



Irish Cruising Club

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**IRISH CRUISING CLUB
1993 ANNUAL**



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Front Cover

The Fastnet photographed by Kevin Dwyer on 28th April 1993.

Title Page

The Beehive huts on Skellig Michael at the North West entrance of the Kenmare River photographed in 1993 by Kevin Dwyer.

Back Cover

The lens of Kevin Dwyer kept a watchful eye over some members during the South Coast Rally to Kinsale and Courtmacsherry on July 2nd and 3rd.

Joe Woodward, Mary Curtin, Len Curtin and Adrian Stokes enjoying the sun at Kinsale Marina on *Moshula III* before heading for Courtmacsherry.

Liam Bohane, Marilyn Kenworthy and Donal McClement sailing *Flica II* past the Old Head of Kinsale of passage to Courtmacsherry.

Submission for 1994 Annual

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Please advise early should you intend to submit a log.



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Irish Cruising Club

Annual 1993

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Honorary Secretary's Report

1993 was a year which brought change, change of Commodore and Treasurer, change in election of new members, and change in the weather. A summer which for those cruising in these latitudes tended to produce gasps of disbelief from fellow members if those cruising said the weather for their cruise was not really that bad. It was not that bad, it was just that the impression it has left is of a lot of wet weather and very little sunshine. While the mediterranean was, naturally, better, it was still by no means a good year there either. But for most members, the years sailing and cruising is over and our thoughts and dreams are already fixed on the year to come.

The January election meeting was the first to be held under the revised rules which placed a firm ceiling on membership at 550. It thus proved to be an even more difficult meeting than it usually is, with twenty nominees to be considered. Last year it had been decided that the maximum number of new members to be admitted would be five. However, at the election meeting it was agreed to avail of the latitude allowed under rule 5 (xv) to increase that number to eight, thus bringing the number of members to 550 as of the date of the meeting. The eight are well distributed around the country with one, Barbara Watson strongly supported by the north but currently residing in Florida. It is also pleasant to note that there were three ladies among the eight elected. It is anticipated that there will continue to be pressure from candidates for election, to which the committee intend to respond with a positive bias in favour of younger members. In this regard attention is drawn to two of the new rules adopted in October 1992, rule 11 which states that persons under the age of 25 shall not be required to pay an entrance fee and rule 12 (iv) stating that they are only required to pay 60% of the annual subscription.

The Annual General Meeting saw Hugh Kennedy step down having completed a term of three years as Commodore of your Club. His was a term of consolidation, following the period of frenetic activity presided over by his predecessor. Many matters which had been raised over previous years but which had not been brought to fruition were tackled by Hugh during his period of office, including his redrafting of the Club rules. This task, which he carried out entirely on his own, extended over some 18 months, culminated with their

adoption with no dissent at the Special General Meeting held in 1992. (It is intended to circulate a copy of the rules to each member with this year's Annual).

In his final address the Commodore commented that the new rules will slow the rate of admission of new members which reflected the view that the Club should not become too large. He said that the new edition of the South & West Sailing Directions compounded the enormous debt of gratitude owed by members to Arthur Orr who has over the years put great effort and long hours into his duties as Honorary Compiler. Further, the good standing of the Club finances are attributable to the revenues his work has generated. Dermod Ryan's work as Chairman of the Publications Sub Committee and Barbara Fox-Mills as Hon Publications Officer he mentioned, the efforts of all were noted with acclamation.

The extremely high standard set by Ronan Beirne with the Annual was singled out and drew prolonged applause from all present. Members continue to wonder at the most professional form of our Annual which is the envy of many Clubs with much larger resources. Undoubtedly the additional use of colour with the photographs by Kevin Dwyer enhanced the presentation, but, as the Commodore said, it is all due to the long hours devoted to it by Ronan, tolerated and supported by his good wife Sheila.

Andrew Somerville as Hon Librarian retires at this meeting as do Joe FitzGerald and Terry Johnson from the committee while Donal O'Boyle as Hon Treasurer hands over to Donal Brazil. All have put much effort into the Club over their years



ICC N&E Whit Rally at Quoile

Photo: Alan Hutchinson



ICC Christmas luncheon 1992 – Howth Yacht Club. Blue Water Medalists, Paddy Barry (1990), Bill King (1975) and John Gore-Grimes (1983)

Photo: W.M. Nixon

in office and deserve our sincere thanks. Finally he welcomed David Nicholson, representing the south, as our new Commodore and hoped that his term of office would be as enjoyable as his own had been.

Under any other business Winkie Nixon raised an interesting point when he asked why the Gull Salver had not been awarded for the past year, the point being just how closely is the Irish Cruising Club now associated with yacht racing

In the past, in the absence of other organisations, the ICC carried the flag for Ireland on the racing scene and it was usual for members both to cruise and to race extensively. Now with the evolution of pure racing machines which are entirely unsuited to gentlemanly cruising and with the growth of organisations such as the Irish Sailing Association, with whom we maintain very close links, it would appear that racing as such is becoming quite peripheral to our core activity. Responding, the new Commodore said he would be having all the trophies looked at to see that they were being awarded appropriately.

Hugh Kennedy was recalled to present engraved Galway crystal decanters to two of our three Cruising Club of America Blue Water Medalists, John Gore-Grimes and Paddy Barry. Bill King, the third, could not be present being away skiing, but the presentation marked the tremendous achievement of our members in being awarded one of the most prestigious medals in the world of yachting.

John Gore-Grimes had acted as adjudicator for the awards which were presented to his perceptive and amusing commentary by his wife Jan.

The Annual Dinner fell to the west to organise, Frank Larkin undertook the task from start to finish. He selected a new venue, the Clare Inn Hotel at Newmarket-on-Fergus and a new style for the dinner, self service carvery style. The biggest attendance ever, 260 members and guests enjoyed a great weekend. The accommodation was fine and the ESB helped to create the atmosphere before the meal by playfully turning on and off the lights while members dressed for dinner. Thus the normal round of secret pre-dinner drinking soirees were forced out into the corridors to join the make-up parties where lipstick was being applied by candle light and torch light to and by guests in various degrees of dishabille. The Hon Secretary's notes seem to have faded out after the dinner so there is no clear recollection of when the function ended, but there is clear recall of the speech delivered by Michael McKee. Michael thought he had been replaced by a Mr R J McKee whose name appeared on the menu card, but, having sorted out his identity, he delivered a most appropriate and witty speech which

reflected his many many years of membership, and committee membership, of our Club.

Our guests included Geoffrey and Susanna Knockolds of the Royal Cruising Club, Charlie and Marian Simmie of the Clyde Cruising Club, Mary Barton of the Ocean Cruising Club and Ron Browne of the Cruising Association. All have since expressed their admiration of the way we organise our dinners and the atmosphere we generate, in direct tribute to the outstanding efforts this year of Frank Larkin.

For their June Rally this year, the East Region received a pressing invitation from the Strangford Lough Yacht Club to return to the lough and very quickly the Rally became a combined event with the North. Rear Commodore Michael O'Farrell was in charge and everything, including the weather, ran smoothly. Yachts assembled at Audley's Roads for lunch at Castleward House on the Saturday. A move up the lough during the afternoon led to a reception at White Rock on *Stack Polly* which John McWilliam was able to press into service even though it is no longer on our list of members yachts. Recalling the press/squeeze/intimate assembly at dinner on the last occasion we visited, the Club organised the dinner in three locations in their Clubhouse, including a specially erected marquee and members enjoyed an excellent meal and appropriately short speeches. The Club juniors under the control of John Russell provided a ferry service till well past their bedtime, not ceasing their labours until all our members had been safely tucked up in their bunks.

Back down the lough on Sunday morning to the Quoile Yacht Club where that Club had cleared its pontoon and provided moorings for all participants, an excellent lunch was available and members enjoyed the sunshine as they did what Rallies are intended for, they took the opportunity to discourse on the summer's cruise plans, boat changes intended and the latest equipment which just might be purchased.



Transatlantic crew: David Nicholson, Rob d'Alton and Keith Hunt

At least 32 yachts participated, the Commodore flying his flag on Rear Commodore Michael O'Farrell's *Cuchulain*. The following yachts were noted;

Alannah; Alys; Andante; Blue Bandit; Busy Bee; Cara; Carna; Changling; Cuchulain; Elysium; Errislannan; Growltiger; Gumdrop; Icarus of Cuan; Jabberwok of Howth; Kenbane; Lady Jane; Lindos; Lola; L'Exocet; Maimoune; Marie Clare II; Meander III; Miss Molly; Ocean Dove; Realta; Ring of Kerry; Roe; Saki; Scotch Mist; Spectra; Suaeda; Taitsing; Timella; Tudor Rose; Turtle Tide; Twocan; Vinter.

The West had a Rally based in Dingle with a visit planned to Inishvickillane whose owner had arranged a lunch for all. Unfortunately the efforts Rear Commodore David FitzGerald



Davy McBride is presented with The Atlantic Trophy by Jan Gore-Grimes after the A.G.M. in the Royal St. George Y.C.

Photo: Tom Lawlor

and Paddy O'Sullivan had put into organising the event were largely thwarted by inclement weather and only two boats made it to the island. However, the dinner that evening in Dingle was well attended, with Commodore David Nicholson present to meet members from the West.

The South, with the drive of the new Commodore behind them, organised a number of well supported rallies through the year, from Kinsale to East Ferry and extended an invitation to members from other areas to join in, providing berths and hospitality as required. Their final event for the year will be their Christmas dinner which will have been well digested by the time this report is being read.

April saw the publication of the 8th edition of the South & West Sailing Directions, the first in the now standard A4 format and with the traditional dust jacket replaced by a semi-gloss finish printed cover. Nearly all the photographs used in previous editions have been replaced by new ones, all colour and taken specially for the edition by our member Kevin Dwyer whose professional expertise as a photographer combined with his knowledge of exactly what a yachtsman needs to know as he approaches an anchorage for the first time are combined in photographs of outstanding clarity.

With this edition Arthur Orr had announced his retirement as Hon Compiler. We are deeply grateful to him for his time and his effort on behalf of yachtsmen from all over the world



Denis Doyle (left) is presented with the John B. Kearney Cup by Commodore David Nicholson (right). Also present are Donal McClement (far left) Clayton Love Jnr and Donal Brazil (on the right). See Ted Crosbie writes, Page 125.

Photo: The Cork Examiner

OFFICERS & COMMITTEE

Flag Officers and Committee 1993

Commodore	David Nicholson
Vice Commodore	Brian Hegarty
Rear Commodore	Michael O'Farrell
Rear Commodore	David H.B. FitzGerald

Hon. Secretary	Cormac McHenry
Hon. Treasurer	Donal Brazil
Hon. Auditor	Clayton Love Minor

Northern Area

R.J. Michael McKee
T Robert J Shanks
C.E. (Peter) Ronaldson
Arthur S.P. Orr
Hugh P. Kennedy (Ex Officio)

East Coast

Ronan M Beirne
M Jennifer Guinness
Brendan Bradley
Dermod J. Ryan

Southern Area

Brendan O'Callaghan
Donal J. McClement
Donal O'Boyle
Clayton Love Jnr

Western Area

Frank J Larkin
P.J.F. O'Sullivan

New Members 1993

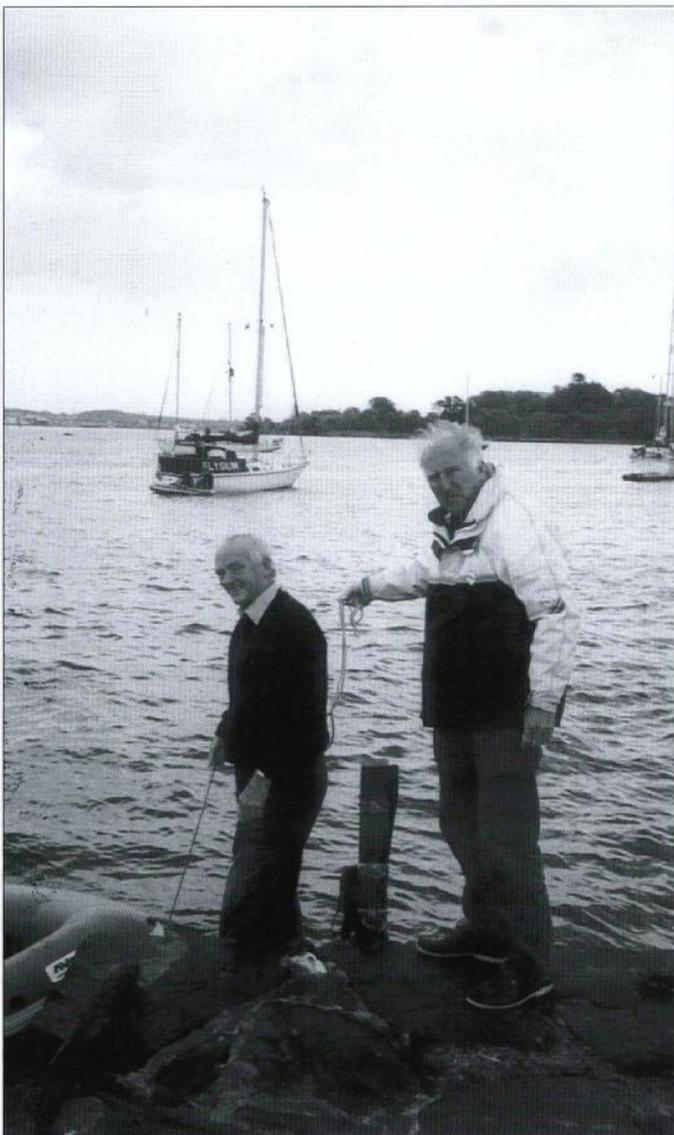
Peter Gillespie, Co. Down.
David Dwyer, Dublin.
Len Curtin, Cork.
Grainne FitzGerald, Dublin.
Elizabeth O'Boyle, Cork.
Barbara Watson, Florida.
Tom Lawlor, Dublin.
Brendan Travers, Ennis.
Peter Hogan (Honorary Member).

Deceased Members

John Ryan
R C A Hall
L. F. G. Heath
W P Mosse
Peter Lawless
Stanley A. Orr
Richard M. Burns
Arthur Morris
Barry Hassett
Dermot Barnes
W. J. Murphy
Thomas O'Keefe
David Steadman
Wolfe Woode
George Lennox

who use our Directions. In fact, sales of our Directions are made to visitors in a ratio of at least 10 to each one to our own members. To recognise the sterling contribution that Arthur has made to the Sailing Directions it has been the unanimous decision of the Flag Officers that he be awarded the John B Kearney Cup for 1993.

A Shannon Rally was held in October and it was extremely well supported. When last held in 1989, fifteen boats, including two barges attended, this year 24 cruisers were on charter with in addition five private boats. The lake was calm over the weekend, but the nights were cold, really cold, real ice age stuff as members and guests chipped their way out of their cabins on Saturday and Sunday mornings. The event started in Paddy's Bar in Terryglass on Friday evening, got to Dromineer for lunch on Saturday and then to Killaloe for dinner at the Lakeside Hotel. The dinner was attended by 158 persons, as many as would have attended the Annual Dinner ten years ago! Rear Commodore David FitzGerald presided, the Commodore being one of the few members for whom cruising for this year is not yet over. Keeping an eye on proceedings, David came through on his radio from his yacht *White Shadow*, anchored in Dominica while on his cruise to Venezuela. Between glasses of rum he and Joan discussed with the members what they had in common, brilliant sunshine, a difference in temperature of only about 40 degrees



Michael O'Farrell & David Nicholson at ICC Rally, Audley Roads, Strangford Lough. Photo: Joan Nicholson



Outgoing Commodore Hugh Kennedy presiding at the A.G.M. with Hon. Secretary Cormac McHenry (on left of photo) and outgoing Hon. Treasurer Donal O'Boyle (to the right of photo).

Photo: Tom Lawlor

and, no doubt, the members in Ireland confined to Coke by Dave FitzGerald! The West was well represented by Paddy Walsh and Donal Morrissey among others, Joe FitzGerald was along as was Donal McClement, Michael McKee and Peter Ronaldson were down from the North, John Gore-Grimes and Tom Lawlor were revelling in the early morning arctic conditions supported by many others from the East including Brendan Bradley and Paul Butler. The final gathering was a barbeque at McNamara's Pub in Mountshannon in brilliant sunshine.

Such an attendance poses a question for the Committee, should an Autumn event be held every year?

Again, all the organisation was in Frank Larkin's hands, his second big event this year. Such dedication and effort must not be allowed to pass unnoticed.

The final committee meeting of the year was held in the North and again Rear Commodore Michael O'Farrell was in charge of the programme, which brought members from a tour of the new HM Coastguard building in Bangor, to lunch at Sketrick Island and then to the meeting itself which was held on board *HMS Caroline*. As often happens the start of this meeting was delayed, this year by a tour of a minesweeper, *HMS Helford*, which was berthed alongside and then by the hospitality being dispensed by Robert Shanks who had arranged that we make use of the ship for our meeting. Arthur Orr's expected resignation as Honorary Compiler of the Sailing Directions was accepted with considerable regret. Malachi O'Gallagher was elected, unopposed, to succeed him under rule 18. Again, the Royal Ulster Yacht Club at Bangor permitted us to dine there after the meeting, through the good offices of Michael McKee. A further example of the hospitality extended to the Irish Cruising Club by all four quarters of Ireland.

The Commodore, who had in implementing the review of our trophies, suggested that each region should make an award, marked the occasion by presenting the Wright Salver to John Russell, who had been nominated by the north in recognition of his work for junior sailing, and in particular his organisation for the Worlds for the Optimist Class.

An active year, a year of change, another year of considerable progress. I am happy to report that your Club continues to thrive.

Cormac P McHenry
Honorary Secretary



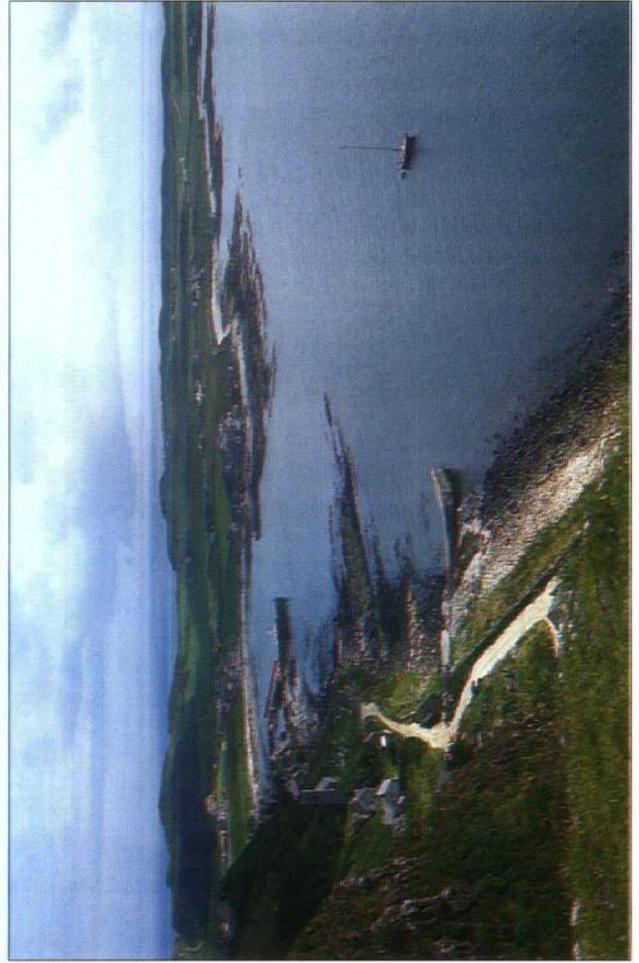
L'Exocet riding at anchor off the rocky beach at Vila Nova, Corvo

Daniel Gouveia



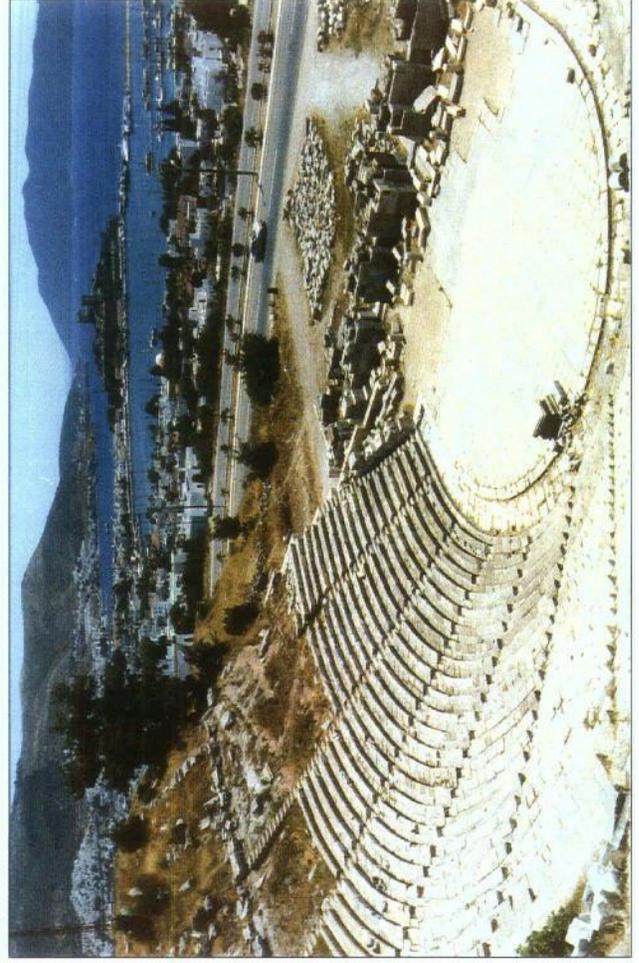
Carrick-a-Rede rope bridge

W.M. Nixon



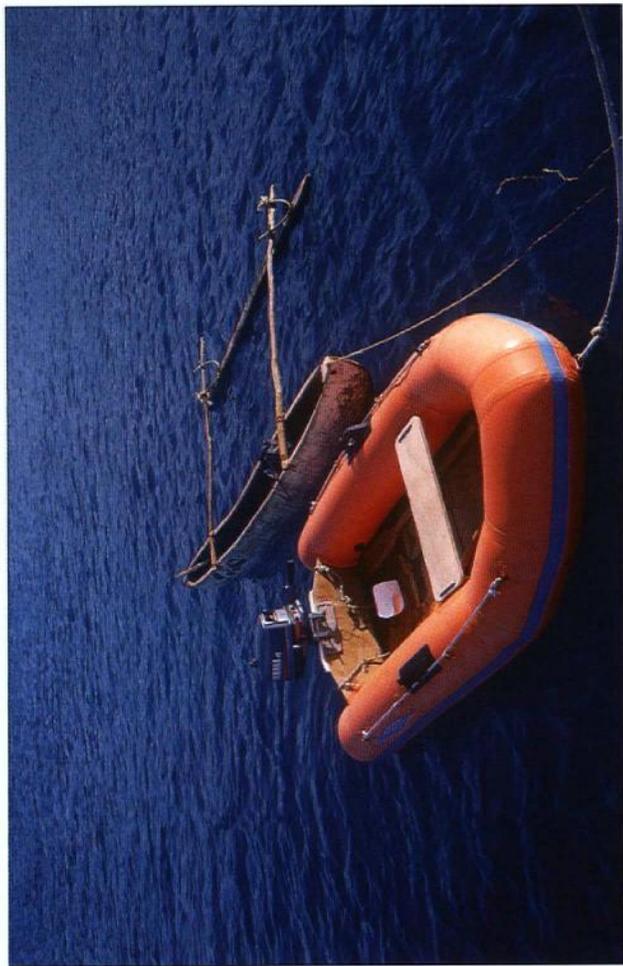
Witchcraft at Rathlin

W.M. Nixon



Bodrum, Turkey

Jarlath Ciannane



Pacific craft

Brian Lynch



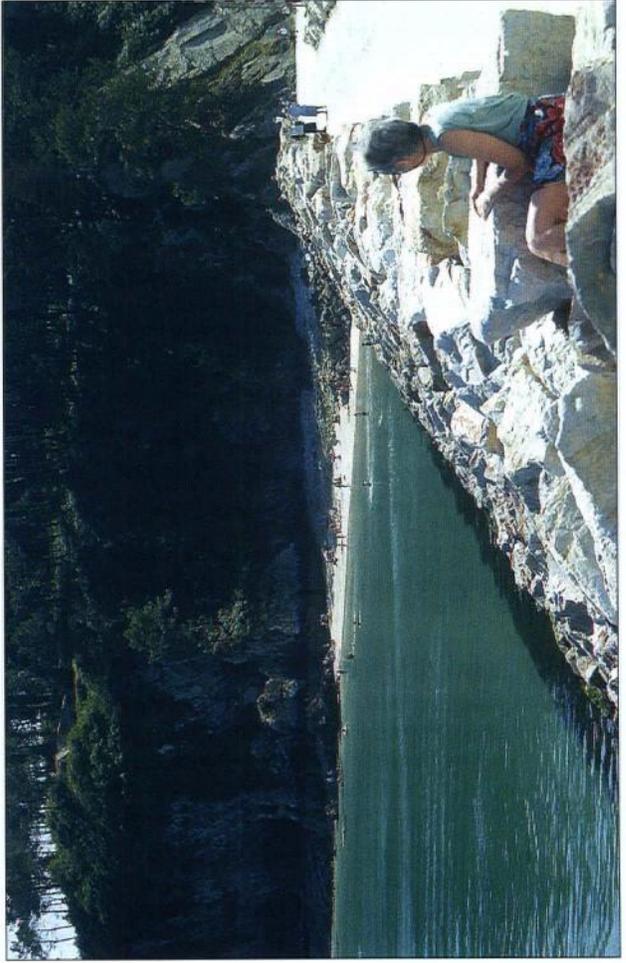
Porth Dinllaen anchorage, Wales

E.M. Wheeler



Witchcraft at anchor, Bardsey, Wales

E.M. Wheeler



From the Pier at Morgat

Henry Barnwell

Honorary Editor's Note

Little Diomed Island in the Aleutians where the villagers had never seen a sailing boat before, circumnavigating Europe by sailing across Russia and following the voyage of Christopher Columbus to San Salvadore are some of the delights recorded in the great variety of logs recorded in this Annual. The North Coast of Spain was a popular destination while those cruising in Irish waters report on new facilities, old friends and challenging cruising.

Our thanks are due to the authors who have submitted their logs which provide a record of members cruising, information and entertainment. This Annual is the twentieth to include an account by Bob Barr, recorded in his own inimitable style.

Many others have contributed to this publication. Our Hon. Secretary who in addition to compiling his report also maintains the lists of members and yachts. Alterations to these should be forwarded to Cormac McHenry. Kevin Dwyer has provided photographs and the separations for the cover. Ronnie Barr has spent many hours preparing track charts. The Dunns Ditty contributors and many others who have provided a photograph of an event or yacht all make up the record of activities for the year. I regret that many items have been edited or omitted due to pressure of space.

In addition to the contributors our thanks are due to Declan Clancy for his technical expertise. Declan's vast experience has solved many problems. Eileen Fagan and the crew at DOTS who undertake the pre-print work put in a great effort despite the Editor's many alterations. After the final binding of the Annual, Brendan Bradley and his volunteers in various parts of the country take over and distribute a large number of Annuals by hand thus ensuring a prompt delivery and saving on postal charges.

I do not propose to give the usual Honorary Editors homily but request members who intend to write a log to contact me at the earliest opportunity on return from cruising in 1994.

Good reading and fair winds.

Ronan Beirne

Challenge Cup Awards 1993

There are, I believe, seven deadly sins, one of which is jealousy. To this I confess wholeheartedly: I am jealous of our people's boats. I am jealous of the places they got to and, above all, I am jealous of the amount of time they seem to be able to spend on board their boats going to these places! Also among these deadly sins is that of gluttony. Nearly all the members of the Irish Cruising Club who went cruising this year and submitted their logs to adjudication, are guilty of this sin. Seldom, if ever, have I ever read such a gastronomic progression around the waters of the world, from Greenland's icy waters to the palm fringed beaches of the South Pacific! Even the multitudinous libations of alcohol seem to have taken a back seat. Perhaps the committee should be thinking of commissioning two new books – "A Cruiser's Cookbook" and "A Guide to Eating Houses around the coasts of the World," suggested first joint editions a Barr and a Nixon.

More seriously and to business. **The Faulkner Cup** goes to Paddy Barry in ancient *St. Patrick*, for a fine cruise to Greenland and back, having many adventures in the ice. The log has quite a few sketch charts showing progress up the coast in an area not often cruised.

The Strangford Cup goes to Winkie Nixon and Ed Wheeler in *Witchcraft of Howth* to the Faeroes. This is an informative log, again about an area often neglected, possibly because of the fierce tides, so don't forget to take the Red Scare Book if you intend visiting the Faeroes next year.

Midnight Marauder skippered by Brendan O'Callaghan wins **the Fortnight Cup**, with a cruise in a small boat to Brittany, packing in 747 sea miles in the period.

Marie Claire II wins the **Wybrant Cup** for their cruise round the top of Scotland and down through the canal. I had some difficulty sorting out the nick-names, however, it did not detract from a cruise that covered distance, anchorages and the canal, always a relaxing experience.

Going round places leads on to the **Round Ireland Navigation Cup** which goes to George Nairns *Lola*. He had eye problems, with which I can sympathise, and was unable to complete the course. The log contains some navigational information, so this gives me the opportunity to remind all circumnavigators of our island, together with others who are about the coast, to send any new information to my successor as the compiler of the Sailing Directions – Malachi O'Gallagher.

The cruise home from the Eastern Mediterranean wins the **Atlantic Trophy** for *Lir*, with her owner Jarlath Cunnane in charge. He also visited some parts not on the regular tracks of members. The long haul back to Westport started slowly, taking nearly two weeks to cover the 1343 miles. Even I know

from my limited knowledge of our language what an "amadhan" is, and there are a brave few of them about!

I award the **Fingal Cup** to *Symphonie* (Stephen Malone) for her cruise to the north coast of Spain. It was a happy family cruise, well planned and executed – not without incidents – and a good read.

At some time in every fathers life, they would like to see their daughters caged for whatever reason! However, to watch ones caged daughter hoisted aboard a tanker in breeze or wind in the middle of the Bay is not an experience which commends itself to anybody. For this piece of seamanship towards the end of what had been a fine cruise, which very nearly ended in disaster, *L'Exocet* and Bernard Corbally, in particular, receive the **Rockabill Trophy**.

This year we have a new award – **The Glengarriff Trophy** – to be awarded for any cruise in Irish Waters. This means it could in theory be won by a 17 footer from Howth to Irelands Eye, or even a Fairy from Cultra to Carrickfergus! However, it goes to *Sea Pie*, another Nixon for a good circumnavigation, with bad contrary weather – it was ever thus!

As this cruising season draws to a close, I re-read the log of the cruise of the *Fancy*, a 26 ft Falmouth's quay punt; in 1919 she won the Cruising Association premier award, and my late Dad was a crew member; cruising has not really changed that much in seventy-five years!

Commodore, thank you for honouring me with this pleasant task, and my thanks also to our hard working editor, Ronan Beirne, for guiding me through the possible pitfalls.

Arthur S.P. Orr

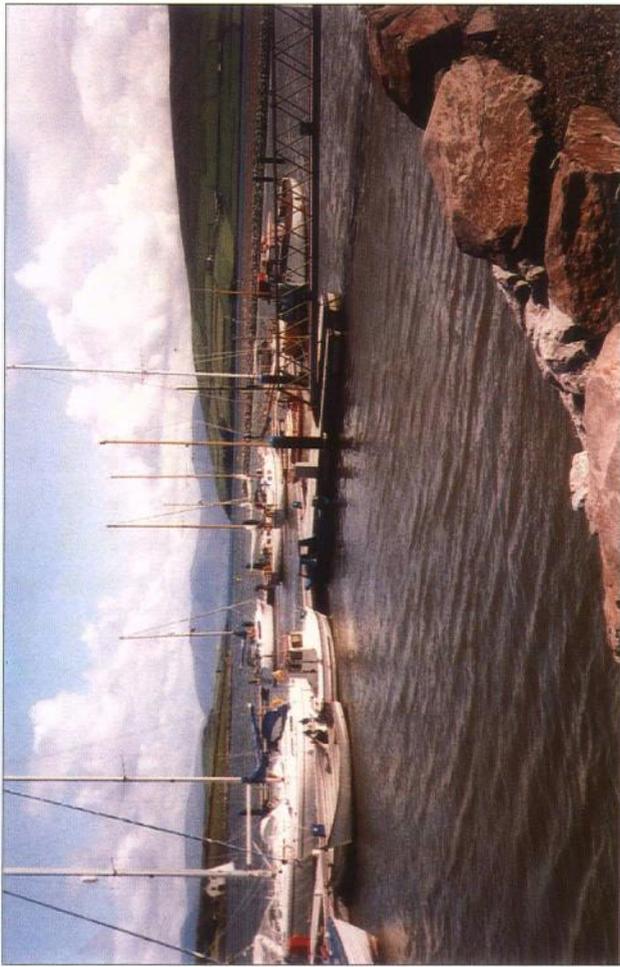
Postscript:

My successor – Malachi O'Gallagher – has been appointed. Those that cruise Irish waters, keep a weather eye for improvements to the books. Above all, reply to his requests, enquiries and general correspondence.

Summary of Awards

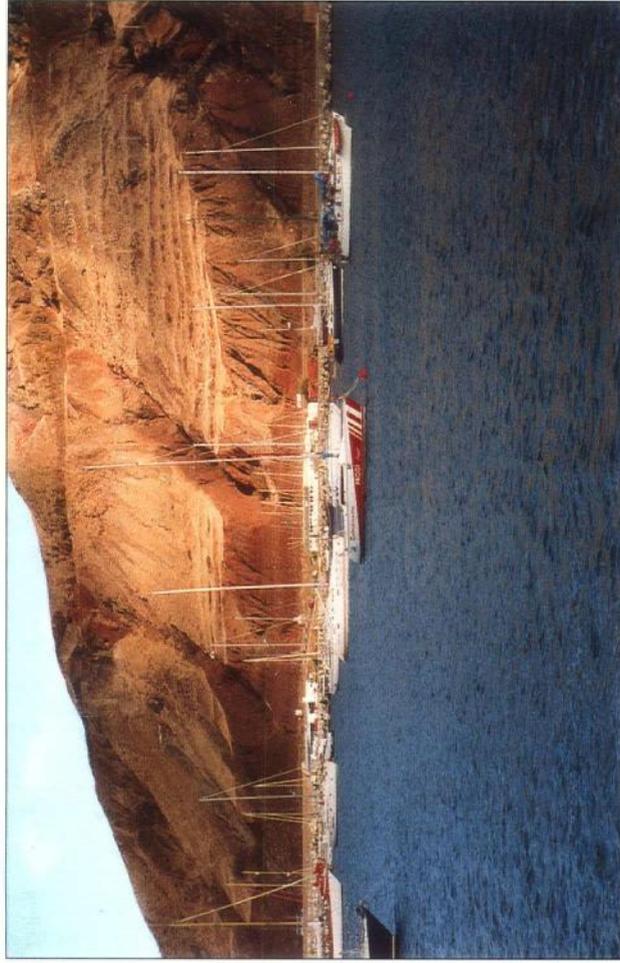
The Faulkner Cup
The Strangford Cup
The Fortnight Cup
The Wybrant Cup
Round Ireland Navigation Cup
The Atlantic Trophy
The Fingal Cup
The Rockabill Trophy
The Glengarriff Trophy

Paddy Barry
Nixon & Wheeler
Brendan O'Callaghan
Sean McCormack
Nairn & Whelan
Jarlath Cunnane
Stephen Malone
Bernard Corbally
James Nixon



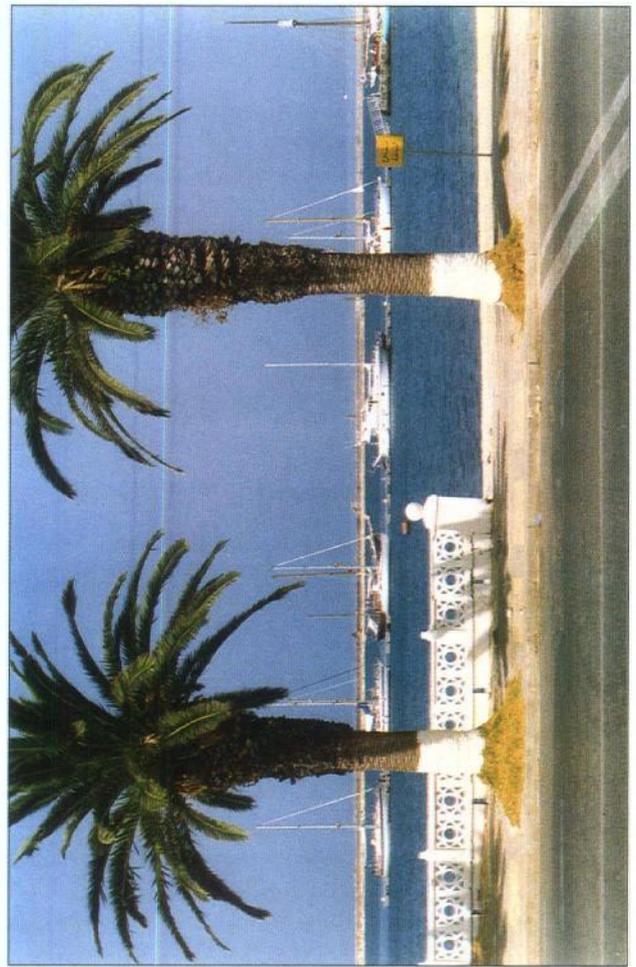
Dingle Marina with *Lola* in background

G. Nairn



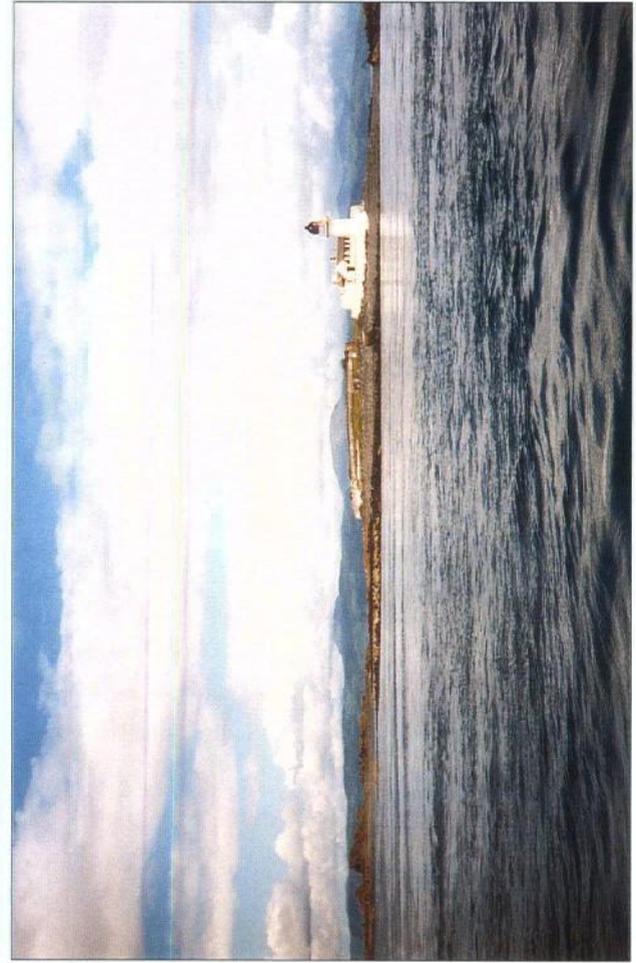
The anchorage in the harbour Porto Santo, Marina on left

Donal McClement



Bizerta marina, Tunisia

Jarlath Cunnane



Pladda Lighthouse, Sound of Luing

Sean McCormack



Tyvoroyri is a very handy first port of call in Foroyar

W.M. Nixon



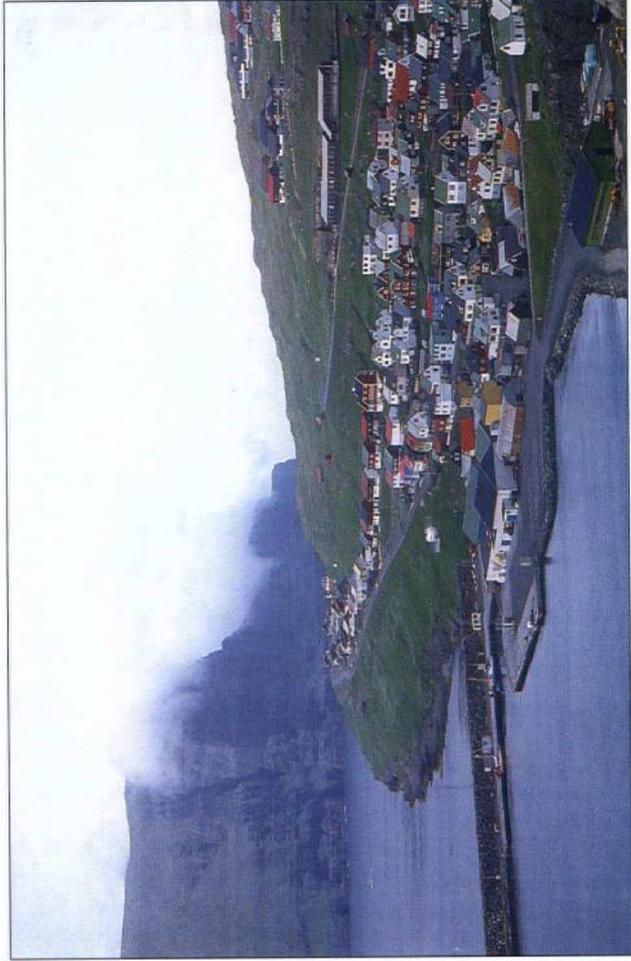
Skopun is the very essence of modern Foroyar

W.M. Nixon



The "Harbour of the Irishmen" – Vestmanna

W.M. Nixon



The pleasant little port of Eide

W.M. Nixon

Index of Cruising Grounds

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Clyde	91.11
England – East Coast	90.16
England – South Coast	87.14, 88.06, 88.07, 88.08, 88.20, 89.15, 90.03, 90.22, 93.20
Faeroe Islands	93.06
Falkland Islands	87.09
Greenland	92.01, 93.01
Hebrides	87.04, 87.05, 87.22, 87.25, 89.13, 91.16, 91.09, 91.13
Holland and Belgium	89.03, 90.16, 92.13
Iceland	91.13, 93.18
Ireland – Circumnavigation	87.01, 87.07, 87.12, 87.15, 87.22, 88.01, 88.09, 88.20, 89.01, 89.17, 90.01, 90.11, 91.01, 91.12, 92.12
Ireland – North Coast	91.09, 91.20, 92.26, 93.14, 93.17
Ireland – South West Coast	90.18, 91.10, 91.07, 92.02
Irish Sea	87.14, 87.24, 87.26, 88.03, 88.21, 92.09, 92.18, 93.14
Mediterranean – East	87.10, 87.20, 90.14, 91.04, 91.24, 93.08, 93.09
Mediterranean – West	87.18, 88.08, 88.10, 89.08, 98.12, 91.04, 91.02, 92.16, 93.08, 93.09
Normandy	90.16
Norway	93.08
Orkney Islands	87.05, 87.06, 90.13, 91.14, 93.07
Pacific	93.21
Portugal	89.06, 90.07
Russia	93.08
Scandinavia	88.12, 89.02, 90.04, 90.08, 90.13, 92.20
Scilly, Isles of	87.14, 87.17, 88.19, 89.15, 90.03, 90.17, 91.10
Scotland - East	87.06, 90.15
Scotland - West	87.04, 87.05, 87.06, 87.13, 87.25, 88.04, 89.04, 88.09, 89.13, 89.14, 89.16, 90.15, 90.21, 91.14, 91.16, 91.20, 91.09, 91.17, 92.19, 92.24, 93.11, 93.17, 93.20
Shetland Islands	90.13, 90.15, 91.14, 92.08, 93.07
Spain - North Coast	88.17, 89.06, 90.07, 90.12, 92.14, 92.15, 92.21, 93.05, 93.13, 93.16, 93.19
Venezuela	88.14, 88.16, 90.19
World Cruising	91.03, 92.10

Greenland North West

Paddy Barry



The Faulkner Cup

Bulletin Number One went out in September of 1991 to those who had sailed previously with us on *St. Patrick*. The objective was to sail to the North-West of Greenland and there take in some climbing as opportunity presented.

The invitation could be passed on to others who were "congenial, robust, able to dance, sing, reef, steer, be non-critical of skipper etc."

Three stages were identified, the first month would be Dublin to Illulisat at 69° N. This would leave Cape Farewell, at 60°N, to starboard - obviously - as the Galway Hooker *Saint Patrick*, magnificent though I think she is, is not capable of breaking through the polar ice which forever girths the north of this "largest island in the world, excluding Australia, Antarctica, etc."

The second stage of five weeks would take us to the north ice. In practical terms this would be Upernavic - at 73° N - or a hundred or so miles beyond. This did not stop us from (quietly) charting up for Thule and the Canadian side to be prepared for a good ice year.

After return to Illulisat the last stage of one month would take us quickly down the west coast. We would have some time to dally in the south-west, which was ice-bound, on the first leg. Then we would return back east by Malin Head to be home by the equinox.

The seven berths filled fairly quickly, with some crew changes, by eleven in total. Interestingly, over the time to departure there were six substitutions, due to alternative attractions/domestic circumstances.

Saint Patrick was in good shape but some of her gear was upgraded. The two burner cooker was expanded to four burners. The engine fuel supply line was duplicated. Furuno 1720 Radar and Raytheon 390 GPS were put in. And we reinstalled an ICOM M700 Transceiver. Throat and Peak Halyards and blocks were renewed. The hull was sheathed with sheet metal ice protection 300 mm. above and below the waterline. We loaded 200 litres of water, 400 kg. of smokeless coal, diesel for 1,000 miles and food for three months. Planning and preparation had been logged in a series of bulletins circulated to all involved.

On the evening of Friday, June 18th, we left Dun Laoghaire after taking aboard duty free spirits and beer. Aboard with myself were Sean

Mullan and Kevin Cronin, veterans of *Saint Patrick*, who have known her, good days and bad, over the last twenty years. By way of complementary youthful presence Gearóid Ó Riain and Jimmy Ó Conlan, who had been the 'boys' on our 1990 Spitsbergen cruise, now took their berths as men. Davy McBride, whom I had known on and off for years, was new to our crew and joined at Baltimore. The duty free allowance of spirits allowed by the Revenue is now reduced to that for a one month duration. We brought this in naggin bottles, one hundred and fifty of them. This was supplemented by sundry going-away presents of rum, poitin inside of turf-bags, and fruit cakes. Pat Colleran, veteran of high latitudes, was our radio 'Baseman' in Dublin.

The distance to Cape Farewell, about 1,300 miles, is much the same from Mizen Head as it is from Malin. However, starting from the Mizen puts one at the weather end of the starting line, if thinking in those terms. In the event it mattered little because sunny high pressure with little in the way of sailing wind gave us an easy beginning, even if it did make severe inroads into our fuel stores.

During the course of the summer I wrote up the log in 'journal' fashion from time to time as inclination dictated. These are now put down as they were written. Supporting log entries or comments are added. Syntax and tenses suffer at this treatment but hopefully a certain immediacy compensates.

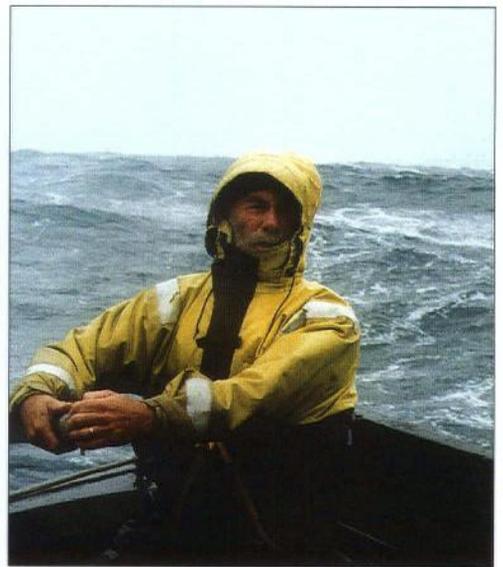
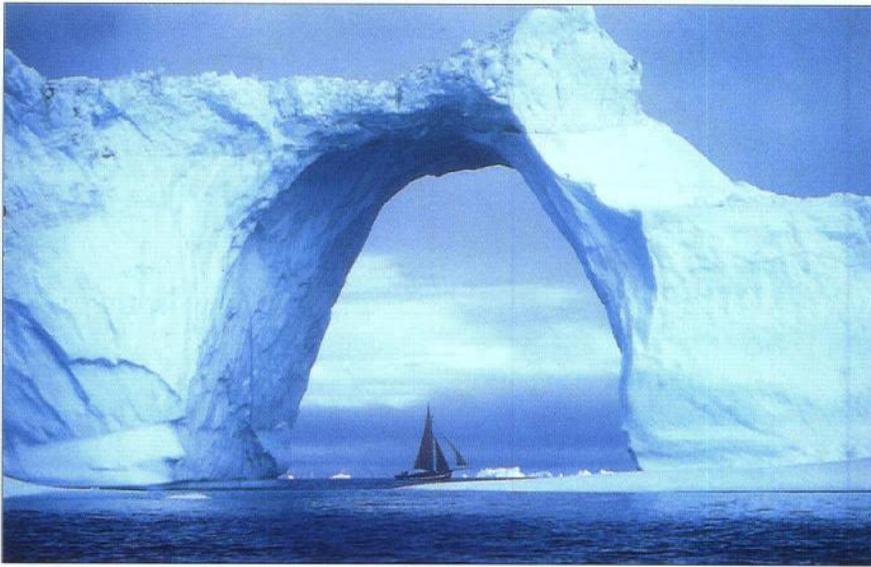
Sunday July 4th, 100 miles South-West of Cape Farewell, sixteen days out of Dublin. Yesterday we sighted the high mountains of South Greenland, glinting white and orange in the early morning sun.

In the normal way of making a passage we should by now



The helmsman (Paddy) has little shelter.

Photo: Kevin Cronin



Top left

Our camera intended a transit of this arch, in the dinghy. A capsize of the berg, as they approached, changed their mind.

Photo: Adrian Spence

Above

Paddy.

Photo: Kevin Cronin

Left

The freshly-calved bergs are rectangular.

Photo: Adrian Spence

Below

Sarqat. Even the smallest settlements have a jetty, about 4 m. long with 1½ metre depth minimum.

Photo: Adrian Spence



be cleaning ourselves and our little ship making ready for entering harbour. But here that is not possible. Ninety miles of frozen sea ice separates us from the shore, and so we must continue at sea until a break in the ice allows us to approach. This, from the Greenland Radio Ice Reports, looks like not happening until 400 miles to the north of here. This will allow us to get into Nuuk, the 'capital' of Greenland in four or five days from now.

It is not that the charts of the land are so inviting. Cape Desolation, Cape Discord and such names bear testimony to the circumstances in which this area was travelled by earlier Europeans. Before them were the Vikings, traces of which still remain, and before them all, and still, the Inuit, who call their country "Kalallit Nuna" (Land of the People).

The early days of our passage were delightfully easy and allowed a comfortable settling down into sea-routine. High pressure in mid June gave fine weather to Ireland and the eastern Atlantic. Those were good days, warm and sunny, Valentia Radio talking to us twice a day with steady progress, albeit mostly under engine, as there was little sailing wind. On board were six of us. There would be others, flying out later, for to take in the full three months was not possible for all.

On our fourth day we left behind us the Porcupine Bank, and the trawlers we met there, the weather remaining fair. Sean wrote in the log that night: "Dolphins disporting themselves around the boat, joining us in the celebration of a beautiful night".

Sean's like that! Beautiful Days. The sea even turned that turquoise colour that the sun south of Madeira gives it. On deck, shorts, sun oil and salads. Sailing with light winds we caught mackerel - what sort of Arctic voyage was this?

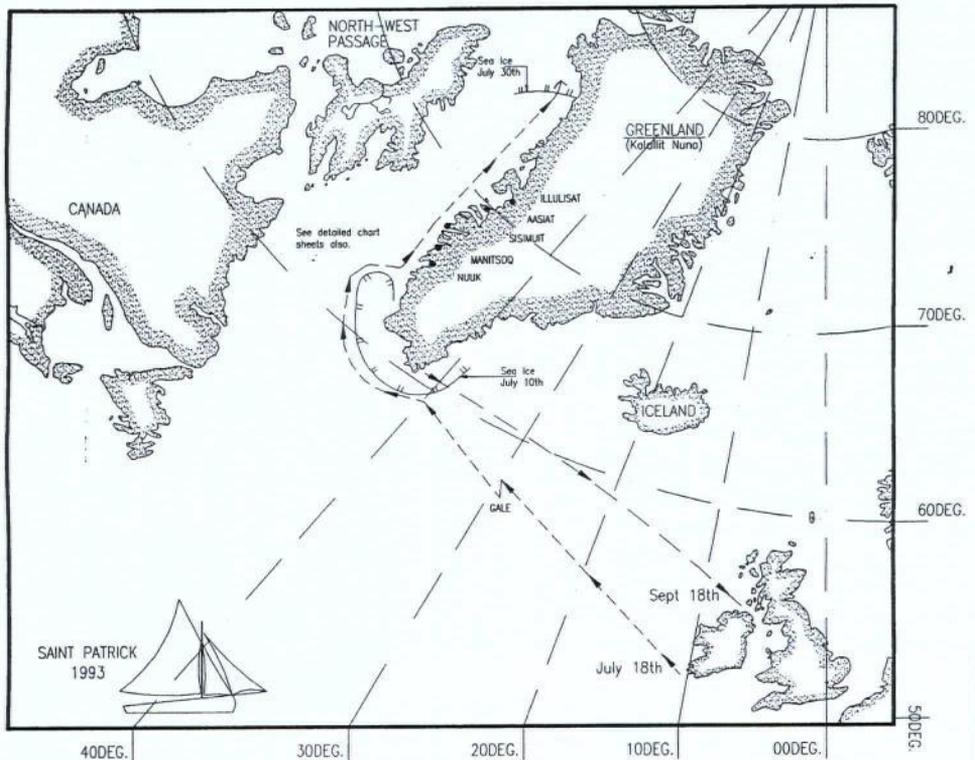
We didn't have to wait too long to find out.

On the sixth day out a falling barometer and a heaving swell from the south presaged a change. We were now out of range of Valentia Radio. The wind rose to force seven from the south-west. We travelled fast and wet. This was the real thing. The party was over. Full reefs in the mainsail and only one of our two headsails flying, we lifted and soared, plunged and flew. The rigging was bar taut, the sails tight, like the skin of a bodhran - except when the helmsman would lose concentration, or in the trough of a wave when almighty flapping and clattering would rattle the boat until she was forced into trim again.

We had lightened the bow by drawing off stores and diesel from there first, and we were glad now. We ran one hundred and thirty-two miles that twenty-four hours. Boat, gear and crew had stood up well. The log, written later read:

"The seas big and breaking, all very wet with pumping every half hour or so. Sail seam tore and restitched. 'Fray Bentos' dinner by Davy. We have now changed to the Greenland side of our Atlantic Chart."

The following days we made continued good progress, but in conditions of little cheer. Rain and cloud, wind on the nose

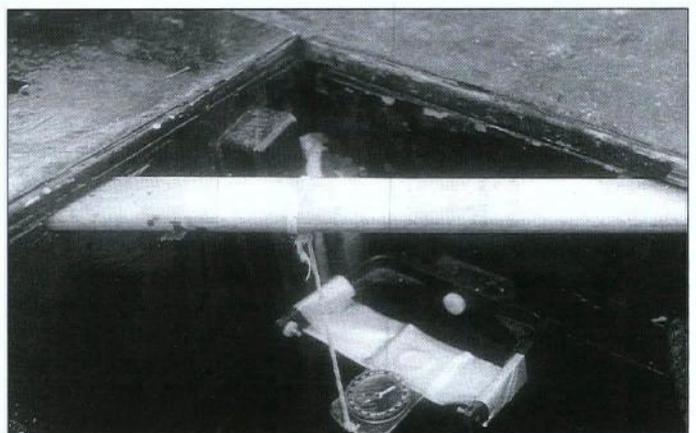


mostly, sails up and down, engine on and off. The log entries were succinct:

"an unpleasant watch, wet, cold and miserable. 16 miles."

On the tenth day out, June 28th, a full gale blew from the north-west. All sail down and lying ahull, tiller lashed to lee and all below. The sea around was littered with fulmars, come down from the sky to shelter from the cold howling wind. They sat on the sea facing the wind and waves, paddling their legs and occasionally taking off as a wave would break down on them, and us. The coal stove burned below as we lay for thirty-six hours, being blown back towards Slyne or Mizen Head. There was nothing for us to do but sit it out and be grateful that the Casey Brothers, Pat and Joe, who built the Hooker around 1910, and Colm Mulkerrins of Mweenish who rebuilt her in 1988, were men who built strong and built well. Occasionally a wave would break right into, and over, the boat. Then we pumped.

Nothing lasts forever. The wind fell to force six, though the seas remained high. We pointed for Greenland, set small sail and engaged. Miserable. Our compass had been washed from its bracket during the gale - we should have take it in, I



"We jury-rigged a Silva compass."

Photo: Kevin Cronin

suppose. We jury rigged a Silva mountain compass. Our spare diesel, in drums on the foredeck, had been carried away also. There was nothing we could now do about that !

During the period we were hove-to we lay quarter to the seas. We considered whether we should be better off with her shoulder to the seas. This could probably have been done by streaming tyre fenders, on long warps from the foredeck.

We decided to leave well enough alone. Our ship with tiller lashed to leeward looked after us all.

The engine oil pressure fell from 40 p.s.i. to 20 p.s.i. - big trouble. Several radio link calls on the High Frequency Portishead waveband to Pat Colleran were made. Following heavy-duty consultations in Dublin, he advised : -

- (a) Oil pressure 20 p.s.i. is o.k.
- (b) New Oil Pressure 'Sender' will be sent out to Nuuk with Terry Irvine of Antrim.

Friday, July 2nd, 14th Day: "How the problems ebb and flow!" It was (and still is) the diesel quantity. It was (and maybe still is) oil pressure. Now it is the identification of the limit of sea-ice off Cape Farewell, South Greenland. We are about one hundred and fifty miles to the east of it. Two weeks ago the sea ice was thirty miles out to sea. Now we have been on the radio to Narsarsuaq Ice Central who tell us that it is much farther south. They will be flying their Twin Otter "Ice Recco" tomorrow and will advise us. We altered course to the west-south-west. Apprehensive sailing and motoring in alternating fog and drizzle. We put back the ship's clock a further hour.

Saturday dawned cold and clear to the north-east. A brightness low on the horizon clearly was ice - near or far was hard to tell. We checked our position - ninety miles, south of land. Height of Mountains, 2,000 metres. Yes, it was possible. Greenland in sight! Thermal underwear and doubling of socks, gloves etc., felt justified. The land disappeared in cloud. Cold grey and damp. Headwind. Helmsman spells were reduced to half-hour.

0930 the pack ice is two miles off our starboard bow. Small growlers and bergy bits are in the water around us. Exhilaration and a rush for cameras. As we get closer we see dirty glacial ice mixed in with it. We close to within one-quarter mile and then to within fifty metres. "Carefully now". This stuff is floating rock as far as the boat is concerned. The ice edge ran inshore, in a bight probably. We held our course to clear water and considered the prospect.

It looks like Nuuk is 500 miles round the ice at 64° North. Our notions of a purposeful two week voyage skirting a narrow band only of ice and making into Paamuit at 62° North are gone. A resigned acceptance of an extra week at sea is felt by all, but this could be a fortnight if we get northerly winds as we haven't enough diesel to run the engine for more than



Taking on fuel, through a four inch line!

Photo: Kevin Cronin



Terry Irvine

Photo: Kevin Cronin

thirty hours or so.

Now there's bad luck and there's good luck and out of the bad came the good. Through Qaqortoq Radio we made contact with a tanker sixty miles to the east of us, *Oregreen*, out of Copenhagen. Her purpose is to rebunker fishing ships at sea. She agreed to refuel us.

Five hours later this mammoth stood to weather of us, floating from her stern first a towing hawser, then a four inch fuel line, yes four inch-diameter. We lay under backed headsail twenty metres from the tanker's stern. The wind was force four, swell about three-four metres. There was no cut-off on the fuel pump outlet.

I have to hand it to those Danes on that Tanker. They loaded us with 500 litres of diesel, sent us down Tee-shirts, Hats, the bill, delivery docket (three copies), a sealed sample of the oil provided and its Test Certificate. We returned, in the plastic bag, Kroner, the signed dockets and half-dozen whiskey. By midnight we had cast off and, with much waving and thanking, separated into the mist.

"Now it's Sunday evening, July 4th, my son Cathal's birthday. By the outer edge of the sea-ice it is now about 400 miles to Nuuk. The day is cold and misty but the wind blows kindly for us. It seems a pity really that we'll be putting ashore as it's only now that we are comfortably at one with sea, sky and God's creatures above and below us.

I can see Kevin saying 'Bull...t' if he reads this. He saw me

dump an empty gas cylinder over the side.

P.S. But I did open the top first to sink it."

Our radio contact directly with Pat Colleran, our 'Baseman' did not work out due to poor propagation on the frequencies selected. However, by link calls through Valentia Radio and Portishead Radio (U.K. Long Distance) and later through Greenland Radio contact was kept, albeit more expensively.

On Sunday, July 11th, a week later, I wrote :

"We're sitting in a windless flat sea, a pale sun breaking through the fog twenty miles off the coast of Greenland and we're a happy and contented lot. The Danish Naval cutter *Agpa* is going to tow us into Nuuk harbour."

Last Sunday/Monday brought twenty-four hours of good sailing, but depressing ice reports. The ice was now further west and north than before. The distance we had to cover was increased by 150 miles. On Monday we went to start the engine. With a loud clanking from within it ceased to work. Now we were truly a sailing ship. For the next two days we tacked into a light headwind from the North-west, making little ground. And then the wind blasted out of the south-east. With fully reefed sails we ran before it as the seas built higher. To keep from broaching we had to run straight before the breaking seas astern. To keep from gybing we had to present a little quarter to the wind. A delicate balance requiring total concentration, in numbing cold. We were forced over towards the Canadian side of Davis Straight, with its heavy concentration of sea-ice coming south on the Labrador current. For three miserable days we ran in awful conditions, tempered only by moving in the right general direction. We held up too much sail in our attempt to optimise our distances and get back east to the Greenland side, until, on Friday night, the mainsail clew blew out.

We hove-to and rested until 0700 Saturday. A jury eye was stitched into the sail and by mid-day we made away again in a now moderating wind, reaching the north-west of the pack-ice by midnight, plenty of light to see both the ice and our compass. The best course we could make was now to the north of the rhumbline to Nuuk, adding further to our distances. Would we ever get to Greenland?

How things change! An improved slant in the wind and lovely force 4 breeze in flat sea brought us in easy style to the east. But for the fog we should be able to see the mountains north of Nuuk. We met two trawlers and a couple of hours ago spoke to the Danish Naval Vessel, *Agpa*, who has offered us a

tow in.

"Bad luck followed by good luck again. In high spirits we clean up the ship and ourselves. We'll be in Nuuk late to-night and we'll find somewhere open surely - twenty-three days out of Dublin.

To-morrow begins the engine repair ???"

In the event it was three in the morning when *Agpa* and ourselves tied alongside. A neighbourly nightcap, with our new Danish naval friends, turned into quite a session - they too had been at sea for a few weeks, on station off the west coast.

About 0800 Davy, having gone for a walk, was returned in a friendly police car. Davy explained to them that he had merely been 'resting' in the horizontal on the road - and he did offer the taxi-fare!

About mid-day on the Monday work on the engine stripdown began. Jens Poulsen, Chief Engineer on *Agpa* and Gearóid went to work. Captain Gregers Blichfeldt rang around for a suitable repair yard with experience of Perkins engines.

0700 Tuesday we went alongside the shipyard wall. Three mechanics tore into the engine. This was not a minor repair. By twelve the whole engine was on the cabin floor stripped to its very soul. The crank-shaft was found to be in two pieces. A new one would be needed from Denmark, flown out, very expensive. "No problem", says I, expansively, having little choice. Ah, but there was a problem. The shipyard wished to be paid £3,000 before ordering. Yes, this was a little problem!

I spent Wednesday in the realms of international money transfer. All grand, except it would take a couple of days. Unimpressed and frustrated was I, but the good news was that the shipyard had gone ahead and ordered the parts. The local maritime 'establishment' had taken us under its wing.

To step back a little to the previous Monday when we arrived. I had been interviewed by Greenland Radio. The broadcast had been heard 200 miles down the coast by Ejvind Lyngbye, Maritime Officer and traditional boat enthusiast. He would not be back for a week and he gave us the use of his house in Nuuk. Terrific.

Our first impressions of the place, formerly Godthaab in pre-Home Rule days, was that it was a grand place. Certainly the blocks of flats were pretty awful looking but the place looked busy, tidy, happy and efficient.

Unfortunately the shipyard efficiency diminished from its impressive beginnings. The details are too painful to bear repetition. All the while the days were long and sunny. In various directions we scattered, to the mountains, to fishing, to museums and coffee houses. By twilight our attentions tended towards concentration on the two or three houses of drink.

The first two yachts of the season were still in harbour, *Wanderer IV*, late of Hiscock ownership and *Blue Northern*, out of Florida via Azores single-handed by Wayne Harden.

Wayne took us thirty miles to the head of Qorqud fjord, where for a couple of days we fished, climbed and bivvied out. The mosquitos were out too! We met John Cowan, Ice Pilot, while he was waiting for a north going vessel which he was to pilot across Melville Bay and through the eastern end of the North-west Passage to a mine at Arctic Bay.

Michael Barton was Yukon Province Architect visiting Greenland on a building fact finding exchange to see how they handle building for cold weather.

Eric Muller, Harbour Master and agent for Royal Arctic Line, took us out on *Kivioq*, his pride and joy. And so well she might be for she was the vessel that Knud Rasmussen had used in his explorations of the North in the twenties.

For all this conviviality there were occasional reminders of harshness in this unforgiving country. Three Greenlanders had died of exposure on the hill across the town last September while hunting caribou. That was put down to their inexperience. But an Innuite hunter had also gone missing last



Gearóid, Sean, Paddy, Jimmy and Kevin - happy to be in Nuuk.

Photo: Kevin Cronin



"In Nook there were ships of all types." Greenland is supplied from Denmark by five ships run by the Royal Arctic Line.

Photo: Kevin Cronin

year, without explanation.

We took salutary note. Mobile VHF and full overnight gear always accompanied any shore party of ours.

A crew change, intended to take place further north in Illulissat was rearranged for here. Kevin departed via the coastal steamer *Disko* to catch his flight to Copenhagen. Terry Irvine from County Antrim and Adrian (Stewart) Spence from Belfast arrived. Adrian had sailed with us in 1990 from Murmansk, south. He had recently become owner of the Bristol Channel Pilot Cutter, *Madcap*, so it was gratifying that he choose to leave her for a couple of months. Terry, hill farmer, tyre-maker, traveller and Van de Stadt 28 owner, would need a big berth to take his substantial frame.

All we needed was for our vessel to be mechanically mobile!

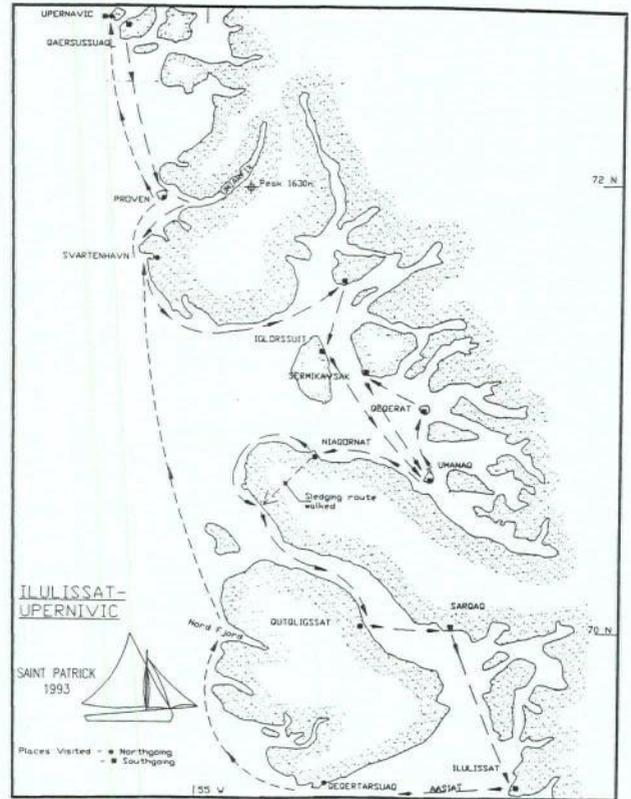
This occurred on Friday, July 23rd 0300. "Lines-away" after a two hour test, a whiskey and much thanks to Flemming Mathieson and his two fellow mechanics who had worked through from 0700 the previous morning.

We were bound 200 miles north to Sisimuit where we had arranged that Flemming's father, Chief Mechanic in Sisimuit Shipyard would torque down the cylinder head.

'Greenpost' is the local marine radio safety network into which we logged, but closed out after a day as we didn't want to be keeping radio schedules. The glass was rising, we felt good, had radio contact, VHF and MF available as we needed. The passage was uneventful, under motor initially in poor visibility about ten miles off-shore. Occasional ice-bergs were given a respectful berth, bearing in mind the ice-pilot's advice that the newer square ones are less stable. The danger in iceberg capsize is not so much the berg failing over on top of you but the much deeper side catching and lifting you out of the water!

We saw whales, unidentified, and we saw the oil pressure gauge dropping - 'sweet Jasus!'. A change of filter fixed that, and then had a good sail for twelve hours all the way to Sisimuit. The log describes our stay.

"1750 Tied up alongside in Sisimuit. Wrote home. Low water when we arrived. Harbour looked filthy. Walk round did not improve the view. Dinner on board. Low cloud hid the hills around but we could see where it got its name 'San Francisco of the North'. The town is built on hills. Houses, apartments, sledges, dogs, a mixture of old and new - mostly new. Post dinner walked and repaired to the Rejen Bar- 2200. Initially it had a very 'deliverance' aspect. Silent characters lining the bar. Gearóid and I sat as close as unobtrusively possible to the door. Half an hour later the others drifted in, had a beer and went to the alternative night-spot, the 'Hotel Sisimuit.'



About eleven the place began to fill. A band struck up. The place was now packed and soon was jumping, dancing, handwaving, shouting and laughing. Tuborg Beer, £4 a bottle. Not a cheap night!

Sunday: Paddy and Harry to the mountains. Nasaussaq - Kaellinghehaetten. Walk in through the valley to the east of town past the water works and heliport. The climb was moderate but we should have been roped for the last part. To the north could be seen the ski-lift! The top is a long ridge. We walked west and came down an easier route, with some fixed ropes so the guides could be assured of getting their clients to the top. In future we'll bring the stove and rope. Very satisfying. Rang Pat C. and set up schedule. Dinner in Seamen's Home. Now 10.00 p.m. sunny - all for a quiet evening. After torquing up engine tomorrow we hope to be off by 8 or 9 latest."

Our next passage was 100 miles to Qeqertaarsuaq, formerly Godhavn, on Disko Island. The Arctic High pressure and flat seas gave us an easy time. Daylight all the time by now.

2230 Monday, July 26th: "Intervention Stew by Sean. Very good.

Icebergs aground, showing up well on the radar."

Our stores included tins of beef, unadorned by labels, or other clue as to origin. We suspected them to be a bye-product of the Beef Tribunal. They were too inexpensive for that.

0100 Tuesday: Met about ten small open boats, seal hunting about five miles out to sea.

Radio contact with Salt Lake City, but not with Pat C.

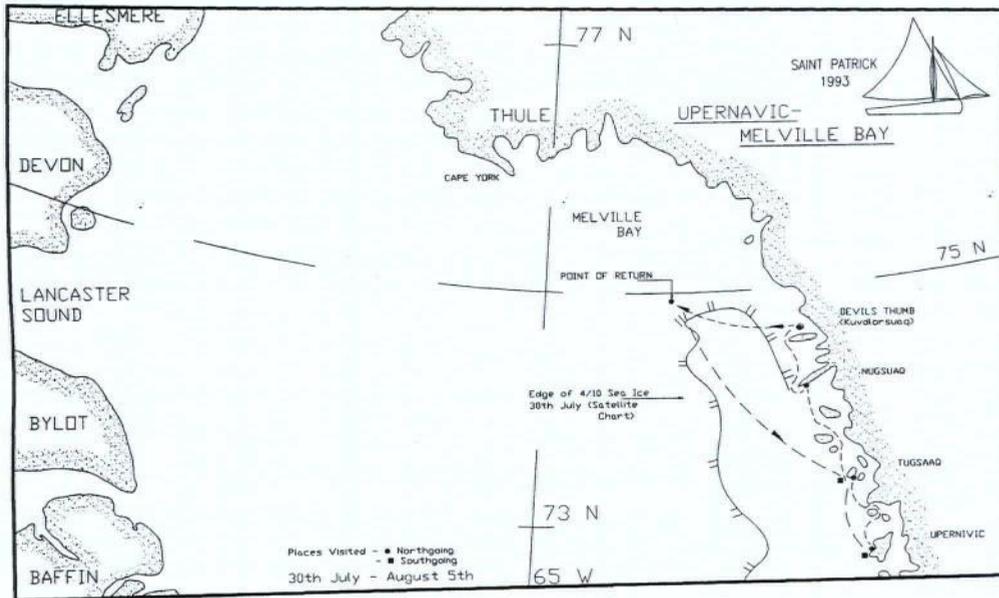
0430. Sail up. Engine off. Close reach.

Beautiful sunrise over the ice-bergs.

1140. Approaching Qeqertaarsuaq. Black flat topped hills. Ice-bergs abound. All in fine fettle after a very comfortable passage.

2315. Cast off from the jetty. The log reads of our stay.

"To-day was most pleasant. Immediately on arrival Qeqertarsuaq struck us as more pleasant than Sisimuit or



In the following week we continued north for about 300 miles calling to Svarten Havn, a shallow bay (we went aground!), at the extremity of Svarten Huk peninsula.

Proven was our first 'settlement'. A small population, jetty and clear water, bread from the ubiquitous KNI store, (pronounced Kaw-n-ee) sledge dogs, rotten seal meat and filth. These are not tidy places.

Friday July 30th: Arrived in Upernavic. I subsequently wrote:

Upernavic at 73 degree north is as far as the coastal ferry goes. Beyond is the kingdom of the Ice Bear

and the Walrus. There the Inuit hunters travel by dog sledge on the winter ice, and by small boat with big horsepower outboard engines when summer briefly comes. We had seen the current ice-chart and accepted that a sea-crossing of Melville Bay to Thule was not on. What we would do was to go up the coast, inshore for about 100 miles, and try to get to the island marked on our chart as the 'Devil's Thumb'.

A southerly breeze had taken us about ten miles, under all sail north from Upernavic, when we were overtaken by an open boat with two Inuit aboard. We beckoned them aboard. Smilingly they tied to our stern for the tow. Peter and Mathias Aronson were hunter/fishermen from Tugsaaq, sixteen miles away. We diverted and were rewarded with the 'guided tour' through magnificent high rocky islands and blue white glacial icebergs recently born where the ice-cap spilled into Baffin Bay.

Greenlandic and Danish were the languages and of these we had none - so sign language and maps were the medium.

Peter, the senior man, felt that getting to Thule would be no big problem. He sketched for us the movement of the sea-ice and the open areas. How quickly and willingly we put aside the evidence of satellite based charts. And to top it all Peter agreed to come with us on board *Saint Patrick* for two weeks. This, we reckoned, should get us there and back. A fee was agreed and an advance paid.

Even our Canadian charts of the far side of Thule were surreptitiously consulted.

Peter's kit was simplicity itself, Kamik (sealskin) boots, fur trousers, anorak, a hunting rifle and clean jeans! At midnight we left Tugsaaq bound sixty miles to the north for the settlement of Nugsuaq, where Peter would get local advice on the sea-ice. There we got a top-up of diesel fuel, Peter had conversations with the locals and we left to arrive thirty miles further at the Devil's Thumb by midnight Sunday. Broad daylight, of course, with the sun still high in the northern sky. Our climbing party was back on board by 0400, having failed to make the top. The rock was steep and loose. Belays for the rope were unreliable. We 'counted our children' and retreated.

That Sunday night we slept to an uneasy anchor. Anticipation of the morrow and the nudging of floating ice made for poor slumber. Try as we might, on Monday morning, we could not raise Greenland Radio, and we had to have radio cover out on Melville Bay. Of course, the whalers of old didn't have it, or indeed engines either, and they paid the price. Countless ships were crushed in this ice. Technology changes -



These bergs keep capsizing as they break up. The smooth lower part had been underwater.

Photo: Kevin Cronin

Nuuk. It had that indefinable atmosphere, characteristic of all island communities. We tied alongside and went to the café for coffee, leisurely.

Visited Museum, spoke with a Danish Drama group who were returning that p.m. to Aasiat and contacted Radio na Gaeltachta- hard work in my 'pidgin' Irish.

P.M. Harry, Jimmy and I went to the hill over the town Apostlefeld (709m.). The climb was on awful loose friable rock with the last 100 m. to the plateau absolute Russian Roulette. Holding rounded rock where they appeared as being less liable to come tumbling than the sharp recently fallen ones. Mighty relieved we were to get to the top. The edge of the Lyngmarks ice-cap was about one mile distant.

Rang home.

Meanwhile Adrian, Davy and Gearóid had taken the boat out and caught a load of cod. Dinner by Sean: Cod, potatoes, etc.

2200. To 'town' - alas closed and asleep.

2315. Lines away.

0000. Now we are motoring around to the West coast of Disko in calm weather. Light cloud and still a little hazy despite to-day's light rain.

Our objective selected very randomly is 'Perdertut' on Kangersoq (Nordfjord). E.T.A. about mid-day to-morrow, Wednesday."

nature doesn't.

We set off anyway, setting a limit of twenty miles beyond which we would not go further without radio contact. And we didn't get Greenland but what we did get was Resolute Radio on the Canadian side - better again.

Exultant, we continued.

And then on a foggy Monday night, August 2nd, the white line of sea ice appeared ahead to the North-West. Peter indicated we should skirt it to the south and we would find a good 'lead' through.

With a mixture of confidence and trepidation we entered the ice. The confidence was based on Peter's total familiarity with this environment. He had been many seasons to Thule, summer for the halibut and winter for the ice-bear.

These guys travel huge distances, living off seal, shot and harpooned, as they travel.

By 0600 on Tuesday morning we were a distinctly chastened lot. Below the fire burned bright and warmed the cabin. Above was a different story. Hours aloft in the bosuns chair, guiding the helmsman with heavily gloved hands had succeeded only in taking us into ever diminishing water. Ice coated the rigging. Forcing our way from one lead to the next we left red anti-fouling paint from our little ship on the ice at either side.

But it was the lumps of ice, bouncing up at the propeller, that really put the fear of God into us.

This was no good!

There were no objections when I gave the call to turn back. Even Terry, true enthusiast of the Arctic, agreed that we could do no more.

And relieved we were later that day to be in clear water. Bracknell, by radio told us we had been in 5/10, ice with a broad band of 8/10 ahead. We felt justified. Spirits rose. Lord, how this summer has seen a see-sawing of emotions as 'triumph and tribulations' come and go. Peter was unfazed by his lack of success at ice pilotage. Presumably he is a better hunter.

On our way back south to Tugsaq he entertained and informed us with his stories. The missing left index finger was down to an accident hunting Narwal. Why did he not clean and oil his rifle? He had another one! How many dogs on his sledge? Depends. Eight for flat sea-ice, twelve if going inland.

Early Wednesday morning we sailed once again into the small cove from where we had set out only the previous Saturday night. It seemed so long ago.

As the little brown man in the sealskin boots waved us a lonely good-bye I do believe that there wasn't a dry eye on our



Adrian Spence, Peter Aronsen, the InnuIt hunter who shipped aboard as ice-pilot and Harry Connolly.

Photo: Paddy Barry

boat.

We now had time in hand to move at a slower pace, which we planned to do in the area 100 miles, around the District of Uummannaq. Sailing slowly, motoring more often, shore walking, bivvying overnight beside driftwood fires, this was grand and undemanding. Occasionally some of us would go, cramponed, for the snowy high ground. A couple of times a walking group traversed a 'sledge route' shown on the map, while the boat went the long way round. These routes are not in the least flat. The dogs do not have an easy time. "Give me winter, give me dogs" said explorer, Knud Rasmussen, beloved of Greenlanders. "And you can have the rest". These people, Danes and InnuIt alike, love the winter and the sledging. The long term Danes do it for sport, the InnuIt for hunting and sport. I could see the parallel with the Hookers in Galway Bay, used both for work and sport. The kids start practising, with a short whip and one dog, gradually working up to a six metre whip and a full team. They crack the whip behind the dog or beside the lead dog to turn him. They don't actually hit the dog, unless they need to. When the dog is too old to work, it is shot. Good bye Dog. I can't be feeding you three times a week through the summer if you can't work!

We traversed Qaersussuaq, seven miles south-east of Upernavic, then sailed seventy miles south to Umiarfik Fjord where the eiderduck were spectators of our visit to an unnamed and probably unclimbed 1,630 metre snowbound dome crowned with corniced summit. We then descended to bivvy at 1,100 metres and could see our vessel anchored five miles way below at the head of the fjord. A glacier nearby rumbled restlessly through the night as light snow forced our heads deeper into sleeping bags.

Mid-day Saturday, August 8th: All together again on board. Bound for the settlement of Nugatsiaq in Karatsfjord. The trim tab, our secret weapon for reducing the weather helm from back-breaking stress, failed. With Davy's handybilly on the tiller we sailed with following wind. Gearóid used to call it the 'silly-billy' but, now and again, it earned its keep.

That night we travelled south, to tie alongside a rocky jetty by mid-day Sunday. There was an extraordinary noise level in this village of seventy souls, as eight Danish construction fellows worked to get a new water tank finished. The tank was to provide a full winter's supply, while all else froze up. Double skin and 150 mm. insulation with heating elements at the tank bottom would keep the water within from freezing.

Bergy bits drifted in and out of the harbour with the tide. We dived to jury repair the trim tab and on Monday faxed Ireland for spare parts. Yes! KNI are everywhere with Post Office and General Stores.

Across the berg laden Karrat Isfjord the sharp mountains of Akuliaruseq stood resplendent. A Belgian group had lost four men here in 1961. In the same year Tilman had 'a day of rare enjoyment, of strenuous endeavour in glorious surroundings and in flawless weather' on nearby Qioqe.

Later that day we went the twenty miles to Ubekendt (unknown) Ejland, touched bottom at the jetty, fouled a tarpaulin sheet with propeller, cursed the (now) on-shore wind and sea, dingied out a 72 pound kedge anchor, pulled off, freed the prop and breathed easy again. In thirty metres of water on this steep shore we added our 60 lb CQR on 50 metres of chain, plus 60 metres of nylon and slept easy, it now being Tuesday, 0200.

We had been aware of the settlement on Ubekendt, Iglorssuit, from two diverse sources. In researching the climbing prospects we learned that the Scottish University of Saint Andrews have a long association with this area and maintain a hut there.

Subsequently Flemming, the mechanic, had told us that his wife came from there. Small world!

Umanaq (I use the short spelling), is the jewel in the crown. We had intended on going there the coming week-end. Only fifty miles to the South-east and restless, we went instead that Tuesday. Its photogenic mountain was clearly visible from 40 miles off. The harbour entrance has a wire boom set at three metres below the surface to keep out bergs. This town of 1,000 people is the District Centre with warehouses, Hotel, Sportshall and the like. The bar in the hotel was the only one in town and was good to us over the next few days.

Umanaq Mountain, it used to be said, was climbed twice. The first time was by a group of Swiss mountaineers, who planted the Swiss flag on it, the second time was by a Greenlander who went up to remove the debris! Harry and I did it, not without a certain adrenalin flow as much of the rock is loose so the rope belays were somewhat psychological rather than physical. By Thursday we had had enough of the demands on our musical 'skills' and decided to get away and leave the locals to it for the weekend when they like to 'relax'.

And so we spent our Friday night placidly anchored twenty miles to the north in Qeqertat.

Upernivik Island is the climbers' mecca in this area. We had had enough technical legwork for one week but still wanted to make a visit. We bucked a stiff wind in low cloud and rain to get to anchor on the gravelly delta of a glacier dry outfall off its south west shore. The mountains towering above were lost in low cloud as we all walked in the rain up the valley to the glacier end. The Saint Andrew's climbers/scientists had surveyed the retreat of this glacier, Sermikavsak, at 43 metres per annum during 1967-69.

Content, we played cards as we swung to anchor that Saturday night and awoke to a better looking Sunday, August 15th.

Passing briefly again through Umanaq we had one of those all too rare delightful sailing days on the Monday as we headed south-west. An arched ice-berg provided the setting for a somewhat 'clichéd' photo before we stopped in, without anchoring, to Niaqornat for bread.

Sean, Harry, Jimmy and I stepped ashore on the dark basalt beach west of there to walk the the mile sledging route south while the sailors went by sea. Sledging routes can be interesting by reason of the discarded debris. This time we found none, only toil and trouble. Twice we stripped to wade icy streams (waist down only, of course, to preserve modesty). The dogs on that route pull to 450 metres high, as did we. To the eighteen miles could be added two or three for twists and turns. And the miles were sea-miles! Weary we stood at the pick-up point at 2300 in the dark and fog. The boat log reads at midnight:

"Shore team have called on V.H.F. They have lit a fire on the north-west end of the bay. We'll dinghy to get them. Tide running two knots from south-east on the anchor chain."

All cosy together again on board we hauled anchor, at two in the morning, bound for the abandoned coal mining town on the north side of Disko called Qutqligssat where we dropped anchor off its beach at eight on a glorious morning, the fog gone overnight. This was once home to two thousand people until the mine was closed in 1973 and its people scattered. The buildings and houses stand as they left them, managers and miners, school and store, now poignant in their silent emptiness. I considered taking one of the fine stoves. "Take only pictures, leave only footsteps" admonished Terry.

