
 Henshall, James A., 1979
 Hicks, Henry R., 1981
 Hill, Michael, 1980
 Hilliard, C.E., 1961
 Hogan, Thomas P., 1967
 Horsman, Henry F., 1952
 Hosford, W.K., 1974
 Hughes F.R.S.C. N.C., 1972
 Hunt, C.K., 1963
 Hutchinson, William R., 1969
 Irwin, D.M., 1973
 Irwin, John, 1982
 Jameson, J. Patrick, 1968
 Johnson, Terence, 1960
 Johnston, Denis B., 1979
 Kavanagh, Gerald P., 1980
 Keane, Barry, 1975
 Keatinge, William D., 1988
 Keily, D.J., 1973
 Kelliher, E. Brenda, 1983
 Kelliher, Malcolm E., 1982
 Kelly, C.D., 1975
 Kenefick, Neil G., 1985
 Kennedy F.R.C.S., T., 1973
 Kennedy, Mrs. B., 1973
 Kennedy Q.C., Hugh P., 1963.
 Kenset, David J., 1978
 Kidney, Noel J., 1986
 Kilkenney, Joseph, 1971
 Kilroy, Howard E., 1989
 King, CDR.W., Dso Dsc (1987)
Rn. Retd.
 King, Marshall G.B., 1989
 King, Mrs. Heather R., 1989
 Kirby, Tom, 1971
 Knatchbull, Michael W., 1986
 Knight, R.D., 1971
 Knott, H.B., 1964
 Lane, Dr., Victor, 1983
 Larkin, Frank J., 1982
 Latham, Leslie D., 1984
 Laurence, David T., 1975
 Law, J. Brian, 1975
 Lawless, Peter D., 1964
 Layng, Brian, 1988
 Lee, Reginald, 1961
 Lennox, George A., 1969
 Leonard, Alan G., 1964
 Ley, John E., 1986
 Ley, Mrs. Angela, 1986
 Love, Clayton Jnr., 1971
 Love, D.B., 1963
 Love, Mrs. T. 1963
 Lovegrove, Richard V., 1981
 Luke, Derek, 1959
- Kinsale, 6 Roy Court, Mount Eliza, Victoria (3930), Australia, *Rosbeg*
 25 Sandycove Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin
 Inishbeg, Nashville Road, Howth, Co. Dublin
 Mill House, Coosheen, Schull, Co. Cork, (028-28385)
- 15 Maryborough Hill, Douglas, Cork, (021-891169), *Diva*
 77 Tullynakill Road, Ardmillan, Comber, Co. Down
 Shandon, Albert Road, Glenageary, Co. Dublin
 Stone Cottage, Killiney Hill Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (852258), *Harklow*
 South Winds, Ulverton Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (804372), *Four Seasons*
 Cairngorm, Baily, Co. Dublin, (323421), *Freebird*
 30 Offington Drive, Sutton, Dublin 13
 Cairngorm, Baily, Co. Dublin, (323421)
 Raftord House, Kiltulla, Co. Galway, *Knocknagreena*
 15 Brookvale Downs, Rathfarnham, Dublin 14
 The Master's House, Rotunda Hospital, Dublin 1, *Jacqueline*
 Lonsdale, 743 Shore Road, Newtownabbey, Co. Antrim, *Maimoune* (PO)
 Ganaway, 107 Whiterock Bay, Killinchy, Co. Down, (0238-541447), *Roe* (PO)
 86 Rashee Road, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim
 Barlogue, Ard Foyle Avenue, Ballintemple, Cork, (021-291061/Office: 021-831453)
 Monkstown Castle, Co. Dublin, (808103)
 Glenteigue, Arklow, (0402-39804)
 Rockcliffe, Blackrock, Cork
 Long Meadow, Ballylesson, Belfast, (Drumbo 323), *Taitsing*
 Fortview, Ardbrack, Kinsale, Co. Cork, (021-72534)
 24 Rugby Drive, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3PZ, (460588), *Vagrant*
 37 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 5HP, (Bangor 462273), *Sea Otter*
 Irwin Yachts, 13 Grays Hill, Bangor, Co. Down, (455967)
 Evora, Dumbo Hill, Howth, Co. Dublin, (322931/741231), *Findabar of Howth*
 Frazerbank, Strathmore Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (851439/Office: 523000), *State O'Chassis* (PO)
 Kilburn, 33 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down BT21 0PD, (883951), *Trininga*
 Woodside, Kilcop, Woodstown, Co. Waterford, *Shardana*
 55 Wyvern, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (805982)
 Rust en Vreugdlaan 10, Wassenaar 2243 As, The Netherlands, (01751-78852/Off: 020-262209), *Jojeta*
 Moorpark, Fountainstown, Co. Cork, (021-831235)
 11 Stradbroke Hill, New Road, Monkstown, Co. Dublin
 Rey Jaime II, 32 07183 Costa de la Calma, Mallorca, Spain, (71-690377)
 Airton, Hainault Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18, (892558), *Jeeppers*
 Tigeen, Douglas Road, Cork, (021-294761/Office: 021-892813/4)
 Blackwater Rocks, Saintfield Road, Killinchy, Co. Down, Killinchy (541470), *Icarus Of Cuan*
 Blackwater Rocks, Saintfield Road, Killinchy, Co. Down, Killinchy (541470)
 Edgebank, 16 Deramore Park South, Belfast, (660500), *Tosca IV of Bangor*
 17 Silverbirch Road, Bangor, Co. Down BT19 2EU, (0247-62128) *Ceres*
 Littlefield, Glencullen Road, Kiltiernan, Co. Dublin, (953782), *Dulcibella*
 Gray's Lane, Howth, Co. Dublin, (323442/Office: 778932)
 Springmount, Ferndale Road, Shankill, Co. Dublin, (822032)
- Oranmore Castle, Oranmore, Co. Galway
 40 Ashburton Road, Alverstoke, Gosport, Hants.
 The Cabin, Rathdown Road, Greystones, Co. Wicklow, (874944), *Seareign*
 Park Road, Clogheen, Clonakilty, Co. Cork, (023-33553/Office: 023-33240), *Yami Yami*
 Gambles Lodge, Upper Mountown, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin, (801420)
 15 Wyvern, Killiney Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin
 Marlay, Saval Park Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (853312)
 Ballinagee, 4 Countybrook Lawns, Ballyman Road, Enniskerry, Co. Wicklow, (824694)
 San Jose, North Circular Road, Limerick, (061-53267)
 7 Richmond Avenue, Monkstown, Co. Dublin, *Siamsa* (PO)
 31 Sutherland Avenue, Jacob's Well, Guildford, Surrey GU4 7QX
 East Sketrick, Sketrick Island, Killinchy, Co. Down BT23 6QH, (0238-541386)
 Heydere, Westfields, North Circular Road, Limerick, (061-5167/Office: 45290), *Mokav II*
 Ashvale, Windgate Rise, Howth Summit, Co. Dublin, (324104), *Leigh Mary*
 Sydney Lodge, 93 Booterstown Avenue, Booterstown, Co. Dublin, (889486), *Janey Mac*
 8 Norwood Gardens, Belfast BT4 2DX, (656989), *Sarita*
 Graigeveagh, Sketrick Island, Killinchy, Co. Down, (0849-541579), *Wishbone*
 7 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, (454937), *Hijack* (PO)
 7 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, (454937), *Hijack* (PO)
 Clanricarde, Blackrock Road, Cork, (021-293977/Office: 021-276841), *Assiduous Of Cork*
 El Medano, 75 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (852837)
 El Caribe, Currabinny, Co. Cork, (021-831139)
 Corrig, Convent Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (859782)
 Seafield, Ballure Road, Ramsey, Isle of Man