In the twenty odd miles eastwards to Sarqat a cool wind blew, ice bergs drifted, we had no worries. We touched bottom when entering by the recommended route. A bit unfair we thought. In fact in working in through congested ice we had strayed. The south-westward approach, through which we exited that evening, is much to be preferred. A picture postcard passage of fifty miles southward took us into Illulisat at 0500

the following morning, Wednesday, August 17th. Illulisat was cold that morning. A skim of ice lay in the harbour, frost covered the deck and the rungs on the harbour ladder were cold. We had a crew change here with Harry and Sean flying home on the Friday. We dined ashore (once) and walked to view the main attraction, the mighty Illulisat Glacier at the back of the town.

Johnny Rooney arrived also on that Friday, bearing bacon from Ireland and replacement ball joints for the trim-tab linkage. We dried out awkwardly for the repair on the very rough 'slipway' blasted out of the rock and were relieved to get afloat again. The Royal Greenland fish factory was good to us with shower, laundry and cafeteria. For fish we relied, as usual, on the barter system. Davy, plus one naggin of whiskey, equals one Dinner. We never did find out what was the meaning of Naleraq, the name of the Cafe/Bar/Restaurant favoured by the Inuit. Not that it's cheap, a Gin, purchased in a moment of enthusiasm, cost 960 krone, that's £9.60.

0400 Monday, August 22nd started the third stage of our cruise. This would be two weeks to sail down the west coast and then two weeks to get home. About mid-morning the wind and sea blew the cobwebs of complacency away. Aasiat Radio gave a gale warning. In the last month and a half we had reefed only twice. Harnesses, gloves, full gear were necessary once again. Aasiat, ten miles inshore, provided shelter while it blew over. The Radio Station had invited us to visit them and were waiting to drive us up as we tied alongside. Bjorn, the Chief, showed us the 'sights' of Aasiat - the jail, 'always full'. The folks within are let out by day to go to work and are in at night in enforced sobriety. They were, therefore, much sought after as a good labour pool. Bjorn gave us HF frequencies they listen on, which might have been useful had we known. The cargo vessel *Arina Artica*, bound for Thule, gave us a weather fax showing a further low in the offing over Labrador.

"2000 hours. Got going, while the goings good. Aasiat on a Sunday night had little to offer us."

Now we were southward bound 200 miles for Manitsoq, formerly Sukertoppen. We would be bye-passing Sisimuit, visited while north bound. Dawn saw us, glory be, under sail with a following wind. Through the day we exulted in the rising wind. The coast flew by, mountains, islands, fjords, until rain closed off the shore.

Too late, we reefed, Johnny hurting his back in the activity. The following morning we motored in fog on the inshore route around the east of Hamburgerland. We failed to locate a whale skeleton we had been told lay on the shore, but were astounded to see a coaster, bow on to the rocks.

On closer inspection and conversation this vessel was loading Telecom equipment on to this flat rock for onward travel to a nearby mountain top by helicopter. We met the crew that night in Manitsoq in the Moby Dick Bar - the name reflecting more active whaling days and American influence both.

We lay too the next day, walked the low valleys to the north of town, viewed the magnificent mountains and snow slopes eastward and cast off for Nuuk next morning, 100 miles southward. The approach, in blanket fog, would not have been possible without our radar and GPS. This was the first time really that our little Furuno had reliably played its part.

Dèja vu was our feeling there during the one day stop-over. The weather only was different, a distinctly autumnal flavour with darkened evenings now prevailing. Surprisingly we didn't meet any of those previously encountered; "gone to Denmark", etc., but we did meet Bill Cronin from Dublin, a Flight Captain of many years with Greenland Air (and stories to match, not inspiring flight as a means of travel). Neils met us and took us to his house where we met his family. Through him we had a view of the upper end of Greenland society and



John Rooney and Davy McBride.

Photo: Kevin Cronin

business. He is President of the Employers' Group and runs a small (he says) trawler. It must catch a lot of fish!

Saturday, August 28th: Away 170 miles for Paamuit, that town, elusive behind the ice, that we couldn't get into two months before.

Weather became a serious matter. With dispiriting frequency gale warnings were given for the Cape Farewell Area, as the lows marched by. Sea-ice, drifting north, slowed us from time to time. We thought we had seen the last of that.

In Paamuit, sunny, warm and green, we met one of those single-handers who roam the oceans unsung, Christian Gallot from Pont-Aven, Brittany, of course.

His 28 foot plywood boat had been holed at sea by a 'growler'. Now repaired, with a half sheet of plywood, inscribed Putain de Growler, he was on his way home, possibly visiting the west of Ireland en route. We did not encourage him.

Qaqortoq, formerly, Julianhab, is the capital of the south. We arrived in the aftermath of a football tournament. The Greenlanders take soccer very seriously indeed, winners and losers being in a thirsty mood. In fact, all of South Greenland seems to be a thirsty place. In Nanortalik a day later the reason we heard was a 'tax-rebate'.

We set out the next day to visit the Viking remains up fjord at Hvalsey. The wind rose warm and strong down the fjord and we moderated our plan to a visit to an experimental farming project at Uperniviarssuk.

On Thursday, 2nd September, we sailed the forty mile inshore route to anchor off the 'hot spring' island of Unartoq. We dipped in the mist and played cards that night as the rain beat on the cabin.

A still wet Friday morning saw us down fjord, passing inside Sermersoq, to drop Jimmy and myself off at the northern shore of Nanortalik Island. In brightening weather we enjoyed a last hillwalk in Greenland, to rejoining the boys in the boat at the town.

At Nanortalik we said 'bye-bye to urban Greenland, epitomised best and worst by the Royal Arctic lines and the 'Hotel' Topilaq. Not much sleep for any uncomfortable guest here as the tax-rebaters' last kroners went on Tuborg.

Saturday, September 4th, with topped-up food lockers, diesel and forecast we left for Prins Cristian Sund, pulling into Augpilotoq, that untidy cleft in the wall of rock, home to two hundred souls, as the evening rain fell.

Prins Christiansund, cutting fifty miles across the southern tip of Greenland needs no words of descriptive praise from me. At its eastern end stands a weather station, home for twelve months at a time to five isolated, but well paid, men. There we tied to the jetty, signed the slim visitors' book, and two hours later made an anxious exit with rocks all too close to leeward and inadequate room to manoeuvre. Outside we passed a food parcel to 'matelot' Cristian, he, under snug sail. Together we made exit to the ocean, our paths slowly diverging, he for Brittany, we for Malin, on that fresh rainy afternoon of Sunday, September 5th.

"As I write, two days out, a thousand miles to Malin Head, we are in light southerly wind, with drizzle. With our 'little helper of 70 h.p.' and sails gently filling, the miles are being eaten up.

Our first eighteen hours out was not so. The wind and sea rose from the north-east giving us a most unpleasant re-introduction to the Atlantic.

Now all we want is a reasonable share of the prevailing westerlies, of which the pilot-chart assure us, and we'll be home in no time?"

EPILOGUE

The Atlantic in September was kind to us. Not a wind blew from forward of the beam until we were within 300 miles of soundings.

Then the north-easterlies in 'Rockall, Malin, Hebrides,' were no big deal as we passed Inishtrahull and Rathlin to tie-up in Carnlough and join the back end of a wedding party on the evening of September 15th, ten days out of Greenland.

We renewed acquaintance with Portpatrick and sailed into Dun Laoghaire on Saturday, September 18th.

Five and half thousand miles in open and close waters, eight towns, twelve villages, fifteen lonely anchorages, high mountains, ice low and high but most of all space and wild places and the people to whom this is home leave us with an abiding sense of privilege and satisfaction at having passed that way.

White Shadow follows the Footsteps of Christopher Columbus

Joan & David Nicholson

Continued from the 1992 Annual.

White Shadow's big adventure was about to begin five hundred years after Christopher Columbus made his first crossing of the Atlantic.

His fleet consisted of three boats - the flagship *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta* and the *Nina*, while our rally totalled 153 yachts - the largest at 211 feet but most of the fleet in the 40 ft to 50 ft size.

Columbus and his crew were tough, fearless sailors travelling aboard 70 to 85 footers. Conditions were very rough, the crew slept on deck. There was no certainty when, if ever, they would reach land. By comparison, we lived in the lap of luxury on *White Shadow*, our Oyster 37, now in pristine condition. Rob d'Alton had been living aboard for six weeks in Mogan, South Grand Canaria, ironing out any small problems.

Joan and I arrived on 1st October. We got a great reception from Rob and fellow rally sailors on the other America 500 boats who had also enjoyed the relaxed atmosphere of this lovely little marina. Almost immediately we set sail for Lanzarote where we were to pick up, for a short cruise, P.J. and Frances Daly of "Grey Door Restaurant" fame. The winds were kind to us and what should have been a headwind NE4 turned out to be a friendly SW. With an overnight stop in Morro Jable, Fuerteventura, we arrived at Puerto Calero Marina after a very exhilarating sail along the East Coast of

Lanzarote.

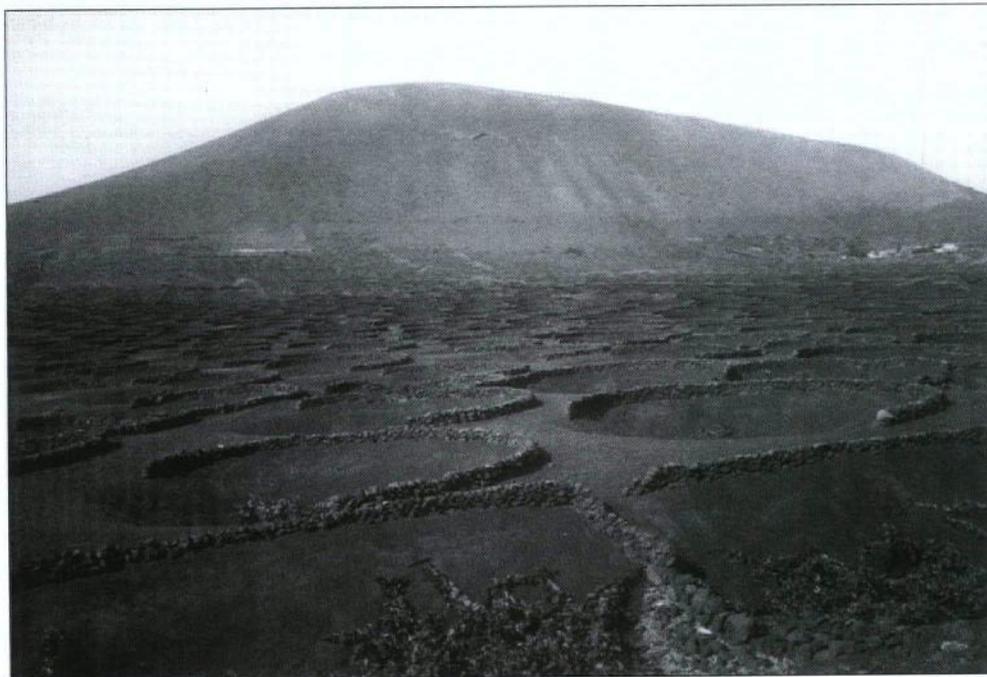
This is an excellent place to change crew, being close to the airport but although the whole complex is of a very high standard it is empty of boats and the shops are unlet.

Our first night took us to Arrecife and thence to the unspoilt and peaceful island of Graciosa. We tied up at an ancient pontoon in the harbour of the quaint fishing village of La Sociedad and spent three days here in beautiful sunshine. Time stood still - it was just magic. Then it was time to leave Graciosa to meet up with some other rally boats for a two week series of racing around the seven Canary Islands.

The wind had now returned to the trades and it blew us back South via the rugged West Coast of Lanzarote. We tied up overnight at the small quay in Playa Blanca and had a rough motor sail back North to Puerto Calero next day. Here we changed crews for the two week Race Rally which began on 27th September.

Regular Crew Mates, Mike Dwyer, Chris Garrett and Leo Conway duly arrived ready to grind winches, raise spinnakers and enjoy the parties!

The entry was rather disappointing, as there were only fifteen boats, mostly Finnish. They were a lot bigger and faster than us. Organised by the America 500 as part of the overall event, the series consisted of seven races of between 50/100 miles each from island to island. There was a welcoming party on arrival and a bus tour of the island on the lay day. The racing was fun, but each day would bring a period of slack or no wind when *White Shadow* would drop back from a dominant position, due to her heavy displacement. The winds held on the first day and the crew were fresh and not yet smitten by the party scene - so we celebrated a victory in true style. *White Shadow* was unbeatable, we all knew that, it was just a question of putting up the spinnaker and keeping going! Well, we did that in Race Two and led the fleet for over an hour down the East Coast of Fuerteventura with fast forty footers and the fifty footers all trailing behind. Mind you, we were the only ones with a spinnaker up! It had to happen - our mast was a metre off the water, the cockpit was filling with warm salty water but she came up and we sailed on after we sorted out the mess from the involuntary jibe and almighty broach. Then as usual the



Vines growing at the foot of a volcano. Little walls protect plants from the wind.

Photo: J. Nicholson



White Shadow leaving La Palma, Canary Islands.

Photo: J. Nicholson

wind died completely, and we went back to last place and time for beers and a gourmet salad lunch!

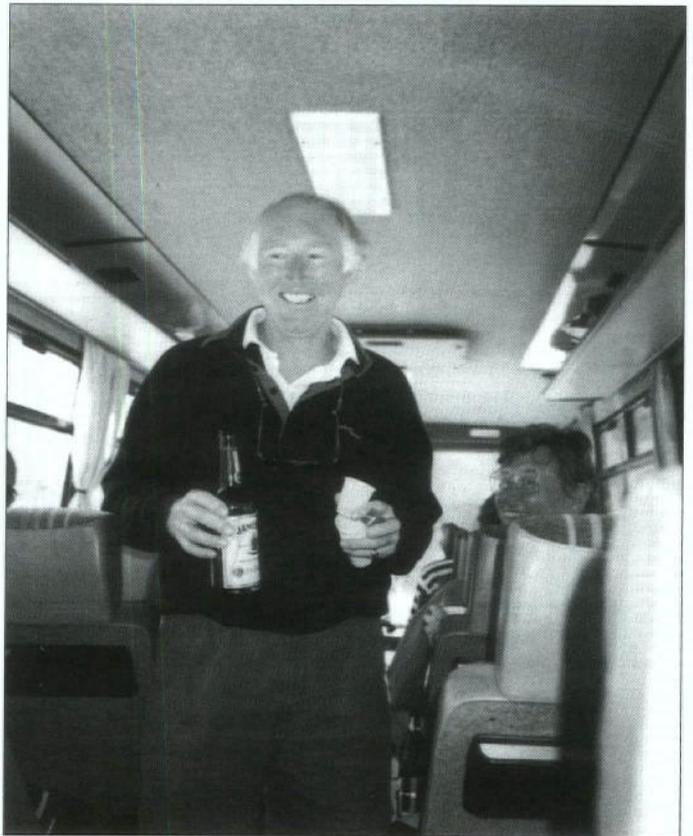
The highlights of the rest of the Rally were the coach trips on Hierro, La Palma and Gomera - all lovely islands. The coach took us inland and upwards through the steep terracing of vineyards and vegetables, through the hundreds of banana plantations and the damp and dark wet misty forests, to the bare land above the tree line, and then back down to little villages by the sea for a banquet lunch. Taking part in the Rally were Finns, Americans, British, a Swede, a Frenchman, a Hungarian, a Croatian and the Irish contingent; all interesting people, from many walks of life and all out to enjoy themselves and to swap sailing years.

The Island Race Rally finished in the Port of Las Palmas where all the fleet were gathering for the main event, the Transatlantic crossing, which was to start a week later on November 15th. *White Shadow* was last to finish but we arrived just in time for the Flag Raising Ceremony. All participants from the twenty-three countries taking part paraded along the pier carrying their respective flags and raising them aloft. Joan and I were proud to be carrying the National Flag amongst all the other Nations.

Chris, Leo and Mike now departed. We were sad to see them go - after what had been a most enjoyable, if exhausting, two weeks. Our Trans Atlantic crew members, Jack Forde and Keith Hunt, were not due for a few days so with Rob and Joan's help I set down to getting everything organised for the crossing. Fortunately, we had very little gear failure and we carried a carefully selected range of various spare parts.

Once again the skippers were entertained and introduced to the President of the Canary Islands, Senior Acevedo. I had the pleasure of presenting him with an inscribed silver ashtray from our Cork Lord Mayor.

The Commodore of the prestigious and elegant Real Club Nautico kindly offered us all facilities during our stay including use of the swimming pool which was a treat after



Dispensing good cheer on a bus tour in Hiero, Canary Islands.

Photo: J. Nicholson

loading and stowing mountains of food and drink aboard. From the market we bought a sack of potatoes, two boxes of oranges, a sack of onions, a stalk of bananas and lesser quantities of other fruit and vegetables. From the supermarket we got numerous trolley loads of food, wine, beer and bottled water. When this was delivered and stowed aboard, the waterline was quite a bit different.

Between jobs we had a happy time meeting again the many friends we had made during the first leg of the Rally in July/August. Joan and I had got to know most of the people if not by name certainly by sight - our huge Irish Flag and the case of Jameson Whiskey kindly donated by the distillery must have helped.

Before setting off I arranged, with some of our friends a Radio Net called the "Paddy Columbus Hour" so that we would keep in touch daily during the voyage. Twelve boats each representing a different country agreed to take part. All were much of the same size and speed. Before our departure a plaque was unveiled to honour the America 500 fleet. A marble plinth had been erected by the Las Palmas Authorities close to the entrance to the Marina. We were pleased to see our entry:

IRLANDA - "*White Shadow*" inscribed in stone.

Jimmy Cornell of World Cruising, the organisers, had arranged that each boat would carry a small palm tree to the Bahamas. We were given clearance papers and instructions on care and watering etc. These would be planted by us on arrival, to form an avenue of trees leading up to the Columbus Monument on San Salvador where the great voyager is reputed to have made land fall on his first voyage after thirty-six days at sea.

His Caravels tacked thro up to 160° and achieved speeds of up to four knots in flat seas. A lumpy beam sea or head wind reduced their speeds substantially to under two knots.

Jack and Keith duly arrived and settled in and Joan flew home after helping to get all our stores organised.

A Race briefing was held and attended by all skippers and navigators, where we were advised on safety, communications, weather and current pattern etc. A long range forecaster gave his views of likely conditions.

To pick up the NE trades, boats normally travel well South on leaving the Canaries which although a longer passage usually assures steady wind strength and direction. The fleet was now split into three groups: the Racing Class (about 30 boats); the Cruiser Racers (the bulk of the fleet of 105 boats) and the out-and-out Cruisers.

Our class, the Cruiser Racers, could use our engines but would incur a very substantial penalty for each hour used. All boats, of course, could charge batteries in neutral. The start was to be a reach South across the line then around the stern of the start-line navy vessel and away North.

Last farewells were said and we motored out to the start. There were boats everywhere including a huge fleet of spectators. *White Shadow* got the timing right and we were first away around the navy ship's stern. One of the larger racers powering down from behind found no where to go in the crush and ended up in our stern - taking away our flag pole and bending the stern rail. Eventually, all was sorted out and we sailed away into the approaching night excited at the prospect of the journey ahead.

We had agreed a watch system of one person on at a time with a standby below - two hours on and six hours off and everyone up for a spinnaker change. It worked well as the reliable autohelm did much of the work.

Quickly we settled into a routine. Rob did the breakfast and looked after the stores. Jack kept us up to date on the weather. Keith was our Disc Jockey on the Paddy Columbus hour each day and was controller for the first week. He awarded points daily for a Limerick Competition and wild life observations including birds, whales, dolphins, flying fish spotted, and fish caught. Due to Keith's extrovert style it was a huge success and eventually he handed over controller duties to an Englishman to be followed by Truls, our Norwegian friend. We were congratulated, on arrival in the Bahamas, by a number of other boats who had enjoyed listening to our daily fun and games.

My duties were to daily co-relate the GPS position with the charted course and distance run. Also to report at noon our position to the Fleet Duty Controller, and further to record positions of our close competitors and set out their progress against ourselves.

We had a compulsory stop of two hours in Gomera to pay homage to Columbus who set off across the Atlantic from that island. We went ashore, had the Log Book stamped by the local Lord Mayor and collected two huge loaves of long-life bread which had been specially baked for participants. We were glad to get away again - almost undamaged. The port of San Sebastian is largely unprotected and there was a nasty onshore swell.

Once we had cleared the island of Hierro, we set course for San Salvador and initially decided to hold the direct rhum line as we had a strong Easterly wind and following sea. *White*



White Shadow - Ireland crossing the line first at the start of the America 500 Rally across the Atlantic, November 1992.

Photo: Jimmy Cornell

Shadow revels in these conditions and with the rolling jib we were able to control our progress with it and could easily put a reef in the main.

All of us being experienced in blue water sailing, we settled down quickly. We recorded daily runs of between 150 and 160 miles and after a week found ourselves 50 to 75 miles ahead of all our class on corrected time. The Northern route seemed to be paying as those who chose to go South some 3° or 4° were covering a lot more water. The crew were very relaxed and with Jack and Keith in sparkling form we were never short of a laugh. The weather was sunny and warm, and the sun sets were a multitude of colours. We were alone and did not see another competitor for nearly three weeks yet being in such close daily communication through the Net, we knew exactly each boat's position and felt very much one of a big happy family.

During the second week the wind lightened to some 12/15 knots so we set our yellow spinnaker. It was much easier to sail, as by now the wind was well astern. *White Shadow* was enjoying herself, romping along with the steady breeze under autohelm mostly - unless of course the helmsman on duty got bored. The days rolled by very fast, maybe too fast - we had tied the stalk of bananas to the backstay but not carefully enough and the first few days of rough weather had sadly beaten many of them to pulp.

After Rob's special breakfast, routine was as follows:

1000	Paddy Columbus Hour
1200	Fleet Rally Roll Call started.
1330	Positions of other boats established.
1300 to 1400	Lunch, probably a salad, fruit, nuts, cheese and some cold meats washed down with Heineken and Coffee.
1600	Charge batteries, Check our GPS Position and a routine inspection of the deck, rigging and sails.
1800	Happy Hour - best time of the day when everyone got together.
1900/1930	Dinner - Meat and two vegetables, sometimes pasta or rice and usually onions with coffee and a well chosen wine!
2030 /2100	Discussion on the likely weather overnight and whether any sail change was necessary.

It was usually correct and only on a couple of nights were we forced to reduce our sail in the darkness.

During that second week we recorded some daily runs of nearly 170 miles and continued with the spinnaker up for four days and three nights. We were eating up the ground. On checking position of the fleet and correcting for handicaps, we found ourselves lying between fourth and seventh overall out of the 105 boats. We were very surprised and elated. We were pushing on, but in a conservative way, taking good care of the rig and the rudder.

We saw many flying fish, schools of dolphins and on one occasion a couple of whales thundered along fifty yards off our quarter for a few minutes. Birds out there were scarce and we found we were really too busy to fish. The palm tree found its home in the heads. One of the strict instructions was that it must not be doused in salt water. Well, we were careful but the toilet porthole did get left open on a couple of occasions in rough weather, and so it suffered. But on arrival our tree looked more healthy than the others we saw.

All the instruments worked well. Our hand held GPS was very accurate - navigation has been so simplified now! Our SSB transceiver meant we could ring home through Portishead with prompt connection usually, and friendly service. To have the complete equipment recommended by many sailors for such a voyage we were only lacking a watermaker, a weather fax and radar.

We received daily weather information via weather fax from *Tourlittie III*, a Norwegian with whom we became very friendly and who was within one hundred miles of us all the way over. About a hundred miles from San Salvador we had to make a decision whether or not to track South. From past routing charts it seemed to be the best option both for wind strength and current but was quite a lot further as one would have to come North again for San Salvador at 23°50'N 75°20'W.

The winds were lightening and were less consistent but the racing class boats were all ahead of us on the rum line. We decided to follow them which, in retrospect, was a wrong decision with a heavy boat. Five hundred miles out we were still in good shape lying sixth or seventh overall with a very big lead over all our own class on corrected time.

We were slowing down and the boats to the South were doing rather better but we had not motored again since that first day to Gomera.

On December 2nd at 2000 we lost the wind and during the next twenty-four hours motorsailed for nineteen hours. Winds were now variable and light and we struggled on and finally reached San Salvador before dark on December 7th after twenty-two days and one hour. We had travelled a total distance of 3372 miles at an average speed of 6.4 knots, using our engine thirty-five hours forty-nine minutes. We crossed the line about fortieth of the fleet. We were penalised two hours for each hour we motored and thus finished nineteenth overall and second in our class. The Finn who beat us finished almost two days after us but did not motor at all! It was a wonderful experience with a crew who got on so well. Everybody was a winner except the person who lost the Backgammon Championship on a tie breaker after a halved ten game series! Generally the fleet had few mishaps although some of the slower boats did take quite a time to complete the

crossing.

San Salvador is not a place to stay for long due to a roly anchorage, a broken down slipway and lots and lots of huge mosquitos. After we cleared customs and had our Log Books signed by the Lord Mayor, we were driven off to plant our palm tree. This avenue of trees, when mature, will be a fine tribute to Christopher Columbus.

Early next morning we set sail with *Tourlittie III*, to journey the forty miles to Conception Island, where we anchored for the night and sighted the Eclipse of the Moon at 2000 hours. The next day, 10th December, was a short forty mile trip to Georgetown on the Great Exuma Island where the fleet were all to gather for festivities, prizegiving and the Paddy Columbus Party.

Once again America 500 Officials welcomed us on arrival with full details of facilities. Each boat had been "adopted" by a sponsor and the following day our couple arrived with a basket full of goodies. Peter and Ruth Insole were charming retired Canadians who immediately made us feel very welcome. We were invited to their home on Stoking Island - a ten minutes dingy ride away. I joined in the local bridge club nights and we got to know many friendly locals.

Meeting our fellow sailors, swapping yarns, enjoying beers and reliving our great experiences together was something special. People from twenty-three countries with different languages and cultures all got on well together. We had enjoyed a unique experience of following the same route taken by that great Navigator, Christopher Columbus, exactly 500 years later.

More and more boats arrived in Georgetown and the parties started in earnest. Our Paddy Columbus Night, which I organised, was a great success and all participating boats won a prize.

Then we had the official prizegiving with a huge barbecue and rum party given by the Bahamian Officials. Jack, Keith and Rob left shortly after our arrival and Joan flew in to a week of ongoing free food and drink. She now takes over the writing of our continuing cruise.

"Christmas time in the Bahamas" - it sounds great and it was great. Georgetown was alive with the excitement of all the America 500 visitors. Our sponsors, Ruth and Peter invited us to share Christmas dinner with them which was wonderful.

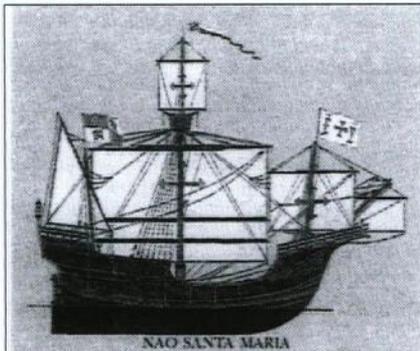
Christmas day began, as every day did, with sunshine and a quick swim before breakfast.

We attended the local church mid morning and then found some America 500 friends who were still port-bound on the marina, and a traditional Christmas celebration continued until late afternoon.

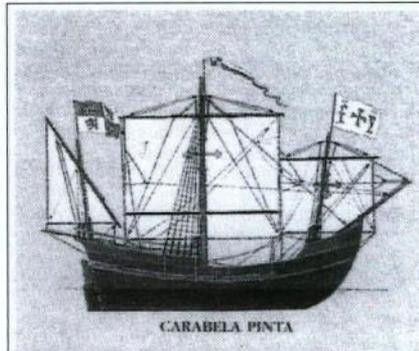
We were collected by Peter in his motor launch at 1700 and dressed up in our Santa Claus hats to liven up the proceedings.

About twenty of their local friends joined the party and we had a splendid meal of turkey, ham and numerous salads and vegetables, followed by Christmas pudding - not bad in the temperatures out there! December 26th is a festival in the Bahamas called Junkanoo. It starts at 0400 and continues until 0800. Our friends persuaded us to stay the night with them and they were responsible for getting us to the town in time for the celebrations. Junkanoo is a marvellous event of dancing and





NAO SANTA MARIA
 La nao Santa María (réplica actual).
 The nao Santa María (current replica).



CARABELA PINTA
 La carabela Pinta (réplica actual).
 The caravel Pinta (current replica).



CARABELA NIÑA
 La carabela Niña (réplica actual).
 The caravel Niña (current replica).

parading in costume to steel bands. It has its origins in the days of slavery when the slaves were permitted to celebrate Christmas only during the hours when they were not required to work. Groups and individuals compete. Their costumes were all made entirely of cardboard and coloured crêpe paper. Enormous effort goes into the making of these and it takes all year to save up for the materials. Some of the showpieces stood over ten feet high and each one was paraded through the town on the heavily padded shoulders of one man.

The procession of one district would travel the length of the town and then rest, while the next group then passed down. This was repeated throughout the morning.

Starting in the pitch darkness at 0400 gave it all a magical effect. The whole town was out and about and the noise was tremendous.

Coffee, hot dogs and beer were all available to keep us going as the night sky gradually lightened and dawn arrived.

The finale of the festival was the announcement of the winners of the various competitions at 0800. There was excitement for some and disappointment for others but when it was all over the costumes were abandoned - some just thrown on the road.

The winning edifices were placed outside the town hall to be admired and everyone retired to bed.

The festivities over, the remaining rally boats began to leave, to continue their various cruising plans. One of our friends was going to take the same route as we were, so David arranged a daily radio contact on the S.S.B. when we could pass messages and information to each other. Our plan was to travel East and South - heading for Antigua as our final destination. As we would be voyaging into the prevailing trade wind most of the time, we had to plan our departure when the wind was favourable.

The trick is to wait until the wind starts to veer around to the South West. Then there are usually two to three days while the cold front comes through. Later the wind veers again to the original trades.

This "window" in the weather was what we were waiting for.

At this stage we were short of crew. *White Shadow* had a skipper and his mate! After a lot of searching around we were very fortunate to find an American crew member - Jacquie White - and she was free to join us immediately for the next six weeks. Jacquie had been the navigator on another 'America 500' yacht and was very experienced.

December 28th, 1992. Reluctantly we said farewell to Georgetown and our friends and took the first step of a new voyage.

The wind headed us all the way to Calabash Bay on Long Island where we entered the coral reef through a very narrow gap and anchored off the beach. We spent a terrible night pitching and rolling and were glad to continue on the next day

to Clarendon, a very small village on the South East corner of Long Island. En route we put out a line to try our luck and caught a 4 lb fish which we identified as a King Mackerel. It was dense and dark like tuna and tasted good.

We made a bad anchorage here and hit bottom one hour before low tide.

Unfortunately as the tide rose we were at the same time being swept onto another sand bank. Eventually, we winched ourselves off by throwing out another anchor - just before help arrived - which probably saved us many dollars.

Rescue in these parts tends to be very expensive.

Clarendon, from the water, is dominated by two churches. The older of the two churches was built for the Anglican Church c. 1840 by a priest who was also an architect. Later, he converted to Roman Catholicism and built the second church - a large white building with two turrets. In fact, it was a very small church but being built upon rock it gives a false impression of size.

Besides the church there is one restaurant/bar, one shop and one "pub" - the proprietor was so fat that he could not rise to serve us and we were encouraged to go to the cool box in the yard to serve ourselves - this was an unusual way to celebrate New Year!

The wind lightened and so we left Clarendon next day and having negotiated the reefs successfully, we settled down to a twenty-four hour passage to Mayaguana. Many fish feed in the deepening water on the edges of the reefs and so we trolled our baits close to the surface in the disturbed water - to great avail!

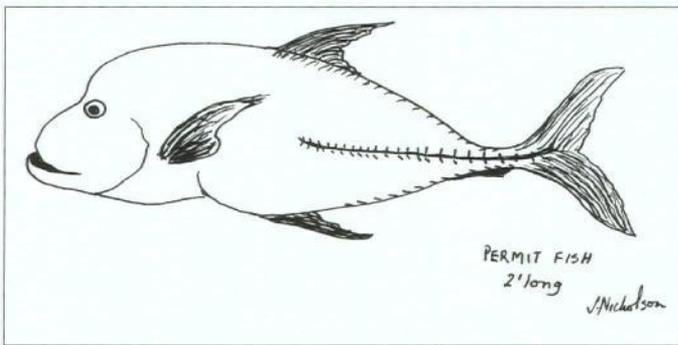
We caught a Permit fish - about two feet of dark blue fish, which was delicious. At other times we caught Barracuda - exciting to feel the tug, but not safe to eat when over three feet long. They are caught close to the surface of the water. When viewed while snorkelling, they are a bit intimidating - especially when they travel in groups. We were told they are harmless unless hungry!

We spent the day anchored in the shelter of the reef and when the wind had eased a bit we travelled overnight to Providenciales Island in the Turks and Caicos group.

It was a bright sunny morning when we arrived. The large coral heads were easily seen but the entrance to Turks and Caicos Marina was narrow. There was actually no marina - but one day there might be! There was evidence of one under construction but no evidence of workers. We tied to the quay wall and were within easy reach of the office, telephone and washing machines and showers. All were in a shaky state, but worked.

We hired a car and toured the island one day and found a much more attractive place at Turtle Cove.

Here it is extremely shallow, and the passage in is difficult to find amongst the coral. However, a phone call to shore could get you a pilot to lead you in.



January 6th. The wind was still blowing from the S.E. which was where we wanted to go. The weather was rough and there would have been head winds the whole way, so we took up the invitation of a local charter boat to follow them to French Cay. We had a lovely sail and anchored with six feet under the keel next to the charter boat, *Caicos Sol*.

French Cay is a very small island approximately three hundred yards long and fifty yards wide. It has a very rough coral beach and is covered with coarse grass about four feet high. Chuck, the skipper of the charter boat, told us to avoid the natives who were camped on this island. They had told him they were fishermen but he knew they were up to something illegal.

We took his advice and in the evening, at dark, the fun began.

The moon was nearly full and out of the darkness a Haitian sail boat appeared tacking back and forth. There were plenty of light signals from the island to bring the boat to shore.

But with *White Shadow* and the charter boat anchored close to the shore, the Haitian boat took off and anchored the far side of the island. We were witnessing a smuggling event of sorts - either drugs or people. Previously three hundred Haitians who had been dropped on this island were caught and jailed by the authorities.

The natives on the island had a couple of fast speed boats and at 0700 they roared off in the direction of Cockburn Harbour, while the Haitian boat weighed anchor and sailed off too.

We wondered if any deal had been done or whether it had been postponed.

Our friends on the charter boat took David on a snorkelling trip next morning and they returned with a lobster and a few conch. To make this shell fish edible it must be skinned and then beaten flat until it resembles a lace curtain. Fried in breadcrumbs, it is perfectly delicious!

The snorkelling in French Cay was excellent and we planned to stay a second day. However, in the late afternoon the natives re-appeared on the island. Without the support of the charter boat which had already left, we did not feel happy to stay.

We were in radio contact with *Caicos Sol* and they recommended a sand spit that they knew of, which they reckoned we could reach before dark.

We had the position, and with the G.P.S. we arrived at this exact position just before dark. We were in the shallow water, but there was no sign of the spit of sand. We searched a while and finally anchored on the bank in twelve feet of water. It was a lippy anchorage but we were happier there than getting in the way of smugglers.

Next day we had a very rough passage on to Cockburn Harbour on South Caicos Island, taking eight hours to get there. We anchored off in a windy spot in the harbour and stayed there three days hoping for a "window" in this relentless head wind. We had been told to contact a man named Captain Bruce, using the code "Charlie Alpha". He is a Justice of the Peace on the island and an ex-merchant marine.

We made contact and he kindly drove us around until we located the customs man. Being Saturday, he had gone home, and would not be back until Monday.

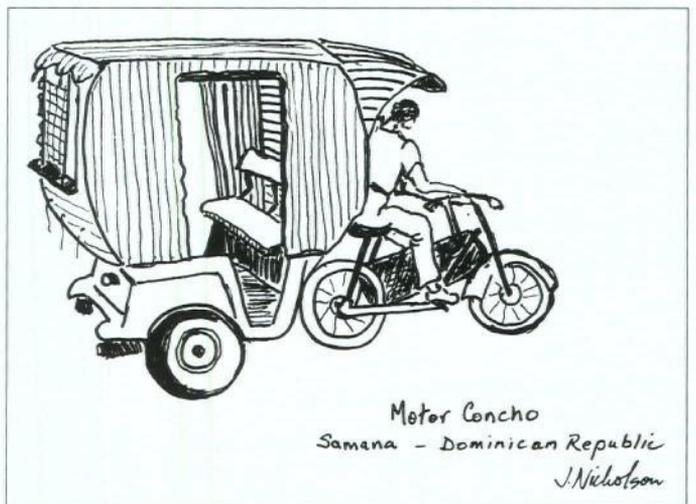
Customs and Immigration must be cleared on arrival and on departure at each port, on each island, no matter how small or how remote. We were to learn this lesson the hard way later on. Cockburn town is very primitive and very friendly. Few streets are paved and there are only a few small shops. Fruit and vegetables arrive by boat from Haiti as nothing much grows on the island. They make their living by lobster fishing. We visited the fishery department and saw the fishermen unloading them into wheelbarrows, which were then tipped into vast heaps. Here the women removed the heads and then they were boxed for export. We had never seen so many lobsters before.

There were several churches here. We selected one and attended the Service and were invited to dinner by the American Rector who seemed very pleased to talk to visitors and hear news of the outside world. Eventually, weather conditions improved sufficiently to make it possible to leave the Turks and Caicos islands and head for Samana in the Dominican Republic. For the first three hours we had a reaching sail in big seas.

Then the wind went ahead again and it became very rough. We banged and crashed our way through the night making very poor progress. By late afternoon it was evident that we would not arrive at Samana before dark and we would face another night of rough short seas, so we diverted to Puerto Plata, the main port on the Northern coast of the Dominican Republic; a place known to David from a previous visit ten years ago. We cleared customs and immigration on the breakdown pier in the dusk, conducted in a language definitely not common to all parties.

We spent the day wandering through the town - which we found noisy and dirty and a complete contrast to our last stop. The following day we left early having visited the relevant authorities for clearance.

The winds are generally less at night time so we sailed a few hours and then anchored in a bay for six hours and planned to continue on to Sosua Bay overnight.



While anchored off a lovely beach, we took the dinghy ashore to explore, only to be met by an armed soldier who indicated that it was a military zone and we should leave at once. We did!

It was a twenty hour trip to Samana on the North Eastern tip of the island. The wind did not ease and we pounded our way overnight. In the early morning the wind dropped away and we made good progress under engine.

The cliffs were very rugged and impressive on the North Eastern coast with lots of palm trees growing right to the

water's edge.

It is a beautiful island with lots of vegetation.

We looked forward to spending some time here and seeing the interior.

We planned to fill up with diesel and water and go ashore for dinner.

The scene on the dock was incredible with small boys everywhere to take a rope and offer all kinds of things for sale. There was plenty noise from vendors and ghetto blasters.

Customs clearance should have taken maybe one hour, but when they discovered that we had no cruising permit from



Puerto Plata to Samana that presented a problem! Four officials came aboard - two from the drugs department and two from immigration, including one armed soldier.

It is advisable to limit the number entering the boat for this purpose and when the fourth one attempted to enter the Skipper said "enough" - unfortunately he was the interpreter and he had to be re-instated! A crime had been committed and we would have to wait for the Commandant to arrive to sort it out. Meanwhile the skipper was taken away and detained in the Police Station for three hours, leaving Jacquie and I to fend off vendors and small boys.

At 1800 David was returned to *White Shadow* for a further three hours detention as the Commandant had still not arrived. We enquired if we could leave the ship to go to a restaurant only yards away and were told yes, if we took the armed soldier with us. We declined and later the women folk were allowed off to get take-away dinners.

Finally, at 2100, it was decided by the group that a fine, not imprisonment, should be the price for our misdeed. This was agreed and paid. The Skipper had the nerve to ask for a receipt and was abruptly told there was no need as it was government money!

Face had been saved and we were all friends! OK? They even wished us a happy stay and warned us that our outboard engine would be stolen if we left it on the dinghy at night. This meant a tedious job of hauling it aboard right into the cabin each night and deflating the dinghy.

What a pity that such a lovely place is so full of bureaucracy.

We anchored away from the noisy dock, out in the harbour and were able to enjoy swimming before breakfast each day. Each time we went ashore, there was a clamour of small boys vieing with each other to mind our dinghy. A few coins were given to one boy and a few more if the dinghy was O.K. when we returned from the shops.

The mode of transport for everyone is the motor concho - a

funny contraption rather like a motorised rickshaw, consisting of a covered "carriage" which seated four people, and was drawn by a motorbike.

We took this transport into the interior and visited a restaurant with a natural pool created by damming the river.

We had a wonderful swim first and then an excellent fish lunch. On the journey we noticed many places on the roadside where the locals had put out their produce for sale; cocoa beans, coconuts and coffee.

Another day we took the motor concho to the local market which was an incredible place selling every imaginable thing. Peeled oranges were offered for sale for immediate consumption and these were delicious and the local rum was an excellent buy, being of very good quality and very cheap.

Hygiene is not a priority in this country and perhaps it was here that some of the party picked up a bug which caused much discomfort for a few weeks.

We made some very good friends while here - Pat and Jeremy David who originally came from Wales but now live in Nantucket where Jeremy works as a rigger in the summer months. In the winter they cruise these parts in their yacht *Ciaryad*. We sailed in company with them from Samana to Mayaguez, Puerto Rico.

The Mona Passage is renowned for being a rough trip - and it was.

We still had the wind on the nose and so this thirty- six hour trip was a rough one.

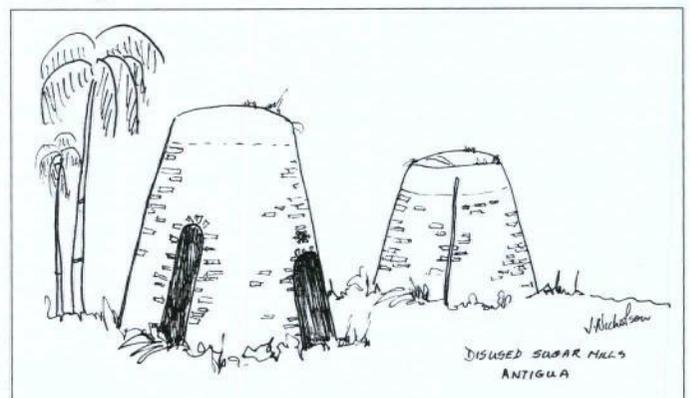
At one stage it was so rough that we debated whether or not to return to Samana but we had done a third of the journey so we decided to continue. We were in radio contact with our friends all the time.

We finally arrived at Mayaguez at midnight and dealt with immigration next day. Being in American territory we had no problems here. Mayaguez was a big noisy town which did not attract us, so we made a short journey on to Boqueron, which is a small resort in a lovely bay with a two mile beach. It is a very peaceful place and just what we needed after our journey and the hassles in Samana.

January 20th, 1993. Up to now we had travelled 787 miles from Georgetown, Exuma to Puerto Rico.

We remained here for a week as the weather was not good. It blew hard and we waited for a "window" in the weather.

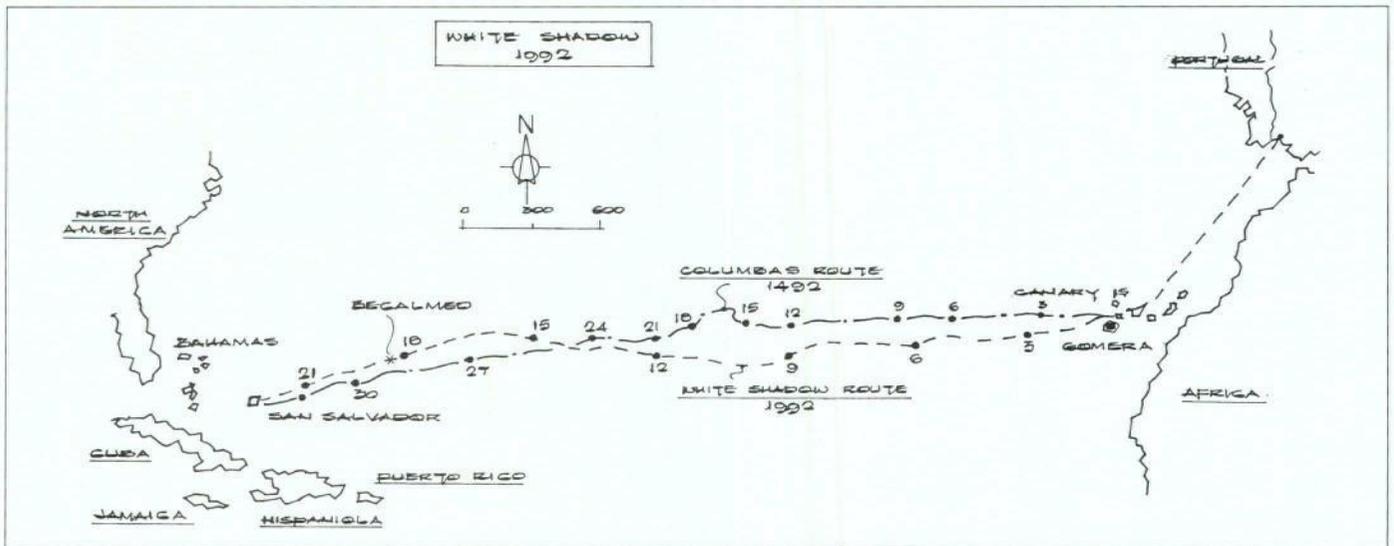
While we waited we got to know the locality. Each day taking the dinghy ashore for shopping, beer, and "people watching".



We took public transport in land, first by car and then by bus, and spent a whole day in a vast shopping mall. Things were very cheap and we all got fitted out with new clothes.

Another day we hired a car with our friends and drove around the island, which is very lush and beautiful. We called to St. Germain which is a quaint old town - once obviously a wealthy place but now very shabby.

We were all suffering from ailments - dysentery and sore



throats, which confined us to bed on different days. So the waiting for improved weather was to our advantage. Finally on a very humid, still day the Skipper decided that this was the weather preceding a cold front and we headed off. We got the "window" and the wind in our favour but within twelve hours it passed through and we got the usual head wind and lots of rain.

However, during the night, we heard on the radio that the front had come to rest over Puerto Rico and we would get another "window" which would make the journey much more pleasant.

We were heading for Culebra, a small island east of Puerto Rico and west of St. Thomas where Pat and Jeremy were going to stay for a few weeks.

We were sad leaving them and their amusing Turkish cat. He was a bright marmalade animal with the proverbial nine lives - but had lost a few of them when he fell overboard one time.

January 30th, 1993. In the log we noted, in capital letters, that the wind was favourable for a sail without the motor, as we headed off for St. Johns in the British Virgin Islands. This was the kind of sailing we had been hoping for all along.

The Virgin Islands are so very different from where we had been so far, mainly due to the tourists everywhere.

There are many charter fleets, mainly French-built 45 footers with lots of space and comfort. The islands are spaced nicely to make for good short day sailing. Ferries abound and tourists arrive and depart frequently. It is a yacht owners

dream with every yachting service available and spare parts easily obtained.

After a stop at St. Johns, we went to Jost Van Dyke - an old haunt of Jacque's, where a visit to Foxy's for a "painkiller", of rum, coconut, pineapple and mace, is essential.

From there we went to Tortola where we spent two days refuelling etc. and with the help of a young Irish lad, Brendan Darrer, we sailed on to the Dutch town of Philipsburg on St. Maarten. This is a duty free zone and a very busy place with ferry loads of tourists everywhere.

Brendan found work here, so he left the ship when we departed for the French island of St. Barts which was two hours away motor sailing.

As we came in to Gustavia we spotted one of the American 500 yachts *Hunk-a-Schmidt* and arranged to meet Hank later for drinks.

We moored bow to the quay wall with a stern anchor, between some fabulous motor cruisers and we were only a few steps from the town.

We liked this island - it was busy and vibrant - and French!

The weather was very hot and we made an early departure to catch the breeze and keep cool.

We sailed all day without the motor - the first day this had occurred, and arrived at Basseterre Bay, St. Kitts just before dark.

The journey along the coast was beautiful with the lush growth of sugar cane. There were many disused sugar mills to be seen with their tall chimneys.

The mountains are very steep and cone shaped, being formed by volcanoes. We spent a lovely day ashore wandering round the town and visiting an art gallery close to a park, which in the old days had been the place where slaves were auctioned.

There is a central clock tower in the town, where four roads converge; modelled, we were told, on Piccadilly! There was too much of a swell to remain moored here so we anchored for the night in a small bay two miles away. We left at 0600 and had a long day motor sailing - first passing very close to Nevis.

Unfortunately, we did not have



Antigua.

Photo: J. Nicholson

time to visit here as we wanted to spend some time in Antigua. We are told it is quite beautiful. About noon the wind got up and the seas were all over the place. It was very rough. Our forty-five mile journey extended to sixty-one miles with all the tacking involved and we arrived in English Harbour Antigua at 1930 somewhat exhausted.

It was great to arrive - completing our journey only one day over our expected time.

We spent a week in Antigua - visiting our Nicholson relations and making arrangements for *White Shadow* to spend the hurricane season in safety until we return to continue our voyage later this year.

SUMMARY						
DATE	DISTANCE	TIME	N. MILES HOURS			
1992						
15th October	Mogan, Grand Canaria to Morro Jable Fuerteventura		64		13	
16th October	To Playa Blanca, Lanzarote		68		12	
17th October	To Puerto Calero, Lanzarote		13		2	
18th October	To Arreciffe, Lanzarote		12		5	
19th October	To La Sociedad, Graciosa		28		6	
21st October	Local Sailing		26		5	
22nd October	To Playa Blanca		33		5	
	To Puerto Calero		15		3	
RACE SERIES						
27th October	Arrecife to Rosario		25		4	
28th October	To Mogan		120		22	
29th October	To San Sebastian, Gomera		75		16	
1st November	To El Hierro		53		8	
3rd November	To La Palma		72		13	
5th November	To Santa Cruz, Tenerife		133		26	
8th November	To Las Palmas		50		9	
TRANS ATLANTIC LEG						
15th November	@ 1630 Hours					
	To Gomera		90		16 ³ / ₄	
16th November	To San Salvador		3282		22 Days 1 Hr.	
7th December	To Conception Island		42		8	
8th December	To Georgetown, Exuma		40		7	
BAHAMAS TO ANTIGUA						
28th December	To Calabash Bay, Long Island		29		6	
29th December	To Clarence Town, Long Island		52		9 ¹ / ₄	
1993						
1st January	To West Reef, Turks &					
3rd January	Caicos Islands via Mayaguana		228		41	
6th January	To French Cay, Caicos Islands		20		4	
7th January	To Sand Spit Cay, Caicos Islands		16		2 ³ / ₄	
8th/9th January	To South Caicos, Caicos Islands		40		8 ¹ / ₄	
11th/12th	To Puerto Plata,					
January	Dominican Republic		135		26	
14th/15th	To Samana via Sosua,					
January	Dominican Republic		104		24	
18th/19th	To Mayaguez, Puerto Rico		165		28	
20th January	To Boqueron, Puerto Rico		14		2 ¹ / ₄	
28th/29th	To Culebra		123		24	
30th January	To Cruz Bay, St. Johns, Virgin Islands		30		6 ¹ / ₄	
31st January	To Caneel Bay, St. Johns, Virgin Islands		2			
1st February	To Jost Van Dyke and onto Roadtown, Tortola		17		3	
4th February	To St. Maarten		100		17	
6th February	To St. Barts		14		3 ³ / ₄	
7th January	To Basse Terre Bay, St. Kitts		44		5 ¹ / ₄	
8th February	To White Horse Bay, St. Kitts		4		1 ¹ / ₄	
	To English Harbour, Antigua		63		13 ¹ / ₄	
		DISTANCE	TRAVELLING	AVERAGE	MOTORING	%
		MILES	HOURS	SPEED	HOURS	MOTORING
Oct 92/Feb 93						
Mogan to Antigua	5402'	939'	5.8 Knots	259	28%	
Trans Atlantic Crossing	3373	546	6.4 Knots	35 ³ / ₄	6'%	
			Including	excl.		
			current	battery charging		
TRANSATLANTIC LOG						
Water Capacity 97 gallons - Used approx. 55 gallons.						
Fuel Capacity 52 gallons 35 Hr 49 Min Motoring - 25 Hr Charging Batteries Used approximately 28 gallons						

Someone's Rocking my Dream Boat...

James Nixon

The Glengarriff Trophy

I was fortunate to be a member of the late Dr. Ninian Falkiner's crew on a circumnavigation of Ireland during the glorious summer of 1964. Ever since then it had been my ambition to repeat the cruise in my own boat. 1993 appeared to be the appropriate year as our two children would be leaving university the following year.

Sea-Pie had raced in Bangor Week in the Sigma 33 Class with mixed fortunes, finishing with a win in the last race on Friday 16th July. The happy racing crew helped to convert her stripped out one-design into cruising mode with water, fuel and 40 metres of chain being taken aboard. My son Alexander and friend Karl helped further to allow us to leave on Sunday evening, 18th July to take the flood southwards. The weather was so awful we should have considered it an augury for the rest of the voyage. Pouring rain, with a fresh south-easterly and Karl in his spanking new oilskins we set off from Bangor. Off Groomsport we saw *Tosca* (Hugh Kennedy ICC) apparently turning in circles. We called him and agreed to wait for the 1750 forecast. At this stage we were being encircled by the Finn Gold Cup fleet returning through the murk to Ballyholme. They had opted for a racing area in the North Channel and had to be led home through the filthy weather.

The forecast promised northerlies so we pressed on through Donaghadee Sound (Very lumpy – a feature of the voyage) and passed the Ards Peninsula with the rain easing and the breeze backing. That evening Karl took his first night watch at sea as we ran south under a single reefed mainsail: "Karl, alone, cold, frightened and startled by the awesome power of the Irish sea at night went through 'the depths of hell.' Fear accentuated his ingrained (but undeserved) paranoia of salty inexperience. He says that the battle with weather-helm and fear of gybing that followed was a character building experience, "a journey into his own soul." This is quoted from Alexander's frank diary of the trip and further use of his literary skills will be made in this account.

Alexander took over and by sunrise we were approaching Rockabill. We ran on south against the flood, past the temptations of Howth and Dun Laoghaire. *Tosca* reappeared under full sail and together we approached Wicklow Head, as the ebb started. We encountered many fishing floats between Burford and Kish Banks, but no nets were apparent on this coast. We saw large numbers of gannet and Manx Shearwater and I was able to point out the significant spot a Magherabeg Strand, where I proposed marriage.

After discussion with Hugh aboard *Tosca* we had a glorious sail through the Rusk Channel. The next few hours sail in smooth water, sunlight and a force 4 northwesterly was the best of the whole trip. The low coastline enhanced by the blue mountains inland of the Blackstair Range. We anchored with *Tosca* at Rosslare for a couple of hours awaiting a fair tide. We dined splendidly on Irish stew and listened for the first time on the trip to the calming Inkspots with their

characteristic 1930's four-part harmony accompanied by guitar etc.

Following *Tosca*, we passed through the well buoyed channel towards the Tuskar until well outside the Bailies. The breeze freshened and we sped along on a starry night, past the Barrels buoy. Accelerating in the new ebb we shot past *Coningbeg* Lightship with *Tosca* abeam to weather. The powerful light created an amazing effect of light and shadowed transilluminated through her sails.

At this stage I realised that our Decca was not working, but we bashed on in grand style with the loom of Water and Dunmore East visible. I had hoped to visit the Saltees, but this was lovely weather for passage making. The W.C. (Lavac) started syphoning water into the boat and, after a struggle, I managed to close an almost-seized sea-cock. Why do the minor mechanical problems get ignored by me when fitting out?

Karl and Alexander took *Sea-Pie* through the night, steering made easier by the stern light of *Tosca* showing the way. We were very impressed by her speed and apparent comfort, we had speed but were chucked about a bit.

Tuesday morning saw us continuing on a fast close reach along the south Waterford coast and we started to pick out the landmarks on the Cork shore. In chilly condition, we closed Kinsale and delighted in Wallace Clark's startling information that the Sovereigns were originally named "the Sovereign's Bollackes." Here we bade farewell to Hugh and *Tosca* and turned into Kinsale, my favourite Irish harbour. We found a comfortable berth at the Marina and unwound. *Sea-Pie* had covered 250 miles in 43 hours sailing. She is so skittish that when sailing an automatic helm is useless, so we were all tired. Kinsale however would restore anyone. We finished the Irish stew, slept, listened to the Inkspots, organised repairs through Kilmacsimon Boatyard. After pizzas aboard, we downed a soporific pint in the excellent and tasteful new extension in the ever-friendly Kinsale Yacht Club.

We were woken early the following morning by George Kingston's men from the Boatyard. *Sea-Pie* was allowed to dry out to allow replacement of the seized sea-cock. The bottom proved to be rather soft and the short foot to the keel sank in with the rudder taking some load. Many warps were made fast ashore and helped a little. I went to the Blue Haven for a tranquillizing lunch and then your men explored the waterside hostelrys by dinghy.

The sea-cock was successfully replaced and we reloaded without any harm done. Later that day the Decca aerial was replaced, curing a chronic problem and the device was to prove faultless for the rest of our voyage.

Next day was passed gently with lunch at Sandycove after motoring *Sea-Pie* around. Fishing was to prove unfruitful for the trip to the young men's annoyance. I was able to do all the little splicing jobs that had been accumulating; "cruising is

fixing."

My daughter Holly had been nursing my wife Katherine through a fever at home, and travelled south by train. She eventually arrived at Kinsale via, Dublin, Mallow, Killarney, Mallow and Cork, having been engrossed in a book and missed the change of train at Mallow. We had a happy evening at Kinsale Yacht Club, meeting many of my old Dragon sailing friends and were regaled of tales of Sigma 33 sailing in the South West area by Bob Cassidy who berths *Sarabande* at Kinsale. Descriptions of the seas of Brandon Head in Kerry concentrated our attention.

On Friday 23rd July we tried to get away from the outer end of the marina in a sluicing spring ebb. We extricated *Sea-Pie* from her inside berth and I came round to pick up the three stalwarts. The south west wind and tide forced us onto a moored boat and the outboard on its bracket wrenched out the other boat's aft stanchion. Stony silence. Kilmacsimon Boatyard sorted the problem out and I left a deposit to cover all costs. We then beat a careful and hasty retreat down river. There was mist and force 5 to 6 south westerly, not auspicious but we sailed out into brighter conditions. We beat past Old Head, Seven Heads and inside Doolic Rocks off Galley Head in hazy conditions and fetched inside High Island to enter Castle Haven at dusk. We anchored in this perfect haven and went ashore for a late open sandwich at Mary Ann's. Perfect but cool (air temperatures that is) with the clearest of skies that night.

"The Gods, it seems, were displeased with the events in Kinsale; once on course for the Old Head the clouds opened and the sun shone upon us, but looking back we could see the land locked in the mist and rain."

The next day Holly and I paid homage to Somerville and Ross in the lovely parish church. We were delighted to find wonderful Harry Clarke stained glass windows there also. It was a bright, cool day with a fresh south westerly. We departed and motor sailed on the wind, inside the Stags and thence to Baltimore. The only good anchorage was off the Abbey on Sherkin Island and we dropped anchor there in company with other yachts from all over Europe including Austria.

Baltimore is another significant spot in my life in that I first met Katherine there in Dinghy Week in 1964. We had walked together on Sherkin Island.

We landed on the Island for aperitifs in the two pubs and back aboard for ravioli, bean salad, all washed down by an agreeable Fleurie and completed with Pecan Pie and hot custard. Excellent. Sound sleep for skipper and Holly. The young men found hidden reserves and went back to Sherkin.

Sunday was another cool day with a fresh south westerly, I made bread – one of the mix-with-waer types with a foil baking contained included in the pack. Easy for skippers. I took the ferry to Baltimore to see Sally (Queen of Baltimore) Duggan (néé Fuller). She and Tom gave me baths, barmbrack and lots of blether.

Back on board we set off in very brisk conditions through Gascanne Sound towards the north harbour on Cape Clear Island. There was a fair sea running, but there was a festival ashore, so in we went. It was about an hour before low water and eventually a small raft formed in the outer basin. The Baltimore lifeboat arrived with Charles Haughey on board followed by his fine yacht *Celtic Mist*. The whole island population seemed to be on the pier to applaud his arrival – impressive for a man out of active politics!

We walked the island, visited the informative Heritage Centre, saw the celebrated wind generators, and arrived back via south harbour to find our raft breaking up. We made a rapid exit with many other boats. I think they all had to be back in their offices in Cork the following morning.

We had a rattling reach past Calf Islands to come alongside Schull pier for water and then anchored off. Ashore, we organised baths for the young men and had a quiet pint in O'Reagans.

Next morning we motor sailed in light winds with overcast sky along Long Island Sound and around Mizen Head. In a rising southwesterly with rain we ran across Bantry Bay and through Dursey Sound with the cable car almost in cloud. The Kenmare River was very overcast and visibility reduced dramatically. Thankfully Decca got us through between Two Heads and Moyleud Islands and to my relief we were able to identify the leading beacons into Derrynane. The seas on Muckiv Roc and Bulligmore were impressive. We entered and anchored in this lovely natural harbour, relieved after a trying day. It was still pouring and blowing hard, and I noted that the Irish Cruising Club Sailing Directions state, "Entrance or exit is impossible in bad weather especially from the south." It was probably foolish to go for it but we had tea, barmbrack, Eberspächer heat and the Inksots to calm us down and we listened to the sound of the surf on the outer shore of Lamb Island.

We went ashore in now very misty conditions and found the little pier. The pub and guest house has excellent showers (for the many board sailors who visit Derrynane).

"Tasty black sole in the pub and we went back to *Sea-Pie* fairly early to sleep. Peaceful. Relief."

During the night it blew hard, but there was excellent holding in sand. I was up to check and found that the wind had veered north westerly and I could now see lights ashore. In the morning we visited Derrynane House, which has been beautifully restored as a memorial to Daniel O'Connell. The hydrangeas seemed a most piercing blue after all the grays.

In sunshine and a force 3-4 north westerly we departed from this heavenly spot and beat out towards the Skelligs. Already the bird life was noticeably greater with gannet, shearwater, fulmar and now increasing numbers of comical and nervous puffin. As the swell became greater ("lumpy" was not quite adequate), we coined the description "Drumlin Country" for the immense swell off Bolus Head out to the Skelligs and past Bray Head on Valentia Island. This "very disturbed" sea is mentioned in the Sailing Directions.

The cloud and rain came down and we passed east of the little Skellig, in the lee of which the gannet guano was obvious, and rounded the Great Skellig close under the lighthouse and inside the Washerwoman's Rock. The seas made landing impossible so we photographed, gazed in amazement, bore off and scampered over the confused seas towards Dingle. The bird life was extraordinary.

By dusk we closed Dingle arriving at 2230 "guided by the most pathetic lighthouse created by man". The six mile range indicated for the green light is optimistic. Perhaps the green colour is the problem? We were welcomed by a trio of storm petrel and Fungi the famous dolphin. Berthing in the excellent new marina, we went ashore to this thriving town where there are many pubs, all it seemed with live music.

Next day we cleaned ourselves, the ship and then our clothes in the local launderette. The Quinsworth supermarket delivers to boats in the marina, very helpful. Holly and I visited more Harry Clark stained glass windows in the local convent, the future of which is sadly in some doubt. That evening we took *Sea-Pie* through the harbour entrance to join the Fungi-fleet; there is a major local tourist industry produced by this most friendly dolphin. He liked the timbre of *Sea Pie's* diesel and we received a lot of attention.

That night we dined well in Fenton's and had a somewhat depressing (for the skipper) discussion on the ageing process and how we are all programmed genetically to age. If we weren't the world would be filled with an ageing but evidently

immortal people. The young don't seem to realise their own mortality, youth is wasted on them.

Next day a light north westerly gave us the hope that we could land on the Blaskets. We had read "Twenty Years a-Growing", and I was still reading "The Island Man". I had been on the Great Blasket in 1964 and was keen to return, a better-read visitor, to pay homage to O'Sullivan, O'Crohan and Peg Sayer.

In calm conditions, we anchored off the village on Great Blasket and went ashore. The wall enclosing the tiny landing place had been built in Tomás O'Crohan's time after a drowning tragedy. In sunshine we walked almost the length of the island which Holly thought was shaped like a walnut. We sat on the summit of Croaghmore and the panorama of the coastline was clearly visible from Loop Head to Dursey Island. We imagined we saw skyscrapers to the west.

Choughs were seen and we had tea and freshly baked scones and jam in one of the houses that are occupied in summer. We could clearly see *Sea-Pie* moored safely below us.

Later that evening we left northwards past Beginish and all voted that it had been an excellent day. The sunset behind the Blaskets showed their extraordinary craggy outline very clearly.

The passage to the Aran Islands was very rapid with a force 5-6 westerly through the clear night. Dawn was worryingly livid red and we passed through Gregory Sound to punch windward into Killeany Bay accompanied by a school of very friendly dolphins, one with a strangely deformed dorsal fin. In a cold, fresh westerly we anchored off Kilronan, breakfasted and later went ashore.

Inishmore was not very attractive, not helped by wintery conditions. There are many ferries to the mainland, 100,000 visitors annually and 1,200 bicycles for hire. Fast food cafés have appeared and the atmosphere was tacky. We joined Italian and Spanish groups and took a pony and trap to see the always impressive Dún Aengus. I was delighted to see the young people's response to it "awesome" they said and "nobody seems to know about Dún Aengus except that it is very old and it's a fort." Then back to *Sea-Pie* for fetticina and 'big sleeps.'

Saturday 31st July saw slightly easier conditions but the force 4-5 breeze had veered to north-west. We were on the wind again as we closed Golam Head. Taking the Inner Passage, we bore off round St Macdara's Island towards Roundstone, where we berthed alongside the south pier. I had promised the crew that the chowder in O'Dowd's was excellent, and it was.

After this excellent lunch, we departed with north westerly 5 still blowing, but the sun shining. We beat out through Deer Pass and tried in vain to identify the two fearsome Bellows rocks. As predicted, we encountered a most uncomfortable and unpredictable sea rounding Slyne Head. I had hoped to use Joyce's pass, but the conditions were too dangerous and as it was I should have been several miles off shore.

We freed sheets and reached northwards seeing huge numbers of shearwater and to our pleasure three giant skua.

The swell became more predictable as we reached through High Island Sound to enter Inishbofin Harbour. Having anchored off the new pier, we landed and joined the throng in Day's Pub on the pier on a lively Saturday night, though all nights seemed the same on this most congenial of islands.

The weather turned really foul for two days. Initially southerly, the near gale veered eventually to the north-west. Early in the blow, a lovely Sadler 25, *Tarka* from Galway, dragged very rapidly past us and we had to hail them. Later we went ashore for showers with Margaret and Miko Day. They had been running the celebrated hotel in 1967 when Katherine

and I spent our honeymoon there. Another landmark.

Dinner in the hotel was followed by the only late night of the voyage, being 'thanked' by Owen Bresnihan for warning him that *Tarka* was dragging.

Monday 2nd August was a very fresh day spent aboard with a kedge at the ready. The crew went ashore and I tidied ship. At low water there was less than 2 metres depth where we were anchored and we touched briefly without any damage being caused.

The following day the northwesterly was now force 4-5 so we left having not seen enough of this splendid island. We came west of Davillaun to head towards Achill Head. Sadly, we had to miss Inishturk and Clare Islands, but the weather pattern was very unstable and time was passing. We rounded Achill Head, bore off, reached inside the Iniskeas and avoided Pluddany Rocks. The Ears of Achill, was mentioned in the Sailing Directions, are not striking and are very much at the west (and lower) end of Achill Head. I mistakenly used another peak until the correct back bearing became obvious for clearing Pluddany Rocks.

Continuing northwards, we passed Duffur, Inishkeeragh and Inishglora, sailing through a mass of spindrift to lee of Leacarrick. In a large swell, we passed Frenchport, inside Eagle Island and we ran past Erris Head to berth alongside fishing boats at Ballyglass Pier in the upper reaches of Broadhaven. We took on water, and as the tidal range is great (up to 4 metres), we anchored off near the newest lifeboat in the RNLI fleet and had a very peaceful night. The North Mayo hills to the east of Broadhaven have the most lovely lace-like pattern of walls radiating from the summit of each hill.

Next day we were off about 1000 aiming to be in Burtonport by noon the next day. We sailed inside the Stags of Broadhaven and were lucky to avoid a large net still out in the close season. Teelin was tempting but I made an error of 1° longitude in putting waypoints into the Decca and stupidly did not check the rhumbline on the chart. Alexander was very tactful in pointing this out to me hours later. We might have hit the Outer Hebrides eventually.

"A close reach straight across a fair sea, averaging 7 knots. We had all taken Stugeron, so nausea was never a problem, and we were able to perform uncommon feats of cooking below, as we rattled across. I baked my first ever soda bread."

The skipper and quasi-navigator slept. In a healthy sunset we closed Portnoo and anchored in Church Pool, as ever an excellent spot despite the northwesterly wind direction.

"Steak and kidney, pasta and engaged in another dismal fishing effort before bed. As we sleep the Leviathans brood coolly beneath us."

Thursday 5th August was a brilliant day. I had all up early to get through Aran South Sound with adequate depth of water. We motored in near calm conditions, leaving Turk Rocks to port, through Rutland South Channel and we berthed alongside at Burtonport. This very welcoming port was bathed in sunshine as we watered, cleaned and bathed ashore in Hamilton's Guest House. Alexander proclaimed "a bath befits a rankster." Katherine arrived by car with Julia Corkey who was to join us for the rest of the voyage. Holly and Julia and Mole (our very confused dog) took the ferry to Arranmore (the locals prefer this title to Aran Island), and Katherine joined *Sea-Pie* as we motored out through the lovely Rutland Harbour and anchored in Aran Roads in Mediterranean conditions. To the east the Donegal blue mountains were never so clear. We landed on Arranmore and walked to the summit of the island where the visibility was incredible; we were able to pick out all the landmarks from Tory Island southwards. There was a sickly pale sunset.

We dined mightily in the Glen Hotel and the young people returned to the boat.

After a night of comfort in the hotel, I joined the crew next morning. It was already wet and windy from the south and Katherine took the ferry back to Burtonport, while we hoisted a single reefed mainsail and headed northwards.

In freshening winds we passed through Owey Sound, with a somewhat spectacular gybe to negotiate the bend. Conditions deteriorating, we reefed further and hurtled northwards in poor visibility outside Gola and Inishirrer.

Approaching Bloody Foreland many fishing floats were seen and I feared nets. One lunge to windward brought us too close to land for comfort and it became obvious that Tory Island was not a safe option.

Off Inishbeg we took in a third reef and passed Horn Head, touching up to 12 knots when surfing, Holly steering beautifully through it all. Julia was having quite an unusual introduction to cruising as we tramped on with harnesses and life jackets on.

The tide was flooding and, having identified one of the two Frenchman's Rocks (there is one on each side of the entrance to Mulroy Bay), we rounded Melmore Head and motor sailed, with three reefs still in the main, into a very fresh and wet southerly through the First Narrows to anchor in the splendid Fanny's Bay - a perfect haven. Average speed 7 knots for the 41 miles covered from Arranmore. The wildlife had been interesting; stormy petrel, a shark and many razorbill and also several heron on the shore near Dundooan Rocks in Mulroy entrance. Eberspächer and tea and toast, jam and Inkspots. Excellent.

Karl and I landed and walked in heavy rain over the isthmus of the Rossguill Peninsula to Downings and, in appalling conditions (he said) took a taxi back for meat-balls, Pinot Blanc and bread and butter pudding. Julia had proven herself a worthy addition to the team!

I slept as the crew returned ashore and ended their evening in a dance hall somewhere in Rossguill.

Saturday 7th August was a fine ridge day with sun, blue sky and force 3-4 westerly. We caught the ebb out of Mulroy entrance and Julia helmed us along the Fanad shore to enter Lough Swilly. We took the narrow passage inside the Swilly Rocks. The cliff scenery is exceptional with the splendid Great Arch at Pollet Head clearly seen. We came round to Portsalon and berthed alongside KC a Sigma 33 (Conal Casey), that had raced down from Fahan with other boats from the Lough Swilly Yacht Club fleet.

We went ashore to Rita's, she closes only on Christmas Day and Good Friday.

A pint, followed by fish and chips, set us up for the short fast passage up Swilly to Rathmullen. It started to rain as we passed Saldanha Head, where one of the great shipwrecks of the Irish Coast occurred in 1811. *HMS Saldanha* was driven ashore with loss of several hundred lives. One man survived long enough to be taken into a local house and seated at a fire was given a glass of poteen. He was found dead a few minutes later. Some of the headstones in Rathmullen Priory bear testimony to this awful disaster.

Lough Swilly ("of the shadows") is our favourite Irish sailing water, but there is now a series of salmon cages along the west shore of the Lough between Knockalla Point and Macamish. They are well marked but very unsightly. The industry provides about 140 jobs locally so it may be justified.

We passed Macamish Fort in the wind and rain to anchor just north of Rathmullen Pier by 1700. We went ashore to this most excellent spot for baths and roast beef, Yorkshire pudding et al. I slept ashore and the youngsters aboard.

Sunday was wet, cold and unpleasant, memorable only for a trip to Letterkenny to see the film, Jurassic Park. The crew had been reading the book en route. The film was excellent and entertaining, but pandered to the 12 year old market a little.

Monday 9th August was another miserable day with a miserable forecast including a gale warning. I was anxious to get home so we left in a freshening northwesterly, increasing to 6-7 as we proceeded down Lough. Discretion partly won the day as we picked up a mooring off Portsalon Pier and waited for the RTE 1255 forecast which promised a moderating north westerly. The east going tide around Malin Head turned to west at 1440 in Garvan Sound, so we left it very late and in retrospect should have waited for the next flood tide.

Underway in a fresh northwesterly, we passed the hippopotamus-like Dunaff Head and cross Trawbeaga Bay under double reefed main and working jib. As ever a big swell was present as we approached Malin Head and rounding Ireland's North Point it became obvious that a win-over-tide situation was present. In addition a filthy line squall was bearing down. As we turned south at last, I recall a bright sunlit sea with white crests and turquoise mountainous seas and a pitch black squally to windward. Gannets abounded as we surfed over these seas and scabbled the mainsail down on deck. Under jib alone we rounded Rossnabartan and slipped into the relative shelter of Malin Harbour picking up a vacant fishing boat mooring off the pier head.

I calmed down while we waited and slept and ate. With a fresh north westerly still blowing and still forecast, we set off again at 2030 and took a third reef in the main off Stookarudden. Malin Radio called us to see if we were alright. Evidently they could see us clearly, very reassuring!

We ran towards the North Antrim coast with a dazzling white sunset astern and debated whether we should stop at Culdaff. However I opted for Portrush and, in darkness, we closed the shore with the lights being obliterated from time to time by rain. Eventually we identified Portrush Harbour lights amongst the many other ashore in this holiday resort and, with bated breath and some panache we gybed and shot the entrance with occasional breaking seas around us.

The mainsail was lowered quickly as we came alongside the vacant pontoon on an awful night for the poor Portrush holidaymakers. The young voted the entrance "handbrake turn from hell." I voted it "an eminently unrepeatable experience." We ate and relaxed and contacted worried loved ones and slept, despite a moderate swell in the harbour.

Tuesday 10th August started grey and damp and a small ridge moved in and gave us a gentle last passage. Off at 0900, we followed the instructions, catching the eddy along the glorious north Antrim coast. The visibility was excellent; Inishowen, Islay, Rathlin, Jura and Kintyre were all clearly visible and, in a light north westerly, we sailed contentedly in sunshine to enter Rathlin Sound.

The gathering flood whisked us past Rathlin with its new windmills turning ponderously. Fair and Torr Heads slipped by and we realised we were at last out of the often unpleasant swell that we had experienced since leaving Rosslare. The Glens of Antrim were at their best as we had our first and only meal in the cockpit, Irish stew (excellent).

Sunday, Arran, Ailsa Craig and Galloway all came into sight to port and, as we approached Muck Island, we met the early ebb tide. We motored southwards close in under the Gobbins marvelling again at the extensive bird life - kittiwake, razor bill, common and black guillemot and fulmar, all going about their evening businesses.

The drumlins of the North Down coast were now in view as we motor sailed across Belfast Lough, taking this opportunity in the calm conditions to tidy ship and prepare her for racing.

Entering Bangor Marina, we were greeted by sister Sigmas and multiple other boats going out for evening racing at Ballyholme. It was quite a reception. Some wanted us to come and joint the racing immediately, but we resisted our competitive instincts and came into our berth at 1900.

So ended a delightful cruise in great company and awful weather. We have covered 885 miles in twenty-three days. There were high spots; Skelligs, Great Blasket and Arranmore. We had a dusting getting into Derrynane and rounding Malin Head but *Sea-Pie* coped well. We covered the whole trip with working jib and often reefed mainsail. No other sail left its bag! We were disappointed not to have time nor conditions to land on more islands, such as Tory or Rathlin.

The most pleasant memories are of excellent food, drink and conversation and the calming sound of the Inkspots on tape in lovely anchorages.

"I'll follow the tide – I'll keep on sailing..."

Postscript

I would strongly recommend the catering system that my wife Katherine evolved; each meal had all the ingredients necessary

placed in a sealed polythene bag. These were all stowed together and decision making was reduced to a minimum – essential after a tiring passage. Sandwiches were often made at breakfast for midday consumption. Stugeron at breakfast helped all the crew, none of whom were sick. The skipper should have taken one on departure from Bangor but was well thereafter thankfully.

- Crew from Bangor – James and Alexander Nixon and Karl Hodgen
- From Kinsale – Holly Nixon
- From Arranmore – Julia Corkey

Katherine Nixon was on the trip from Burtonport to Arranmore and by proxy with us all the way with victuals.



The late Davy Steadman (left) sailing on Strangford Lough aboard his beloved *Dolphin* designed by J.B. Kearney, which he owned for 53 years until his death in June. (See W.M. Nixon writes, Page 127).

Photo: Ann Bunting

To the Chukchi Sea with a Lime Juice Skipper

John Gore-Grimes

Tom Lawlor and I received an invitation to join Willie Ker (RCC & OCC) on *Assent* in Alaska. Tom has sailed with me on *Shardana* to Scoresby Sund and more recently on a delivery trip from Bermuda to the Azores. In spite of a rocky start we have become and remain firm friends.

Having flown from Dublin to Dutch Harbor we spent two days provisioning *Assent*. What can be said about *Assent*? She is a production boat which over the years has been beefed up by our steely, blue eyed skipper. Her forward cabin has been strengthened with additional stringers, and the vital bulkhead which separates the main cabin from the heads has been rebuilt and strongly fibreglassed by Willie and by his son Alan who between them have re-organised Jeremy Rogers weakest points of design and cured them with their own solid workmanship. *Assent*, in common with the Contessa class, has a pretty hull. Below decks the Ker craftsmanship is not quite to Nautor standards, but she gives you the feeling of safe, if untidy, security. If the ancient cleric who wrote the lines: "Cleanliness is next to godliness" is philosophically correct, it must be said, of Willie, that he is light years away from his Creator.

We sailed from Dutch Harbor to Chernofski Harbor at the western end of Unalaska Island on Tuesday 13th July. Passing out through this enormous harbour we saw evidence of the delicate prosperity which the fishing industry has brought to the town. There are many processing plants and large fishing vessels tied to the quay and manoeuvring in and out of the harbour. As we left, we saw several, heavily laden vessels coming in. All of these boats had a bank of three or four bright halogon lights atop the bridge which made it easy to pick them out, particularly in foggy conditions. We arrived at Chernofski at 1325 on the 14th July.

For me, our visit to the Aleutian Islands filled in a piece of



Willie Ker and Tom Lawlor on *Assent*

Photo: John Gore-Grimes.

a jigsaw puzzle which had been missing for some years. The islands stretch across 1,100 miles of sea from the mainland Alaskan Peninsula almost to the Siberian Kamchatka peninsula. Looked at on a chart, they resemble a necklace which separates the Pacific Ocean from the Bering Sea. The 'necklace' is often referred to as the "Aleutian Chain." The separation of the two great oceans, the Pacific and Arctic, brings a warm front from the south into conflict with the cold winds of the north, producing a climate which is characterised by frequent, often violent cyclonic storms and high winds, countered by dense fog and eerie stillness. The grass grows slowly in a latitude which is roughly parallel to Ireland. There are no trees and no agricultural crops. High winds and the absence of sunlight overwhelm the earth's strongest instincts but, during the short summer months, a profusion of flowering plants makes the Aleutian Islands and much of Arctic Alaska, a place of beauty.

Chernofski Harbor is huge; it is the size of Carlingford Lough but it spreads out into several wide bays. It was a calm misty day as we looked over the waters to see the sea-lions playing about. Far out in the bay were the timid sea otters, lying together on their backs. They kept their distance and who could blame them after the indescribable abuses which they have suffered.

We returned to the beach off which *Assent* lay at anchor. Willie was there and he had visited Milt and Cora Holmes' ranch house to deliver some mail which we had collected for them at Unalaska Post Office. This was Willie's second visit to Chernofski. A few days before our arrival he had flown out from Dutch Harbor on the amphibious Grumman Goose; he had travelled with Milt and with Cora and they had extended an invitation to him to visit Chernofski but, on this occasion, there was nobody at home. We motored across the bay and met Milt and a young man named Stephen. Milt invited us to supper and Willie offered to cook a freshly caught halibut. It tasted delicious on a plate filled with fresh vegetables and sweet potatoes.

The Holmes', Milton and Cora run a sheep ranch at Chernofski. They farm 152,000 acres and they own 85,000 of those. Cora was away hiking with Stephen's mother Melanie somewhere over in the back hills so we did not meet her. Milt could not have been more hospitable and he said that he was sorry that we had missed Cora who is a well known authoress and expert on Aleutian history.

"But on the other hand," said Milt, "perhaps it is just as well because when Cora is here I don't get to do any of the talkin', I just sit over there and stay quiet."

Looking out the window at the barren and unchanging landscape where no trees grow, I asked Milt how he could distinguish one season from another and he explained;

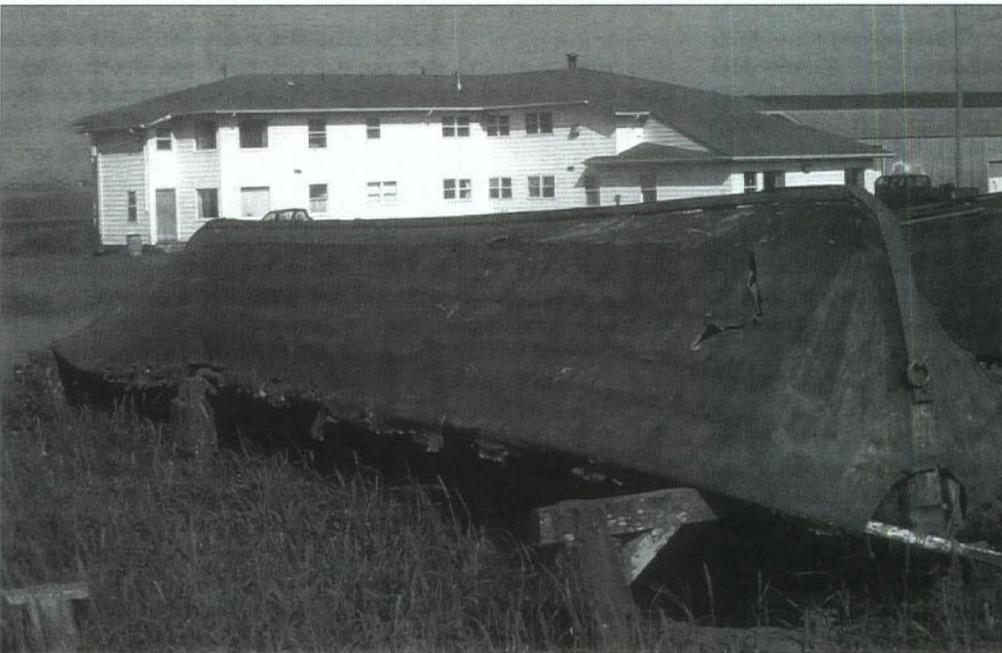
"Well, we have two seasons in the Aleutians. This winter and next winter."

It seemed awful to leave these hospitable people to their solitude. It is not a life which I could manage, but Milt had told me:

"I was brought up on a ranch in Idaho so you might say that I am kinda used to loneliness."

Leaving Chernofski, our route had been thoughtfully planned for us by a courageous explorer named John Bockstoce. Both Willie and I had met John at talks at the Royal Cruising Club and John is also a distinguished member of the Cruising Club of America. He has relatives by marriage in Ireland and his helpful correspondence and advice guided our journey for the remainder of our voyaging in Alaska. For anyone who has ambitions to sail off the Alaskan or off the Canadian Arctic coast, John's book, 'Arctic Passages' is compulsory reading. John took an Umiak (timber framed native boat covered with walrus hide) from Nome, Alaska to the northern end of Somerset Island in the Barrow Strait. He narrowly missed completing a voyage through the North West Passage in this unique craft which is a slightly larger version of our own curragh. John's determination was such that he returned and finally sailed his axillary sloop *Belvedere* from Seattle to New York passing through the North West Passage from West to East and stopping for a winter in Holsteinsborg, Greenland. 'Arctic Passages' gives interesting insights into the history of Alaska and it pays tribute and respect to the native people of the north which is something which is all too frequently missing from accounts of Polar adventure. John is well known throughout Alaska and his helpful introductions have opened many doors of friendship and of hospitality for us. The mainland native Alaskans and the native people who inhabit the islands in the Bering Sea, north of the Aleutians, frequently refer to themselves as Eskimos which, as I understand it, is derived from an old French word meaning 'eaters of raw flesh.' Greenlanders and the native Canadians have rejected this word and refer to themselves respectively as the Kallaalit and the Inuit.

We sailed to the actively volcanic island of Bogoslof which is just thirty seven miles north of the entrance to Chernofski. Three hours after departure, with a full following breeze, Bogoslof, with its plume of smoke drifting from its peak, came into view. It was one of the clearest days which we experienced while sailing in the Bering and Chuckchi Seas.



The curragh like walrus-hide Umiak.

Astern of us and about sixty miles to the south-east we could see the high snowcapped mountain peaks of Unalaska. *Assent* loved these conditions as did the splendid Aeries self-steering vane which handled the steering with absolute authority although we were running almost dead downwind. I have sailed with many different types of vane steering systems but the Aeries beats them all. What a pity that it is no longer in production.

Bogoslof is a relative newcomer to our earth. It is thought to have surfaced in the early years of 1700. It was first reported in 1768 when it was named after a Russian Orthodox priest, Ionna Bogoslava. Captain James Cook chartered the position of Bogoslof in 1778 and named it Ship Island. It is variously known as Disappearing Island and Jack-in-the-Box. For many years it seldom appeared in the same shape or indeed in the same place. Willie had been anxious to launch the dinghy and land, but we had to agree with him as we came close to the shore that the dinghy would have been overwhelmed by the salty white breakers which crashed onto the ash grey beach. We motored cautiously to within half a cable of the shore. Great herds of sea-lions and flocks of birds derive obvious pleasure from the built in central heating system provided by Bogoslof's warm volcanic ground.

We had 206 miles between Bogoslof and the island of St Paul in the Pribilof group. Bogoslof looked desolate as we sailed from it. Dark clouds filled the sky to the south of us. It was cold on watch and I could not help thinking of Milt Holmes' cosy ranch with the big steel-kitchen range radiating the heat from the Pittsberg coal stored at the opposite side of the bay left by the military after the Second World War. We were on three hour watches which gave us six hours off. The struggle out of, and more particularly into, warm clothing and wet gear at the beginning and end of each watch, knocked a good half hour of this rest period. *Assent* was damp below but that is not an unusual condition of a small sailing boat in the Bering Sea. Unlike the Norsemen of old, at least we did not have to use our helmets to constantly bail the bilges. There was heavy condensation but that was not the only source of the water intake. My clothes were stored in a port hand locker which was permanently wet. Happily the clothes were double wrapped in plastic bags but I suspect that there was a fairly constant drip from the chainplates in the locker. In extreme

conditions on the port tack the water trickled across the bunk cushions and the end of our sleeping bags remained damp. When one considers the mileage which *Assent* has achieved since her departure from Lympington, such small discomforts are quite irrelevant. The main asset was *Assent's* splendid lee-cloths, made of solid blue canvass and securely fastened beneath the bunk. They rise up from the bunk to a height of two foot six inches. An aluminium pole (like part of the boom of a Laser) was inserted into the top of the canvass and slotted into two strong receivers at either end of the bunk. Once tucked in, the certain knowledge that you would never fall out, made sleep a simple and a very deep affair. The best additions which Willie and his son Alan had made

Photo: John Gore-Grimes

Assent include the Aeries wind vane, the storm proof lee cloths, the bullet proof plastic dome over the cockpit and the Furuno radar.

I came up to take the dawn watch and the sky was lightening. Venus was nicely cradled in the arms of the moon. I thought of the sea otters with their pups taking a ride on their mummy's tummy in Chernofski Harbor. The speed was good and Willie told me that the northerly set which runs from Bering sea into the Arctic Ocean had started to take a grip of our hull. We were doing 7.1 knots over the ground. We sailed through the day with dusky fulmers and tufted puffins in plenty. At times dolphins played around the boat and at local noon Willie took a midday sight. It was hazy and the horizon was poor. Willie was content.

Local noon was at 1515 which explains why there is always the possibility of the midnight sun in the short summer months in Alaska. Midnight, in any other part of the world would have been at 2115 Alaska time.

Dalroi Point on St George Island stood out clearly at midnight and by 0130 it had started to get dark. Dawn was barely noticeable with thick fog which made it difficult to see the pulpit on the bow. Willie started the engine and switched on the radar. There was an enormous target ahead of us and we picked up the stone cladded arms of the new harbour at St Paul's as we entered between the pier heads. We could see that we had followed a tug with a heavily laden barge, on tow, into St. Paul's Harbor.

We tied up at St. Paul's at 0830. 10,000 years ago the Pribilofs had been high ground on the tundra of Beringa. It is likely that these 'highlands' would have been visited by the pre-historic hunters who pursued the Arctic land mammals to provide food for their families. Then, the land bridge flooded and the Pribilofs were once again distant islands which for much of the year were hidden in the fog. At some unspecified time before history was written down but when it had been recorded in song, an Aleut named Igadik, the son of the chief of Unimak Island, set out in his kayak and observed that the fur seals were swimming north. He was caught in a great storm in the south and when the storm abated he found himself in a dense fog. He heard the familiar sounds of seals and of birds. He paddled onwards and landed on a stony beach. To his amazement he saw thousands of fur seals nursing their pups. Igadik had discovered the breeding ground of the fur seals. He named the island Amiq and for generations the Aleuts of Unimak and the adjoining islands passed on the secret of this place to their children. The secret was kept but by 1770 when the sea otters had almost been hunted into extinction the Russian Plunderers were looking for new sources of fur. A Russian navigator named Gerrissium Pribylov, whose father had crewed with Bering overheard the song which told the story of Igadk. He sailed north from Unalaska Island in 1878 and literally struck the cliffs of an island with his bowsprit. He was lucky to avoid shipwreck and he named the island St George. His crew landed and filled the holds of their ship with the skins of fur

seals and it was thus that the breeding grounds of the fur seal was discovered by the Russians. It was an unfortunate discovery which was to have a devastating impact on the Aleuts and on the wildlife in the area. The island group comprising St George, St Paul and a few smaller islands were named the Pribilofs.

At the time of the discovery of the Pribilofs the islands were uninhabited. The Russians transported the Aleut from Unalaska and from nearby islands to harvest the fur seals for them and when the United States purchased Alaska from the Tsar Alexander II In 1867, the Americans continued to make sizeable profits from the pelts of the fur seals. The Aleut were neglected and were almost kept in slavery. They were paid a paltry sum of money each month but mainly they were paid with commodities such as Campbells soup which was quite disgusting to their taste. In the late 1950's the Americans were astonished to read a headline in the New York Times;

'Slavery still practiced in the United States.'

The article referred to the Department of Fisheries & Wildlifes' treatment of the Aleut population on the islands of St. Paul and St. George. A decision of the US Supreme Court finally granted ownership of the Pribilofs Islands to the native peoples in the early sixties and the islands are now emerging from almost two hundred years of slavery.

We called to the Hotel Eider which is the only hotel on the island. They were kind enough to allow us to use their shower facilities without charge. There are eight hundred permanent residents on St. Paul and between construction workers and visitors the Summer population is close to 1,100 people. We collected permits from the Wild Life Office and were taken to the fur seal rookeries by a talkative Aleut named Steven Kochutin who told us that he had several jobs on the island. Steve is the Public Security Officer, the Fire Safety Officer, the Medical Services Officer, the Conservation Officer and the Search and Rescue Officer; he is also on stand-by when things get out of hand in the Police Department.

'Demarkation' is an unheard of concept on St. Paul.

We stood on a timber platform and looked through the little viewing holes at thousands of fur seals on the beach below. The Beach Masters stood out proud surrounded by their harem of females. The tiny black pups were no more than two or three weeks old. Steven told us that they used to club up to one



Seal rookeries on St. Paul.

Photo: John Gore-Grimes

thousand seals to death in a single day before Greenpeace insisted on legislation which now restricts the killing to thirty six seals per house per annum.

Steven told us his brother was in prison serving a seven year sentence for murder. He killed a cousin for paying unwelcome attention to their sister.

"But," said Steve, "Another islander is serving a sixty six year sentence. He got drunk and murdered someone for no reason."

There is one pub on St. Paul which serves beer only. It is closed on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays each week so we were unable to visit it. Many Islanders feel that the pub is an unnecessary source of trouble and that it should be closed. Many of the native

communities and native villages in Alaska are completely alcohol free. This is a voluntary decision taken deliberately by these communities who have looked at the effects of alcohol on their brothers and sisters in Canada and in Greenland. Steven told us that he was most often called in by the police (who are white Americans) when an island man went home drunk and started to beat up his wife and family. Steven said that this was a frequent occurrence. The native people of Alaska do not cope well with alcohol.

The pier at St. Paul's Harbor is a favourite haunt of the Arctic foxes of the island. They are almost tame and scavenge without inhibition around the skips placed outside the kitchen door of the island canteen. They board the ships and have been seen hopping and dancing up and down the gang planks.

We left St. Paul on Sunday evening in misty rain with an easterly wind blowing at 20-25 knots. We slabbed in two reefs and rolled out half of the jib. The sea was alive with curious seals who flapped their tails beneath the water and poked their necks and heads high above the surface to get a good view of *Assent* as she passed by. At any one time, between 40 and 50 seals were visible in the water around us.

We were bound for St. Matthew which is 215 miles to the north of St. Paul. The pilot says that St. Matthew is uninhabited but some people on St. Paul thought that there were some Aleut summer camps there. Our passage was fast and there was quite a bounce in the sea. There was a good deal of condensation below and the bilge water started to wash across the cabin floor. On this leg Willie had much to say about the Governor and Chief Constable of the Falklands Islands. He had been charged £40.00 Harbour Dues and he was thinking of writing a stiff letter to each of them. This all helped to pass the time and we finally sighted the Sugarloaf Mountain and Pinnacle Island at 0800 on Tuesday. As we approached Cape Upright we sighted three whales. We saw their spouts shooting fine spray into the air and then as we came closer we could see their bodies roll but they dived under the surface with their tails high up in the air. The whales were too distant and too quick for certain identification but they may have been Fin whales.

We anchored two and a half cables from the shore in eleven feet of water. Cape Upright is joined to the main island by a low flat tundra plain which is almost one mile across. Looking



The Arctic Fox on St. Matthew

Photo: John Gore-Grimes

at the shore we could see patches of snow. The beach looked steep too and it seemed incredible that we were in such shallow water. We were to learn later that we had anchored on a ridge of rock but there is deeper water closer to the shore.

The skipper insisted that Tom and I should land first. The fog had burned off and there was blue sky above us as we stepped ashore. The change in temperature was dramatic. We had had some cold hours on *Assent* on the way to St. Matthew but the tundra plain soaked up the sun's rays and radiated its heat. We climbed to the top of Cape Upright which is 1,280 feet and then I climbed to the summit of the mountain above it while Tom went down to walk across the soft mossy tundra to the beach on the other side. As I climbed upwards I was joined by an Arctic fox which followed me up to the top. We stood beside each other at 1,505 feet and looked around at the marvellous spectacle of blue sea and a patch work quilt of coloured mosses on the tundra below. I wished that I had some of the skipper's old stew to give to the hungry fox.

We returned aboard four and a half hours later and Willie went ashore for a walk. Tom and I spent that time scrubbing down *Assent's* floor, fixing a door that had come away from its hinges and trying to wash off the dirt from the cabin roof. In spite of some fairly tough elbow grease we made very little impression on *Assent's* interior.

We spent ten hours anchored off St. Matthew and then set sail to round Cape Upright in a very heavy swell. These big seas are a feature of the area and 25-30 foot waves are not uncommon and are sometimes forecast. We were bound for Nome which is 327 miles from St. Matthew.

We were now north of latitude 60° and there was no real darkness at night. The wind had backed to the north east which coincided almost precisely with our preferred course. We beat our way slowly towards Nome. To compensate for the poor conditions Willie gave us tea and cake to keep us cheerful. The fruitcake had been baked by Veronica some months ago. It was moist and delicious and there were times when we wished that she was aboard. Being so used to his single handed ways Willie did almost all the cooking. We usually fed ourselves at breakfast, skipped lunch and ate a big evening meal. The quality varied from excellent (fresh meat or fish with potatoes and cauliflower) to sometimes difficult to swallow (a stew served up for a second night running with ancient meat



Richard Wilkinson — a prospector from Wicklow with his gold mining rig

Photo: John Gore-Grimes

preserved in some mysterious sauce). Willie, quite rightly, made a rule on the voyage to prevent us from examining the ingredients of his gastronomic exercises. His preserved meats,

some of which smelled as if they had come from a beast which had passed away before the Great War, did satisfy the appetite and never caused us any harm.

On Thursday the wind went light and came up from the south west on Friday. We anchored off Sledge Island which is 26 miles to the west of Nome. Between midnight and 0800 on Saturday the barometer jumped from 1006 to 1014 and eight hours later it steadied out at 1020. I would have expected a blow but the wind from the south west remained steady at 10 knots. As we approached Nome the height of the swell was 6 to 8 feet and we knew that the entrance to the inner harbour was impossible. There was just 7 feet of water in the narrow channel entrance. We lay, uncomfortably, behind a barge on the outer breakwater before moving to Nome Harbor eighteen hours later on a perfectly calm and sunny Sunday morning.

We stayed in Nome until Wednesday and made many new friends there. We met two Irishmen. The first to greet us was a member of the Alaskan Police Force, Mike Murphy from Mayo. Mike welcomed us and said that there were just two crimes in his book; "One is murder and the second is drugs. Apart from that you can do anything you like here and it will be alright by me."

We did!

On Monday we bought and stowed a good list of supplies. Willie had been making his own contacts and was well on the way to arranging Visas for Siberia. In the afternoon we drove along the beach to examine Richard Wilkinson's gold mining rig. Richard is a prospector from Co. Wicklow. His rig comprises a compressor on two floats which is wheeled into the water. Richard puts on his dry suit, takes air from the compressor and walks along the sea bed with a six inch hose, sucking up gold. It is a tough routine and when the weather is right he spends five hours at a time below the surface in about ten to twelve feet of water dredging sand into the filters on the rig above. He empties the filters and patiently pans out the sand. What is left are tiny particles of gold which, at the time we were in Nome, was worth \$400 an ounce. Richard is not a rich man but in common with many of his fellow prospectors on Nome beach he told us;

"I may not be rich today but I could make a strike tomorrow or if not tomorrow maybe the day after or if not the day after maybe the day after that — if you get my drift."

There have been some spectacular finds on Nome beach but the majority of gold hopefuls are still waiting for tomorrow.

We met an ageing gold digger working close to Richard's patch. Old Stan told us a story which brings home the extent of the untouched emptiness of America's 49th State.

"Last winter I was up in the back hills with ma dog when it came on to snow real heavy. I was worn out and was fixin' to set up ma tent for the night when I saw a hut in the trees. I was not sure if there was anyone at home but there is a tradition in Alaska which says that you can use a hut for the night if it is empty. Being a bit unsure I approached the hut with great care in case some half-crazed old gold digger came out shootin'. I went up to the door and knelt down on ma knees. I



Gold hopefuls on Nome beach

Photo: John Gore-Grimes

reached up and knocked on the door with ma fist. That way I felt if there was going to be shootin' I might lose my fist but at least I would keep ma head. There was no response to ma knockin' so I pushed the door open and went inside. The cabin was spotlessly clean and there was some dried timber beside the stove. I soon had the fire blazin' and ma dog and me began to thaw out a little. As I was sittin' there I noticed a note pinned to the dresser. I was mighty curious so I put on ma glasses and went over to read the note. It said;

"If you use my cabin while I am away please leave it as clean and neat as you found it. I have gone to fight the Kaiser."

On Tuesday night Willie had received a kind invitation which included Tom and I. We joined Pat Hahn and Sue Greenly in their home for a splendid dinner. Pat and Sue have three daughters, Kari, Megan and baby Anna. Pat, as a very young man had accompanied John Bockstoe on the Umiak voyage which had so nearly taken them through the North West passage. Sue's mother was there and Pat's mother Bonnie Hahn arrived later. She had sailed with John aboard *Belvedere* from Seattle to New York through the North West passage. This was splendid company and we were privileged to dine with genuine champions. Pat's library contained many familiar friends and many other volumes which I would dearly love to own.

The former Lord Mayor of Nome, Jim Stimpfle arrived and he kindly arranged our Visas for our subsequent visit to Siberia. As we filled in the Visa Application Forms, Jim told us;

"Don't worry too much about what you put in the forms. The CIS Embassy in San Francisco never read them anyway. They just want the dollars. The guys down there do a lot of eating out in expensive restaurants."

The cost of the Visa was \$100 per person.

Jim is a modern Don Quixote and his boundless optimism reminded me of Irish farmers who start telling you that there is a "great stretch in the evening" on the 23rd December. Some years ago when the Cold War was in full swing he filled gas balloons with goodwill messages and with practical gifts such as needles, beads, gum, chewing tobacco etc. He waited until there was a fine easterly breeze and flew his cargo across the Bering Straits to the Chuckchi nation who live and hunt on the



Jim Stimpfle dreams of a tunnel which will allow trucks and cars to drive from Moscow to New York.

Photo: John Gore-Grimes

Siberian shores. He has done much to promote harmony and understanding between Russia and the native citizens of Siberia, and the native and American communities in Alaska. He is presently dreaming of an under sea tunnel to link Alaska to Siberia so that trucks and cars will one day drive from Moscow to New York. Jim is absolutely determined to turn this dream into reality.

From Nome we sailed around the coast and up northward, with a good following south westerly wind. We picked up the light at the entrance to Port Clarence from about one mile off. The Day Mark was barely visible in foggy drizzly conditions with high seas running and breaking on the stony beaches where the light was perched. As we passed the sandy spit we could see the US Coast Guard Station with the lower part of a fourteen hundred foot Loran C mast rising from the ground and vanishing into the clouds. We sailed across Port Clarence and entered the narrow channel into Grantley Harbour. The entrance to this harbour is lit with lights at each end of the stony spits. These lights were working in the foggy conditions which we experienced during day light hours. We anchored off the small native village of Teller where Amudsen, Nobile and Ellsworth had landed their balloon in 1925 having successfully drifted over the North Pole. They had started in Ny Alesund in Svalbard which we had visited in 1980.

That evening we joined Willie on the northern spit where Jim and his family had set up their tent. The salmon nets were out and Jim's father-in-law owns a 17 acre piece of the land spit with fishing rights on both sides. There was a small generator running and the children watched 'Ninja Turtles III' inside the tent. The adults lay on the stones on a lovely sunny evening, eating fresh salmon and baked potatoes in their jackets. Jim talked about his tunnel and about his dreams of bringing the native peoples of both sides of the Bering Strait together again. An elderly man named Roger wandered over. He had originally lived on the Little Diomed Island. The borders were first closed by J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI in 1948,



"The last train from Nome" Old locomotives which were used to carry the old-timers from Bonanza River to the hills.

Photo: John Gore-Grimes

fearing that Stalin might use the Siberian Eskimos as a fifth column to spy on the Alaskan military installations. At first the Eskimos were bemused by this, because for centuries they had treated the border as a white mans invention. Then Stalin removed all the native people from the Big Diomed and burned all the canoes and boats on the mainland.

Many of Roger's relatives were sent away to live in inland villages in Siberia and they have not seen each other for more than forty five years. Pointing to the sea on the Port Clarence side of the spit, Roger said;

"Whales used to come in here ... especially the belugas. They don't come anymore. I don't think they like the noise of the town generator."

It was after midnight when we returned to *Assent* and it was still perfectly bright. Willie got up quietly at 0630 on Friday morning. He raised the anchor, set the sails and put to sea while Tom and I slept. By the time I took over at 0900 we had



Our two young guards with Tom.

Photo: John Gore-Grimes

a fast close reach across Port Clarence. The visibility closed down and Point Spencer was abeam by 0922. We had 18-20 knots of south westerly wind and we moved quickly through the thick wet fog in the Bering Straits passing an unseen Cape York and an unseen Cape Prince of Wales. The wind freshened to 25 knots in the afternoon and *Assent* charged northwards helped by almost one knot of fairly constant north flowing current. We crossed the Arctic Circle at 0027 on Saturday morning. It was cold and grey and the sea was agitated. What a pleasure it was to move so well in following seas but we realised that the winds offered us very little chance of a landing at Point Hope. There was a profusion of bird life but in such poor visibility we did not sight any whales. The birds flew in and out of the mist and crossed our path in an almost constant stream.

We were well out into the Chukchi Sea and within two or three miles of the International Date Line. This line also marks the boundary between the US and the CIS. Just before we reached longitude 169° we gybed and headed towards Point Hope. We arrived to the north of the point at 2100 on Saturday evening. We had logged 336 miles from Nome and we could see the small native village at the end of the spit which sticks out 2.6 miles from the mainland into the Chukchi Sea. The waves curled around the point and the Skipper took *Assent* to within one and a half cables of the shore. White surf pounded onto the stony shore and with a south west wind of 25 knots and a wave height of 8 – 10 feet, anchoring, let alone landing, was impossible. We were at 68° 21' 78" and the skipper, with some disappointment, made the right decision. We turned around and set a course for the Little Diomed Island in the middle of the Bering Strait. The distance to the island was 164 miles but we were to log 252 miles on arrival. We slabbed in

two reefs and set the number 4 jib on the inner forestay. The self furling headsail was rolled in. Our heading was 280° true. Point Hope had become Point Hopeless as we beat our way past it into a cold, wet and foggy sea. The GPS gave us the depressing news that we were making 1.1 knots towards our destination.

By Sunday morning the wind had blown itself out and by the afternoon the seas were calming down. We were motoring on course but the autohelm jammed and Willie disconnected it and attempted to fix it by a well tried and proven method. Our skipper used the "Norwegian hammer" on the steering arm – once – twice and then a third more vigorous blow. The arm shattered with springs, cogs and pieces of metal flying all about. Tom and I thanked our lucky stars that we had not attempted to fix the self steering arm because, undoubtedly, we would have used the same method.

Early on Monday morning, in cold grey fog, a breeze came up from the SSE. We were bouncing along with two reefs in the mainsail and a full headsail when suddenly the forestay parted. The toggle below the bottom end of the furler came away from the deck fitting and the heavy forestay with the sail on it swung about dangerously over the bow. Willie went forward and spent some time there in foggy, wet and cold conditions securing the forestay. We took the number one jib off and stowed it below. Willie remained calm throughout this mishap. We were lucky that we did not lose the mast but Willie had been expecting something like this to happen and indeed it had already happened once before in the Southern Ocean. A potentially nasty situation was saved by the inner forestay and the lesson from it is clear. Do not risk going to sea with a self furling headsail unless you have a strong inner forestay connected as high as possible towards the mast head.

The slow beat towards the Little Diomed continued throughout Monday. We re-crossed the Arctic Circle at 1700. To his credit Willie was still determined to visit this unique island in the middle of the Strait. A less determined skipper might have preferred the calm safety of Grantley Harbor to carry out repairs and properly secure the forestay.

The Bering Straits are 47 miles wide and the two Diomed Islands are more or less in the middle. The Big Diomed is part of the Commonwealth of Independent States and the Little Diomed, just 1.8 miles to the east of its sister, is part of Alaska. The International Date Line passes down the middle of the waters which separate these islands. Because we did not wish to lose a day we kept to the east of it. In fact the real reason for the skipper's careful navigation in this area was that he had been warned that the Russian Border Guards are unpredictable. Glasnost has not yet reached the Russian Diomed and if we crossed the Russian border we risked arrest and confiscation of the vessel.

We arrived off the native village at Little Diomed at 1310 on Tuesday afternoon. It was 1010 Little Diomed time. Even in the dense fog we could make out the fine spray of whales blowing as they rolled close by in the sound. Sea birds flew past us in the mist and rain both sea and air were filled with God's creatures.

When the anchor went down we found ourselves lying across an uncomfortable swell. Our single-minded skipper, was determined to work on the forestay alone; he was almost impatient to see us into the dinghy.

Tom and I rowed towards the shore with our cameras well wrapped up in a waterproof bag. As we approached the landing, the swell was most uncomfortable. About forty villagers were there to greet us shouting encouragement as the Avon Dinghy was picked up by the swell and literally deposited on the beach. That was fine but the next wave hit us before we could jump from the dinghy and haul it ashore. The villagers scattered as the wave washed clean over us and spent

its force on the stony shore. The villagers could not contain their laughter as two sodden Paddies lifted a very heavy, water-filled rubber boat above the tide line.

We were soon among friends. The name John Bockstoce and Jim and Bernadette Stimpfle, copperfastened our welcome. We were taken to the town hall where no-one knew what to do with us. They told us that they had never seen a sailing boat at the village before but this was a claim we found hard to accept. Eventually they took our passports and after several hurried phone calls to the mainland they impressed a stamp which reads:

"Native Village of Diomedé IRA Counsel, PO Box 7009, Little Diomedé, Alaska, 99762."

They asked for the ship's papers which Willie produced when he landed some hours later. On the back of a door in the little town hall office was a notice which read:

"Safety Officer required. Qualifications:

1. Must be 21 years or over.
2. Must be physically strong.
3. Must have good health.
4. Must have a minimal criminal record.

Tom was tempted to apply.

We were adopted by two young guides, Vincent Mogg (of the famous whaling family) and Ronald. Vincent is 19 and Ronald is 15. Pat Omiak is a relative of Bernadette Stimpfle and her family. He took us through the tumble down village to his home where we met his wife Evelyn and their children. The home was warm and cosy. There were shelves lined with precious ivory carvings.

"Some of these are mine. Some of these are my fathers and some are my fathers fathers."

Pat told us how he had tried to form a Union for the Native peoples of Alaska and Siberia known as the Inupiaq Nations Friendship Conference. He had been supported by the people of Brevig Mission, Kotzebue and Imanuk. He had gone the long way around to Siberia to meet the Chuckchi native people's representative. Although his house on Little Diomedé is only twenty five miles from the shores of Siberia, Pat travelled to Anchorage, Seattle, New York, Copenhagen, Moscow and on to Provideniya. Not surprisingly, his efforts soon ran short of funds. I asked Pat what he thought about Jim Stimpfle's Bering Strait tunnel and he replied:

"The Chinese thought of that three thousand years ago and they still have not done it."

We climbed up the steep boulder hill of the Little Diomedé which rises to a height of 1,308 feet. We were no more than 500 feet from the sea but the fog was so thick at that level that we could not climb any higher. Just below us were the graves of the Little Diomedé. The village council had asked us not to go close to these crosses because the bodies lie on the surface covered only with some stones. There is no earth deep enough to bury the dead.

Ronald told us that during the winter when the snow falls the young villagers climb to the top of the island and slide down on the snow on plastic bags from the summit to the sea ice at the bottom at times reaching speeds

of up to sixty mph.

"Sometimes we break a leg or two and we get into trouble for that because they have to send for a helicopter from Nome."

On our way down this steep boulder mountain Ronald and Vincent picked blue berries, leaves and grasses and ate them. They were scarce enough and the blueberries were not as ripe as they had been on the tundra at Teller.

"This is a good one. It tastes like lemons but a little sweeter."

We tasted the grass which was handed to us and the description was accurate. Vincent cautioned that eating too much of this would leave you very thirsty.

We came back to the muddled village which must look prettier when the snow falls. It is not dirty, just unpainted and makeshift, reflecting the low income and the difficult subsistence living which the islanders are now experiencing because of the hunting restrictions. The Eskimos of Alaska have been penalised because white men who have been in their territory for little more than two hundred and forty years have hunted so many species almost to extinction. The whites continue to fish the halibut, the cod and the pollock and it will not be long before the Bering Sea is devastated by their efficient activities. Washington watches this progress and imposes a restriction on the white fishermen when it is too late. The Eskimos who have hunted on the waters and shores of the Bering Sea for 10,000 years without, as far as we know, decimating the numbers of any sea or land creatures, are now penalised because of the continuous and effective high technology hunting carried out by white Americans.

Ronald pointed towards the Big Diomedé which was just emerging through the fog.

"I shot a bear on the sea ice just there last Winter."

Ronald's father is the island's most successful hunter.

"Have you ever been to the Big Diomedé?" I asked.

"No, the Russians don't like us going there."

"Do you intend to spend the rest of your life here or would you prefer to go to the mainland?"

"I went to the mainland once for four years," Vincent said, "But I got such a longing for this place that I had to come home."

"What do you do about girls? After all there are only 180



Shore watch.

Photo: John Gore-Grimes



Assent — a beefed up Contessa 32.

Photo: John Gore-Grimes

people here."

"Oh, that's not so difficult," said Ronald, "we just stay up late and wait until their mothers have gone to sleep."

Vincent told us about the Shaman Moses Milligirock who was angry one day because the island had been in fog for several weeks.

"He came out and started to speak in native language. He waved a stick around his head and as he did it the fog cleared and the clouds blew away. The sky was blue. I saw this and I have great respect for Moses since that time."

We came down to a place which the villagers call the "Standing Place." People were seated on wooden benches.

"Everyone sits down at the standing place." Ronald told us.

Beside the standing place were fish racks and an old walrus hide was stretched out waiting to be fastened to the timber beams of an Umiak. On the ground there were some trap doors. Vincent opened one and deep in the ground were parcels of meat from polar

bear, whale, seals and walrus, deep frozen by the perma frost in the earth.

The Shaman Moses was sitting close to the standing place and he tried to sell us some polar bear claws. Somehow, bits and pieces of dead animals have never been a priority with me.

"You must be crazy to go to sea in a little boat like that," Moses said.

I pointed to the frail Umiak which was fully covered with walrus hide and laid out on a stand nearby.

"You are a good one to call us crazy Moses!"

Our ears rang with the laughter of the Little Diomedes as we launched the dinghy into a smooth sea and rowed back to Assent.

Tom and I spent six hours on the Little Diomedes and when we got back to the boat we found Willie in an impatient mood. Perhaps we had spent too long ashore Willie had done a good temporary repair job on the forestay and he was anxious to put to sea. We told him that the people in the Town Hall wanted to see the ships papers and that the island was fascinating and well worth a visit. Willie hopped into the dinghy and rowed ashore. Much to our astonishment he returned a half an hour later and as we pulled the dinghy on deck to stow it, he said;

"I wonder how they can live in such filth."

Looking below decks on Assent we realised that it was at least possible.

Although Assent has a GPS receiver which worked perfectly until we were about sixty miles north of Dutch Harbor on the way back, Willie enjoyed using the sextant and did so energetically whenever there was a horizon to be seen. His training as a surveyor gave him an insight into the operation of the sextant which few possess. Sun shots and star shots were taken with ease and the calculation of an LOP was completed on a loose piece of paper in minutes. The GPS had several blank periods during our voyage but Willie kept an hourly log so that we could quickly revert to dead reckoning in the prevailing foggy conditions. I understand that the GPS has not recovered since its breakdown, but navigating by traditional method is second nature to Willie.

The most favoured met. service in Alaska is an amateur service operated by Peggy Dyson of WHB 29 Kodiak. Peggy's voice must be one of the best known voices in Alaska. Her weather reports issue at 0800 and 1800 each day on 4125 khz upper side band. They cover all Alaskan waters and are made up from first hand reports from her many friends at sea



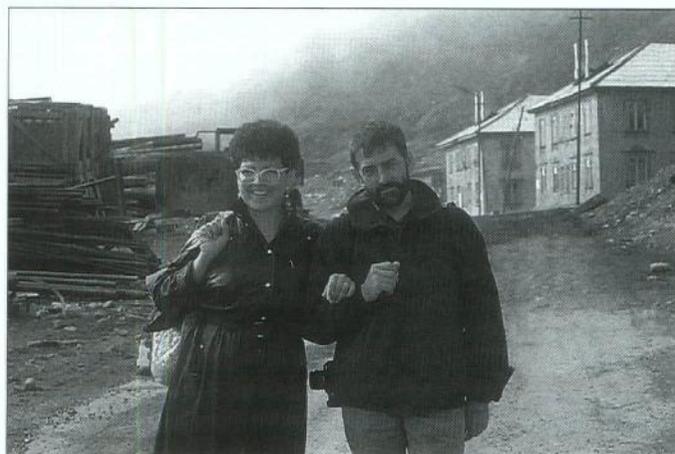
coupled with skillful forecasting from weather charts etc.

The passage between the Diomedes is unsafe. There is a shoal rocky spit running west from the Little Diomedede village to a position which is more than half way across the sound. To round the spit would mean sailing west of longitude 169° which would place you in Russian waters. We worked our way around the north of the Little Diomedede in rain and fog, greatly assisted by the Furuno radar. Once clear of the island we found that there was a light NE breeze. We sailed 138 miles from the Little Diomedede to Nome and as we moved south the visibility cleared to give us a splendid view of Cape York and the high mountains behind it. It started to get dark again at night. We passed Sledge Island and had a wonderful reach to Nome in bright warm sunshine. For the first time at sea, we were able to open the forward hatch and let the air dry out the condensation in the cabin.

We tied up on Wednesday at 2000 in the inner harbour at Nome. We went ashore for a great feed at Fat Freddy's Restaurant. We met up with Richard Wilkinson again and drank some Jameson with him and his friends before turning in.

A French yacht the *Jacaranda Flower* was moored in the inner harbour with its skipper Alec and his wife Bernadette aboard. With them were their two children Jim and Tina. Jim is an aeronautical engineer and his father is a helpful and knowledgeable Mr Fix-It. Pat Hahn and Ramon Gardie arrived down and between them they helped Willie to make up a new toggle and fastened down the forestay more securely than it had been heretofore. Tom and I fetched fuel and food and filled the boat with water. We also bought provisions for Siberia and helped to load on a huge quantity of cargo purchased by a Russian named Andre for his wife Tatiyana in Provideniya. Andre was staying with Pat Hahn and Sue Greenly and we learned that Sue and her three children would be in Provideniya as guests of Tatiyana at the same time that *Assent* would be there. Jim Stimpfle came down with the Visas and we discovered that we were also to be Tatiyana's guests.

Tom and I tried to book a shower in the Golden Nugget Hotel but because the price of a shower was the same as the price of the room for the night we took the room and stayed ashore. Also, Tom's quarter berth bunk was filled with cargo for Siberia. Final provisioning was completed on Friday morning and I hauled the jib up on the forestay and furled it. Just before the sail reached the top of the track, it jammed in the groove. I put the halliard on the winch and forced it up and



Tatiyana and Tom in Provideniya.

Photo: John Gore-Grimes

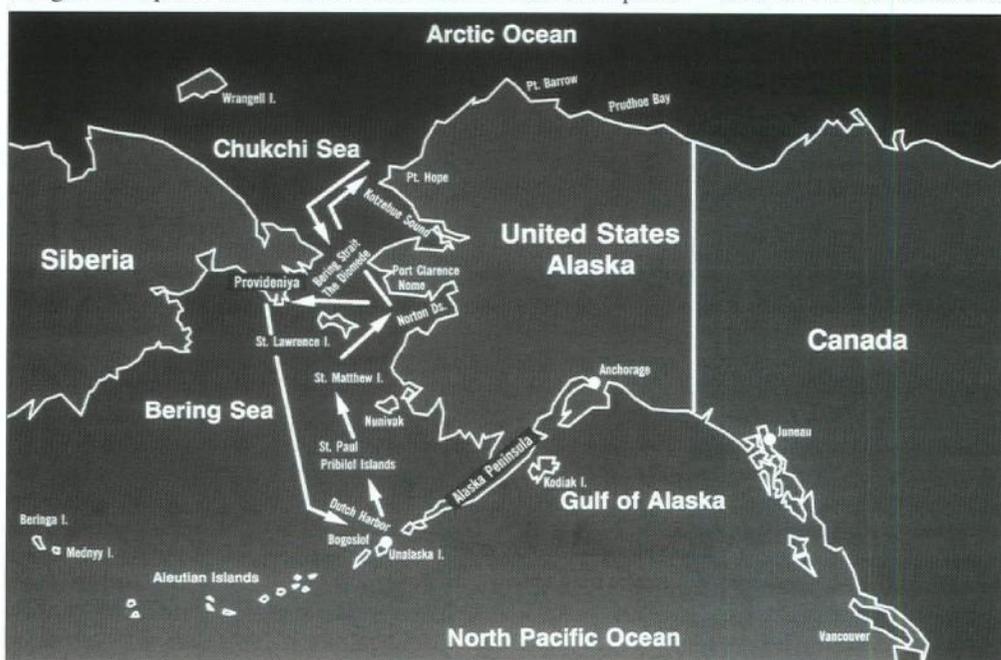
then furled it. I did not notice at the time, that the top of the sail had jumped the groove.

We set off at 1320 on Friday afternoon. *Assent* was well down on her markings because the quarter berth and much of the forecabin were filled with cargo. We had been away from Nome for forty minutes when the skipper unfurled the headsail and at once noticed the problem with the forestay. We turned around and arrived back in Nome at 1455. Alec, Jim, Ramon and Pat were all there to help and we took the forestay and spread it along the ground. Some of the small grub screws that held the sections together had gone adrift. These were replaced and sealed with Loctite. Willie was up and down the mast like a young fellow; *Assent's* mast has foot holds all the way to the top so there was no need for a bosun's chair. Everything was reassembled and put back and we left Nome for the second time that day at 1845.

We sailed 277 miles between Nome and Provideniya in light northerly winds. It rained and was foggy for most of the way. We had to use the engine for almost fifty percent of the journey. We sighted five whales on Saturday, two of which were very close to the boat. The second whale was identified by Willie as a Grey Whale. It was close enough for us to see its small round eye which looked a little threatening. The whale was surrounded by debris and the auklets and guillemots made a great fuss around it. These mammals weigh between 30 and 38 tons and feed on the bottom by swimming

along the mud on their right hand side with their mouth open to dredge up shell fish. When they surface they are often surrounded by clouds of sediment. An immature female in San Diego Oceanarium ate over 1,800 lbs of squid per day and had to be returned to the wild as it was too expensive to keep. Grey whales have a reputation for being unpredictable. Jacques Cousteaus team had a close encounter when their dinghy was overturned by a Grey. The old whalers had a healthy respect for them and referred to them as "devil fish."

The slow drift to Provideniya continued throughout Saturday in dark fog with light winds. We



lost Sunday 8th August completely when we crossed the International Date Line and went straight into Monday 9th August. As we approached the shore the fog drifted away and we were left with a hazy horizon. We sighted the mountains of Siberia at 1235 on Monday and one hour later we could just make out St Lawrence Island to port. It seemed to take a very long time to approach Mys Chukotskiy and the GPS indicated that there was at least a two knot current against us. We drifted through the night and finally passed Mys Lysaya Golova to enter Buktpa Provideniya at 0610 on Tuesday morning. As we sailed up the bay we sighted another grey whale.

The town of Provideniya is unmistakable. A dense cloud of black smoke hangs over it as the boiler men stoke up the old coal generator which is situated right in the middle of the town. We passed the entrance to Emma Harbour which is a natural harbour protected by a low gravel moraine wall. Emma Harbour was named by Captain Moore of *HMS Plover*. Provideniya Bay was first named Plover Bay. *HMS Plover* had sailed to Siberia in 1848 and the purpose of Captain Moore's voyage was to see if there was any sign of Sir John Franklin's ships the *Erebus* and the *Terror* at the west end of the North West Passage.

We tied up at Provideniya at 0915 and Willie was at once greeted by a charming Russian named Victor to whom he had been given an introduction in Nome. Sue Greenly was next to arrive with baby Anna sound asleep and Kari and Megan in lively form. We were introduced to Tatiyana Kalestrov, Andre's wife and to her English speaking friend Luba. Next to arrive were a positive army of officials including customs, border guards, immigration, health inspectors and police. In all there were five men and three women but they could not fit aboard *Assent*. The inspection was summary and the form filling routine. The experience was a happy one and when they had all left Tatiyana borrowed a truck from the harbour office and we loaded it with the cargo from Andre and with fresh meat, fresh fish, vegetables and potatoes which our skipper presented to Tatiyana. We drove uphill to the back of the town to arrive at Flat 28, Eskimo Way and then we hauled the supplies up three flights of stairs to Tatiyana's flat which, on the inside, was cosy and welcoming. The flat on the opposite side of the landing was vacant and Tom and I were given the use of it during our stay. The skipper preferred to keep an eye on *Assent* and he slept aboard.

We were overwhelmed by Russian hospitality. We were given vodka for breakfast, for lunch and for supper. Great feasts were prepared in our honour comprising caviar, smoked salmon and wild mushrooms. The people of Provideniya live amidst the most appalling conditions but somehow manage to brave the depressing degradation of their surroundings. They remain cheerful, welcoming and happy. A visit to Provideniya by the front bench of some of our ruling party would do them no harm at all. They and we seem to have forgotten just how well off we are. The Russians have little but they make the best of it. We received many small gifts and our attempts to return the compliment was not accepted. One Lime-Juice skipper and two Paddies were guests of the Russian people of Provideniya and as hosts they wished to give but they did not wish to receive. One evening Tom and I went to a bar at 2000. I cannot believe what happened but my video camera shows us leaving in very poor order. I apparently pressed the time button on the film which still reads 0630 (next morning). At some time in the evening I called for a drink for everyone in the house. The barman brought us four bottles of vodka, four bottles of champagne and twelve large bottles of beer to our table and said:

"Thank you my friend, now since you bought it you will have to distribute it."

That was our undoing. As Tom and I passed around the



Willie and Tom

Photo: John Gore-Grimes.

drinks each party insisted that we should have one with them. The bill for this sizeable purchase was an astonishing \$22.

Tom awoke at midday. Our hosts had planned a tour of the beer factory, the bakery, the school and the leather factory and we judged from the persistent knocking on the door of our flat that it was time to go. Tom's diary notes as follows:

"I heard the banging on the door and went into the next room to wake John. There he was, not a pretty sight, lying on the floor in his Y-fronts. His sleeping bag was tossed on the ground beside him and on his head was a Russian policeman's hat. I felt that trouble was just around the corner and as I shouted at John to wake up I put my hand in my pocket and found two bullets. What had happened?"

We pieced it all together and I realised that I no longer had my wrist watch. My Casio, which I had bought for the trip, had been exchanged for the policeman's hat. He was so pleased with the watch that he also wished to give me his revolver but we settled for the two bullets.

Tatiyana is the principle of the Kindergarten. We did not expect much when she asked us to look at the facilities. The school is an extraordinary contrast to the streets and buildings on the outside. It is beautifully finished and spotlessly clean and bright. There are playrooms, schoolrooms, diningrooms and a dance hall. There are dormitories for the little ones to rest in the afternoon and the equipment and toys are of the highest quality. Kari and Megan Hahn went to school each morning during their week stay in Provideniya. In spite of the language barrier they played with the Russian children. I can say with certainty that I have never seen such a well appointed Kindergarten in Ireland and Sue confirmed that it was much better than the Nome equivalent. The Russians adore their children and here was clear evidence of their efforts to make the lives of the young better than their own.

We stayed in Provideniya for two and a half days. It was the highlight of our voyage. We had a look at the town jail which has some customers in it. We met an American canoeist and his girlfriend, John Turk and Chris. They had just spent seven weeks living with the Chuckchis in the north, moving from village to village by canoe. What was extraordinary about this meeting was that John recognised me. He had met me on the pier in Punta Arenas in Januar 1987. I was aboard *War Baby* and John was part of the crew of Nick Gilettes *Sea Tomato*, a rowing boat which attempted to row from the Magellan Straits to Antarctica. In the event the weather conditions in the Drake Passage made the voyage impossible and the *Sea Tomato* had to return to the Beagle Channel.

John's stories of the conditions in which the unfortunate Chuckchis live, were most depressing. Whatever hardships are endured by the citizens of Provideniya these are nothing when

compared with the forgotten native tribes of Northern Siberia.

We observed a Chuki family in Provideniya. The squat brown family comprised a mother and a father, both of who were badly intoxicated. They were punching each other with vigour on the terrace just above the street. A teenage son and daughter were trying to separate them. Seated on the steps below this ugly scene was a placid, plump little four year old, chewing gum as the world passed her by. She had sores on her little brown face and tears ran down her cheeks from her dark eyes. I wished that I could have picked her up and taken her home in my rucksack.

Provideniya has fared worse since the fall of communism. They are now even more distant from Moscow. They too are a forgotten people who have been left to work out their own future. Many Russians are leaving the town but that too is both difficult and expensive. Both native and Russian people need the friendship of men and women like Jim Stimpfle, Pat Hahn and Sue Greenly.

Tatiana, Luba, Sue, Kari, Megan and Anna came down to the pier to wave goodbye. Victor was there also. We had each received gifts – a clock, a cut glass bowl, packets of Russian tea and tiny Mutruska dolls. I asked Sue how we could repay such kindness but she said that our generous hosts would be insulted if we gave them anything. Willie emptied the boat of our fresh supplies and quietly left them where they would be discovered later.. I hid a \$100 note and two large bottles of Jameson in Tatiana's flat and Tom left a bag of goodies with a \$50 note behind Luba's shop counter. We sailed away before they knew what we had done.

Customs clearance was a mild formality and it was 1740 on Thursday afternoon as *Assent* motored out into the fog which hung heavily across the entrance to Provideniya Bay. We were soon to cross the date line and sail back into Wednesday 11th August – our second Wednesday that week. We logged exactly 700 miles in five days, two hours and two minutes from Provideniya to Dutch Harbor. We made fast progress past St. Lawrence Island and on a course to the safe harbour at St. Paul's as he listened to Peggy Dyson's distinctive and familiar monotone, giving warnings of forty knots from the south east.

On Friday morning the wind picked up rising from 15 knots to 25 knots from the north east. We slabbed in two reefs and rolled in a good helping of jib. By evening the wind had reached 30 knots but it continued to blow from the north east in spite of the forecast. There were some good bumps and occasionally the sea washed over the boat. By midnight we had got through Friday the 13th without mishap. Looking back at the seas which lifted *Assent's* stern, we were very thankful that we were not going north. The barometer bottomed out at 992 on Saturday morning and in the next twenty four hours it rose to 1012. We rolled in the rest of the jib and proceeded under reefed main alone surfing fast down heavy seas. The life belt frame on the stern was bent when it was struck by the sea and one of the cans of diesel was washed over the side. It trailed behind us and we were unable to pull it back on board because the deck at the side of the cockpit was submerged. At 1615 we were hit by a big sea and *Assent* dipped her crosstrees into the water. At 1703 the skipper was on watch and we heard a

sudden bang. The boat came to a sickening halt as her bow buried beneath the waves and her stern was thrown up in the air. Tom and I found ourselves, momentarily, able to stand on the bulkhead between the main saloon and the heads. *Assent* had started to pitch pole but before she could complete the job, her stern was knocked sideways by another sea and she rolled over on her side to an angle which we could not estimate with accuracy. Gear and galley equipment flew across the cabin and water poured in through the hatch. When *Assent* righted herself the skipper went on deck and I took the helm. He hauled down the mainsail and set a tri-sail. Tom remained below on the pump and later I joined him to clear up the mess. I then went forward to check the warps on the folded Avon dinghy and on the life raft and spent some wet cold time lashing down the number four jib which had been washed clean out of its sail bag on the foredeck. Luckily we had sustained no real damage but the Skipper was reluctantly forced to cut the fuel can as it had been banging loudly against the hull.

For the next 12 hours the wind was consistently stronger than gale force and we spent much of the time at the bilge pump trying, but failing to keep the water beneath the cabin sole. Saturday was a day to remember but by midday on Sunday the barometer had reached its high point and conditions settled down. We struck the tri sail and set a reefed mainsail once again. We were still doing an average of 100 strokes of the bilge pump every half hour. We rolled out some jib in the afternoon and pressed on with determination to make Dutch Harbor before the winds started to blow from the south east.

At 1030 on Monday morning the GPS closed down but, by that time we were close enough to port not to have to worry about it. At 1530 we sighted Unalaska and by 1800 we were motoring towards the entrance to Dutch Harbor with dolphins playing around *Assent's* bow, in a flat calm. We tied alongside at 2042.

On Tuesday it rained as only it can rain in Alaska. We took our gear off the boat and Tom and I went to arrange a farewell dinner for the skipper at the splendid hotel Grand Aleutian. We had an 0700 flight from Dutch Harbor on Wednesday morning so I checked us into the hotel for the night. I enquired as to whether it would be cheaper to book two single rooms or one double room. Without realising what she had said, the accommodating desk clerk announced;

"Two queens in a single would be cheaper."

We wandered back to the town in the pours of rain to pick up some copies of last week's "Dutch Harbor Fishermen" which had a photo of Willie and an account of his voyaging. They eventually found a copy and when I asked if there was any reduction for last week's news the assistant replied;

"No. The news in this weeks paper is just the same as last weeks news."

Our farewell dinner was a memorable affair. The voyage had been a great success. We had managed to sail in hostile waters with very few harbours or bolt holes to get you out of trouble. We had seen new lands and made new friends and I felt very positive about our achievements. As I write this account Willie is aboard *Assent* battling his way down to Vancouver. We wish him well and thank him for a most rewarding and unusual voyage.

Symphonie to Spain

Stephen Malone



The Fingal Cup

The northern coast of Spain has been the subject of a number of enthusiastic accounts in recent ICC Annuals, and, encouraged by these — and the desire to go somewhere new and more distant — the Malone family decided to have a go this year. (We were particularly impressed by Cormac McHenry's single handed trip to Baiona and back in 1992).

Having chartered a boat for a fortnight in Mallorca last September, and sampled the joys of guaranteed sunshine, and sheltered anchorages off (relatively) quiet beaches in clear warm water, we also nursed the greater ambition of eventually reaching the Med., if not this year, then next year.

Symphonie is a 32 foot Jeanneau sloop, which we have owned since 1980. We have found her to be an ideal cruising boat, on a number of voyages (including France, the Channel Islands, Scotland and South Coast of England). She can sleep eight, but four to six are the most comfortable numbers.

Planning began. We already had the basic Admiralty charts, the French charts for the Brittany coast as far La Rochelle, and the Brittany and Biscay Pilots. To these we added the Admiralty Bay of Biscay chart, and the RCC "Atlantic Spain and Portugal" which we found to be the most valuable.

An opportunity to acquire vane steering at a very reasonable price arose, when our old friend Paddy Walsh (of Cork) decided that he really didn't need the "Schwing" vane-steering that was fitted to his latest boat *Eske*. A deal was done. The poor reliability of Decca in South Biscay and Atlantic Spain made us invest in a Garmin 50 GPS, which proved to be absolutely invaluable.

Other preparations included a thorough engine service, and fitting of new engine mountings. We also bought a new liferaft, the old one having passed its "sell by" date, and was, indeed beyond any further servicing. Flares were also renewed. We added an emergency antenna for the VHF. New long heavy warps were acquired. Duty free stores (well, drink!) were organised.

The skipper's choice of departure date would have been early June, but this did not fit in with other people's agendas. Anne teaches nursing and could take a month's holidays only in July. John was doing his Junior Certificate Exams, ending at the end of June. His plans also included a commitment to go camping (in London of all places!) with the scouts in early August.

The crew was made up of Anne, John Malone, John Lennon and Fred Pocock. After a farewell dinner ashore we went aboard at the Coal Harbour in Dun Laoghaire on Friday night, the 2nd. July.

The skipper's initial plan was to catch the ebb tide in the Irish Sea, south-going from about 2300, but he sensibly relented in favour of a mid-morning start, after a good night's sleep. We cast off at 0100 on Saturday hoisting a reefed main and full genoa in a W. 4-5 on a bright clear day.

We made 6 to 7 kn as the wind freshened, and had Wicklow Head abeam by 1400. The wind backed SW, forcing us to tack, but it veered again soon after and we were on course again for the Tuskar. Wind dropped away in the late afternoon, so we had to motor, with jib fully rolled. A breeze came up again about 2300, as we approached the Tuskar, under a full moon, in a calm sea. A most encouraging start to our cruise.

Our chosen watch system called for one-hour, one person daylight watches, with two people on three hour watch at night. Anne had worked out a careful roster on this basis, including rotating responsibilities for cooking and washing up. Something went wrong with the later arrangements, as the only cooking was done by Anne and John Lennon, who were stated by unanimous vote of the others to be absolutely *cordon-bleu*.

We had declared to call at the Scillies en route to La Coruña, our first waypoint being immediately west of the Seven Stones. It was almost certain that we would reach the Scillies after dark and entry to New Grimbsy Harbour would not be on.

The night passage from the Tuskar was uneventful, with little or no wind, we motored under the Tillerpilot, maintaining course at 4-5 knots. A breeze came up about 0600 and freshened to WSW 4, the engine was switched off at 0730 and the Schwing steering vane was put to work. It performed well.

The ship's log noted that at 1100 on Sunday, 4th. July we were 71m. from the Seven Stones, and had covered 130m. in 24 hours, averaging 5.4 knots. The weather was excellent all day, although the wind went light again in the afternoon (as usual), and veered NW. The Seven Stones lighthouse was abeam at 2200, and half-an-hour later we rounded Peninnis Head at the SE point of St. Mary's. With the wind forecast to freshen from the NW, Porth Cressa would be a more comfortable anchorage than off Hugh Town, so we very cautiously crept into Porth Cressa, and dropped anchor, amongst an unknown, but seemingly large number of yachts, at 2300.

The following two days were spent very pleasantly idling in the Scillies, drinking, pub-grubbing and dining ashore. The only sour, sad happening was the loss of Fred's wallet, containing some £300 plus his bank and credit cards, which were not recovered.

On our second day we sailed over to Tresco (John Lennon navigating) and picked up the last remaining visitor's mooring, for which we were immediately charged £7 (gladly paid). Ashore to dinner at the Island hotel, which we found to be poor value at about £30 per head (including two bottles of wine, admittedly). Tresco is, however, a very charming island, well worth a visit, for its flowers and winding lanes, free of wheeled traffic apart from bicycles and one small tractor. The pub (which is much nearer the pier than the Hotel) also serves hot meals at a reasonable cost and appears to be the centre of



John, Anne, Skipper in Ria de Vigo.

Photo: Fred Pocock

social life for the young locals.

Early next morning, we returned to Porth Cressa, in the faint hope that Fred's wallet might have been turned in to the police, which, of course, it hadn't — surprise! surprise!. We hoisted the main, weighed anchor at 1145, bound now direct for La Coruña, some 400m almost due S. (200°M). Weather was beautiful, although with little or no wind, about Force 1W, so engine was on, and Seamus, the Tillerpilot, on duty. The log records an uneventful lazy day in the sun. The note at midnight read "Still no wind, moon up, scattered cloud, 341m to go." These balmy conditions prevailed with intermittent brief spells of "light NW wind, engine off" throughout Thursday, 8th. July, as we averaged a little over 4 knots, still on course at 200° (M).

John Malone noted in the log at 0500 Friday, 9th. July "Engine off. Just saw dolphins. Two tankers near us." At last, the wind began to improve, and we enjoyed a steady force 3-4 W throughout the morning, increasing to 5-6 in the afternoon, when the first reef was needed in the main, and the jib was rolled to 75%. Conditions seemed right for the vane steering, but it consistently failed to maintain us on course, tending to fall off to leeward. (The reason for this was discovered much later on our final leg to Baiona). Tankers were now more numerous, as we closed on the NW corner of Spain. Some spectacular displays were provided by dolphins, as we swept along at up to 7 knots. These lively conditions did not prevent Anne from producing some excellent meals; the log records a full Irish breakfast, and a notable dinner of beef stew with trimmings on that day.

The wind continued to freshen, and seas became bigger as night approached, so the second reef of the main was considered prudent, and the jib was reduced to 50%. Weather was still fair and bright, as the half moon rose about midnight. Wind had veered to NW and we were forced to sail west of our course, for comfort and to avoid gybing.

The wind eased towards dawn, but we continued to tack downwind under reefed main and full jib. At 1100 on Saturday, 10th. July, the log records "50m to go." Conditions had now moderated considerably, and the reefs were shaken out of the main. Anne sighted land ahead to port, at 1230. As the wind had now dropped away almost completely, the jib was unrolled and the engine started after some difficulty with

weak batteries. The engine had not been run for two days, and we concluded that the principal drain on the batteries had been the Garmin GPS, which was in continuous operation, and unnecessarily wasteful. By 1330 the outlines of the high land ahead were very clear, and three hours later we were approaching our waypoint at Cabo Prior at the entrance to La Coruña harbour. We had four hours sailing still ahead, but in glorious late afternoon and evening sunshine, before we dropped anchor inside the La Coruña mole, at 2200 — 3 days and 10 hours after we left St. Mary's.

Tempted though we were to go ashore immediately we were all tired, and decided that a couple of drinks and a meal on board would suffice as an initial celebration, with a good nights

sleep to follow.

The Real Club Nautico Coruña is as friendly and helpful as we had been led to expect. Our anchorage was convenient to the marina pontoons, we had a rubber dinghy with an outboard motor, and the marina berths were nearly all occupied, so we remained on anchor for the duration of our stay in La Coruña. We had full access to the club facilities, including bar and dining room, but showers cost 200 pesetas a time. The town was about twenty minutes walk away, along a most attractive, elaborately-planned promenade (still under construction at the town end). The cost of this work must be enormous. On the immediate landward side of this promenade, there is a very large sports complex, with three swimming pools, tennis, squash and basketball courts, children's playgrounds. etc., but rather pricey for a casual day visitor. It was never-the less, used very extensively by the locals. The impression we got, here and elsewhere in Galicia, was that of a general level of some affluence. Perhaps this may be due to the fact that the northwest coast is a popular holiday area for Spaniards. We noted, also, the relative absence of foreign tourists, although tourism is a very actively promoted, and there are tourist offices in every large centre. These *Officinas de Turismo* are very helpful, and tourist literature, in English, is free and plentiful.

None of us had much Spanish, but had little difficulty in making ourselves understood in shops, bars and restaurants. It doesn't take long to assemble a working vocabulary of key words. John Malone was quite useful as he is taking Spanish at school.

Train, bus and taxi fares are all much cheaper than in Ireland. The return train fare from La Coruña to Santiago, a two hours' journey, was about £3.50. We made the trip to Santiago, this being a special pilgrimage year (which occurs whenever the 25th. July falls on a Thursday). After Jerusalem and Rome, Santiago ranks next in the order of Catholic places of pilgrimage, with a Christian history originating with the apostle James. It is also now the regional capitol of Galicia. On the day we were there, the enormous cathedral was thronged with children and teenagers. We were fortunate in being there to see the extraordinary ceremony in which a hugh thurible, containing burning incense, is swung aloft by a team of men on ropes, describing a great arc across the nave of the

church.

La Coruña is on a narrow isthmus on the northern shore of which is a magnificent sandy beach, only a few minutes walk from the town shopping area. This beach was remarkably clean, as were most others we saw on our cruise. There were plenty of fresh water showers, there being no shortage of water in Galicia.

Five days after our arrival, John Lennon had to leave us, travelling by coach to Santiago, where he took a flight to Barcelona, then direct to Dublin. Santiago is the principal hub of air travel in northwest Spain, with (at least, while we were there) weekly British Airways charter flights to London, for about £140. After John's departure, we wasted no time in moving on and set sail that morning. Our plan was to get to Baiona in three roughly equal legs of 40—50 miles each.

It was a dull misty morning, with no wind, as we motored out of La Coruña en route for Laxe. The mist lifted as we cleared the point at Hercules Tower, on a course of 270°, in a light W wind — no point in trying to sail. We considered entering Malpica, but decided we hadn't travelled far enough, and continued on to Laxe, where we arrived at 1930. This is a very roomy anchorage, adjacent to a small fishing port. There were only half-a-dozen other yachts. The holding here was good in clear firm sand. Laxe is a small village, though with a fair number of holiday homes. The principal hostelry is the Mirador, the proprietor being Frank, who told us he was a good friend of ICC member Robert Barr. He showed us a copy of an article, published in the ICC Annual, by Robert Barr, describing his cruise in these waters.

There is a small but adequate supermarket, and we got two large bags of flaked ice, free, from the fishing co-op on the quay.

Next day (Friday 16th. July,) was dull at first, and then it turned to rain in the afternoon. For occupation Fred dismantled, cleaned and greased the jib sheet winches. We dined aboard, a very good meal of baked (Irish) ham, spuds, carrots and peas, washed down with lots of el vino. This was the first rainy day we had since we left St. Mary's.

After a dull start, the following day improved quickly and we left Laxe at 1000 in bright sunshine, but with offshore fog patches, heading for Cabo Villano and Cape Finisterre, our destination being Muros. Wind was very light W, and we had to motor. As we approached Cabo Villano at 1130, we ran into a dense bank of fog, the type of fog for which this stretch of coast is notorious, but which we had not yet experienced on our cruise so far. It was very unpleasant, wet and clammy, with no wind, and visibility down to 100 metres at times, and generally less than half a mile. We maintained a watch on the bow, but met no other vessels. (It is worth mentioning, at this point, that we met very few fishing boats at sea in the entire cruise, contrary to our expectations from reading accounts of other cruises in these waters). For position we relied on the GPS, and it did not fail us, as just as it told us we were near the S point of Cape Finisterre, the skipper looked up and saw, above the layer of fog, the buildings on the Cape in hazy sunshine. Very soon after, we emerged from the fog into bright sunshine, and as the breeze freshened from the west, we had a most enjoyable sail into Muros, where we dropped



Symphonie – A Jeanneau 32

Photo: Stephen Malone

anchor at 1930.

Muros is a busy fishing port, and this being a festive weekend, there were many large fishing boats at the quays. No room for yachts. The holding in the anchorage is not good, and we made three or four attempts before we were satisfied. The bottom is foul with weed and rubbish. While four of us were ashore next morning enjoying our coffee, we sat and watched *Symphonie* dragging her anchor before our eyes. Fortunately, Fred was on board, and John was swiftly on his way by dinghy, to help him cope.

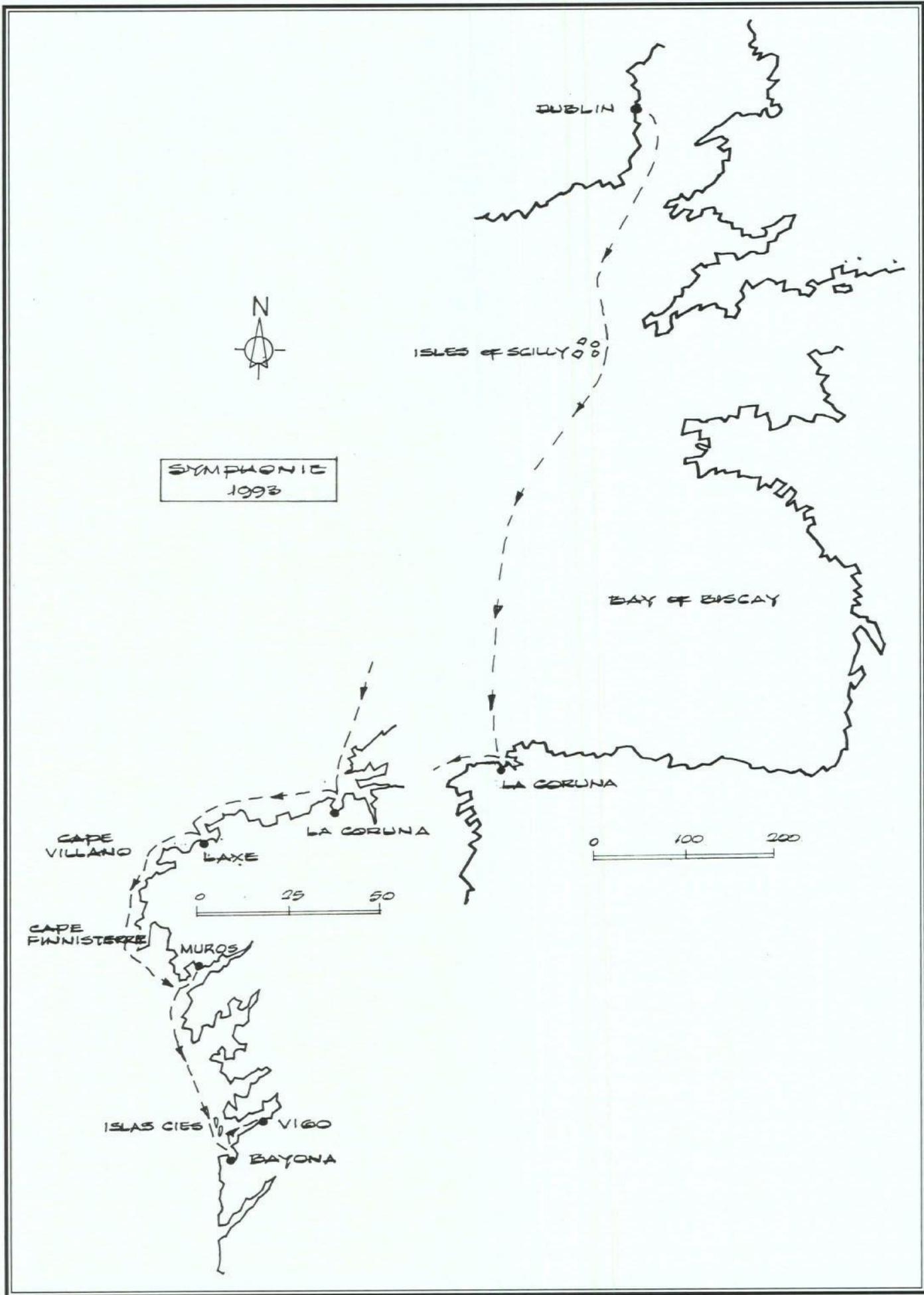
There was a funfair with Ferris wheel, bumpers, merry-go-round, waltzers, etc. on the front, just beside the town square. There was disco dancing in the square, and a lot of drinking at the many bar tables around the square. The skipper danced with Anne. Anne danced with John. The skipper, Anne, John, Fred all danced together. It was a good night, which ended, appropriately, around dawn.

We had an excellent lunch ashore next day, then took a taxi to the Playa de San Francisco, a very fine beach with plenty of shade from casuarina trees. The three-mile journey, for four of us, cost 300 pesetas (about £1.50) each way.

There was a religious procession through the narrow streets of Muros that evening with thousands of people bearing lighted candles in advance of a litter carrying a statue of the Virgin, followed by a goose-stepping military guard and a brass band bringing up the rear. This was a spectacle we witnessed again in Baiona and Vigo.

The funfair and dancing went on again that night, but only Fred and John had the stamina to carry on after midnight.

It was time to move on again. Monday morning was sunny and bright, with little cloud, no fog and at first, no wind. The Cape Finisterre weather forecast at 0830 was for N 4-6, with fair weather and moderate to good visibility, in south Finisterre. We put to sea just after 1000 under main and engine, there still being no wind. A NW breeze, force 2-3, came up about 1130. The Schwing was now tried again, with poor success, until it was found that the linkage from the vane to the servo-paddle was in the wrong position. Once this was rectified, the steering worked very well, even with a fresh to strong following wind, which we enjoyed for the rest of the afternoon, as we rolled along in blazing sunshine under main only, at 6+ kn. At 1700 we were abeam of the N end of the Islas Cies, which lie across the mouth of the Ria de Vigo. There is a passage inside the Cies islands to Baiona and Vigo,



but it offers little advantage, so we left the islands to port, as we made for Baiona. We sailed into the Ensenda de Baiona at 1830. It was a fairly crowded scene, with many, some quite large, yachts at anchor and on moorings. The marina was also fairly full.

Having nosed around seeking a suitable spot, we dropped the hook, but again found difficulty in holding. There were a couple of moorings vacant, so we decided to pick up one of these for the night. Next day we moved on to the marina — the charge, in fact, for a berth is the same as that for a mooring, 1500 pesetas a day.

Everybody loves Baiona (or Bayona, take your pick). It has a very palatial yacht club, with excellent facilities, a marina, very convenient beaches, shops, cafeterias and restaurants, all close by. A very short sail away are the lovely beaches of the Islas Cies, almost uninhabited, bird sanctuaries, but with two cafeterias and a large and busy campsite. Ferries from Baiona and Vigo arrive hourly on the main island (I.del Norte) but the beaches never seem crowded. The anchorages are very attractive for an overnight stay, if the wind stays out of the east.

Lying to our anchor off the I. del Norte on Friday, 23rd. July, we met the only other ICC boat encountered on our cruise. *Jilliana* arrived, and dropped the hook near us. We invited them aboard, and Paddy Walsh (of Galway), Larry Swan and their two German friends joined us for a pre-lunch aperitif. (We met them again a few days later in Vigo, where they were shopping for a new CQR, having broken the fluke of their anchor).

We left the Cies islands that afternoon, and sailed due east up the Ria, about 7 miles, to Vigo, which is a big city, with busy docks and shipyards, where they build and repair the large deep-sea Spanish trawlers. Most of the city streets, department stores and supermarkets are very modern, but the well-preserved heart of the old town of narrow winding, steeply-climbing streets and alleys is well preserved, and very close to the harbour. In Vigo, one must be prepared to climb hills, as the town rises very steeply from the harbour but, again taxis are cheap!

The marina, adjacent to the Real Club Nautico de Vigo, was the best of those we saw on our cruise. Shelter is excellent, as are the facilities. Mains electricity and water are provided free to berth-holders. Daily rates for a 10-metre boat are 1900 pesetas, but there is a dramatic reduction, to 800 pesetas per day, for stays in excess of 8 days.

One drawback about life on the Vigo marina was that it can become very hot indeed on a windless afternoon in August, when temperatures up to 35°C are common. This can be avoided by going to sea, and there are a number of places worth a visit within the Ria. An awning is desirable, if not

essential, and we made extensive use of the home-made version we had brought with us, at anchor or in marinas. A point worth remembering is that the Atlantic coast of Spain lies about 9°W of Greenwich, and the sun is at its zenith around 14.30. local time, in summer. This explains why shops and businesses close between 1300 and 1630 (or even 1700) — a very sensible arrangement! Night temperatures, on the other hand, are very tolerable. The skipper had decided at this stage, that he would go no further this year, and a suitable wintering place for *Symphonie* had to be chosen. The options being Baiona or Vigo. She would have to stay on a mooring in Baiona, whereas Vigo offered a choice between a marina berth or being laid up ashore, and this last appeared to be the best option, costs being much the same.

Anne and John left the ship, to fly home via Santiago, on Saturday 1st. August, which was the skipper's birthday. The event had been celebrated adequately, if more quietly than usual, the previous evening.

The skipper remained aboard, on the marina, for the following two weeks. He made single-handed trips to the Islas de Cies and Cangas, a small town just across the Ria from Vigo. Cangas has much to recommend it. There is a well-sheltered, if small, anchorage at the yacht club, which is of a size and matey character very similar to the Dun Laoghaire Motor Yacht Club. The supermarket, and the meat, fish, and vegetable markets are good, and very convenient to the anchorage. There is a half-hourly ferry service to Vigo; the crossing takes 20 minutes.

Tidying the ship, and discussing with the Lagos brothers, Alfredo and Juan, what might be done while she was ashore for the winter in their yard, occupied some of the skipper's time, when he wasn't visiting around the Ria. After two weeks on his own, however, he was quite happy when Saturday, 14th. August, arrived (with the first shower of rain since Laxe), and it was time to take the train to Santiago for the flight home.

SUMMARY

Date	Voyage	Dist. (n.m.)	Hrs		Total
			Sail	Eng.	
July					
3-4	Dunlaoghaire - St. Mary's	201	29	7	36
7-11	St. Mary's - la Coruña	394	57	25	82
15	La Coruña - Laxe	54	4	3	7
17	Laxe - Muros	55	3	6	9
19	Muros - Baiona	45	8	-	8
24	Baiona - I.Cies—Vigo	12	3	-	3
		761	104	41	14

Three Decades Beyond Stornoway

W.M.Nixon with Ed Wheeler



The Strangford Cup

It has to be progress of some sort. When we made our first cruise under ICC colours back in 1963, Stornoway marked the northern limit of the old *Ainmara's* two week jaunt to the Outer Hebrides. Thirty years later, northward bound for a two weeks cruise to Foroyar with the ever-young *Witchcraft of Howth*, Stornoway was seen as a sort of southern focal point, useful for crew changes should the need arise.

But as it happens, we didn't call at Stornoway at all. Not only did the cruise go so smoothly that no crew changes were needed, but as well on both of the occasions we sailed past, it was Sunday. If you learn little enough in three decades with the ICC, at least you learn never to be in Stornoway on a Sunday.

You also learn not to be distracted into the Whitsun East Coast Rally if you've some miles to cover, even if Rallying at first seems to fit in with your cruise plans. In fact, with our long-legged boat we were already in Foroyar as the last of the Rally revellers were getting home from Strangford on the Bank Holiday Monday evening. With progress like that, you can have a real cruise among the islands despite the time restraints. But you wouldn't do it sitting in Daft Eddy's.

We actually got away slightly ahead of the holiday weekend. Together with Aidan Tyrrell, I slipped from Howth just before midnight on Thursday June 3rd. We went to Bangor where Ed Wheeler and Peter Minnis were to join. Peter was making his first cruise with us, and we most certainly hope it won't be the last. With the quiet efficiency you'd expect from a former merchant navy officer, he had organised Duty Free which Foroyar's associate status with the EC permitted to our registered vessel. We loaded that, and also personally took on board any amount of Duty Paid, thanks to meeting up with the likes of Michael McKee and Dickie Gomes and the Islay-bound John and Kathleen Harbison. But somehow we got away around 2300, and breakfast time the next morning (Saturday June 5th) found us out to the west of the Rhinns of Islay, tramping along in a sunny sou'wester.

It had a tendency to veer and freshen, and we'd the usual lumpy weathering of Skerryvore in the afternoon with a slab in the main and some rolls in the genoa, but with sheets freed thereafter we'd an increasingly smooth passage through the Sea of the Hebrides and the Minch, dining off a "cruise casserole" which Georgina had sent with us in the old pressure cooker. Through the short night we occasionally needed the engine to get us past the west coast of Skye, but found breeze again from dead astern beyond the Shiants.

She ran sweet as a bird with dolphins cresting the waves while Ed prepared a huge Sunday breakfast, absolutely everything with all the trimmings. By the time it was tidied away, noon had arrived, so there was a small party in the cockpit, following which there was Divine Service, with Ed on the squeeze-box making a fair stab at *Be Thou My Vision*, which promptly became the cruise anthem. This so astonished

the weather that it went flat calm with sunshine, so for three hours we motored north while the Butt of Lewis soon faded astern to port.

This bit of motoring moved us into a different weather system. The breeze began to whisper from the east, and at 1850 the engine was cut as the easterly firmed in to carry us up past Rona. While the going was good, Aidan created a fine supper of stir-fried chicken with spring onions, so it was a well-fed mob who contemplated the deterioration of the weather. It drew southeast, more of a fair wind perhaps, but it was a horrible bumpy wet night with the breeze at least Force 6 as a front went slowly through, leaving fog behind it.

The fog persisted through the morning as we sailed on in depths of more than a thousand metres. Aidan made a monumental breakfast towards lunchtime, and then as the afternoon drew on all indications from both Decca and the hand-held Trimble Ensign GPS showed we were closing towards Foroyar, with seabird numbers increasing in late afternoon. The fog was thinning as the wind veered, and we were running with genoa boomed out to port when Akraberg appeared at 1852 (Monday June 7th) on the port bow. It was satisfyingly where it should have been, as we had shaped our course to make our landfall coming in from the southeast in order to minimise the amount of tide-disturbed water encountered in the approach, as well as avoid the Munkurin Rocks.

The landfall was all we might have hoped for, the steep and spectacular coastline coming and going in the mist and fog. Making along the east coast of Suduroy with another concert from Ed's squeeze box, up ahead at times there were glimpses of the imposing Litla Dimun and Stora Dimun showing themselves through the changing visibility, the scale of it all reducing us to silence (well, almost...).

The human face of Foroyar then asserted itself when a classic little Faeroese fishing boat came past, her Viking bow and stern jauntily clear of the dark and lumpy water, her crew waving a cheerful greeting. The entrance to Trongisvagsfjordur opened up, and we sailed in for Tvoroyri as curtains of rain came in over steep hillsides, and brightly coloured little houses dotted the bare shore.

There was a handy berth alongside a de-commissioned trawler inside the outer quay of Tvoroyri's little harbour, and *Witchcraft* was secured at 2140 after taking 2 days 22 hours and 40 minutes over the 449 miles from Bangor, a comfortable average of 6.4 knots. We had to keep reminding ourselves it was still only Bank Holiday Monday. In the cold bright northern evening we wandered around the friendly but quiet little port, and then returned aboard for the Mother of all Wobbly Lamb Feasts, prepared by Ed, and slipped painlessly into slumber after dining like lords.

As there was a sou'westerly gale forecast, we were in no hurry to move on next morning, but in any case there was

Ships' Business to be done, and Tvoroyri is a very handy port of entry, without the relative formality of Torshavn. Einar Larsen the customs man came aboard and sorted the technicalities of the Duty Free, and then stayed on yarning about life in the Faeroes. He pined for the grind, the schools of small whales they kill in their traditional hunting ritual. Apparently they'd only caught one whale in all Foroyar in 1992. It was thought-provoking to see this mild man with eyes gleaming as he enthused about the glories of the grindadrap, the bloodthirsty whale kill, and what it meant to the islanders. We didn't tell him that we'd recommended to the dolphins seen on the way up that they should take their holidays with Fungie down in Dingle, and stay well away from the Faeroese and their quaint habits.

A French cruising yacht, the Harle 34 *Vatna* from Caen, had arrived in port a few hours after us (apparently we were first of the year) so after we'd had showers at the nearby fish factory at no charge, we'd her crew of Christophe and Monique aboard for drinks as the weather went to pot around mid-day. Soon one of the locals, Richard Ludvig, was there as well to share the beer and give us the lowdown on the dealing with the Danes to help out the Faeroese after the islanders' bank had virtually collapsed with 1992's currency crisis and the drop in the price of fish. Apparently they reckon the Danes owe them every bit of it, as the feeling in the islands is the Danes are coining it in.

Nevertheless the Faeroese are facing up to the fact that they'll have to get income from other sources in addition to fish, so tourism is being looked at. The new Tourist Information Office in Tyvoroyri had opened twelve hours before officially planned, as they'd seen us sailing in. They'd directed us to the chandlers where we'd spent twenty-one quid on a courtesy ensign, so we did our bit for the Faeroese economy.

This was further built on by the discovery that in the Autumn of '92, the Draconian licensing laws - for so long a matter of distress to ICC members - had been relaxed. Richard revealed that the first pub on Suduroy had been opened only a couple of weeks previously, just across the fjord at Oravik. So while Christophe and Monique went off to climb a hill in the driving rain, we hopped in a taxi and went round to Oravik to test this new pub.

Don't expect a rustic Three Jolly Pigeons covered by climbing roses. It's more of an up-market pre-fab, but it's nice and warm within, you can buy a bottle of real beer for £2.50, and we'd a long and learned chat about land tenure which seemed appropriate among islands where there's little enough land and any amount of cliff. But looking to the future, we'd suggest there is a real opening in Foroyar for an "Irish" pub such as you now find in many cities - perhaps Vincent O'Farrell is already researching the Faeroese for "Mother Redcap".....

As it scarcely gets dark at all in Foroyar in summer, we've no notion of when we returned to the harbour. This time it was the French boat's turn to do the honours, so we took some wine and went aboard and made all the right admiring noises. They were on their way to Iceland and eventually Newfoundland, and their pride and joy was their new radar. Rather, it was Monique's pride and joy. She delighted in demonstrating it. Being gentlemen, we let her. Suddenly, all *Witchcraft's* crew were fascinated by radar. Everyone had to sit down at the chart table and have Monique lean across them and twiddle the knobs. Most agreeable.

The weather was on the mend with a gentle sou'wester when we sailed out next morning, but we were to learn that steady sailing is a rare luxury in Foroyar. Even among the southern islands, which have a fair amount of sea between them, the conditions are always changing. Among the northern



A fair wind for home - *Witchcraft* was to average 6.9 knots from Torshavn to Rubha Reidh in Scotland.

Photo: W.M. Nixon

islands, which seem higher than they're wide, the breezes favour the vertical mode - katabatic winds with squalls crashing straight down from the cliffs are all part of life's rich tableau..

In fact, everything is topsy-turvy. The winds go up and down, rather than across, while the tides only go across, and scarcely go up and down at all. The tidal range is negligible. A little more among the northern islands perhaps, but by Irish standards there's no rise and fall of tide worth noticing. Yet the tidal streams are ferocious by anyone's standards - the entire North Atlantic tidal wave seems to be trying to push its way through the eighteen or so islands in a group which is only 60 miles long and 40 miles wide, and the rips and races can be ferocious.

In order to cope with it all, you have to get a copy of the Red Scare Book, officially known as Streymkort fyrí Foroyar, or Tidal Current around The Faeroe Islands. Devised by Fischer Heinesen from the main fishing port of Klaksvik, it graphically illustrates the hourly states of the tide with freakish red shapes to show where the main tide races are occurring. Roughly it's based around the time of Slack Water in Sudouroyarfjordur, which is approximately +0040 Reykjavik. But as the tides can go from nothing to ten knots in minutes, even more precision may be required, and Heinesen himself prefers to use the time of the moon's meridian passage.

Ed had soon got on top of all this calculating of the moon's meridian passage, and he became The Keeper of the Red Scare Book, advising us when any planned passage could expect the least rough conditions. But as we moved among the islands we learned that an appraisal of the shape of a channel or headland could - when taken in conjunction with Heinesen's information - enable you to get about reasonably freely, though you had to be prepared to use the engine quite a bit in order to dodge along cliffs, and nip close inshore round headlands.

Thus a day of straightforward sailing in Foroyar is virtually unknown, and that explains much of the islands' history. Originally settled by Celtic monks from Ireland, Foroyar was taken over by Vikings from southern Norway. But the sheer difficulty of using a boat among the islands soon meant that the settlers tended to concentrate on sheepfarming and hunting seafowl on the cliffs for basic sustenance. Thus sheep-farming is in the unlikely position of being an heroic occupation - the most skilled shepherds would know exactly where there was a good patch of grass somewhere down a two thousand foot cliff, and how long it could feed his sheep. To get them there, and then retrieve them, he had to have the skills of an Alpinist. Even today, it's extraordinary where you'll see sheep on seemingly impossible and inaccessible slopes - any ram in Foroyar has to be sure footed and sure of his welcome before

he goes tugging.....

The cliff-climbing skills of the Faeroe people were also developed for seabird hunting. The huge cliffs are home to thousands of birds, and gannets, puffins, guillemots, fulmars and others soon find their way into the pot. Indeed, only one bird seems sacred, the *tjaldur* or oystercatcher, the national bird of Foroyar, whose return each March heralds the end of Winter, and whose name is special for ICC members, for it was Rory O'Hanlon, that great enthusiast for northern sailing and an inspiration for so many of us, who named his cruising boat *Tjaldur* in honour of these islands that he loved so well. For me it is doubly special, as *Tjaldur* and I joined the ICC at the same time.

However, while the *tjaldur* may be sacred, almost anything else in the air, on the land, or in the sea, has been fair game for eating in a very harsh climate, for Foroyar, being at the convergence of the North Atlantic Drift and the Polar Current, has weather more stormy and wet than you'll get in Iceland. The ferocity of the weather with its sudden and frequent fogs, the waywardness of the winds, and the power of the tides, made fishing and sea travel in and around the islands a mighty hazardous business. Though they developed their own powerful boats descended from their original Viking ships (for instance, the most exposed westerly island of Mykines reputedly had the *teinaeringur*, rowed by eighteen men) the sea was nevertheless something to be treated with extreme caution, used only for subsistence fishing and the most basic travel needs. It wasn't until the arrival of the diesel engine that the Faeroese fishing industry really began to take off.

Yet in less than a century it transformed a survival economy into affluence based on fish exports. The population, just 30,000 in 1930, has grown, and today it is around the 50,000 mark, with such a substantial income during the 1980s that they had the highest standard of living in Scandinavia, with heavy expenditure on the infrastructure as the government pressed ahead with a programme of road building and harbour improvement.

But the crisis of 1992-93 put this overheated economy under stress. Even as we sailed towards Foroyar we knew that

the islanders' bank had applied to the Danes for a £1 billion bail out grant to stop it going under in the face of a tide of bankruptcies, most of them in the fishing industry. Thus we'd arrived wondering what we'd find. As far as we could gather, things were either desperate but not serious, or serious but not desperate. Enough money had been raised to keep the bank ticking over, and the quirky relationship between the Faeroese and Danes was resuming its uneven path, smoothed for the time being by the arrival of summer - we were told that in the dark depths of the Faeroese winter, it was natural for everyone to think ruin was staring them in the face.

Certainly we'd a Faeroese summer day that Wednesday (June 9th), sailing from Suduroy round many islands as sunshine, mists and fogbanks came and went (it's mist when you know where you are, and fog when you don't), until we reached Streymoy and appropriately Vestmanna, the Harbour of the Irishmen. *Witchcraft* had covered only 54 miles to get there, but we felt we'd seen a universe, as our course had taken us round the Litla Dimun, close under the Stora Dimun, along the cliffs of Skuvoy and Sandoy, and round Trollhovdi and into Skopun for lunch. Then on for a look at the massively-built little new harbour on Hestur, the mighty horse island, on past Koltur, the colt island, and across spooky Vagafjordur where the day's mists thickened for a while to become a damp fog, but then as we headed through Vestmannasund, suddenly astern there was a clearing aloft and Skaellingfjall, the magic mountain, appeared above the cloud in remote splendour.

For anyone who knows the Faeroes, all these names have special meaning. The Litla Dimun is like Ailsa Craig, only more so. Somehow men put sheep on it, and take seabirds from it. Stora Dimun is every bit as steep, but on its southwestern corner there's some prized flat land on the clifftop. Said to be the best farmland in all Foroyar, it has a fine farmhouse and cattle grazing in lush green fields. Until the advent of helicopters, the only access was at the exposed west facing cliffs down near the southern tip. You could get to the farm from this landing place provided you could scale the 360ft sheer cliffs. Quite what the cows made of it, God only knows. We logged it in Estate Agentese: "Substantial well-



Morning sunshine in Vestmanna

Photo: W.M. Nixon

established secluded south-facing farm, successful mixed-livestock, strongly built buildings, entrance under total security, would suit reclusive owner..."

Skopun was by contrast an amiable little place, the very essence of modern Foroyar with a dredger bustling in the entrance to further improve the harbour, and the brightly coloured village slumbered through its wait for the return of the fishing fleet. From above, the noise of children playing floated up from the narrow streets, and there was a fine view across to Hestur and Streymoy. Back on the red boat, a late lunch of salad, omelette and wine set us up for further meandering through a gentle day.