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED

ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

- Luke, Dermot, 1955
 Lynas, Mrs. Marla, 1981
 Lynch, Brian R., 1988
 Lyster, W. Bruce, 1985
 Macauley, W.P., 1963
 Macken, J.J., 1949
 MacLavery, K.J., 1961
 Madden, Arthur G., 1961
 Magan, Arthur S.C., 1981
 Magennis, C., 1975
 Maguire, Neville D., 1985
 Maher, Patrick J., 1959
 Malone, Stephen A., 1979
 Mansfield, Stafford, 1981
 Markey, James A., 1984
 Marshall, A.H., 1963
 Martin, Clive C., 1978
 Martin, F.D., 1954
 Martin, J. Kenneth, 1982
 Masser, Bill, 1966
 Massey, Nicholas W., 1980
 Maxwell, Cdr., J.D., R.N.Retd., 1982
 McAnaney, E., 1975
 McAuley, Daniel J., 1979
 McAuley, F.D., MCh.D.O.M.S., 1961
 McBride, Denis, 1972
 McBride, Edward D., 1970
 McBride, Frances M., 1987
 McCann, George, 1968
 McCarthy, Francis, 1985
 McClement, Donald J., 1983
 McConnell, J.C., 1958
 McConnell, John H., 1965
 McConnell, Mrs. M.T., 1959
 McConnell, Stafford C., 1971
 McCormick, W.H.D., 1956
 *McFerran, K., 1931 (1987)
 McFerran, N., 1965
 McGonagle, Liam, 1959
 McGuire, John F., 1975
 McHenry, Cormac P., 1980
 McIlwaine, A.D., 1960
 McKean, William W., 1986
 McKee, Michael, 1962
 McKeever, Maxwell, 1988
 McKenna, David C., 1964
 McKinley, Fergus, 1953
 McKinney, John H., 1975
 McMahan, Brendan, 1988
 McMahan, James, 1973
The Hon., Mr Justice
 McMillan, Alistair, 1968
 McMordie, H.M., 1972
 McMullan, F. Gerard, 1986
 McMullen, Colin P., 1975
 McMullen, L., 1940
 McSherry, Desmond, 1989
 Mellon, D.E., M.D. 1947
 Menton, James F., 1986
 Metcalfe, Peter, 1989
 Miller, C.G., 1955
 Minchin, John, 1960
 Mollard, Robert E., 1969
 Monson, Roderick G., 1983
 Montgomery, E.J., 1955
 Moore, John S., 1985
 Morck, Dr., P.B., 1958
 Morck, Mrs. P.C., 1962
 Morehead, R., 1950
 Morris, Arthur, 1961
 Morris, Dr., Geoffrey, 1983
- 15 Asgard Park, Howth, Co. Dublin, (324181/Office: 771801)
 29 Bridge Road, Helens Bay, Co. Down
 4 Courthouse Square, Galway, (091-24960/Office: 091-63131), *Peggy West*
 739 Lake Avenue, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830, U.S.A.
 Ballyward House, Manor Kilbride, Blessington, Co. Wicklow, (582101), *Heather Bell*
 White House, Dalkey Avenue, Co. Dublin, (859585), *Aileen*
 Ballynally Lane, Moville, Co. Donegal, (077-82239), *Eoin Rua*
 Hazeldene, Marina, Blackrock, Co. Cork, (021-31348)
 Cloghreen, Baily, Co. Dublin, (322408)
 Landfall, 43 Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Co. Down, (2237), *Snow Goose of Moygannon*
 2 Sarto Road, Kilbarrack, Dublin 13, (323229), *Demelza*
 Ballinglanna, Douglas Road, Cork, (021-293966/Office: 25252)
 57 Sydney Parade Avenue, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4, (696100/Office: 682781), *Symphonie*
 4 Barnstead Drive, Blackrock, Co. Cork, (021-294197)
 Stagg Rock, Nashville Park, Howth, Co. Dublin
 Sunnyside, 16 Killoughey Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down BT21 OBL, (0247-883553), *Mandarin*
 Erinagh, Kerry Mount Avenue, Foxrock, Dublin, (893565), *Lindos*
 Woodley, Eaton Brae, Shankill, Co. Dublin, (824457), *Lovely Lady*
 Tres Fleur, Westminster Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18, (893981), *Jaded*
 114 High Street, Eton, Windsor, Berks., England (Windsor 867285), *Pintail of Kew*
 2 Thormanby Lawns, Howth, Co. Dublin, (325058)
 Old Court, Strangford, Downpatrick, Co. Down, *Virago of Strangford*
 88 Sandford Road, Ranelagh, Dublin 6, (971421)
 33 Stewardstown Road, Belfast BT1 19SZ, (613712), *Capella of Kent*
 45 Upper Leeson Street, Dublin 4, (604580)
 25 Thormanby Road, Howth Summit, Co. Dublin, (322126)
 Iona, Baily, Co. Dublin, (323335)
 Iona, Baily, Co. Dublin, (323335)
 21 Riverside Road, Bangor, Co. Down, (0247-62035)
 Kedges, Forthill, Summercove, Kinsale, Co. Cork, (Office: 505338), *Scilly Goose*
 2 Cedar Grove, Glasheen Road, Cork
 McConnell House, Charlemont Place, Dublin 2, (858451/Office: 781544), *Marula*
 Breeoge, Ardmhuire Park, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (Office: 781544)
 27 Knocknacree Park, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, *Kala*
 Derryverogue, Donadea, Naas, Co. Kildare
 Brooklyn, Greencastle, Lifford, Co. Donegal, (077-81005/Derry 65014), *Manaan Maclir, Vinga II*
 Dangan, Carrickmines, Co. Dublin, (893153)
 Dept. of Biochemistry, Queen's University, 9 Lisburn Road, Belfast BT9 7BL, (6667208)
 The Tansey, Baily, Co. Dublin, (322823/Office: 761818), *Ounavara of Howth, Meander III (PO)*
 The Garden Flat, 22 Hyde Park Gardens, London W2 2LY, (01-262-1363)
 8 Heidelberg, Ardilea, Dublin 14, (884733), *Ring of Kerry*
 Glebe Cottage, 7 Church Hill, Killinchy, Co. Down, *Sheenan*
 27 Fotheringay Road, Glasgow G41 4NL, (041-423-6370), *Stolta (PO)*
 52 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 5HL, (Bangor 2692)
 Stickillen, Ardee, Co. Louth (041-53257), *Judy R*
 C/o OTBIFL, 12A floor, OTB Building, 160 Gloucester Road, Hong Kong
 Beechfield, Sydney Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, (888376)
 3 Balally Drive, Dundrum, Dublin 14, (982514/Office: 978490), *Zubenubi (PO)*
 Moyarta, North Circular Road, Limerick (061-53934), *Salar*
- 18 Palmerstown Grove, Milltown Road, Dublin 6, (698471)
 Treborth, Corr Bridge, Howth, Co. Dublin, (324042)
 Strangford, Downpatrick, Co. Down, *Anolis*
 39 Victoria Road, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 5ER, (472826)
 Cuilin, Bray, Co. Wicklow, (821018)
 11 Almoners' Avenue, Cambridge CB1 4NZ, (247020)
 12 Bayside Square North, Bayside, Sutton, Dublin 13, (323938)
 The Old Barn, Ballanank, Ballasalla, Isle of Man
 Straffan, Co. Kildare, (288580), *Caranja*
 Penthouse 150A Marlborough, 61 Walton Street, London SW3 2JJ, (01-584-6780)
 Shortalstown, Killinick, Co. Wexford, (053-58836), *Calloo*
 Currabinny, Carrigaline, Co. Cork, (831392), *Windrose*
 27 Sion Road, Glenageary, Co. Dublin, (854317/Office: 505677), *Korsar*
 2 Castlehill Road, Stormont, Belfast BT4 3GL, (656051), *Mazara*
 78 Northumberland Road, Dublin, (681903/Office: 761201)
 C/o Ulster Cruising School, The Marina, Carrickfergus, Co. Antrim BT38 8BE, (09603-68818)
 Ballylug, Rathdrum, Co. Wicklow, (0404-5164), *Samantha*
 23 Albany Road, Ranelagh, Dublin 6
 Leeward, Marina, Blackrock, Cork, (293297/Office: 502381)
 Clonmore House, Piltown, Co. Kilkenny, (051-95105)
 Clonmore House, Piltown, Co. Kilkenny