Vestmanna is one of the best natural harbours in Foroyar, rated as one of the few 'Winter Harbours'. You could anchor off, but there's a fair chance of fouling your hook on old ground tackle, and with the minimal tidal range we went alongside a fishing boat as usual, by now quite skilled at telling which boats were unlikely to go to sea next day. Take care to note, by the way, that even de-commissioned longliners could well have their multi-hooked lines on many reels the length of the gunwhale - sensible crewmen leaping ashore to take warps will prudently avoid grabbing a handful of hooks, as that could ruin your entire day. It's also a good idea to bring a large container of white spirit to clean topsides and fenders after you leave Foroyar, as old tyres are much used as general fendering on boats and quaysides.

Although the town climbing colourfully above the harbour was cheerful enough, an air of gloom hung over the harbour where half a dozen trawlers were laid up, but then the active fleet was at sea. We dined off a rocket-fuelled lamb curry from Cafe Aidan, and then ambled ashore on an evening warm by Faeroe standards. The starkness of the mountainous surroundings was emphasised by the bright life in the Community Centre, where of all things they had a bingo session under way. There's a pleasant cafe, La Careta, run by an English girl at the hostel, the red building above the harbour, but we weren't sufficient trenchermen to test it after our shipboard feast.

Having anticipated a complete lack of trees, we were

intrigued to find the little churchyard well-wooded with sycamores - stunted perhaps, but trees nevertheless. Reflecting on the challenge of trying some sort of afforestation in one of the Foroyar's more sheltered valleys, we found to our surprise that it was after midnight as we read gravestones in the churchyard by available light.

Awakening later in the morning, the weather had changed. There was bright sunshine, and a new easterly breeze indicated we were now in the ambit of the Iceland High. A phone call home indicated the weather to be foul in Ireland, so in great good spirits we headed out to see the Bird Cliffs of Streymoy.

The exit through the north end of the sound between Vagar and Streymoy is dramatic, one moment you're in a narrow channel, next moment out on the wide blue ocean with cliffs of giant size marching away on either hand. It takes some time to be aware of the scale. The bird cliffs - the fuglabjorg - thrust towards 2,000 feet, so assessing the range and numbers of bird life is wellnigh impossible, as many of them are no more than dots flying at cliff-top height.

All of which is another way of saying that after a while, you become blasé about seeing tens of thousands of puffins, guillemots and whatever. After all, they were up in the sky, where they should have been. By this time we were even used to seeing sheep grazing on almost vertical greensward. So we turned ourselves to fishing, and though with the easterly wind we were able to wander at leisure around the majestic cliff inlet of Sakshovn, the very fact that it is noted for trout, but it wasn't the trout season, drove Ed to a frenzy of fishing further along the cliffs, while the rest of us simply sat in the cockpit having early nooners in a state of awe, gazing in wonder at the huge rampart of cliff which we could now see westward down past Vagar to Mykines.

The fishing ended with two good hooks lost and nothing caught, but by this time we'd to move sharpish, as the weather was undergoing one of its Faeroese rapid changes. Cloud suddenly started curling over from the top of Mylingur, the dramatically-shaped 1847ft high northwest headland of Streymoy, and beyond there was a line of fog rolling out of Sundini, the passage between Streymoy and Eysturoy. Within



Skopun, with a dredger improving the entrance.

Photo: W.M. Nixon

minutes we were being battered by gale force vertical gusts, but with a spot of cliff dodging we got ourselves the four miles round the corner to the handy port of Eide tucked inside the north point of Eysturoy.

The feeling of being in the far north of Foroyar was inescapable - there were large snow patches on the bare mountains above the bright little dots of villages. But away from the grim cliffs, in Eide's pleasant little harbour it was still a summer's day, and we found a berth at the fish quay rather than at the little "marina" in the south end of the harbour. Central to the Faeroese harbour building frenzy during the 1980s was the provision of marina berths for the little recreational fishing boats which are the nearest the Faeroes come to having yachts.

Most aren't over 20ft long, so the marinas will seldom take anything bigger than 25ft in the unlikely event of a berth being free. If at all possible it's usually better to berth in the fishing areas which generally are, as at Eide, near the centre of town, although Faeroese municipalities being of decidedly individualistic design, you'd sometimes be hard put to say just where the centre is.

Eide is famous for its 19th century Lutheran Sailors Church, stuck uncompromisingly on the windswept neck of the isthmus (which is what 'eide', like tarbert, means). The little church is lovingly kept, and made special by devotive sailing ship models. Taking photos of them, I found myself in a state of elation and gave the empty church a verse of "Be Thou My Vision" - make of that what you will. Atop the hill to the south of the harbour, the view was splendid, with background music of tjadurs urgently piping - it transpired I was sitting on their nest.

Back at the harbour the fishing boat *Byrgisnes* had come in with a very special catch - a 60 kilo halibut, well over a hundredweight of prime seafood. This is the fish most prized by the Faeroese. Back in the days of primitive fishing from open boats, when a boy caught his first halibut, he became a man, and the village flotilla would return to port to celebrate. Even today it still has special meaning, and as this one seemed as big as a small whale, it gave the crew of the *Byrgisnes* a good reason to return to port, which they welcomed as the brief spell of good weather was rapidly fading.

That posed a problem for us, for much as we liked Eide,



The sailors' church at Eide.



Eide - the little "marina" in the foreground would offer better shelter in the southerlies, but otherwise the berth at the fish quay is much more convenient to this attractive village.

Photo: W.M. Nixon

shortage of time made being stuck there in bad weather an irksome prospect. We could possibly have headed south through Sundini, and thus get within striking distance of the fleshpots of Torshavn, but Sundini is spanned by a bridge at the Sundelaget Narrows, and of the three different heights we'd been given for it, two would have resulted in losing our masthead.....

So before the weather went completely to pot, despite the fishermen's advice we nipped out past the Apostles, those poorly built stack rocks off Estuyroy's northwest corner (they're full of holes like bad teeth), and under Wagnerian cliffs bashed our way eastward inside a tide rip which was living up to all the red scares in the Heinesen book. Nearing Rivtangi, Eysturoy's northern point, inevitably the rip came remorselessly nearer, but we dodged round the corner inside the rock shown on the detailed chart, and suddenly found ourselves in a different world.

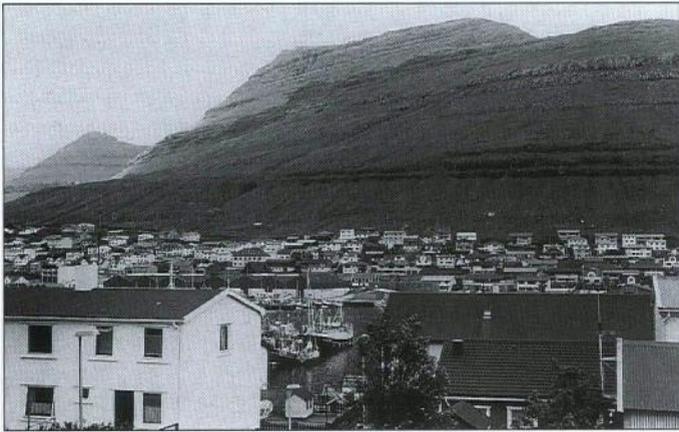
To 'lee' of Rivtangi in the weather-going tide had been a squall-battered hellhole. To weather of it in the tide-free (at that stage) Djupini between Eysturoy and Kalsoy, it was summer again, with smooth water and a light easterly breeze. There was a great sense of glee aboard. With a mighty leap we'd freed ourselves, we'd now rounded our most northerly point, and perhaps we could go a-visiting among those strange northeastern islands between Kalsoy and Fugloy, which seem higher than they're wide and look like the Mountains of the Moon.

But the weather of Foroyar flatters to deceive. The further we went southeast through Djupini, the darker became the sky. We popped into Leirvik for a look-see, but it was unappealing as a smelly fishing harbour which lived mainly as the ferry port to reach the mighty fishing centre of Klaksvik across the sound under the steep mountains of Bordoy. Warnings of an easterly gale dropped Leirvik through the bottom of the popularity stakes, so we nipped across to Klaksvik in search of a secure berth for the night.

Klaksvik is something else, the powerhouse of the Foroyar economic explosion. If you're interested in fishing and fishing boats, then you'll love the place, for the extraordinary variety of boats used, and the single-minded devotion to harvesting the sea, makes this a place apart.

The miniature fjord is just under a mile long, running north and south. Both sides are lined with quays, but the inlet is wide enough to make it worthwhile for a boat of *Witchcraft's* size to seek a berth on the weather shore when bad weather

Photo: W.M. Nixon



The great fishing port of Klaksvik is the powerhouse of the Foroyar economy. On the morning after the gale, *Witchcraft* had moved across to the west side to a berth handy for the baths in the seamen's Hostel.

Photo: W.M. Nixon

threatens. We found a less-than-hyperactive longliner snug against the north side of a little nib running out from the quays of the eastern shore, facing east in the lee of a large shed. It looked like our perfect berth for a stormy night. It was.

The rain may have sheeted down, and the squalls may have roared down the mountainside and overhead as a vigorous front went through, but we were snug as bugs in several rugs. The heater was behaving itself, and preparing supper was an affair of leisurely luxury. In due course Mr Tyrrell produced an invented concoction so superb it was honoured with the name "Red Boat Ragout". Mr Wheeler then gave an applauded rendition of popular soulful melodies on his English Accordion. Mr Minnis dispensed beverages with his usual efficiency. Citizens of Klaksvik may well have wondered at the sounds of hilarity emanating from the Irish sailing boat on this night of climatic horror, but we were having one of the best nights of the cruise.

The place had a steam-cleaned air in the morning, but then as fishing ports go Klaksvik is mighty clean anyway. I wandered along the quayside looking at the boats still in port, and marvelled that among islands where almost anything is fair game for the pot, not only were the eider ducks (which you'll see along the base of many of the cliffs) making themselves at home in the harbour, but as well there was a mallard family out for a stroll, confident in the knowledge that for some reason they're not on the Foroyar menu.

Ed's splendid breakfast was in no way disimproved by Peter



The whalebone arch at Nolsoy, the boatbuilders' island.

Photo: W.M. Nixon

concocting Buck's Fizz with sparkling white wine, and it put us in the right frame of mind for decision-making. The gale-carrying front having gone through, we were now in the clear cold nor'easterly air coming in round the Iceland High. Further south we knew the weather was bad (this was the Friday, June 11th, when Dublin was flooded out) but as the low which was causing this unpleasantness was forecast to move eastward into the North Sea, there was a chance of Foroyar's better weather pushing south to give a day or two of easterlies to provide us with an easy passage back to Scotland after a visit to Torshavn.

This would mean that Klaksvik would be the only place visited in Nordoyar, the spectacular northeastern islands, but as we hoped to be back in Howth by Saturday June 19th, the possibility of a fair wind was too good to waste. However, it was clear it would take a day or so for the nor'easterlies to settle in further south. After consultation with the Red Scare Book, Ed reckoned the best time to leave Torshavn would be after 1700 on Saturday June 12th, thus we'd a clear 32 hours to take a leisurely departure from Foroyar.

So we moved across the harbour for handy access to the Seamen's Hostel for baths, and after Peter had gone shopping to acquire four small seabirds for the pot that night (they were called havhestur, and we lazily assumed they were guillemot), *Witchcraft* headed down Klaksvik's busy little fjord and outside found the air like champagne as the nor'easter strengthened, with a magnificent sunlit view through Kalsoyarfjordur between Kalsoy and Kunoy.

We'd a ripsnorter of a sail down past Mjovanes, that headland of evil reputation, and a swift run to Nolsoy across tumbling seas. The tide was with the wind, but the sea was restless nevertheless, and it was a spray-swept boat which scampered in past Bodin and rounded up into the ferry berth alongside the northwest pier in Nolsoy's little harbour.

If you were staying overnight, you'd have to berth at the fish quay in the southeast corner, but we were on a sort of prowl around Torshavn before making our assault on the capital, and this attractive island three miles to the east provided a handy staging post for a brief visit. A poignant visit too - Nolsoy was once the boatbuilders' island, and little building sheds cluster along the waterfront as a reminder of a busy



Temporarily berthed at the ferry quay in Nolsoy.

Photo: W.M. Nixon



Evening in Torshavn, with junior Vikings in training.

Photo: W.M. Nixon

past, but it's a shadow of itself, the advent of glassfibre having sidelined Nolsoy's traditional shipwrights.

A gallant little port nevertheless. There's a whale's jawbone erected on the waterfront providing an archway to the leprechaun-size village square, where a group of Nolsoy men sat on a bench looking down the harbour, oblivious to a nor'east wind which would have cleaned corn. We were far from oblivious to it, and soon found our way past little old houses with the classic Foroyar grass covered roofs to a warm cafe where sustaining sweet cakes and hot chocolate kept the cold at bay as Nolsoy slumbered on.

The contrast when we swept into Torshavn harbour a couple of hours later could not have been greater. Quite the proper little capital city, is Torshavn. It was very much Friday evening, with the rowing skiffs of sports clubs and sea scouts, like updated Viking raiders, racing past in a flurry of energy as we made our way to the visitors' berth along the northeast quay of the Vestaravag, having cruised just 116 miles in all to get there from Tyvoroyri by the Scenic Route.

Making fast in Torshavn was a special moment for Aidan, as he'd last been there in 1966 with Ninian Falkiner, Mickey and Mabel d'Alton, Stanley Dyke and my brother James aboard *Tir na nÓg*. He reckoned the place had changed somewhat in terms of the increased prosperity, though there had been plenty of cars around in '66, but as well Torshavn had markedly expanded. He also was to comment on the lack of drunks in the street in 1993, for they'd made a forceful impression on his youthful innocence in 1966.

The harbour had changed in that much of the Vestaravag is now taken up with a small boat marina of the type encountered at other harbours in the islands, while larger craft - even unto gin palaces - fill the more substantial marina round in the Eystaravag. Thus the only berthing for visitors is at this crowded quay, and though we secured handily enough alongside our French friends in *Vatna*, it would take very few boats to make it inconveniently crowded, so if they want to encourage cruising boats to go to Foroyar, it would help to improve the visitors' berthing in Torshavn.

That said, you're conveniently right in the heart of the old town with its grass roofed houses - we readily imagined Torshavn office workers going home early on a good evening "to cut the roof".

Although the weather was steadily on the mend, I knew it would be tempting fate to anticipate good weather next day, so while Aidan started in on the four hour slow cooking of our little seabirds (it was a sort of havhestur au vin), I dutifully went off to photograph the grassy houses.

Virtue was rewarded. While wandering down a little street near the harbour, a door opened in an anonymous building to reveal what was clearly a nightclub preparing for an evening's entertainment. With this good news I returned aboard to find the cold northern evening was being kept at bay by the heater and something stronger, and we were nicely settled in anticipating supper and a night on the town when there was a thump alongside.

We tumbled on deck to find a slip of a boat had come in under sail. Although almost as long as *Witchcraft*, she was no more than a third of her volume, a slim spitsgatter of a type you wouldn't expect to see beyond the shelter of the Skagerrak. And indeed it turned out that until now she never had been beyond the Skagerrak, but this elegant little pre-war yacht had made the voyage of a lifetime from Norway to Foroyar, stopping only briefly at Fair Isle on the way.

The three ancient mariners aboard her weren't really ancient, but they looked that way, for they'd accidentally had their little radio set down beside the compass, and an otherwise perfect passage had gone a bit astray towards the end as their landfall had been on Sudoroy instead of Torshavn, resulting in a very painful eight hour beat.

So they were salt-stained and frozen, and it took only about one nano second for Ed to persuade them to come aboard for hot ones. As the layers of foul weather gear came off, they shed any initial shyness, and it transpired they were three Professors, the Norwegian delegation to a conference in Torshavn on Faeroese Maritime History.

It was like something out of a Graham Greene novel, with conversation buzzing speedily and eccentrically along, as their English was not only much better than our Norwegian, it was rather better than our English as well.

"I decided that, for this first Conference of Faroese Maritime History," announced the history Prof who owned the yacht, "it was entirely appropriate that the leader of the Norwegian delegation should sail here in his own boat."

His salt-rimed friends nodded in agreement as they addressed themselves with increasing enthusiasm to hot whiskey. It added to the oddity of the gathering to find that one of them was the head of the Ibsen Institute - like us he



Summer comes to Toshavn - *Witchcraft* at the Visitors' berth between *Vatna* and the Professors' *Spitsgatter*. Much of Torshavn harbour's western basin is taken up with the small craft marina in the foreground.

Photo: W.M. Nixon

wondered what on earth a literary man was doing sailing across a cold north Atlantic in a decidedly wet little boat. It made more sense to find that the third one was the head of the Norsk Sjøfartsmuseum in Oslo, which I had recently been in touch with in order to get copies of Colin Archer's original drawings for the *Asgard*. With such coincidences and craziness the gathering went merrily along, although we never did find who had left the radio beside the compass.

By the time the Professors rolled onto the quayside to get to their hotel, the havesthur au vin had been gently cooking for at least five hours. It did it no harm at all, and we feasted on a warming meal of strong flavours, gamey rather than fishy though with fishy undertones. Then it was off to the night club which my dutiful research had unexpectedly revealed.

It proved an oddly innocent little place at first, the owner even apologising for it being quiet, but it gradually came to life, and the drink was certainly genuine. Other ICC members visiting Foroyar have tended to consort with pillars of society, but wherever they go *Witchcraft's* crew seem to gravitate towards the louche end of the spectrum, and that night in Torshavn was no exception as we explored the Foroyar experience in at least two night clubs (I think the second one was in a basement) with the likes of printers, journalists, cartoonists, recreational chemists, Danish blondes and shady property dealers.

Always the relationship with Denmark was intriguing, and it was to the fore while conversation was coherent. The Faeroese aren't even of Danish descent, being originally from southern Norway, and they show where their hearts lie by having their flag as a mixture of the Norwegian and the Icelandic, with Denmark nowhere. But the involvement with the Danes is an offshoot of the old days when Denmark and Norway were one kingdom, and today while the Faeroese have a certain resentment of their dependence on the Danes, the Danes by contrast are fascinated by the islands, and have a romantic involvement with them.

It's easy to see why. The highest part of Denmark is 537 ft above sea level. At 537ft, Foroyar has barely started....Yet oddly enough, seeing the result of this peculiar relationship, I began to put Denmark high on the list of places where I'd like to cruise.

In the morning - well, later in the morning - certain crew members were about as lively as stunned mullet, their wellbeing not at all improved by discovering that havesthur is

not guillemot, but fulmar. Yes, fulmar - we'd been eating a cousin of the albatross. As it happens, the fulmar is now Foroyar's commonest seabird, despite having first appeared in the islands as recently as the early 19th Century. But we knew that we'd have the greatest difficulty in looking the graceful fulmar in the eye as we sailed home.

However, that wouldn't be until the evening. On that Saturday, June 12th, summer came to Torshavn, and most people left town in the sunshine, but we found the Hafnia Hotel welcoming, and had a farewell lunch (at a reasonable price of £8.50 each before wine) of grenadier, the "new" fish that the Faeroese are taking from the deep Atlantic. The French are onto it too - about a tenth of all landings at Breton fishing ports are of grenadier - but we've yet to see it landed much in Ireland. It's something to look forward to, as it's excellent, like very good monkfish.

One of the few places open that sunny Saturday afternoon was the Maritime Museum, and I spent a thoughtful hour or two up there. The oldest boat is a 150-year-old fyrramanafar, a four man vessel from Hvalvik which didn't look so very different from the small craft you'll see today at places like Klaksvik. But the ancient equipment in it and the other boats in the collection spoke eloquently of a time when life was desperately hard. A time gone for ever, one hopes, gone as sure as the poor old extinct Great Auk which now lives only in stuffed form in that pleasant little museum.

It was a clear and sunny evening as we sailed away in a Force 4 to 5 nor'easter, out past a large Japanese "Research Vessel" where they were burning whale blubber, and off to the southeast on a lumpy reach while the clouds melted away and all Foroyar was revealed in its glory, in magnificent clarity so different from our foggy arrival. The miles reeled off, and away to starboard we could see the tanned sails of the Faroese Sail Training Schooner *Nordlysid* tacking past Stora Dimun. As the short northern night drew on, there was a long sunset beyond the serrated skyline of this extraordinary place. But as the sun began to rise again, cloud cover spread over from the east, and the islands were long gone as a grey morning witnessed our fast sailing southward, the seas regular at last with Foroyar far astern, and *Witchcraft* eating the miles on a reach.

It was still grey at noon (Sunday June 13th), but nooners brightened things and progress was fast and effortless with the Autohelm working sweetly in the rhythm of the sea. The sun occasionally broke through and we found ourselves among warships - seemingly a NATO exercise. A Norwegian frigate came past, rolling mightily - after the pinnacle waves of Foroyar, we'd thought the sea was calm. *Witchcraft* closed in towards Rona across a sparkling sea as the evening forecast warned of frost in northern Scotland. We could face it if the wind stayed fair, and though the brisk east by north breeze meant the landing place on Rona was unusable, we sailed close inshore around that lonely island for a while, talking to seals and enjoying the place before sailing on into a sunlit evening of cruising perfection.

For there came one of those special little times that you remember when bigger memories have faded. Aidan had jammed himself into the galley to start



A dreich day in the Garvellachs, where St Columba's mother is reputedly buried. The walls in the foreground mark some of the oldest ecclesiastical remains in Scotland.

Photo: W.M. Nixon

cooking dinner of silverside of beef with baked spuds, cabbage and carrots, I was writing up the log at the chart table after getting the forecast, Ed was reading a book, Peter was on watch with the Autohelm doing most of the work, there was a very classy Benny Goodman tape on the cassette player, our glorious big boat was thrusting southward at a speed which promised some Scottish cruising before we got home, and suddenly there we all were, drinks in hand, having mighty crack around the companionway for one hour? two hours? - who knows, it doesn't matter, it was the magic moment of the cruise, and as Aidan said, it was altogether typical of the best parties that everyone should end up in the kitchen.

That night the NATO Navies were around us again, but our Visiball reflector at the top of the mast kept them fairly well under control, and we streaked out of the dawn to find the coast of northwest Scotland thrusting above the blue horizon to port. It came on as a day of unbroken sunshine, high summer perfection, and we were off Rudh Rhe at 0600 to give an average of 6.9 knots from Torshavn.

It was time for a spot of cruising. Ahead, the Cuillins of Skye loomed through the summer haze. To port, the mountains of Wester Ross glowed in the sunshine as the Brixham ketch *Lorne Leader* glided by on a shimmering sea. Our fine east wind had faded, but it didn't matter, we now had all the time in the world, and wandered among the Crowlin Islands while Ed tried a spot of fishing as we thought the last of the vacuum-packed meat might be a bit dodgy.

He hadn't caught anything by the time the tide began to turn in our favour inside Skye. A gentle northerly breeze carried us past the workings of the new bridge at Kyleakin - apparently it will be an ignoble concrete box girder affair, rather than an elegant suspension bridge which would go well with the spectacular scenery of the area, though it's beyond me why they feel any bridge is necessary to Skye when most of the islanders have come out against it.

But on a day of such perfection it didn't do to dwell on contentious issues. We carried our breeze right through the stunning sunlit scenery of Kyle of Lochalsh and Kyle Rhea, and only lost it out on the Sound of Sleat, where a lone fisherman was giving an impressive display of laying lobster pots in a fast falling line.

"Now there's the kind of man we could do business with," suggested Peter, so we went alongside tactfully displaying an enormous bottle of whiskey, a huge carton of cigarettes, and two very empty buckets. We got back two buckets well filled with crab and langoustine, and took ourselves off to a place I've long wanted to visit, Loch Nevis, where the tiny village of Inverie on the Knoydart shore is accessible only by sea despite being on the mainland.

It was all we could have hoped for, the ideal first port of call after Foroyar. The loch is utterly lovely, although the anchorage is a bit open, but it was calm by now, so we rowed ashore and noted the island aspects of the place, such as a lack of topicality in the tax discs of the much-repaired old cars. The Old Forge Inn had a certificate to prove its claim of being the most isolated pub on the British mainland, but we were rather more taken with the way the hens and cats about the place seemed the best of friends with each other. We in turn struck up an instant friendship with Donald MacLugash the ferryman, whose little 55ft landing craft *Spanish John* not only keeps Inverie in touch with the outside world, but also does the run to the smaller isles such as Canna and Eigg, and takes on any other odd jobs going - for instance, he took the materials to West Loch Tarbert in Jura to build the eight sets of leading marks devised by Blondie Hasler.

The crack was mighty and could have gone on all night, but we were hungry for our crab and langoustine, so we returned aboard, and as the weather of that perfect ridge day was clearly

going to end, moved down loch to the better anchorage off Glaschoille House while the catering department addressed the preparation of the feast. Such a feast it was, the crabs simply boiled, the langoustine lovingly steamed above a mixture of crushed garlic (a lot), olive oil (two or three tablespoons) chili powder (half teaspoon) and white wine, and all served with perfectly boiled new potatoes. We ate ourselves to a standstill, and there was enough left to put by for the creation of the ultimate fish soup experience next day.

That day (Tuesday June 15th) was grey, but it took a long time for the forecast wind and rain from the sou'west to spread in, so we motored down to Ardnamurchan for a spot of exploration of the little bays immediately north of the point. Ed wanted to see what they were like from the sea, as he'd once spent an Easter holiday in a cottage there - apparently it had snowed every day.

What with that and Peter's insistence on sailing in the wet and very flukey wind which finally spread in, it was 1450 by the time we came alongside the quay at Tobermory, and several of the shops there shut at 1700 sharp. Aidan wanted some extra ingredients to bring his soup to perfection, and he got them, but only in the nick of time, while the rest of us topped up the water and the diesel before anchoring off and then going ashore in the rain for a shower at the MacDonald Arms.

Inflation has run amuck in Tobermory. Last time there (I think it was 1989) a shower at the MacDonald Arms was £1. This time, s'helpmegawd, it was three quid.....They got the money off us before we could think about it, but those who could find a proper bath rather than a mere shower felt perfectly justified in having a wallow in a lakeful of hot water.

And after that, as the rain was drumming down in the best Tobermory style, we ate in the bar and then as sure as night follows day we'd to case the joint in The Mishnish, but despite all this we were under way by 0600 next morning (Wednesday June 16th) motoring down a flat and soggy Sound of Mull, for Ed had had an inspiration of brilliance.

He had suggested that instead of plodding down the familiar routes, we should go out and visit the Garvellachs, the Isles of the Sea, and then when the ebb started in the afternoon, we should head on south through the Gulf of Corryvreckan.

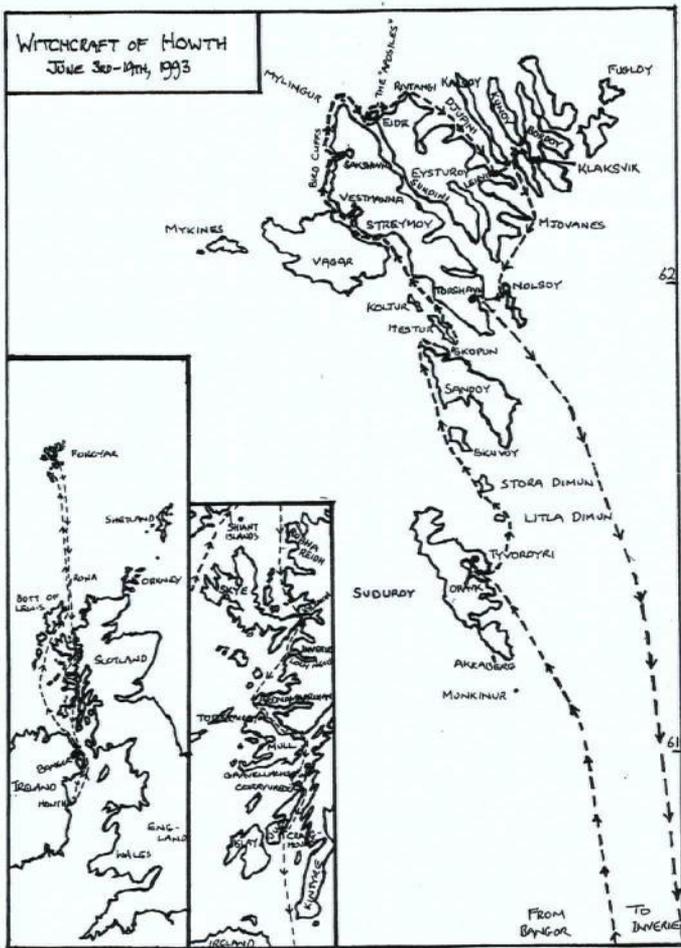
The man's a genius. What could have been a boring morning of motoring was transformed by the Garvellachs, those islands of sacred mystery where St Columba's mother is reputedly buried amidst some of the oldest ecclesiastical remains in all Scotland. It was a dreich day of damp mist while we were ashore, but there was no mistaking the special nature of the place, and back on board there was no mistaking the special nature of lunch - Aidan's soup was heroic.

The winds had been fickle as a low was forming over Mull,



Surging through Corryvreckan with the gulf in a gentle mood.

Photo: W.M. Nixon



but when we headed on towards the brooding gap of Corryvreckan, the breeze was at last drawing from the west and the visibility was lifting, so were hoisting sail as we cleared the rocky entrance to the Garvellachs anchorage. The turn of the tide was a signal - as it began to ebb eastward through the Gulf, ships homed on what is a short cut with a difference, and we found ourselves sailing into the gap in line astern of a container vessel, a fishing boat, and a naval patrol.

With Corryvreckan's reputation, Peter on the helm had full oilskins and safety harness rigged, and he was chain smoking for good measure, but the dreaded Corryvreckan was a great big pussy cat, and no great shakes after the races of Foroyar.

That said, it is of course a different proposition when the tide is flooding, and the stream piles up over an underwater cliff. As we got into the narrows, and went - still under sail - into Bagh Gleann na Muc to see the anchorage there, the sense of surging power even with the early ebb was already impressive, and returning to the channel through the little pass eastward of Eilean Beag, *Witchcraft* was gathered up in a swirl of tide which soon slurped her into the Sound of Jura pointing the right way. We were through.

Ed celebrated the mood of elation with a squeeze box recital, and then down the east coast of Jura we found a splendid breeze with sunshine and showers off the land to speed us to Craighouse, where our demon navigator rounded out a fascinating passage of 67 miles from Tobermory by making a perfect job of securing to one of the welcome new HIBD moorings under sail.

The HIBD moorings are welcome because Craighouse has notoriously poor holding. Thus it was a first visit there, but it won't be the last, as it's a port of great charm with its own distillery making Jura malt, which we sampled under the supervision of the impressive barmaid at the Jura Hotel - she merits M. Michelin's "well worth a detour", giving as she does

added meaning to the term "Paps of Jura". Eventually we returned on board to a dinner of boiled ham with all the trimmings, rounded out with cigars, liquers, talk, song, and sleep - not necessarily in that order.

There was very heavy rain in the night, but it cleared in the morning. Having arrived under sail, we left the same way, but soon needed the engine, forecasts of strong sou'westers notwithstanding. In fact, apart from an hour of reaching in an easterly just after passing Kintyre, it was Harry Flatters the whole way to Bangor, where we berthed at 2130 precisely in rain, but soon engineered a lift up to the Royal Ulster for a sailing supper and a spot of banter with the likes of Dickie Gomes, Brian Law, Russy O'Neill, Frank Smyth, Jim Blaikie, Bob Hutchinson and all the other usual suspects.

The almost frenetic conviviality was probably to avoid facing the reality that *Witchcraft's* magic cruise was coming to an end. Peter was leaving at Bangor, and the rest of us only had the inevitable slog back to Howth to finish the job. Never ones to let reality intervene, we enjoyed ourselves in Bangor. Peter has a vintage sports car, a throaty big Daimler V8, and next day (Friday June 18th) we were a right bunch of Hoorays roaring through town in this splendid machine after lunch in the club, and then away we went, plugging down to St John's Point in a rising sou'wester while spectacularly threatening cloud formations over County Down suggested that the forecast veering of the wind might be later rather than sooner.

Sure enough, south of St Johns we'd to slow her back to serve supper in any comfort. Ed had been to McKeown's, that excellent fishmongers at the bottom of High Street just across from Bangor Marina, and he and Aidan had put together a seriously good meal of queen scallops followed by hake. It all made great eating. Then we settled good old *Witchcraft* down under a nicely balanced rig for a night of quite rugged windward work, and she took us home to Howth marina in time for a breakfast which tidied up everything in the larder.

Then we tidied her up, this marvellous cruising boat which had carried us so well, and in leisurely style adjourned to the club to contemplate a cruise of 1,252 miles in fifteen days and nine hours at an average speed of 6.3 knots, with fourteen different places visited, eleven of them new ones. It was too much to take in at once, so over thoughtful pints we gazed out across the sunlit harbour, and idly speculated on the possible identity of a boat the top of whose hefty rig was showing above the pier as she headed in towards the entrance. Soon, her gleaming green hull appeared in the harbour mouth. It was *Tjaldur*.

SUMMARY

Passage	Dist. Sailed	Time	Engine	Speed
Howth-Bangor	88 nm	13h 50m	7h	6.3kn
Bangor-Tyvoroyri	449	0h 40m	5h	6.4
Tyvoroyri-Skopun	35	5h 20m	3h	6.5
Skopun-Vestmanna	18	3h	3h	6.0
Vestmanna-Eide	18	4h	3h	4.5
Eide-Leirvik	19	3h 30m	2h 45m	5.4
Leirvik-Klaksvik	4	40m	40m	6.0
Klaksvik-Nolsoy	18	2h 50m	15m	6.3
Nolsoy-Torshavn	3	30m	7m	6.0
Torshavn-Inverie	308	50h	2h 30m	6.0
Inverie-Tobermory	44	7h	6h	6.3
Tobermory-Garvellachs	36	5h 40m	5h 40m	6.4
Garvellachs-Craighouse	31	4h 40m	5m	6.6
Craighouse-Bangor	79	11h 40m	9h	6.7
Bangor-Howth	102	16h 35m	2h	6.2
	1252	199h 55m	44h 2m	6.3

Fair Winds to Fair Isle

Sean McCormack



The Wybrant Cup

Marie Claire II left Howth on the evening of July 1st 1993. Her crew consisted of the Owner/Skipper Sean McCormack, Des Simmons, Vincent Dromey and Mark L'Estrange. Vincent was to be replaced by Pat Hopkins some ten days into the trip. All concerned with the exception of Mark had experience of cruising on *Marie Claire* in Scotland in other years. It was a warm and dry night with little wind and we motor-sailed north through the night. Just past Lambay we saw the pipe laying vessels working on the new gas connector. Loads of lights.

Saturday 3rd July

We had a great run, mostly under main alone, from 0100, clocking up speeds of 8.5 knots regularly. It was spectacular sailing. Later at 0755 we put into Kinuachdrach Harbour, a small anchorage on the east side of Jura, just south of the Gulf of Corryvreckan. We had been making slow progress against an increasingly foul tide.

At 1030 we were away to continue our passage up the Sound of Jura. The tides here are notorious and at times we found ourselves going sideways in an alarming fashion. Then on up through the Firth of Lorne and into the Sound of Mull. We had a fine wind and we flew along under main alone.

We had an anxious time just after we passed Loch Aline when we made little progress beating into a short steep sea. The Skipper wisely remained below resting in his bunk while the on-watch crew suffered a wet and uncomfortable time. As soon as *Marie Claire* was able to bear away and sail off the wind, the Skipper came on deck to give the crew a lesson in the difference between beating and reaching! "I don't know how you guys managed to get so wet or why it took you so long to come these last few miles" remarked the Skipper. The retorts of the crew are unrecorded, the Skipper being lucky to escape with his life on this occasion.

We arrived in Tobermory at 1840, less than 48 hours out from Howth. We anchored among other boats as close to shore as we felt reasonable.

We dine aboard, in some style, it must be said. This season *Marie Claire* has a brand new cooker complete with an oven. What a difference this has made! The 'cook of the day' has more opportunity to show off culinary skills. After the meal, the crew went ashore in the dinghy to sample the local night life and to phone our long suffering partners waiting at home for news of our progress.

On Sunday the wind blew F8 as forecast. We decided to stay in Tobermory rather than try to get around the Point of Ardnamurchan in the teeth of a gale. After breakfast we appeared to be rather closer than earlier to a trawler moored astern. We shortened the anchor scope. This proved to be a mistake as we immediately began to drag and we at once set about retrieving the anchor. As one has come to expect in these situations, 'Murphys law' then sprang into force and the engine refused to start. We drifted astern and with the help of some 'Yachties' we made fast to the trawler.

The sun shone and we festooned the rigging with oilies and the cockpit with wellies etc. We turned our attention to the miscreant engine. It has to be said this item of equipment is most reliable and rarely causes us anxiety. On this occasion we were unable to identify the problem so the Skipper went ashore in search of help. The likely engineers were variously, playing golf, on holiday in France and not answering the phone. This was to be the first of many visits ashore by the Skipper before he finally made contact in the evening with the golf player who came to inspect the engine at 2045.

The starter motor was finally identified as being the problem and this was duly removed for inspection the next morning. The engineer had an appointment in hospital for tests the following day so the starter motor was brought in the morning to a garage on the seafront. There it was immediately pronounced dead. We fervently prayed the same fate would not befall the engineer!

The gale of the previous day abated on Monday and the enforced stay in port began to pall. The Banker in the crew had purchased all the Sunday papers so he and the Elder spent a quiet morning reading and watching the activity around the anchorage. The Skipper and the Cadet member of the crew went ashore to source a replacement starter motor. There were lots of serious cruising boats in port and very few of the 'Grafton Street' types we see in Howth. Presently the Skipper and the Cadet returned with the good news that the motor had been raised from the dead and that it would be refitted later in the day. The prospect of reduced expenditure and the saving in time cheered all the crew, not least the Skipper.

The rest of the day passed pleasantly and a young man came aboard at 1530 and refitted the starting motor. Very efficient, he was a member of the local life boat crew.

In the evening the Cadet cooked the dinner. We had steak and kidney pie, none of your bought ready made stuff but the real thing, complete with pastry. All produced with great flair.

The evening marked a record in the cruising life of *Marie Claire*. It was the first time she had remained in port for three consecutive nights while on a cruise. After the customary night cap or two we retired to our bunks in preparation for an early start next morning.

On Tuesday we rose early and left catching the forecast on our way out. We had an unpleasant time beating up to Ardnamurchan Point in rough conditions. We arrived at slack water and once around the Point we had a super sail, passing Mallaig at 1230. On our way up Kyle Rhea we stopped at Dunan Ruadh to wait for a favourable tide through the narrows. We planned a stop to replenish our water tank at the Kyle of Loch Alsh.

The pilot advised a berth at the east of the Railway Pier. As we approached we were hailed on the radio, this surprised us. Having ascertained our intentions we were directed to berth alongside another yacht. What followed delighted us. We were

welcomed by the Harbour Master in a fulsome manner. We filled up with water, bought some provisions from a shop a short distance from the pier, received the weather forecast for the next few days and were presented with a large bag of fresh clams. John MacRae, the Harbour Master, came aboard to have a cup of coffee and told us of the plans for a new bridge which will make the ferry to Skye redundant and which will allow the provision of many yacht berths. Moorings for yachts are planned and it sounds as if this will be a good place to stop in the future.

We left the Kyle of Loch Alsh at 1820 and later we hove-to for dinner just off the east coast of Rona. This proved effective and restful with *Marie Claire* footing gently towards our destination.

By 0700 on Wednesday the Skipper and the Cadet had piloted *Marie Claire* to near the Point of Store in grey and misty conditions. The watch changed again at 1100 by which time we were south west of Cape Wrath. The visibility was not great and we were not able to take any decent photographs. We did see the lighthouse and the big fog horn perched on the cliff. We went inside Duslic Rock as we rounded the Cape. We had a good wind driving us north but the prospect of another night passage was not inviting. The Skipper and crew were tired and rest was not possible in the conditions we were experiencing. After some discussion we agreed to put into Loch Eriboll just east of Cape Wrath on the Scottish coast.

The contrast between our visit to Tobermory, with its brightly coloured jigsaw of seafront buildings and the large number of craft at anchor, and our entry to Loch Eriboll could not have been more marked. This place is desolate. The most northerly anchorage is in Rispond Bay which is small and there is little swinging room. We made slow progress going in and had plenty of time to identify the layout. The Banker remarked, "surely we can't be serious about staying here." The Cadet steered. The Skipper kept the head. The Elder noted the constant 25+ knots of wind and hoped.

We no sooner had the CQR down when it was clear we were not holding. The Cadet, who is strong, and the Elder began to haul in the chain. Suddenly we were pulled up short and held fast. We had fouled some ancient ground tackle. Our holding problem solved, we were thankful that we had rigged a trip line. The Banker ceased to worry as there was no question of pulling out again! We checked everything on deck and left the sails bent on ready for hoisting.

We retired to our bunks to sleep with the alarm set for the weather forecast at 1750. In the event, we were all so tired that we slept through the alarm until 2030. The wind was still gusting strongly when we rose and we dined once more in style. The customary bottle of wine went down well and we had coffee and after-dinner mints to go with the cigars, while we discussed the options for the following day. The evening was not too cold. We retired to sleep after the BBC forecast at 0033.

The failure of the alarm on the Decca to wake the crew resulted in "Hitler" being retrieved from the dark recesses of the fore-cabin which we used to store sails and other equipment not in use. This timepiece was made before the Cadet was born, in what was then the USSR, and was purchased in Hector Gray's Emporium. This vicious clock has never failed to rouse the crew as it dances around the cover of the coolbox. It is placed there by the Skipper, well out of reach of the slumbering masses. It requires a snipe nosed pliers to set it and the ticking takes some getting used to. It was set to wake us at 0700 the following morning.

Thursday 8th July

We rose at the appointed time and had a leisurely breakfast. When we set about retrieving the anchor we were confident that the trip line would do its work. In the event, the CQR

failed to come clear and we discovered that we were hooked up on a heavy wire rope. Having raised this tackle to within a foot of the surface we attached a line to it and released the strain on the anchor. With the aid of the boat hook, we were able to fish the CQR free. We had the luxury of making ready to go to sea and tidying everything away while still held fast. Picking up a mooring had taken on a new meaning for us in Rispond Bay.

We were all now well rested and we finally left Loch Eriboll at 0855. We had a beam wind F4-5 and we carried a full main and No. 1 all the way to Lerwick. This was a memorable sail - brilliant in fact. We saw very little shipping all day.

Just before 1600 we had a visit from Her Majesty's patrol boat *Seeker*. We were questioned in a very polite and proper manner on the RT and they then wished us Bon Voyage. We watched as they steamed away at speed towards the Orkney Islands.

We had a great view of North West Mainland as the sun shone briefly in the late afternoon. We took photographs of Noup Head Lighthouse on the Island of Westray as we passed. We saw Fair Isle light during the night and darkness finally came around 0100.

Sometime around 0400 on Friday the Cadet was heard to ask the Skipper, with whom he was on watch, to pass up his sun glasses!

Conditions off Sumburgh Head were lumpy with the wind against tide. We met some porpoises and the Cadet swears he saw a whale. Nobody else did, so it was feared he might be cracking up.

By 0920 we were abeam of Mouse Island on the 60th parallel. The Skipper produced a bottle of his best champagne, which he had hidden away for just such an eventuality. It had been suitably chilled and the crew enjoyed this little celebration in the sunshine. This was the first real summer weather we experienced since we left Howth.

The Shetland Islands looked great. Lots of communications gear shining in the sunlight high up on the hills north of Sumburgh Head. Houses and cottages dotted around and the occasional road with beetle-like cars making their way along to start a new day.

On the way up Brei Wick, the approach to Lerwick, we saw a spectacular display by a helicopter winching a man off a pilot boat.

We arrived in Lerwick at 1110 and moored in the Small Boat Harbour. The Cadet took himself off in search of fast food and returned in due course with fish and chips. These were set upon with gusto and demolished in jig time. He related his conversation with the chip shop assistant - "and where have you come from?" she engagingly enquired. "From Howth just outside Dublin in Ireland" the Cadet proudly announced. "And how long did you take to get here?" "We left on Thursday night last" replied the Cadet. "Goodness, what are you in, a canoe?" came the reply. A suitably chastened Cadet paid for his chips and reflected on the unfair distribution of wit that had left him speechless.

Looking around the harbour it was easy to see that *Marie Claire* was a minnow among serious fish. Boats from as far south as Auray in France and many from Norway and Sweden.

We visited the tourist office and picked up a very useful brochure entitled Harbours and Anchorages of Shetland. This includes a note on Fair Isle's North Haven which we visited later in the cruise.

We hired a car and spent the afternoon of Friday touring the western part of the island of Mainland. This reminded us very much of parts of Donegal and Connemara. The Cadet drove, the Banker navigated from the suicide seat while the Skipper and the Elder held their breath in the back seats. We



Noup Head on Westray, Orkney Islands.

Photo: Sean McCormack

were reassured to see some Shetland ponies, there were loads of sheep but not a pub to be found all afternoon. Many shallow bog cuttings. Much of the island west of a line from the Voe of Weisdale in the south to the village of Voe in the north is sparsely populated and has been by-passed by the recent oil related activities.

The tanker *Braer*, which went aground on the rocks of Garth's Ness just after New Year 1993, did not do anything like the damage to the environment which had been expected. All traces of oil had disappeared by the time we arrived.

The town of Lerwick rises from the sea with many buildings standing with their feet in the water squashed together in the old part of the town. The new town was built by former merchants and herring barons with substantial houses aplenty. The latest houses have been built since the last war and the recent flow of oil money has resulted in a lot of modern facilities, some flat topped and ugly.

Just off the Lerwick Boating Club was moored a replica Viking ship, the *Dim Riv*. One can have a trip around the harbour in her on a Wednesday evening during the summer. The Small Boat Harbour is right in the town and from the cockpit the town clock can be heard striking. In the evening we paid a visit to the Lerwick Boating Club where we were kindly received and given the run of the place for the duration of our stay. We were provided with a key so that we could get in the following morning to use the washing machine and the tumble dryer. We chatted to the locals, had showers and sampled the local brew. We ate out, the first of the trip and later returned to the Club.

Saturday 10th July

We rose at 1000 and had a leisurely breakfast. The Banker went shopping to reprovision the boat and hunted for a gas cylinder refill, without success - no campers in Shetland. The Cadet spent the whole day in the Lerwick Boating Club on the pretence of doing some washing for the crew. We later discovered that a rather attractive young lady distracted him and he only came back to *Marie Claire* when his tummy started to complain.

The sun shone in between the showers and we were visited by a professional sailor from Co. Louth. On making the usual enquiries from the quay wall, he remarked "Ye are not Sunday

sailors anyway" which we supposed to be a compliment.

We were also visited by Pieter J. de Yong, the owner of a 65 footer, *Yonder*, who enquired if we would mind him berthing inside us later in the day. This yacht was very grand and flew the flag of the Royal Netherlands Yacht Club, it's home port being Muiden in Holland. We were later invited aboard for a drink when the berthing had been completed and a good time was had by all.

The crew of *Yonder* paid a return visit and much Bush, both Black and otherwise was consumed. This led to the crew of *Yonder* having to cancel a booking for dinner and both crews dined aboard that evening - the cooks popping up the companionways every now and then to compare notes and boast about how wonderful their culinary delights would be when served.

Sunday 11th July

We rose at 0700 to partake of a large breakfast. The forecast had promised SW winds F5-7 occ. 8 which in the event never materialised. We left Lerwick at 0730 bound for Grutness Voe. This anchorage is on the south east tip of Mainland, Shetland. On the way we were called by our Co. Louth friend on the radio from aboard a cable patrol vessel and wished a safe and pleasant return trip to Howth.

We had a fabulous sail down arriving at 1300. The Skipper and the Cadet walked with the Banker to Sumburgh Airport just across the bay. The Elder kept an eye on *Marie Claire* moored head to wind at the end of a pier.

The sun shone, the now depleted crew ate lunch and then departed 1550 bound for Fair Isle. We had delayed our departure to have a favourable tide situation at Sumburgh Head. The rostr was not nearly as bumpy as we expected and we were just about able to lay our rhumb line. We saw a lot of shipping going west during the afternoon. A super tanker, a Russian fishing fleet mother ship, some trawlers and a ferry. The ferry and the fishing vessel altered course for us. Thankfully we were well clear of the super tanker.

We arrived in North Harbour, Fair Isle at 2135 where, to our surprise, we saw some welcoming waves from people high up on the cliff as we came in. We moored alongside the ferry *Good Shepherd IV* in what is now a very sheltered harbour. Recently completed improvements to the breakwater and a

new pier have made this a very pleasant stop. The tide here is minimal with a rise and fall of 0.8 of a metre. A large part of the island is now a bird sanctuary and nothing disturbed the peace, save the calls of the gulls and the occasional creak of the fenders on *Good Shepherd*. We had a welcome in the harbour from a few seals who barked at us occasionally.

After dinner we walked up past Fair Isle Lodge and the Bird Observatory and on towards the west of the Island. One of the crew, who shall be nameless to spare his blushes, strayed from the road and was attacked by loads of angry gulls. They continued to squawk and dive bomb the unfortunate crew for a few miles. Like Shetland, there is not a tree in sight, just sheep. We wondered where the jumpers were! We slept soundly.

On Monday we went walking, took some photographs and the sun shone briefly. We departed Fair Isle at 0850 and the morning was overcast. Some twenty minutes out, while still motoring with the main up, the engine started to race at an alarming rate. The noise was deafening and the cabin began to fill with black acrid smoke. The Elder was below on his bunk and reached immediately for the stop lever. This had no effect for what seemed an interminable time. The engine finally died with much banging, but not before the fire extinguisher had been taken in hand but not used.

The Cadet and the Elder were in a state of some shock. When peace returned we sailed on for Stromness, planning to catch the last of the tide into Hoy Sound. With only three on board the twenty one hour journey was hard work at times and we missed the Banker. We had frustrating foul tides off North Ronaldsay where we seemed to be stuck for ever.

We arrived at Hoy Sound at 0330 on Tuesday in daylight with just one hour of tide to carry us through the Sound. The sailing had been exhilarating all night and luckily the wind held to carry us engineless into Stromness where we tied up alongside a converted trawler, which is used for taking diving parties out. After a hot toddie we retired to sleep, each of us very tired indeed. We breakfasted at 1100 on very sparse rations as the ship needed provisioning. The Skipper went in search of an engineer to look at the engine. We were beginning

to fear that the trip would be marred by the errant engine. Not for the first time on the trip did the Skipper regret not having our own resident Engineer on board. He found Davy Hourston, who was working on a trawler nearby and Davy agreed to come to *Marie Claire*.

Stromness is quaint but grey and uninviting from the sea. However, it is more interesting than Kirkwall, which we visited later, in that the layout is unique. This resulted from the aim of every member of the trading community to have a waterfront to his property. The houses were built gable-end to the water on long narrow sites, known locally as quoyes. Each had its own pier. The narrow lanes between each property were eventually joined by making a street parallel to the shore. This accounts for the irregular nature of the Main Street today. We were astonished to see a traffic warden in uniform going about his business. The narrow lanes leading up from the sea straggle up the hillside, providing much of interest for the wandering visitor, with buildings piled close upon each other. The Town Hall has every appearance of having been once a place of worship. There is a small museum and a modern swimming pool which has been built just out of town.

Wednesday 14th July

The sun shone for the second day in a row and, for once, the local forecast was correct. The long awaited NW wine materialised and later went into the NE bringing with it a very cold day. We hired a car and went touring.

We visited Skara Brae on the southern corner of the Bay of Skail in Sandwick which is a settlement of some ten huts, dating from 5000 years ago. Low covered passages run between the houses and the whole is constructed with great skill in thin slabs of flagstone. There are the remains of stone furniture, remarkably modern in appearance, resembling cupboards and sideboards and stone bed frames. Then on to Marwick Head where there is a memorial to Lord Kitchener. The Earls Palace in Birsay, where the Earls of Orkney lived in the 16th century, was interesting.

We had coffee and scones in a self catering hostel in Eivedale. We visited Kirkwall where we saw lots of yachts in



Improved North Harbour, Fair Isle, looking towards entrance.

Photo: Sean McCormack

the harbour. St. Magnus Cathedral was well worth a visit. Built some 800 years ago when Norse Earls held power, the red stone was quarried not far from Kirkwall. There are some beautiful stained glass windows.

We did some shopping and then set off to look at the Churchill Barriers about which we had heard so much. These were built with the aid of Italian prisoners of war, captured in the allies victory in the Western Desert of North Africa. In 1943 these Italians turned two Nissen huts into a Roman Catholic Chapel. This is all that remains of Camp 60 at Lambholm. It is a must for any visitor as the interior has to be seen to be believed. Entirely constructed of what materials were available to them, mostly plasterboard on the inside, it is painted to resemble brick construction and there is a painting of the Madonna and Child over the altar. Having seen the Churchill Barriers we lunched in the Coach House at St Margarets Hope. This proved to be very good. We visited the Standing Stones of Stenness and the Ring of Brodgar. Both of these are examples of stone circles. The Ring of Brodgar is a circle of some 103.7m in diameter and is laid out very accurately with the stones some 6 degrees apart. All is surrounded by a ditch some 10m across. The estimated time of building is in the third millennium B.C.

After our whistle stop tour we were left with an impression of very fertile islands in contrast to Shetland, which seem rather desolate in the sparsely populated regions. The cold surprised us as even though the sun shone, we were wrapped up in our oilies to keep out the wind. The Cadet cooked the evening meal and we retired well pleased with the day.

Thursday 15th July

Our harbour charge at Stromness was £8.00 and we filled up with water and diesel. We went swimming in the municipal pool for 95p each and a charge of 50p was made if the shower was used only.

We left Stromness at 1435 bound for Wick. We took careful note of the pilot warnings about the Pentland Firth. The Firth has a fearful reputation which we discovered was richly deserved. The wind was from an easterly direction and we had correctly calculated the tide times. Our crossing was bumpy and fast. Over the ground we did 12 knots with two reefs in the main and the small head sail. We fell off a few waves with worrying ferocity and off Duncansby Head we had a particularly nasty crash. We arrived at Wick Inner Harbour at 2100. We berthed in some comfort but the area of the town which we visited was depressing and awful.

Leaving Wick at 0530 on Friday we had a worrying time getting out against a serious swell built up by the easterly winds. Once out we "took off". In our first four hours we sailed 32 miles. Around 1500 the wind died and we motored for the rest of the journey, arriving Inverness at 1840. We moored at a small new marina at the entrance to the river Ness. This marina is under the control of the Harbour Authority and the charge for the night was £10.00. We went for pints later and saw the city centre which looked very nice and was full of young people sitting about and strolling around. The rain had stopped and, for the first time on the trip, we all felt warm. We would have happily stayed longer there.

We left at 0745 on Saturday for the sea lock at Clachnaharry, the entrance to the Caledonian Canal. The cost of the three day license was £87.76. We could have had a two day license but were now relaxing for a few days. We were given a key to the facilities along the canal. In the even we did not use this until we reached Neptunes Staircase just before we exited the canal. We had all been looking forward to this part of the trip. It was good fun to be cruising along looking out over rooftops. The swing bridges move quite quickly as they open and close. We met a passenger boat full of tourists and an ocean going tug as we travelled towards Loch Ness. It rained

again. We met loads of hire boats about which the lock keeper at Clachnaharry warned us earlier. These are "driven" by the same sort of lunatics one encounters on the Shannon. None of them seem to understand there are no brakes on a boat.

We had to motor sail up Loch Ness to our lunch stop at Urquhart Bay. This was a dismal section as it was wet and slow with the wind in our faces. We arrived at Fort Augustus at 2155 having sailed the rest of Loch Ness. The Skipper and the Cadet must have tacked 50 times while the Accountant and the Elder stayed below out of the weather. There was no sign of Nessie and this was a disappointment to all of us. We had started to roast the pork while underway so after dinner we went in search of a pint.

Sunday 18th July

Away at 0950 and continued our journey in a leisurely fashion. This day the sun shone continually. The lock keepers were unfailingly helpful and polite. Some of the boat handling in the locks was hilarious and the owners of private boats kept well clear of the hirers.

We took photographs of the snow on the top of Ben Nevis and enjoyed the spectacular scenery. We arrived at Banavie at 1850 and ordered a taxi for later to take us in to Fort William to dine.

Our driver arrived on time and dropped us at the Alexandra Hotel which he recommended. On our way back to the boat the Cadet forced the rest of the crew into the Nevis Leisure Centre from where loud music was emanating. The Fisher Kings were playing to a very appreciative audience of young and old alike. Lots of dancing and leaping about. *Marie Claire* crew had a wee dram and took a taxi back to the boat at Banavie.

We rose at 0800 on Monday 19th July and entered the first of the Neptunes Staircase locks at 0900, after a leisurely breakfast. The Cadet went shopping in a taxi to Fort William. Going down this series of locks took 90 minutes. We were the only boat going out to sea and the lock keeper, in the process of getting us through, moved some 6 million gallons of water. The sun shone for a while and the day looked promising. We met the Cadet at the bottom of the Staircase and then had a double lock to go through before we entered the sea lock at Corpach. Once out we were at sea again. We stopped off at Camas Shallachain in Loch Linnhe, anchoring as recommended by the Clyde Cruising Club instructions. By now it was raining. After lunching we set off for Kentallen Bay where we tied up alongside a small fishing boat on a mooring for the night.

This part of Scotland is quite spectacular, particularly when the sun shines. Even in the rain, one is aware of the huge scale of everything. We did not go ashore but retired to our bunks early after the mandatory nightcap.

The following morning we caught the forecast and left at 0910 with the Accountant on the helm all morning. We saw a few other yachts and the sun broke through the cloud occasionally, when the clouds sat on top of the mountains all day. We enjoyed sailing in flat water with the wind varying in strength. Those of us used to sailing on the Shannon felt very much at home.

We were all glad to be at sea again. The canal had been great fun, but the constant motoring did get boring. The Cadet was earning his stripes with each day that passed. His bowlines still needed work, otherwise he would most certainly graduate before we got to Howth.

We arrived at Oban at 1305 and tied up alongside a trawler which was having some repair work done. The Skipper inspected the yacht *Drum* which arrived in harbour shortly after us with a large crew on board and flying a spinnaker. We finally had to leave our berth at the request of the harbour master. It was by now 1745 as we set off for Puillobhain, a



Fort Augustus, Caledonian Canal

Photo: Sean McCormack

popular and safe anchorage. There were seven yachts in the anchorage. The holding is good and the place was peaceful.

The craic during dinner was mighty and afterwards the Skipper led a shore party to the pub which he had visited in 1983. Later we were able to confirm this by examining the visitors book. We wore wellies for the foray ashore and this proved to be a good decision as the return trip in the dark was hazardous with some members of the crew ending up on very soft ground indeed having lost the path. The torch helped and all regained the safety of *Marie Claire*.

We left at 0830 on Wednesday towing the dinghy the few miles to out stop at Easdale. Here we visited a large tourist trap shop and made some purchases for those we left at home. The ferry which runs between Seil and Easdale was quite the smallest we had yet seen. It was made in Northern Ireland by Red Bay Boats. Some 20+ feet long it carried a maximum of 10 passengers and was powered by a diesel outboard. We left through the southern entrance and went down Cuan Sound and into Loch Melfort for our lunchtime stop. We saw lots of yachts sailing in the Firth of Lorne, a sure sign of our getting south again. The anchorage called Loch na Cille in Loch Melfort has a pontoon belonging to Kilmelfort Boatyard, to which we tied up. We saw many yachts on moorings here, went for a walk and had lunch. We left at 1530 for Craobh Haven Marina, arriving at 1645.

The facilities here were mixed. The Chandlery was good with a wide range of products on sale. we used the showers which are housed in Portacabins. We were unable to regulate the water and some of the crew nearly scalded themselves.

We dined ashore in the marina restaurant. The furnishing and decor are purely functional but the meal was splendid. We discovered the new owner of the marina complex, so recently hailed as a saviour in the wake of the collapse of the previous

company, is not now in much favour with those in the area who have been around for the last eight years. Legal proceedings and all sorts of hassle are in train. The place has obvious potential but serious money needs spending on shore facilities. We adjourned to the pub for a few drinks. It was cold and dry as we turned in for the night.

Thursday 22nd July

We rose at 0700 to catch a favourable tide for our journey to Gigha where we planned to stay overnight.

On arrival in Gigha at 1655 we picked up the last available mooring and the Cadet and the Accountant went ashore to get provisions. This necessitated knocking on Mr McSporrans back door. He was only too delighted to help and told of the poor tourist season they were having locally.

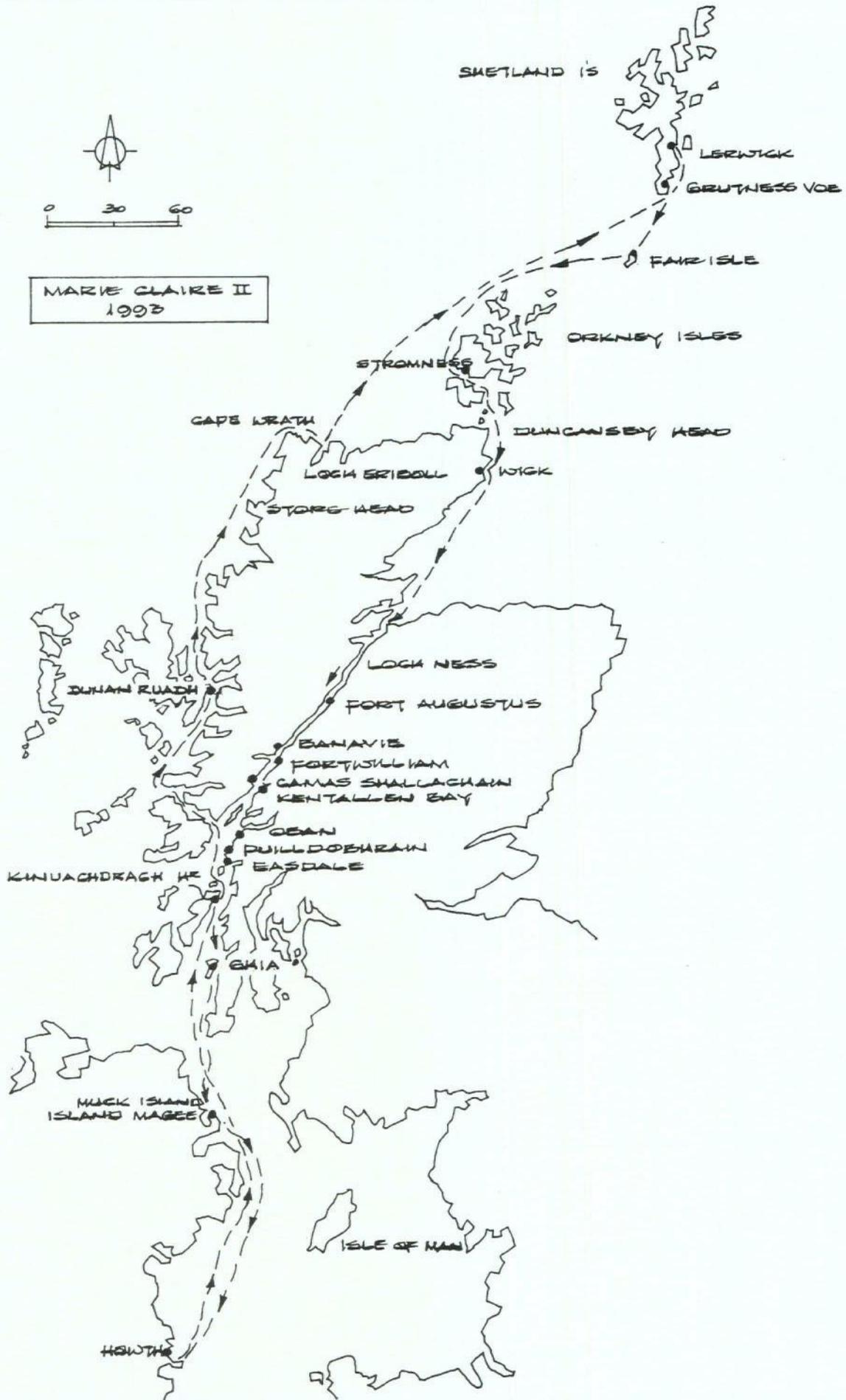
The Skipper and the Elder were sent ashore with instructions not to return until 2045 as time was needed to prepare a special meal. The shore party visited Achamore Gardens which were created by Sir James Horlick, who had chosen Gigha to pursue his passion for rhododendrons and exotic shrubs.

When the shore party returned to *Marie Claire*, the found all in readiness. Game soup followed by roast beef with all the trimmings were accompanied by two bottles of fine red wine from the cellar. An extensive cheese board, coffee and a wee dram rounded off the evening nicely.

The crew rose early on Friday and after breakfast the Skipper and the Elder sailed *Marie Claire* off the mooring while the others stayed below to continue their sleep. It rained, we had two reefs in the main and the No. 3 jib as we set off. We suffered an adverse tide for a while in order to catch a favourable one in the North Channel. the wind was on the nose for most of the morning and it finally died coming from the east around 1300. We motor sailed to the Isle of Much, off



MARIE CLAIRE II
1993



Islandmagee where we anchored on the north west of the island, to stay out of a foul tide. At 1905 we left with the intention of stopping off in Ardglass. We had some hours of wonderful sailing with flat water. Later the wind went light.

Off Ardglass on Saturday we decided to stay at sea as the crew were well rested and conditions were good. We expected to be caught in a foul tide off Skerries, but we were able to steer our rhumb line most of the time, Off Lambay we were making slow progress and we decided to motor sail the final leg to Howth.

Some time later, while making good progress, the engine started to race again. The stop lever was pulled up at once by the Elder with the same effect a before - nothing. After a time the engine stopped without the internal banging and without the very high revs of the last episode. Within sight of Howth we sailed with the tide now turned in our favour. Once inside the harbour mouth we hailed a launch which towed us in. We tied up safely and heaved a collective sigh of relief. It was 1640. We headed for the showers, phoned the "left-at-home's" who duly arrived and we all had a few pints.

Being towed into our berth was not the ideal end to our trip, however, we were glad to be in and have a day in hand before returning to work. Over 1200 nautical miles, the best sailing any of us could remember, a few days sunshine and very little rain.

Highlights have got to be the crossing of the 60th parallel, our visit to Fair Isle, the passage across the Pentland Firth and the trip down the Caledonian Canal. Memorable for other reasons were our visit to Loch Eriboll, our stay in Wick and our experiences with the engine. Our road tours of Shetland mainland and those of the Orkney Islands, which are joined by the Churchill Barriers, provided a nice contrast to our sailing.

The Skipper announced himself well pleased and the Cadet was promoted to Rock Star.

SUMMARY

Date	From	To	Dist.	N.M.	Hrs.	Mins.
July						
1st	Howth					
3rd		Kinuachdrach Hbr, Jura	210.5	35	30	
3rd	Kinuachdrach Hbr.	Tobermory	44.7	8	10	
4th	In Tobermory					
5th	In Tobermory					
6th	Tobermory	Dunan Ruadh, Kyle Rhea	53.0	8	35	
6th	Dunan Ruadh	Kyle of Loch Alsh	5.6	1	10	
6th	Kyle of Loch Alsh					
7th		Loch Eriboll	117.1	20	20	
8th	Loch Eriboll					
9th		Lerwick	170.1	26	15	
10th	In Lerwick					
11th	Lerwick	Grutness Voe	25.4	4	25	
11th	Grutness Voe	Fair Isle	28.2	5	45	
12th	Fair Isle					
13th		Stromness	111.0	20	25	
14th	In Stromness					
15th	Stromness	Wick	37.2	6	25	
16th	Wick	Inverness	82.4	13	10	
17th	Inverness	Urquhart Bay	17.9	9	60	
17th	Urquhart Bay	Fort Augustus	22.7	4	10	
18th	Fort Augustus	Banavie	28.2	9	00	
19th	Banavie	Corpach	1.0	2	30	
19th	Corpach	Camas Shallachain Loch Linnhe	12.6	2	30	
19th	Camas Shallachain	Kentallen Bay Loch Linnhe	3.8		55	
20th	Kentallen bay	Oban	21.6	3	55	
20th	Oban	Puilldobhrain	7.9	1	45	
21st	Puilldobhrain	Easdale	4.8	1	05	
21st	Easdale	Loch na Cille Loch Melfort	8.8	1	45	
21st	Loch na Cille	Craobh Haven Marina	5.9	1	15	
22nd	Craogh Haven	Gigha	42.2	8	00	
23rd	Gigha	Muck Island Islandmagee	57.6	10	45	
23rd	Muck Island					
24th		Howth	106.1	21	35	
Total Mileage			1,226.3 n.m.			
Totday duration of cruise			23 days			
Total hours at sea, excluding canal			203 hrs. 40 mins.			
Nights at sea			6			
Total engine hours, excluding canal			43			
Average speed excluding a69.8 N.M. in canal			5.7			
No. of Ports/Anchorages visited			24			

Sailing Round Europe 1992–93

Wallace Clark

June and I were faced unexpectedly in April 1993 with the task of bringing *Wild Goose* home from the island of Evvia in the Aegean.

Commitments ashore made it necessary to do this in three phases. Two crews in May, and another, in July. The voyage round Europe on which *Wild Goose* may be said to be still engaged started in May 1992. Our 33-year old son Miles, on the lookout for adventure afloat, realised the possibility of an Irish boat sailing right across Russia from the White to the Black Sea for the first time in history. Until 1952 the canal links didn't exist; since then all non-Russian boats were refused permission — by '90 the political thaw opened up a faint possibility.

Three trips to Russia in winter 1991/92 and powerful assistance from his brother Bruce, Times correspondent in Moscow, were needed to obtain the KGB and Government approval. To have it *Wild Goose* would have technically to be on charter to the Moscow Explorers Club; two of their members would act as crew and be armed with rifle and pistol against brigandage. Miles would, on paper only, be their guest. A National Geographic camera man would join the crew, and the magazine provide essential finance.

My role was supplies and communications man at base in Ireland, so the voyage grew into a whole family project.

My reckoning of the chances of success before the start was less than one in three. The hazards: foundering in a survival gale off North Cape, hitting an iceberg in White Sea fog, hold-ups from broken lock gates in the canals, or withdrawal of political permission, involvement in civil war along the way, looting by a starving population, an engine failure, collision or severe grounding for *Wild Goose* — a delay of more than a week or two could in itself jeopardise the trip as timing was so climatically critical. The White Sea is blocked by ice in an average year up until mid June, and the Black Sea becomes unsafe for small craft after mid September. That leaves a bare twelve weeks for 3000 miles of ill charged river canal, lake and reservoir, plus fifty two locks and 500 miles of open sea.

But John Gore-Grimes and Bob Fannin lent charts, checked gear lists and were encouraging about the start. — 'North Cape's a doddle', was the experienced comment!

Miles and I, as co-owners, agreed that if he had to abandon her in the canal, so be it. We'd had plenty of fun in the old girl, and she'd rather die game than fade away. None of us spotted the worst danger.

We got Jim McGarry of Crumlin to install a new Watermota Sea Panther Diesel and having first checked every plank and fastening apply a skin of Cascover nylon sheathing. And what a superb job he did!

New tanks gave 500 mile range under power. We shortened the mast by two feet in the hope that this would pass under all bridges en route. Roy Barton ICC fitted new rigging. Gowens made new sails. Autohelm sponsored self steering. A Garmin

satellite navigator and an SSB radio gave great communications. These and other mods and additions too numerous to relate here were completed in a hectic three months before May 1992.

On 12th May cousin Stephen Clark, Milo and I sailed from Coleraine and reached Lerwick, Shetland six days later.

A crew of Arctic toughies, old friends and 'ice-eaters' joined Milo by turns and helped take her to Archangel. Willie Ker, John Clay, Alastair Scott and John Hodges.

I next saw the Goose's distinctive raked wooden mast, almost four months after our leavetaking at Lerwick, as I drove down a spiral track in a break in high cliffs to a tiny concrete harbour called at Roumeli Ferrari at the north end of the Bosphorus.

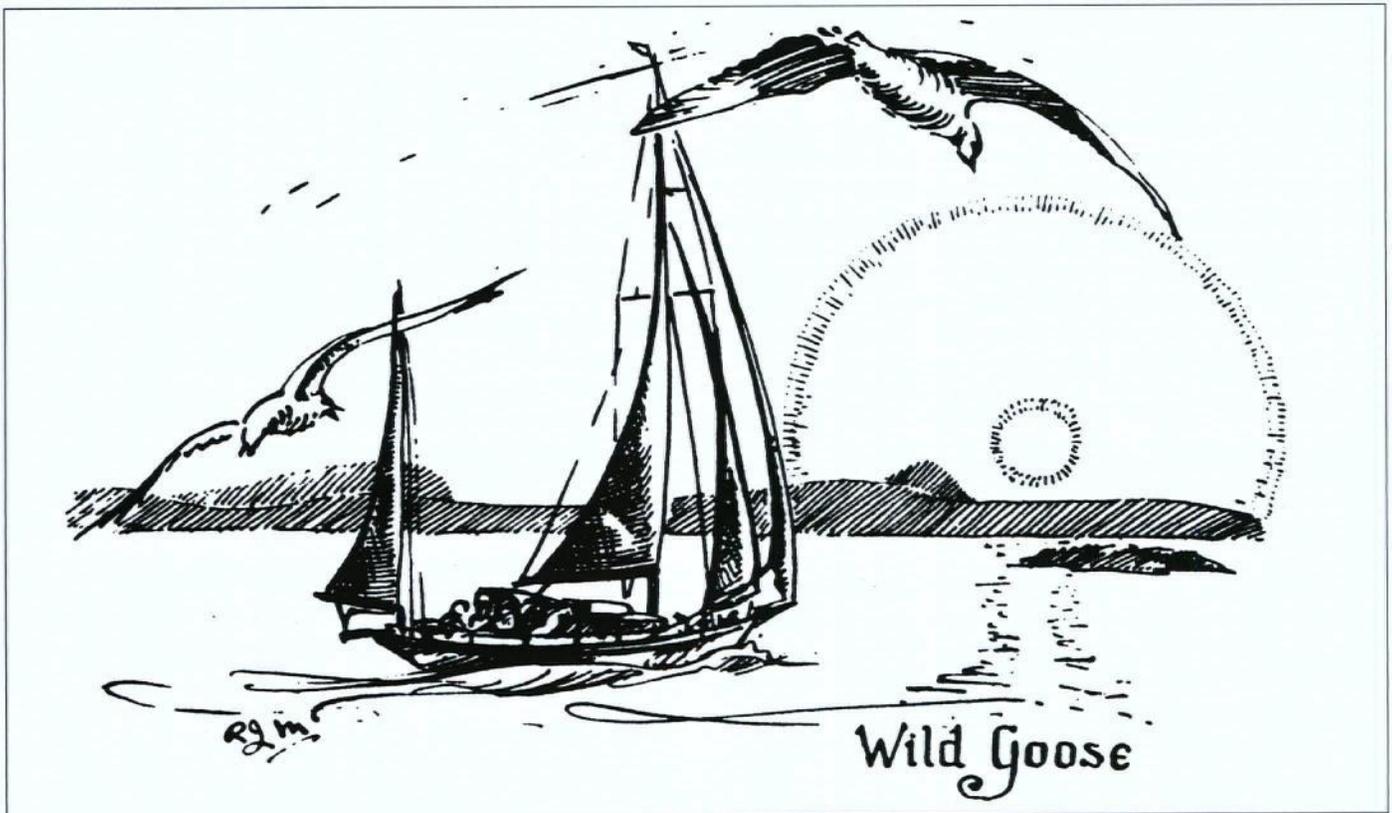
Molly Ronan, of Cork and cooking fame, produced a celebration breakfast of the best scrambled egg I've ever eaten, and Calum Graham helped wash it down with lots of Pusser's rum.

Wild Goose with white deck and topsides over blue boot-top looked her smartest, unscarred by the journey. Milo was in the effervescent form of a man freshly released from prison; the Russian transit had been completed within a week of schedule. Due to his extraordinarily thorough preparations at home and remarkable diplomacy en route there had been no major mishap or delay. There had been three groundings, two of them involving lightening ship of all ballast and chain to get off. Dirty diesel meant engine revs had to be kept below 1000. Milo had to do all the cooking, all the navigation on US airforce maps of very small scale, and most of the engine maintenance as well as service the American and take photographs himself. The strain placed on him in keeping up the momentum as skipper of two different Russian crews with limited English and varying temperament and an elderly ill at ease American journalist been more severe than any of us realised.

A happy ship we were in September '92 as we dodged traffic between the bonnie banks of the Bosphorus, tried unsuccessfully to obtain entry to the harem in the Topkapi Palace, examined the *Kadega*, a 130 foot 80 oar mediaeval galley in the naval museum, were presented to be kissed by the Minister of Transport and endured the hardships of hamams.

Then we sped across more of the most historic waters in the world, the Sea of Marmara and down the Dardanelles, with time to span 6000 years by a look at Troy and the 1914 Galipoli battlefields. After Molly and Calum left the melltemi blew Miles and me swiftly south to Syros where 'Mister Sir Dick', as Sir Richard Musgrave used to be known, had offered us his super-luxury hilltop House of the Winds to relax in.

We left our ship ashore at the island's capital, Hermopoli in the yard of Stavros, sardined into a rectangle of high walls and buildings on three sides and traffic honking along the city's main thoroughfare on the other. There she well survived the



heat and dust of winter.

Milo was subject to periodic fits of worry and depression during the winter, totally unlike his usually creative jocular self. But this seemed to be over when he and I arrived in March '93 and spent a 'paint-till-you-faint' week getting ready for sea. He went home to write. I stayed on.

Then came the sudden appalling sadness of a sort not usually related in these pages but is part of and happened because of the voyage. We received the news that Milo had departed this life — as the delayed action result, I am convinced, of a chemical infection picked up in the polluted White Sea or Volga.

Wild Goose lay at Chalcis in Evvia where the bridge joins this hundred mile long island to the Greek mainland. The antiquated opening mechanism had been bust for four weeks. Luckily we were on the right side of it to start the voyage home.

Members of the local yacht club were very kind and looked after *Wild Goose* during our absence as if she had been their own.

June's brother John made the best of company to help us start the long trek.

As comparative newcomers to the Med. we found a near embarrassment of Yacht Sailing Direction to choose from, most of them giving excellent detail on harbours and anchorages, but not so much on the all-important CHOICE of stopping place, or best passage routes. So some comments on such matters may be helpful.

The Gulf of Evvia is a pleasant and sheltered cruising ground where there are gusts off hills still snow covered in April but the meltemi never blows. The anchorage of Xero island in the pine-covered Petali group is one of the most beautiful we have ever been in.

Off Cape Sounion we watched a group of expensive modern yachts play musical bumps as each came in to anchor, dragged, re-anchored, dragged again, and had to continue to jostle for position. Fore-warned we used our ancient fisherman and had no trouble. The temple is well worth a visit.

We elected to go through the Corinth Canal rather than

round Cape Matapan. It saves a bit of distance and more importantly maintains northing, always valuable in the Med.

We got thro' for about £40 because our net tonnage of 5.7 is reduced by carvings on the deck beams listing certified chart space and bosons store as non chargeable — the only time I recall these have been of practical assistance. For larger tonnages it can be very expensive. The passage is fun with swifts and hawks nesting on the high stone walls.

The berth at the west end of the canal is awful — muddy, rocky and restless but alongside in Corinth harbour is well sheltered with stores nearby. June and John left here. Richard Butler as pilot and John Fishbourne as cook were welcome joiners. We sailed at dusk intending to clear from Greece at Argostoli on Zacynthos. A comfortless night followed first dodging rafts carrying blinding flares to assist fishing, then a long spell of fog and rain but the wind was east and by the following evening we were out of the gulf. Zacynthos was abeam at dawn and Argostoli a long detour so we carried on direct for Messina. It is doubtful whether Greek transit logs have any current legal significance. The Tourist authorities like them for statistics. With a strong ship and crew and the best route west is the direct course west for the NE point of Sicily leaving the heel of Italy well to starboard. For those anxious to avoid exposure a pleasant alternative would be to go north to Corfu and shorten the Adriatic crossing. Earlier in the year we had considered going south of Sicily and calling at some African ports but that route is longer, unpleasantly hot in midsummer and involves insurance complications. Now we were in a hurry so took the shorter option. At dusk on day three we were off the east side of the toe of Italy feeling the need of a run ashore. Reeds listed a partly finished harbour called Rocolla, to new to be on our charts, about 20 miles NE of Cape Spartivento. It was a dark evening and the harbour lights incomplete but we got in with the help of a rod fisherman's torch, and found an excellent dinner ashore at the Marine Restaurant. Our fenders were pinched while we were away but I suppose some poor guy needed them.

Re-fuelling here meant we could go on thro' the Straits without stopping at Reggio or Messina Harbour, messy time-

consuming ports. I had been given good advice to this effect by my brother-in-law John Livsey, coupled with the point that Lipari island is much handier place to bunker. The Straits after dark produced another dodgem match with blinding fishing boats in the east entrance. The boats seemed to circle round and round their flare floats. But we met no tide-rips of note — it was near neaps. For three hours of the foul stream we got the fisherman to hold, after several failed attempts, very close in, just north of Reggio harbour in 10 fathoms with a hell of a lot of rope.

Lipari and the smoke of Stromboli's geyser came up next afternoon, beautiful islands of green vegetation, graceful buildings, and weirdly sea-carved rocks and caves.

Much as we were enjoying the Med, this was the only place where I thought the natural scenery came near to the beauty of Scotland or Donegal.

The longest leg now lay ahead — three days usually, for three eighty miles or so to Sardinia. Ours was a calm passage with light NE and SE winds. About 0100 on the second night I heard the engine stop abruptly and leapt from my bunk.

We were foul of tunny nets but Richard at the tiller appeared to have stopped the engine in time — the prop was still free. The wind was soon blowing us beam on to the net. Fortunately it was gentle and there was little sea. We hauled and hacked, with boathooks sheath knives and the biggest kitchen knife on board but they were inadequate for a net of very tough terylene cord and nine inch mesh. At length the fishermen came up slowly reeling in the net over his stern. John's charm and fluent Italian helped avoid acrimony and the Sardinians were amazingly friendly. 'Cut, Cut!' they said and held the net up to make it easier to do so. The reaction of Irish fishing boats in similar circumstances has been in my sad experience much fiercer and directed at saving the net, more or less regardless of possible damage to the yacht. Perhaps these fellows were in the wrong and knew it, fishing in someone else's area or having failed to light their net.

Anyway we were lucky to get away for the loss of only a couple of hours, but had not even a teeny-weeny tunny to show for it.

I later saw that it was the rope cutter that saved us from longer delays. Hauled out in October, we found about 50 turns between the cutter's teeth and the prop itself, where they could do no harm; the cutter must have disposed of many more.

We made San Pietro Island at the SW corner of Sardinia early on day four after a windless and very foggy passage round another Cape Spartivento. Pietro, although the approach is very shallow, is a much better and less diversive stopping place than Cagliari, as Livsey had correctly advised.

We got everything we wanted except the cook's heart's desire a roast chicken, the skipper's a bottle of decent rum and the pilot's a weather forecast. So we sailed well reefed but minus several of life's bare necessities, in mid-afternoon into what could be a rising northerly gale. The fishing fleet seemed to be rushing back to harbour en masse. Did they know something we didn't? It was a relief to find some more boats happily working at sea an hour or two later. By the following afternoon the force five blow was over.

We were now all short of time and decided to make Menorca rather than Majorca our place to leave *Wild Goose*. A wise choice it worked out to be. We got there with some light fair winds in under 48 hours. *Menmar* gave us a mooring in delightful and secluded surroundings five minutes by dinghy from the main town quays. Low price seats on charged flights home seemed readily available thro' John's friend Judy Maps. Some repairs were carried out well while we were away. We had covered almost 1100 miles in 11 days with only two nights in port — Rocolla and Lipari.

On 2 July, June and I returned for a delightful ten days

during which we explored the islands and nooks within the harbour by dinghy. It is not hard to believe the quoted view that this is the finest natural harbour in the western Med. On 12th July the next crew joined — another good'un — Colin Gall who is used to old wooden boats as navigator, and Lewis Purser as cook and factotum.

With them I sailed peacefully the south for five days with brief calls at Ibiza and Garruca. Gibraltar produced some fireworks as expected — a vicious force six blowing up from the west in a minute or two out of flat calm, just as we were about to round Europa Point. After two days of fleshpots ashore near Algeciras where the Davidson family were driven fast north from Tarifa to Cadiz in one long day by a force eight Levanter. This then grew even stronger and pinned us for three days in a marina at Puerto Sherry. Rounding Cabo St Vincent at night was a slog to windward in lumpy seas — once past it we made Cascais by the Tagus with comparative ease.

It was now early August and time to leave *Wild Goose* there until 1994. I had already been too long away from home and anyway another summer in the sun bringing her up the Spanish Rias looked good. An artificial harbour, 20 miles north of Oporto, called Povoia de Varzim seemed suitable because we had re-assuring friends living nearby. So there *Wild Goose* was found a berth alongside a 45 foot 'lancha' at no charge at all.

The lanca was just in my line, a replica of the boats of vastly heavy construction driven by 16 oars and a single huge gunter sail which used to fish off the beaches along this exposed and wind-swept coast. They were manned by 40 men whose descendants, our neighbours in the harbour were the toughest and most gracious of the many colours of the fishermen we'd met during the summer.

Six weeks later, in early October, June and I with Stephen and Jophanna Clark returned to lay up and found the *Goose* in good order, having suffered only minor dents when pushed by the mighty lanca against the wooden-faced piles of the pier. The extra heavy rubbing strake, 2" x 2½" of Irish oak which we had fitted the previous spring had really paid off. (Thank you, Frank; I copied the dimensions from *Ocean Dove*). After four broken promises and a curious variety of excuses by the local crane owner, we managed to get her lifted out of the water by a 12 ton mobile and walked by said mobile in slow stages some 150 yards to the Club Navale enclosure. (i.e. They picked her up, swung her round and placed her at the limit of traverse, loosed the slings, propped her there and moved the crane for another lift. Our legs came in handy but it was still a slow process.) There she now lies with only one other boat bigger than a dinghy for company.