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED

ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

- Morrison, R. Ian. 1957
 Morrissy, Donal. 1982
 Morton, Admiral Sir, Anthony, 1970
G.B.E. K.C.B.
 Mosse, W.P., 1964.
 Mulhern, James, 1958
 Mullins, John, 1972
 Mullins, Peter J.D., 1971
 Murphy, W.J., 1963
 Nairn, George E., 1980
 Nairn, W. Stuart, 1987
 Nicholson, David, 1980
 Nixon, Georgina A. 1987
 Nixon, James, 1971
 Nixon, W.M., 1963
 O'Boyle, Donal, 1974
Hon. Treasurer ICC
 O'Brien, Daniel D., 1978
 O'Ceallaigh, C., 1959
 O'Connor, Daniel, 1971
 O'Connor, Dr., M., 1957
 O'Connor, Gilbert J., 1987
 O'Donnell, Barry, 1984
 O'Donoghue, Dr., R.F., 1971
 O'Donovan, Adrian, 1986
 *O'Farrell, Kevin, (1988)
 O'Farrell, Michael, 1975
 O'Farrell, Vincent J., 1981
 O'Flaherty, Michael, 1968
 O'Gallagher, Malachi, 1968
 O'Halloran, Brian, 1983
 O'Hanlon, Andrew, 1969
 *O'Hanlon, Mrs. B., 1962
 (1984) M.D.
 O'Keefe, Dr., Maurice, 1972
 O'Keefe, Thomas, 1983
 O'Morchoe, David N.C., 1981
 O'Neill, J. Russell, 1964
 O'Rahilly, Dr., Michael, 1979
 O'Sullivan, Jeremiah, 1964
 O'Sullivan, Patrick J.F., 1984
 Olver, John R., 1971
 Orr, Arthur S.P.VRD., 1970
 Orr, S.A., 1973
 Osborne, James R., 1974
 Osterberg, Paul, 1949
 O'Tierney, Dr., Donal, 1986
 Park, Dr., David S., 1969
 Park, Jonathon S., 1987
 Park, Mungo, 1955
 Patton, Henry A., 1969
 *Paul, Alan H. O.B.E., (1958)
 Payne, J. Somers, 1969
 Pearson, Alan J., 1983
 Pearson, J.D., 1950
 Perkins, R. Forbes, 1980
 Petch, John A., 1987
 Pilling, Jnr. J. Ross, 1987
 Pritchard, Mrs. Maura, 1966
 Pritchard, P. Marshall, 1966
 Radley, George, 1971
 Ralston, George L. D., 1986
 Rea, William T., 1977
 Reilly, Norbert, 1983
 Revill, Reginald G., 1979
 Richardson, Cecil, 1989
 Riordan, S. William, 1985
 Roberts, Grattan d'E., 1989
 Roberts, Rex, 1974
 Roberts, T., 1973
 Roche, Pierce, 1975
- Weatherly, Claremont, Howth, Co. Dublin (322068), *Safari of Howth*
 Clarenbridge House, Clarenbridge, Co. Galway, (091-86225)
- Flat 6: Amhurst, 90 St Cross Road, Winchester, Hants, SO23 9PX, (0962-56393), *L amorna III*
 Dunedin, Bennets Bridge, Co. Kilkenny, (056-27125)
 Struan Hill, Delgany, Co. Wicklow, (01-874785), *State O'Chasis*
 38 Avenue Morley, Fort George, St Peter Prt, Guernsey, C.I., (0481-26991)
 38 Avenue Morley, Fort George, St Peter Prt, Guernsey, C.I., (0481-26991)
 15 Cleve Hill, Blackrock Road, Cork
 3 St Helen's North, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co. Dublin, (808765)
 23 Tullyvarruga Hill, Shannon, Co. Clare, (061-61464/Office: 061-61655)
 Diamond Lodge, Monkstown, Co. Cork, (842160), *Black Shadow*
 14 Evora Park, Howth, Co. Dublin, (323929)
 Farmhill, Farmhill Road, Marino, Holywood, Co. Down, (Holywood 2196), *The Demonstrator*
 14 Evora Park, Howth, Co. Dublin, (323929), *Turtle* (PO)
- Drake Lodge, Drake's Pool, Carrigaline, Co. Cork, (021-831028)
 Small Acre, Church Road, Ballybrack, Co. Dublin, (852754), *Live Wire*
 46 Killiney Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (852619)
 The Pines, Westminster Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18, (858012/Office: 764661), *Leprechaun*
 58 Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin 2, (767136), *The Lady Beatrice*
 Penny Lane, 58 Rhanbuoy Park, Craigavod, Co. Down BT18 0DU (Holywood 4603/Off: Belfast 246220)
 58 Ailesbury Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4
 Halyards, Camden Road, Crosshaven, Co. Cork, (021-831734), *Looking Forward*
 North Harbour, Fountainstown, Myrtleville, Co. Cork, (831424), *Felicity Friend*
 Post Office, Killaloe, Co. Limerick
 Moorcroft, Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Co. Down, (72620), *Cuchulain*
 Corrydorrigan, Schull, Co. Cork, (028-28253/Office: 021-276945), *Sandy Ways*
 Le Fainel, St Martin's, Guernsey, C.I., (0481-37650), *Cuilauin*
 12 Cypress Lawn, Templeogue, Dublin, (905800/Office: 689690), *Triona*
 Craigholm, Brighton Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18, (896284)
 8 St. James Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin 6, (698117)
- 8 St. James Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin 6, (965130)
 The Pallisades, Ardbreac, Kinsale, Co. Cork (72458/Office: 72253), *Miss Demena*
 Tawlaght, Fenit, Tralee, Co. Kerry, (066-36185), *Orion*
 Ardgarry, Gorey, Co. Wexford, (055-21803)
 59 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down, *Miss Molly of Hamble*
 38 Dornden Park, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, (695285), *Red Velvet*
 9 Rock Street, Tralee, Co. Kerry, (066-21011), *Ceili*
 4 Princes Street, Tralee, Co. Kerry
 Lochalsh View, Balmacara, By Kyle of Lochalsh, Wester Ross, Scotland IV40 8DH
 Evergreen, Old Holywood Road, Belfast BT4 2HJ (63601/Office: 452428), *Maimoune* (PO)
 Chapel Cottage, Burray, Orkney KW17 2SZ (0856-73-350)
 Glenbrook, Enniskerry, Co. Wicklow, (863509), *Verve* (PO)
 The Old Manse, Hillsborough, Co. Down, (226)
 41 Seaview, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co. Down BT34 3NJ, (73388)
 Ros Cuan, Mount Stewart Estate, Newtownards, Co. Down BT22 2AX, (Grey Abbey 024774-625)
 The Croft, 144 Portaferry Road, Newtownards, Co. Down BT22 2AH
 Carrig Breach Cottage, Baily, Howth, Co. Dublin, (322210), *Black Pepper*
 Four The Trees, Donaghadee, Co. Down BT21 0DU, (882517/Office: 0232-663166), *Nisha*
 Broadlands Cottage, Britwell Salome Nr., Watlington, Oxon, England
 4 Camden Terrace, Crosshaven, Co. Cork, (021-831128), *Melody*
 35 Offington Park, Sutton, Dublin 13
 Craigview, Claremont Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (322276)
 Owl's Nest, Box 398, Manchester, Massachusetts 01944, U.S.A., (617-526-1492), *Goldeneye*
 Seaview Farm, Kilbrittain, Co. Cork
 305 Downer Avenue, Mantoloking, New Jersey 08738, U.S.A.
 The Coach House, Helen's Bay, Co. Down, (852237), *Hayrider* (PO)
 The Coach House, Helen's Bay, Co. Down, (852237/Office: 853634), *Hayrider* (PO)
 The Brake, Cobh, Co. Cork, (021-811394), *Cecille*
 Whinstone, 39 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down, (882330), *Insouciance*
 11 Willow Avenue, Green Park, Clondalkin, Dublin 22, *Elysium*
 20 Offington Court, Sutton, Dublin 13, (393186), *Comanche Raider*
 11 Burrow Road, Sutton, Dublin 13, (325544/Office: 765801)
 52 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (853800)
 Greylands, Knocknacree Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (859081/Office 760631), *Tudorose* (PO)
 28 South Mall, Cork
 90 Ballinclea Heights, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (Office: 808305)
 The Residence, Kilboroney, Rostrevor, Co. Down, (470), *Petrel*
 Lough Rynn, Mohill, Co. Leitrim

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED

ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

- *Roche, T.H., 1935 (1988) Ros-na-Greine, Avoca Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (881093/Office: 775014), *Neon Tetra*
 Rogerson, Frederick, 1969 Creevagh, Dunderm Road, Dublin 14, (Office: 984444), *Happy Return*
 Rogerson, Frederick J., 1983 113 Lakelands Close, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin, (886437)
 Ronaldson, Charles E., 1967 1 Fifth Avenue, Baylands, Bangor, Co. Down, (65681), *Wheesht* (PO)
 Russell, John F., 1965 34 Killnakin Road, Killinchy, Belfast, *Macfin*
 Ryan, David F., 1973 30 Dublin Road, Skerries, Co. Dublin, (491438)
 Ryan, Dermot J., 1971 Ashdale, Castle Close, Castle Park Road, Sandycove, Co. Dublin, (803585/Office: 605011), *Sceolaing*
 Ryan, John, 1956 Elstow, Knapton Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, (807151)
 Ryan, Paul J., 1984 Ashdale, Castle Close, Sandycove, Co. Dublin
 Ryan, Peter, 1988 44 Banbridge Road, Waringstown, Craigavon, Co. Armagh BT66 7QD, (0762-881418/
 Office: 07622-327411), *El Vigo*
 Ryan, Senator, Eoin, 1957 81 Park Avenue, Dublin 4, (691770)
 Ryan, Yvonne, 1988 Ashdale, Castle Close, Sandycove, Co. Dublin
 Sadlier, Frank A., 1985 3 Seaford Road, Cultra, Holywood, Co. Down, (02317-3975), *Ocean Dove*
 Scott, Denis G., 1986 The Mews, Woodside, Balkill Road, Howth, Co. Dublin, *Moody Blue*
 *Seaman, Avery, (1988)
 Commodore CCA
 Selig, Ivan, 1965 357 Indian Avenue, Middletown, Rhode Island 02840, U.S.A.
 Sewell, Richard G., 1969 Bree House, Craigavad, Co. Down BT18 ODE, (Hollywood 4361)
 Shanahan, Timothy P., 1984 7 Edith Terrace, London SW10, (352-7367), *Thalassa*
 Shanks, T.R.J., 1972 Sonas, Windgate Road, Baily, Co. Dublin
 Sharp, Ronald, 1974 10 Massey Avenue, Belfast BT4 2JS, (63809/Office: 084-245454), *Maimoune* (PO)
 Sheil, David J., 1985 Ardbeg, Craigmillar Avenue, Milngavie, Glasgow G62 8AV (41-956-1984), *Siolta* (PO)
 Sheil, Leonard, 1968 Cloonbane, Doneraile, Co. Cork, (022-24148/Office: 021-968935)
 Sheil, Leonard Jnr., 1988 Portlet, Haddington Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin, (801878), *Gay Gannet*
 Sheil, Robert, 1988 24 Haddington Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin
 Sheppard, T., 1957 29 Agnew Road, Honor Oak Park, London SE23 1DH, (291-2208)
 Lt. Comm. RN Retd.
 Sheridan, Frank W., 1981 Derrybawn, Military Road, Ballybrack, Co. Dublin, (853371), *Greylag of Arklow*
 Siggins, Brian, 1985 The Bearings, Lough Atalia Road, Galway, (091-63920)
 Simms, R.J.A., 1969 Kingston, Taylor's Hill, Galway, (Office: 091-51706)
 Simpson, Peter C. D., 1982 80 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 5HW, (473563), *Blue Bandit*
 Sisk, H.B., 1973 Clonmore, Glebe House, Co. Carlow
 Slater, Ronnie, 1977 Waterstown House, Sallins, Co. Kildare, (045-76268/Office: 514624)
 Slevin, James, 1986 39 Sheridan Drive, Helen's Bay, Co. Down, (852373), *Tandara*
 Smiles, Alan E., 1958 Arenal, The Mall, Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal, (51379), *Christina*
 Smullen, Brian P., 1968 Pomegranate Inn, 49 Neal Street, Portland, Maine 04102, U.S.A., (207-772-1006)
 Smullen, John A., 1987 33 Leeson Park, Dublin 6, (806729/Office: 605011)
 Smullen, John D., 1961 Seaview, Corrig Avenue, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, (807296/Office: 888847)
 Smyth, B.T., 1960 11 Connolly Square, Bray, Co. Wicklow, (862679)
 Smyth, Francis G., 1979 14 Mount Boone Way, Dartmouth, S. Devon TQ6 9PL, (Dartmouth 080-43-4159), *Tara*
 Smyth, Nicholas L., 1983 7 Dufferin Villas, Bangor, Co. Down, (60081), *M'Lady of Down*
 Smyth, W.A., 1960 Ardkeen, Castletroy, Co. Limerick
 Snell, M.H., 1974 14 Mount Boone Way, Dartmouth, S. Devon TQ6 9PL, *Globe Star*
 Somerville, Mrs. Susan M., 1989 Ballagilly Cottage, Maughold, Isle of Man, (0624-813586), *Golden Harvest*
 Somerville, R. Andrew, 1980 12 Elgin Wood, Bray, Co. Wicklow, (828891/Office: 772941)
 Hon. Librarian ICC
 Somerville-Large, P.T., 1946 Economics Dept., Trinity College, Dublin 2, *Emanuel*
 Speidel, Noel, 1968 Vallombraossa, Bray, Co. Wicklow, (862216)
 Spence, Ralph E., 1988 The Lodge, Clifton, Port St. Mary, Isle of Man
 Steadman, David, 1967 Raughlan, Derrymacash, Lurgan, Co. Armagh
 Stevenson, John A., 1964 123a Sydenham Avenue, Belfast 4, (656145), *Dolphin*
 Stevenson, John C., 1984 22 Baring Road, Beaconsfield, Bucks HP9 2NE, England
 Stewart, Alan C., 1959 Ardmore, 1 Seaford Road, Bangor, Co. Down
 Stewart, R.R., 1968 6 Haile Park, Haile, Egremont, Cumbria CA22 2ND, England
 Stillman, Chris. J., 1985 Elsinore, Baily, Co. Dublin, (322937)
 Sullivan, C. St. J., 1955 3 Thomastown Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, (852084/Office: 772941)
 *Taggart, A.G., 1970 (1987) 9 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (854744)
 Hon. Sec. C.C.C.
 Taplin, David M.R., 1986 Highlows, 3 Camstradden Drive West, Bearsden, Glasgow G61 4AJ, (041-942-0615)
 Tierney, John, 1960 Deva, 70 Coliemore Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (859393)
 Titterington, Ian H., 1989 Aisling, Knapton Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, (804391/Office: 767998), *State O'Chassis* (PO)
 Tomlinson, Michael, 1962 12 Marino Park, Holywood, Co. Down BT18 OAN, *Moody Blue*
 Tomlinson, Mrs. Molly, 1965 Moel-Y-Don Llanedwen, Llanfairpwll, Isl Anglesey, Gwynedd LL61 6EZ, (0248-714-430)
 Traynor, Frank, 1985 Moel-Y-Don Llanedwen, Llanfairpwll, Isl Anglesey, Gwynedd LL61 6EZ, (0248-714-430)
 Tucker, Brian A., 1985 34 Rathdown Park, Terenure, Dublin 6
 Turvey, Desmond E., 1980 Carrick, Baily, Co. Dublin, (323690/Office: 532937)
 Tyrrell, Aidan, 1971 Gorsehaven, Shielmartin Road, Sutton, Dublin 13, (324241) *Meander III* (PO)
 Tyrrell, Dr., Declan, 1985 Adelaide Cottage, Adelaide Place, Gardiners Hill, Cork, (021-313236)
 1200 North State Street, Room 14-901, University of Southern California, Los Angeles, California 90033, (213-226-7748)
 Villiers-Stuart, James, 1977 Ballynaparka, Aghlish, Nr. Cappoquin, Co. Waterford, (024-6144), *Arctic Tern*