Whether this is a good choice of berth I'll tell you in the spring. She seems snug but the winds are fierce, the rain in October incessant and the salt laden Atlantic air in sharp contrast to the mild Mediterranean conditions of Minorca where we had last left the old *Goose*. Pilferage could be a problem, as we were advised by Pete Fishbourne and his friends Necca and Ronnie Byford, who kindly stowed most loose items ashore. If we'd known of a very recently opened Marina at Leixoes at the entrance to Oporto I think we'd have opted for that, and a lot less hassle. 'Laysoy's is what they call the harbour locally. Perhaps inability to pronounce the name as spelled has put off other people as well as shy fellows like myself from going in. The Marina is called Porto Atlantico and seems to have plenty of spare capacity and be reasonably priced at about half the level of Gibraltar. Telephone number is Oporto 9964895. Fernando Costa is the obliging English speaking manager. They have as yet no boatlift, only a crane of six ton capacity which would not have had the height to lift out *Wild Goose's* mast but doubtless equipment will come in due course and this will then be a most useful stopping place.

Lir ... In the Wake of St. Paul

Jarlath Cunnane

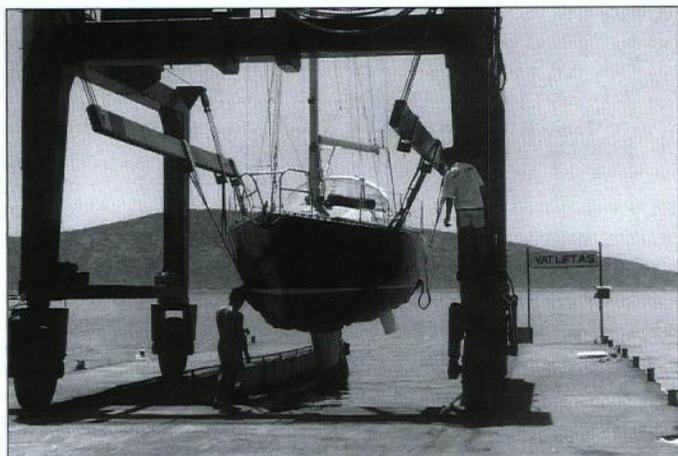


After last year's cruise *Lir* was laid up ashore at Bodrum, Turkey, in Yat Lift's yard. For a fee of \$120 they arranged to complete all documentation, and after all the hassle last year, I considered this reasonable. In two days I had my clearance and transit log, just before everything in Turkey stopped for a week for Kurban Bayrami, one of the Muslim holidays. One lives and learns! In the meantime, I had painted and antifouled

accessible by sea so I took the bus there, a 2-hour journey. Ephesus was a Roman city, the capital of Asia Minor and, with a population of over 200,000, was a major port. Ephesus was also the site of the temple of Artemis (Diana), one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world. Little of the old city was visible in the 1930's, the site being described at that time as a "malarial swamp". Since then much of the city has been exposed and the Library of Celcus and other buildings restored by Austrian archaeologists. One of the most impressive remains is the Great Theatre, the site of the "riot of the silversmiths". They were aggrieved by the downturn in trade of their silver shrines of Diana due to Paul's preaching. (Acts 19:23:40). The city, as I mentioned, is now 11 kilometres inland because of silting and earth movements. There is a plan to open a canal to the sea again. It will be great to have direct access again from the Aegean to Ephesus harbour.

Bodrum to Cyprus

Back to Bodrum again. Ron Gallagher, my crew for the next three weeks, arrived on Monday. Ron is building a similar boat to mine and wanted to see how mine performed. Before leaving, we visited another of the Seven Wonders, the Mausoleum. Unfortunately little remains of the original structure, much of the stone was used in building the Crusaders Castle in the 13th century. Ron and I set sail on Tuesday 1 June toward Cyprus stopping at night in harbours on the Turkish coast. Our first stop was at Knidos (Cnidus), a



Launching *Lir* - Bodrum, Turkey.

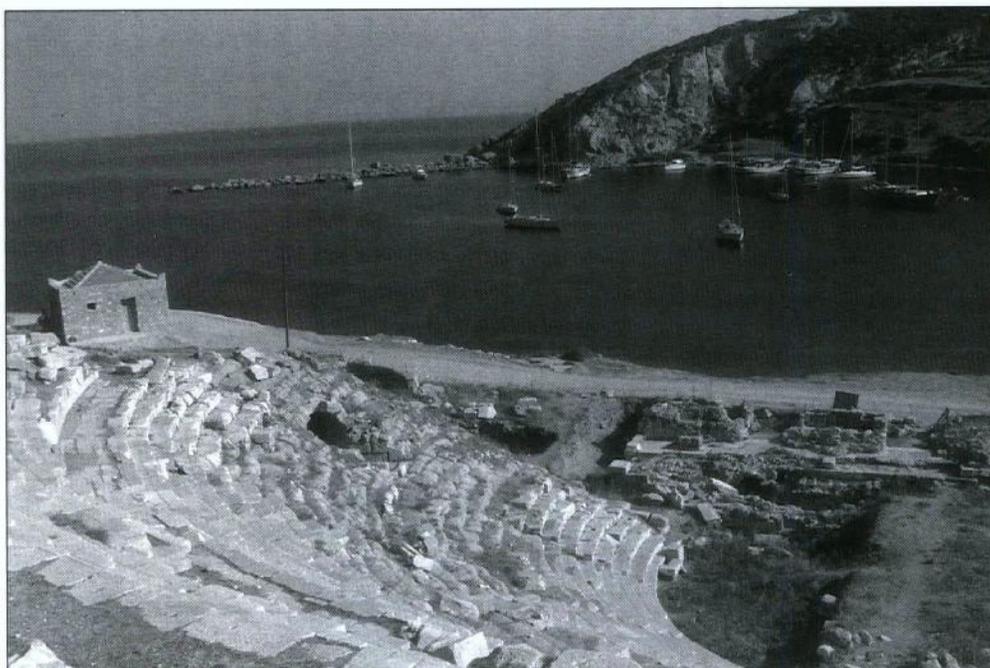
Photo: Jarlath Cunnane

Lir. I could only work in the early morning and late evening because of the intense heat. *Lir* was launched on Saturday, 29 May and I motored to the Marina at Bodrum to await my crew.

Bodrum had changed during the winter. Extensive tourist development is taking place, building disco bars and re-paving the streets. Come to think of it nearly everywhere we called in Turkey, Cyprus, Rhodes, Greece and even Dublin, the paviors are at work. The Paving 90's!

To give an objective to this year's cruise we decided to retrace the route of some of the voyages of St Paul starting at Ephesus. St Paul preached Christianity to the Gentiles and Jews alike and established Christian communities in Corinth, Ephesus and other locations on his missionary journeys.

Ephesus is no longer



Knidos Harbour.

Photo: Jarlath Cunnane



An unusual "doghouse" seen in Fethiye, Turkey.

Photo: Jarlath Cunnane



Patara, Turkey.

Photo: Jarlath Cunnane

beautiful quiet harbour overlooked by the ruins of the ancient city. In fact there are two small harbours; on the north of the peninsula is the Trireme Harbour and on the south the Great Harbour, the only one a yacht could use safely. We tied up to an old wooden staging for the night to enjoy the peace and quiet. It was not to be! We were soon joined by the plague of the Turkish coast - the Gulets. These are traditional wooden boats converted for the tourist trade who play non-stop loud Turkish pop music into the early hours. If you thought Leeson Street was bad this is diabolical! Next stop at Dacta, then to Simi and Rhodes, both Greek Islands, Simi delightful and unspoiled, Rhodes modern and touristy.

In Rhodes we moored in Mandraki harbour across whose entrance stood another of the Seven Wonders, the Colossus of Rhodes, which collapsed in the earthquake of 235 BC. The old city with its narrow streets and small souvenir shops is interesting and the castle stronghold worth a visit. After an enjoyable couple of days we sailed to Turkey again with overnight stops at Fethiye, Kalkan, Kas, Finike. I won't describe any of the sights we saw in these magnificent places as they are very adequately covered in the tourist literature. Kalkan is the best of these harbours but is already showing signs of overcrowding. Both Ron and I had a wonderful experience there of a visit to the barber. The Turks know how to look after a man!

Near Kalkan we visited the ancient Lycian harbour of Patara, now also silted up and the ruins of the city of Xanthos, the Lycian capital. At Finike we stocked up for the overnight crossing to Cyprus, arriving in Paphos in the morning, where the very friendly Harbourmaster assisted us through customs and immigration. On the crossing to Cyprus beware of the east setting current which took us well off course.

Ron could hardly recognise Paphos, it had changed so much since he was here with the United Nations years ago. The Turkish Invasion of northern Cyprus drove thousands of people to Paphos and other cities to re-settle with consequent massive development. Paphos harbour is quite small and crowded with a modest £5.20 minimum charge for 5 days.

Next day we motored to Limassol anchored off the old port, where we met an Irish group ashore who ensured we had great crack. In the morning we sailed for Larnaca to await Sheila and Carmel our crew for the next two weeks to Israel. Larnaca has a good marina with all facilities and is another good place to re-stock or lay-up.

Larnaca to Israel

The girls arrived on Monday morning 14 June. We were delighted to have female crew again. The cuisine improved and most of the swearing stopped. The trip to Haifa took 36 hours. You must arrange to arrive in Israeli waters in daylight,

and report to Israeli Navy on VHF. We were called up by Israeli Navy radio when we were about 25 miles off requesting information on our ship. Our satellite-derived position did not quite agree with Navy radar fix on us and panic set in, a very agitated girl on the radio demanding:

1. Name of our ship and crew.
2. That we re-check our position.
3. Why were we sailing in the direction we were heading.
4. Name of our agent.

Not satisfied with our answer they informed us they were sending gunboats to intercept us. Shortly afterwards a gunboat arrived and circled us with two 7 mm machine guns trained on us. They spoke to us over the public address and later on VHF and when satisfied, motored off telling us to "have a good day". Later we were joined by a warship and helicopter who escorted us into Haifa harbour. As we were now expected, the customs and immigration officers were waiting when we arrived at Carmel Marina which saved us a lot of time.

The marina is rather inconveniently located in docklands near the power station and oil terminal and quite a long and expensive taxi ride from town. Mich, the Israeli man on the neighbouring boat, was very helpful and friendly and delighted to talk. We spent many hours hearing of the Israeli way of life and consumed a great quantity of Jameson. The next day we took the bus to Jerusalem via Caesarea to see the sights, staying overnight. We all really enjoyed our stay, but my abiding memory of Israel is of men and women with guns. No matter where we went there were soldiers carrying automatic rifles - in buses, shops, everywhere. Even the civilians had revolvers in their jeans. Everything stops at 3.00 pm on the eve of the Sabbath, and only for the help given by the commodore of Carmel Yacht Club, were we able to arrange customs clearance before the Sabbath. Ron had to leave at this stage, and departed by air from Tel Aviv.

St. Paul's Last Voyage

We left Haifa on 19 June to follow the route of St Paul's last voyage from Caesarea to Rome which took place in 57 AD. The departure point should really have been from Caesarea Maritima, 20 miles south of Haifa, but shipping is not permitted in the area for security reasons. Caesarea was one of the major Mediterranean ports and was a pioneering feat of engineering in its day. This was the first recorded use of underwater concrete. Built by King Herod the Great, the port of Caesarea is now in ruins and archaeological excavation is in progress for the past 12 years and will continue for many more years.

St. Paul was now a prisoner en route to Rome, exercising



Shiela on watch.

Photo: Jarlath Cunnane

his right as a Roman citizen appealing his case to Caesar. Luke gives a very interesting account of the voyage to Rome in "Acts" Chapter 27. It is interesting to consider that in those far off days there was a common language and currency throughout the Mediterranean, an aspiration that remains beyond our grasp today.

And so we set sail, unable to call into Sidon because of security restrictions and headed for Cyprus, where we broke our journey again at Paphos to spend a day relaxing on the beach. Paul continued to Myra where he changed ship - to an Alexandrian grain ship bound for Rome. This must have been a huge ship as in addition to the cargo of grain he states "there were all told 276 of us on board." Drifting sand has now cut Myra off from the sea and little remains of this once great city.

We continued along the Turkish coast motorsailing in light airs. St Paul was without the benefit of a motor - "After many days of slow sailing we arrived with difficulty at Cnidus: Then checked by the wind we sailed south of Crete."

We diverted to Rhodes where the girls had a plane to catch and there I recruited two new crew members - Justin an Australian and Neville a South African, neither of whom had sailed before. They had a lively introduction to sailing on our first days sail to Lindos, which we reached in record time. Lindos has a grand anchorage and sandy beach for swimming, with showers on the beach.

Next day we sailed to Karpathos in near gale conditions arriving at the harbour at Pigadia at dusk. I found it very difficult to find the harbour entrance and once inside had difficulties with submerged warps strung across the harbour. When we were finally secure alongside we relaxed for a few beers, and only then did the crew ask "is it always this nice?"!

The wind continued to blow for the next few days, so we spent the time swimming and sightseeing. Karpathos is one of the least visited Greek islands.

At the northern end is the town of Olympus - which hasn't changed much in 30 years. Olympus is virtually cut off from the rest of Karpathos without

paved roads to the south. Their windmills grind corn and the women in their traditional clothes bake their bread communally in great outdoor ovens.

There is a new harbour under construction at nearby Diafani (at least they were unloading pile drivers and caissons for the contract while I was there). This will change this beautiful isolated end of Karpathos for the worse but I'm sure some of the locals will welcome more easy access to the rest of Greece.

We left Karpathos in windy weather on 1 July with additional crew - Danish girls Nike and Lis - who needed a lift to Crete. The poor girls suffered from mal de mer most of the way to Ierapetra, where they departed disillusioned with sailing. The pilot warns of the "violent squalls off the south coast of Crete which can endanger even large ships". After leaving Ierapetra we saw a squall approaching, and had just enough time to reef before it hit. For the next four hours we ran before its fury, but by evening, calm had returned and we motored to Kali Limenes. While we were motoring the engine overheated when a plastic bag blocked the cooling water inlet. Floating plastic is a serious problem in many areas of the Eastern Mediterranean. I cleared the blockage and restarted the engine. Later, I noticed smoke emerging from the cabin and water sloshing over the floorboards! The overheated engine had melted the (plastic) waterlock on the exhaust, allowing both cooling water and exhaust into the cabin. The electric bilge pump kept the water level down as we motored the last mile, and we anchored in the lovely harbour of Kali Limenes (ancient Fair Havens) to carry out repairs. As it was impossible to get spares at so isolated a place, I removed the waterlock and replaced it with 500 mm of stainless steel pipe, 1,5mm wall thickness. And where did I get the pipe? There it was on deck - the spinnaker pole! This temporary repair was so successful that it lasted until we had a new stainless steel one fabricated at home. Check your waterlock!

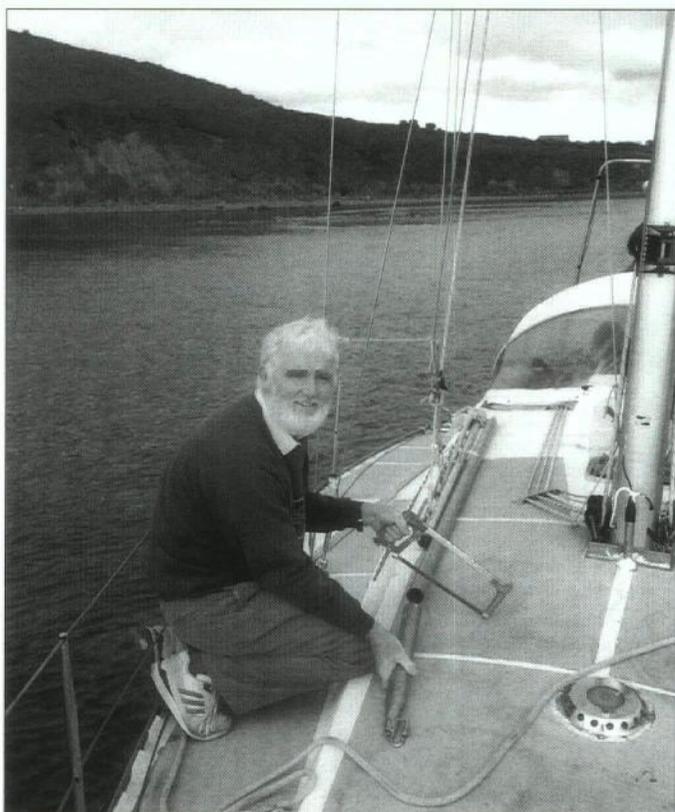
Paul - "we sailed south of Crete and with difficulty coasted along it and reached a place called Fair Havens".

We left "Fair Havens" before daylight to avoid the wind which blows hardest during the day and moored in Ag Galini at 09.00 to await new crew. Neville left us and we were joined by my uncle Jimmy and nephew James, and on 7 July we left for Malta.



Ruins of Xanthos.

Photo: Jarlath Cunnane



I always knew I'd use that spinnaker pole someday!

Photo: R. Gallagher

Like Paul we were soon in a gale and rough seas, but after two days we sailed through into better conditions, unlike Paul who had gales all the way. After a seven day passage we arrived off the island of Malta where we entered Valetta harbour and moored safely at Lazzaretto Creek.

"On the 14th night of our drifting up and down the Adriatic, the sailors surmised at about midnight that they were bearing toward some shore; so, taking soundings, they found 20 fathoms, and at a little distance when they sounded again they found 15 fathoms. Then, for fear that we might run aground on submerged rocks, they cast out four anchors from the stern and longed for the break of day but as they hit a shoal where two seas met they grounded the ship; and the prow settled and

stayed immovable, while the stern broke up under the force of the elements."

That reminds me of the story of the Connemara fisherman who, on hearing this story of the sailors casting out four anchors, said "the amadháns will surely pull the arse out of her"!

Malta to Gibraltar

Time was moving on now, so after a couple of days sightseeing we started on the long passage home. On the north shore we passed St Paul's Bay, the site of his shipwreck. And here we have to part company from Paul and his crew who eventually had an unhappy end in Rome while we pressed on westwards.

We called into Bizerta in Tunisia for diesel and were delayed a day by an immigration official who couldn't find the stamp for our passports until evening. Access into the marina is good, the town appears to have seen better days, and if one was not in a hurry, would be a convenient point to break the trip.

25 miles out from Bizerta we discovered the engine wouldn't run on the fuel provided. As we were sailing well and were reluctant to return to Tunisia, we decided to continue without engine. We sailed toward Ibiza to find the easterly wind, and under twin headsails arrived in Carthagena in Spain. Entering the crowded marina without engine worked out well. We dropped anchor 50 meters off and rowed a line ashore and successfully hauled *Lir* into the marina despite the stiff breeze. Carthagena is a naval base and a pleasant tourist town - despite the oil refinery in the bay. We left the next morning, having removed the offending fuel, changed filters and refuelled. Fortunately the engine was none the worse for the experience.

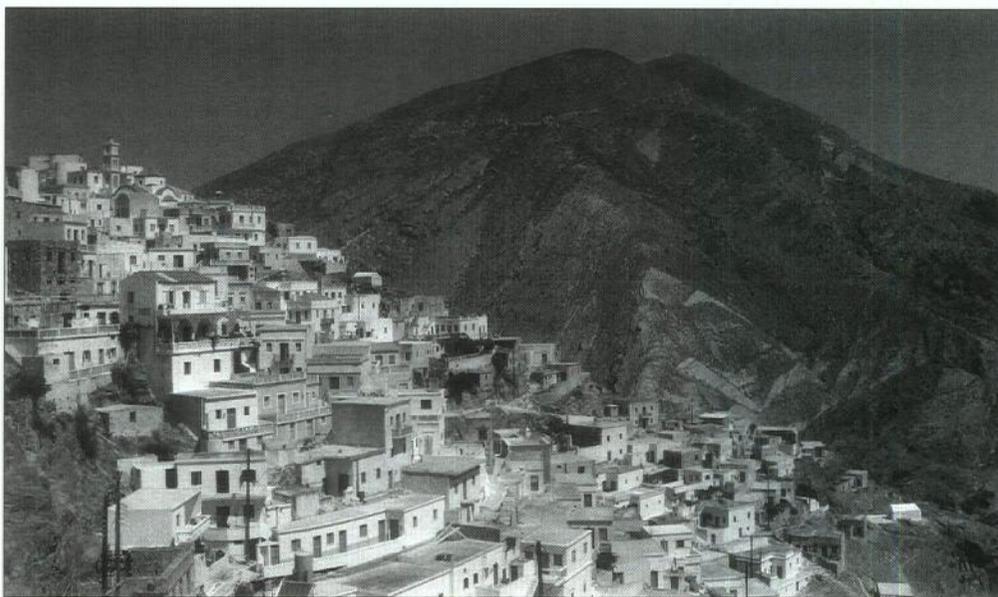
From Carthagena to Gibraltar we had a lot of problems avoiding fishing nets, which were set everywhere and were generally unattended. We also saw shoals of flying fish which were being attacked by large fish leaping out of the water. From the air they were swooped on by gulls. A few of them landed on deck - at last I can write of "flying fish on deck".

As we approached Europa Point, Gibraltar - one of the busiest shipping lanes in the world - we got caught in a net. Justin volunteered to free it - in the dark. Fortunately the water was warm and he succeeded without too much difficulty. What a place to set a net! Without further difficulty, we entered the marina at Gibraltar where Jimmy had to leave. We failed to recruit any more crew, so we were short-handed for the final

leg. The boys said this had its advantages - the food should last longer!

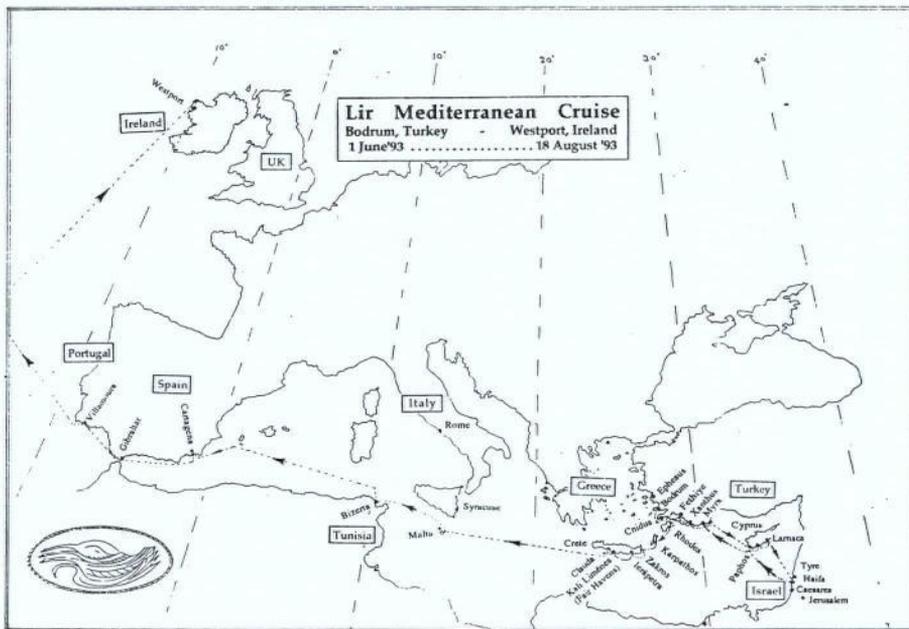
Gibraltar to Westport

We stocked up with food, diesel and water and departed Gibraltar at 0910 on 1 August. There are two marinas in Gibraltar, Shepperds and Marina Bay which has a supermarket. This makes it an excellent place to stock up at reasonable prices. We were delighted to find tinned Kerrygold butter for sale there. Although I thought we had plenty of food, I hadn't reckoned on the nocturnal eating habits of my young crew. During the night, loaves of bread, corned beef, pots of jam, disappeared mysteriously. We called to Villamoura to restock and stayed overnight in the marina.



Olymbos, Karpathos island, Greece.

Photo: Jarlath Cunnane



Villamoura Marina is huge and expensive with accommodation for almost 1000 yachts.

We restocked and started at 06.00 under motor in flat calm to Cape St Vincent. All along this coast we had to be vigilant because of the numerous fishing nets stretching out from the shore for miles. Having rounded the Cape the wind gradually increased and by early morning had reached gale force, with lightning flashes and squalls. Calm had returned by mid-day. The next four days and nights were the most unpleasant I have spent at sea. The wind again increased to northerly F7 - F8 with grey, gloomy, damp days, black nights and more lightning. We crashed onwards with triple reefed main and storm jib, heading West North West through the shipping lanes trying to get west out of the northerly Portuguese trade winds. On the night of Friday 13 August the wind, increasing to F9 for a while, proved too much for our reefed sail - the reefing lines parted under the strain. We stowed the mainsail with some difficulty and heaved-to for the night under backed storm jib with the tiller lashed. This was the first time I tried heaving-to on *Lir* and was pleased to find it worked out well. The violent motion stopped and we continued to make 1.7



Pigadia Harbour, Xarpathos, Greece.

Photo: Jarlath Cunnane

knots in relative comfort for the night. Eventually at 15° west the sun broke through and the wind eased and backed allowing us to sail our desired course. During our first week out from Villamoura we covered only 330 miles north towards our destination. At this rate it could take a month or more to get home. Again I was getting anxious about our stores and considered continuing west to the Azores to restock.

On the 6th day out we got a favourable wind and at last started heading in the right direction. During these nights there was a magnificent display of shooting stars which lit up the sky like fireworks. On the 13th day we sighted land - the Skelligs. Next day, 18 August, we were back in home waters seeing Slyne Head, Inishboffin, Inishturk, Clare Island, Inishgort, Inishlyre, Collemore and finally our mooring in Rosmonee Harbour,

Westport having logged 4,550 miles this summer.

Having sampled some of the Mediterranean attractions, I look forward to the time when I can return to cruise selected areas, enjoying life, drinking wine and seeing the sights at my leisure.

SUMMARY

Depart	From	To	Nautical Miles
1 June	Bodrum	Knidus	23
2 June	Knidus	Datca	20
3 June	Dacta	Simi - Rhodes	37
5 June	Rhodes	Fethiye	50
6 June	Fethiye	Kalkan	47
7 June	Kalkan	Kas	16
8 June	Kas	Finike	36
9 June	Finike	Paphos	144
11 June	Paphos	Limassol	43
12 June	Limassol	Larnaca	38
15 June	Larnaca	Haifa	172
19 June	Haifa	Paphos	208
22 June	Paphos	Myra - Rhodes	266
27 June	Rhodes	Lindos	25
28 June	Lindos	Karpathos	55
1 July	Karpathos	Zakros	67
2 July	Zakros	Ierapetra	36
3 July	Ierapetra	Kali Limenes	42
6 July	Kali Limenes	Ag Galini	18
7 July	Ag Galim	Valetta	590
15 July	Valetta	Bizerta	249
19 July	Bizerta	Cartagena	608
27 July	Cartagena	Gibraltar	252
1 August	Gibraltar	Villamoura	165
4 August	Villamoura	Westport	1343

Total Nautical Miles 4550

Total Engine Hours (includes motor-sailing, battery charging) 432

Around Ireland with Drama

George Nairn & Michael Whelan



The Round Ireland Navigation Cup

In 1993, we decided to make a circumnavigation attempt in *Lola*, in May/June, taking four weeks, to include the I.C.C. East Coast Rally at Strangford. Accordingly, we set off from Dun Laoghaire at 1130 on Saturday 8th May with our first stop to be Kinsale. The initial crew numbered four. With us were John Wann and Sean Lambe.

We were welcomed at Kinsale Y.C. by the Vice Commodore, Gary O'Driscoll, after which Sean took off for Dublin and we repaired onboard for a substantial meal.

The following day, Monday 10th, was declared a "rest" day when we gave some attention to tracing a squeak in the steering, to correcting a fresh-water pump malfunction and to sorting out the furling gear. Additionally we watered ship and replenished food stocks. We did also manage a pleasant walk and an excellent dinner at "Man Friday."



Lola alongside at Kinsale Marina shortly after arrival ex Dun Laoghaire.

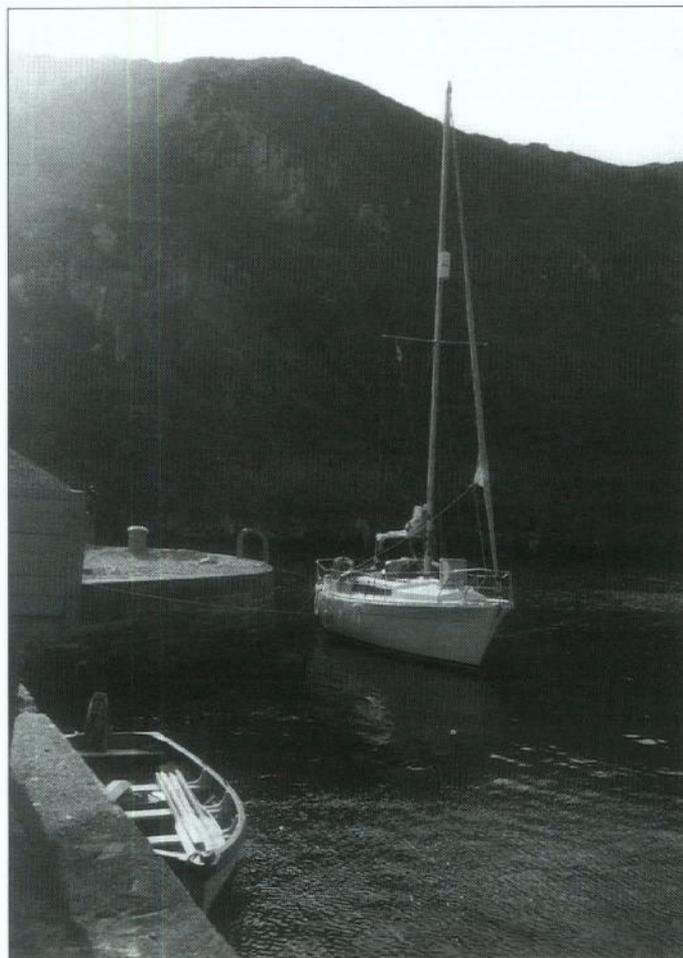
Photo: George Nairn

Tuesday 11th

We rose to a misty day with wind F2 NE. We cast off at 1010 and made for the Old Head of Kinsale, which we rounded at 1130. As the tide was foul in Gascanane Sound it was decided to leave Cape Clear Is. to starboard. With the Stags well astern, we altered course and rounded the Bill of Clear and on past Doonanore Castle to reach North Hbr. by 2000 and tie-up at the spur at the end of the NW pier. That evening we paid our usual courtesy visit to our friend Paddy Burke who welcomed us with open arms. We dropped in at Coters on the way downhill and had another excellent meal onboard, largely pre-cooked at home by George's wife Peggy.

On Wednesday we departed North Hbr. 0940 with wind F4 NNE and reefed main, setting course for Mizzen Hd. which we reached at noon. The wind backed throughout the afternoon to F4 ESE and we entered Dursey Sound at 1500. Emerging at

1520, course was set 010° for Derrynane. By 1615 the wind had died completely and, with engine running nicely, we approached Derrynane between Moylawn and Two Headed Is. We found that the transit given in the I.C.C. Sailing Directions ("bring the Bull open just W. of Moylawn Is.") was rendered useless, because the Bull, Dursey Is. and all land to the south had disappeared into the mist! When N. of Moylawn the leading marks at Derrynane Harbour were visible and, following the Sailing Directions carefully, we made our way in and dropped the hook in the middle of the anchorage, just N. of Lamb Is. at 1745. We inflated the Zodiac dinghy and went ashore to the pier. A short walk brought us to Bridie Keating's Pub where we enquired re food and learnt that we should eat at "Loaves and Fishes", Caherdaniel - about two plus miles away. One of the Pub's customers, Jerry O'Sullivan, offered to take us there and Bridie telephoned to book us in and enquire



Lola at North Harbour, Cape Clear Island.

Photo: George Nairn

re a lift back. We were assured that return transport would be provided. Not only did Jerry deliver us to Caherdaniel, but he gave us his 'phone number in case we had any difficulty in getting back. Helen and Armel Mullane gave us a memorable meal and a present of a loaf of brown bread and Helen left us back to Derrynane Pier when George remembered that he had left his hat at the restaurant.

With anchor weighed at 1415, we decided to hitch-up the dinghy and tow it inflated as we might visit Valentia Harbour. This turned out to be a serious mistake. The wind became F5N. We were around Bolus Hd. by 1545 and set course 330°C. We slogged away to windward with ever bigger seas building up and the dinghy busily puncturing itself on the stern boarding ladder. North of Puffin Is., after some discussion, it was decided to head for Portmagee. We tacked at Bray Hd. and got into the welcome shelter from Doonroe cliffs. Arriving in Portmagee at 1900, we tried unsuccessfully to find holding ground for our anchor at Carriglea Point, just west of the Valentia Bridge. A stony weedy bottom defeated us, so eventually at 2000 we picked up an adjacent rope mooring, and as its holding powers were unknown, we kept anchor watch during the hours of darkness. (Next day we noticed that the bridge piers had excellent mooring points).

We took a lie-in on Friday with a late breakfast, then put a phone message through VHF and Valentia Radio to the Harbour Master Dingle's answering device to request that our next crewman, Stratton Sharpe, then en route, be advised to stay in a B & B for the night and we would hope to arrive the next day, winds permitting. He did receive our message. That afternoon we moved in to lie alongside a fishing trawler at the pier and took a walk across the Valentia Is. bridge to visit the Skelligs Heritage Centre which was well worthwhile.

Up early on Saturday with wind F 1/2 WNW, we motor sailed towards Bray Hd. and at 1000 set course 035°C under



Entering Joyce Sound Pass, Clarke Rocks to starboard on horizon.

Photo: George Nairn

Autohelm. By 1230 we were being welcomed outside Dingle Harbour by Fungi alongside, which brought the tourist Fungi watchers boats racing towards us. Entering between Reenbeg Pt. and Beenbane Pt. we found the channel from the Lt. Ho. well marked. The leading marks are on the S shore of the harbour and lead out rather than in. When entering, leave the last green channel mark to starboard and steer 002° keeping the leading marks in line astern. The Marina is about half a mile further on with the entrance on the port hand side – inside the new Western breakwater. We were alongside by 1310 to be met by the Marina Supt., John Murphy, and Stratton. The Marina is small, has water and electricity laid on. John Murphy brought us fuel and showers are available at 50p in a Hostel just ashore, which also provides a coin telephone. The Marina has no VHF. John Wann left on the 1500 bus for Dublin while we had a sleep and did some shopping. Stratton stood us a very fine dinner in Fenton's Restaurant. Back on board before midnight the heavens opened and it poured rain.

It was 12 noon on Wednesday and we were at last able to leave Dingle after farewells from the Harbour Master, Ltd. Cmdr. Brian Farrell, the Marina Superintendent and Fungi. The wind was F 2/3 SSW and the day sunny. Our plan was to pass through Blasket Sound in the last hour of N going stream. Our fears of big seas between Blaskets and Sybil Hd., in the aftermath of the severe gales, were happily unfounded. The wind veered to F 3/4 W and we gybed to Brandon Hd. at 1745 and set course 030°C. at 1920 George put through a radio call to Michael Knatchbull at his home in Monkstown to ask him to join us at Rossaveal, instead of Roundstone, the next day. At 2245 the wind dropped to F 1 and we started the engine. Loop Hd. was abeam.

Thursday 20th at 0600 and the wind was now F 3 SE as we approached Gregory Sound and sailed through in beautiful morning sunlight. A lovely sight to be remembered but, being so enthralled, we forgot to photograph it! By 0915 we had the sails stowed S of Cannon Rock at the entrance to Cashla Bay and motored up the well buoyed channel past Lion Pt. and turned to stbd. when the leading marks were bearing 116°C. W tied alongside by 0945. At 1300 the fishing boat moved out and we motored further up the harbour and were delighted when Michael (Snatch) arrived to take our lines. By 1700 we had decided to move off to a mooring near Sruthan Quay on



Fungi welcomes Lola.

Photo: George Nairn



Lola tucked into the corner of the pier at Burtonport.

Photo: George Nairn

the W side of the bay. Having relaxed over a couple of gins we inflated the repaired dinghy and rowed ashore, bringing the pump, to walk a mile or so to Carraroe Hotel where we were served dinner. We slipped our mooring at 1005 on Friday and with wind F4 SE we set course 270°C to lead S of Kileen Pt. At 1220 we gybed onto course 335°C to leave Golam Hd to stbd. and Eagle Rock and Redflag Is. to port. We gybed again NW of Redflag Is. to 300 C to make course through the Inner Passage. There are fish cages W. of Eagle Rk. between Fish Rk. and the Namackan Rks. This course was held until we were well past Macdara Is. and close to Deer of Croagh na Keela Is. Course altered to 030°C to reach in past the Illaunagroaghs and Inishlackan. At 1500 the sails were handed just N. of Inishnee Pt. We motored across the bar at half tide and tied up at Roundstone Quay. Ashore for groceries, supper at Eldon Hotel. George had chosen Roundstone as a change-over point from reading other logs and it is of interest that Rossaveal is a far better point. To illustrate — when we asked the Postman that Friday evening, when was the next bus for Galway, he said “Tuesday”! Stratton booked in to a B & B and caught a “private” bus the next morning which took him to Galway via Clifden! We were advised to anchor or moor off and after consultation with a local fisherman, we picked up an indicated mooring just off the pier.

It was a calm misty day on Saturday and we slipped our mooring at 0925 to get over the bar while the tide was right. By 1010 we dropped anchor in Gorteen Bay to await suitable N going tide at Slyne Head. We left at 1310, having decided to have a go at Joyce’s Pass Sound as visibility had improved to a lovely sunny day, wind F2/3 ESE. Sails were set S. of Gorteen Pt. and course 280°C to lead S. of Murvey Rocks. At 1400 course was altered to 300°C to lead S. of Hen Is. and Mweel Rk. to Duck Is. The wind died when we were abeam of Hen Is. and our engine came into use. Chapel Is. and Duck Is. were clearly identified. AAt 1520, just on the commencement of the N. going stream, when Duck Is. was 2 cables off, course was altered to 050°C to leave Carrickcluna well to stbd. Following the Sailing Directions carefully, a quick look through Blind Sound showed no cause for alarm regarding the sea conditions outside. When the Little Carrick was well abeam, a hard trn to port took us through the Pass which seemed wider, shorter and less turbulent than expected. (That’s Michael speaking, George thought it was hair-raising.) By 1540 we were W of Eeshal Is. towards Aughrus Passage. At 1700 our course was altered to 330°C to pass between

Carrickculloo and Aughrus Pt., bearing away to 020°C, N. of Mwellantragh Rocks to leave Carrickaun W. of Carrickaphuill well to starboard. When we were N. of Friar Is., we set course 00t°C to Bofin Harbour. Rounding up S. of the new pier, we dropped anchor at 1750 in glorious weather. Inishbofin was crowded with young people. We landed at the pier and headed for Day’s Hotel where we found the dining room crowded but we were asked to wait. Mrs. Margaret Day discovered was the father of Richard Nairn (Environmental Scientist) and from there on we were given royal attention. An excellent meal with “melt-in-the-mouth” roast lamb followed and we returned onboard very replete indeed.

Sunday 23rd.

We were awake for an early breakfast and weighted anchor at 0830 in grey overcast conditions, wind F3 E, we left under engine. By 0920 we were off Inishlyon Lt. and cut engine to sail on course 360°C to leave Davillaun and Inishturk to stbd. and on to Achill Hd. We altered course to 030°C when abeam of Achill Hd. at 1230 to leave Black Rk. to port and the Inishkeas and Inishglora to stbd. The wind drew N. and freshened to F4. From the South, Annagh Hd. has the appearance of an island because the cliffs on it’s southern side give way to low lying sand dunes at it’s eastern end. We went well N. of Anagh Hd. towards Port Point before entering. We anchored at 1700 on the Northern side of Frenchport near the Old Glebe House. A not very pleasant evening kept us onboard for a fine Spagetti Bolognese, prepared by Michael Whelan.

On Monday we were up at 0420 to survey the weather which was not good with a NE wind and poor visibility — back to bed. Up again at 0900 for breakfast and we decided to await the 1300 forecast. At 1310 we weighed anchor on a very grey day, wind F4 ENE Baro 1011. By 1350 we hoisted sails abeam of Eagle Is. as we passed inside it and set course 060°C to Aranmore Island. By 14.15 we had reefed the main and the genny. By 23.25 the wind had died and we turned on the engine. Torrential rain started just after midnight Tuesday 25th and lasted for four hours. By 0400 Rinawros Lt. was sighted and by 0700 we rounded Torneady Pt. and made for Ballagh Rock Beacon on course 104°. Thereafter, following the Sailing Directions and carefully noting all leading marks and beacons, (it is a very well marked entrance), we went through North Channel and by 0845 we were tied up alongside a trawler at the end of Burtonport Pier. Baro 1017. If manoeuvring here note to avoid a rock about 4/5 boat lengths off the end of the pier. Later, on local advice, we moved to a snug berth at the SE base of the pier beside the ice house. We recommend it for visiting yachts. We had showers at Campbell’s Pier House B & B, Drinks and Oysters at Kelly’s, diesel from Statoio with a lift back from “Mary”. We had dinner onboard and a walk with a vissit to the fish co-operative processing plant. We then heard a NE gale warning!

Wednesday 26th.

We were up for breakfast with the idea of moving on but because of gale warnings decided to cancel departure plans. We also heard of the floods in Dublin and elsewhere. We spent



Lola on passage.

Photo: George Nairn

the morning on odd jobs then caught the 1200 ferry to Aranmore where we had a long walk, followed by soup, sandwiches and pints at the Glen Hotel. We returned on the 1530 ferry when the rain started to fall and increased in volume as we proceeded. We had an evening meal at Kelly's Restaurant.

Thursday 27th.

We arose to drizzle and Baro 1009 — wind F3 NE — 1010 we departed Burtonport Pier. We hoisted our sails and cut the engine. Later we furled the jib and used the engine for 10 minutes to pass through Owey Sound. The leading marks on Cruit Is. were rendered useless by what appeared to be a J.C.B. parked in front of the back mark. Beating on a course of 060°C took us past Inishirrer and Bloody Foreland towards Tory Is. At 1500 we were in the lee of Tory and tacked onto 120°C, admiring the south coast of the island as we sailed along — very inviting and we were only sorry that delays along the way did not allow us time to call as planned. After a long tack we eventually passed the N. and E. coasts of Horn Hd. and entered Sheephaven by 1815 and by 1940 we were tied to a fishing boat at Downings Pier. We walked, in the rain, for a mile or so to the Beach Hotel where we had a pint and enquired about the chance of a meal. We were told that we would have to go on another mile or so but, before we had finished our second pints, the proprietress told us she would give us a meal. A three course meal followed for a total of £13.45 for all three of us. A very wet walk back to the harbour came next. Off to bed, but up again at 0400 to let the fishing boat out and we dropped the hook a few yards off and wondered why we didn't think of doing that before retiring.

Friday 28th.

Up yet again by 0700 for breakfast and we weighed anchor at 0800 in wind F1 variable. By 0915 we had a F 3/4 SSE and hoisted all sail — stopped the engine. This was to last for only 40 minutes and the iron tops'l came into use again and so it continued until mid-afternoon. We reached Ireland's North Point at 1230 and altered course to pass through Garvan Sound, leaving Rosnabartan close to starboard and on to Stookaruddan. Reaching Inishowen Hd. at 1500 in lovely sunshine and a F3 breeze, we altered course and cut engine at last. But half an hour later, the wind died again and on came the engine as we altered course to 110°C. Sails stowed at 1640 as we entered Portrush Harbour. The Harbour Master took our lines at the quay. We had dinner onboard and drinks ashore where we watched a fireworks display, as Portrush was en fete that weekend.

On Saturday we woke to the first real sunshine since Inishboffin and we dried out all our gear. Wind SW 3/4. Michael Knatchbull departed for home. Despite all the noise of Portrush en fete, we managed an afternoon zizz before setting out for Rowland's Restaurant, where we had an excellent dinner and obtained fresh ice and a present of a box of cream for Irish Coffees. We had a very heavy rain during the night and George was up to adjust fenders.

A late start on Sunday and preparations for departure. We paid our very reasonable harbour dues and slipped our lines at 1300 with wind F 1/2 NE, in spitting rain we motored out of Portrush Hbr.

and through Skerries Sound bound for Rathlin. Having passed Benbane Hd. at 1440 visibility disimproved and later it was down to 200 yards and the sea was like glass. Very strong flood tide experienced and it was necessary to navigate by Decca. We found the drake Wreck Buoy in Church Bay when the Church became visible through the fog (familiar from photographs and plan). We inched along towards the piers and crossed the Bow safely at HW. We were pleased to see the masts of a ketch outside a fishing boat alongside the new pier and entering the harbour, we asked permission of the ketch to lie alongside at 1730. A fortunate decision, as it turned out. I.C.C. members Denis Johnston and Bob Gilmore, with their wives Margaret and Connie, were at the start of an anti-clockwise circumnavigation of Ireland on the Johnston's yacht Trininga. They invited us onboard for tea and lovely homemade cakes. During conversation George mentioned that Michael had been wonderful on our trip, not only navigating with dedication and skill but acting as George's eyes in many ways. George noticed that Bob questioned him on this and had explained that a detached retina had robbed him of sight in his right eye and that a cataract was curtailing the sight in his one good eye. Hence he found difficulty in reading charts and in seeing distant objects. The tea party developed into gins and we eventually re-boarded *Lola* to cook and eat supper. After supper George remembered the cream over from the previous night and we invited Trininga's crew to join us in Gaelic Coffees. We had a pleasant chat but george felt most peculiar and just before 2200 mentioned that his eye was 'acting-up' and our guests said that they would retire as they were leaving at 0700 next day.

Monday 31st (Bank Holiday N.I.)

George woke at 0100 and knew immediately that his one remaining retina was detaching. That was the end of his sleep and at 0700 Trininga's engine started up at which we quickly dressed and made ready to move off. Trininga's crew kindly turned us around to face into the wind, which had changed and were transferring our lines to the fishing boat before leaving. By way of conversation George told Connie that his eye was still giving trouble. She immediately went into action and asked if he would like to talk to the doctor. We had not known that Bob was a retired medical man. Bob came onboard *Lola* and confirmed the detached retina diagnosis. He called Belfast Coastguard on our VHF — explained the situation and asked for a helicopter. The Coastguard suggested using the 0900 ferry to Ballycastle where they would send an ambulance. As urgency was paramount Denis offered to take me to Ballycastle

on Triniga. As Bob was conveying this to the Coastguard his voice was recognised as Dr. Gilmore and the Coastguard told him to hold, then came back to say that a helicopter would collect George at 0830 and that their island 'mobile' would look after him. The copter actually landed in a nearby field at 0810 and the Coastguard's local 'mobile' man brought his car to the barbour and took George the 50 yards or so to the field. Take-off 0820 and landed at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Belfast at 0850. Bob had organised the hospital bed and the surgeon by telephone and despite the Bank Holiday the surgeon arrived shortly afterwards and arranged to operate the same afternoon. George 'phoned Belfast Coastguard and got a message passed to Lola by 1130. Two operations and a week later George was home with his sight saved — thanks to all concerned.

NARRATIVE CONTINUED by Michael Whelan

Monday 31st.

When the chopper carrying George to hospital took off I said farewell to Denis, Margaret, Bob and Connie as *Triniga* headed west after a dealed departure which turned out to be a providential intervention. Having secured *Lola* alongside trawler *Maud Chambers* I went below, had breakfast and waited for news of George. At 1130 the Coastguard called up and told me that George would be operated on shortly and would be hospitalised for at least a week. I rang Michael Knatchbull in Dublin and he promised to join me as soon as he could.

During the rest of the day I explored the island and in the evening I visited McCuaigs pub. The exterior of the pub is like a schoolhouse or community centre. Inside it was warm and welcoming. When I mentioned that I had been on Cape Clear only three weeks previously and was struck by the similarity between the two islands, Seamus McMullan told me of a visit to Cape Clear by the Rathlin Theatre Group. Assisted by Co-operation North they made the long journey south last winter and presented a play in the community centre. The hospitality was wonderful and Rathlin eagerly awaits a reciprocal visit.

The following evening I was contemplating opening a tin of stewed beef for my evening meal when Michael Knatchbull landed on the rainwashed coachroof bearing two large juicy steaks. He had managed, against my expectations, to catch the last ferry. We found some wine in the drinks locker and had a very convivial dinner, after which we decided to follow the original *Lola* programme and attended the ICC East Coast Rally at Strangford Lough.

Lola left Rathlin on Wednesday 2nd in misty conditions with a light ESE breeze F 1-2. Off Torr Head we experienced quite heavy seas. By late afternoon the wind had increased F4 and gusty but an hour and a half later it died away completely. By this time we had rounded Garron Pt. and were heading for Carnlough Harbour. Despite the calm conditions there was quite a swell at the entrance. Once inside the little harbour we were directed by the harbour master, Pat, to tie up alongside trawler *Flowing Tide*. He came on board to collect his dues and when we protested the amount - £1.05 - he told us that it was for a week! Dinner onboard was followed by a visit to the Londonderry Arms.

A thick mist enveloped Carnlough Harbour on Thursday. However a phone call to Belfast Coastguard established that visibility further south was much better. We were told that the dredger was about to go into action in the mouth of the harbour so *Lola* made a hurried departure at 0815. Harbourmaster Pat on board the dredger wished us bon voyage and advised us to have our cheque books ready when we reached Bangor Marina! Taking care to leave Black Rock well to starboard, we motored across Glenarm Bay in windless misty conditions. Off Path hd. on the S side of Glenarm Bay we were confronted by what appeared to be uncharted rocks, which turned out to be a series of fish cages. By midday we had rounded Black Hd. and entered Belfast Lough. From a

point S of Kilroot Jetty the S shore of the lough could not be seen in the mist. Eventually the spires of Bangor showed up and by 1315 we had tied up at the Marina. Bangor Marina has improved out of all recognition since my last visit and I would rate it as the best I've been to.

Mary Knatchbull, (Michael's sister-in-law) arrived and generously loaned her car to enable Michael and myself visit George in hospital. George was in very good spirits despite having to face another operation. Patrick, Michael's twin brother, and Mary entertained us to dinner at their home in Cultra and afterwards we enjoyed a few post prandial drinks at R.N. of I.Y.C., which is only a short walk from their house..

Friday 4th.

Patrick and Mary joined us for lunch at R.U.Y.C. after which *Lola* headed south to Strangford to join the ICC Rally. Motor sailing most of the way into a F3 S the trip was spoilt by frequent heavy rain showers bring periods of poor visibility. Having rounded Bar Pladdy Buoy at 2000 we dropped the hook at Audley Roads forty minutes later between *Cuchullain* and *Blue Bandit*. As if by magic the weather suddenly improved and we enjoyed a lovely moonlit night in flat calm conditions. The Commodore hailed his greetings from *Cuchullain*.

On Saturday we enjoyed the stroll through the grounds of Castleward House to lunch. Later in the S.L.Y.C. in the pre-dinner speech, David Nicholson very kindly conveyed on behalf of the members, their best wishes to George for a full recovery. On Sunday *Lola* joined the gathering at Quoile, however all good things must come to an end and it was with reluctance that we left the party at 1530 to head for home. We cleared the Narrows by 1625 and headed into a light S to Sw breeze F 2/3. It was an uneventful trip to Dun Laoghaire with a lovely moon brightening the night watches. *Lola's* mooring was picked up at 0730 on Monday 7th June, 1993. (George arrived home from Belfast by car the same evening).

SUMMARY

Date	Passagw	Miles Sailed	Miles Engine	Total Miles
MAY				
Sat 8				
Sun 9	Dun Laoghaire to Kinsale	158	14	172
Tue 11	Kinsale to Cape Clear	46	6	52
Wed 12	Cape lear to Derrynane	31	8	39
Thur 13	Derrynane to Portmagee	4	17	21
at 15	Portmagee to Dingle	0	16	16
Wed 19				
Thur 20	Dingle to Rossaveal to Struthan	53	42	95
Fri 21	Struthan to Roundstone	16	4	20
Sat 22	Roundstone to Inishbofin	3	23	26
Sun 23	Inishbofin to Frenchport	44	4	48
Mon 24				
Tue 25	Frenchport to Burtonport	45	32	77
Thur 27	Burtonport to Downings	33	3	36
Fri 28	Downings to Portrush	3	52	55
Sun 30	Portrush to Rathlin	0	18	18
JUNE				
Wed 2	Rathlin to Carnlough	3	23	26
Thur 3	Carnlough to Bangor	0	28	28
Fri 4	Bangor to Strangford	3	29	32
Sat 5	Strangford ICC Rally			
	Strangford to Whiterock to Quoile to Strangford	0	20	20
Sun 6				
Mon 7	Strangford to Dun Laoghaire	20	55	75
		462	394	856
		54%	46%	100%
Night Passages		4		

Quest for Quiet Anchorages

Brenda Branigan

We were invited by Adrian and Maeve Bell to cruise to Scotland with them and Maeve's brother Chris McKeown in their Starlight 35 *Realta*. We have been friends with Adrian and Maeve for 21 years since we met them sailing Fireballs. Pat and I moved on to bigger boats after four years, but Adrian and Maeve continued to campaign Fireballs very successfully until 1991. Chris was an excellent Enterprise sailor. Adrian had cruised Scotland as a child, but didn't remember it as being much fun. Chris and Maeve cruised Scotland frequently with Adrian's father, Phillip Bell, in *Owen Roe*. Being a slow boat, with not a very reliable engine, there were a lot of places they couldn't go. Last year they bought *Realta* which they had finished to their own specifications. It is a strong, spacious boat with all that is needed for comfortable cruising.

We joined up with them for the I.C.C. weekend in Strangford Lough, as a short shakedown cruise and a chance to plan and make lists. After a most enjoyable weekend with the best weather of the season, we sailed *Realta* round to Bangor Marina to be ready for cruising in 10 days time. As Adrian and Maeve were moving house during this time Pat and I offered to get the stores. On Friday 18 June we were on the road to Bangor, laden down with enough stores to sink the ship. We stowed the boat, dodging very heavy thunder and lightning showers. We had hoped for more of the Bank Holiday type of weather but it was not to be. Never mind, we were on holidays and ready to go cruising, hoping to get to the Outer Hebrides. We fuelled up and departed to catch the tide at 2220, heading

hopefully for Tobermory.

With the tide, some favourable winds and some judicious motoring we arrived off Tobermory in 21 hours. Adrian, always the dingy sailor, has had the boat fitted with a tiller instead of the wheel and he enjoyed beating up the Sound of Mull with Pat on the genoa adjusting it every few minutes. There were mutterings of "we are supposed to be cruising" and those down below resting had to keep changing berth or fall on the floor.

A quick look into the entrance to Tobermory was all we got as Maeve's criteria to comfortable cruising is a flat anchorage and no noise. Tobermory looked decidedly lumpy so we headed instead into North Bay Loch Drumbuie and shared the anchorage with two other yachts each with their own personal bay. One of these was *Alakush* who had followed us in.

On Sunday 20 June the anchor was up at 0920 and we headed towards Ardnamurchin Point with a debate as to where we might go next. Option one was the elusive Outer Hebrides, Castlebay Barra to be exact, but the wind was dead on the nose, so option two was considered, a nice broad reach up through the Kyles of Loch Alsh and then see if the wind would let us head out West.

Off Ardnamurchin it seemed that close hauled we would be able to go round the West side of Skye instead. Adrian had purchased a new blade headsail which he was anxious to try out and so with a strong force 5 it was decided to take the genoa off the roller reef and run the blade up and reattach

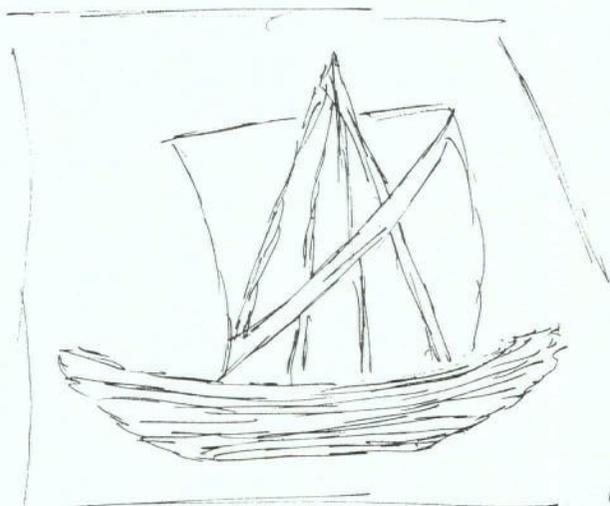
new barber haulers. This exercise in a very lumpy sea took about one hour. However it worked a treat and we set out for a sail fairly hard on the wind. "Maybe we would stop at Canna?" No, too easy and we could maybe stop there on our return trip, so on we went to Loch Harport West Skye. This is a very pretty, well sheltered loch and we anchored South of Talisker Distillery in very calm water at 1920. We had this anchorage entirely to ourselves, enjoyed dinner on board and another quiet night. Maeve was happy!

On Monday we awoke to find a steady drizzle and very poor visibility, so we decided to go ashore for a while and see what delights were on offer and maybe buy a few stores. A conducted tour of the Distillery and a large dram of Talisker, on such a poor day, was your only man. They say it is all the rain in Skye that makes this whiskey



Sound of Luing showing the tide.

Photo: B. Brenigan



RODEL GALLEY

so good. We purchased some for the boat and went to check out the only shop. They must live on whiskey alone in Carbost, because the only thing we could buy was a few sweets.

We upped anchor at 1130 and headed down the Loch again. Now we were able to set a course for the Hebrides and had a sail, still in poor visibility, to Poll on Tigh-Mhail at Rodel South Harris. We arrived at 1840 and negotiated our way in the narrow entrance in windy conditions and moored to one of the three H.I.D.B's, again the only yacht there. These bouys are no longer maintained by The Highlands and Island Board, but the hotel owner said he had serviced them and would continue to do so. We had dinner aboard and then went ashore to see the famous Rodel Galley in St Clement's Church. The church was built in the 1520s and has the tomb of Alexander McLeod, over which is one of the more important depictions of the galleys of that time. The memorial was worked in 1528 for Alexander during his lifetime in his own effigy and also has his dog at his feet. The church is maintained now by the Historic Buildings Section of the Scottish Development Department. As we wandered round the graveyard we were very interested to see that all the women, although buried with their husbands and families, were recorded on the headstones

under their maiden names. We then went to the local hotel for gins and pints and found a very busy, very rundown pub with a lot of gaelic being spoken. The hotel part, which was once a very stylish and famous fishing hotel patronised by Winston Churchill among others, is now derelict. But on looking through the windows we could see tablecloths still on the tables in the dining room. This was the first place we saw a lot of cars which had obviously been abandoned where they stopped. This rather spoilt the bleak, harsh, beautiful scenery.

On Tuesday we were beginning to have difficulty getting water out of the taps and had noticed some not very nice things coming out in the water we could get, so on departure from Rodel at 0930 we decided we must go to East Loch Tarbert, Harris where there was a pier we could tie alongside and we could empty the watertank and see what the problem was.

This was a disappointment to Chris who was now starting to mutter "St Kilda" and it really was the day to go, the wind was in just the right direction and we had plenty of food on board. But without proper running water, that wasn't on this trip. Maeve and Chris had been in East Loch Tarbert before and were giving it a very strong thumbs down as a place to visit, this made the rest of us curious to see why it was so bad. As we were entering the Loch the McBranes Caladonian Ferry was going out and we altered course to give it plenty of room on the fairway. It hooted U at us and we quickly altered course back again as it was warning us that we were heading towards the Whiting Rock, luckily it was fairly high water. We were able to tie to the ferry pier at 1200 and the men set to, to empty the water tank. A lot of nasty algae had accumulated and with a pressure hose this job took until 1530 when the ferry was returning.

Maeve and I went shopping and with a bit of sunshine, a very well stocked shop and good baths in McCleods Hotel, Maeve reckoned it wasn't such a bad place after all. The men didn't get beyond the pier, but they had succeeded in getting rid of all the gunge in the water tank. We refilled and put in some Milton as a precaution against a recurrence.

We cast off again at 1530 and went to North Harbour Scalpay to anchor for the evening. No sooner was the anchor down than we smelt diesel and found that there was a lot of it in the water all around us, so we lifted the anchor and moved to the other side of the harbour. We went ashore for a walk, the visibility was superb and up on the hill we could see for

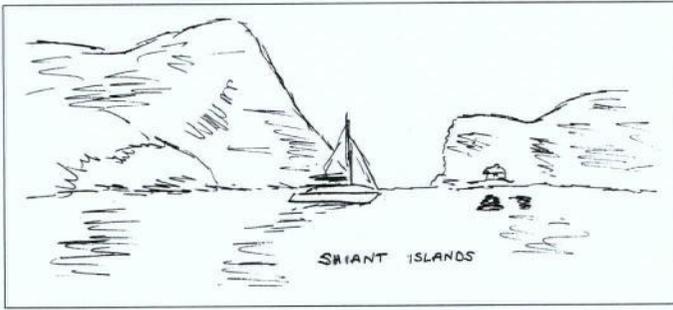
miles in every direction. Scalpay is a small island with a land area of 2 square miles, with a regular ferry and a population of approximately 450. Much to Pat's horror though, there was no pub, only one small shop and a post office. Another yacht came in to anchor. This was called *Monern* from Dale in Milford Haven. We were invited on board for drinks by the skipper, Tony Brett-Jones, President elect of the Cruising Association. Back on board *Realta* we re-anchored again as we found the boat had swung and we were now in water too shallow for the night. We had dinner on board, really excellent steaks, bought in Tarbert, with tomato, onion and garlic sauce cooked by Chris.

Wednesday was the day to try baking brown bread, a trick learned from Sheila Ryan, we also converted the Bells to using their oven for



At anchor at the Shiant Islands west side.

Photo: M. Bell



roasts as well as keeping plates hot. Unfortunately we cannot do this on our own boat *Maximizar* having only two burners, where we have to make interesting meals in a pressure cooker. We lifted the anchor at 1025 and set off North to Loch Mariveg. On the way we planned to visit The Shiant Islands. We headed for the anchorage of Mol Mor, an isthmus on the West side of Eilean an Tighe and Garbh Eilean. We were now all alone again except for the wonderful wildlife. We sighted two whales to the south of us, but we were too far away to identify the variety, maybe it was just as well. We also saw a lot of porpoises and seals. When we dropped the anchor we found the holding wasn't too good as the bottom consisted of very large boulders. However the wildlife enthusiasts among us were determined to go ashore, hence Maeve, Chris and I headed off the 50 yards or so to land leaving Adrian and Pat on board to anchor watch. It was very difficult to get ashore as it was really sea-weedy and the boulders were very large and slippery. Having managed it though, we were rewarded with the most exciting display of birds it is possible to imagine. There must have been tens of thousands of puffins, gullimots, razor bills, cormorants, great black backed gulls, fulmers, herring gulls and oyster catchers of the birds that we could identify, nesting on the sheer cliffs on the East side of the islands, where anchoring and landing would have been much easier, as here there were only pebbles. Chris, the farmer, set off to look at the sheep, which must be regularly tended to as there was one small house with evidence of recent occupation, empty tins of spam and a fairy liquid bottle on the window sill.

Maeve and I were spellbound by the display of birds who were like clouds of flies so great were their numbers. Some of them weren't too pleased by our presence and regularly dive-bombed us. Enthused by this wonderful place, bird watching and identification became part of our daily amusement. We set off again after lunch and sailed to Mariveg which is South of Loch Eishort, Isle of Lewis about 5 miles South of Stornaway. We entered following the Clyde Cruising Club directions by the North. It was lovely to weave our way through the rocks to enter quite a large anchorage that was very calm and contained fish cages. Despite these it was very pretty and once again we had an anchorage to ourselves. After dinner we went ashore for a walk and a look around to be greeted by a young lady who said she was a diver for the fisheries and recognised *Realta* from Killeleagh and drove down to see who we were. There were quite a lot of houses, lived in and derelict, also the usual amount of abandoned cars. We were quite surprised to see that there were regular bin collections in such a remote area. The only delight was a phone box in which, after much difficulty, we got through to home. Chris spotted a buzzard flying high over the mountain.

Next morning it was raining again and we left under engine by the South Entrance, we kept well over to the West Side to avoid the rock on the East Side, but with the tide full in and very clear water visibility we had no problems. This entrance, however, would be quite hard to find coming from the South unless one was very familiar with the area. We asked some fishermen who were tending pots if they had any lobsters or

crabs, but no luck. The rain stopped shortly afterwards and there was very little wind. We decided we had had our fill of the bleakness of the Hebrides and we would go East to the Mainland in search of trees and other vegetation. We were now surrounded by quite a lot of fishing boats but no other yachts. We did see a lot of porpoises, who took a great delight in swimming along with us. By lunchtime the sun was shining and there was still no wind, it was actually getting quite warm. This was definitely a special time, so we turned off the engine and just floated for 2 hours, enjoying a lovely lunch, some wine and a little harmless fishing, harmless to the fish that is! The scenery was spectacular as we could see Stornaway to the West, Cape Wrath to the North East, those magic Shiant Islands to the South West and Skye to the South. Again there were no other yachts in sight but we didn't feel lonely and it was so peaceful just drifting. We could see clouds above all the hills but there was clear blue sky over us and many layers of clothes were peeled off. No wonder people return to cruise in Scotland again and again!

It was time to continue on and decide on a destination. Loch Ewe got the number one vote as a visit to Inverewe Gardens was put on the itinerary for the next day. We were also looking forward to baths and a meal ashore. We put a chicken in the oven to roast and sailed into Aulthern Bay which was pleasant, but in view of a S to SE 5-7 forecast we decided to go right up the loch to Poolewe. After dinner on board we went ashore to check on the availability of baths and dinner and to phone home. Just as well we did! Pat and I were leaving the yacht on the following Wednesday morning in order to be back in Dublin in time for the Royal St George Regatta, where Pat had a commitment to be O.O.D. for the dinghies.

A friend of Adrian and Maeve's had planned to drive and meet us wherever we were for the return journey and we were to take his car back to Belfast. Due to a family bereavement he could no longer come, so alternative arrangements for getting home had to be made. Next day we spent the morning in very heavy rain, in the only phone box that took a B.T. card, working out the best way to get back and from where. All this would have been simple at a tourist office, but eventually it was worked out in reverse from Adrian's office in Belfast.

We restocked in the local store, which had good supplies of most things except fresh meat, but good frozen meat. It was still raining very hard but we went by dinghy nonetheless to Inverewe Gardens for lunch and to walk around. This garden was one I had been looking forward to visiting as I had heard that it was one of the best in the British Isles and it certainly lived up to its reputation. It was started by Osgood Mackenzie in 1862 when it was just barren hillside and continued until his death in 1922 when his daughter took over and carried on until she gave it to the National Trust for Scotland in 1952. It now attracts 120,000 visitors per year, but very few arriving by yacht like us. We were a little late in the season for the colourful displays of rhododendrons, but even for the non-horticulturist there was plenty of colour. Maeve and I were particularly taken with the large variety of meconopsis and the fragrant 12 foot Himalayan Lilies "*Cardiocrinum Giganteum*". These take 7 years from seed germination to flowering and then they die, so a lot of dedication is needed to have the flowering continuously. There was also a wonderful Handkerchief Tree "*Davidia involucreta*" in full flower and by the house we saw a variegated oak "*Quercus Cervis Variegata*" which was really unusual and rare. We all enjoyed our visit, even though we were very wet on returning to the dinghy. The tide had gone right out and it was very shallow for a long way, so we provided great amusement for the other visitors as we had to judge when to hop into the dinghy or have water over our boots. This took some calculating as when five of us got in of course we immediately grounded again.

This was when I found that my boots had sprung a leak. For the rest of the cruise I kept my socks and feet dry by putting supermarket bags inside the boots, Adrian hoped no one would see as he thought it wasn't very seamanlike for a member of the I.C.C.

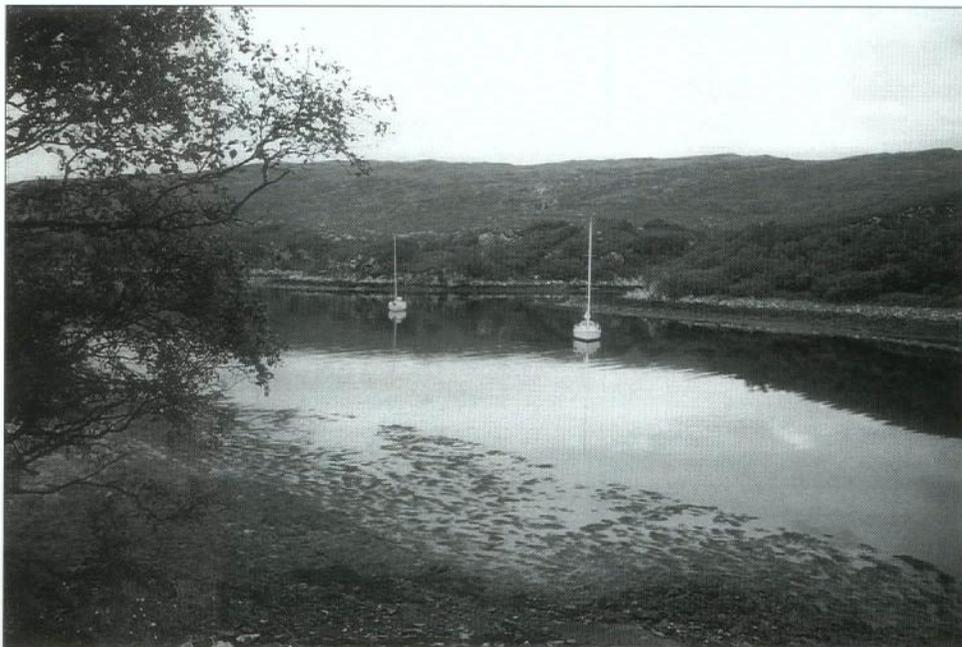
We went ashore for welcome baths and a very pleasant dinner in the Poolewe Hotel.

We were woken at 0250 by a howling wind which had us snatching at the anchor. It was funnelling down the valley behind the hotel and sounded much stronger than it was. We were on a Bruce anchor with 30 metres of chain and it held perfectly. I would have been more comfortable if we had anchored further to the South away from the outgoing "fresh." In the morning we decided to move to a quieter anchorage before breakfast, so we motored down the loch and

into the shelter of Camus Angus where we had breakfast, changed to the blade headsail and made sandwiches, as we were expecting a lumpy sea.

We headed off for Gairloch and it wasn't at all bad when we got out of the Loch and we had a fine sail down the coast. We thought we could cover a bit more ground and we changed our destination to Loch Torridon. The entrance to Loch Torridon is easy to find because Red Point on the North side is very conspicuous with red sand dunes. Loch Torridon runs into Loch Shieldaig and we went in to look at the anchorage there, but there was a bit of a scend so we thought we would relocate and try Upper Loch Torridon instead. Here we had a very spectacular and sheltered Loch surrounded by high mountains all to ourselves. We anchored in Camus Lein. Unfortunately we couldn't see the tops of any of the mountains as they were shrouded in mist. It was very cold, so we turned on the heater and we warmed up with a lovely meal of Pork in Orange Sauce and wonderful potatoes, from a large sack brought by Chris, which were lasting very well. There was a lot of salmon cages in Upper Loch Torridon with no-one that we saw tending them. The hills surrounding the loch were very deserted with hardly a house to be seen, quite a contrast from the Outer Hebrides.

On Sunday it wasn't quite as cold in the morning and we cooked the last of the dry cured bacon for breakfast. We also brewed Bewleys coffee, bought in small foil vacuum packs so we were able to have it fresh every morning. There was very little wind and we motored down the loch. Some wind filled in later but only enough to keep us sailing properly for an hour or two. It was very calm as we went down past Rhona and Raasay, at last some yachts, not many, but some! We were going to Poll Domhain, Inner Sound for a lunch stop. It was now getting a bit warmer and a few layers of clothes were peeled off. they never got put away because they could be needed again soon. This anchorage is beautifully sheltered having a narrow entrance and is very small compared to where we had been. Would you believe it? another yacht at anchor there, we had only just dropped our anchor when a third boat appeared. This was getting decidedly crowded. But it was so pretty with a lovely beach on the seaward side, deserted except for us yachties and inhabited by sheep, ringed plovers with their young trying to see us off their plot and seals lazily

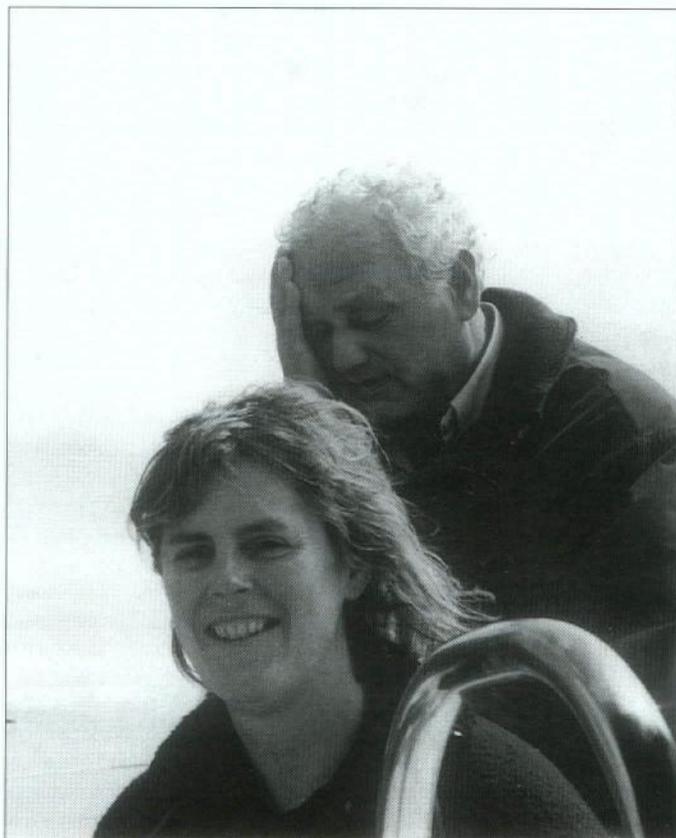


The anchorage at Poll Domhain, Inner Sound.

Photo: B. Branigan

sunning themselves on the rocks with their babies. The water temperature had reached an all time high of 14°C and Chris felt brave enough to go for a swim, the rest of us just applauded. It would have been tempting to just stay here, but we decided to get a few more miles under us and we motored to Plocton.

The last time Pat and I had been in Plocton was cruising in *Maximizar* in 1988 in company with Dermot and Sheila Ryan in *Sceolaing* and Brendan Bradley in *Andante*. We hadn't been able to go ashore for three days due to a severe gales then, so we were delighted to walk down the pretty main street and into



Brenda & Pat Branigan.

Photo: M. Bell

the hotel for a few pints.

Next morning, Monday, we were able to buy fresh baps for breakfast as the delivery van arrived at 0900 sharp. We didn't do so well getting the paper though, as we would have had to wait for the train to arrive. This duly did just as we were back on board. Who wants the paper anyway! We wanted to get to Kyle of Loch Alsh on the start of the tide to allow plenty of time for stopping there. We tied to the quay wall where directed by the most helpful and pleasant Harbour Master we have ever encountered. He really likes to see yachts and gives them any help they need. We wanted to go to the bank, we also got water and diesel and there were plenty of good shops for stocking up on stores. We got some nice fish and then a bonus, a present from the harbour master of four very large monkfish. This definitely made up for the lack of lobsters and crabs.

We still had time to go up to the East end of Loch Alsh to the entrance to Loch Duich and we turned around at Totaig and made a pass by Castle Eilean Donan for a close look. We then went back West and through Kyle Rhea and tacked down to Isle Ornsay. On our way we passed the 19 ft cutter we had seen in Loch Domhain the previous day. Chris had been talking to them ashore there and decided to ask them if they would like to join us for dinner in Isle Ornsay and share the monkfish. They were a nice young couple with a small baby and a dog, who later told us that when they said yes to join us they hadn't a clue what monkfish was. The sun was shining all day, two days in a row was a record, and we went ashore before dinner to the very pleasant local hotel for a pint of Murphys.

There was more heavy rain in the night and it was a flat calm in the morning. We set off under engine after breakfast for Arisaig where Pat and I would be leaving for home. We had to be there before 1400 for the last of the rising tide. We called by Armadale to have a quick look at the anchorage, there was about eight H.I.D.B.'s moorings there, most of them free. The wind, such as it was, was dead ahead and we had to motor again. The visibility was poor and following the Clyde Cruising Club directions we lined up the entrance to Arisaig. The waiting room which we were supposed to aim for didn't become apparent until we were well on the way in, as it is an exceedingly grey building, against a very grey background and hard to spot. We followed the perches, some were missing, and got safely into the anchorage. A trip ashore was necessary, to find the station, see how long it would take to get there and know what time



Castle Eilean Donan at the east end of Loch Alsh.

Photo: B. Branigan

we needed to be up at in the morning.

We had already enquired about train times from British Rail, but on arrival at the station we found that the train departed half an hour earlier than we had been told. They had given us the winter schedule although they were already operating on a summer one! We decided we needed to get up at 0500, to pack, dinghy ashore and trudge at our own slow plod up quite a steep hill. We went to the local hotel and had a bar meal to cheer us up on a damp evening. It was still damp in the morning when we reluctantly said good-bye to our hosts and went to catch the train.

The journey from Arisaig to Glasgow took five hours and is the most spectacular train trip in the British Isles. It goes along the lochs and through the highlands and as the sun was now shining we didn't feel the time passing until we were in Glasgow. We arrived at 1115 and a quick taxi ride to change stations enabled us to catch a train to Stranraer at 1123. This was equally interesting as it passed down most of the coastline. We arrived in Stranraer at 1340 in time to catch the Seacat at 1415 to Belfast. This was a great trip too, taking only 90 minutes to Belfast where Adrian's mother, Alison Bell, met





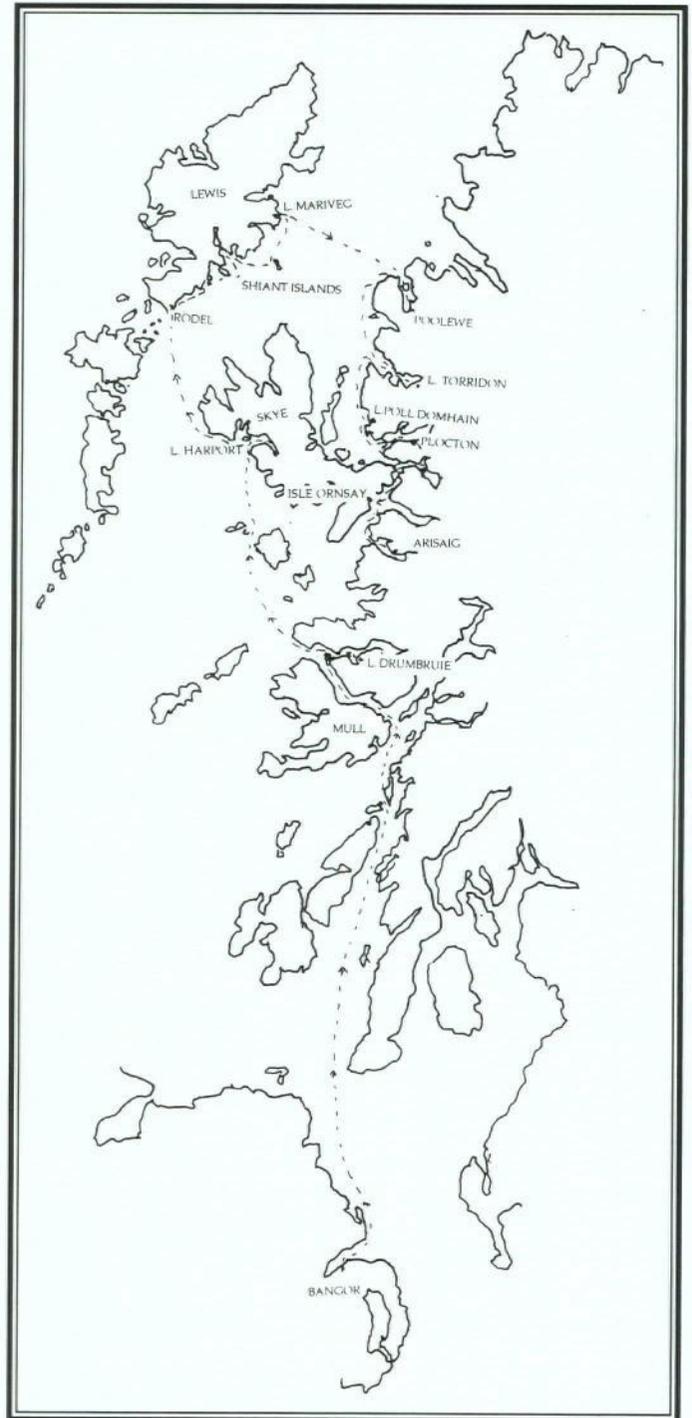
Chris and Pat doing some housework.

Photo: B. Branigan

us and drove us to Bangor to collect our car. With a short stop in Hillsborough for a meal, we were back home in Dublin at 2000. It is certainly a route to be highly recommended for anyone wanting to change crews in Scotland. A great way to end a cruise.

SUMMARY

JUNE		MILES
Fri 18	Bangor Marine - Loch Drumbuie	123
Sun 20	Loch Drumbuie - Loch Harport, Skye	60
Mon 21	Loch Harport - Rodel, South Harris	43
Tues 22	Rodel - East Loch Tarbert Tarbert - Scalpay	15 5
Wed 23	Scalpay - Shiant Islands Shiant Islands - Loch Mariveg	12 15
Thur 24	Loch Mariveg - Poolewe	37
Sat 26	Poolewe - Upper Loch Toridon	48
Sun 27	Loch Toridon - Poll Domhain - Plocton	30
Mon 28	Plocton - Kyle Alsh - Isle Ornsay	28
Tues 29	Isle Ornsay - Armedale - Arisaig	20



Cruise to South Brittany

Brendan O'Callaghan



The Fortnight Cup

If the wealth of a nation lies in the health of her people, and if vitamins C and D are essential to human survival, the instinct for self preservation encouraged me to seek the sun during *Midnight Marauder's* 1993 summer cruise.

The target we set ourselves - a two-week cruise to South Brittany - was formidable but achievable by sailing direct to France and getting as far as possible early on, leaving more time for the return voyage and the pleasurable business of visiting the various ports-of-call.

I think it was GB Shaw who confessed to being one who liked to travel but who loved to arrive. Our '93 crew, Charlie Ryan, Stephen Connolly, and my brother Anthony O'Callaghan, shared this philosophy. Departure was planned for Saturday 19th June. Members don't need reminding of the poor weather we endured in Ireland in May and June and I was not overly enthusiastic about our met' prospects in the days running up to the planned departure. But fortune smiled on us and a forecast of favourable winds, moderate to fresh in strength, sealed our fate. The Blue Peter was run up and the die was cast.

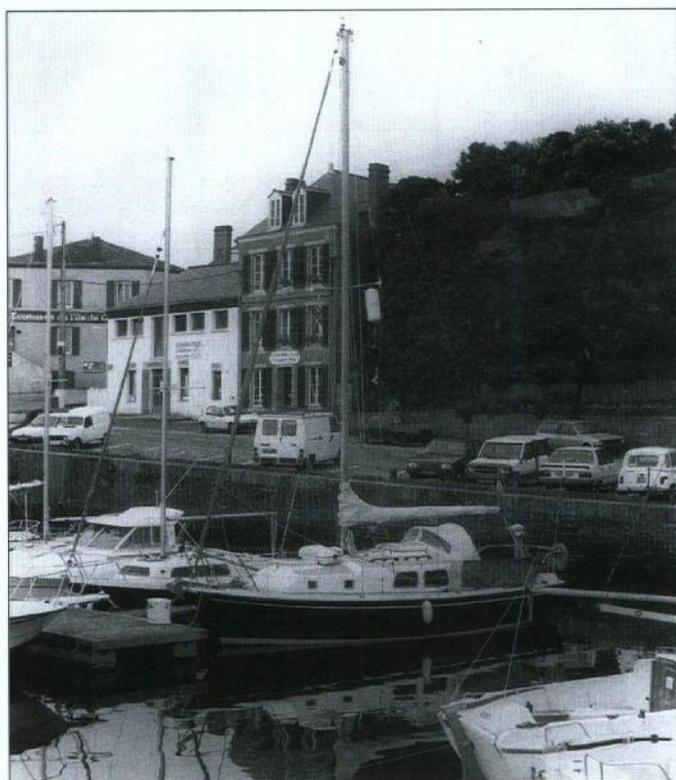
Saturday 19th June

Whether we like to admit it or not, I think most of us suffer a certain mental queasiness - apprehension - at the moment we cast off our shore lines (our umbilical cords) and face a major offshore passage in a small boat. I certainly do; to a certain extent as crew on somebody else's boat, but to a high degree as skipper of my own. However, everything had been well checked-out, we had a good boat and crew, and those early niggling doubts of the mind were quickly dispelled by the physical rigours of sailing the boat in a lively early morning SW 4/5 which had us reeling off the miles as we sped on our way SE'wards from our home port of Kinsale.

Within 4 hours we had the Kinsale Head gas rigs in transit in perfect visibility. At 1030 as the watchkeepers battled to stay awake and alert after a wholesome breakfast, the double explosion of Concorde's supersonic boom jolted us wide awake with a noise like a naval artillery salvo two boat-lengths away!

We have recently tended to become too reliant on the magic of Decca, so much so that some alleged navigators are nowadays to decry the traditional 'bucket and shovel' art of the navigator as being outdated or archaic. When we heard Cork Radio broadcast a 'Decca navigation warning' that Chain 1B (SW Britain) would be off the air for maintenance from 0800 to 2000 GMT today (and for good measure again tomorrow) we were glad to be able to revert to the tried-and-tested compass and log, parallel rules and dividers, and to trying to steer a careful compass course.