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED

ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

- Villiers-Stuart, M.F., 1957
Doonan Cottage, 160 Ballymena Road, Carnlough, Co. Antrim BT44 OLD, (Carnlough 309), *Winefreda of Geenisland*
- Viriden, Jonathan, 1968
The Court Lodge, Yalding, Kent ME18 6HX, *Twayblade*
- Waddell, John, 1981
Ringveagh, 10 Whiterock Road, Killinchy, Co. Down, (Killinchy 541264), *Heather of Mourne*
- Waldron, Dr., Oliver C., 1978
The Cottage, Littlewick Green, Nr. Maidenhead, Berks. SL6 3QU, (0628-82-2013), *Big Easy*
- Walsh, Anthony, 1979
Harbour Road, Skerries, Co. Dublin
- Walsh, Brendan P., 1986
198B Strand Road, Merrion, Dublin 4, *Charlotte Rose*
- Walsh, Patrick J., 1982
Beaumont House, Woodvale Road, Beaumont, Cork, (021-292556), *Lola*
- Walsh, Reginald T., 1950
Kildary, 65 Merrion Road, Dublin 4, (691385), *Sapphire*
- Walsh, William, 1968
Dolphin Lodge, Crosshaven, Co. Cork, (021-831483/Office: 502358), *Carrigdown*
- Waters, L. Roy, 1985
13 Craigdarragh Park, Seahill Craigavad, Holywood, Co. Down BT18 OEA, (Holywood 3763/Office: Belfast 234466), *Melandy*
- Watson, Mrs. Patricia, 1966
29 Balkill Road, Howth, Co. Dublin, (322472)
- Watson, Neil, 1962
Wentworth House, Church Street, Wicklow, (0404-2152/Yard: 2492)
- Watson, Richard R., 1962
29 Balkill Road, Howth, Co. Dublin, (322472), *Bright Eyes* (PO)
- Watson, William R., 1979
4401 43rd Street South, St. Petersburg, Florida 33711, U.S.A., *Strathspey*
- Webb, Michael J., 1986
M.B. Snipe, The Watergate, Athlone, Co. Westmeath, (Office: 72039), *Moondrifter*
- Wheeler, Edwin M., 1975
The Riggins, Greenpark, Dunshaughlin, Co. Meath, (256643), *Kilderkin*
- Whelan, Geoffrey F., 1985
Thulla Lodge, Nashville Road, Howth, Co. Dublin, (323536/Office: 777532), *Evolution*
- Whelan, Michael D., 1988
55 Glenomena Park, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, (692737/Office: 776801)
- Whelan, Michael J., 1985
Flat 1, 51 Mount Street, London W1Y 5RE, *Maunie*
- Whelan, Patrick, 1980
Lotaville, Tivoli, Cork, (821227), *Charlina*
- Whelehan, Harold, 1979
Treetops, Claremont Road, Howth, Co. Dublin, (324139/Office: 720622), *Turtle* (PO)
- Whitaker, David J., 1988
Ashkirk, Douglas Road, Cork, (021-292542/Office: 021-273295), *Aronele*
- White, John N., 1974
9 Little Meadow, Pottery Road, Dun Laoghaire, *Glenmumbles* (PO)
- White, Lawrence W., 1980
Boardman Avenue, Manchester, Massachusetts 01944, U.S.A., *Witchery*
- Whitehead, David, 1972
Fray Montana 360, Las Condes, Santiago de Chile, (562-215-2486/Office: 562-231-7192), *Shemite*
- Wilby, K.A., 1964
Pant-Y-Llawr, Llanbeulan, Gwalchmai, Holyhead, Gwynedd LL65 4ST, (0407-720750), *Moomin*
- Williams, David J., 1984
4 Prospect Park, Ballygowan, Co. Down BT23 6LW, (Ballygowan 528832), *Reiver* (PO)
- Williams, W. Peter, 1968
The Whins, 25 Ballykeigle Road, Comber, Co. Down BT23 5SD, (Ballygowan 528360), *Reiver* (PO)
- Wilson, P., 1964
Gribton, 12 Ralston Road, Bearsden, Glasgow G61 3BA, *Nan of Gare*
- Wingfield, Robert T., 1969
The Spring House, Grimston, Melton Mowbray, Leicister LE14 3BZ, (0664-812785)
- Winkelmann, Franz C., 1984
12 Anglesea Road, Dublin 4, *Siamsa* (PO)
- Wolfe, J.M., 1959
4 Dunbo Hill, Howth, Co. Dublin, (391964)
- Wolfe, John W., 1978
Robbs Wall, Malahide, Co. Dublin, (450717)
- Wolfe, Peter C., 1974
26 Guilford Road, Sandymount, Dublin 4, (694316/Office: 608795)
- Wood, Trevor R.C. 1987
Rostynan, 1 Haddington Lawn, Glenageary, Co. Dublin, *Misty* (PO)
- Woode, Wolfe C.F.W., 1958
Bridge House, Skibbereen, Co. Cork
- Wylie, Ian E., 1971
22 Marmont Park, Holywood Road, Belfast BT4 2GR, (760158/Office: 320202)

List of Yachts

The letter G before the rig indicates gaff rig. The letters following the rig description indicate that the yacht is built of wood, fibreglass or steel.