We continued to sail fast and at 1700 (12 hours out) we were exactly half way to the Scillies. Two hours later we hove-to and cooked a hot meal which we ate with the relish induced only by a day in the bog or at sea. As the twilight gradually merged into night, the wind which had veered slowly all day,



Midnight Marauder lying peacefully in the Bassin a Flot, Port Tudy, Île de Groix.

Photo: Brendan O'Callaghan

went NW force 4. We handed our mains'l which was now in constant danger of gybing in the heavily rolling sea and we continued our steady progress in the desired direction under our genoa alone.

Sunday 20th June

We had the reassuring loom of Round Island and Bishop Rock lighthouses below our horizon as the wind died and forced us to start our engine at around 0200. Two hours later, after experiencing an exceptionally beautiful sunrise, a light N breeze allowed us to douse the engine as we resumed being a sailing vessel, under full plain sail. A few hours later, the Isles of Scilly gradually emerged into view in silhouette against the rising sun.

By 0800 we had the towering Bishop Rock Lighthouse close by, abeam to port. Slack winds again had us restarting our engine. To my horror it failed to engage gear, but prayer, grease and friendly persuasion succeeded and I breathed easily again as we cleared the Western Rocks and set our course for France.

We enjoyed another wonderful day's sailing in a lively NE 4/5, were troubled by only three ships, all at safe distances, and when Decca signals came back on transmission around



The dead, the dying and the damned! Ancient Thonniers await the inevitable in Camaret.

Photo: Brendan O'Callaghan

2000, I was able to confirm our position in mid-channel accurately.

Monday 21st June

The look of the powerful Creac'h light was our first welcome to France. It appeared and disappeared in what were probably intermittent fog banks. The reappearance of a few big ships near the lanes helped the watchkeepers' concentration levels and a sharp lookout was maintained. The wind grew light as day dawned and, to ensure we caught our tide in the Chenal de la Helle, we resorted to diesel power at about 0600.

By 0900 we had the Le Faix light tower abeam. Nowadays a N cardinal, its topmark was missing in honour of our visit. All the navigational marks appeared on cue and with the last of the fair tide we cleared Les Vieux Moines off Pointe St Mathieu into the Troise around 1030.

At this time we had forecasts for Biscay of E 7 which we felt was very unfriendly towards our objective of making it non-stop to the Ile de Groix. At this time we had an E 6 wind which seemed to confirm the prognosis of the forecast. All these factors plus the third, built up in two-and-a-bit days at sea, left the skipper with the choice of putting in to Morgat or facing a mutiny. Being a person of kindly disposition, the skipper by nature hates mutinies.

And so it was that at 1530, after a passage of 2 days and 10 hours, we made fast on the visitors' pontoon in Morgat in bright sunshine chilled by a wind which was now gusting to force 7 from the E.

We complimented ourselves on our great decision to quit sea for shore and made the most of our night on the town.

There is dubious advice that if you can't be near the woman you love, you should love the woman you're near! Skipperly discretion, and the fear of the distinct likelihood of meaningful recrimination, suggest that I should recount that the wine and the music were good. Two out of three isn't bad at all!

Tuesday 22nd June

We were fortunate to meet *Thalassa* (Richard Sewell ICC) in Morgat and were happy to provide token assistance to them as the 1906 classic yawl left.

We followed later, after a swim and lunch, and had a lively broad reach to Douarnenez in strong sunshine. The marina in Treboul hosted us that evening, as we sampled a good meal ashore. We felt Morgat had very little to offer, but enjoyed Douarnenez-Treboul very much. Definitely a place to go back to.

Wednesday 23rd June

A good forecast saw us away at 0330, heading west towards the Raz de Sein. Soon we passed the very Cork-sounding rock Karreg Toull, as a hazy sun climbed the sky astern. Out of the sun, gradually catching up with us, came *Thalassa*. She passed

us gracefully in the very light wind and flat sea. With excellent visibility and slack tide, the Raz looked harmless enough but I heard nobody aboard complain.

All day we motored in flat calm, warm hazy sunshine, on a mer belle - conditions reminiscent of the land (and sea) of the Lotus Eaters.

I was wary of the accuracy of the Decca signals so far south, but at all times during the cruise we had very strong signal reception which consistently gave us good information which I checked out frequently against identified landmarks, buoys etc.

Pointe de Penmarc'h was rounded, good progress continued through our cockpit lunch, and we passed safely S of Ile aux Moutons and N of Les Iles de Glenans arriving in Port Tudy, Ile de Groix, and entering the inner locked harbour at 1800.

We had a memorable excursion ashore and marvelled at the ability of the brothers who run Ty Beudeff, a local bar, who seem to defy heretofore proven mathematical and gravitational principles by periodically returning a huge stack of empty glasses from the tables back to the bar, to thunderous applause from the appreciative congregation of patrons.

Irish traditional music is very well known and highly popular in parts of Brittany, and were were regaled by tracks from The Chieftans, Shaskeen, Christy Moore and Planxty and many more. Irish porter was available in draught and bottle, but at very expensive prices. We stuck to the local brew. By now the barometer had climbed to 1019 and the wind forces at the various coastal stations on the late night BBC weather report sounded like a good golf card - mainly 3s and 2s with two 4s and only Malin Head carding a windy 5. Settled weather had come at last to NW Europe.

To celebrate, helped by the ship's accordion, we softly sang a few French and Irish songs back on board, hopefully not disturbing any of our sleep-seeking neighbours.

We eventually enjoyed a restful night, well satisfied with having reached our desired objective, and cheered by the good weather.

Thursday 24th June

We woke to another lovely morning. While Anthony sought out some early morning croissants and Charlie cooked up a bonne cuisine, Stephen and I had a refreshing swim outside the harbour breakwater. We left this lovely island on the morning lock-opening and motored towards the Glenans Islands in a totally flat calm, glassy sea, accompanied by brilliant sunshine in perfect visibility.

The French navy - La Royale - was busy on exercised out of nearby Lorient, still a major naval base.

Shortly after noon we brought up in the anchorage E of Penfret, just under the prominent lighthouse. We all enjoyed a swim over the side, Stephen and I making it to the sandy shore on this the most E of the Iles de Glenans. We were the only vessel in this normally very crowded and popular anchorage.

A sumptuous alfresco lunch followed and great will power was needed to depart this heavenly place, so beloved of the French.

We were bound for Concarneau, however, and typing-up there in hot afternoon sunshine under the walls of the ancient La Ville Close by 1700, time enough to allow me glutenously have my third swim of the day in nearby Port de la Croix before savouring some of this historic towns delights.

On Saturday the threat of harbour rot was averted when, at

1030, we departed Concarneau in a light breeze, strong sun, and an ever-rising glass. We motored the few miles around the corner to Benodet and carried on up the Odet River, described by some as the most beautiful in all Brittany. We had a cockpit lunch at a free mooring a few miles above the spectacular bridge and watched les vedettes - their decks awash with tourists - and the rest of the world go by.

Later we motored downstream and took a visitors' pontoon on Benodet Marina. We had a pleasant ramble ashore in the evening sunshine, and enjoyed a crepes meal.

As we were about to turn in, the SNSM lifeboat, which is berthed on the marina close to where we lay, put to sea with great speed and towed a small craft, disabled close to rocks outside the harbour entrance, safely back to port.

Benodet is a major yachting centre with good facilities. Many foreign yachts winter here at reasonable rates with good security and shelter. A possibility for extended cruising in a future year?

On Sunday it was now time for us to be thinking of moving in the direction of home. The forecast was for light winds but the tides were suitable to help us through the Raz de Sein, so we quietly slipped out of Benodet soon after an early breakfast and were well on our way by 0730, in light airs.

We picked up all the many navigational buoys along this coast, one by one, and rounded the Menhir Tower off Pointe de Penmarc'h in perfect visibility. We had the Raz, with its several lighthouses and beacons, clearly in view, 5 miles off when, with very little warning, the whole area was suddenly blanketed in dense fog. However, we passed through safely and saw nothing further for 2 hours until we eventually vaguely made out land, barely visible to starboard, which subsequently transpired to be Cap de la Chevre.

Around this time a lively NE 4 sprang up and we were able to beat the last 5 hours of this passage, through the Chenal de Toulanguet, into Camaret, where we tied up in Styvel Plaisance marine, as night fell.

Monday 28th June

As those who have visited this quaint town will know, it is both a good place in which to provision and a strategic starting point whether bound N or S. It is also a very pleasant holiday town, with several fine safe sandy beaches within walking distance, and we had a swim on the town beach shortly prior to departing at 1600, bound for Scilly.

It was a lovely sunny evening with NE wind, force 4, and a forecast of E 6. Motoring early on to ensure absolute precision in the Chanel du Four, we enjoyed good visibility and once we cleared the St Pierre green buoy, and were able to steer our



The Bretons marked their coastline well. Pointe de Penmarc'h, ominous even in fair weather.

Photo: Brendan O'Callaghan

course to the NW, we had an energetic sail into the sunset, with the lee rail awash from time to time.

During the early part of the night we met numerous ships near the shipping lanes. One of these gave us a close call. Well clear of the actual lanes themselves, we were the stand-on vessel. When it became apparent to us that the ship either did not see us at all, or saw us and decided to maintain course and speed, before it was too late, we did a 180° towards safety and resumed our course when the ship was safely past. A new meaning for the phrase 'ships that pass in the night.'

With a double-reefed main and genoa rolled down to working jib, we sailed fast and furious all night under a clear half moon, delightful night sailing.

As day dawned on Tuesday both wind and sea continued just ahead of abeam and our log, which regularly read 6, never fell below 5. The miles quickly sped by and we closed Scilly at a steady pace. At 1130, at a range of 6 miles, we eventually saw land - the disused lighthouse on St Agnes - and two hours later dropped our anchor in Porth Conger in clear seas and hot sunshine. We met crew from a few Irish yachts, building up their vitamin C and D levels, and spent a peaceful night in perfect shelter, after a pleasant night in The Turk's Head.

While we walked St Agnes the following morning, the light N breeze gradually freshened and when we returned from our travels ashore, we found *Midnight Marauder* pitching and rolling at an alarming rate in the seas being sent into the now exposed anchorage by the NNW 6. As quickly as we could manage, we hurried back on board and prepared to leave immediately. Although the harbour was by now almost deserted, when we had anchored there for the previous night, we were obliged to use limited scope to share the limited space, we were now lying in 6 metres with 20 metres of chain on our plough anchor. The shatching was really violent and I feared something would carry away. As I was talking the crew through the drill necessary to retrieve the anchor in such conditions, including warning Stephen and Anthony of how not to lose fingers and toes, there was a sudden explosive sound. Quickly I realised what had happened as the boat started to drift, beam to wind and sea. The chain had parted. I asked the crew to pull in the remaining chain fast and, with engine already ticking over, we were immediately on our way to safer places. We discovered the chain had snapped very close to the bow roller. A close shave, a very narrow and lucky escape from possible shipwreck.

I could blame nobody for the near calamity other than myself - inadequate scope, failure to use some stretch nylon warp to reduce the snatching, and our delay in leaving. However, all's well that ends well.

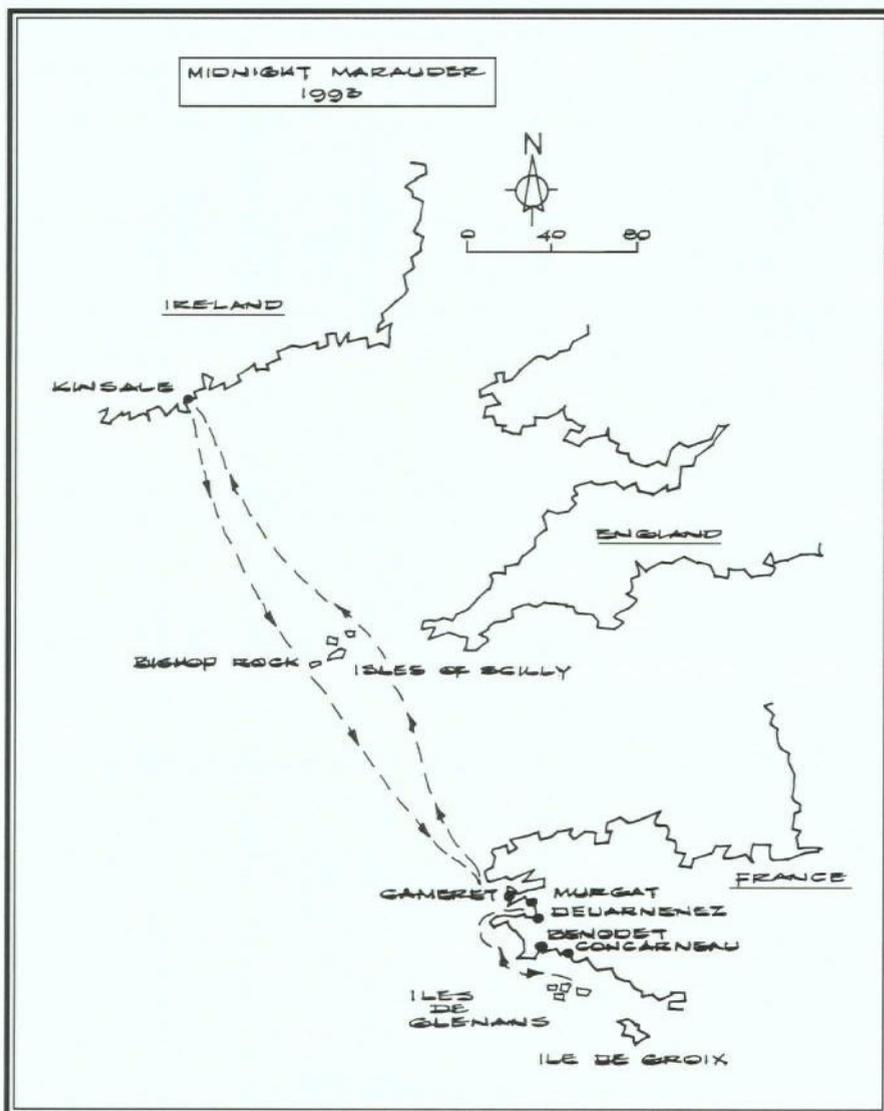
Chastened, like a whipped pup by the experience, we proceeded to Porth Cressa on St. Mary's where our Danforth anchor and a more than adequate scope of chain and warp kept us safe as we reflected soberly on our near miss.

Our recovery rate must have been fast as we had a most



Nearly home. Kinsale Head gas rig and attendant guard-ship.

Photo: Brendan O'Callaghan



enjoyable evening ashore and afloat with the Captain of Kinsale YC's cruiser class, Pat Pyne, skipper of *Demi Sec*, with his crew, wife Maureen, Nicky and Lilly.

0800 on Thursday saw us motoring at low water back to the scene of the crime in Porth Conger on the trail of our missing anchor and 20 metres of chain. The wind was still from the exposed N but it had dropped to about force 4. There was great determination on board to recover with our ingenuity what we had lost through stupidity. With great effort, using the inflatable and a diving mask, I located the chain and buoyed it, subsequently using the boat-hook, extended with out flagstaff lashed on to it, to raise the chain. The crew reported that their skipper - wearing diving mask, boat-hook poised at the ready, and peering into the murky waters from below the inflatable's bow - reminded them of a semi-submersible Captain Ahab. However, we recovered all the lost ground tackle safely and a few hot whiskeys later, for both medicinal and celebratory reasons, the burgeoning hypothermia was merely a forgotten memory, as we finally left St Agnes.

A triumphant return to Porth Cressa was followed by an enjoyable evening ashore, a pleasant visit to locally-resident artist John Hamilton and after we had completed our mandatory amble around the spectacular Garrison Walk, a meal in The Pilots Gig, worthy of our last evening on these heavenly Isles.

The inevitable pint in Tregarthen's, Mermain and Atlantic put us in excellent vocal and instrumental form for the midnight cabaret back on board, helped by our friends from

Demi Sec. I'm sure the other residents of the Porth Cressa anchorage didn't mind too much. Some of them even joined in the choruses!

Sadly, all good things come to an end, and shortly after noon on Friday we weighed anchor and headed for home in light NW wind, good visibility and a steady barometer. Going by way of the N Channel we made a few attempts at sailing but were unable to point our course. Being in no way effected by aspirations of purism, we quickly resorted again to engine.

By nightfall it had grown cold, dull and cloudy. The wind had backed a little to WNW but given our moderate pointing ability, we continued to motorsail towards Kinsale.

Slow progress in the head seas was the order of the day - and night - and Hooke's Law of Elasticity, first promulgated in 1676, was verified!

Saturday 3rd July

Dawn came at last, and with it, dense fog and a continuation of the large irregular head seas. Later the skies cleared and, although the sun broke through, the chill NW wind ensured there were no flies around. We hove to around noon, topped up our diesel and cooked a hot meal to revive our wilting spirits. We got our second wind from this and resumed in more cheerful mode.

Having motored the whole way, we finally reached the welcoming home waters of Kinsale harbour in the early minutes of Independence Day, too late to join the ICC cruise to Courtmacsherry, or even the aftermath of KYC's annual Fastnet race.

We visited 10 foreign harbours, 7 of them for the first time, while covering 747 miles at an average of 4.7 knots.

It is of course a fact that even in a long lifetime one cannot learn too much about the sea. That one realises this is itself a good thing, as we are users of the sea only on sufferance, and amateurs at that. To put to sea in a well found boat is the true university of good seamanship, for every passage brings its own trials and tribulations, problems and solutions and lessons for us all to be learned. For us, our cruise to South Brittany was all these.

SUMMARY

Dates	Passage	Dist.	Hrs	Engine Time	Spd
June					
19/21	Kinsale - Morgat	267	58	8.75	4.6
22	Morgat - Dournenez	10	2	0.25	5.0
23	Dournenez - Port Tudy	80	15	15.00	5.3
24	Port Tudy - Penfret	22	5	4.00	4.4
	Penfret - Concarneau	11	2	2.00	5.5
26	Concarneau - Odet River	16	3	2.50	5.3
	Odet River - Benodet	2	0.5	0.50	4.0
27	Benodet - Camaret	60	14	9.00	4.3
28/29	Camaret - Porth Conger	119	21.5	3.0	5.5
30	Porth Conger - Porth Cressa	3	1	1.00	3.0
July					
1	Porth Cressa - Porth Cressa	5	1	1.00	5.0
2/4	Porth Cressa - Kinsale	152	36	35.00	4.2
	Totals	747	159	82.00	4.7

By Concorde to the Canaries

Donal McClement

At the beginning of the year Bill Grainger asked if I would be interested in taking *Woodpecker* from Cork to Mogán in August or September. My initial reaction was positive and I decided that my holiday for the year should encompass this trip. I was determined not to be pressurised into a rigid timetable from the outset because having sailed up and down the Iberian Peninsula on numerous occasions before I had never had enough time to visit some of the lovely ports and anchorages in Spain and Portugal.

A short visit to Madeira in 1986 was fondly remembered and the Island of Porto Santo was very much on the itinerary this time. Who could cruise north western Spain without a visit to Bayona? The other ports of call depended very much on the conditions that we were going to experience.

Woodpecker, launched in 1989, is a Carl Schumacher designed Oyster Lightwave 395, originally conceived as a One Design Racing Yacht that could also be cruised by a small, relatively inexperienced, crew. A total of about 30 were built between '88 and '90 and they certainly proved to be superb in their primary role. Such notable racing owners as Chris Dunning, Richard Matthews and Archie O'Leary had 4 or 5 years of great racing in a class that regularly mustered fleets of 15 to 18 at the major regattas in the UK and Ford Cork Week.

The yacht is very exciting to sail and is capable of some fantastic speeds under very little canvas. It is possible for a crew to live aboard, in comfort, with all mod cons. All told, I believe, they are the ideal compromise yacht that offers great sailing performance both in the racing and cruising mode. Criticism that she can be a bit of a handful in a blow, downwind, with big seas is no longer valid because of the addition of a 175kg shoe to the bottom of the keel has cured this problem.

Because of personal commitments I was not able to leave until early September and therefore my planning had to take the Equinoctial Gales into consideration. The two weeks or so of superb weather that we had in late August meant that Murphy's Law was bound to come into force. Sure enough the weather broke on the 3rd but the long range forecast showed that there was a possible window available on the 8th. With a few days of N'ly winds forecast I decided that would be the time to leave.

The crew consisting of myself, Dominic Bendon and Laurainne Brittle from Glandore, Mark Kennedy (son of past Commodore Hugh), from Belfast and Andrew Creighton (son of member Marilyn Kenworthy), of Cork, assembled on the Tuesday afternoon. Last minute tasks were completed, the duty free shipped aboard and with a forecast of NE backing N 5 to 7 we left Crosshaven at 1030 on the Wednesday bound for Bayona some 585 miles away.

Dominic, aged 25, was by far the most experienced of the crew with two seasons as a day charter skipper in the Canaries and two Transatlantic crossings under his belt. He also holds a

Yachtmaster Offshore Ticket and I must say I found him to be a first rate seaman and crew member. His girlfriend Laurainne was really thrown in at the deep end as she had never been to sea in a small boat. She did, however, cope admirably and by the end of the voyage had taken to sailing like a 'duck to water.' Mark, who had recently celebrated his 21st had sailed all his life with his father on *Tosca IV*. With numerous passages from Belfast to West Cork and a cruise to Brittany he has accumulate a good mileage. Andrew, the 'baby' of the crew, at 18 is an accomplished Mirror sailor with little or no experience of offshore work.

Leaving Crosshaven we set the main with 2 reefs and half unrolled the genoa. We immediately started to hit 7 knots with 20kts of wind from the NE. As we cleared the land the wind increased so the genoa was put to bed. The seas were big and confused after the bad weather but we were quite comfortable with the boat handling well. The wind slowly backed, as forecast, during the late afternoon and the only problems we had were the very frequent, heavy rain showers. For the first night Dominic and myself alternated on watch with Mark and Andrew gaining experience. I am a great believer in letting the younger people get on with it and after the first night we had one on watch for the rest of the trip.

By 1100 the next day we had covered an incredible 178 miles at an average of almost 7.5kts. Although the barometer was rising the heavy showers persisted and the new sprayhood fitted before the trip proved to be a godsend. The wind continued to back but conditions below were quite pleasant even if some of the crew were still getting their sea legs. The magnificent baked pork chops, a la McClement, were only appreciated by a few. By noon on Friday we were 350 miles south of Cork and very much looking forward to some warmth and sunshine.



Enjoying the weather at sea.

Photo: Mark Kennedy



Torre de Belem on approaches to Lisbon.

Photo: Mark Kennedy

To our surprise we heard *Woodpecker* being called on the VHF at about 1400 hours and it was very nice to be able to chat with the *LE Aoife* commanded by Lt Cdr Charlie Long. She was en route from Cork to the Lebanon and spotted us about two miles to leeward. They were the first to hint at the bad weather expected and their forecast of SW 8/9 did not tally with BBC Radio 4's SW veering NW 5/6 locally 7. By 2000 we were close hauled on starboard tack in 25kts of wind but still laying our course. The shipping traffic in this area is pretty heavy and a good lookout was essential, particularly with the visibility up and down in the rain showers. By midnight we were hard on the wind in 30 knots and needless to say we had slowed down considerably. At 0600 the next morning I decided that going to windward was for the birds, renewed my subscription to the Downwind Sailing Club and altered course for La Coruna some 45 miles away. We arrived there at 1300 and by this time the weather had cleared. We had logged 530 miles in just over 3 days.

The tail-end of a hurricane struck northern Spain and the Bay of Biscay early on the Sunday morning and we were extremely glad to be nice and snug at the marina with a force 10 to 11 at sea. La Coruna is a very historic city with a population of about a quarter of a million and it has all the facilities you would expect. The yacht club is friendly, the marina reasonable, if a little dirty, and the showers etc., are first class. They have a minimum charge for two days which is about £20 inclusive. The nightlife in the city, particularly on a Saturday night, is amazing. I am told Mark became an expert on this.

We were storm bound for the next few days and although the forecast was uncertain we departed on the Tuesday morning for Bayona, some 105 miles away. At sea we found a SW'y 4 as against the forecast NW'y so we motor sailed for a few hours into a building breeze. Approaching Cabo Villano we had a full S'y gale on our hands and it was decidedly uncomfortable. I can see why they have sited a wind generating farm next to the lighthouse. It was not the first time that I had experienced very strong winds in this area. Shelter was the order of the day but as I had not visited anywhere I had to rely on the Pilot Book. We put into Mugia on the south side of Ria Camarinas which proved to be quite easy to enter. A new breakwater provided excellent shelter from the NW and N and although the gale was funnelling down the valley to the south of the town we had flat water in the bay. We lay alongside a 70' trawler that was anchored there and with plenty of fenders and lines we settled down. The wind continued to howl for the rest of the night but by 1000 we left not having ventured ashore to the smallish town.

There was still a very big sea running outside but the wind



The monument to the Navigators – Lisbon.

Photo: Mark Kennedy

had moderated and we continued south in improving conditions. An uneventful passage of 60 miles saw us in port at 2000 on the 15th. Bayona is, without doubt, far more attractive than Vigo and the yacht club is as good as you will find anywhere. They are very friendly and the facilities, which now include a Travelift for craft up to 50 feet, are really excellent. We spent 36 hours exploring the area, renewing old acquaintances and admiring some of the best small racing yachts in the world. The club was hosting both the Half and Quarter Ton Cups at that time.

The forecast for the next few days was good and the barometer had levelled off. The sun was shining, as we had hoped for, and we were in good form. We had by now heard about the several tragedies that had occurred during the gales and maybe the Irish Navy did us a favour by influencing my decision to put into La Coruna. I had hoped to be well south of Bayona at this stage so we were running a bit late. We departed for southern Portugal at 1000 on the Friday morning and after about 4 hours of motoring a N'y breeze filled. We had the spinnaker out of the bag in double quick time and were soon romping along at 7.5 to 8 kts. A meal of roast beef with 3 veg brought the best day so far to a close. We kept the kite up all night and by 1500 the next afternoon we were abeam Cabo Raso. We were made fast in Lisbon just over 2 hours later and with 24 hours under spinnaker we had averaged more than 7.5 knots.

It was 8 years since I had been to Lisbon and, whilst there are quite a few changes, the facilities are still poor. The Doca de Bom Sucesso, on the Port Hand, just up river of the Torre de Belem is supposed to be for visitors but it is full, most of the time, with local craft. The next dock (Doca de Belem) about 5 cables upriver is for yacht club members. Both of these places have full marina facilities including fuel and water but it seems to be possible to visit them only for a short while. You are directed further upriver, beyond the very impressive suspension bridge, to a part of the commercial docks that is now being used by pleasure craft. This dock approached via a swing bridge that is supposed to open every hour has virtually no facilities.

The next morning we moved to the yacht club basin and as it was a Sunday we were able to use one of the private berths for a few hours. This enabled us to go shopping, do a bit of sightseeing and refuel. We left for Porto Santo at 1800 after a really sunny day and with a good forecast. Once again we had to motor for some time before we found a breeze but by 0800 we were sailing 'full and by' in 10 knots. The wind slowly veered during the day and conditions were very good. Sextant practice was called for and I was pleased to be able to confirm that the GPS was working well. By 1600 we had the kite up



Danish S/T vessel *Danmark* off Madeira.

Photo: Mark Kennedy

again and we really started to fly. Because the boat is so easy to drive we tended to reef the main quite early, more for added comfort than anything else, and this did not seem to have any great effect on the speed.

At 2100 the five of us sat down to another gastronomic experience with the auto pilot in full control. It was really fun to be having a superb dinner while sailing at 8.5 knots under the control of 'George'. A most memorable night in classic Trade Wind conditions saw us continue to reel off the miles and by midday we were quite blasé – about the speeds. Although I would love to claim 200 miles in 24 hours I am afraid that I have to admit that we only managed 199.4. This was in cruising mode with one person on watch, admittedly helped by George and never more than 25kts of wind. We handed the kite at dusk the next day, as the wind continued to freshen, but we were still anchored off the beautiful beach in Porto Santo at 1100 the next morning. 485 miles in 65 hours meant that we continued to maintain a very high average without any real effort.

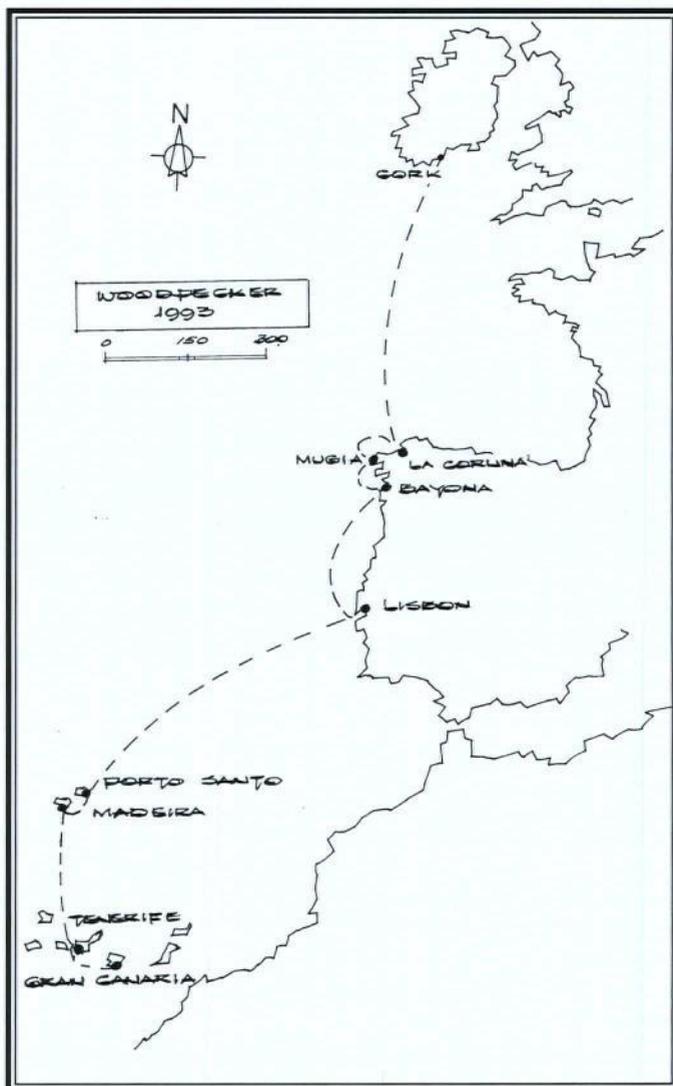
So far we had no Customs formalities but the Portuguese Colonies have obviously not heard of the Single European Market. The tiresome requirement of filling out the same three forms in three offices still exists, both here, and in Madeira. 'Jobs for the Boys' are still necessary in this part of the world. The new harbour is an excellent facility with a small marina in the north western corner and a good, safe, anchorage within the harbour walls. With an international airport close by it would seem to be an ideal place to leave a boat for an extended period.

A cousin of my late father, Heather Woods-Krohn, has lived on the island for 20 years or so and as I had never met



Mark at the wheel. Downwind sailing at its best.

Photo: Donal McClement



her it was one of my main reasons for the call. Although she is not in the full flush of youth she is very knowledgeable about the whole area and its fascinating history. I spend a most enjoyable afternoon with her and she remembered the visit, last year, of our Commodore, when he was taking part in the Columbus 500 Rally. Heather tells me she is hoping to have a guide to the Madeira Islands published next year and I am sure it will be a very useful book to have.

We had an excellent meal in the marina bar that evening but we were told that eating out in Madeira is much cheaper. We were not complaining at £12 per head. We left early the next morning again in perfect conditions. The rock formations and the sheer cliffs are really beautiful and as you approach the very much larger island you are struck by the contrast between them. Porto Santo is a dry, almost arid, landscape whilst Madeira is the exact opposite with lush vegetation and obviously good rainfall. This island is quite heavily populated and the houses, stepped up the hillsides, with an almost military precision, are most attractive. The tillage is done with extensive use of terracing and the land is very fertile.

Funchal is very easy to approach with no hazards and the marina, which opened in 1985 is already too small to cope with the demand. Even at low season we had to raft up alongside 4 other yachts. All facilities including water and electricity are available at less than £10 per day. You are situated in the centre of modern city with excellent supermarkets close by. A really colourful local market that sells fresh produce is a must to visit. Fruit and veg, flowers, fish of all kinds and meat are to be found under one roof and



Puerto de Mogan – Gran Canaria.

there is no doubt that Madeira is an ideal departure point for a trip to the West Indies. We did the usual tourist type things including a half day taxi ride around the island for £15. I can confirm that eating out is great value and the selection of restaurants will suit all tastes and budgets.

A visit would not be complete without sampling their very excellent local product. There are numerous establishments where one can spend an hour or so deciding on which type to buy but I would strongly recommend a few bottles to see you through the rigors of winter.

After two days we left on the penultimate leg of our cruise bound for Los Christianos in Tenerife, a mere 275 miles away. I had promised to drop Dominic and Laurainne off there as they were planning to spend the winter in the sun. Once again we had fantastic sailing with winds between 20 and 30 kts and a fabulous full moon. Even though we did not use the kite during this leg we were still whale spotting between Tenerife and Gomera early on Monday morning. Pilot whales, which look a bit like large dolphins, apparently live in large numbers in this area they whole year around and like Fungie in Dingle have become a huge tourist attraction. I called into Porto Colon, part of Playa los Americas, just to have a look. This, fairly new, marina is supposed to be the safest in the Canaries and it is very easy to enter. It looked to be well maintained but I am sure that its main attraction is the nightlife nearby. Los Christianos, only 3 miles further down the coast is a commercial port with little or no facilities for yachtsmen so we only spent a few hours there.

We were now within 55 miles of our destination and I decided, on Dominic's advice, to wait until after dark to head off for Puerto de Mogan. The Trade Winds usually drop by 10

to 15 knots during the night so a much more comfortable passage can be expected when heading east. You have to be aware of the Wind Acceleration Zones which can catch out the unwary. These are areas, around all the islands, where the wind can suddenly increased by up to 20 knots because of funnelling effects. The RCC Pilotage Foundation's 'Guide to the Atlantic Islands' gives excellent advice and information on this phenomenon as well as being the bible for the whole area. After an uneventful passage we arrived at 0530 on Tuesday 28th September.

Mogan is a really delightful development that was started less than 10 years ago. It is situated about 6 miles north west of Puerto Rico and has strong Cork/Irish connections. Liam Dennehy, late of the City by the Lee, owns and runs the marina bar and is the unofficial Irish Consul who can fix

everything. The marina is spotless, the development is excellent and the pubs and restaurants cater for every taste and pocket. The nightlife is more suited to mature people like me but nearby Puerto Rico will keep the youngsters very happy.

All told, a really first class cruise where the speeds achieved with almost no effort were the major highspot. Who says you cannot cruise, in comfort, averaging more than 170 miles per day in a 40 foot yacht. *Woodpecker* can be handled by 2 or 3 people and the accommodation would put many 45 footers to shame. Hot showers, ice for the G & T's, cold beer, fresh meat from the fridge and chilled wines are all any reasonable person could ask for! I am now dreaming of next year and the possibility of continuing the voyage to the West Indies.

SUMMARY

Date	From/To	Dist. Logged N. Miles	Time at Sea Hours	Avg. Speed Knots	Eng. Hours
Sept.					
8/11	Crosshaven/La Coruna	533.8	74.0	7.2	3.5
14	La Coruna/Mugia	40.4	7.5	5.4	4.5
15	Mugia/Bayona	66.2	10.0	6.6	3.5
17/18	Bayona/Lisbon	226.4	30.0	7.5	4.5
19/22	Lisbon/Porto Santo	485.4	65.5	7.4	14.0
23	Porto Santo/Madeira	41.3	6.5	6.4	1.5
25/27	Madeira/Tenerife	277.7	41.5	6.7	2.0
27/28	Tenerife/Mogan	53.1	8.5	6.2	4.0
Totals		1,724.3	243.5	7.1	37.5
Ports Visited: 9					
Engine used 15% of the time at sea.					

The First Secret of Fahan, and the Luck of Lleyn

W.M.Nixon with Harry Whelehan

When Victoria was Queen Empress and the Royal Navy numbered her ships in hundreds, the Atlantic Fleet made Lough Swilly one of its favoured anchorages. In those days even a modest battle cruiser had a total complement of around twelve hundred men, so when the fleet was in port it was as though the population of a substantial small town had suddenly arrived among the hills of Donegal.

It was a population which sought shoreside diversion, and R & R took many forms, some of them innovative at the time. Thus it was that one of the Fleet Chaplains, a muscular Christian by the name of the Reverend Otway, created a small golf links above the pretty little bay at Macamish on Swilly's western shore.

Today, the Atlantic Fleet is one with Nineveh and Tyre. But during the summer of 1993, the Otway Golf Club celebrated its Centenary, and it seemed altogether typical of a cruise to this lovely corner of Ireland that we should become involved in the party. It was equally typical that getting *Witchcraft of Howth* to Donegal was a convoluted business.....

C & N Bangor Week on Belfast Lough in mid-July initially drew us northward. There was a very handy Howth to Bangor feeder race on the Friday night (July 9th). Ed and I were joined by Peter Minnis from our Foroyar crew, together with my son Brian, and Eamonn Doyle. Getting away was a bit of a rush, and we crossed the starting line in a rising and veering westerly still eating fish and chips. More enthusiastic boats set spinnakers, but all were either taken in or blown away before Lambay was abeam. Despite not usually being at her best on a close reach when racing, our hefty big boat powered her way very effectively through a night in which the occasional flash of moonlight did little to offset increasingly harsh conditions.

It must have been even harsher on the racing machines, for we found ourselves at breakfast time next morning having a ding-dong tacking duel through Donaghadee Sound in rather distinguished company. We crossed the finishing line at Bangor in wintry conditions, and after Ed had created a superb breakfast including the very best potato bread freshly bought by Peter in Ferris's Bakery at the bottom of High Street, an adjournment to the bar in Royal Ulster produced the news that we were overall winners.

Ed and Eamonn had the best of it. They went flat out at the party, and then Jim Blaikie delivered them to the evening train back to Dublin - they'd done the entire business of winning an 88-mile race and celebrating and getting home in barely 24 hours in all. For the rest of us, it took a bit of effort to stop the Week itself being an anti-climax. The weather was awful, and anyway after a good offshore race, it's difficult to treat Olympic and Figure of 4 courses with any seriousness. We did manage to get in the frame in the traditional Round the Lough Race on the Twelfth of July, which for me was a real sail down memory lane. And as well the entertainment was non-stop, the ICC's own Michael McKee being a magnificent

Master of Ceremonies for six nights in a row - how on earth does he do it? But by week's end when I spent several sweaty hours turning the boat back into a cruiser, there was keen anticipation of cruising to Donegal.

With one thing and another it had to wait for nearly a fortnight while the red boat lay in stately splendour in Bangor Marina. Then on the evening of Thursday July 29th, Ed obligingly drove me and Johnny Wormald (he did the Atlantic with Davy McBride in '92) up to Bangor. After much diversion, by 0600 Friday Ed was motoring back to Dublin, and Johnny and I were sailing Donegal-wards in a crisp westerly.

It's about 95 miles from Belfast Lough to the Swilly, and you can see it off as a long day sail. A very long day if the wind is westerly and fierce gusty in the lee of the handsome Antrim hills, and a front with Force 6 and more goes through as you're bashing round Malin Head. Our heartfelt thanks to whoever surveyed the passage through Garvan Sound as it appears on page 99 of the East & North Coast Book. With wind and tide against us, we were dodging right under the cliffs under reefed main and engine in order to make any progress at all. The passage inside the Garvans was mighty convenient and smooth and straightforward thanks to the Directions, but then we'd a real drubbing off the nub of Malin Head itself.

The wind freshened further with heavy rain as *Witchcraft* punched across to Dunaff Head, and we were well into the Swilly before any shelter was felt. In the last shreds of daylight at 2215 the hook went down close off the pier at Portsalon. The clouds of spray we'd been experiencing since Fair Head at noon may have felt surprisingly warm, but there'd been an awful lot of them, so it was a pair of drowned rats who came into Rita's out of the rain for the most welcome pints of the season.



Summer of '93 - *Witchcraft of Howth* in action at C&N Bangor Week.

Photo: Neal Dorman

The morning brought a clearance after a wet and windy night, but the swell from the nor-westerly outside was a reminder of rugged conditions as it rolled into the bay and crashed against the pier. Thanks to being 7.5 tons displacement, it didn't take a feather out of *Witchcraft* as she lay stern to it, but it was our first intimation that while Lough Swilly may have been fine and dandy as an anchorage for battleships, it's on such a scale that in unsettled weather cruising yachts have to be prepared to dodge about in search of shelter, as the sheer size of the place means that many of the anchorages are tide rode and uncomfortable.

But at least we'd got there in time for the complicated arrangements of a cruise with Harry and Joyce Whelehan and Georgina in the first few days of August. We had said we would see them all at Rathmullan Pier, but not until 1500 that day, Saturday July 31st. Thus when a nice man called up in the morning on the VHF from his holiday place ashore in Portsalon to invite us to "gins and tonic", we were sorely tempted to go ashore to meet this paragon of plurals in a country where nearly everyone talks inaccurately of "gin and tonics". But having bashed our way round Malin head to get there on time, we weren't going to blow it at the final hurdle, and regretfully we sailed away up the lough.

Nearing Rathmullan, Lough Swilly became, as they used to say in the Victorian sporting reports, "a scene of lively aquatic activity". It was the Lough Swilly Three Day Regatta, otherwise the Swilly Worlds, being staged from the 140ft dredger *Mary Angus*, which usually works for her living round in Lough Foyle, but come holiday time and she takes off westward like everyone else to be Committee Boat and Hospitality Suite for the three days of regattas in Lough Swilly.

They are among the oldest in the country - the Swilly Cup, which is raced for at Rathmullan Regatta on the first Monday of August, goes right back to 1833. So after we'd collected Harry and the girls with a convenient berthing outside Irish Lights' *Gray Seal* at Rathmullan Pier, we went back to join the party. We'd had vague thoughts of joining the racing, but the unsettled weather and the spirited way in which the men of Swilly go at their competition made us think it was not something for a sensible cruising boat. Anyway, Kieran Jameson, who was shipping with us for a couple of days, was already competing and helping LSYC's John McFeely to win the club's two race regatta on that Saturday. So we simply joined Commodore Andy McCarter and his jolly crew on the *Mary Angus*, where inter-race visitors included Frank Sadier ICC, who was crewing on the line honours winner *Gravad*



Rita's at Portsalon, one of the great cruising pubs. Harry and Joyce Whelehan with Kieran Jameson and Gerogina Nixon, drinking among the groceries, and the buckets hung from the ceiling.

Photo: W.M. Nixon

Lax, and we sat back and let the Swilly hospitality flow over us while I personally was bowled over by discovering that the captain of the *Mary Angus* was George Doherty, nephew of the late Billy Doherty who chartered *Ainmara* to us for our first ICC cruise thirty years ago.

In late afternoon we felt our way into the creek at Fahan where we picked up a Lough Swilly YC visitors mooring. You lie a long way out from the club, so the ferry service is important. Unfortunately there was a glitch in this - one of the racing yachts had experienced an on-board family row, and the ferryman had to take the contenders ashore one by one. This took for ever, so it was two very cold and cross women who eventually were brought ashore extremely late from our boat. But thereafter things rapidly looked up, for Georgina was on one of her restaurant tours, and we kicked off that night with a marvellous meal in Reggie Ryan's Restaurant St John near the club, a proper life restorer with a blazing fire and good food. Then we re-joined the regatta party at which I do believe I met Norman Kean ICC and many others, but things were rather hectic.

It was nearly dawn by the time we learned the First Secret of Fahan. The stragglers of our party had been left with the dinghy to get back to the boat. It was dead low water as we set out, walking across the huge beach, carrying the dinghy in moonlight. But the beach is firm under foot, and the anchorage had become a narrow creek. We'd only to row a few yards. So the secret of Fahan is to try to arrange to return to your boat at low water, as you can walk most of the way. The trouble is that if you arrive in port and want ashore in a hurry, you can only get into the anchorage if there's water over the bar and the sand flats are covered, and thus you've inevitably either a very long dinghy journey, or you're dependent on the club ferry.

In fact, the tidal state dictates everything, and we'd to get under way just a few hours later that morning (Sunday August 1st) in order not to be trapped in Fahan all day. We were having a day of rest, and just went the couple of miles over to the anchorage north of Rathmullan Pier, where you lie close inshore off a clean beach. The forecast was pessimistic, and people were down exercising their dogs before the rain arrived. Two beautiful Irish setters were racing along the water's edge as our anchor dug in. This vivid sight so exhausted us that we went back to bed.

By noon the anchorage was becoming nasty as the southerly continued to build up. Another visiting yacht, Jay Murray's ketch *Winterwood* from Howth, which John Gore-Grimes delivered across the Atlantic last year, had tried to move to a berth at the open pier, but found that impossible, and then they'd the devil's own job getting their anchor to hold. As Harry had brought his shore transport with driver, we decided we'd be much better off in the otherwise relatively inaccessible little cove at Macamish a couple of miles north. We mentioned this to *Winterwood*, they enthusiastically concurred, and that's how two Howth boats came to be involved with the centenary celebrations of the Otway Golf Club.

Not that we needed to go ashore for parties. *Winterwood* was so pleased with the shelter we found that she sent over a bottle of champagne, and thus we got into a real holiday mood with a Buck's Fizz Brunch built around a celestial home-cured ham served up by Joyce. Ashore, we found that the Reverend Otway's little golf club (of which we knew nothing at all before arriving) has expanded by means of a figure of eight course, which is potentially lethal both for golfers and people wandering ashore from cruising boats. But it was a place of great charm, the unassuming club building being located beyond the back yard of a farm which in turn spreads into the course - as Harry drily observed, it's probably the only golf club in Ireland which has a milk quota.

We took the car to go down to Rita's at Portsalon, where the

groceries on sale in the bar were rightly identified as being items which, if you brought them home, would as surely prove you'd been in a pub as would returning with the War Cry. Dinner that night - and good it was, too - was in the elegant surroundings of the Liam McCormick-designed conservatory restaurant at Rathmullan House, and then in the night's rain there was a reassembly of the troops in the Otway which inexorably drew us into the centenary party, so it was late indeed when we got damply back aboard in the snug anchorage after joining in the entertainment with the Captain, the Vice Captain, the Lady Captain and the Lady Vice Captain.

As Macamish is the best anchorage in the Swilly, it's worth noting that the Pilkington family (whose converted Martello tower on the east point is another McCormick creation) keep their beautiful little classic Folkboat on a mooring on the northwest side of the bay, whereas we were in the narrower gut in the southeast corner. Presumably the Folkboat's berth gives better shelter if the wind is blowing straight up the lough from the Atlantic, but as everything was coming from between southeast and southwest while we were there, our berth under the Ninth Tee was ideal. Players driving off from the Ninth Tee do have to aim across water, but it's well clear of any boat in the anchorage.

Monday found things easing, and we returned to Rathmullan to meet up with my sister-in-law Katherine, who owns the house there from which Red Hugh O'Donnell took his departure in the Flight of the Earls. As many of the descendants of the chieftains still live in Spain and show little inclination to return, we could only assume that a spot of historical revisionism was in order. The Flight of the Earls took place because of the Donegal weather.....

That said, there's something about Donegal which gives it a special attraction, and from Katherine's lovely house we could see rainbows moving across achingly beautiful scenery which gives you the feeling Donegal is the only real place in the world, whatever that might mean.

The appalling weather had meant that my brother James was delayed in his round Ireland cruise, and he was weatherbound in Inishbofin while we were in the Swilly. But that day (Monday August 2nd) they staged a hectic race for the Swilly Cup. One boat was dismasted, while two others got their masts locked together at the weather mark and ended up rotating in ever decreasing circles like a pair of whirling dervishes. We reckoned ourselves well out of it, and after seeing Kieran Jameson away on the road back to Howth, we went to Ramelton for dinner at the Mariner and then after nightcaps in the house, returned on board in dry conditions and resolved to get round Malin Head in the morning.

Typically of the Swilly, it was at its loveliest as we sailed away in a crisp westerly (Tuesday August 3rd). Certainly there were rainshowers about, but there was vivid sunshine and rainbows too, and as Joyce helmed the red boat at high speed seawards, the clouds cleared and Malin Head was put astern so quickly that the by-now mandatory Buck's Fizz Brunch was consumed in comfort anchored at Culdaff.

A run ashore revealed the little town to be pleasanter than ever, the spectacular bay of Glengad was adjudged worthy of expenditure on harbour improvement, and then we returned aboard for fast sailing in increasingly smooth water until we got comfortably into Greencastle, which for all its crowding with fishing boats is surely the best harbour on the North Coast, and anyway we were assured that there'd be little movement in the night, for being the first week in August most of the fishermen were away on their holidays just like everyone else.

Right beside the harbour is Kealy's pub, now almost totally given over to being one of the best seafood restaurants in the

country. Joyce and Georgina had to leave the cruise here, so it made for a splendid farewell meal. A phone call to their house just south of the harbour soon had Joy and Liam McCormick to join us for an excellent party, with Liam himself in magnificently pugnacious form. Long after Joyce and Georgina had headed off for Howth, we were still partying at the McCormicks' fine loughside house, the conversation ranging effortlessly over many topics of sea and land. Eventually we returned aboard content in the feeling that we'd spent the evening in the company of a great man.

The morning brought much gentler conditions, and though beyond Inishowen Head a large swell still rolled in from the northwest, it looked good for a visit to Rathlin. Heading east, we went in to look at the Giants Causeway, which was disappointing, but much better than we expected was Carrick-a-Rede rope bridge some miles further on, suitably spectacular when seen against the sky.

Conditions were virtually windless when we got to Church Bay at 1150 but the swell persisted, so we didn't chance the shallows over The Bow to reach the harbour, and instead anchored off. Ashore, it was summer. McCuaig's pub is now owned by the McCurdy brothers, and they made us welcome. In the old Manor House, Jim McFaul is undertaking a remarkable restoration project with the Rathlin Trust which will put real heart into the island; it raised one's spirits to see this worthwhile community centre taking shape. We wandered off on our various ways. Knowing Rathlin to have small lakes, I took some shampoo bought in the island shop, and had a bath in a moorland pool. When we met up back at the pub, Peter McCurdy drolly assured me I had probably polluted the island's water supply.

We took the evening flood and went close inshore along that impressive Antrim coast to arrive in Carnlough with the dusk and the night's rain. Harry reckoned that after the high-powered gourmet tour of Donegal, simpler fare was needed, so by the time we caught up with him in O'Neill's, he had ordered traditional steaks with chips and onion rings - time warp food, and all the better for that.

Wind and rain in the night had cleared by the time we were getting under way at 0630 Thursday for the long haul to Carlingford. We needn't have bothered. Carnlough is meant to be dredged to 2 metres, but with our 2 metres draught we were aground in the entrance until the flood had made for an hour. John Stephenson had come in from Scotland in *Sorcha* some hours after us the night before, and he emerged on deck to find the red boat blocking out the sun and going nowhere, which caused much banter. One of the locals ambled down the pier, and informed us that the dredging company back in May had



Who says the sun doesn't shine in Donegal? - aboard *Witchcraft* on a fast passage from Culdaff to Greencastle are Harry and Joyce Whelehan, Johnny Wormald and Georgina Nixon.

Photo: W.M. Nixon

surprised everybody by dredging a pattern of holes in the harbour bed, and then assuring one and all that the desired depth would be achieved by the mud leeching into the holes.....

Most ingenious. Pity it didn't work, for it deprived us of a planned lunchtime stop to see the new harbour in Ardglass. But not to worry, for once we got away, outside we found a lively and sunny northerly which swept us south at a great pace sustained by one of Harry's breakfasts for heroes, and after we'd gybed at the South Rock at lunchtime, we'd increasingly smooth water the whole way to Carlingford. Yes - believe it or not, not only was it smooth going past St John's Point, but we'd effortless smooth sailing with a close reach across Dundrum Bay with the Mourne a sight of haunting beauty.

With 90 miles made good from Carnlough, we got into the little marina at Carlingford by squeezing past the sunken ship which now shelters the entrance. As it was dead low water, *Witchcraft* slithered on the mud the whole way to our berth. Then, as Harry was to take his departure to get to a wedding in Westmeath, we'd a proper Carlingford night out for his farewell party, starting with pints in P.J.'s. After that, it was on to a really classy meal in Jordan's Bistro, following which I sat back with such positive satisfaction in the old rocking chair that it executed a backwards somersault, from which I somehow emerged with pint still intact.....

As the forecast had been for Force 6 southerlies, we got away at 0700 to try and make southing before the wind arrived. By "we" I mean *Witchcraft* and me - Mr Wormald is definitely not a Dawn Patrol Person. Indeed, by the time Johnny came on deck elevenish and liverish, we were trundling along past Drogheda in a pleasant westerly with a hint of sun, the threatened southerlies having evaporated with the early morning's misty rain.

Far from being drudgery, this last little passage was thus an entertainment, for the tides were perfect for a tarpaulin muster at lunchtime in Skerries. So we found ourselves in Joe May's at peace with the world, mulling over an intriguing little cruise of 430 miles which had somehow extracted sunshine from the summer of '93, and taken us to six new places and some great people.

Our reverie was interrupted by the arrival of a bridegroom's

party, wedding-bound. The Best Man ordered six pints for himself and the Groom. "Get this down you, and I'll tell you what's happening today," he barked at the perspiring Groom, who was already chain-smoking, and looking about the place with a beseeching expression.

It was time to go home.

The Luck of Lleyn

You don't call it The Lleyn, or worse still, The Lleyn Peninsula. It's simply Lleyn, that magic piece of Wales which shelters Tremadoc Bay and looks across the water towards the peerless Snowdon range. Time was when it was a restless yet worthwhile place to cruise. Now that there's a proper harbour at Pwllheli, you can more confidently sail around its open places, knowing there's a good bolthole nearby. And if real summer weather arrives, it's a place of total enchantment.

It's difficult to say when we first got the feeling that the poor weather of July and most of August would be redeemed by a brief spell of genuine summer around the time of the Pwllheli-Howth race at the end of August. But somehow the feeling was there, and the plan evolved whereby Harry and I would cruise *Witchcraft* to Lleyn for a couple of days, and then the foredeck athletes would join in Pwllheli for the race home.

The plan was strengthened by persuading Gerry Kavanagh ICC out of his rural seclusion in Waterford for a spot of sailing, taking in the cruising and the racing. It became perfect with the news that John Malcolm ICC would join us from the flatlands of East Anglia for the race back. Simon and Denis the foredeck aces had long since said they'd be there, as they were mad keen on a first trip on the *Sea Lynx* to take them to Holyhead on the way to Pwllheli. All that was needed was the advent of the requisite high pressure system, and sure enough around August 23rd it began moving in from the Atlantic.

It was a little shy at first, and on the evening of Wednesday August 25th it was still a little too far west. Thus the northerly winds were of such strength that our proposed first stop, at the north facing bay of Porth Dinllaen on Lleyn's west coast, would have been untenable. But Harry and Gerry and I simply slept on board *Witchcraft* in Howth Marina, snug despite the cold night, and when we sailed at 0600 next morning the sting had gone out of the wind, and a Whelehan breakfast put us in great shape as we swept out past the Kish.

The north to northeast breeze was brisk enough as we romped across channel in sunshine. But there was no vice to it, we felt sure it would ease towards evening, and though there was a sea rolling into Porth Dinllaen as we secured to the handy Visitors' Mooring at 1640 she lay easy and we got ashore on a real summer's evening without getting wet.

Porth Dinllaen was worth some slight discomfort, for it's charming, the cluster of cottages in the corner of the cove being reachable only along the strand. You step into the Ty Coch Inn straight from the beach, and the mood is total holiday. On that evening, with the



A summer place – the cluster of cottages at Porth Dinllaen, with the Ty Coch Inn in the middle.

Photo: W.M. Nixon

sunlight strong on the peaks of Yr Eifl across the bay, it was all we'd hoped for, except that the food in the bar looked very basic. Not to worry. A stroll along the beach to the next cluster of houses brought us to The Cliffs Bar and Restaurant, where we met up with steaks and Boddington's and all sorts of people to go with them. Then back in the sunset for a nightcap in the Ty Coch before rowing out in an anchorage which was now windless - it was exactly as we had dreamt of it in the rains of July.

We were getting under way around 0630 on the Friday morning when the sun popped up over the mountains. It was to be with us all day. But it took some time for the breeze to build up, so we motored south towards breakfast at Bardsey, keeping an eye out for the many crab and lobster pot markers along a coast reminiscent of North Cornwall, but much more thinly populated.

Nearing Braich-y-pwll, Gerry asked me to look over to starboard. A white dolphin broke the surface. Harry saw it too. Gerry was very relieved. "Years ago, racing round here, I saw it" he said. "I thought I was seeing things". But there's definitely a white dolphin in the school which makes its home off the west coast of Wales. Together with the school, it stayed with us for a while, and then they veered away as we turned through a flat calm Bardsey Sound and round into Lighthouse Cove.

For most sailing folk, Bardsey is so synonymous with rough water that it's odd to see it calm. We anchored in the cove outside the moored Warden's boat, and rowed ashore as seals swam about us. On the rocks, seals were calling to each other. A young fisherman at the little landing place told us they only did that when the weather was well settled. We agreed with the seals.

Bardsey used to be a great island of pilgrimage, so much so that three pilgrimages to Bardsey were the equivalent of one pilgrimage to Rome. Anyone going to Bardsey was called a saint, so we were the three saints of *Witchcraft*. Tradition has it that there are the graves of 20,000 saints on the island, which moved one sardonic observer to comment that it would be easier to find graves for so many saints than saints for so many graves.

Yet on that morning of summer perfection with the air shimmering and the seals calling, it was easy to be saintly, at least until one began to think of lunch. We reflected on the number of crab pot markers we'd seen on the way down the coast. So we went back on board, and with the breeze now beginning to set in from the north, we went across to the big south facing bay of Aberdaron, anchored close inshore, and went into the village in search of large crab salads.

Aberdaron is the sacred and profane. The pilgrims used to rest there before making the often very rough crossing to Bardsey.

At a building called Y Gegin Fawr (the Big Kitchen) they were entitled to a free meal. It's still there in the heart of the village, it's undoubtedly Medieval, and you can still get a meal in it, but these days it's far from free, and the waitresses are tricked out in Disneyesque traditional costumes.

But on a summer's day in Aberdaron, you can always go



Lighthouse Cove on Bardsey

Photo: W.M. Nixon

into the cool of the Ship Inn and have a fine feed of locally caught crab, which is exactly what we did. And then we had a thought-provoking stroll around the old pilgrims' church by the beach, which narrowly avoids being engulfed in sand. That fiery Welsh cleric-poet R.S. Thomas was the minister here until his retirement 15 years ago. Now aged 80, he still lives up the road in the heart of Lleyn, railing against the spread of English, yet with no great hopes of the Welsh: "an impotent people./ Sick with inbreeding./ Worrying the carcass of an old song."

In the peace of the little church, looking out through a window past the old gravestones at our red boat serene in the bay, it was difficult even to imagine such rage. The sea breeze was strengthening across Lleyn, so we went aboard and hauled the anchor and sailed east inside Ynys Gwylan-fawr and on with increasing speed as the breeze built into Tremadoc Bay, ending with a romping sail into Pwllheli where Squire Jones was on the pontoon to invite us to the pre-race party at his house, Penmaen, where portion control is unknown.

The hospitality was almost the undoing of us, for after Penmaen we were guided by Kieran Jameson, last seen in Donegal, to Mariners, a basement eatery which apparently had been much favoured by the *jeunesse doree* during ISORA Week. The pace in no way slackened, but somehow we got back to Pwllheli Sailing Club, and there were the rest of our gallant crew, just as it had all been planned. Soon the sound of snoring from the red boat indicated athletes in training for the big race.

It started in the lightest of airs, and we found a line of breeze and luck was our way - by Tudwal's Island, *Witchcraft* was clear ahead. We lost a bit by holding too far offshore going down to Bardsey in a soft and sunny southerly, but once Bardsey was astern, Gerry came into his own as a master helmsman on the cross channel spinnaker reach on an afternoon of strong sunshine and a rising southerly breeze. Thanks to Ger, we were hanging in with boats that should have left us for dead, and though we'd to drop the spinnaker for a while approaching the Kish, as dusk drew on the breeze eased again, up went the bag, and we were into the finish comfortably before closing time. It transpired we'd won our class by 2 minutes and 56 seconds. In the three days on the boat, we'd covered almost 200 miles. Golden days and golden miles - the Luck of Lleyn was with us.

Cruise to the Azores on *L'Exocet*

Bernard Corbally



We left Dun Laoghaire at 15.07 on Thursday 8th July with Ann Woulfe Flanagan, Terence Moran and Tom Condon as crew. The wind was SW.F.4, gusting F.5 and the sun was shining. We could hardly have had a better start to our cruise. We settled in immediately into a four hour watch system, except for the "Dog Watch" which, was split into two watches, so that our watch times would change each day.

Our speed over the ground averaged nearly 8k as far as the N.Arklow Buoy, which we left to starboard as we continued our passage outside the sand banks. The wind died completely as we were enjoying a beautiful sunset. Reluctantly, we started the engine and motored to maintain our average speed at over 5k. It had began to blow again by the time we had reached the Tuskar the sea had become very lumpy. It was raining heavily and we were also being headed. So, we continued motor sailing to clear the light house and the shipping channels. All night long, the boat rolled and bucked as it crashed its way through a rough and disturbed sea. A faint smell of diesel oil below decks made visits to the chart table more challenging than usual. Everybody felt a lot happier when the wind moved round to WNW at about 09.45 and it stopped raining. Within minutes, we were enjoying some fabulous sailing, slicing through the water at over 6k in a F.6 with a reef in the main and a partially furled fore sail. The sun came out and the wind stayed with us all day. However, it was a popular idea to put a second reef in the main to quieten our motion down for the night.

Our reefing operation was progressing smoothly until, suddenly, just as we were beginning to tighten the reefing pennant, the wind started gusting. Before we realized what was happening, the furling foresail had caught on the cross trees and was ripping badly. We managed to furl most of it, but some pieces had wrapped themselves round the wrong way. The result was that we had a couple of sizable bights of sail flogging wildly, high up the forestay. The vibration in the rigging was horrific! We bore away down wind and then managed to wrap the spinnaker halyard round and round the forestay in such a manner that it bound in the flogging sail. It was very dark. The wind was still F.6 and the waves were big and breaking. We decided to hold our course for the night and to sort out our problem in the morning.

The conditions were still the same the next morning. But at least we could see the extent of our problem. All our attempts to unravel the sail failed. Terence bravely volunteered to go up the forestay and to attempt to cut the rogue pieces of sail free with a knife. It was soon very evident that this was not a practical proposition under the prevailing wind and sea conditions. We were unable to prevent him from being swung about violently and had to lower him immediately. Finally, at 13.35, we turned back to head for Kinsale (110M).

We arrived in Kinsale at 10.00 on Sunday 11th July. Tom cut the sail down, oblivious of the cries of anguish of the

skipper. Erica was contacted to bring a spare fore sail out to Horta. We filled up with diesel and were on our way again at 18.05. In the meantime, we had managed to sort out all our gear and stores and get them properly stowed. We also managed to redress the balance of weight on board, which had been making us a bit too bow heavy. We now felt a lot more ship-shape for a long passage.

The sun was shining and there was a useful breeze as we sailed out of the estuary under main and our remaining foresail, the number 3. Later on, we motored for an hour as a lull in the breeze coincided with a lovely sunset.

It was still dark at 04.25 on Tuesday 13th July, when a french trawler approached us rapidly on our starboard side. It then proceeded to head us off onto a course of 120°C for several miles. If we showed any inclination to cross behind it, the trawler flashed the warning signal "U" on its top light. It must have had a very long trawl!

On Thursday 15th July it was a dismal foggy morning with heavy mist and occasional heavy rain squalls. Our progress was good, but moral was dipping after three days of this type of weather. So, we switched on the Eberspacher heater to dry out the cabin and, maybe, cheer ourselves up a bit. Nothing happened! We guessed that water had got up the heater exhaust pipe. At last, at 15.50, we caught a glimpse of blue sky. Later, that evening we began to enjoy a beautiful starry night.

Friday, 16th. July ,

There was a popular wind which veered around until we could hold our course for Horta. Then it died and we had to motor. At 09.00, we noticed that our batteries were not being charged. Had we over loaded the Alternator and damaged it? We decided to conserve our battery energy for engine starts, until we had sorted out this problem. So, all on board electrics were



Running is fun in a force 7.

Photo: Dave Weaver

switched off. The Walker Log was streamed and everybody began to practice taking sun sights with the sextant. The skipper produced a programme card from his Organizer, which contained all the necessary tables and would handle all the calculations. He was less complacent when he discovered that the Organizer batteries were flat! However, we did have Reid's Almanac and the sun did shine for mid-day sights. Our fix was about 15M away from our Dead Reckoning position. So, we became confident that we would be able to find The Azores! It was also great to be able to dry everything in the sunshine. That night, the display of shooting stars was fantastic.

It was wonderful to feel the weather getting warmer, at last! Also, for the first time this cruise, we were able to sail off the wind, and how pleasurable it was! These were much better conditions for problem solving down below. We finally tracked down the alternator problem to a very badly corroded multiwire connector on the Adverc battery manager. There was great celebration as we switched back on the radio, instruments and fridge. It also seemed to be a good time to do a bit of dentistry. Ann, with one knee on the skipper's chest, glued a temporary tooth crown back in place.

Later when the wind died off we heaved to and a warp was streamed astern for the crew to have a swim in water over 4000m. deep!

Monday, 19th. July was a fabulous day of sunshine sailing in a NW.F.6 With the white water of breaking waves glittering in the sunshine all around us, we were completely enthralled by our environment. As we creamed along at 6 to 7k. our sympathy went out to a french yacht, which passed us heading north with its sails heavily reefed. It was the first yacht that we had seen at sea since we had left Dun Laoghaire.

On Tuesday, 20th. July we decided to change our destination from Horta to Sta.Maria, which was about 50M nearer. We altered our course to 225°C. The wind was a favorable N.F.4. By 12.58, it had dropped significantly. We motorsailed to maintain a high average speed.

The conditions in the main cabin became untenable with fumes at 00.33 Wednesday, 21th. July. We suspected an engine exhaust system leak until we realized that the problem was due to the following wind. We cut the motor and the skipper went back to sleep. But, not for long, an inadvertent gybe threw Ann over her lee cloth onto the cabin floor. Most fortunately, she was only shaken and bruised and not badly hurt.

By mid-day, a rather dull morning had lightened up to glimpses of the sun. But, it was not until 15.26, that our spirits soared. Tom had sighted land off our starboard bow! It was a marvelous sight, and impressive too. The mountain tops were lost in white cloud and the coastline was all high cliffs. It was Sao Miguel. A quick calculation confirmed that to make for Porto Delgado would have meant a night time arrival. This would not have been difficult. But, at this stage, we felt that it would have been a waste of sightseeing time. So, we gave it an offing of about 5M. and headed on for Sta. Maria.

The dawn was breaking as we approached the east end of Sta.Maria. What a lovely sight it

was, as the early morning sunlight revealed the high cliffs with dark green cultivation above them. In the background were small mountains lightly shrouded in white cloud. Our expectations of memorable island scenery was already being fulfilled. The cliff scenery, along the south coast, was not so much impressive as beautiful in its variety of rock shape and color. The bay of Vila Do Porto was particularly lovely, with a superb view of the unspoiled village sitting on the top of the cliff.

We anchored in 9m. halfway along a line between the end of the infill and the point on the pier where it gets narrower. We had two french and two dutch yachts for company. We cleared through the Guarda Fiscal and Harbor Master, at their offices by the inner harbor, and then explored the town. The bar cafe, near the top, was already occupied by the other crews. So, we joined the party. Hans Buningh, *Aeolus*, knew many of our friends in the ICC. Much later on, we discovered two well stocked supermarkets. There was also a large modern hotel under construction.

We left Vila Do Porto at 20.15, and were soon creaming along in a NE.F5. The sunset was magnificent, with layers of jet black cloud silhouetted against a deep orange background. It was mesmerizing to watch. However, our euphoria was shattered at 22.55, when we were hit by a very heavy rain squall. Minutes later we were becalmed! We motored the rest of the way to Ponta Delgado, Sao Miguel, arriving at the Port Authorities quay at 08.20 Friday, 23rd. July.

Terence replenished our stores, while the rest of us took a taxi ride around the east side of the island. The countryside roadways, lined with masses of Azaleas, wild roses and other lovely flowers, were impressive and delightful. The thermal sulphur springs were interesting, but, it was really the natural beauty of the countryside that we enjoyed most.

On Thursday Terence remained in Sao. Miguel to join his wife, and son Thomas, for a weeks holiday. We departed, under motor, for Terciera at 02.12. The plan was to arrive at Angra Do Heroismo in daylight.(Approx. 95M.). The sun shone all day and the surface of the water showed hardly a ripple. Nobody complained! Later Tom woke the skipper somewhat urgently. The cabin was full of strong acrid fumes. The source was quickly identified as the engine batteries. They were very very hot and gassing profusely. We suspected a regulator fault. However, when we let them cool down, and topped them up with water, the problem did not reoccur.



L'Exocet in Vila de Porto, Santa Maria.

Photo: Bernard Corbally

As we approached Angra, the Cabras Rocks were very prominent. Another useful aid to navigation was a 149m., hillock south west of Pta.Do Baixo, which was visible from about 15M. out. From a distance, the Monte Brazil also looked like a rock in the sea.

Our entrance into the Angra Bay was marked by the resounding boom of two cannon shots. Instinctively, we looked for the splashes. We were definitely in a heavily fortified area with an impressive fort on each side of us. The town had an aura of old colonial splendour. We were delighted with our choice of anchorage. There were only three other yachts at anchor as we picked a place as close as we dared to the big commercial pier. The Guarda Fiscal met us on the pier and was friendly and helpful. We supped on delicious omelets served by a small pavement cafe on the main street.

Sunday 25th. July

We joined up with Michael Walden, *Trimbley Maid*, for a morning walk through deserted narrow cobbled streets. It was a charming little town with parks and some impressive buildings. Later on, we lunched in the Club Nautica and found their baby octopus specialty to be absolutely delicious.

After lunch, we hired a taxi to visit Praia Do Victoria. The anchorage is very protected, but not nearly so attractive as Angra. There were lots of people in the town and the beaches were packed solid. The airport is just beside the town, which would be convenient for a crew change.

Like Sao Miguel, the countryside was full of Hydrangeas, particularly along the road sides. There was a profusion of other wild flowers and the views were lovely. The drive up to the top Mont Brazil was impressive and well worth the time.

We left Angra on Monday afternoon and used the red transit lights to take us clear of the Brazil. It was a beautiful starry night without a breath of wind. The shore lights on Terciera soon began to look like a garland of sparkling diamonds around the island. As the dawn broke, the whole island was silhouetted against a deep orange colored sky. We felt well rewarded for our early start. The lights on Sao Jorge were also visible, which made navigation very easy.

It was a beautiful day with a sprinkling of white clouds across the blue sky. A favorable light breeze allowed us to sail through the Sao Jorge Canal, with the high cliffs of Sao Jorge to starboard and the dramatic 2353m. Pico volcanic mountain to port. It was fantastic scenery which had us completely mesmerized.

The wind became very fickle as we entered the Canal Do Faial, swinging through 180 degrees within seconds on several occasions. It also varied, almost as quickly, between F.0 and F.4 in strength. Our course was equally erratic! We arrived at the Harbor Authorities quay, in Horta, in the late afternoon.

Jose Azevedo, Cafe Sport, gave us directions to find the town house, which he had very kindly arranged for the family. After a delightful family reunion, we all adjourned to the Capote Restaurant for a celebration dinner. The food was excellent and both the white Graciosa and the red Periquita wines were very popular.

We spent eight wonderful days in Horta, which included a sail across to Pico and a taxi tour of Faial Island. Patrick Davey joined us on Friday, 30th. July, and Ann departed on Sunday, 1st. August.

Unfortunately, the Pico Mountain was hidden in cloud during our visit to Madelana. We picked up a mooring, which was close to a popular bathing place on the south side of the harbor. A Guarda Fiscal met us on the shore and insisted that we bring our papers to the office for clearance. We had been assured, by the Horta office, that this would be unnecessary on Pico! Since the conditions were unsuitable for climbing the mountain, we spent a leisurely day in the village. However, Erica and Linda did save the honor of the expedition, by returning on a later date and reaching the top. Their arduous climb was followed by several days of painful mobility.

Our taxi tour of Faial Island involved many stops to enjoy beautiful panoramic views. There were miles of Hydrangea hedges and, in places, whole hillsides were covered with them. There were also lots of other wild flowers which made the countryside a heavenly place to find oneself. We were greatly impressed by the Capelinhos, which is an extension to the island added on by the 1957-1958 eruption of a volcano. The light house, which is now well inland, is still buried up to the first floor! The new landscape is a series of mountainous sand dune like hills with no vegetation. The visit to the Caldeira volcano was a bit of an anticlimax and disappointing.

Patrick had finished our painting on a harbour wall on Tuesday. So, the big decision "to be on our way" was made. We took Ruth Corbally on as crew, filled up with diesel and left Horta at before noon. An attempt to beat against a light wind was soon abandoned, and we motored all the way to Velas on Sao Jorge. There was a collection of small boats, on moorings, quite close in to the cliffs on the east side of the bay. On the outer edge of these, were two or three larger mooring buoys which we moved in to investigate.

A group of Irish tourists greeted us on the pier and recommended the Velence Restaurant for dinner. The owner, Jose Pereira, spoke good English and was an excellent source of information on the Island. He also fed us extremely well and introduced us to the local fire water, Agua Dente, which is made from fermented rhubarb. We found it to be very addictive!

We hired an English speaking taxi driver, Luis Vieira, (Tel. 42474) who was eloquent and interesting. He showed us the tower of a church in Urzelina the rest of which was buried in lava in 1808. He brought us into the beautiful old church of Sta.



L'Exocet in Velas, São Jorge

Photo: Bernard Corbally



L'Exocet in Santa Cruz, Flores.

Barbara in Manadas. We were given a tour of a cheese factory. We saw the Faja Do Ouvidor, where the islanders used to barter water for wine with visiting boats from Graciosa. It is said that a German U-Boat also got water there during the war. There were many vantage points where we stopped to enjoy fantastic views of the rugged cliffs which make up the coast line. Also, like all the other islands, there were wild flowers everywhere. We dined well that evening in the Snack Bar O Recato.

On Thursday 5th August we headed off for Vila da Praia in Graciosa at 06.24. Once again, we enjoyed a lovely windless day. As we passed inside the island Baixo, we were apprehensive about the dramatic water swirls which could indicate rocks. We dropped anchor about half way between the red buoy and the pier at the entrance to the inner harbour.

There were three other yachts anchored in the bay, two French and one English. It is very much a village port, with limited shopping and only one restaurant that we could find. Bread is brought in each day from Sta. Cruz. We were charmed by the place and by the friendliness of the people. However, our peaceful anchorage was somewhat disturbed by a lone jet skier.

We visited Sta. Cruz, where the anchorage looked exposed and the swell appeared to be considerable. It is a nice town with two small lakes in the centre and an impressive large tree lined square. We started to walk back to Sta. Cruz, and got as far as the long hill before succumbing to the offer of a lift in the back of a truck. We enjoyed dinner in the restaurant which is on the coast road the other side of the main pier from the harbour.

Saturday, 7th. August

We left Praia at 06.13 in order to allow sufficient time to arrive in Flores by early afternoon the next day. It was a gloriously sunny day with negligible wind and we motored most of the way. A school of dolphins joined us for a while in the afternoon. That night, the Milky Way was very clear across the star filled sky. There was also a $\frac{3}{4}$ moon to add to the pleasure of our overnight passage.

On Sunday, 8th. August, Flores was sighted twenty seven miles away at 06.55. When we arrived off Sta. Cruz, we tried to call the port on the VHF. We had just given up hope of getting an answer and were approaching the rocks to investigate the entrance to the harbour, when our call was answered in English. We were told to continue our approach

through the outer rocks and that somebody would meet us to guide us into the harbour. The gap between the exposed rocks was about 20m., but we could see submerged rock on both sides which reduced the passage to approximately 8m. Carlos was in a rowing boat the other side and came on board. The harbour entrance was immediately to our right and there was an excursion type motorboat to starboard as we turned in. Carlos indicated that we should pass close to this boat. We did not realize that he meant that we should push along its fenders and consequently found ourselves against the rock which we had interpreted, from the sketch chart, to be much further into the harbour. A warp to the other boat soon had us free into the harbour, where we anchored and turned

Photo: Bernard Corbally

before securing ourselves with warps on all four quarters. We enjoyed an excellent dinner in the Sereia Restaurant, which is only about four houses up from the quay on the street leading off to the left.

sJose Garcia da Costa was justifiably proud of his island when he took us on the most enjoyable of all our taxi tours. Flores is only 17km. long by 14km. wide but the scenery and views everywhere we went were spectacular. There are seven really beautiful lakes formed by extinct volcanos which, we were told, were full of fish and exhilarating to swim in. There was a great variety of wild flowers- Hydrangeas, Climbing Roses, red and yellow Canna Lilies, Agapanthus- all in abundance. We saw a lot of rugged coastal scenery and small almost isolated communities tucked into fertile valleys leading down to the ocean. High waterfalls glittered in the sunlight all over the place. This was definitely our favourite island.

The new 450m. pier in Lajes is almost completed and should provide excellent shelter for yachts. It would provide a sensible alternative to Sta. Cruz in stormy weather, or to avoid a crush. We also looked at the Old Whaling Station and noted that there were heavy ropes strung across the inlet to the south of the pier, which might not be obvious to a visiting yacht. Faja Grande, on the west side of the island, would be a very pleasant anchorage under settled conditions.

Tuesday, 10th. August

We extracted ourselves safely from Sta.Cruz at 10.15 and made for Corvo to complete our "Grand Slam Tour" of all the Azores islands. We anchored in 6m. about a cable off from the end of the jetty at Vila Nova, which is the only landing place on the island and is completely exposed. Having read several accounts of yachts losing their anchors here, we fitted our tripping line and checked our holding very carefully before rowing ashore.

There was no need to clear through officials on Corvo. The airport is right by the village. From there we got seats in a the back of a small truck (500 escudos each), which brought us on a hair raising trip to the top of the Caldera. One gets some good coastal views on the way up, but it is the view of the crater that makes the trip worthwhile. There were lakes with islands and beaches at the bottom, and cows were grazing on bright green grass. Hydrangeas were growing down the sides. It all made a lovely picture. We were joined on this trip by Daniel Gouviera and his family, all of them keen sailors, but enjoying a land holiday on this occasion. He had very kindly

changed dollars for us to enable us to pay for the excursion, which is a service that not even the restaurant at the airport would provide.

We recovered our anchor, without any problems, at 16.53 and motored for twenty hours before there was sufficient wind to sail properly. Our course was 35°M, which we hoped would take us more quickly into a westerly air flow. We also hoped that it would take us to the west of a low, which we had noted on a TV weather map the previous evening. A WNW wind picked up to F.3 at 16.00 on Wednesday, which allowed us to sail for about three hours before dying completely. It was a hot sunny day and everybody lazed about and enjoyed it. At 00.22 on Thursday morning, we got a bit more wind from the WSW and the weather began to



Harbour and Marina, Horta, Faial.

Photo: Bernard Corbally

deteriorate. By 05.50, we were being hit by a series of heavy rain squalls and there was a lot of ominous looking black cloud about. Soon afterwards, the wind backed to NW. F.5 and we noted that the barometer was falling. By 09.50, it was blowing F.6 and the waves had become quite large. At this point, we put two reefs in the main. Before long, it was F.7 and we were crashing along at 7k. in sunshine. The barometer began to rise at 18.00. The wind remained strong and it began to get quite chilly. We maintained speed throughout the night, sometimes lit by sheet lightning and, at other times, just by star light. As the wind veered right around to NNE. we changed our course to 65°M.

Friday, 13th. August

A lovely sunrise introduced a beautiful sunny day, which we spent sailing at about 6 1/2k., except for an hour and a half in the middle of the day when we had to motor for lack of wind. The sky clouded over in the evening, but we continued to make over 4k. until mid-night.

Saturday, 14th. August

The wind died on us soon after mid-night and at 02.20, the engine ran out of fuel. We decided to enjoy some very relaxed sailing until daylight. At 09.00, there was still only a light breeze and we were back under engine. A sudden really vicious rain squall hit us at 12.45 and soaked our almost dry laundry. The weather got steadily worse with continuous rain and the wind increased to F.6. Our speed picked up to 5 1/2 k. and the barometer fell to 999.5mB. We realized that we were on the wrong side of this low, but we were very reluctant to turn back south. The barometer dropped a millibar over the next hour and then began to fall at over 2mBs per hour. At 19.20, the waves had become formidable and the wind was gusting well over F.8. The barometer was reading 996.5mB and still falling rapidly. It was obviously going to be an uncomfortable night but it was only tough to handle during the gusts. By 23.45, the barometer was down to 988mB, having fallen 8 1/2 mB in four hours, and it was still falling. At this stage, we were surging along at almost 6k. under a few feet of Jenny. It was a pitch black night except for the wash from the waves crashing about us, which every now and then dropped a load of water into the cockpit. The wind and waves together created a tremendous amount of noise, to which one was strangely oblivious until one went below.

Sunday, 16th. August

The wind and waves began to die down at about 05.00, and by

05.20, we needed the engine to maintain steerage. The sky above was full of stars and changed to a lovely blue as daylight took over. There was, however, a rather ominous halo of cloud around the distant horizon, and our barometer was reading a steady 980mB. We were in the eye of the storm! On the assumption that the low would probably move east or north-east, we decided to head north-west. We hoped that this might prove to be the shortest way out of it without turning south.

At about 06.15, the steering jammed. Fortunately, we quickly identified the cause. A special stainless steel tank, that had been fitted as part of the Ebberspacher diesel heating system, had fallen down on top of the steering linkage and was preventing any movement. The problem was easily rectified under the prevailing calm conditions.

A breeze began to strengthen from the NE at 07.00, but we continued motoring for another 2 1/2 hours. Soon we were sailing roughly NNW under a half furled genoa only. By carefully adjusting our angle to what had become monstrous waves, we maintained a speed of about 3k. which was just sufficient to allow us to head up a bit against any threatening looking breakers. Every now and then, we would take a wave over the bow which would leave only the mast and canopy visible. Sometimes, they filled the cockpit giving the helmsman a real dousing in the process. The sky was a horrible grey and the noise of the wind and waves was horrific. The view from the top of a wave was awe inspiring. The whole surface of the ocean was covered with foam and blown streaks of spray, except for the huge patches of baby blue coloured aerated water where particularly large waves had broken with tremendous force. With the wind gusting at over 50k. the spray was painful and the salt stung the eyes. Wearing glasses was a mixed blessing as it was difficult to see sufficiently well to monitor the waves. When the foresail began to tear at the leach near the top, we furled in the torn piece, and when it tore again, we furled in some more. At this stage, we had only about 4ft. of fore sail left working for us.

After about four hours of continuous battering, cracks of blue sky began to appear, which gradually spread our way. The wind began to abate slightly and we noted that the barometer was rising. We all began to feel a lot happier, despite the fact that the waves were still mountainous. The panorama of broken seas glittering in the sunshine was an awesome but beautiful sight, which will remain in our

memories for a very long time. It was time for the skipper to take a break and he went below to change every sodden stitch of his clothes and to grab some sleep.

It was about 14.00, and the skipper had only just began to doze, when there was an almighty crash against the hull. In the same instant, he found Ruth on top of him, still in her sleeping bag. She had been thrown right across the cabin and collected a frightenly huge bump on her head en route. The floor of the cabin was a swirling soup of navigational equipment, personal belongings, locker covers, floorboards, books, tins etc, etc. The whole port side of the cabin was festooned with similar debris. We had been caught by a massive rogue wave and knocked down!

It took several moments for the skipper to extricate himself and get to the hatch to check the external situation. Tom was still at the helm, having hung on despite being completely submerged by the wave. Patrick was in his seat on the starboard side of the cockpit. He had been swept over the side and dragged along under the water by his harness for a few seconds until his life jacket self-inflated. He was beginning to wonder which way was up when he was shot up to the surface. The boat was still on its side, so he was able to clamber in easily as it self righted. They were both pretty dazed and soaked to the skin. There was no damage to the hull of the yacht and the rigging was intact. The bit of fore sail, that we had been using, was in tatters, and the canopy had been dislodged. The wind instruments on the top of the mast had been snapped off and everything that was under the canopy had disappeared. Later, we found the onion bag, which had been under the canopy, lodged in the winch -handle cubbyhole!

Having established that the boat was secure and safe, Ruth's condition was our immediate concern. By the time the skipper had tucked her up with a couple of blankets, a hot water bottle and a mug of sweet tea, her condition appeared to be getting worse. After a quick reference to Reid's and to our emergency medical book, we were left in no doubt that she was suffering from concussion, possibly serious, and that hospital attention as soon as possible must be our urgent priority. The skipper switched on the Lokata 406mHz. EPIRB Distress Beacon, which had been purchased specifically for this cruise. Nothing happened; the light on the top did not flash; it made no noise. There was no indication that the device had been activated. So, we also optimistically switched on our 121.5 mHz. transmitter and began to make periodic Pan Pan calls on our VHF, in the hope that there would be some shipping within range. In the meantime, we were running under bare pole on a course of approx. 220°C.

After a superficial tidy-up of the cabin, the skipper relieved Tom and Patrick at 15.30. The course before the waves was 190°C, and it required considerable vigilance by the helmsman to ensure that we were squared up in front of those that were breaking. The sun was still shining and there was only a scatter of white clouds. Were it not for the worry about Ruth, it would have been thoroughly enjoyable. The sea scape scenery was fabulous, with a shimmering film of spray covering everything. The space between the waves looked like hundreds of yards and every wave top was broken. Occasionally, we got picked up and surged along at great speed. But most of the time we were making about 4k.

Tom took over again at 17.30. There appeared to be no sign of abatement in the sea condition, although the wind had dropped to about F.7. Ruth was feeling sick and extremely unwell. So, when we heard a voice on the VHF speaking a foreign language, our hopes soared. However, our PAN PAN was followed by complete silence. Had we been heard? Some minutes later, an English voice came through intermittantly. We repeated our message, and it soon became evident that our



The *Obo Victory* which brought Ruth to New York.

Photo: Bernard Corbally

co-ordinates had been picked up by the freighter *The Avelona Star*, although we had difficulty in hearing them. Half an hour later, we had good reception and learned that they had been in contact with Plymouth, and that a Nimrod was flying out to co-ordinate a transfer for Ruth. The relief on board *L'Exocet* was unimaginable, but we did wonder how it could possibly be achieved under the prevailing wind and sea conditions. Three other ships, *Independent Spirit*, *Rimbaud & Obo Victory*, also altered course to see if they could render any assistance. The Nimrod crew requested information from each of them about their facilities to cope with concussion, and also about their capability to affect a transfer from a yacht.

The *Avelona Star* (destination Costa Rica) was the first ship to reach us. They maintained station nearby, which we found very reassuring. They also provided a communication route to the Nimrod until it got sufficiently close to reach us directly. We never saw the plane, despite being told where to look. It was soon established that the *Obo Victory* was the only vessel that could offer a stable platform for a transfer. Their medical facilities were less extensive than the other ships, but Plymouth was able to provide plenty of medical advice.

At about 19.40, the Nimrod asked us to turn around and attempt to motor north, which would make it easier for the *Obo Victory* to reach us. With considerable intrepidation, we turned quickly in a relatively calm patch between the hugh waves. It was difficult as we got knocked from NNE to NNW, but we managed to achieve an average of about 1k. in the right direction.

The *Obo Victory* reached us at about 22.30 and requested that we come alongside on their starboard side. They would lower a stretcher on to our deck. We were to strap Ruth on to it. They would then hoist her on board. The situation obviously looked a lot different from the deck of a 55,000 ton tanker!

We reached their starboard side with some difficulty in crossing the seas. But as soon as we got into their lee, the respite from the weather, after hours of pounding, was fantastic. The crew of the *Obo Victory* were standing by with their stretcher and a battery of flood lights. The rest of the tanker was also a mass of lights. It was an awesome sight! When we got to within about twenty five feet of their pick-up point, which was just forward of their residential structure, we suddenly realized that we were being subjected to a tremendous suction force which was drawing us in towards the tanker. We gunned the engine flat out and only just managed to pull away. Contact, under those circumstances, would have cracked our hull like an egg. Also, although the *Obo Victory* was stable, the wave motion alongside, on which we would be riding, was about twenty feet . We informed the Master that it would not be possible for us to come alongside without wrecking the yacht and putting us all in unacceptable danger. At this stage, the Nimrod had had to depart due to its fuel



L'Exocet in Vila Nova, Corvo.

Photo: Bernard Corbally

limitation. So, the Master reported the situation back to Plymouth. They asked him to stand by us overnight and to provide us with a lee until the following morning, by which time the weather conditions were expected to have abated sufficiently for us to affect a transfer. We were absolutely delighted about the prospect of a lee, which would give Ruth some rest and allow us all to get some sleep.

The whole front end of the tanker, stretching out for about 150m., was like a huge waterfall, as the waves broke right across the deck. There was also a huge cloud of spray soaring about 50m. up into the air at the bow. Everything was flood lit, which created a fantastic stage setting. We were very disappointed when the Master ended this spectacle by switching off all the forward lights on the tanker. We quickly realized that we had no idea about where the unlit part of the tanker was relative to the direction in which we were moving. Since we were extremely concerned about keeping out of its suction zone, we headed away from the tanker. When we called the Master to explain our predicament, he kindly switched on a searchlight at the bow for our benefit.

As soon as there was sufficient daylight, we motored up as close as we dared to the tanker, but there was still a strong suction, and the waves were still rising and falling about 5m. alongside. After an exchange of many ideas, it was agreed that the *Obo Victory* would stop her engines and that we would attempt to hold station under a small gantry crane located on the first floor of their residential structure, near the stern of the ship. They would lower a cage containing a can of fuel (We were running short and had asked them if they could let us have a few gallons. They had replied "How much would you like!")

Our first attempt was a fiasco. We lost our boathook and tipped the can into the water in the process. However, it had given the skipper a feel for the timing of the operation. At the next attempt, we were asked to have Ruth ready to transfer to the cage. Tom agreed to hold her outside our life lines to facilitate a quick transfer. We came alongside the cage in a much more controlled manner this time, Ruth grabbed the cage, but there was some confusion about releasing her, and she had to let go. One of the cage guiding ropes caught around her ankle. Fortunately an officer on board the tanker heard her yell and, seeing what had happened, immediately seized the rope from the sailor and released the tension. In the meantime, the skipper had gone hard astern. Ruth was free, but it had been a very nasty moment. While this was happening, the cage had crashed down into the water and then come up and tangled with our life lines. We managed to break free with only a bit of

damage to the pushpit. At our third attempt, Ruth transferred successfully to the cage and was safely hoisted about 12m. to an upper deck on the tanker. The Master called us, a few minutes later, to reassure us that she was safe and unhurt.

A crew member of the *Obo Victory* very expertly threw a heaving line on board *L'Exocet*, which landed neatly in our cockpit. It was then quite easy to transfer four separate cans of diesel while we maintained station about 15m. off the tanker. They offered us plenty more, but their diesel had a much thicker viscosity than ours, and we were advised to use it in a 50/50 mix with our own.

At 09.20 on Sunday morning, we began motor sailing on a course of 70°C. in an NNE F.5. We were all tired and hungry and the seas were still impressively big, so the torn jenny was left be for the moment. Quite a bit of diesel was accidentally spilt on the cabin floor while topping up the tank, which was a nasty hazard apart from the smell. Some clothes also got soaked. The crew kindly carried out a major clean-up operation, and then grabbed a couple of hours sleep, whilst the skipper helmed.

By 21.25, the wind had dropped to about F.3 and the waves were a lot smaller. We replaced the torn jenny with our No.3 and continued motor sailing. We changed to two hour, single person, watches and instigated a zip calling system for both assistance and to awaken the next watch. This consisted of a light line attached to a sleeping bag zip and lead back to the helmsman, who simply pulled the line to unzip the occupant.

For several days, we had been pumping an ever increasing amount of sea water out of our bilges. We discovered that the center of our through hull depth sounder fitting had become unscrewed and was letting in a steady stream of water. A major search ensued to find the plug, which we eventually located in one of the toiletry cubby holes in the heads. This was only one of many items that migrated to strange places during the knockdown.

Wednesday, 18th. August

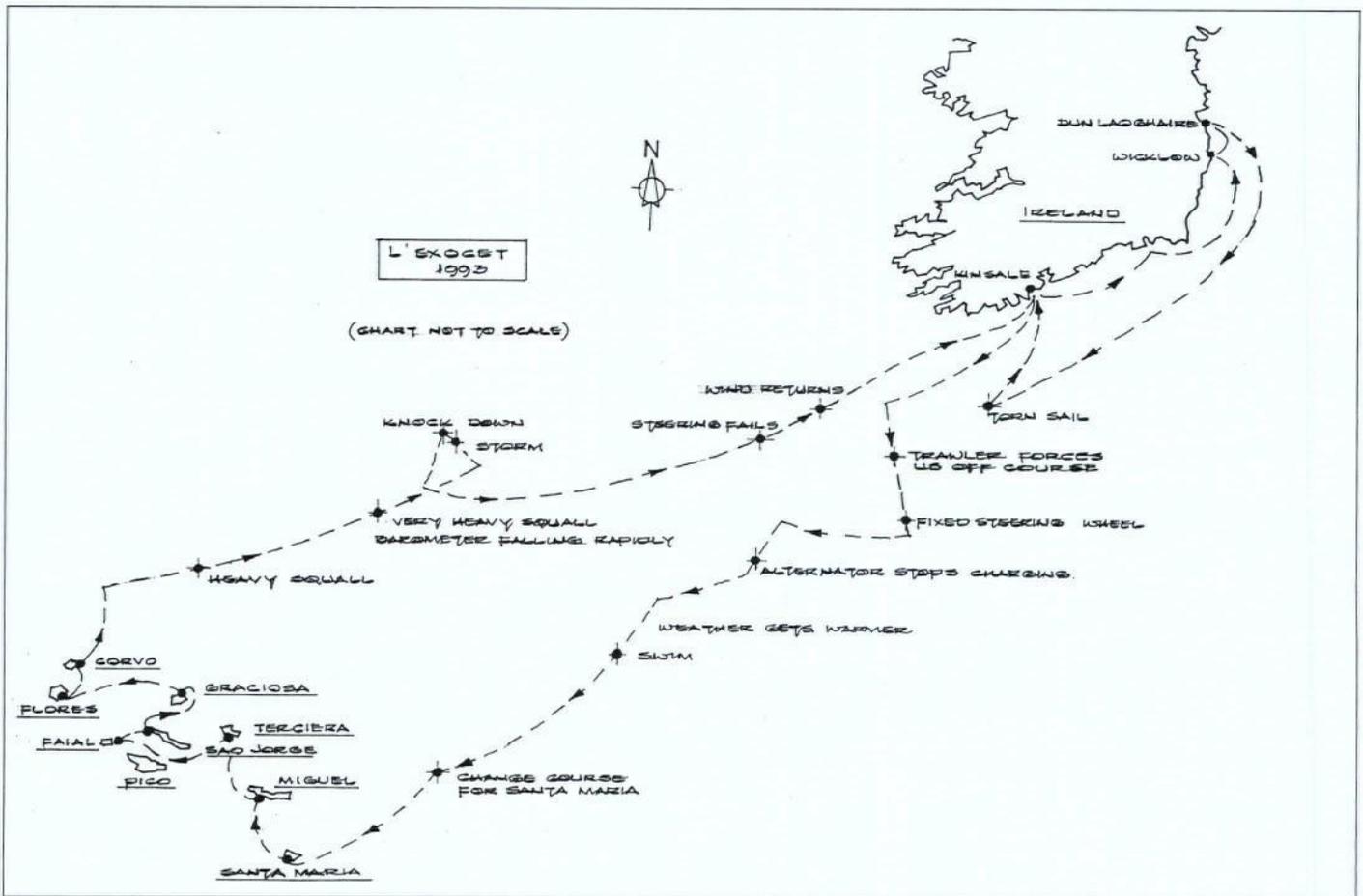
We were still motoring and beginning to get concerned about our diesel supply. At 06.45, the helmsman thought that he had momentarily fallen asleep when he noticed that he was sailing on the reciprocal of his correct course. A universal joint in the steering linkage had come apart disconnecting the wheel from the rudder, despite the fact that we had had the whole system checked professionally before the start of the cruise. The emergency tiller was put into use again, while we shaped up a piece of wood to hold it back in place with the help of jubilee clips and some plastic cable straps.

At 13.50, The cockpit bilge pump from the engine compartment became excessively stiff and difficult to prime. We discovered almost a whole reel of black insulation tape jammed in the the delivery tubing.

Our position was approximately 48°N. 17°W. at 17.50 when we picked up our first Radio 4 weather forecast, which predicted light SW winds.

Finally, on Thursday 19th. August after almost three days, we got sufficient wind to sail at 4.7k.

On Saturday 21th. August the wind dropped in the early morning, and once again we found ourselves motoring in fog. At 14.45, while we were still 90M off land, we began to hear Valentia Radio on the VHF. Soon afterwards, we were



creaming along at 6k. with two reefs, enjoying a great sail despite heavy mist and poor visibility. As it got dark, we encountered quite a lot of shipping, which keep us on our toes.

Sunday 22nd. August

At 01.23, we received a link call from Erica with the news that Ruth had arrived safely in New York and was recovering well from her concussion. The wind had picked up to NNE F6 and the waves were big and somewhat erratic. We decided to make our progress more comfortable by taking down the No.3 and motor sailing with the reefed main. It was a pitch black night and we were down to our last torch (out of seven at the start of the cruise!), so the operation took a long time. While it was happening, to add to the drama, a huge tanker was approaching us on a collision course. It was difficult for the helmsman to communicate a need for urgency to the foredeck under the prevailing conditions. So, he was greatly relieved to be able to change course when the job was done!

We got our first sight of land for ten days, at 11.25. which, we felt, justified an immediate celebration. At 02.45., An Aluette Helicopter approached us at great speed. Patrick drew our attention to it by shouting "The Press are coming!" We must have made an impressive sight as we crashed through the waves at about 7k., creating a tremendous amount of wash which was glittering in the sunlight. At 18.00, we started the engine to motor the last twenty seven miles to Kinsale, which we reached at 00.59 on Monday morning. Soon afterwards, *Santhia* tied up alongside us in the marina, and Tom O'Connor, with his crew, joined us for a late supper.

The rest of our journey back to Dun Laoghaire was dictated by the tides. This resulted in us spending a short night in Dunmore East in order to avoid an adverse tide at the Tuskar in the middle of the night. We also spent a night in Wicklow rather than arrive in Dun Laoghaire in the early hours of the morning. We finally picked up our mooring at 14.20 on

Wednesday, 25th. August, after the most exciting and eventful cruise that any of us had ever experienced.

When we planned our cruise to the Azores, we could never have imagined that it would provide such a wide variety of challenging situations. Even the wind was a lot more unfavourable than we expected, forcing us to either beat or to tack before an uncomfortable direction from dead astern, and causing to put in a lot of extra millage. Never-the-less, we averaged over 6k. on many days, enjoying some really fantastic fast sailing.

We achieved our ambition to visit all nine islands in the Azores, and what a pleasurable experience it was. They really are most outstandingly beautiful both in terrain and in the abundance of wild flowers everywhere. Two of the islands, Sao Jorge and Flores, stood out in our appreciation, and San Miguel was very highly rated by Terence after spending a holiday there.

The drama of Ruth's transfer to a 55,000 ton tanker will certainly remain vividly in our memories for many years. We will also remember the comraderie of the high seas which caused four ships to change course to offer assistance to one teenage girl with concussion. It was a very humbling experience to be at the receiving end of such a gesture. The Master of the *Obo Victory* Biso Tito, and his crew could not have been kinder in taking care of Ruth on their passage to New York, which must have contributed significantly to her speedy recovery. We were also very grateful to H.M. Coastguard Maritime Rescue Co-ordination Centre at Falmouth for their speedy response to our distress call. Their efficiency in co-ordinating the whole rescue operation was most impressive to experience.

This was our first ocean passage, but it most certainly will not be our last. However, next time we will have wind vane steering and an SSB Transceiver, and it would be nice to have a cutter rig!

Red Velvet to Galicia on the Wind

Paul Butler

As we were beating northwards towards Scotland on our Whit Cruise in 1992 there were constant mutterings from one member of the crew about following winds and warm weather. Though that Scottish cruise was ultimately to prove to have been my favourite, it was soon resolved that we would sail to Spain this year.

Don McCarthy and Eamonn O'Scollain sailed all save for the last passage from Penzance home; Bill Kavanagh - Dun Laoghaire to Muros; Nicholas Butler - outward to Vigo; Ann Kavanagh - La Coruña to Muros; Mark Restan - Vigo to Penzance; Jerry Godsell, Marina Synnott and Abbey Boucher-Hayes - Penzance to home. I was with the foregoing for the entire cruise.

Saturday 22nd May

Thoughts of a relaxed passage off the wind quickly disappeared when, having passed through Dalkey Sound, we found ourselves motor-sailing in a SSE 5/6. This was to set the tone for most of the passage during which the passage to La Coruña during which the engine (since deceased) was on for about 60% of the time. Wicklow Head was abeam by 0340 and we had a sufficient slot to get some sailing on the passage down to the Tuskar. At 0430 while Eamonn and Nick were on watch, I was woken by a sudden change in the motion of the vessel. The mainsail had ripped just below the second reefing point. It seemed beyond immediate repair, so with the aid of some pre-dawn light, we put in a permanent reef. The rest of the morning went smoothly and by 1407 we had the Tuskar abeam and set course for La Coruña. The rest of the day was spent turning on and off the engine as the wind shifted slightly but remained more or less in the SE. Dinner was enjoyed by

those few of us who had got used to the pounding and recovered our sea legs and stomachs. The bond got its first decent sampling.

Sunday 23rd to Wednesday 26th May

Sunday proved uneventful. By 2300 I noted in the log that we had spent some 17.5 hours under engine to date. At that time we were some 343 miles from La Coruña bearing 206° (T). Don and I while on watch witnessed a spectacular thunder and lightening storm to the NE; fortunately, it chose not to pass too close and no more water than desired entered the night watch's modest drams. At 1400 it was agreed that we should stop for a swim. I noted the position as 45.50.11 N - 8.03.40 W where the depth was 4,860 meters. Don, Nick, Bill and I had our deepest ever swim while Eamonn thought better of the idea - fortunately as it had not immediately occurred to us that we could have shared the dangerous and embarrassing experience of watching *Red Velvet* drift away while we spent our last moments furiously trying to catch up and imagining the depth of the abyss beneath! That evening Nick and I took up what was to become our ritual of having a drink while timing sunset. It set at 2111 (BST).

Wednesday 26th May offered increasing winds (5/7) from the SE again. At 1130 while beating with reefed main and genoa, what remained of the mainsail tore to shreds. All of us spent half an hour removing the main and rigging a trysail in its place. By 1130 although La Coruña was only some 55 miles away on a direct course, it was decided to sail with out limited canvass as fuel was, by now, very low. We sailed for about five miles on each tack achieving no better than about 55° off the wind. Later in the afternoon we were within range to make our first contact with the outside world for days and make a link call through La Coruña radio to Ann, who was to join us at La Coruña, to persuade her to bring our spare mainsail over.

Thursday 27th May

As daylight approached with wind abated to force 2 and we were guided by the light of Torre de Hercules (reputedly the last working lighthouse built by the Romans). We passed the lighthouse at 0630 and were alongside at the marina of Yacht Club in La Coruña at 0715. All went ashore for our first meal on dry land in five days.

I had not been to La Coruña since 1984. The only apparent change was a new floating breakwater to protect yachts on the



Torre de Hércules.

Photo: Paul Butler

marina from the wash of shipping passing in and out through the commercial port. The breakwater was entirely "constructed" of old tyres tied together in an upright position; the same had become something of a bird sanctuary and was not all unsightly - I can think of many applications for such an ingeniously cheap and simple device in our own waters.

The high point of the first day ashore was our lunchtime visit to a simple old tapas bar complete with sawdust on the floor. There we spent much of the afternoon sampling all types of fresh seafood, prepared and cooked as we ate and a few bottles of local wine. We also discovered what was to be a great bonus: Nicholas, as ever reluctant to reveal his many accomplishments, speaks fluent Spanish! Later, because I was incapable of it then, I calculated the cost of the feast, including a generous gratuity, to amount to some IR£6 a head! In the later afternoon, Don, Nick and Bill took a taxi to Santiago de Compostela - Bill to collect Ann; the others to sightsee. That evening, in the course of our dinner (unremarkable) ashore, we were joined by Ann and Bill. Ann, complete with mainsail, had flown into Santiago. This and Vigo airports make crew changing convenient in the whole of Galicia.

Friday 28th May

We left La Coruña at 0930 on a bright warm morning with the wind blowing only 2/3 from the SE - one of the few times in the entire cruise that the wind was aft of the beam. By 1100 there was just sufficient wind to hoist the spinnaker. This was, however, to last for less than an hour as the wind soon died. We enjoyed spectacular scenery as we passed Ilas Sisargas and the coastline to and beyond Cabo Villano. As we entered Ría Camariñas the wind was blowing SE 6/7 and I feared a night on what would have been a most uncomfortable anchorage and getting very wet going ashore in the punt. Much to our joy and relief, however, on entering Camariñas at 2030 we found (unreported in the up-to-date Pilot) that the town had sprouted two pontoons in front of the newly constructed clubhouse of club Náutico de Camariñas. There we were warmly greeted by the proud manager of the club who immediately offered refreshments, booked a restaurant and organised transport for the (very short) journey thereto. Hostal Plaza, an unassuming looking building, was, in common with every bar and restaurant that we were to visit in Galicia, spotless. It is an establishment run with the co-operation of an extended family, our driver was the waitress' fiancé, grandmother supervised her daughter and one son in the kitchen and another son kept the fish and looked after wine. Our late arrival fitted in nicely with the habit throughout the area of breaking the working day and not eating out until about 2200 a most civilised arrangement that lends itself to facilitating comfortable day passages; the French would do well to emulate. The six of us were brought into an adjoining room to view the fish tanks and



Essential supplies - at Ria Camarinas.

Photo: Paul Butler

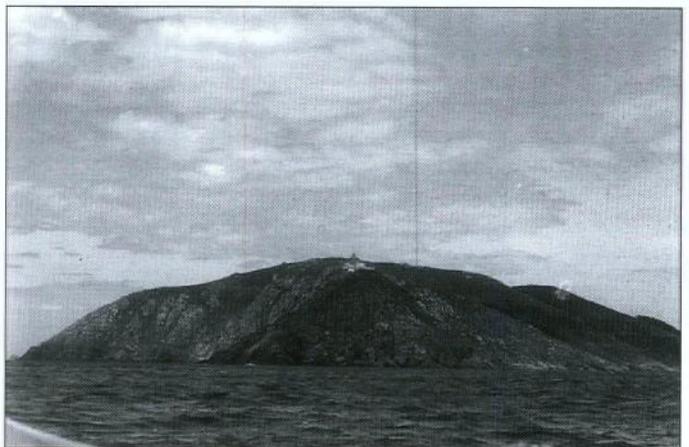
choose dinner. We chose arraignee crab to start and a huge casserole of some six varieties of fresh fish to follow.

Saturday 29th May

After breakfast aboard and showers in the club we were entertained by the club to tapas and wine. We resolved to depart at 1430 and our mooring lines were about to be slipped for us by the club manager. At the time the wind in harbour was blowing SE 6. Reports of rougher weather outside led us to return (tail between our legs), resume our seats in the club and enjoy yet another dinner at Hostal Plaza where the family moved into top gear in further looking after us. This evening we were joined in Camariñas by *Oleander of Howth* our Vice-Commodore's splendid new yacht which was on passage down to the Mediterranean.

Sunday 29th May

We left Camariñas at 1130 and sailed, yet again on the wind (SE 5) down past Cabo Torinaña, Cabo Finisterre, around Pta. Quiexal and into Muros where we arrived at 2030. It is common for visiting yachts to anchor just north of the outer harbour but, having been advised by a local man, we tied up alongside the SE pier of the outer harbour in a position normally used by smaller fishing vessels to unload their catches just opposite the fish market. The same gentleman guided us to a simple cafe which provided yet another excellent meal. We had our after dinner drinks in Meson Encontros, some 50 yards from where *Red Velvet* was tied alongside.



Cabo Finisterre.

Photo: Paul Butler

Monday 31st May

At 0120 (local time) the BBC was offering "SW 4 or 5 occasionally 6, backing S 6 or 7 possibly gale 8". As it was a beautiful moon and starlit night with no strong wind, we resolved to depart and make way for Villagarcia in the Ría de Arosa ahead of the forecasted winds. We spent a very pleasant night sailing just off the wind down to the Ría which we entered, leaving Isla Sálvora and the Pagar rock group to port, with the sun well up. We had a glorious sail up the Ría and around to Villagarcia. We entered the marina at 1430. The Ría de Arosa is certainly the best of the Rías and one could spend an entire cruise there. However, a single minded determined fostered by memories of dinners there with Robert Barr in years past led me to pre-book Restaurante Chocolate (tel: 501199) and to ignore all else. Chocolate's has deservedly the reputation of being the best restaurant in all of Galicia. We were not to be disappointed. We took two taxis; our booking was for 2100 and as usual, we were first there. We all had seafood starters and all, save Ann, ordered Señor Chocolate's steaks. I had told my companions of their quality size, but Nicholas in particular stared with an incredulous expression

when his arrived on a trident. Soon after, we were to observe a man at the table next to us carve a similar steak for four!

Tuesday 1st June

Joe Woodward, a fellow-member of the ICC, had kindly lent me a number of charts. On one was marked an anchorage in Ría de Alden, a tiny north facing Ría on the south side of the entrance to Ría de Pontevedra. In addition, he had drawn an "X" marked "Restaurant" up a hill nearby. This Ria is not mentioned in the Pilot but I felt that Joe would not leave a permanent mark on his chart without good cause. So, we set sail for Ria de Alden at 1430. The wind was blowing SW 6/7 but in the sheltered waters of Ria de Arose the sea was relatively flat and, for some of the passage, we had the protection of Isla Ons which lies just outside the entrance of Ria de Pontevedra. We had a most exhilarating sail with two reefs in the main and a heavily reefed genoa; pointing being very much improved by leading the sheets inside the shrouds. We dropped anchor at 2030 in the position just off the beach and pier at the SW head of the Ria. It was a beautiful evening in idyllic surroundings. After refreshments, the six of us went ashore and found Restaurante O Pereiro. Here we were royally received by the owner and family and, when they discovered that we were Irish, we were presented with photographs of none other than Joe Woodward and Adrian Stokes, another fellow-member! All was downhill from there on and, despite Don meeting fishermen whom he had prosecuted in Cork, some pleasant hours were spent with all in the establishment cumulating with a lift back to the pier and promises of freshly caught sardines in the later morning.

Wednesday 2nd June

Nicholas having collected a box of sardines, we weighed anchor at 1145 under a cloudless sky with a gentle force 3 from the south. On emerging from the Ria, we saw a yacht passing close by Isla Ons headed towards Ilas Cies. We soon identified this as *Oleander of Howth*. We followed to an anchorage off the lovely beach known as Playa Area das Rodas on the northern island of Islas Cies. We rafted up at 1350 for what was to be the alternative ICC East Coast Whit Rally! Barbecued sardines were washed down with Kir Royales. Later Ann, Nicholas, Bill and I were joined for a swim and beer ashore by Sean Flood from *Oleander*. Reluctantly, we parted company at 1730, *Oleander* continuing south and *Red Velvet* east up Ria de Vigo to Vigo where we were to have a crew change. We had a gentle spinnaker run all the way with the sun on its way down behind us. At 1930 we tied up in the marina of the Real Club Náutico. We had dinner in the heart of the old city in Restaurante Gamboa after which we were joined by Mark and said our sad farewells to Nicholas



At Islas Cies with *Oleander*.

Photo: Paul Butler



A pensive Vice-Commodore with Betty Hegarty and Sean Flood.

Photo: Paul Butler

at a nearby Hotel.

Thursday 3rd June

We left Vigo under power with only the main at 0915 on an overcast day with no wind. As we headed north past Islas Cies which appeared in the gloom I was unable to convince Mark of the tropical like afternoon that we had just spent there. Wind began to fill in from the NE (Murphy's Law!) and we were able to sail some of the way to Muros where we arrived at 1730. Here our berth in the outer harbour was being used by fishing boats but, while we took on water and diesel, we were told that we would have plenty of water in the inner harbour between the fishing boats tied bow on to the town quay. This, another 'discovery' proved a most comfortable and convenient berth. That evening we chose our fish from the tanks and dined at Meson Encontros.

Friday 4th June

Waved off by Bill and Ann, we left at 1125. There was not much wind and we motored with a little help from the main. The first Gin and Tonic is recorded at 1300. By 1455 we were abeam of Cabo Finisterre and the wind was blowing some 18 knots from the north. After so much motoring, we decided to sail and beat out to sea on the starboard tack. Meantime BBC Shipping was forecasting NE 3/4 increasing 5/6, occasionally 7 near Cape Finisteeer. The 6 or 7 never materialised by the time that we had tied up at the pontoon of the Club Nautico de Camariñas. Once again, we were greeted by great warmth and, after accepting more hospitality, we were driven to Hostal Plaza to which Mark was to be introduced for the first time. He was not disappointed!

Saturday 5th June

Shopping for the passage and home included some eight cases of wine and was made easier by the fact that our driver drove us and our supplies from the supermarket. We were about to depart at 1500 when a Canadian yacht came alongside and told us of high seas and 28/32 knot winds outside. A quick decision was made to remain until there was a sign of change of wind direction or (even) force. The log records that we did a few jobs (though I cannot recall what they could have been) and rewarded ourselves with gins and tonics followed by deep sleep before dinner.

Sunday 6th June

After breakfast we, at Eamonn's instigation, presented with a bottle of Paddy wrapped in the ensign of the RIYC (we were sailing under that of the ICC). My wish had been that they would display it in the clubhouse, however, we were most gratified to see it proudly fly in front of the club. We were seen off by our friends at 1100. The wind was blowing NE 5. We motorsailed and by 1210 we were able to set course for Ile



Muros – Inner Harbour.

Photo: Paul Butler

de Groix. By 1455 we got fed up with the engine and sailed some 50° off course on the starboard tack. This lasted until 1815 by which time we thought we should make some weather and motorsailed in the same wind. The passage proved much the same as that coming over. The original intention had been to detour to Ile de Groix to allow Mark to keep an appointment in Frankfurt. I had, however, worked out a second agenda which our deviation west made more and more practicable, by 8th June it was decided that we could make for Newlyn in time for Mark to achieve the same result, save mileage and have a shorter passage for what was to become the crew of three. The course was altered for Land's End. As we crossed the approach to the English Channel on 9th June, we spent the day and night in dense fog. At 0050 on the 10th, some 19 miles S of our waypoint in Mount's Bay I was obliged to ignite a white hand-held flare as there was a ship, though not listening, must have been watching us on radar because it appeared when the flare was lighting and was almost stopped. At this stage it was felt that commitments at home on Monday meant that, should we be delayed by weather, we might have to leave the boat for at least a week, so it was decided to make for Penzance where we could berth in the wet dock. We entered Penzance harbour (in the same fog) at 0445 on the morning of the 10th June. As we waited alongside for the wet dock to open, Mark left to catch the 0615 train to London. At 0730 we entered the wet dock.

On the following day, Friday, with only Eamonn, Don and I left, there was a NW gale warning for Lundy and we set a deadline of Saturday morning for departure by sea. The 0550 forecast brought the same warning, only worse as it was for N/NW 6 to 8 and we resolved to leave *Red Velvet*. In the meantime our dyna-start which was giving trouble was completely re-built by Keith Green of Marine Electrical Services (Falmouth, but servicing the entire area).

Saturday 12 June

I brought an offering of a bottle of Paddy to the Harbour Master who assured us he would look after the yacht for as long as we liked and even gave us his home telephone number. Much of his help and co-operation must remain unrecorded, suffice it to say that I would highly recommend Penzance as a

port to leave one's yacht. Don travelled to Cork by train to Plymouth and thence by air, Eamonn and I travelled by train and air via London.

Thursday 17th June

At lunchtime I got a good forecast and, with the help of Abbey's mother, quickly assembled Jerry, Abbey and her friend, Martina, as crew for the final passage. That evening we flew (I always use ship's papers and pay 60% of air fares) to London and took the sleeper to Penzance which arrived at 0730.

Friday 18th to Sunday 20th June

We found that *Red Velvet* had been well cared for and settled our (very modest) account. After the afternoon's session with the Harbour Master, Brian Cowell of the yacht *Octavia* and the single handed sailor of the yacht *Bo Jangles* (from the Clyde) we departed through the lock gate at 1715. Soon Abbey had to go aloft to retrieve the main halyard. Thereafter we were sailing in a WSW 4, occasionally 5. This was to set the pattern for what was to be the best passage of the cruise. By 2000 we were past Land's End of course for the Tuskar. It was plain reaching all the way up to the Tuskar. To the great delight of the girls, we were visited by a school of dolphins who remained with us for about half an hour. We had the Tuskar abeam at 1830 on Saturday and were tied up alongside the Royal Irish at 0700 on Sunday the 20th, the end of a cruise marked (mostly) by unusually unpleasant passage making but wonderful ports and new friends in Galicia and Penzance.

SUMMARY

Port	Arr. Date/Time	Dept.	Dist N. Mls	Time Hrs	Eng. Hrs
Dun Laoghaire		22 May 00.15			
La Coruna	27 May 0630	28 May 0930	612	126.25	79.25
Camarinas	28 May 2030	30 May 1130	48	11	7
Muros	30 May 2030	31 May 0230	36	9	1
Villagarcia	31 May 1030	01 June 1430	8	1	1
Ria de Alden	01 June 2030	02 June 1145	26	6	–
Rslas Cies	02 June 1350	02 June 1730	9	2	1
Vigo	03 June 1930	03 June 0915	8	2	–
Muros	03 June 1730	04 June 1125	45	8.25	4
Camarinas	04 June 2030	06 June 1100	36	9	5
Penzance	10 June 0445	18 June 1715	480	89.75	70
Dun Laoghaire	20 June		202	37.75	5
Totals/Averages			1,543	302	173.25

Cruising with Fagan and the Brother

Robert Barr

Fagan and the Brother are owners of *Lyrae*, a Vega 27. She was designed and built in Sweden in halcyon days when keels were long and skegs were flights of fancy - a formidable man-sized boat which, with the advent of the furling headsail, is an admirable cruiser for three. I signed on with alacrity as navigator and occasional breakfast chef for an early season northern cruise. Having been softened by electronics for a decade and more, it was disconcerting at first to find that *Lyrae*, being good Viking stock, offered only two concessions to the navigator - a compass and ship's radio. It was nostalgic being back to basic tools and the seat of the pants.

We set off from Dun Laoghaire on Friday, 28th May, in what had been a monsoon season for several weeks, but the fates were on our side. A freshening dry westerly gave us a fast passage to Bangor. A F10 was forecast for Saturday morning but we never had more than F6. The rising sun, a rare event this season, was glorious as we entered Copeland sound.

Bangor marina is one of the best I have encountered- not least because its cheerful, efficient staff provide an unfailing welcome. Dinner at the Royal Ulster Y.C. is another feature of Bangor life which has given me delight over the years. As always we were made to feel at home. The hospitality of John

Edwards and John Queen was much appreciated.

The monsoon returned with a vengeance next morning but exhausted itself by noon. The forecast was for westerly gales but decreasing later with poor visibility. Our objective was Port Salon, Lough Swilly and we decided to press on. We picked up the ebb just south of Rathlin Sound but did not see much as visibility was down to a mile or less.

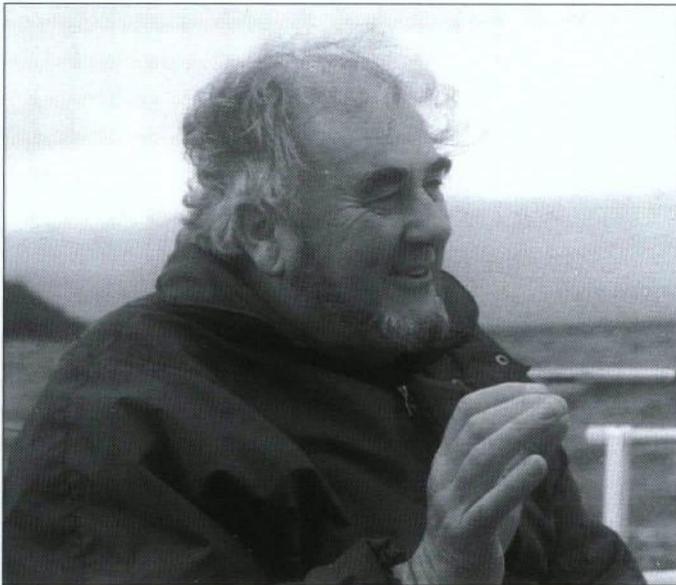
A return to Port Salon has for me something of the aura of an arab's odyssey to Mecca. It is my favourite place. The visit this year had very special significance. Everyone who knows Lough Swilly knows Rita Smyth. Her emporium at the harbour is a famous shrine which has brought joy to many. We were just in time for her 90th birthday. There she was when we arrived - eyes bright, still active as a cricket and presiding like a queen as she has done since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. It was great to share in such an historic event and to wish her well for the century.

One of the joys of Port Salon is that it tends to be full of surprises and this year was no exception. We found that the golf club has been revitalised and now has a magnificent new octagonal club house which is the envy of the north west. The story behind it, or so I was told, is typical of Donegal



Mecca (Port Salon & Lough Swilly).

Photo: Edward Barr



The Scribe.

Photo: Edward Barr



The Brother.

Photo: Robert Barr

resourcefulness. The membership of the club is quite small and could not possibly fund such an ornate facility. However, there are a number of oriental business enterprises in north Donegal which, of course, hold golf in high esteem. It seems that a proposition was put to each that in return for a substantial capital subvention the club would name a hole after the donor. Golfing immortality beckoned and the rest is history.

The other surprise also has an oriental flavour. Old friends, David and Mary Hurley, who lived in Tokyo for some years, have retired to Port Salon where, high above the lough, they have built a fabulous Japanese-style house and from three acres of virgin land have created a wonderful oriental garden around it complete with a lake and ornamental bridge. It seems that there is a difference of opinion as to whether the next stage of development should be a tea-house and geisha girls, but we are hopeful.

Tuesday was warm and gentle as we headed down the lough for Culldaff bay near Inistrahull. It was the first of numerous passages hard on the wind. Visibility deteriorated and we mislaid Inistrahull for a while. There is a small pier at the west side of Culldaff bay where it is possible for a yacht of modest draught to lie near the end, but in the prevailing conditions the scend was too much for comfort. We took ourselves to the other side of the bay. After an hour or two the wind moderated and the anchorage became a little more comfortable.

A remarkable culinary weapon was put into service that night - an Azorian steak-griller which was presented to *Lyrae* by Dermot Ryan a few years ago. It is called a harney and is made of cast iron. The working part is about one foot square and is in two hinged sections, each with a handle that clip to one-another when it is shut. Inside the sections there are shallow ridges. Each side is heated on a gas ring for five minutes. Then two steaks, or whatever needs to be grilled, is placed inside one section. The other side is then closed over on top of it and the handles are clipped together. Each side is then heated on the gas ring for about 3 minutes. The end result is a sirloin steak done to perfection which reminded me of the Dolphin in Dublin in days long gone.

On Wednesday we surfaced after a decidedly untranquil night in which we pitched and rolled in an easterly gusting 30 knots. It rained too for most of the night but cleared up to give a pleasantly overcast day with moderate wind and sea for our passage to Church Bay, Rathlin Island.

Rathlin lived up to our expectations. The inner harbour at

the village has plenty of deep water and gives excellent shelter. Mary Black is not the only person to have done wonders for the island. Richard Branson has also made major contributions. He landed near Rathlin at the end of his historic Atlantic crossing by balloon a few years ago and was rescued by some of the islanders. He has shown his appreciation in a thoughtful, kindly way by turning a large old disused store into a community centre and by providing a high-speed motor boat for rescue work and to convey patients to the mainland when urgent hospital treatment is required. There is an agreeable pub near the harbour where hot food is available at any time.

Thursday was another cheerful day with plenty of wind and a flat sea for our passage to Campletown. A 22 kts. S.E. gave exhilarating sailing in conditions to which *Lyrae* responded like a lady. This was our first visit to the new marina which was opened last year on the life-boat side of the pier. It makes this port particularly attractive for boats from Ireland heading into the Clyde or around the Mull of Kintyre. Another attraction is the nearby 50 m. indoor swimming pool. We also found that the White Harte has lost none of its culinary skills. It was good to be back in Scotland.

Friday was one of those days where everything coalesces to provide perfect cruising. The weather for the first time was warm and bright with a brisk 25kt. S.W. which sped us up to East Lough Tarbert at an average of 6 knots. Next only to Tobermoray, it is my favourite port in Scotland. Apart from its genuine character and tranquillity, it also has two treasures which justify a visit. The first is the Anchorage restaurant beside the trawler pier. It was no surprise to find that in the last year or two it has won nearly all the top awards for Scottish cuisine. Very agreeable indeed - advance booking is advisable. The other treasure is Mr. Hislop's butcher shop where all manner of delightful viands are on offer from haggis to venison and giant size white pudding with raisins and currents (an acquired taste). The marriage between a Hislop sirloin and the harney is a consumation which brings tears to the eyes. A welcome new addition to Tarbert life is the restored and revitalised Victoria hotel near the marina. They offer a wide range of quite elaborate "pub grub" in congenial surroundings and reasonably priced.

Sunday led us to the primary objective of the cruise - Shirley's fiftieth Birthday at Tommy Russell's lovely house by the sea at Colintrave in the Kyles of Bute. The significance of this occasion for Fagan and the Brother requires some explanation. They are members of the Royal St. George Y.C.

and *Lyrae* participated in the Scottish Cruise which was part of the club's sesquicentennial celebrations in 1988. Unfortunately the event coincided with the worst storms in the west of Scotland this century. Several marinas were severely damaged and many boats were lost. On 25th July as *Lyrae*, with only Fagan and the Brother on board, was sheltering in Lough Spelve in F 10 gusting about 80 knots they dragged their anchor and lost it. There was no spare kedge and the only thing they could do was to motor around in a circle and hope for some form of rescue. Tommy Russell, then 76 years of age, was on board his 52 ft ketch at anchor nearby. In violent gusts her cross-trees were close to the water which gives some idea of the wind strength at the time. His crew comprised only his daughter and a 12 year old grandson. Tommy



The harbour at Rathlin with *Lyrae* and Richard Branston's gift..

Photo: Edward Barr

realised the *Lyrae* predicament and signalled that he had a spare kedge. He hung out of the main rigging with a 48 lbs. anchor outstretched as *Lyrae* made two unsuccessful passes. The third attempt achieve its objective and she was saved from probable destruction. It was an extraordinary feat of seamanship on both sides - especially by the salvor having regard to his age - but now having met him, I am not at all surprised at what he did. The end result of the episode was that a special bond of friendship has been forged between Tommy Russell, Fagan and the Brother. We were made very welcome by all the guests at the Birthday luncheon which was a memorable event - so was dinner with Tommy and Shirley which followed later on. It was marvellous Scottish hospitality.

On Monday the Kyles were in glorious mood again as we sailed back to Tarbert. A problem had developed in the gear connection and it was thought that a consultation with George Leitch was advisable. I don't think that there can be any problem to do with boats that he cannot solve. Ours was quickly dealt with and, as always, at minimal cost.

Our next port of call was Rothsay on Bute which brought us through the Kyles in the same delightful conditions as before. We saw some idyllic anchorages and one could happily spend several days in this unique waterway. There are 24 visitors' moorings near the ferry pier at Rothsay which must be one of the most devout towns in Scotland - we counted 9 churches.

The passage from Rothsay to Lamblash on the Isle of Arran was uneventful in pleasant conditions. We could find no visitors' moorings. The town is quite small and is an attractive old place. Showers are available at the Drift Inn near the boatyard. The Glenside hotel is a congenial establishment where we were admirably fed.

On Thursday murky conditions returned again with visibility often less than a mile. On passage to Port Patrick we never saw Ailsa Craig, but with some relief we found Corswall point. Dinner in The Crown was handsome reward. It has returned to its former glory. That night there was a huge deluge and thunder storm which continued for about 10 hours. We abandoned our intention to set off for home at 07.00 in favour of lunch at The Crown and an afternoon departure. Conditions were still dismal but the sea had moderated to some extent.

Apart from the revival of The Crown, we found two other welcome improvements at Port Patrick. There are new ladders on the quay wall replacing the old ones, several of which had drunken outward bends at the top. There are also admirable shower/toilet facilities near the life-boat house - £1.30 for a shower, including towel and soap.

The homeward passage turned out to be a worthy finale. Visibility improved and the wind strengthened to 35 knots N.N.W. The breaking sea at night was a marvellous sight with fluorescent waves everywhere. A memorable cruise.

Ireland – Iceland Cruise

James Cahill

It was spring when myself and Tadhg O'Driscoll decided to visit Iceland in June. I decided to change the cabin structure of the *Ricjak* to give more protection for the sail to the colder northern waters. This involved quite a lot of work as the steering had to be altered and the compass relocated. Fortunately, we had some very nice weather in the West of Ireland in May and great progress was made. Nevertheless, the usual last minute rush ensued trying to make the deadline to get away on Sunday 27th June. This was hoped to be the departure day as the skipper had to be back in his office in three weeks.

Meanwhile, Tadhg was given the job of finding the relevant charts, pilots and generally planning the cruise. In doing so he was to discover that there seemed to be no sailing directions for Iceland as we expected to find for most European countries but this year it was advantageous that Reids had included Iceland in their publication.

Besides myself and Tadhg, the other crew members were Joe Bourke, who had cruised extensively over the years, Tadhg's son Ciaran and two brothers, Jonathan and Thomas Campbell on holidays from secondary school. The run up to the weekend of departure was hectic as I had been away on business and things had somewhat fallen behind. To help us out my wife Katherine organised the provisioning and its storage on board.

It was 0130 in the morning of June 28th when we cast off from the pier at Rosmoney Coastguard Station in the middle of Clew Bay encouraged by a large group of well-wishers and we made our way into Inishlyre Harbour under engine. There was no wind and the night was calm and warm. We hoisted the main and made our way past Inishgort lighthouse picking up Achill Beg light. As we approached Achill Beg, Clare Island disappeared in the fog and soon visibility was down to 100 yards. The fog lifted and closed down as we headed north-west along the Mayo coast. Off Achill Head a light breeze filled in, the cruising chute was hoisted and we were soon doing three knots, the engine having been cut off.

For some reason or other, most people seem to visualise Iceland as lying due north of Ireland and as a result think of a course along Donegal and Scotland when going from the west of Ireland. We had decided, because of the limited time available to go direct to Reykjavik, which is approximately 63° north and 22° west, it meant a north-westerly course from Achill Head which would take us close to Rockall, which we had hoped to sight. The note in the log reads:-

"Blackrock which had been visible for about an hour disappeared, cloud very low, visibility poor."

The first days sailing were easy-going, the wind coming and going. Everything was going well but the Satnav was not locking in. Sailing through the early morning of the second day a nice breeze had come in from the south west and the crew were settling. The day was fine. We saw a tanker to the

south east about five miles away. We tried to call her on the VHF but got no reply. The skipper decided the sextant had to be dusted down and worse still, the brain had to be cranked up to get the calculations done. When he came up with the results they seemed, even to the sceptics gathered about to be there or thereabouts according to our dead reckoning. The Walker Excelsior log was now brought up and trailed to check the electronic log which was found to be okay. We felt so comfortable with the reliability of the trailing log, it was used all the way to Iceland.

The noon sight on our third day put us ten miles east of Rockall. Even though it was fine with good visibility, we did not sight the 62 foot high rock and decided to stay on course and not close in it. Before midday a ship passed to the east going in a SW direction. In the afternoon, the barometer rapidly dropped six millibars and the forecast indicated a low tracking east. We didn't have long to wait. The genoa was down and the staysail set and two reefs in the main. With a



Ricjak alongside at Rekjavik.

Photo: James Cahill

strong blow at midnight, the third reef was in the main and the storm jib hoisted. A smaller more rigid plywood wind vane which we had made especially for the self-steering in strong winds, was fitted and worked very well. We covered 30 miles in the next eight hours in force 7/8 westerly winds - the boat taking care of herself. By eight in the morning of the fourth day, the gale had died down and the wind had settled in the north west. By 3 in the afternoon the sea had eased off and the genoa and staysail were up with two reefs in the main. The young members of the crew were now getting turns at the wheel. We were making 7 knots - the course 340°.

We were now halfway. There was no sunlight today but the sailing was wonderful. It was very cold for the helmsman. Down below we kept one of the gas burners of the cooker lighting which kept the boat quite snug. Outside the ocean was quite empty. We had seen only two ships since leaving Westport and did not see any more until we were within fifty miles of Iceland. The only other sign of life out there in the ocean were the dozen or so fulmars that never left us and continuously swooped above the waves around the boat.

Thirty minutes into day five, Friday 2nd July, the wind changed to the north and then north-east. We changed tack and headed north, north west. The wind soon changed again and was all over the place. This was a frustrating day's sailing. A canopy of cloud lay over us and we saw no sun so we hadn't fixed our position for two days. We saw a few packs of pilot whales with about 15 in one and 6 or 7 in the other. The sea was calm and the wind light. All through the evening and into day six (which was Saturday 3rd July) the winds were light and variable. At midnight it was clear with a beautiful bright glow all along the northern horizon. At midday we were motoring along in the calm with just the main set and the sun shining. An accurate sunlight gave our position as 61° 28'N, 18° 53'W.

We were too far east and as if to compound the problem at 8 o'clock that evening a strong north westerly set in again. The genoa was up and we were soon making seven knots but the best course we could make was 350°. There was now very little night as we were into day seven which started bright and clear. We saw a jet flying to the north west and presumably bound for Reykjavik. At 1320 I sighted land to the north west, not easily distinguishable from the clouds. We identified it as the two glaciers Eyjafjallojokull and Mydralsjokull which meant we would on this course make our landfall about fifty miles east of the Westmann Islands. We decided to continue to close the land and get an exact position.

About two hours later when the shore seemed quite a distance off, Ciaran shouted down that there was a beacon up to windward. Tadhg went up to check and was surprised to see it so near. Having identified it on the chart, I went up to take a closer look and I noticed the swell changing and immediately tacked away from land. Then, one of us spotted what looked like a sand bank down to leeward - cold shivers up the spine! I remembered when reading earlier that this south coast of Iceland was a graveyard of trawlers - it was easy to understand why. Behind this very low shoreline (in fact some of the crew thought the beacon was standing in the water) lies a swamp extending for some miles inland giving us the impression that the land was miles away. As there is no habitation along this coast, refuge huts are provided at strategic points for shipwrecked sailors - they are marked on the charts. The British Admiralty pilot direction for the Arctic describe the coast by reference to chart no. 2980 as follows:

Between Myrnatangi (63°28'N, 18°12'W) and Kotlutangi 15 miles WSW, the low coast is broken by the mouths of several rivers and is fringed by a steep sandy beach within which lies Mrydalssandur, with large expanses of black sand or bare eroded shale. There is no habitation of any kind in this area



Ricjak approaching Surtsey.

Photo: James Cahill

except for a few isolated farms on the SW bank of Kudhaflljot.

This stretch of coast is in a constant state of flux, for not only do the rivers constantly overflow and change their courses, but the fine sand is blown by the wind into constantly changing sand dunes.

Caution. This coast is almost as dangerous to shipping as that between Ingolfshofdhi and Myrnatangi, and as the habitations are even farther from the coast, the crews of stranded ships are almost certain to undergo severe privations. To reach Vik, 7 miles west of Kottlutangi, means crossing many rivers, and in conditions of low visibility a local guide is essential.

Half an hour after tacking away, having confirmed our exact position, the Satnav, as if to mock us gave a readout to tell us what we already knew! In this day of electronics we had arrived at this point using a sextant and a trailing log as the electronic one had gone "ga-ga" at the halfway stage. The barometer was the most reliable weather instrument when it became difficult to pick up the weather forecasts. As we got nearer to Iceland, we failed to get BBC long wave, it being drowned out by a local long wave station.

We kept away from the land to tack south around the Westmann Islands, 50 miles away. The weather soon deteriorated, darkened and closed in with a cold north west wind blowing 5/6 off the glacier. The third reef was in at 2130. The course was almost 220°. At 0320 the following morning we tacked hoping to pick up Surtsey. At about 1130 a huge whale broke the surface about fifty metres ahead and crossed in front of the boat. We still had the heavy mist and a good force five as we pressed on peering into the dark weather. It was 1320 when rocks loomed ahead. We identified them as Geldungur and Sulnasker. In the heavy weather we had made more leeway than we had allowed for. We decided to try Heimay radio station on the VHF. They replied immediately,

asked for our position and gave us a weather forecast very precisely in 8 hour slots. The indications were that in 16 hours we would have westerlies and very good visibility. The forecast proved remarkably accurate. We decided to go outside of Surtsey. At 2000 the evening of Monday 5th July we rounded this remarkable island which is 530 feet high (about the size of Inishturk off the Mayo coast) having built up in a volcanic eruption in 1963.

Shortly after midnight an Icelandic trawler came up behind us, closed in and slowed. One of the crew came down from the wheelhouse enquiring if we wanted any help. We waved back and shouted we were o.k. The crew member asked if we had any beer, some words of Icelandic came across the radio and suddenly they were gone. They probably had heard us on the radio to Heimay the previous evening and would have realised that we had now been out for 30 hours in pretty rough conditions. We appreciated this very nice gesture and they did not even give us a chance to throw them a few tins of beer!

By six in the morning the weather was clearing, the wind was easing and the land was clear to see. Trawlers were on the move. Ashore we saw a spout of steam, evidently a hot spring. As the day grew brighter we tacked along the coast heading for Reykjanes port, the most south westerly point in Iceland. At 1545 the two lighthouses at Reykjanes were in line. This southwesterly point of Iceland with it's two lighthouses is reminiscent of Slyne Head. The similarity ends there because a series of rocky patches known as the Fuglasker extends SW off this point for nearly 60 miles. The nearest danger 5 miles WSW has only 11ft over it and the passage generally taken is between this rock and the rocks with 11 fathoms over them which extends 2 miles WSW of Reykjanes. If we had been here 24 hours earlier in the bad visibility and strong winds and the magnetic anomaly in the area we would have found it difficult to find our way through (generally speaking the



Ciaran O'Driscoll has Iceland in view.

Photo: James Cahill

directions indicate that magnetic anomalies do not occur in depths of more than 75 fathoms). Today it was easy however, and we rounded the corner about 3 miles off and made our way up the west coast to Gardhskag before heading north of east for Grotta and the entrance to Reykjavik. As we rounded this corner the compass behaved quite erratically about a mile off the land. A fjord which runs deep inland NE of Reykjavik showed up clearly as a gap on the horizon.

Heading to the south side of this gap we had no trouble making the 20 mile run to Grotta. There we called the harbourmaster who directed us to a pontoon in the old harbour. We tied up at 2240 on Tuesday 6th July. Customs checked for booze. We weren't even asked for passports. It is evident when you arrive in Iceland that the sea and fishing is the mainstay of the country's economy. A huge fleet of modern fishing boats, trawlers and longliners fish its waters where they maintain a 200 mile fishing limit.

We were immediately made welcome by the crew of the only other boat, a 20 ton German cutter. They invited us for tea or coffee which we decided should be laced with Paddy. Late into the night it was being washed down with draught Guinness and German beer. It was 1000 next day before they made their scheduled 0600 departure for Greenland! During our four day stay only two other boats tied up, one coming from Newfoundland on her way to Germany and the other from Norway.

Besides us, four vintage whaling ships were berthed and each day a cruise ship arrived, staying for a day or two. The pontoon was only a 200 metre walk from the centre of Reykjavik. The newness of the city is very striking. Reykjavik means smoky bay. Today the city of 140,000 population is chimneyless, smokless and spotlessly clean. Crime would seem to be virtually non-existent. Prices generally we found to be very steep about three times what they are in Ireland. Lamb (very good), fish, milk and coffee were reasonable as was a wonderful blue cheese made at Akureyri which Joe discovered. Ciaran left for London. Some of the crew went on a trip to the Blue Lagoon to bathe in the man-made oasis in the lava heated by the nearby geothermal plant.

One day the crew went on a long bus tour known as the Golden Circle visiting the Geysir area, Gullfoss Waterfall, the site of the ancient Catholic Bishopric where they beheaded the last catholic bishop and his two sons, where a modern Lutheran church now stands. In this church we were treated to a wonderful rendering of the Kyrie. The tour ended in Pingvellir National Park, a primary geological site and also the site of the original Alting of House of Parliament - the oldest Democratic Institution of State in existence since 930 AD.

On this excursion, when our tour guide Kristtan Arngrimsson discovered we were Irish, told us of his interest in Irish placenames. He said he believed there were many words of Gaelic origin still in use in Icelandic.

While there is no doubt the Irish Monks went to Iceland as early as the 6th century and some remains of their settlements have been found around the town on Akranes. The country which is larger than Ireland is still very volcanic. One-fifth of the land area is less than 5000 years in existence. Scandinavian peoples, mainly from Norway, began to establish settlements from the ninth century onwards. It had been generally accepted the inhabitants were of Scandinavian origin. However, recent studies of the blood grouping of its inhabitants have revealed that they are much more closely aligned to those of Ireland and Scotland. This is now believed to be due to the fact that a large number of slaves both men and women were brought from Ireland and Scotland by the vikings. In earlier times it is thought the country was much warmer, especially around the 8th century. A mini ice age occurred from 1600 to 1900 during which the icefields were building up. Since 1900 temperatures have begun to increase again and the area covered by the glaciers has been reduced by 10%. The depth of the ice which is now at a maximum of 1700 feet is reducing annually. The rainfall is quite low varying from 15 to 30 inches annually except on the glaciers where it's much higher. There is now a certain amount of soil erosion and we actually witnessed a dust storm while there.

Having spent four days in Iceland we left at midnight, Sunday 11th July on our return journey. Time did not allow us to travel to any other ports in Iceland. We intended calling at St Kilda on the way home. For the first two days the weather was crisp and clear with force 5 to 6 northerly and wonderful down wind sailing, at times difficult to control.

After two days the wind went east which put paid to our ideas of going to St Kilda. We actually were to get no closer than 180 miles west of it. On the fourth day out the block carrying the stay sail halliard snapped. This meant my having to go up the mast to secure a new one. Fortunately, the seas were reasonable at the time so the job was done quite easily.

On the fourth day, the weather became variable and winds light. We ran into fog banks and visibility for 30 hours was at times down to 50 metres. We past 20 miles west of Rockall in these conditions. On one occasion a Norwegian fisherman called us on the radio giving us the position of his long line buoys. He evidently thought we were trawling as we were only doing 3 knots at the time. He was very relieved when he discovered we were a sailing yacht bearing down on his longlines. Some hours later we came across more lighted buoys but due to the fog we saw no boats. The rest of the journey was uneventful. On the evening of Saturday 17th we sighted Achill Head to the south east. We came close to Eagle Island and then tacked down to the Bills when the wind went west and brought us into Clew Bay and home. We had been away 20 days - 9 days going to Iceland, 4 days there and 7 days returning. We had covered 2,010 nautical miles and had motorsailed for about 150 hours, approximately 40% of the time at sea.

To Spain on *Lady Jane*

Henry Barnwell

Cormac McHenry, having sailed to the Azores and back last summer, sowed the seeds in the mind of Ivy, my first wife or M.F.W. as I have become obliged to address her formally.

The command rang out last June, "Make the boat ready for the Atlantic" so with great reluctance I prepared *Lady Jane* for the voyage, which preparation was inclusive of the recruitment of two crew members, Steve Peare, nephew of one of our members and Shane Gray neither of whom had tackled along passage before and in one case had not even tackled washing up dishes.

The yacht was sneaked over to Dun Laoghaire to enable preparations to proceed un-noticed, M.F.W.'s theory being that some people missed nothing in Howth and should failure be their just desserts then the embarrassment would be lessened.

We set sail at 10.00 on Saturday the 3rd of July in a fresh nor'westerly and broad-reached down the Irish Sea. By 2130 we had cleared the Tuskar accompanied by a shoal of dolphins throwing spectacular shapes in the bright moonlight, so bright that we were able to trim the genoa by reference to the tell-tales, and indeed to shoot some video film.

By midnight on Sunday we had cleared the Scillies and had no trouble making up to the West, with the benefit of hindsight I have to observe that the trip was going too well, something had to happen and it did. M.F.W. had been suffering cruelly from migraine since our departure, had not eaten and had hardly left her bunk. At 0500 on Monday the wind had freshened to thirty knots and the seas building so we changed the mainsail for our trysail and furlled in to number four size on the genoa. All of the dolphins had gone home in disgust, M.F.W. had again refused breakfast and we had discovered that our cruising mainsail had not been properly adapted to slab reefing so that we were unable to take in more than one reef.

Not long after this the command we all dreaded rang out, "Gybe the boat and get me out of here". The welcoming Isles of Scilly were only fifty miles or so to the north east but that plan found no support. France was discussed although the lack of charts made that prospect difficult. Eventually M.F.W. voted in favour of La

Belle France.

We entered Lampoul at 2330 on Monday in thirty knots nor'westerly and a very lumpy sea. M.F.W. deflected my frequent protestations that I needed charts by making caustic references to Christopher Columbus. Everybody was wet through *Lady Jane* having taken a particularly big sea over the quarter, however, having fired up the stove and sipped hot whiskeys we retired.

We were up and about by 0900 so having feasted on rashers and eggs set the mainsail and sailed off the mooring made for Morgat. There to have our sail re-fashioned and our galley slave resuscitated. *Lady Jane* chose this warm sunny day to show off, broadreaching in excess of her hull speed (seven knots) in moderate seas she ate up the miles to Morgat making us all feel sorry it had to end. By 1730 we were tied up in the marina and setting about our chores.

We set sail again at 0930 on Thursday and whilst we had by no means abandoned our plan, nevertheless, having made such easting the island of Belle Ile seemed too good to miss, the same nor'west breeze did the business and with our excellent wind-vane also performing well we roared along, sometimes touching eight and a half knots. We entered Belle Ile at 0300 on Saturday via the harbour of Le Palais, M.F.W. was on deck fully in charge, "Go alongside that frog tied to the white mooring buoy". We closed, fenders and crew on the rail ready for action, each trained to take out his opposite number in the



Morgat.

Photo: Henry Barnwell



Le Palais, Belle Ile.

even of an international incident (they do race in Howth Yacht Club's cruiser three division after all).

Shane, the one whose nickname is Nuryev sprang, up up up he soared clearing both lifelines until he achieved an altitude of two metres arms outstretched like Jesus of Nazareth, or having scored for Ireland, Quinn of Manchester. Down down he came, feet flaying frenetically like a duck in a ten knot tide. BROOM timbers split, glass shattered, rigging shook, spars bent and then it happened, the frog whose boat it was shot up from a plastic bubble, the moonlight enhancing his nudity and placed his nose fifty centimetres from the jaw of the one who would be Nuryev. Nobody spoke, not even M.F.W. we awaited the blow, nothing, just silence.

The port of Le Palais on the south east side of Belle Ile can become very crowded in summer with the mooring buoys lying in two trots along the east wall having to accommodate more than one yacht each. There is an inner harbour, the gate to which opens about two hours either side of high water and I recommend this to anybody who wants to relax. If you plan a longer stay one can continue on through the inner basin, provided the road bridge is open, to a marina, which is what we did, because Steve was suffering (what a boat full of crocks) from either toothache or earache and as it happened the berth we selected was opposite a hospital. A doctor saw Steve immediately and having diagnosed a gum infection duly prescribed and delivered the necessary medicines, free of charge. M.F.W. who had fully recovered at this stage ordered me to hire two bicycles (the younger crew members were adverse to anything resembling physical exercise) and accompany her on a tour of the island. We made for the port of Sauzon which has all of the scenic charm of a West Cork estuary, save that it is warmer, more chic, better sheltered, and the waterside cafes and shops really delightful. Sauzon is a gem.

I have two recommendations for visitors to Belle Ile, dine in Restaurant La Saline, it serves delicious fish dishes and is just beside the marina. Before that take yourself down to the outer harbour to observe the boats entering for the evening.

I swear that if one mounted a video camera on a tripod overlooking the harbour entrance and ran off a three hour tape it could be edited without too much trouble and with suitable music added would surpass in real life comedy, anything

produced by the great Jacques Tahti. They approach in waves, eighty per cent under sail, regardless of wind strength or direction, about ten per cent under steam, at full throttle of course, whilst the remainder resort to being towed in.

The evening I watched, a First 25 towed a trimaran of about 20 metres overall with a beam of almost equal length towards a harbour mouth not much wider. Everything went well until the inevitable happened, the big tri caught a beam-on puff just at the wrong time and slewed sideways blocking the harbour. The harbourmaster shot across in a fast semi-rigid to cut off the following hordes all the while gesticulating frantically, the emergency gybing of the leaders caused at least two collisions down the line. Meanwhile the

Photo: Henry Barnwell

semi-rigid went to the aid of the stricken tri and with great gusto tried to dig her out of the wall which task was not made easier by having to detach himself every thirty seconds or so to hold an official remonstrations with one or more of the invaders. During one of these altercations a particularly obnoxious-looking show-off driving a mainsail-only flying machine bedecked with three semi-naked blonde young women brilliantly side stepped the semi-rigid and proceeded to sail through the gap with the obvious intention of tacking through to the inner harbour.

At the precise moment when the harbourmaster lost the struggle to hold the big tri off the rocks, your man the show-off, met his destiny by viciously grounding on something very hard in full view of all of the waterside cafes. The strain of keeping up with all of this action proved too much, what with one of the blondes groping for her Raybans in the water, the one who struck her cheek on the shrouds crying and the harbourmaster only seconds away from puncturing his semi-rigid which was wedged underneath a rocky ledge by the enormous tri I turned off the camera and retired to dinner.

The next morning dawned sunny and warm with a fresh nor'west breeze so we steamed to the harbour light set the big triradial and broadreached at six and a half knots to Ile d'Yeu



Sauzon.

Photo: Henry Barnwell



Le Palais, Belle Ile

a distance of some fifty five miles. Like most French harbours the entrance was well buoyed although still suffering from our lack of charts we were able to observe the safe entry of some boats ahead of us. This island proved to be an absolute gem, the architecture in Port Joinville is pure Spanish and for anybody who likes shopping I am told it rivals Cannes, however, The Azores called and the high pressure area was producing fresh breezes which would guarantee a reach for the southwest. One more stop proved difficult to resist and that was Sable d'Olonne some forty miles to the southeast wherein lived a friend who had constructed a 15 metre yacht called *Chloe* which really turned some heads when we sailed it into Howth three years ago, this being the springboard for a voyage, single-handed to Brazil where he was refused entry because he had forgotten to acquire a visa, so we wanted to hear the story from the horse's mouth. At this stage we were beginning to wonder why we had bothered to carry diesel fuel because the next day saw us broadreaching again in a glorious breeze. During this passage we found it necessary to tune our Decca to the Spanish chain which gave us a green signal and Sable d'Olonne being an ancient sardine and tuna fishing port the entrance is extremely well marked. In my view the French government does many things with panache, their highways are second to none and the T.G.V. is still envied by all of France's European partners, so marking the sea around their coast is done with equal panache and we had no difficulty, I would advise a first-timer to hang well to the south if only because all of the locals seemed to do just that..

Our coming co-incided with le treize and we were able to join in the drinking and feasting with our friends so much so that we missed the fireworks on le quatorze.

Apart from our friends we really found nothing of interest in Sable d'Olonne with the possibility of being able to gawk at the Vendee round the world single-handed boats, so having restocked our holds we steamed out at 0800 to chase zephyrs all day. Once we had sailed below the latitude of St Rochelle the traffic became non-existent but nevertheless the night was long and riddled with changes of direction. The next day was much the same with very little westing being gained so without telling anybody I shot a noon sight which tallied with the Decca and confirmed that if we fired up the engine and did not hit any obstructions we could be gorging ourselves on paella by dinnertime. My expectations had been that the anti-cyclone

might shift a little northwards allowing the breeze to come from one of the easterly quadrants, but, that was not happening and the excellent R.T.E. reception confirmed the non-stop tracking of depressions across Ireland, meaning that the high was not inclined to move to the north. We motored into San Sebastian at about 2000, had moored the yacht, taken showers in the welcoming club, taken a few beers and tapas and placed our paella order in the recommended restaurant before 2200 on Friday having left Sable d'Olonne on Thursday at 0800 distance 175 miles.

Of late *Lady Jane* appears to have developed the habit of becoming involved in international incidents and Spain was to prove no exception. The boatman in San

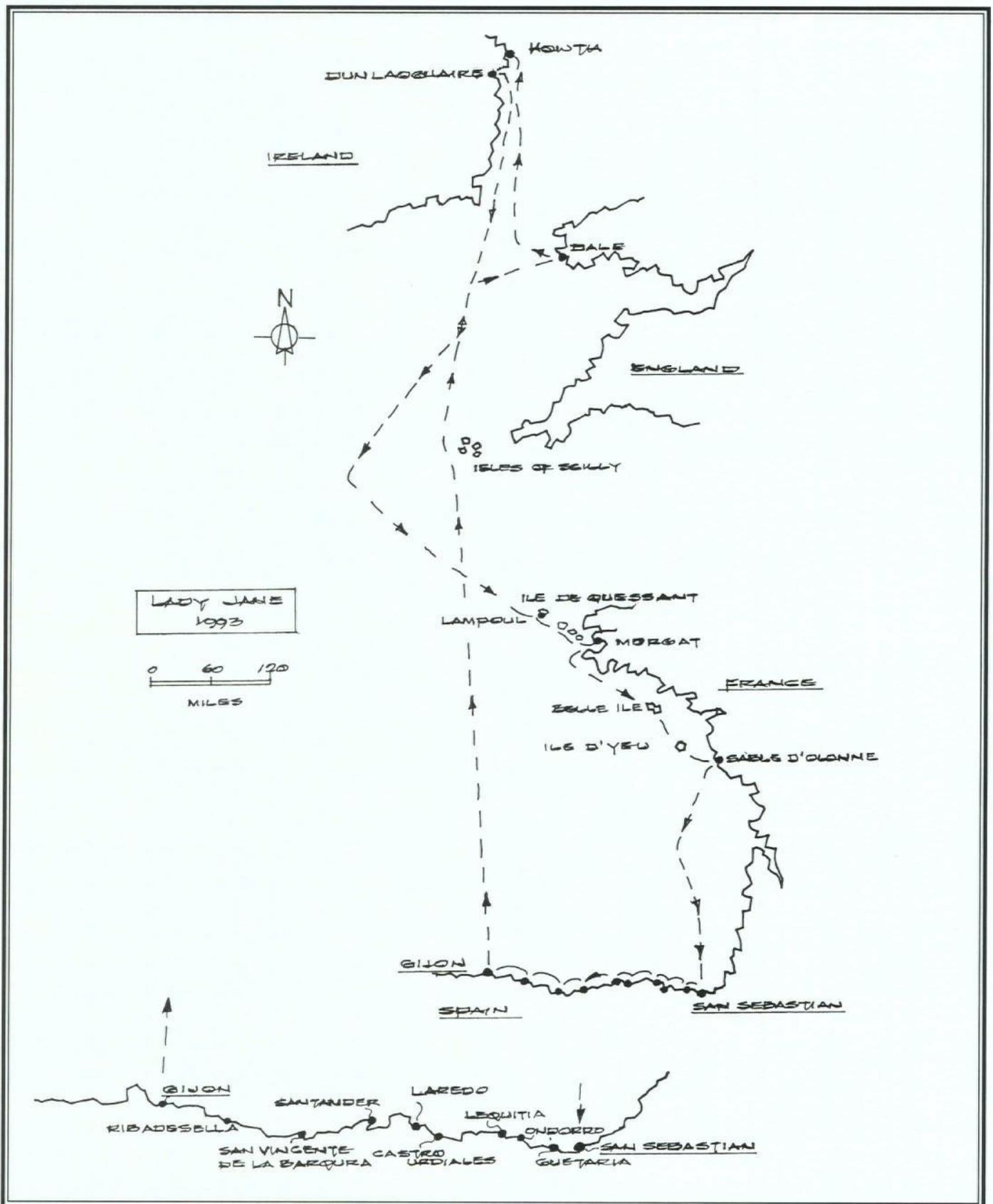
Photo: Henry Barnwell

Sebastian who supervises a 24 hour service, useful for drunks, bore an astonishing resemblance to Luciano Pavarotti against whom my crew swear I hold a freudian detestation following his drawing of the lots which forced Ireland to play in "The Group of Death" in Italia '90. All of which I strenuously deny. Be that as it may the following took place within minutes of our arrival. M.F.W. was on deck and speaking reasonable Spanish was attempting to arrange an overnight mooring, shortly afterwards Pavarotti arrived in a splendid launch, floppy black shirt wafting in the breeze to reveal tantalising glimpses of an enormous navel, he must have weighed, pre-incident that is, about 22 stone, no neck, tiny red scarf almost disappearing into the folds of flesh, he addressed us in flawless Vasco dialect, "Follow me down that line and I will hand you a buoy which please connect to ". He set off and having completed what seemed like a tour of the harbour stopped in a dense cloud of diesel exhaust and foaming water. *Lady Jane* is a bonny buxom boat, viewed from full frontal that is. When she achieves five knots or thereabouts she requires a little warning before coming to a dead stop, no matter how much diesel fume she exhales. M.F.W. screamed, the Spaniard stood up with a buoy in his hand, the pulpit was inches from his navel, he grabbed it with both hands, his face swelled to about twice it's normal size, his mouth disappearing into a gigantic puff, enormous black varicose-like veins stood out upon his temples as he pushed like he never pushed before. In a split second I had to listen to Steve offering to gut him with boat-hook, M.F.W. adding to my inability to acquire charts the sin of reckless boat handling, endangering life I think she said (screamed) and my own conscience ordering me to murder Pavarotti now that I had the chance, at that very precise moment, but only for a moment, I came very close to feeling sorry I had ever set foot on a boat.

We ended up good pals but I do feel M.F.W spent too long explaining the long trip from Ireland, the rough seas, the lack of alcohol and the cumulative effect that might have had on my nerves.

We sailed off the mooring on Sunday morning but it took about half an hour to clear the harbour, so light was the breeze that we had only made about thirteen miles in four and a half hours encouraging us to dodge into Guetaria for the night where we tied up to the visitors pontoon.

All of us loved this town, in particular the Cathedral, the

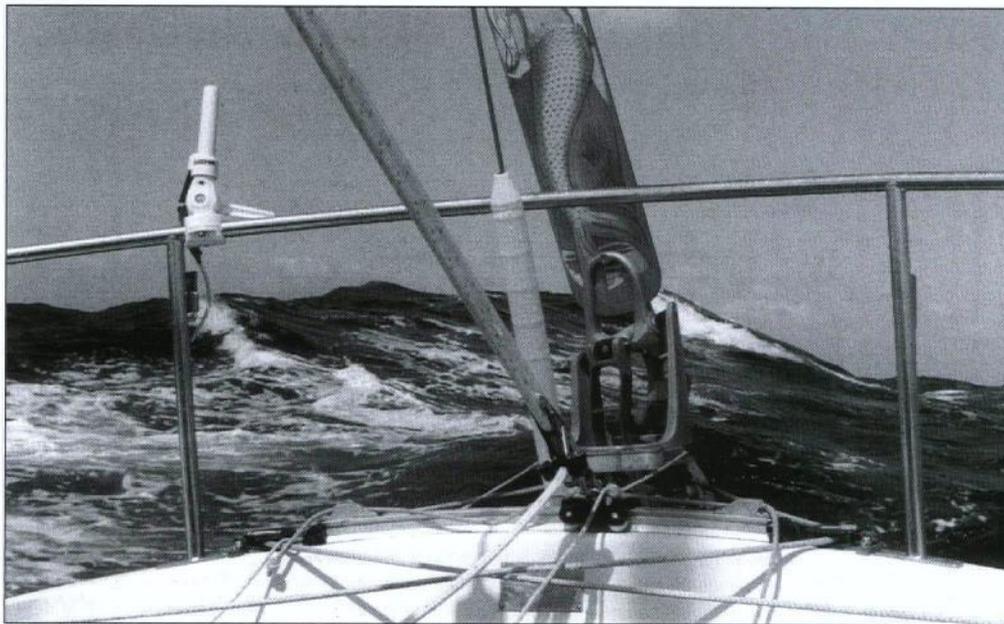


construction of which was commenced in the year 1207. Contrary to every other building of its size which I have seen it is built to an asymmetrical design, I could have done with more time here.

Morning gave us a stiff breeze from the nor'west which kicked up some heavy seas on the coast and whilst we did manage to visit two more ports being Ondorra and Lequiti that day, nevertheless the westing was slow and a little wet and I

more or less decided that if we could not get a move on the next day we could officially label ourselves a doss boat and proceed with the merriment.

The breeze was even stiffer next day and having sailed as hard as we could had only made forty miles good by nightfall and with no sign of the wind decreasing this was just the excuse I needed to sail into Castro Urdiales and pick up a mooring. The Club Nautico launch took us ashore to a lovey



Lady Jane at work

fish dinner after which a stroll around the town in the warm night air was very pleasant indeed.

We visited five more ports on this lovely coast being, Laredo, Santander, San Vicente de Berquera, Ribadesella and Gijon all I am ashamed to state without the aid of pilot books or charts. We did however, resort to cheating whenever we could, for instance, if the occasion presented itself we sneaked a look at anything resembling a chart if the neighbours looked friendly. We encountered no difficulty whatsoever with the exception of San Vicente de Berquera where M.F.W. took directions from a small fishing boat. Much has been written by the members in this annual about the north coast of Spain and whilst it was not where we wanted to be, we did find the sailing delightful, warm without ever being hot, 31 degrees was the warmest, very low rainfall, good sailing breezes, if from the wrong direction for us. I do not recommend to anyone that they set sail to an unknown area without charts but we do have a philosophy on *Lady Jane* that far too much tension is generated by some colleagues for what are after all small slow vessels seldom drawing more than two metres. We have a friend in Dun Laoghaire who owns a 35 foot well found yacht which is bristling with the latest navigational aids, including radar, yet the furthest he has ventured in a lifetime of sailing is the Isles of Scilly. I once walked around the Club de Mar in Palma at my eldest son Nigel's suggestion and counted the satellite antennae on the power day boats. Assuming their range averaged two hundred miles or so, where could they go? I am afraid that modern advertising is so sophisticated and money so plentiful that almost anything could be sold to mariners. If we had been forced by a particularly difficult entrance to stand off for the night or to venture on to the next glow of lights I do not think that would have been the end of the world. One day we were close hauled in light airs and had sailed past what M.F.W. took to be Laredo, it was one of the most enjoyable days I have spent at sea, so enjoyable that I hand steered for about eight hours. Late in the afternoon Steve came up on deck and suggested that he would love a kite run in such conditions. My response as I gybed the boat was "Stick up the bag". We did and sailed back to what turned out to be Laredo which we enjoyed enormously. Now this cruising philosophy did not fetch us up in The Azores but we most certainly had a wonderful stress-free cruise.

By the time we reached Gijon none of us could believe that we had been four weeks at sea but there was a tempting anti-cyclone building from the Atlantic and it seemed too good a chance to miss. We steamed out of the new and excellent marina in Gijon into a nor'west breeze of some twenty knots and whilst the going was heavy for the first six hours the seaway soon reduced as we sailed away from the coast. From noon to midnight on the first day out we only managed fifty nine miles. The next day's run of eighty two miles was slow but really enjoyable, the boat kept moving, we never saw anything approaching a wave and following dinner we were able to play cards in the cockpit by moonlight.

Photo: Henry Barnwell

I am ashamed to write that this state of affairs continued until the fourth day at sea, when we were sixty miles south of the Tuskar some idiot foolishly turned on the radio to hear the R.T.E. forecast which gave fresh to strong nor'easterly and having been informed of this dilemma I took the cowards way out and ordered the sheets eased for Milford Haven. A fresh nor'west wind and I do not get on well with the south Wexford coast. We spent the night on a mooring at Dale. The next morning gave us a nor'west wind and having sailed off the mooring and thrown one big tack to clear the Smalls we then went about and reached up the Irish Sea averaging six and a half knots to Wicklow Head where a combination of foul tide, no wind and an overwhelming desire for a pint of Guinness forced me to wind up the engine for the first time until we reached Killiney Bay whereupon a westerly breeze sprang up enabling us to sail to the entrance to Howth harbour.

This completed five weeks at sea in beautiful conditions, with lovely people, gorgeous food, the odd cigar and French wine on the loveliest of all thirty one foot cruisers. What more could a man want? don't tell me I think I am too old.

SUMMARY

	Miles	Hrs at Sea	Eng. Hrs
Dun Laoghaire - Lampoul	340	62	1.5
Lampoul - Morgat	42	7	0
Morgat - Le Palais	101	17	0.5
Le Palais - Ile d'yeu	55	8.5	1.0
Ile d'yeu - Sable d'Olonne	30	5	0.5
Sable d'Olonne - San Sebastian	175	36	13.0
San Sebastian - Guetaria	13	4.5	0
Guetaria - Ondora	18	4	0
Ondora - Lequita	9	3	0
Lequita - Castro Urdiales	43	9	0
Castro Urdiales - Laredo	31	7	0.3
Laredo - Santander	29	6.25	1.0
Santander - San Vicente de Berquera	30	7	1.5
Berquera - Ribadesella	31	9	0.5
Ribadesella - Gijon	27	7	2.5
Gijon - Dale	542	112	13.0
Dale - Howth	138	26	5.0
TOTAL:	1,634	330.25	40.3

Lamorna's return home

Tony Morton

After my 55th anniversary cruise, I left *Lamorna* ashore at Inverkip where she wintered reasonably well. I sailed from the marina on the morning of Wednesday 7th April, and had a good passage through the Kyles of Bute, pausing at Rubha na Moine to see friends and thence to anchor off Ardrishaig for the night.

I entered the sea lock of the canal at 0730, secured the help of Robin and was soon on my way towards Crinan. The still easterly tended to push *Lamorna* along all too well under spray hood alone. This made entering locks a sporting venture and particularly as only one gate was open, heart in mouth was not infrequent. However, all went well and by 1230 I said goodbye to Robin at lock 13 and arrived in Crinan in pouring rain.

I sailed from Crinan at 1030 on Friday with little wind and much rain. As I cleared Dorus Mor the wind freshened and I had a good passage to Craobh Haven. The wind stayed fresh, the rain poured down and I found the bilges very full.

The rain kept up all Saturday as I bailed out and dried the bilges. On starting the engine there was a great fountain. I mopped up again, found the engineer, started the engine, but no fountain! However, the root cause was identified for repair so that I could set off for home with an easy mind.

I returned to *Lamorna* late on Monday 3rd May, and sailed for Dunstaffnage on Wednesday through the Cruan Sound and secured a berth at 1600. Thursday was a lovely day for working on the boat, and in the evening John Cooke joined me.

We sailed early on Friday 7th on a calm and misty morning, and the wind remained fitful and light as we made our way past Lismore and up the Sound of Mull. All attempts to sail were abortive. We rounded Ardnamurchan and made our way to Eigg, to anchor south of Galmisdale Point. We went ashore and had an amusing 'run' with the locals; much beer and an interesting trip in the rain into the middle of the island to telephone in an 'unregistered' van.

We had a good sail northward on Saturday up the Sound of Sleet towards Kyle Reagh and the Kyle of Loch Alsh in light airs until we were off Mallaig. Then fresh winds carried us on and through Kyle Reagh. None of the anchorages in Loch Alsh looked attractive for the night and so we pushed on to Plockton, which we much enjoyed.

It was calm on Sunday as we set off towards Portree and we had a leisurely passage across to Caol Mor and then up through the Narrows of Raasay where the afternoon breeze set in from the north east and gave us a good passage to a buoy off Portree.

The forecasts on Monday were gloomy and so we set off down the Raasay Sound, where the wind freshened to 6/7 from south of east. We worked through Caol Mor and thence southward inshore of the islands and skerries, and then shaped up for the entrance to Kyle of Loch Alsh where the buoys did

not show very well. The next few hours were most disappointing as we searched for a good anchorage against the easterly wind without success.

Eventually we secured outboard of fishing vessels in Kyle Akin. We were made welcome, given a large number of prawns and heard some very firm views on the EEC, Westminster and fishing. They had a good case.

We made heavy inroads into the prawns and still had a good night during which the wind moderated. As promised to the fishermen, we were up and away by 0600 towards Kyle Reagh. Despite the stream still running north, we 'wriggled' our way south with the aid of the engine and back eddies. The favourable wind then held until we were off Mallaig, when it went light and variable eventually 'setting' at north east 2 to 6. After a sporting rounding of Ardnamurchan with fierce gusts off the cliffs we went across to Tobermory for the night.

Wednesday brought a lovely morning and we visited Loch na Droma Buidhe for lunch at anchor. Then as we made our way south down the Sound of Mull the forecast became gloomier with the threat of northerly gales. We selected Ardtornish Bay and anchored close in by the boat house. The wind blew hard, the rain poured down and a cruise ship anchored off the the passengers evening gambling, but we were well sheltered.

Thursday lived up to the forecasts with a north north easterly 7+ and driving rain. We took 3 slabs in the main, rigged the heavy weather jib and weighed. All went very well until we reached the overfalls between Lismore and Mull, which were very unpleasant; but they slipped quickly by on the favourable stream. The passage to Easedale and then the Cruan Sound was relatively relaxed and we secured in Craobh Haven at 1400.

We spent the remainder of the day squaring everything preparing to go home. The night was very cold and we woke to see the tops of hills covered with snow, as they remained until we reached England.

I returned to Craobh Haven on the evening of the 18th June and sailed early on the 19th for Port Ellen. Once clear of Shuna I picked up a brisk west north westerly and *Lamorna* went very well but the north going stream made progress disappointing. Off the Small Isles the conditions and navigation became more tricky, and off Ardmore light more so; nevertheless by 2015 *Lamorna* was at anchor in Kilnaughton Bay off Port Ellen.

On Sunday I made an early start and caught the stream to Rathlin and the North Channel and thanks to west north west wind I was off Rathlin by 1000. I made for Red Bay to anchor, where I found a small but unpleasant swell, and decided to push on south to Carrickfergus against the stream.

As I went the wind faded away and it became a long slog under engine, until south of Larne off Muck Island, the wind and stream became more favourable and I berthed in

Carrickfergus at 2000. I spent the next few days working on the boat and seeing friends and then returned home.

I was back in Carrickfergus on 28th July, checked that all was well, stored and fuelled, and by 1000 on 29th I was on my way to Ardglass. The wind held well until I was south of Donaghadee, when it began to fade away to a very light north westerly and I had a long slow trip to Ardglass, keeping well inshore, to anchor there at 1900.

I left Ardglass by 0930 the next day, after being somewhat disturbed by a near miss from a large fishing vessel whilst weighing. St John Head was cleared by 1100 and I then had a good sail towards Annalong and Kilkeel turning into the Carlingford Lough Channel at the Helly Hunter buoy. Michael O'Farrell met me at the entrance to Green Island anchorage, and by 1920 we were ashore on the way to his home at Warren Point.

The next three days flashed by, and I had a very good time. I did some work on the boat, watched races in Carlingford Lough, and was made most welcome and at home. On Monday the wind was strong from the south and so I had a very good day with Michael to visit Lurgan for a new engine control box and then to see Newgrange amidst the crowds. After supper I went back on board ready for the morrow.

I cleared the entrance to Carlingford Lough by 0745 and the wind stayed westerly 5/6 so that *Lamorna* kept up a good 6 knots plus all the way to Howth, where I berthed by 1500. I was made welcome and put in touch with Joseph, who set to work on the engine controls with great expertise and speed so that by supper success was well in sight.