Owner	Yacht	T.M.	Rig	Built	Designer
R.M. Burns	<i>Adele</i>	28	Ketch F.	1969	Hood 50
C.G. Ashenhurst	<i>Ailsa</i>	4	Sloop W.	1959	Dragon Petersen & Thuesen
M.J. Guinness	<i>Alakush</i>	20	Sloop F.	1985	Rob Humphreys 40
D. Gogarty	<i>Alpara</i>	14	Sloop F.	—	Dufour 35
B. Bradley	<i>Andante</i>	13	Sloop F.	1982	Yamaha 35
C.P. Gray	<i>Andromeda</i>	4	Sloop W.	1962	Dragon
B. Cassidy	<i>Anita</i>	0	G. Sloop W.	—	Howth 17 O.D.
R.B. Cudmore	<i>Anna Petrea</i>	6	Sloop F.	1976	Peter Brunn 28' Grinde
H.M. McMordie	<i>Anolis</i>	15	Ketch W.	1900	E.H. Hamilton
R. Barr	<i>Ar Men</i>	10	Sloop F.	1983	Niels Jeppeson; X-102
J. Villiers-Stuart	<i>Arctic Tern</i>	11	Sloop F.	1982	Nicholson 32
F. Espey	<i>Ariadne</i>	0	Sloop F.	1938	—
D.J. Whitaker	<i>Aronele</i>	14	Sloop F.	1985	P. Brett; Rival 36
C. Love Jnr	<i>Assiduous Of Cork</i>	22	Sloop F.	1983	Frers S & S Swan 46
H. Cudmore Snr	<i>Auretta</i>	9	Sloop F.	—	Yamaha 30
M.J. Hall	<i>Baily of Howth</i>	33	Ketch F.	1981	Holman & Pye; Oyster 46
A. Doherty	<i>Bali Hai</i>	6	Sloop W.	1962	—
R. Courtney	<i>Bandersnatch of Howth</i>	13	Sloop F.	1970	Sparkman & Stephens 37
E.P.E. Byrne	<i>Beaver</i>	3	Sloop F.	1975	Oliver J. Lee Hunter 501
O.C. Waldron	<i>Big Easy</i>	50	Ketch F.	1985	S&S; Swan 65
M. Park	<i>Black Pepper</i>	18	Sloop F.	1984	D. Thomas; Sigma 36
R.J.A. Simms	<i>Blue Bandit</i>	12	Sloop F.	1978	Nicholson 35
B.N. Gallagher	<i>Blue Belle</i>	10	Sloop F.	1977	David Sadler Contessa 32
B. Dalton	<i>Boru</i>	15	Ketch F.	1979	V. Aarnipalo Finmar 36
T. & D. Andrews	<i>Braw Lass</i>	10	Sloop F.	1980	David Sadler; Contessa 32
H. Greer & R.R. Watson	<i>Bright Eyes</i>	10	Sloop F.	1980	David Sadler; Contessa 32
P.J. Adams	<i>Calcaria</i>	10	Sloop F.	1977	Holman & Pye; UFO 34
C.G. Miller	<i>Calloo</i>	4	Yawl W.	1959	A.C. Robb Jenny Wren
R.M. Foxall	<i>Canna</i>	11	Sloop F.	1971	Nicholson 32
D.J. MacAuley	<i>Cappella of Kent</i>	16	Sloop W.	1964	Buchanan
J. Menton	<i>Caranja</i>	22	Sloop F.	1981	A. Primrose; Moody 40
W. Walsh	<i>Carrigdown</i>	22	Sloop F.	1981	Philippe Briand; Sun Fizz 40
G. Radley	<i>Cecille</i>	12	Sloop F.	1970	S & S; Swan 36
D. Kensett	<i>Ceres</i>	4	Sloop W.	—	Dragon
B. Black	<i>Chancer</i>	10	Sloop F.	1979	Van de Stadt; Taos 34
P. Whelan	<i>Charlina</i>	30	Ketch F.	1976	Moody 52
B.P. Walsh	<i>Charlotte Rose</i>	10.5	Sloop F.	1980	Hakon Soedergren; Condor 32
J.C. Gibson	<i>Chloe of Mourne</i>	—	Cutter S.	—	M. Griffiths
J. Slevin	<i>Christina</i>	14.5	Ketch F.	1978	Giles; Westerly Solway
N. Reilly	<i>Comanche Raider</i>	—	—	—	—
P. Butler	<i>Condor</i>	8	Sloop F.	1980	W.P. Brown; Ruffian 8.5
Dermot Barnes	<i>Cu Two</i>	20	Ketch F.	1987	Nauticat 40
M. O'Farrell	<i>Cuchulain</i>	11	Sloop F.	1971	P. Brett Rival 32
M. O'Flaherty	<i>Cuilain</i>	28	Ketch W.	1970	G. T. McGruer
C.A. Chapman	<i>Deerhound</i>	28	Ketch F.	1970	Hood 50
H. Greer	<i>Deilginis</i>	0	G. Sloop W.	1907	Howth 17
N.D. Maguire	<i>Demelza</i>	10	Sloop F.	1979	R. Holland Club Shamrock
J.A. Blaikie	<i>Different Drummer</i>	5	Sloop F.	1974	W.P. Brown; Ruffian 23
B. Hassett	<i>Diva</i>	14	Sloop F.	1979	A. Primrose; Moody 33
N.J. Kidney	<i>Dulcibella</i>	7	Sloop F.	1980	L. Giles; Westerly Griffon
A. Dunn	<i>Eblana</i>	14	Sloop F.	1989	Bill Dixon; Moody Eclipse 33
P. Ryan	<i>El Vigo</i>	8	Sloop W.	1961	Robert Clark
W.T. Rea	<i>Elysium</i>	7	Sloop F.	1988	Olle Enderlein; Shipman 28
R.A. Sommerville	<i>Emanuel</i>	7	Sloop W.	1962	Raymond Wall
K.J. MacLavery	<i>Eoin Rua</i>	5	Sloop W.	1964	Tord Sunden Folkboat
C.E. Ronaldson	<i>Erlin Mor</i>	9	Sloop	—	—

Owner	Yacht	T.M.	Rig	Built	Designer
G.F. Whelan	<i>Evolution</i>	10	Sloop F.	1982	Jean Berret First 30E
A. O'Donovan	<i>Felicity Friend</i>	6	Sloop F.	1972	O'Brien Kenedy; Kerry Mark II
P. Bourke	<i>Fiara</i>	6	Sloop F.	1979	Westerly Centaur
T.J. Fitzpatrick	<i>Fifi</i>	9	Sloop F.	1980	Olle Enderlein; Shipman 28
J.P. Jameson	<i>Findabar Of Howth</i>	16	Sloop F.	1970	Sparksman & Stephens 40'
Clare Foley	<i>Flying Ferret</i>	5	Sloop F.	—	Johnson, J24
L.F.G. Heath	<i>Four Seasons</i>	21	Ketch S.	1978	Heath 40'
B. Hegarty	<i>Freebird</i>	8	Sloop F.	1976	C.J. Butler Achilles 9 metre
D.H.T. Greenhalgh	<i>Freemew</i>	10	Sloop W.	1961	Nicholson Jolina
L. Sheil	<i>Gay Gannet</i>	7	Sloop W.	1963	C.R. Holman Sterling
J.N. White	<i>Glennumbles</i>	4	Sloop W.	1950	A. Mylne Glen O.D.
W.A. Smyth	<i>Globe Star</i>	14	Cutter S.	1982	Ted Brewer; Goderich 35
M.H. Snell	<i>Golden Harvest</i>	16	Sloop F.	1974	Giles Bowman 40'
J.F. Burke	<i>Golden Shamrock</i>	9	Sloop F.	1976	Ron Holland
R.F. Perkins	<i>Goldeneye</i>	12	Yawl W.	1960	Concordia 40' Yawl
T. Sheppard	<i>Greylag of Arklow</i>	12	Sloop W.	1961	Laurent Giles
R. Cassidy	<i>Gyn Trapp</i>	8	Sloop F.	1977	Cuthbert & Cassian
F. Rogerson	<i>Happy Return</i>	5	Sloop W.	1965	Holman-Stella
Mrs Ruth Heard	<i>Harklow</i>	12	Motor W.	1963	J. Tyrrell
Mr & Mrs M. Prichard	<i>Hayrider</i>	12	Sloop F.	1976	R. Holland
J. Waddell	<i>Heather of Mourne</i>	10	Sloop F.	1973	Holman & Pye; Centurion
W.P. Macauley	<i>Heatherbell</i>	52	Ketch W.	1932	J.N. Miller & Sons
I.R. Guinness	<i>Hera</i>	0	G. Sloop W.	1899	Howth 17' O.D.
J. & A. Ley	<i>Hijack</i>	8	Sloop F.	1977	Holman & Pye; Seamaster 925
T. & B. Kennedy	<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>	15	Sloop F.	1980	Moody 36
J.R. Bourke	<i>Iduna</i>	4	Sloop W.	1939	L. Giles Lymington L.
G.L.D. Ralston	<i>Insouciance</i>	27	Ketch F.	1976	A.E. Luders; Offshore 47
H.P. Beck	<i>Jack Ivor</i>	20	Ketch F.	—	Moody 44
J.K. Martin	<i>Jacked</i>	5	Sloop F.	1982	Johnson; J24
J. Finnegan	<i>Jane</i>	4	Sloop W.	1959	Dragon O.D.
R. Lee	<i>Janey Mac</i>	15	Sloop F.	1988	D. Thomas; Sigma 38
W.B. Dickenson	<i>Jaxon</i>	14	Sloop F.	1979	A. Primrose; Moody 33 MK II
C.D. Kelly	<i>Jeepers</i>	5	Sloop F.	1978	J. 24
K.M. Boyd	<i>Jeremy Fisher Of Hamble</i>	9	Ketch F.	1973	Gordon Wyatt; Fisher 30
W.D. Keatinge	<i>Jojeto</i>	14	Sloop F.	1978	Holman & Pye; Gladiateur
M.H. Flowers	<i>Joker Of Lymington</i>	11	Sloop F.	1984	D. Thomas; Sigma 33
J.P. Bourke	<i>Joliba</i>	12	Sloop F.	1979	Holland N.I.C. 345
M. McKeever	<i>Judy R</i>	7	Sloop F.	1980	L. Giles; Westerly Griffon
C. O'Ceallaigh	<i>Julia</i>	5	Sloop W.	1947	M. Giles; W. Channel O.D.
M.T. McConnell	<i>Kala</i>	4	Motor F.	1974	Derek Stukins; Downcraft 21
E. Wheeler	<i>Kilderkin</i>	5	Sloop F.	1969	Guy Thompson T. 24
T.N. Taggart	<i>Kirmew</i>	5	Cutter W.	1947	Robert Clark
R. Mollard	<i>Korsar</i>	10	Sloop F.	1969	Sparkman & Stephens 34
K.L. Cooke	<i>Kumaree</i>	6	Sloop F.	1970	
A.S. Morton	<i>Lamorna III</i>	7	Sloop F.	—	Holman Twister
P. Cooper	<i>Lazy Dazy</i>	9	Sloop F.	—	Group finot; Fandango
Hon. R. Dixon	<i>Lazy Life</i>	12	Sloop F.	1973	Nicholson 35
J.D. Currie	<i>Leanda</i>	6	Sloop W.	1950	Warrington Smith Falmouth Pilot
W.R. Cuffe-Smith	<i>Leemara of Howth</i>	12	Sloop F.	1984	R. Carter; Southerly 115
B. Layng	<i>Leigh Mary</i>	12	Ketch F.	1981	J. A. Bennet Colvic Victor 34
D.E. O'Connor	<i>Leprechaun</i>	4	Sloop W.	1962	Peterson Thuesen Dragon O.D.
B.H.C. Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>	14	Sloop F.	1971	Ohlson 38
C.C. Martin	<i>Lindos</i>	7	Sloop F.	1977	Van De Stadt; Prospect 900
D.D. O'Brien	<i>Live Wire</i>	10	Sloop F.	1976	High Tension 36 De Ridder
P.J. Walsh	<i>Lola</i>	11	Sloop F.	1979	A. Primrose; Moody 30
R.F. O'Donoghue	<i>Looking Forward</i>	7	Sloop F.	1979	L. Giles; Westerly Pembroke
F.D. Martin	<i>Lovely Lady</i>	16	Sloop F.	1982	German Frers. First 42
F.G. Smyth	<i>M'Lady of Down</i>	10	G. Cutter W.	1979	John Perryman; Rathlin
J.K.A. Dorman	<i>Maid of Skye</i>	9	Sloop W.	1955	D. Hilliard
ASP Orr/J.A. Henshall/					
R. Shanks	<i>Maimoune</i>	2.5	Sloop W.	1902	L. Hope Fairy
C.J. FitzGerald	<i>Mandalay</i>	14	Sloop F.	1979	A. Primrose; Moody Eclipse 33
A.H. Marshall	<i>Mandarin</i>	7.5	Junk W.	1981	A.H. Marshall
G.J. O'Connor	<i>Manutara</i>	15	Sloop F.	1983	Muslen 38
R. Benson	<i>Marlou</i>	9	Motor	1934	Musler 35'
J.C. McConnell	<i>Marula</i>	15	S.S.D.M.Y. S	1982	Bekebered; PEDRO 1000
K.C. Condon	<i>Mashona</i>	8	Sloop F.	1981	Group Finot; Yamaha 29
M.J. Whelan	<i>Maunie</i>	14	Sloop F.	1976	A. Primrose; Moody 33
P.M.C. Branigan	<i>Maximizar</i>	9	Sloop F.	1978	Pelle Peterson Maxi 95
R.G. Monson	<i>Mazara</i>	8	Sloop W.	1957	McGruer
L. McGonagle & D. Turvey	<i>Meander III</i>	11	Sloop F.	1978	McGruer Grampian 34'
J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>	12	Sloop F.	1972	Nicholson 35

Owner	Yacht	T.M.	Rig	Built	Designer
L.R. Waters	<i>Melandy</i>	10	Sloop F.	1965	Nicholson 32 MKiv
W.D. Carr	<i>Melora III</i>	27	Ketch W.	1959	A. Mylne & Co.
Dr. M. O'Keefe	<i>Miss Demena</i>	9	Sloop F.	1965	J. Alden; Mistral 36
J.P. Bourke	<i>Miss Fionnuala</i>	9	Sloop F.	1974	Albinson Comfort 30
J.R. O'Neill	<i>Miss Molly of Hamble</i>	9	Sloop F.	—	Sadler 32
T.R.C. Wood	<i>Misty</i>	17	Sloop F.	1988	Dehler 38
P.J. Bunting	<i>Mitigator</i>	10	Sloop F.	—	D. Sadler; Contessa 32
P.D. Lawless	<i>Mokav II</i>	5	Sloop F.	—	Ron Holland Eygthene 24
D.G. Scott	<i>Moody Blue</i>	14	Sloop F.	1978	A. Primrose; Moody 33
I. Titterington	<i>Moody Blue</i>	14	Sloop F.	1975	A. Primrose; Moody 33
K.A. Wilby	<i>Moomin</i>	6	Sloop F.	1978	L. Giles; Westerly Centaur
M.J. Webb	<i>Moondrifter</i>	10	Ketch F.	1978	J. Roy; Macwester Seaforth
D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	20	Sloop W.	1981	German Frers 52' A.C.
R. Cudmore	<i>Morgana</i>	10	Ketch F.	1970	Holman & Pye; Bowman 36
P. Wilson	<i>Nan of Gare</i>	13	Sloop W.	1965	Sparkman & Stephens 8 C/R
T.H. Roche	<i>Neon Tetra</i>	20	Cutter W.	1954	D. Hilliard
H.A. Patton	<i>Nisha</i>	8	Sloop W.	1965	A. V. Burnard Fairey Fisherman
F.A. Sadler	<i>Ocean Dove</i>	9	Ketch W.	1959	M. Griffiths
J.D.R. Fisher	<i>Onaway</i>	6	Sloop W.	1961	R. Warrington-Smith
F.J.W. England & E.M. Leonard	<i>One Timee</i>	11	Sloop F.	1980	Peter Boyce; O-Day 37
P. Courtney	<i>Oona</i>	0	Sloop W.	—	Howth 17 O.D.
L.D. McGonagle	<i>Ounavara of Howth</i>	21	Ketch F.	1974	Laurent Giles Moody 46
B.R. Lynch	<i>Peggy West</i>	10	Sloop F.	1976	Westerly Berwick
D.H.B. Fitzgerald	<i>Peigín Eile</i>	11	Sloop F.	1980	Dubois, Westerly Fulmar
E.K. Devenney	<i>Phoenix</i>	9	Sloop F.	1978	W.P. Brown; Ruffian 30
Bill Masser	<i>Pintail of Kew</i>	7	Sloop F.	1973	H.T. Rossiter; Pintail
S.H.R. Clarke	<i>Quiver VII</i>	24	Ketch F.	1972	Camper & Nicholson
B.P. Coad	<i>Raasay of Melfort</i>	11	Sloop F.	1972	Peter Brett; Rival 34.
H.E.O.C. Byrne	<i>Rapparee</i>	10	Sloop F.	1979	R. Holland Club Shamrock
Dr. M. O'Rahilly	<i>Red Velvet</i>	12	Sloop F.	1971	Hustler 35 Holman & Pye
W.P. & J.D. Williams	<i>Reiver</i>	12.5	Sloop S.	1988	A. Mylne
J. Cahill	<i>Ricjak</i>	22	Sloop S.	1985	Cahill 42
C.P. McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>	6	Sloop F.	1973	Kerry 27' O'Brien Kennedy
R.C.A. Hall	<i>Roane</i>	14	Ketch W.	1969	D. Hilliard
H.R. Hicks	<i>Roe</i>	4	Sloop W.	1921	A. Mylne; River Class
T.J. Hanan	<i>Rosbeg</i>	2	Lug W.	1973	G. Gletcher Ultimate
R.I. Morrison	<i>Safari of Howth</i>	17	Ketch F.	1982	Hallberg Rassy 42
Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>	15	G. Cutter W.	1909	40' Galway Hooker
B. McMahon	<i>Salar</i>	6	Sloop F.	1970	White & Hill; Cutlass
P. Morck	<i>Samantha</i>	5	G. Cutter F.	1978	Roger Dongray
Hugo duPlessis	<i>Samharcin an Iar</i>	16	Ketch F.	1977	Westerly; Conway 36
V. O'Farrell	<i>Sandy Ways</i>	12	Sloop F.	1978	Oyster 35
Reginald T. Walsh	<i>Sapphire</i>	7	Sloop W.	1965	Colin Marine
G.A. Lennox	<i>Sarita</i>	12	Cutter W.	1910	H.W. White
D. Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>	16	Sloop F.	1969	Camper & Nich 43
F. McCarthy	<i>Scilly Goose</i>	11	Sloop F.	1979	Group Finot; Fastnet 34
W.R. Gilmore	<i>Scotch Mist</i>	10	Sloop F.	1977	D. Sadler Contessa 32
D.M. Irwin	<i>Sea Otter</i>	7	Sloop F.	1985	Westerly Griffon
H.R. King	<i>Seareign</i>	12	Sloop F.	1973	Nicholson 35
T.E. Crosbie	<i>Senta</i>	11	Sloop F.	1983	Van de Stadt; DBI 3/4 Ton
F. Cudmore	<i>Setanta Too</i>	10	Sloop F.	1977	Holland Club Shamrock
M. Balmforth	<i>Sgeir Ban</i>	9	Sloop F.	1980	W.P. Brown; Ruffian 8.5
G.P. Kavanagh	<i>Shardana</i>	10	Sloop F.	1977	Camper & Nicholson 31
A.D. MacIllwaine	<i>Sheenan</i>	15	Yawl W.	1937	A.M. Dickie & Sons
D. Whitehead	<i>Shemite</i>	7	Sloop F.	1973	SHE 27
M.M. d'Alton/F.C. Winkler- mann/L. D. Latham	<i>Siamsa</i>	5	Sloop F.		W.P. Brown; Ruffian 23
Tony Clarke	<i>Silver Breeze</i>	11	Sloop F.	1983	Jean Berret First 32
H. Cudmore Jnr	<i>Silver Slipper</i>	8	SSDY	1972	Ray Hunt/Jon Bannenberg
S. Fergus	<i>Sinead</i>	7	Sloop F.	1975	Olle Enderlein; Shipman 28
W.W. McKean & R. Sharp	<i>Siolta</i>	11	Sloop F.	1966	Van de Stadt; Excalibur
D. Cross	<i>Sirena</i>	5	Sloop F.	1973	Frank Butler; Coronado 25
C. Magennis	<i>Snow Goose of Moygannon</i>	6	Sloop F.	1978	Maxi 84
R.J. Fowler	<i>Spectra</i>	9	Sloop F.		Walsh Wakefield Ltd. Mirage 28
R. Fielding	<i>Spellbound of Skellig</i>	20.5	Ketch F.	1981	Moody 42AC Mark II Primrose & Dixon
T. Johnston & J. Tierney	<i>State o'Chassis</i>	15	Sloop F.	1989	D. Thomas; Sigma 38
M.C. Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>	29	Sloop S.	1986	Bruce Roberts; Roberts 45
W.R. Watson	<i>Strathspey</i>	18	Sloop F.	1980	Bill Shaw; Pearson 40
E.M. Booth	<i>Sula</i>	6	Sloop F.	1979	Walsh Wakefield
S. Davis	<i>Suvretta</i>	5	Sloop W.		West Solent O.D.

Owner	Yacht	T.M.	Rig	Built	Designer
S.A. Malone	<i>Symphonie</i>	9.5	Sloop F	1979	Briand Symphonie
N.C. Hughes	<i>Taitsing</i>	10	Sloop W.	1961	A. Buchanan
F.M. Eves	<i>Takahe</i>	15	Sloop F.		Westerly Conway 36
J.C. Butler	<i>Tam o'Shanter</i>	12	Sloop F.	1972	B. Chance; Chance 37
R. Slater	<i>Tandra</i>	16	Ketch G.	1977	Camper & Nicholson 39
B.T. Smyth	<i>Tara</i>	5	Sloop F.	1987	D.Thomas; Minstrel 23
P.H. Greer	<i>Tarquin</i>	10	Ketch F.		Fisher 30
R. Sewell	<i>Thalassa</i>	16	Yawl W.	1906	C. Sibbick
J. Nixon	<i>The Demonstrator</i>		Sloop F.	—	Squib
M. O'Connor	<i>The Lady Beatrice</i>	7	Sloop F.		Olle Enderlein; Shipman 28
R.W. Barton	<i>Timella</i>	10	Ketch F.	1968	Reg Freeman Seadog
H.P. Kennedy	<i>Tosca IV of Bangor</i>	9	Sloop W.	1960	C. Nicholson Jolina
Mr. & Mrs. Clapham	<i>Tresillian III</i>	15	Ketch F.	1971	Nicholson 38
D.B. Johnston	<i>Trininga</i>	15	Ketch F.	1979	W.F. Rayner; Atlantic Power Ketch
M. O'Gallagher	<i>Triona</i>	4	Sloop W.	1962	Dragon O.D.
Dr. O. Glaser	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch</i>	50	Cutter F.	1988	German Freres; Mystic 60
Dr. O. Glaser	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch IV</i>	20	Ketch F.	1981	German Freres 44
L. Cassidy & W. Riordan	<i>Tudorose</i>	12	Ketch F.		Buchanan; Neptune 33
W.M. Nixon/H. Whelehan	<i>Turtle</i>	7	Sloop F.	1970	Hustler 30 Holman & Pye
J. Virden	<i>Twayblade</i>	9	Cutter W.	—	Buchanan
F.D. Freeman	<i>Twocan</i>	7	Sloop F.	1973	Olle Enderlein; Shipman 28
F.J.K. Espey & J. Osborne	<i>Verve</i>	10	Yawl W.	1963	A.C. Robb; Princess
B. Connor	<i>Vinter</i>	10	Sloop F.	1978	Westerly Berwick
Cdr. J.D. Maxwell	<i>Virago of Strangford</i>	11	Sloop F.	1962	Nicholson 36
T.J. Goulding	<i>Wabrus</i>	6	Sloop F.	1978	Super Seal 26' Ron Holland
C.E. Ronaldson & W.P. Escott	<i>Wheesht</i>	12	Sloop F.	1974	Nicholson 35
B.M. Cahill	<i>Whistling Oyster</i>	30	Ketch F.	1986	Holman & Pye; Oyster 53
J.D. Donegan	<i>White Rooster</i>	14	Sloop F.	1980	S. Jones Hustler 36
H.W.S. Clark	<i>Wild Goose of Moyle</i>	10	Yawl W.	1936	M. Griffiths
J. Minchin	<i>Wind Rose</i>	6	Sloop F.	1969	Camper & Nicholson
M.F. Villiers- Stuart	<i>Winifreda of Greenisland</i>	13	Cutter W.		The Admiralty
A. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>	9	Sloop W.	1965	Holman North Sea 24
L.W. White	<i>Witchery</i>	12	Yawl W.	—	Sparkman & Stephens 35'
T. Kirby	<i>Yami-Yami</i>	6	Sloop F.	1978	Sadler 25
J.J. McKinney & W.J. Cotter	<i>Zubenubi</i>	10	Sloop F.	1973	Nicholson 32, MK 10