Tuesday night was very comfortable and restful, and by 1130 on Wednesday Joseph was back with a new control cable and all working within the hour – great stuff! About the same time Morgan Coe arrived to join me. It all added up to a very good dose of luck.

We left Howth on Thursday with the wind west by north 4/5, rounded Howth by 1000 and then had a splendid sail down to Wicklow Head and to Mizen Head where the wind died. The entrance to Arklow was easy but the level of shipping and fishing boats much greater than I expected. There was no room in the basin and so we picked up a buoy in the river which was a messy business. However the kind owner of *Eilis* lent us his keys to the club.

We had thought of an easy day on Friday, but *Eilis's* owner encouraged us to make for Rosslare with the prospect of a westerly wind going north westerly. Although the 1005 forecast was not too encouraging, we set off with a light south south westerly. This did us well until off Cahore Point it headed us, and in light of the forecast, we set off towards Milford Haven.

Off the East Blackwater the wind freshened and became south south westerly and was soon 5/6. By 1930 the prospects of a passage south of the Smalls at night with a strong north going spring stream made Fishguard a more comfortable bet. We bore away and anchored there at 0045.

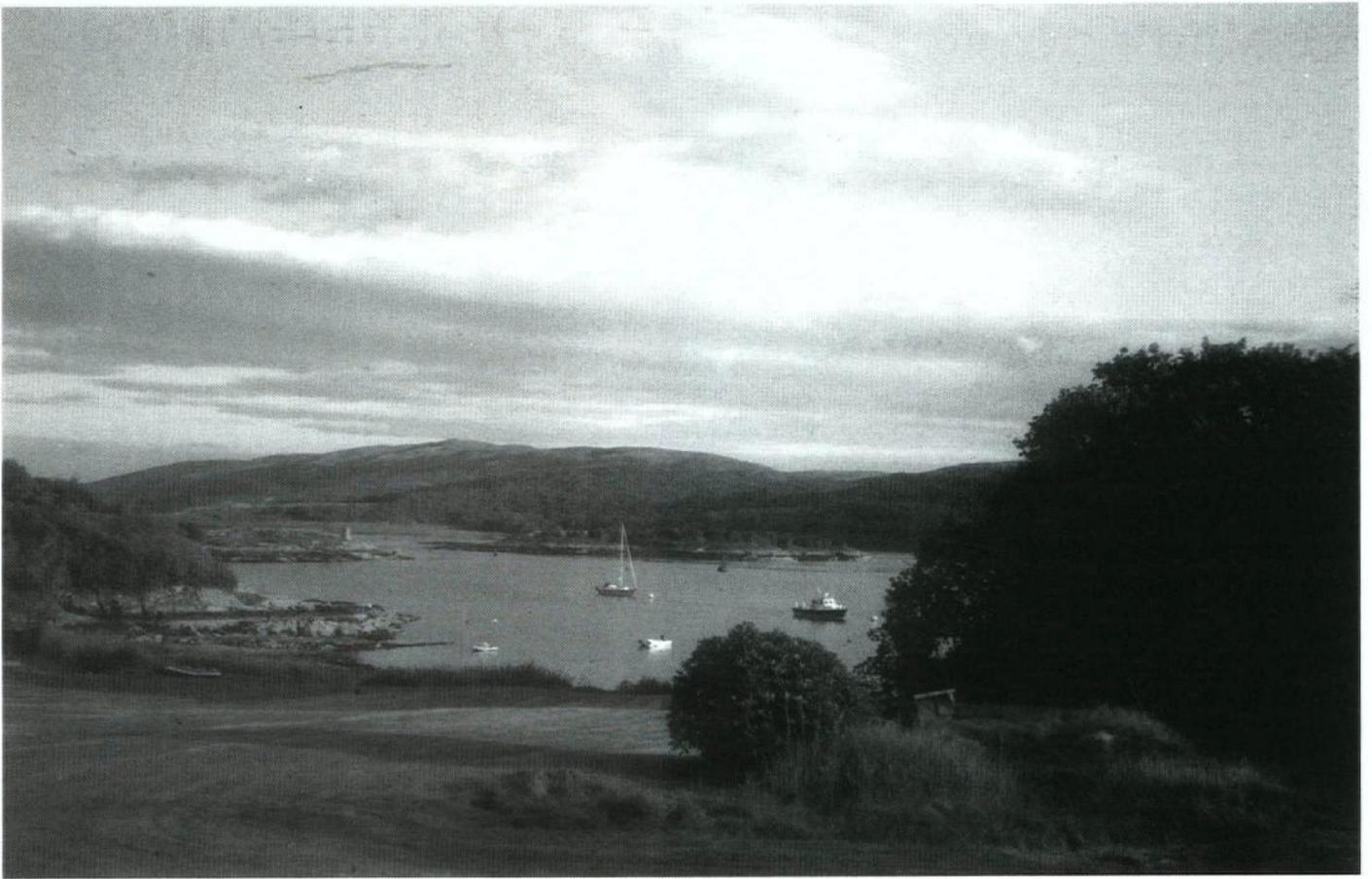
The wind was fresh from the south west, when we left at 0830 on Saturday, and we made a good start. However, off Strumble Head the wind strengthened and became more westerly and the adverse stream was strong. We then had a long, wet, dreary beat in poor visibility, towards the entrance to the Ramsey Sound. By 1530 we were in the approach, and then had a splendid sail through it into better weather and visibility. We 'shot' Jack Sound at 1730; but by 1830 the wind died away and we motored up the Haven to Neyland where we secured and were made very welcome.

We had been tempted by the thought of a next rest day on Sunday, but the forecast seemed favourable for a passage across the Bristol Channel. I visited friends and then, having stored and fuelled, we were off down towards the sea by 1200.



Ardnamurchan Lighthouse.

Photo: Tony Morton



The Burnt Islands with Lamorna II in the middle taken from the NE near Rubha na Moine.

Photo: Tony Morton

We made sail off Rat Buoy and with the westerly wind were soon making 6 knots and on a comfortable course. It all seemed set fair; but as dusk approached, the wind freshened and headed us and the visibility worsened in a drizzly rain. By 2200 it was a rough, wet and nasty old night with steering not easy and fishing vessels difficult to pick out in the misty drizzle.

Daylight was welcome; but we were to the east of track, the sea rough, the stream adverse and visibility still poor. However, we slowly worked our way to the north of the channel and well clear of Pendeen Head. Then at around 1100 the gods smiled, the stream eased, the visibility improved and we were off down towards the Longships, which we cleared at 1220.

Thereafter we had a good and easy passage to the Lizard with the yachts on the Fastnet race working to the west around us. From the Lizard we worked up to the Manacles buoy which was difficult to see, and thence into Falmouth and the marina where we secured at 1930. We then had a good two days in Falmouth, the first in the marina and the second at a buoy in the harbour where it was windy and wet but comfortable and cheaper.

On the 12th August we slipped from the buoy at 0900 and then had a very good fast sail to Plymouth with the wind north of west and a favourable stream. By 1130 we were south of Gribbin Head, where the Fastnet yachts were arriving to close the finish. We kept well clear, passed the breakwater and took the Bridge Channel to the Marina at Mountwise.

Friday 13th was a very nice bright day; but not one on

which I wished to tempt the gods. Morgan Coe, who had been a very good crew and a master of the GPS Satnav, left for home and a wedding on Saturday in Cardiff Castle. I shopped, worked on the boat and saw friends.

On Saturday I was off by 0800; but there was very little wind and an adverse stream so that it was a tedious sail with slow progress. Off Bolt Head, the wind was not strong enough to overcome the choppy seas and the adverse stream and I had nearly 4 hours of splashing about. Then off Salombe I started to motor sail up to and around Start Point, and then made my way to the entrance to Dartmouth which was very crowded. I eventually secured in the marina in the Kingswear side.

I made an early start the next day and cleared the harbour by 0645 in light south westerly airs, which persisted all through a long hot morning and afternoon. However, by 1500 I was off Portland Bill and rounded the Bill at about 1½ cables with the stream nearly slack. Thence I made my way up the east side to berth in Weymouth on a large ketch. All was very crowded, but I went ashore for supper with friends.

I left Weymouth on Monday as soon as the Seacat ferry was clear and had a good sail to St Alban's Head where the breeze died and never really recovered until I was off Hurst and in the entrance to the Solent. From there I made my way up to Lymington and secured in the marina at 1830.

Tuesday 17th was the last day of my cruise and I left Lymington at 0955 and had a very good sail up the Beaulieu River and then up the river to Clobb's Copse to secure alongside *Versatile* – it made a very good end on a lovely day with 1,250 miles covered.

Landfall in Paradise

Brian Lynch

As soon as I awaken this morning May 8th I am up to check the weather. I am glad to see that it is the nicest morning so far since we flew into New Zealand a month ago. The sky is blue and it is warm with a north east wind of 15 knots. We will have fair weather but will be close hauled for the first few days and then I hope we will pick up the south east trades to bring us on our 1,100 mile sail to Nuku'alofa, Tonga. We do our last minute jobs which take longer than expected. The cruise starts at twelve noon and at 1145 we still have someone up the mast fitting the radar reflector. It is noon as we motor out of Gulf Harbour marina. We cross the start line about half an hour behind the rest of the fleet of 39 boats cruising in company from New Zealand to Tonga.

It feels great to get away after so much planning. Our yacht *Shalimar*, built in 1982 has a three ply native New Zealand kauri timber hull coated with fiberglass. She is 51 feet long, 13 foot 8 inches beam, has a half length keel and is cutter rigged with furling yankee, hank on staysail and fully battened main with lazy jacks. She is fully equipped with radar, GPS, and SSB Radio. A sugar scoop transom provides an excellent platform for swimming, fishing and boarding from the dinghy. She also has a fixed fiberglass hood which gives shelter from the sea, wind and sun. We have chartered this boat from a private owner for 9 months in New Zealand. Chartering made more sense to us than buying for a number of reasons. A yacht broker in New Zealand told us that the Island Cruising Association runs an annual cruise in company from New Zealand to the South Pacific Islands. The fleet assembles every 6 or 8 weeks and sail in company for major ocean passages. Daily reporting of positions to one of the boats in the fleet was attractive to us as also was the company of other families, especially for our three children.

We found *Shalimar* when one evening from Ireland we telephoned Don Mundell, the organiser of the event. I told him that we wanted to take part in the cruise and wondered if he knew of anybody who would charter a boat. His instant reply was that that would not be a problem and within four days he found the boat on which we are now on. I could not thank Don and his wife Jenny enough for the way he took me under his wing right from that first call.

I am sailing this first leg of our trip with my wife Onora and our three children Anna (10), Sheila (7) and Christine (4). Peter Haden and Gordon D'Arcy make up the rest of the crew.

The children are quite excited as we hoist the sails up. We are close hauled and not able to make the rumb line. The sea and air temperature are 16C and there is a one meter swell. The boats ahead ease sheets and steer further west than us. They also seem to be moving away from us. Out goes the fishing line at the first opportunity. I bought a good game fishing rod and Penn reel. This is mounted in a rod holder attached to the corner of the tail rail. I try out a lure seven inches long with a fiberglass fish shape that is designed to

push itself down below the surface as it is trolled. It works best at 6 to 8 knots. I was told to expect to catch fish so this provides a continuous source of excitement. Sheila and Christine are seasick after a few hours and keep Onora busy. Anna is fine and so too are the rest of us.

By 1800 the wind has dropped away so we start motoring. About four boats pass between Little Barrier and Great Barrier Islands that evening. The rest go further west. At 1803 all the yachts report their positions. I re-check the chart to make sure that we are going in the right direction because we are steering further east than anybody else. To celebrate our first sunset we fulfill a promise made to Peter Haden when in Ireland and open a bottle of champagne. I pour my second glass down the drain as I am on watch and feel responsible for the whole boat. There is a great atmosphere on board and we enjoy dinner and are free of seasickness.

The four adults do two watches of three hours each from 6 to 9, 9 to 12, 12 to 3, and 3 to 6 and each person doing the same watch for the whole trip. I read that people quickly get into a good sleeping pattern by doing this and can say that we found the arrangement very good. It is dark by 1845 but we have a full moon. The air temperature is cool and damp so we are glad to have light oilskin jackets and warm jumpers which I had hoped we would not need.

9th May 1993.

I come on deck at 0600 to relieve Gordon. It is just getting bright and looks like another good day ahead. We are out of sight of land. Gordon identifies an albatross that we watch for twenty minutes as a juvenile wandering albatross. He is so pleased about this and says that this has made his holiday. This is the greatest bird in the world. We are at 35 degrees South. The sea temperature is now 18 C and is watched closely by Anna as she is looking forward to the swimming.

The wind is still NE and now blowing 22 knots. We are not making our course towards Raoul, in the Kermadec Islands. We are keen to go to Raoul as Gordon wants to see two petrels endemic to the island. Doing this means that we have to stay close hauled. I tell myself that I did not come out here to the South Seas to beat to windward. I hope that I do not have to tack.

Anna shouts that we have a fish. The line spins out with the fish, taking a dive under water as the fish swims for the deep. I reel in but the line still goes out. It must be a big one. After fifteen minutes of reeling and playing with the fish we finally draw alongside, gaff and board a 25 lb albacore. The meat is white and it is a very highly thought of variety of the tuna species. This makes my day and later this delicious fish makes a wonderful dinner. Our day's run is 116 miles. We are still within sight of one of the other yachts in the regatta.

On May 10th we now lose sight of the last boat in the regatta fleet and have the ocean to ourselves. Gordon identifies a yellow nosed albatross which is the smallest and most



Anchorage at Raoul Island.

Photo: Onóra Lynch

slender of the southern albatrosses. We have the company of shearwaters most of the time. They fly so well over the tops of the waves. The NE wind comes and goes all day forcing us to motor and at the same time helping us to get back on to our rumb line for Raoul Island. Sheila and Christine are sick. All three girls sit or lie under the fixed hood and see everything that goes on. They are delighted they do not have to wear life jackets or harnesses. I feel they are safe. There is no way they could fall out of the cockpit once they stay under the hood. The weather is good and we seem to be near the centre of a high pressure of 1036mG. Motoring during the night we reduce speed to 4 knots to make the motion more comfortable for sleeping and prevent further sickness in the children.

The following day the wind is on the beam and we make 7.5 knots. The sea turns to a deep blue. A bunch of coconut leaves drifts by. We are all thrilled to see the signs of the tropics. The layers of clothes come off. Its nice to feel the warm air. The sea temperature is now 21 C and Raoul is 248 miles away. Christine is sick all day and Onora cannot get her to drink anything. I can see her losing weight in front of my eyes. Even though she is sick she is happy. She is looking forward to the stop at Raoul.

12th May 1993.

We are now settling down to the routine of the passage. The sky is overcast and the wind is NE and has dropped down to 8 knots. We motor with the main and yankee up. I now plan to be at Raoul at daybreak tomorrow. I read up about Raoul and note that there are no safe anchorages. We could not stop overnight at the island because of this. I warn everybody that if the conditions are not suitable we will not be able to stop at all.

At 0200 on May 13th a cargo ship passes within two miles. This is a rare occurrence on the Pacific. One writer of a cruising guide said that in 25 years of cruising the Pacific he has never seen a ship while on a passage except in the approaches to land. Apparently people around here are casual about keeping watch and they had to make it one of the rules of the regatta that a 24 hour watch be maintained.

Since the use of GPS, many of the islands and reefs have been found to be mis-charted. At the skippers briefing someone said that one of the Kermadecs was reported to be four miles either east or west of its charted position. So here I am in mid ocean and I can't remember with certainty whether

or not it was Raoul and whether they said it is too far east or west. I steer towards a position 10 miles due south of Raoul's charted position. At dawn we see Raoul from about 16 miles. It makes an easy landfall as it is 1697 feet high. The wind is on the beam and we are doing 7.5 knots. As we make our approach I use the hand bearing compass and forget to check the accuracy of the GPS position. I call Raoul on channel 16 and receive an immediate reply. There are four New Zealanders posted there who run a meteorological station. We ask permission to land and do not mention that we have not the special permits required. This does not cause any difficulties. We are told to go to the north east side and anchor near the "Boar Landing" marked on the chart. They offer to come and pick us up from our boat and take us ashore. I gladly accept. Raoul is the major island of the Kermadec Group,

situated at 29 degrees south making it a unique sub tropical volcanic island. We were expecting a barren landscape and are taken aback by the lush green vegetation extending very high up to its summit.

We anchor at the north east side in 48 feet of water which looks like 6 feet. Without a depth sounder this would be very frightening. We are impressed to see the anchor clearly on the bottom. There is a heavy swell and a lee shore behind us. I have no choice but to stay on board and do anchor watch. The launch arrives to pick up everyone else. The outboard motor stalls and the launch falls back onto us and dents our side. Boarding is very difficult in the swell as the launch bashes forcefully against our fenders. To get on shore this launch is skilfully steered to a position underneath a hook hanging from a crane, which sits like a nest on the edge of a cliff. The boat man has to scramble to attach a hook to chains in the launch. A man above operates the crane and whisks the launch and passengers 10 metres up on to a tiny, shelf-like indentation. This is dangerous stuff.

Raoul was once inhabited by a British couple who lived there for 30 years, raising a family. They must have been the most isolated family in the world. They eventually left and there was nobody there for 40 years. There is now a New Zealand weather station and conservation reserve employing four wardens who could not have been better hosts. It was two months since they had their last visitors and were glad to see us and two other boats from the regatta. They brought everyone on a tour of the island and gave a most generous barbecue party.

Raoul to Nuku'alofa.

We heave anchor at 1640 and set off under full main, staysail and yankee. By 1725 it is dark. We are all re charged after this six hour break. Christine is well again and is in such good form that you would never think that she had been seasick at all. She willingly goes straight to bed and sleeps the whole night. I am relieved as I had began to wonder about the wisdom of bringing her on such a trip.

We get a nice easterly 15 knots and make good progress at 7 knots plus. This keeps up all night.

During the morning of May 14th we see a school of bottlenose dolphins which provides welcome entertainment. They are easy to identify as their mouth is soft and curves upwards giving them a grinning appearance. Anna was

worried about our training lure catching the dolphins. I tell her that the dolphins are too clever and I never heard of anybody catching them. After dark we reach a maximum speed of 8.4 knots and decide to reduce sail for comfort. I try using the radar to sail around squalls ahead. I read about this and wanted to try out the technique. It works for a while but the average wind speed just keeps increasing forcing us to put a third reef in the main. Peter Haden and I go out on deck while Onora takes the helm. The wind is back to the NE and we are getting tired. It is not warm on deck. It feels strange to be warmed up by a wave breaking on deck. The sea is building up all the time and the wind is 30 to 35 knots. So much for the South East trade winds. Where are they?

Onora records gusts of 39 knots. We thought we left such gale gusts at home. *Shalimar* is handling very well but we are tired. I am up a lot during the night. The wind settles again but the sea is still rough. At about five Gordon is on the wheel. The sea and wind are too much for the Wagner Micropilot automatic steering. I remember the advice given in Eric Hiscocks book "Cruising under Sail" where he says heave to and have a sleep. We do this from 0530 to 0930. We all stay in bed, sleep well and have a leisurely breakfast. The wind eases off and the sun comes out so we have salt water showers on deck. The sea temperature is 24 C. We almost forget to start sailing again. During this time we drifted 8 miles and 60 degrees off course. I wish I thought of doing this earlier.

At the 1803 schedule we report our position. We hear that one of the regatta boats is hard aground on the South Minerva Reef, 270 miles SW of Tongatapu, the nearest land. The reef has an enclosed lagoon where a few other yachts from the regatta anchored. Even with the available help, it proved impossible to get her off. The crew joined other yachts and the boat was burnt on the reef. Somebody said that the navigator was using GPS and put in an incorrect waypoint. They had not plotted the position on the chart and simply sailed straight up on the reef at night. They were lucky the weather was good and that there was help available. The benefit of sailing with the regatta fleet was brought home to me.

May 16th we have another day of 20 to 30 knots of ENE. Still no sign of the South East trades. Dolphins appear again. They are herding flying fish which we see flying out of the water for 15 to 20 seconds and skimming the surface for 30 metres. This frenzy of activity makes a diversion for the children.

Our progress is good and morale is high. We have to reduce speed so as not to arrive at Tongatapu too early. Good light is required to see the reefs lying off the entrance. I remember being told at the regatta briefing that some of the navigation marks in the entrance are missing or in the wrong place as they have not been replaced since the last cyclone.

17th May 1993.

We hope to see Tongatapu this morning. It is overcast and the island is low lying with 60 metres elevation. At 0700 we are just 3 miles away before we see land. I hear a vicious snap at the lure. The reel alarm sounds for a split second and then the line goes slack. Another fish gets the better of us. By the sound of the way my lure was taken, I am glad I do not have to gaff and land this one. The others laugh at my sigh of relief.

We have thirty seven miles to go around the island of Tongatapu to reach Nuku'alofa Harbour. It is only 10 miles as the crow flies. While we round the west side we are in the lee



Tongatapu.

Photo: Onóra Lynch

of the land and in the first calm water since Auckland. We feel as if we have arrived and are already taking our first hot showers. We sail within two cables of the shore and we can see people walking on beautiful sandy beaches. Some are fishing in groups with nets. They make a perfect picture. A deep blue sea, a coral reef enclosing a lagoon, white sand, small woven houses with thatched roofs, palm trees stretching up into a clear sky. Such an arrival! We could not help but feel that we were looking at the very same landfall Captain Cook saw two hundred years ago. The spell is broken when we round the most westerly headland and have to head straight into the wind and a big swell. The sea builds up and is in a very confused state. One wave breaks over the deck and we are soaked to the skin. Later Onora found a flying fish on the floor of the aft cabin which must have come in with that big wave. Christine is sick again. One of the Europa 92 boats went up on a reef at the entrance last year so I am being extra careful. After three further hours of bashing against the sea and wind we finally round a green cardinal buoy and ease sheets to enter the inner harbour.

John and Jenny Mundell the organisers of the regatta are on the Quay wall to greet us. They greatly simplified immigration and customs and arranged the attendance of the officials on board. There was a lot of filling of forms and filling of glasses with Jameson. We were all thrilled with the trip but exhausted. After a few hours sleep we go out to dinner in Davinia's Restaurant. The affable proprietor was glad to see us coming and boasted about the number of bottles of wine consumed by the last Irish boat to visit which was during the Europa 92 Regatta.

Nuku'alofa, the capital of Tonga and home of the King is a dusty, unique little town. The people are so friendly and easy going. After a few days rest we visit Pangaimoto and Atata Islands which are less than an hour from the Harbour. Atata has a very primitive native village which was well worth seeing.

After a few relaxing days we go back to Nuku'alofa where Peter and Gordon leave us for Ireland. We thoroughly enjoyed having them with us. Gordon helped us identify every bird we saw on the passage.

The regatta arranged a good programme for the visiting yachts. There were bus tours around the island and social functions to attend. Our children proudly accepted their trophies for making the passage from Auckland.

I am far more at ease now that the first leg of our South Pacific cruise has passed so comfortably. We hope after cruising in Fiji, Vanuatu and New Caledonia that our return passage to New Zealand will match the outward leg.

Town Twinning

Jim Slevin

Some years ago Ballyshannon and Donegal Town were twinned with Sene while Sligo was twinned with Crozon/Morgat in Brittany. As we all shared an Atlantic coast line, Tony Toher from Sligo, Frank Kinsella from Donegal and myself from Ballyshannon agreed that we should forge closer maritime links with our Breton friends. What better way to do this than a cruise by the three boats to France. As none of us had cruised the French coast previously, we studied the North Biscay Pilot and all of the relevant charts over the winter months.

In late May, *Curlew of Annelk*, a Cromarty 36, skippered by Frank Kinsella, *Panache*, a Westerly Seahawk, skippered by Tony Toher and *Testa Rossa*, a Sadler 38 skippered by Paul Slevin left Bangor Marina to rendezvous in Dunmore East. To quote our Scottish friend "The best laid schemes of mice and men etc." *Panache* had to put into Howth and was delayed there due to domestic problems, so only the other two met as planned in Dunmore East on May 27th.

At 0600 on May 28th *Curlew* left Dunmore as the skipper assumed we would make better time and we wanted to arrive in Morgat together. Accompanied by Brian O'Kelly from Sligo, Andrew Fenton and Ian Foster from Ballyshannon, I took charge of *Testa Rossa* and we set sail at 1050 in a SE4-5 while my son Paul and his crew returned home by car. We had a pleasant voyage for the first 100 miles. At 2200 we raised *Curlew* on the radio and agreed to contact them later. As we approached the Scillies, the wind freshened, the seas piled up

and we got a bad forecast for our area, so we decided to put in to Hughtown St. Marys for shelter. On entering the anchorage, in the early afternoon, the Harbour Master, in his launch directed us to a place to anchor.

We tried 5 times to get the CQR to hold without success. Finally we put on the fisherman with an extra 5 metres of chain in line and it held. The wind continued to freshen and we set an anchor watch. After midnight the wind veered to SW and we were recording gusts in excess of 52mph. Our anchors dragged and we were in danger of being set onto a rocky lee shore so we took the only option available and put a line onto the Lifeboat, leaving the anchor to be recovered in daylight. There was complete consternation in the anchorage as most of the yachts dragged their anchors, with the scene being lit up by flares. One French yacht with her crew on board was set up on the rocks and badly holed. On Sunday, the Harbour Master agreed to let all the yachts raft up in the inner harbour. At high water a team of divers, put pumps on board the damaged French yacht and having lifted her off the rocks, towed her to the inner harbour for repair.

When the excitement died down, we tried to contact *Curlew* several times on the radio. Falmouth Coastguard informed us of their position and that they had difficulties with their engine. We kept in contact with the coastguard and learned some hours later that they had managed to clear a line that had fouled their propeller and were returning to Falmouth to have their motor checked. This news was disappointing for the crew of *Testa Rossa* as it became obvious that we would be the only one of the three yachts to visit Brittany this year.

On Monday at 0430 we hoisted sail and left the Scillies in a 4-5 SW for the French coast. En route it was interesting to hear the ships reporting into Ushant traffic control. One was going to Syria while another with a cargo of Swedish cars on board was on her way to Rhode Island. We approached the Chenal du Four at 0100 on Tuesday and as the tide was with us, we proceeded under power. The precise instructions and well lit route made the passage, which we had previously anticipated would be difficult, remarkably easy.

When we passed Point St Mathieu, we motor-sailed to arrive at Morgat Marina at 0830. On arrival, we tied up at the visitors pontoon shown in the Pilot to find



Jimmy Slevin approaching the Gulf du Morbihan.

Photo: P. Slevin

that it was not connected to the shore. We called the marina on the radio and they allocated us a berth beside a blue boat. Needless to say, there were many blue boats so having explored most of the marina, we were shown to our berth by one of the marina staff. A visit to the marina building, housing the showers, made us realise that we needed some French coins, so we explored the shoreline and visited the first pub to purchase postcards and get change. We engaged the publican in conversation when we found that he spoke fluent English and he sold us the tokens required for the showers. Having ascertained that we had come from Ireland, he informed us that a flotilla of yachts had gone out into the bay on the previous Sunday to welcome the Irish boats that were due on that day. We explained that the bad weather had put our planned arrival awry and he told us that he would telephone Mayor Gigi and visit us on board later after we had showered.

In due course, they arrived and enjoyed the whiskey we had carried from Ireland to entertain them. They invited us back to the pub to meet the Town Twinning Committee at 1900. When we went to the pub we were given a civic reception and presented with beautifully inscribed medallions. The France Ouest reporter and photographer were there and our story and photograph were published the following day. We were then brought to a restaurant and entertained to an excellent meal with plenty of French wine.

Wednesday morning, we departed Morgat, at 0430 to beat out of the bay in a SW wind. The early BBC forecast gave a gale 8 for our area so we abandoned our attempt to pass through the Raz de Sein in those conditions and settled for Douarnenez.

The Port-Museum with more than 150 traditional vessels on display provided an interesting diversion for the afternoon. An excellent wine shop is situated in the Main Square beside the marina, so fresh stocks were taken on board to provide extra ballast. another early start on Thursday morning, in superb sailing conditions, left us approaching the Raz at slack water. Several other yachts of different nationalities converged with us, making the most of the improvement in the weather. Even in ideal conditions the surge of tide over the uneven bottom make it a passage to be taken with care.

Having passed through the Raz, the wind died and we had to motor the remainder of the way to Benodet. On arrival at the marina on the east side of the river, we took on fuel and for the first time since our arrival in France, were asked for our registered number. It was a beautiful evening and the last member of our crew, Neal Doherty from Dublin arrived on board, having flown to Paris and travelled to Benodet by various means of transport. His arrival was celebrated in style at one of the fine restaurants in the town.

On Friday morning we proceeded down the Ovet River in darkness in order to be at Port Navalo at the entrance to the Gulf de Morbihan by 1730 to catch the last of the flood tide. We had a fine sailing breeze for the first five hours, but as the sun climbed, the breeze died and we had to start the engine. We had gone a short distance when it began to overheat. On inspection we found that the water filter was full of seaweed. We cleaned it and started the engine again to find that we still had steam emanating from the exhaust. Neal volunteered to have his first swim in the Bay of Biscay and found a clump of seaweed blocking the water inlet. With this cleared we continued to motorsail to Port Navalo where we were met by Dennis and Michelle, who piloted us up the Gulf de Morbihan. We were glad to have them on board as the tide flows very fast through the narrows and it was approaching Springs. On arrival we were met by the Mayor of Sene and a welcoming party from the Town Twinning Group.

The Mayor made a presentation to our crew and we retired to another restaurant for a fine meal and refreshments.



Testa Rossa rafted up in the Isles of Scilly. Photo: J. Slevin

Afterwards we were brought to the Pub du Ballyshannon where we met a number of people from different parts of Ireland. The party finished on *Testa Rossa* at 0200 on Saturday morning. Later that morning we berthed at Vannes marina. The hospitality of the Breton people knows no bounds as we were brought shopping, sightseeing and on a flight over the Gulf. Really, one would need a week there to explore the many beautiful anchorages. On our trip around Vannes we encountered an Irishman busking in the heart of the old part of the city. On Saturday night we brought our Breton friends to Le Bric Restaurant beside the marina and provided them with some Irish entertainment.

On Sunday at 1000 we took our leave of Vannes, with many of our new friends there to see us off in fine style. Another scorching hot morning with no wind so we motored down the Gulf. Having cleared Prisqueille de Quiberon, the wind filled in from the north east and we set a compass course of 295 for south west Ireland under full sail. On Monday evening the wind dropped away and we had to motor the rest of the way. Our first sight of Ireland was the Bull off the Cork Coast looming out of the mist. As we approached the entrance to Dingle, Fungi appeared and escorted us into the harbour. We tied up in Dingle at 1520 on Wednesday. We fuelled up at the Ice berth on the main pier as they do not have a fuel point at the new marina yet. It is great to be back in Ireland where diesel and Guinness are still half the price they are in France. On Thursday, we motored from Dingle to the Basket Sound where in a NW 5-6 we set half the genoa and tucked 2 reefs in the mainsail. We tacked westwards for 2 hours and on the next tack we managed to leave the Inishkeas 1/2 mile to starboard. The wind over tide in this area produces very uncomfortable conditions so we headed westwards once more to clear the Eagle. After we turned east into Donegal Bay, our speed over the ground increased considerably and it seldom dropped below 9 knots though we still carried the reduced sail area. We rounded Mullaghmore Head at 0500 on Saturday June 12th, started the engine, picked up our mooring and retired to the bunks for a well earned rest.

SUMMARY:

	Hrs	Hrs at sea
Dunmore East - Scillies	180	26.75
Scillies - Morgat	157	27.80
Morgat - Douarnenez	22	4.75
Douarnenez - Benodet	68	11.80
Benodet - Sene	85	13.00
Sene - Vannes	3	.75
Vannes - Dingle	488	77.25
Dingle - Mullaghmore	251	41.75
Total:	1254	203.85

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
1990	H. P. Kennedy
1993	D. Nicholson

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. McCormick
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
1990	Arthur S. P. Orr
1993	Brian Hegarty

Rear Commodores

1929	H. R. Wallace
1930	A. W. Mooney
1941	H. E. Donegan
1942	D. Mellon
1947	H. Osterberg

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1988

1989

1990

1992

1993

K. McFerran

R. P. Campbell

B. C. Maguire

F. Cudmore

H. W. S. Clark

P. H. Greer

C. Riordan

W. H. D. McCormick

R. L. Berridge

J. C. McConnell

J. H. Guinness

R. H. O'Hanlon

R. J. Fielding

H. Cudmore

J. M. Wolte

A. D. MacIlwaine

J. M. Wolte

G. Kenefick

M. McKee

J. Gore-Grimes

L. McGonagle

M. McKee

H. P. Kennedy

M. R. Sullivan & D. H. B. Fitzgerald

B. Hassett & D. H. B. Fitzgerald

B. Hassett & A. S. P. Orr

Clayton Love Jnr & D. J. Ryan

Brian Hegarty & David Nicholson

Michael O'Farrell & David H.B. FitzGerald

Honorary Treasurers

1929	W. MacBride
1948	G. B. Moore
1964	N. Watson
1973	L. Sheil
1979	R. Shanks
1984	D. O'Boyle
1993	D. Brazil

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
1990	C. P. McHenry

NOTE: From time to time there were acting Honorary Secretaries; the names listed are where the incumbent has held office -or at least one year.

Dunns Ditties

Horace Beck offers a safe berth:

There is a mooring for any ICC yacht in Poor House Cove, John Bay, Maine. There is 10 feet of water and it held me in Hurricane Bob. Only mooring with a Dan Buoy (Whip Tall Buoy). To enter go to the last run and stay in the lobster pot buoys as you work to port.

Ronan Beirne writes:

While being introduced to *Isobel*, Michael McKees new gaff rigged Falmouth Oyster boat with a 13' bow sprit, I enquired if Michael required a large crew to bring this fine vessel back to Bangor. Michael replied: "I met two young fellows on the quay who wanted a bit of sea time for their yachtmasters certificates so I brought them along, Dickie Brown and Dickie Gnomes."

Harry Byrne writes:

This year I spent 2 months away with the new Vice-Commodore Brian Hegarty in his recently acquired and lovely ketch *Oleander of Howth* as he brought her south to the Med. We had a wonderful cruise to Gibraltar once we had left the miserable conditions in Biscay behind us and visited many many ports on our way south.

I arrived home just in time to take *Rapparee* north for Bangor Week where our enthusiastic racing efforts were not always crowned with the same success as our social efforts ashore in a most hospitable environment.

The rest of this season has been spent in the 'cut and thrust' of Cruiser II racing in Howth.

Ted Crosbie writes on Dennis Doyle (Wybrant Cup Award 1992):

On the last day of August 1993 I watched *Moonduster* slip back to her moorings in Crosshaven. For the previous four weeks she had borne her skipper, Dennis Doyle and crew, to Cowes, around his umpteenth Fastnet Race, to Bayonne in Spain and back – for an ordinary year a mere canter!

But 1993 was not an ordinary year for Dennis Doyle I thought as I watched the vessel pass Currabinny Pier. Fifty years before off the same Currabinny Pier his wife Mary and he took my sister Mary, and myself in the annual Cork Harbour Sailing Club Race for lady helm in twelve foot international dinghies. The race was won by a local lady – of formidable competence, Mrs. Stoney – crewed by a fresh young miscreant called Joe FitzGerald. That was the start of a life long awareness and appreciation of Denis and Mary Doyle as sailors and as friends.

He never really liked centre boards much, but quickly acquired a lead mine of an ex six meter called *Vara* where he commenced the start of his epic ocean races from Beaumaris to Cork – an annual pilgrimage which covered his first three yachts. *Vara*, the 30 sq. meter *Vanya* and the magnificent Fife eight meter *Severn*. There were six glorious yachting years in

Cork Harbour when the four straight eights *Severn*, *Christina*, *Wye* and *IF* competed vigorously with each other every weekend and Denis honed his 'round the buoys' skills against my father in *IF*. No quarter was given and I watched a skilled, boisterous and long experienced helmsman fight out those races with a rapidly developing skipper in the red boat who, had we known it, had his sights fixed on becoming a force in international ocean racing and incidentally making his country a force there as well.

In 1963 *Severn* was sold locally and Denis and Robert Clark produced the first *Querida* with whose creaking wooden mast and cheerful crew competed in the Fastnet of 1963, certainly not one of the quieter ones. Two years later the first Robert Clark designed *Moonduster* appeared – again white with a knuckle bow and with enough sail area and water line to finally beat the straight eights in light weather though *IF* often beat her in a blow.

Over the next two years the eights disappeared to the Clyde and for the next seven years the white *Moonduster* went everywhere. Her voyages were not greatly curtailed by Denis and Mary's three years as Admiral and Lady Admiral of the Royal Cork in the early seventies. The phenomena of that particular *Moonduster* is that that seven years was done totally without an engine and to a startling time schedule.

In the spring, Denis's old protagonist, the helmsman of *IF* passed away, slightly too early to see the underbody of the new Sparkman & Stevens designed blue *Moonduster* which certainly would have been condemned as wrong. But if Blue *Moonduster* was supposed to be the pinnacle of Denis's yachts, it wasn't of course. Among the voyages was the classic fully crewed around Britain and Ireland in 1976 and membership of the Irish Admiral's Cup Team in 1973, 1975 and 1977. She was also a sister ship of Ted Heath's *White Cloud*. Blue *Moonduster* was followed by a white Holland 44 in 1979 also *Moonduster*. Her carbon fibre rudder let go in the Solent before the Fastnet in a 'round the buoys' race in a force eight and her standard rudder was replaced and that standard rudder brought her back to Plymouth through that particular unpleasantness in 1979. It should be remembered that two of the three Irish Admiral's Cup boats succumbed to the same breakage on that particular race.

In 1981 I was asked to be Race Officer for the Admiral's Cup Trials in May. Seven boats were entered including *Regardless* and Denis Doyle's new freres 40 ft rating sloop – the varnished *Moonduster* fresh out of the Crosshaven Boat Yard and the hands of Pat Lake, Shipwright to *Gypsy Moth* and the leather boat *The Brendan* for Tim Severn. The trials lasted from Friday to Tuesday, the wind rarely dropping below 28 knots and a memorable occasion to those of us who were privileged to watch an exhibition of power sailing by a magnificent yacht, a magnificent skipper and a fine crew.

That weekend started the legend of the brown *Moonduster* and her skipper which has been added to over the years by

repeated long standing Round Ireland records, a Mediterranean voyage where Mary and Denis were hosts to the Spanish King, Juan Carlos, and finally in the last few years where *Moonduster* and Denis have demonstrated in a most practical way to the Naval Service that battleships and rubber semi-rigids do not a seaman make but big sail handling adds to the breed and so I watched *Moonduster* and Denis come home last August – a lonelier return than usual but a spirit unimpaired. (See photograph in the Secretary's Report – presentation of the Wybrant Cup).

Harry Cudmore writes:

I built my first craft in 1926 and have crewed and sailed many kinds since then, but am now boatless.

During this period great changes have occurred in Cork Harbour. When I bought a half shore in an International 12ft no other dinghy was to be seen and excluding Cork Harbour One Designs, yachts would have numbered under a dozen.

My partner, the late Aidan MacSweeney and I launched out and taught ourselves the rudiments of sailing. The following year a fleet of 12's appeared, retired by a previous generation, and the Cork Harbour S.C. was formed. Many years of keen racing ensued under its burgee, until the Royal Munster again took an interest in small boats. How wonderful to witness the way the sport has developed since then.

Kevin Dwyer writes on cruising by air:

Flying around the coast on various days this year has provided additional material for consideration by the new Hon. Compiler of the sailing directions for the south and west coasts. These would include Kinsale with Castlepark Marina, Baltimore Harbour from the north east, Lonehort Harbour on Bere Island, Dunboy Anchorage as well as Ballyvaughan, New Harbour (Rinville) home of Galway Bay SC and a series around Galway Docks and Harbour.

Wednesday 28th April 1993 was a beautiful sunny day and provided the opportunity to take the cover photograph for this year's annual from a helicopter. We landed on Skellig Michael later in the day and I had two hours to put together a gorgeous collection of photographs of this magnificent place.

I would have a special thank you to all members of the ICC who contacted and complimented me on my photography in the eighth edition of the South and West Coast Sailing Directions. I do not think that my friend Batt Coleman knew what he was letting himself in for when he agreed to fly me along the south and west coasts in 1992. By the time the article on the new sailing directions was published in the July 93 edition of *Yachting Monthly* he was not only being mentioned as 'a legendary aviator from Kinsale' but with the 'cole' removed from his name was being referred to as the ICC Battman. It's o.k., he's still taking me flying!

B.N. Gallagher writes on Brittany:

I purchased *Sparkle*, a Sadler 34, in June and we set off on 5th July in calm weather, using the engine non stop to the Chenel de Four west of Ushant, which we negotiated in darkness. Two sets of leading lights made the passage relatively easy. At 0400 on 8th July we rounded the Vandree buoy, and sailed gently up the reflection of the moon to Morgat.

On a fine sunny day with the Wind WF6 we carried on through the Raz de Sein south east to Penmarc'h to arrive at the small crowded marina at Port la Foret. We had difficulty identifying Beg-Meil buoy as it was hidden by a yacht which had collided with it. The backstay had wrapped around the buoy and the mast had broken. The next day, 10th July, we sailed to Lorient, using a full genoa only in a WF6.

Sunday, 11th July was spent sailing in a fresh wind, down to Chausee de la Teignouse, and through the entrance to the

Gulf of Morbihan. We motored up the beautiful Auray river bounded by woods on either side to the historic town of Auray. We tied alongside a dismasted yacht (he wasn't going anywhere) opposite the cobbled quay of St. Goustan.

Two days were spent here revisiting places we had been by car in 1991.

We left the Gulf in mist and poor visibility and after an overnight visit to Crouesty sailed north west calling at Lorient, Benodet and Audierne. We had some difficulty furling the roller genoa outside the harbour of Audierne but eventually managed to take the sail off altogether. The channel to Audierne is narrow and tortuous and the river has to be crossed and recrossed in order to reach the marina in the town centre.

We left on the 19th July at 0400 - high water - to anchor at St Evette so that we could negotiate the Raz de Sein at the commencement of the north-going stream. The wind was NW6 as we set off from the anchorage in the company of five other yachts.

We revisited Morgat and then on to L'Aberwrac'h on the north coast of Brittany where we were obliged to anchor in the river as there were no spaces at the pontoon and all the visitor's moorings were occupied.

On the 21st July we sailed for the Isles of Scilly where we spent an enjoyable interlude. We departed at 1200 on 23rd July in WF5. The following morning was bright and sunny as we left the Tuskar to port and carried a fair tide for the following six hours. The wind was gusting WF7 as we crossed Dublin Bay at midnight on Saturday 24th July and we arrived in Howth at 0100 Sunday morning.

John Gore-Grimes writes:

The Club is indebted to Frank Larkin for his excellent organisation of the Shannon Rally in October 1993. While drinking pints at Mount Shannon our member Jimmy Markey enquired:

"What would you do with crew who spent last night in a hotel?"

"Shoot them!" I replied.

It turns out that our heroes found the sub zero temperatures too much for them and they booked into the adjoining hotel under the names Terry Glass and Garry Kennedy.

Patrick Jameson writes on Scotland revisited:

Changling, a Thomas 38 is a cruiser/racer which results in on going discussions with my son Kieran as to which aspect of sailing gets preference. Kieran and the racing crew win most of the arguments, but I was kindly allowed to take my own boat for a two week cruise at the end of July/beginning of August up to Scotland where I was returning after an absence of ten years.

The cruising crew consisted of Adrian Holden, Dan Mooney, Hugh Cuniam, Helen Craig, John Stafford and myself.

We planned to visit or re-visit Gigha, Crinan, Oban, Tobermory, Rum, Colonsay, Islay and Iona. We found remarkably little change in these anchorages since our last visit but we did find changing to new harbours every day was tiring! Age definitely catching up.

One thing that struck us was the small number of boats we encountered even though we had been informed there was a fleet of 280 yachts participating in the West Highland Regatta following us up to Tobermory.

We were surprised at the difficulty we had in making radio link calls not withstanding the large number of stations available at short distance.

On our return journey we grounded briefly on entering Carnlough Harbour at high water. ICC Sailing Directions states: Enter on bearing on 310 degrees accurately. This we

did not do and grounded on a rock to the west of the course line. I understand it has happened to others.

An enjoyable trip much helped by the Yachtsman Pilot to the West Coast of Scotland. Crinan to Canna, Martin Laurence Second Edition.

Cormac McHenry writes on changing yachts:

Ring of Kerry had been with me for twenty two years and for the last one or two of them the disloyal thought had begun to niggle, perhaps she was too young a boat for me.

Barbara had been making it quite clear since she had done her adult sail training course at the National Yacht Club that she knew that bigger boats do not jump around as much, that they were faster, and that they did not have to have traditional, trusty, paraffin cookers. So, I let it be known that the *Kerry* might be for sale. Nothing so definite as saying what she would be sold for, or what of the cherished gear she had accumulated over the years would be sold with her. An interest was expressed, and I chased the interested party away.

But then came the June Rally to Strangford and I was persuaded to go and look at a Nicholson 31 over at Carrickfergus. That was it. Barbara fell for it with its gas cooker and oven, its taps for running hot and cold water, and its shower. So did I, for its feeling of strength, its incredible size for a design only 3' 7" longer than the *Kerry*. The interested party was told that the *Kerry* was now definitely on the market and the deals were done.

Erquy (named after the Brittany fishing port where Barbara and I spent our honeymoon) was brought down to Dun Laoghaire at the end of July, nearly losing her mast in the process and teaching me that if I am to become a delivery skipper I'd need to accumulate an appropriate tool kit. The forestay bottle screw almost unscrewed itself in a force 6 and a dirty sea and I hadn't even a screwdriver on board to tighten it up. However, I did learn that struggling on a heaving foredeck trying to secure a loose forestay is a good cure for seasickness!

Stan Conroy (ICC) and I took her over to Conway in September, to look at the new marina there, the only cruise I was able to do this year and we greatly enjoyed the space and the performance of the new boat. But I still have regrets that I did not make it across the Atlantic in the *Kerry*.

Michael McKee writes on Marie:

While finalising the purchase of my new boat this summer I was told of the whereabouts of my last boat, the *Marie*, and a fortnight before I flew over to Falmouth to collect *Isobel* I found *Marie* in a quarry hole near Larne, looking very sad but not quite derelict.

I do not know who owns her or indeed whether she is for sale but as she is one hundred years old this year and has had such a history within the Club I feel that it might be the sort of major restoration project that some member might have the courage to take on.

I append here her entry in Lloyd's Register
4129 *Marie* - Wood Aux. cutter J.E. Doyle Kingstown W.A.
Richardson Dublin
Reg. tonnage 3.52 Thames measurement 5
L.O.A. 25.7 L.W.L. 24. Breadth 7.1 Draft 4.7
Designer J.E. Doyle Year 1893 altered from ketch

WM Nixon writes on the late Davy Steadman 1910 - 1993:

During a family holiday in Dublin in 1955, my brothers and I were much impressed by the Grand Canal - there was nothing like this at home in Bangor in County Down. But every time we crossed it, there was disappointment that no boats seemed to use this fascinating waterway. Then one summer afternoon, crossing Baggot Street Bridge, at last there was a boat going through the locks in the warm sunshine. Even better, it was a boat from home. Davy Steadman with his characterful little

26ft yawl *Dolphin* was making his way back to the Irish Sea from the Shannon Estuary after a typically individualistic cruise to southwest Ireland.

Being from a family whose sailing was restricted to dayboats such as Waverleys and Glens, for us Davy Steadman of the *Dolphin* was the romantic embodiment of the magic and mysterious world of cruising. He was always known as "Davy Steadman of the *Dolphin*", for although he was a welcome and able shipmate aboard all sorts of craft both traditional and modern, he was most totally identified with this quaint little J.B.Kearney-designed clinker-built gaff yawl, which he owned for 53 years until his death in June at the age of 83.

With her shallow draft and mainmast in a tabernacle, *Dolphin* could get to remote places inaccessible to more orthodox craft, and Davy made full use of this ability, while at the same time he was a pacesetter in the usual run of cruises from Ballyholme to the Hebrides and other places more distant.

A member of the Club since 1967, throughout his long life his deep love of little ships and sailing the sea inspired many through his quiet and steady enthusiasm, and the list is extensive of those he introduced to cruising, notably including his nephew Roddy Monson ICC. Davy Steadman of the *Dolphin* leaves many fond memories, but none more vivid and typical than the one of him with his beloved boat in the heart of Dublin nearly forty years ago, enchanting some little boys with his tales of the wondrous things he'd seen and done on the distant coast of Kerry. (See photo Page 24).

David Park writes on Scotland and rain:

Hilary and I were somewhat crewless this year. Johnny Park (ICC) did manage a week and with a friend Richard, the four of us left Ringhaddy on 11th July. After an overnight sail to Campbeltown, we ran up Kilbrennan Sound to Tarbert and ate well in a small fish bistro facing the harbour. We were up and away early the next day and sailed in drizzle to Ardrishaig and thence through the Crinan Canal. It was nigh on twenty years since I last went through and then there was a shortage of water - but not this year! It was not cheap at £66 but still it is a magical place and the constant drizzle at least kept the midges away.

We locked out of Crinan at midday the next day and with an easterly wind 15-18 knots had a good sail through the Dorus Mor and Fladda to Puilladobhrain which still remains one of my favourite anchorages. We stayed there a day and ate at the pub beside Clachan Bridge where the food was excellent. Unfortunately Johnny and Richard left us here so Hilary and I were now on our own for three more weeks and still it rained. We sailed up the Sound of Mull to Tobermory and half an hour after our anchor was down Russell O'Neill (ICC) arrived in *Miss Molly*. So ashore for a liquid celebration with himself and Maeve and the following day across to Loch Drambuie in Loch Sunart where we rafted together for an evening meal of roast turkey. None of us had been here before; a beautiful place and for once it was a warm sunny evening. We returned to Tobermorey the next morning for some shopping and a visit to the launderette and then parted company with *Miss Molly* and motored around Ardnamurchan where we picked up a nice breeze and sailed to Eigg. We anchored in South Bay and dined on haggis. In the morning we sailed to Canna by way of the Sound of Rhum as there was a nasty sea on the south side of that island. We dined that night on 18 clams bought from a fisherman in Eigg for £5 - a form of culinary robbery! Sanday Island is linked to Canna at low water and there is a bridge but it has partially fallen down.

Our intention was to try and get to St Kilda so we left Canna on 22.7.93 and sailed in a bitterly cold breeze to the Wizard Pool, Lough Skiport in South Uist. It blew and rained most of the night, gusting up to 30 knots but by the morning it

was only raining. We left in the afternoon and a light Westerly blew us up to Loch Maddy in N. Uist where we tied to an HIBD buoy. We spent two days here.

An unending supply of depressions were moving towards Scotland so our St Kilda plan was abandoned but a good brisk westerly carried us from Loch Maddy around the north of Skye to Portree and another HIBD buoy. The Skye heritage centre here was excellent and well worth a visit. We sailed over to Plocton on the mainland where it was dully and misty but nevertheless we had a walk ashore. It was 1530 before we weighed the next day to catch the tide south through Kyle of Loch Alsh and Kyle Rhea. It was a cold motor sail to Arisaig and an interesting bit of pilotage through the rocks at dusk finally anchoring at 2200. We beat round Ardnamurhan in 20-25 knots of wind and anchored for the night in Arcasaid Mor on the NW corner of Gometra; a lovely pool well sheltered from the south and west. Gometra is rugged and beautiful and has a few ruined crofts. There is a good walk on a rough road right around the south of the island. We remained a day here hoping the wind would ease but it remained strong from the south so we beat a retreat back to Tobermorey and more rain. From here we motor sailed down the Sound of Mull in mist and rain and then surprisingly had a grand sail through the Firth of Lorne and Sound of Jura to Eilean Mor, one of the MacCormag Isles. We anchored in the pool. On leaving the pool we managed to strike the rock in the SE corner and Hilary, who was steering, fell forward bruising herself and grazing her knee. The skipper took command and struck the same rock again much to the alarm of our neighbours who then had to shorten in their chain to let us pass. So beware Rum Rock, Eilean Mor! It was calm and we motored down to Gigha and bought more clams and queenies from a fisherman in the Sound. The next day Ardmish Bay was a delight in bright sunshine but the forecast gave the NW wind going to SW overnight and freshening. After lunch at the hotel we left and caught the tide at the Mull which carried us all the way to Donaghadee at 0300 on 6.8.93. Sure enough the wind and rain returned as forecast and after a few hours sleep, we motor sailed down the County Down coast back to Ringhaddy.

We were away 26 days and on only two of these it did not rain but nevertheless we covered 604 miles in what must have been one of the worst summers for many a year.

Hugo du Plessis writes from the Caribbean:

In 1992 I tore myself away from my usual haunts in Grenada and cruised in a leisurely fashion up to Martinique to stock up with plonk. Which was surprisingly hard to find. Then, with the hurricane season imminent, an unusually fast return to the sanctuary of Grenada.

Whereupon everyone started putting the fear of God into me and said I had to fly back in the discomfort of a steam seagull and into hospital. Just as the hurricane season was starting. The very last time a sailor would want to leave his ship. Fortunately all was well when I returned two months later and resumed my regular commuting from my favourite harbour Hog Island to more civilised surroundings of Secret Harbour for mail and shopping and back again for the regular Sunday barbecue. It is easier to move the boat than row the dinghy a mile or so although sometimes I do sail the dinghy if the trade winds are not strong. Sometimes I even sail further.

Christmas was spent at Hog Island, with a party on the beach and guess who was Santa arriving by sailing dinghy straight from the North Pole? (via a certain amount of rum on other yachts — to keep out the cold of course in the usual temperature of about 80°).

Which brings me to the disastrous year of 1993. March saw the boat in the next island of Carriacou where there is a good aluminium welder to make me a second grab rail or roll bar or whatever it is called. No one island ever does everything and

you have to know which one does what.

Then it was the boat's turn to go into hospital. A long planned three months drying out ashore for a spot of bottom treatment followed by Uncle WEST, while I flew home to find a tenant for my house (and money to continue this life) and pass a critical eye over the grandchildren.

Back to the boat in June, a couple of weeks hard work and relaunching a day after my birthday. Then the troubles started. Unidentified noises from the engine. Then louder noises which meant that I had to sail in and out of harbour. Some owners, rather ostentatiously I thought, put out fenders. The nasty noise was diagnosed as valve trouble so off with the head for regrinding and new valves. I was painfully aware that the last engine I had dismantled was my father's motor mower when I was an engineering student and it never worked again. (Well I was an electronic engineer not mechanical). Not valve trouble at all. Only a leaking glow plug. Simple. And I had a spare. At least the engine did go better except for the original unidentified noises, but in my view £500 could have been better spent. Like an anchor windless for an old man.

Meanwhile Tropical Storm Brett caused some alarm especially as I was still immobile, but turned out to be a damp squib. Went all along the coast of Trinidad and Venezuela instead, the safe areas which are supposed to never get tropical storms, and caught all the yachts which had gone down there for that reason. Which goes to show that nowhere in the Caribbean is entirely safe.

More to the point where I was concerned, 75 yachts came into Mount Hartman Bay where I was, snug in a corner tied to mangroves like a spider in a web. And the danger is not a storm, fierce though it may be, but other yachts which go adrift, as has been shown time and again in recent years. Especially badly moored charter yachts. There are just too many yachts in the Caribbean now for the few hurricane holes, into which they flock by the hundred at the first hint of a storm. In some ways the warning system is now too good.

Fortunately the engine waited until after that before committing suicide. I had just got it going nicely, cured the noise (due to a dribbling injector which I had just had overhauled by proper Bosch agents in Southampton) and all looked good.

Then after starting up a few days later some very nasty noises, and the engine thoroughly disgraced the name of Mercedes by shoving a con rod through the starter motor via a hole that had suddenly appeared in the crankcase. With some critical spares unobtainable and no competent local repairers it looks like R.I.P.

Now here I am stuck. Faxes flying. (Fax really is one of new benefits for cruising yachts overseas). That was six weeks ago and I am still waiting to hear from the insurers, Pantaenius, who are the slowest I have ever met in my forty years in the boat business. As it is also a German company, Germany efficiency is taking quite a battering.

What with these delays and the inevitable time shipping will take even if not delayed by a looming docks dispute it looks like being Christmas at least before this tale of woe is finished and I have a new engine fitted. Then I hope to resume my geriatric style of cruising. The most daunting prospect is the disturbance to my 'office' because, in typical modern yacht fashion, the engine has to come out through the cabin. I do wish modern yacht designers and builders would actually use their boats.

The only bright glimmer is that I have found an engine maker, Beta Marine in Stroud, England, who answer faxes by return and actually seem to want to sell me an engine. And that is really a welcome change as anyone overseas knows only too well these days.

ICC yachts met during the year have been *Morning Calm*, *Whistling Oyster* and *Skarv an Stad*. (A particular connection

here as it was Ursula's grandfather, Paddy O'Keefe. who proposed me for the club). Thanks to all for the hospitality to a lone sailor.

Bill Rea writes on Manx hospitality:

This year *Elysium* attended the Whit Rally at Strangford. The return trip to Dun Laoghaire included a passage through the Calf Sound and a visit to the highly recommended port of Castletown on the Isle of Man.

I had hoped that the crew, Barry Keane and Ronan Beirne, would offer to give her a scrub (to pass the evening) while we were dried out against the wall but they seemed anxious to get ashore. On the quay, at the top of the ladder, we were approached by ICC member Douglas Mellon and his wife Jill, who had seen our burgee; we were surprised and delighted to be invited to their lovely home near Ballasalla, a few miles out of town.

Douglas entertained us with recollections of sailing personalities together with yarns about previous ICC events and cruises. Jill had no advance warning of our visit but very skillfully cooked us a memorable dinner, which we all enjoyed in great form.

Later in the evening we returned to *Elysium* and almost persuaded Douglas to join the crew and sail with us immediately. It was pointed out that the large list was probably due to the fact that we were still aground; the proposed project would undoubtedly lose much of its glamour before the morning tide. We said good-bye to Douglas and Jill after a wonderful evening.

Brian Smullen writes on a new yacht:

I first saw *Zaberdast* in Annapolis, Maryland in March. Boarding her was not easy as she had a 6" layer of snow on deck.

I was looking for a boat suitable for a round-the-world rally and this GRP 66 footer of the Sparkman and Stevens drawing board looked like a definite candidate. What impressed me most at that moment was the clear plastic screens which totally enclosed the centre cockpit, keeping the arctic wind at bay.

The deck inspection was perfunctory as down below the heaters were pumping out life giving warmth. Very quickly I realised she had most of the things I was looking for in a boat on which I would be living for two years. Firstly, a separate engine room with enough space to contain all the necessary ancillaries and room to work in. It also minimised the disruption to the whole boat during essential maintenance such as oil and filter changes and finally was a superb drying room for the tea towels, shirts, knickers etc.

Another good feature was the number of cabins. It is essential on a long trip to have somewhere private, a place to hang up your own teddy bears, listen to your own music and a drawer for your own inhibitions, but not a million miles from the main action.

There was a very well equipped galley with a large fridge and deep freeze capacity. This latter was more than a luxury as there would be long periods in the tropics when fresh food would simply not be available. All this was powered for 2 x 8.5kw generators which supplied enough juice to allow us to use a lot of household equipment, i.e. microwaves, blenders, toasters etc., luxury beyond my wildest dreams.

When I could no longer find an excuse not to, I bundled up like Amundsen preparing to assault some pole or other and went on deck (John Gore-Grimes would have felt quite at home!) to inspect the sloop rig. I would have preferred a ketch but that's how the cookie crumbles. The 80' stick had in-mast furling for the mainsail and it and the reefing for the genoa were hydraulically operated as was the anchor windlass. The anchors were polished stainless steel (there's posh) and the only sail that could not be operated from the cockpit was the

staysail so I envisaged no great hardship operating this fine vessel.

A professional survey showed up no major problems so that decided matters. She was in need of a paint job and to have a water maker fitted. We decided to have this work done at Wayfarer Marine, a boat yard in Camden, Maine, who had looked after *Cuilain* for us. A mere 1,000 miles away, and in March! Madness.

The die was cast and so on a calm, cold Saturday afternoon we set off to motor up Chesapeake Bay to the Chesapeake - Delaware Canal. We stopped for dinner at a canal side restaurant to allow the tide to change in our favour. A rather surly dockmaster informed us that if we weren't out of there by midnight he would be back to charge us a full day's rental fee. Casting off at 2359 gave us an hour of slack water and then favourable tide at the other end of the canal where it runs into Delaware Bay at about 4 knots. This rate reduces as the bay opens up towards the sea.

In spite of the extreme cold I was amazed to see a number of sports fishermen practising their art. What dedication. Still no wind as we cleared the bay and spent Sunday motoring along the very inhospitable New Jersey shore, very shallow and not too many places to go unless you fancy a flutter on the tables in Atlantic city.

Saturday night found us at anchor near Sandy Hook, the southern entrance to New York Harbour. The marina we had intended to use had been blown away in the last hurricane. 0600 on Monday morning found us underway again with a favourable tide under us. Still no wind but the sun rose behind us as we passed under the Verezano Narrows bridge giving a magical light to the Manhattan skyline. Past the Statue of Liberty, Governors Island, the World Trade Towers and into the East River. No sign of King Kong on the Empire State building. Under BMW (the three bridges over the east river Brooklyn, Manhattan, Williamsburg) great fun motoring under the 59th Street Bridge, "Feeling Groovy" (younger readers, ask your parents). Wall to wall traffic on East River Drive. Navigating by street number. Into Hell Gate with its 6 knot tide, whirlpools, eddies, overfalls and great swirls, on past La Guardia Airport and finally being spat out into Long Island Sound, totally emotionally drained and that at 0900 on a Monday morning.

The previous owner had been kind enough to accompany us this far as we familiarised ourselves with the boat but now had to leave. I realised this would be a sad time for him and did not want to prolong matters. So, we pulled into a deserted marina where we shook hands and he did a pier head jump and I turned the boat around and headed back to sea. One wave to a forlorn figure standing bag in hand on a derelict deck and we were round the corner and gone.

Still no wind so up the middle of Long Island Sound with us, through the Race and into Newport Rhode Island. Sadly the Brenton Reef Tower is no longer with us. This great land (sea!) mark, scene of so many America's Cup triumphs and disasters has become yet another victim of the recession.

So ended my first voyage on *Zaberdast* motoring all the way. However, she subsequently proved to sail very well, averaging 7 knots across the Atlantic, but that's another story.

By the way, *Zaberdast* is an Urdu word which translates as "a force to be reckoned with." Well, here's hoping.

Designed: Sparkman and Stevens, LOA: 66' 0", Beam: 16' 0", Draught: 7' 3"

Tony Toher writes on Swansea to Howth in March:

Panache is a 1989 Westerly Seahawk (10.67 x 3.6 x 1.5 displ. 7 tons) and this was her delivery trip from the marina at Swansea.

Departure was timed to obtain a fair tide at the Smalls where one 'turns right for Howth' so to speak.

At this point there were two announcements:

Number One:

Crew (a chap I had met one hour before departure, 'very experienced', the Marina Manager had said) announced he was sick and requested we make for the nearest port.

Number Two:

Rosslare CRS announced S gale, F8 soon.

Now, numerous remedies have been tried for that distressing malady Mal de Mer but none is more effective than PERIL (patent pending). Crew recovered and did a wonderful job of the pilotage through the banks, an area new to me. We placed our trust in the Good Lord and the Decca, fortunately in that order because, upon fitting a GPS, it was discovered the Decca was widely inaccurate.

As we all know, arrival is where real problems arise. Arrival at Howth in the dark, force 7, at low water, a stranger in a strange boat - rather a good prescription for 'a happening.'

Fortunately, Lennie, Head Berthing Master took command, a berth was cleared near the entrance and *Panache* guided in by portable VHF. Soused Cortez and crew beheld civilised Howth marina with joy and did not fail to offer a word of thanks to the Celestial Pilot.

Garry Villiers-Stuart writes on Winefreda (1890):

The last log published in this annual recounted *Winny's* memorable cruise to the Finnish Orland islands in 1980. For Rosie and I it was a honeymoon cruise. For my father it was a visit to look at the *Pommern*, and meet his one-time ship mates. The voyage marked the end of a cruising cycle that had begun with *Winny's* 1963 refit.

Winny's main activity during the 80's was sailing the waters between Antrim and Argyll. The main focus of these cruises has been to provide school leavers with mental disability the chance, challenge and experience of life afloat. (The project grew out of my job working for MENCAP). Dad, before departing to a larger ocean, was a willing and wonderfully adaptable participant in this activity. The project started with a weeks day sailing out of Port Appin Argyll, involving 4 students. It grew into an annual three week adventure expedition involving twenty or so students. A network of activities involving preparing the ship in Antrim, camping on Mull, cycling on Islay, walking on Jura were kept together by *Winny* sailing students from one activity to another.

To sail these waters in June is definitely one of the great joys of life. The weather is clement, the sunshine abundant, the scenery exquisite, the anchorages numerous. who, young or old, mentally firm or inform could remain unmoved by such a utopia of beauty? These times on the *Winny* were wonderful special and enriching for all who sailed on her.

Last years dismasting of *Winny* with family aboard, when approaching the Torran rocks south of Mull, was read as sign of another turning point in *Winny's* long life. A generation has passed since *Winny's* last major refit. It seems that one revolution of the wheel has taken place. The project now at hand is a refit aimed at keeping *Winny* good for many more memorable cruises well into her second century.

Paddy Walsh writes on empty bottles:

Another lazy morning in early August at the Marina in Bayone - promise of another warm cloudless day. Fitzzy and *Peigin Eile* gone for more port to Oporto or to add to the Villano's around the Cabo. Larry Swan and myself decided to explore in detail the Eastern shores of the Isla's Cies and then to head off and visit the Rias - a much more leisurely pursuit. Fishing boat everywhere, big and small, salutes and smiles from all. Lighthouses noted here and there and secluded houses spied on as we moved lazily in and out of tiny beaches with never to be forgotten names like Pau de Bandeira and Playa de St Martin.

A little challenge on a lazy day, to pass inside Isla Vinos. As I came through I suggested we could perhaps be the first Irish flag to bother, and with that pioneering feeling we anchored to siesta off Playa Area das Rodas, among the six or eight boats there - shock! - here we are next to an ICC burgee - unbelievable - *Symphonie* is there - we contact and Steve Malone invites us on board forthwith - reality - a bottle of Powers with a ball left - Larry finished that and I commented. Promptly in Steve's words, reinforcements are called up. Afterwards I laughed about the reinforcements to Larry and he cynically explained: "In such circumstances wise ones produce a bottle with only one drink left in case the company is less than entertaining - the real bottle may be produced after the initial interview." Another cruising trick, I assume!

A lovely memorable day enhanced by our meeting another ICC member - so much for pioneering!

THE LORD OF THE ISLES VOYAGES

by Wallace Clark

This excellent book contains a full account of this remarkable voyage from the west of Ireland to the Hebrides and Faeroes is described in full.

The detective process needed to rediscover the correct size and shape, the building of *Aileach* and her six week maiden voyage is described with humour, sound history and a seaman's insight. Members will find pleasure in this book which is in large paperback format, c 200 pages with exceptional colour photographs, charts and B&W illustrations.

Available from Wallace Clark to ICC members at a special price of £7.50 - recommended.

List of Award Winners

THE FAULKNER CUP

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	Wallace Clark	<i>Zamorin</i>
1952	P. O'Keefe	<i>Mavis</i>
1953	Wallace Clark	<i>Caru</i>
1954	B. C. Maguire	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1955	C. Love	<i>Galcador</i>
1956	N. Falkner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1957	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Huff of Arklow</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. Falkner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1962	R.D. Heard	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>
1963	R.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>
1973	A. Leonard	<i>Shardana</i>
1974	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Cuilain 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>
1990	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1991	Peter Bunting	<i>Gulkarna II</i>
1992	Michael Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>
1993	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>

THE STRANGFORD CUP

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>

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G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
Wallace Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
J. Villiers Stuart	<i>Vinter</i>
J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
M. Villiers Stuart	<i>Winifreda of Greenisland</i>
J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
W.A. Smyth	<i>Velma</i>
J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
A. Morton	<i>Sung Foon</i>
Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
Brian Dalton	<i>Boru</i>
Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an lar</i>
David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
Tommy O'Keefe	<i>Tir na nOg</i>
David Fitzgerald	<i>Peigin Eile</i>
Cormac McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
H.M. Nixon & E. Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>

THE ATLANTIC TROPHY

R. Cudmore	<i>Morgana</i>
A. Doherty	<i>Ba/i Hai</i>
David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
M.H. Snell	<i>Co/den Harvest</i>
David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an lar</i>
James Cahill	<i>Ricjak</i>
Brian Smullen	<i>Cuilain</i>
Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
Jarlath Cunane	<i>Lir</i>
Ronnie Slater	<i>Tandara</i>
David McBride	<i>Deerhound</i>
Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Lir</i>

THE ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP

E.J. Odlum	
Brendan Maguire	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
Wallace Clark	<i>Caru</i>
Dr. R.N. O'Hanlon	<i>Ancora</i>
R.C. Arnold	<i>Maid of York</i>
R.P. Campbell	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
C. O'Ceallaigh	<i>Julia</i>
W. & B. Smyth	<i>Wynalda</i>
N. Falkner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
C.H. Green	<i>Helen</i>
J.D. Beckett	<i>Dara</i>
R. Mollard	<i>Osina</i>
M. Tomlinson	<i>Pellegrina</i>
J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
R.P. Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
J.B. Law	<i>Sai See</i>
G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
R.P. Campbell & J.R. Osborne	<i>Verve</i>
J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
P. Gray	<i>Korsar</i>
Ronan Beirne	<i>Rila</i>
W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>

1983	A. Doherty	<i>Svegala</i>	1970	Hugh Coveney	<i>Dalcassia</i>
1984	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>	1971	J.A. McKeown	<i>Korsar</i>
1985	T. O'Keefe	<i>Orion</i>	1972	J.C. Love	<i>Fionnuala</i>
1986	B. Hegarty	<i>Freebird</i>	1973/77	No Award	
1987	Wallace Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>	<i>From 1978 onwards the Wybrant Cup was awarded for the best Scottish Cruise.</i>		
1988	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>	1978	Chris Green	<i>Norella</i>
1989	Tony Morton	<i>Lamorna III</i>	1979	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1990	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>	1980	D.A. McMillan	<i>Goosander</i>
1991	Robert Barr	<i>Ar Men</i>	1981	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1992	No Award		1982	Ronan Beirne	<i>Givusa Kuddle</i>
1993	G. Nairn & M.D. Whelan	<i>Lola</i>	1983	M.M.A. d'Alton	<i>Siamsa</i>
THE FORTHNIGHT CUP					
1958	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>	1984	R. Barr	<i>Condor</i>
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>	1985	B. Hegarty	<i>Freebird</i>
1961	J.W.D. McCormick	<i>Diane</i>	1986	M.M.A. d'Alton	<i>Siamsa</i>
1963	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>	1987	Paul Butler	<i>Arandora</i>
1964	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>	1988	Paul Butler	<i>Arandora</i>
1965	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>	1989	Roddy Monson	<i>Mazara</i>
1966	Wallace Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>	1990	Roddy Monson	<i>Mazara</i>
1967	Miss E. Leonard	<i>Lamita</i>	1991	Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1968	P. Dineen	<i>Huntress</i>	1992	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1969	R.C.A. Hall	<i>Roane</i>	1993	Sean McCormack	<i>Maire Claire II</i>
1970	N. St. J. Hennessy	<i>Aisling</i>	THE FINGAL CUP		
1971	J. Oliver	<i>Vandara</i>	1981	Robert Barr	<i>Condor</i>
1972	C. Green	<i>Helen</i>	1982	W. Walsh	<i>Carrigdown</i>
1973	M. Tomlinson	<i>Pellegrina</i>	1983	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1974	J. Wolfe	<i>Gay Gannet</i>	1984	R.M. Slater	<i>Tandara</i>
1975	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>	1985	P. Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1976	A. Morton	<i>Sung Foon</i>	1986	B. Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1978	R. Dixon	<i>Oberon</i>	1987	Frank McCarthy	<i>Scilly Goose</i>
1979	B.J. Law	<i>Sai See</i>	1988	Robert Barr	<i>Joliba</i>
1980	R. Paul Campbell	<i>Verve</i>	1989	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1981	S. Orr	<i>Den Arent</i>	1990	Michael d'Alton	<i>Siamsa</i>
1982	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>	1991	W M Nixon	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
1983	C.P. McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>	1992	David Park	<i>Alys</i>
1984	B.H.C. Corbally	<i>Puffin</i>	1993	Stephen Malone	<i>Symphonie</i>
1985	R. Barr	<i>Joliba</i>	JOHN B. KEARNEY CUP		
1986	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>	1983	P. Campbell: Compiler of ICC Directions	
1987	Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>	1984	J. Moore: Skipper of S.T.Y. <i>Graine</i>	
1988	John Ryan	<i>Saki</i>	1985	Jennifer Guinness: ICC Publications Officer	
1989	Brian Hegany	<i>Safari of Howth</i>	1986	Harold Cudmore Junior: Yachtsman	
1990	Seamus Lantry	<i>William Tell of Uri</i>	1987	Cap. F. "Eric" Healy: Caption of S.T.Y. <i>Asgard II</i>	
1991	Brendan O'Callaghan	<i>Midnight Marauder</i>	1988	Capt. Tom McCarthy: Caption of S.T.Y. <i>Asgard II</i>	
1992	Clive Martin	<i>Lindos</i>	1989	Sail Ireland Project: Round the World Race in <i>NCB Ireland</i>	
1993	Brendan O' Callaghan	<i>Midnight Marander</i>	1990	Ursula Maguire: Secretary of Irish Yachting Association	
THE WYBRANT CUP					
1933	J. B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>	1991	The Southern + Team: H. Cudmore, J. English & E. Maguire:	
1934	Dr. L.G. Gunn	<i>Albatross</i>	1992	Southern Cross Winners	
1935	J.B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>	1993	Dennis Doyle: Yachtsman	
1936	Leslie Chance	<i>Britannia</i>		Arthur S.P. Orr: Compiler of ICC Directions	
1937	A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>	ROCKABILL TROPHY		
1938	Dr. O.P. Chance & R. Storey	<i>Saphire</i>	1959	P.H. Green	<i>Ann Gail</i>
1939	J. B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>	1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>
1940	K. McFerran & Dr. O'Brien	<i>Hazure</i>	1961	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Harmony</i>
1941	D. Keating & R. O'Hanlon	<i>Evora</i>	1962/63	No Award	
1942	J.B. Cotterell & J.F. McMullan	<i>Minz</i>	1964	J.D. Faulkner	<i>Angelique</i>
1943/45	No Award		1965	J.H. Guinness	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1946	J.B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>	1966	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>
1947	H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>	1967	No Award	
1948	Dr. R.H. O'Hanlon	<i>Evora</i>	1968	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>
1949	P. O'Keefe	<i>John Dory</i>	1969	No Award	
1950	A.W. Mooney	<i>Evora</i>	1970	J.P. James	<i>Ganimore</i>
1951	P. O'Keefe	<i>John Dory</i>	1971	R. Courtney	<i>Bandersnatch</i>
1952	H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>	1972/73	No Award	
1953	No Award		1974	J.P. Bourke	<i>Korsar</i>
1954	T. Crosby	<i>If</i>	1975/78	No Award	
1955	R.P. Campbell	<i>Alata</i>	1979	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1956	S.F. Thompson	<i>Second Ethuriel</i>	1980	J. Wolfe	<i>Deerhound</i>
1957	Col. W.S. Knox-Gore	<i>Arandora</i>	1981	No Award	
1958	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	1983	K. & C Martin	<i>Estrellita</i>
1959	G. Kimber	<i>Astrophel</i>	1984	No Award	
1960	J.C. Butler	<i>Happy Morning</i>	<i>From 1985 onwards the Rockabill Trophy was awarded for "A Feat of Exceptional Navigation/Seamanship."</i>		
1961	S. O'Mara	<i>Fenestra</i>	1985	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1962	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	1986	No Award	
1963	Lt. Com. T. Sheppard	<i>Greylag of Arklow</i>	1987	J.B. Law	<i>Redwing/Spirit of Shell</i>
1964	T.F. Doyle	<i>Elsa</i>	1988	No Award	
1965	S. O'Mara	<i>Oisin</i>	1989	Colin Chapman	<i>Deerhound</i>
1966	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	1990	Colin Chapman	<i>Deerhound</i>
1967	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>	1991	Wallace Clark	<i>Aileach</i>
1968	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	1992	Peter Bunting	<i>Gulkarna II</i>
1969	R.I. Morrison	<i>Querida</i>	1993	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>

WRIGHT MEMORIAL SALVER

Presented to the Irish Cruising Club by H.J. Wright in memory of H.M. Wright, *Eolanda* (15 tons), Commodore 1929 – 1942.

Year	Race	Yacht	Recipient
1943	Whit	<i>Marama</i>	H. Osterberg
1945	Whit	<i>Mavis</i>	J. B. Kearney
1949	Whit	<i>Evora</i>	A.W. Mooney
1950	Whit	<i>John Dory</i>	P. O'Keefe
1951	Whit	<i>Alata</i>	R.P. Campbell
1952	Whit	<i>Setanta</i>	F. Cudmore
1954	Whit	<i>Euphanzel</i>	N. Falkiner
1955	Whit	<i>Suzette</i>	A.E. Pope
1956	I.O.M.	<i>Zephyra</i>	S. Cresswell
1957	Cork-Schull	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle
1959	Cork-Schull	<i>Happy Morning</i>	J.C. Butler MC
1960	I.O.M.	<i>Harmony</i>	R.H. O'Hanlon
1961	Cork-Schull	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle
1962	Howth-Port		
	St. Mary	<i>Cu-na-Mara</i>	D. Barnes
1963	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Happy Morning</i>	J.C. Butler
1964	Dun Laoghaire-Holyhead	<i>Twayblade</i>	E. Tweedy
1965	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle
1966	Dun Laoghaire-Holyhead	<i>Fionnuala</i>	R. Courtney
1969	Cork-Fastnet-Castletownshend	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle
1972	Dun Laoghaire-Arklow	<i>Tryphena</i>	F. Ryan
1973	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Cecille</i>	G. Radley
1974	—	<i>Korsar</i>	J.P. Bourke
1976	I.C.C.	<i>Querida of Howth</i>	I.R. Morrison
1977	Crosshaven-Fastnet-Baltimore	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	J.C. Butler
1978	Howth-Strangford	<i>Leemara</i>	W.R. Cuffe-Smith
1979	—	<i>Four Seasons</i>	L.G.F. Heath
1980	—	<i>Deerhound</i>	J.H. Guinness
1981	—	<i>Korsar</i>	R.E. Mullard
1982	—	<i>Tritsch Tratsch IV</i>	Dr. O. Glaser
1983	—	<i>Deerhound</i>	J.H. Guinness
1984	—	<i>Beaver</i>	E.P.E. Byrne
1986	—	<i>Misty</i>	M.W. Knatchbull

From 1993 Awarded by the Northern Area Committee

1993	—	J. Russell	Service to Sailing
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THE GLENGARRIFF CUP

This Waterford Glass trophy which has not been presented since the Jubilee Cruise in 1979 (see 1979 Annual) is now awarded by the adjudicator for the best cruise in Irish Waters.

Year	Recipient	Yacht
1993	James Nixon	<i>Sea Pie</i>

THE WATERFORD HARBOUR CUP

Awarded by the Southern Area Committee.

Year	Recipient	Yacht
1992	Michael Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>

DONEGAN MEMORIAL TROPHY 1940

Year	Yacht	Recipient	Race
1945	<i>Evora</i>	R.H. & D.M. O'Hanlon	
1946	<i>Mavis</i>	J.B. Kearney	Kingstown/Cork
1947		No Award	
1948	<i>Aideen</i>	A.W. Mooney	Kingstown/Clyde
1949	<i>Evora</i>	A.W. Mooney	Kingstown/Clyde
1950	<i>Sonia</i>	D.J. & P.M. Purcell	Clyde Race
1951	<i>Minx of Malham</i>	B. Maguire	Clyde Race
1952	<i>Viking O</i>	Col Hollwey	Clyde Race
1953	<i>Flying Fox</i>	F.W. Brownlee	Beaumaris-Wrk
1954	<i>Flying Fox</i>	F.W. Brownlee	Clyde Race
1955	<i>Glance</i>	F.C. Hopkins	Puffin Sound Race
1957	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1958	<i>Vanja IV</i>	I. Morrison	Dun Laoire/Cork
1959	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1960	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle	Dun Laoire/Cork
1961	<i>Cu na Mara</i>	D. Barnes	Irish Sea Race
1962	<i>Vanja IV</i>	I. Morrison	Irish Sea Race
1963	<i>Fenestra</i>	S.O'Mara	Morecombe Bay
1964	<i>Susanna</i>	J.C. McConnell	Irish Sea Race
1965	<i>Cu na Mara</i>	D. Barnes	Morecombe Bay
1966	<i>Orana</i>	P.D. Pearson	Irish Sea Race
1967	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1968	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1969	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1970	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Cowes/Cork Race
1971	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1972	<i>Tirtsch Tratsch</i>	O. Glaser	Irish Sea Race
1973	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1974	<i>Assidious</i>	C. Love	(1st ICC Boat)
1975	<i>Dictator</i>	D.M. Irwin	Morecombe Bay
1976	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	J.C. Butler	Irish Sea Race
1977	<i>Red Rock III</i>	O. Glaser	Morecombe Bay
1978	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1979	<i>Korsar</i>	R.E. Mollard	Morecombe Bay
1980	<i>Standfast</i>	H.B. Sisk	Morecombe Bay
1981	<i>Bandersnatch of Howth</i>	R. Courtney	Morecombe Bay
1982	<i>Joggernaught</i>	D.J. Morrissey	Irish Sea Race
1983	<i>Imp</i>	H.B. Sisk	Morecombe Bay
1984	<i>Little Egypt</i>	R.B. Lovegrove	Irish Sea Race
1985	<i>Demelza</i>	N.D. Maguire	Irish Sea Race
1986	<i>Rob Roy</i>	N. Reilly	Irish Sea Race
1987	<i>Demelza</i>	N.D. Maguire	Irish Sea Race
1988	<i>Red Velvet</i>	M. O'Rahilly	Irish Sea Race
1989	<i>Comanche Raider</i>	N. Reilly	Irish Sea Race
1990	<i>Woodchester Challenge</i>	H.R. Gomes	Round Ireland
1991	<i>Findabar of Howth</i>	P. Jameson	Round Ireland

From 1993 Awarded by the Eastern Area Committee

1993	—	P. Hogan	Circumnavigation of the Globe
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List of Members

Note: This list of members names and addresses is for the private and personal use of members only. It must not under any circumstances be used for any commercial purposes, circulars etc, no matter how relevant such circulars might be considered to be to the interests of members.

An asterisk donotes an Honorary member.

The year when the honorary membership was conferred is show in brackets.

denotes a Senior Member

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED

Adams, Peter J., 1970
 Ahern, Michael J., 1990
 Allen, Harry, 1971
 Anderson, Gordon F., 1974
 Anderson, Terence S., 1991

Andrews, Dianne, 1988
 Andrews, Tom, 1988
 Aplin, Roger, 1972
 Auchincloss, Leslie, 1992

Baker, Arthur R., 1990
 Balmforth, M.B., 1966
 Barnwell, Henry, 1990
 Barnwell, Ivy, 1990
 Barr, Mrs. Hazel, 1971
 Barr, R.G.M., 1973
 Barr, The Hon., Mr. Justice Robert,
 Barrington, Desmond J., 1983
 Barry, Frederick, 1990
 Barry, Paddy, 1984
 Barton, Robert W., R.D. 1982

Beach, John S., 1992

Beck, Horace P., 1963
 Beckett, Dr., W.K., 1973
 Beirne, Ronan M., 1975
Hon. Editor ICC Annual

Benson, Dr., R., 1975
 Black, Brian, 1981

Blaikie, James A., 1969
 Bohane, William A., 1990
 Bourke, Dr., Michael Paget, 1975
 #Bourke, J. Roger, 1940
 Bourke, John P., 1965
 Bourke, Philip, 1983
 Boyd, Kenneth M. 1987

Bradley, Brendan, 1980
 Brady, William, 1985
 Bramwell, Dr., B.R., 1963
 Branagan, Michael, 1989
 Branigan, Brenda, 1990
 Branigan, Patrick M.C., 1982
 *Brazil, Clare, 1993
 Brazil, Donal P., 1990
Hon. Treasurer, ICC

Bruen, J. Chris, 1990
 Bryce, Robert G., 1969
 Bunting, Christopher J., 1986
 Bunting, Mrs. E.A.M., 1969
 Bunting, Peter J., 1962
 Burke, J.F., 1971

ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

Elm House, Mannamead Avenue, Mannamead, Plymouth, Devon, *Calcaria*
 Belmont, Rochestown, Co. Cork (021-363092/Office 021-363011)
 Shangri La, Port Oriel, Clogherhead, Co. Louth
 30 Avondale Crescent, Killiney, Co. Dublin (2853390)
 37 Bayview Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6TW. (0238-541625/Office Belfast 451541), *Sundowner*
 Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Road, Comber, Co. Down BT23 5NP, (872233), *Gumdrop*
 Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Road, Comber, Co. Down BT23 5NP, (872233), *Gumdrop*
 Romanesca, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co Dublin. 2800434/756426)
 13 Devonshire House, Bessborough Gardens, Pimlico, London. (071-2337275/Office 071-2339253), *Morning Calm II*
 Shournagh Lodge, Carrigrohane, Co. Cork (021-870031/Office 021-841005), *Irish Mist* (PO)
 Westgate, Toward, Dunoon, Argyll PA23 7UA, (Toward 0369-87-251)
 Menapia, Silchester Park, Glenageary, (2806254), *Lady Jane*
 Menapia, Silchester Park, Glenageary, (2806254), *Lady Jane*
 60 Tullynagardy Road, Newtownards, Co. Down BT23 4TB, (813369)
 60 Tullynagardy Road, Newtownards, Co. Down BT23 4TB, (813369)
 Heather Lodge, Kerrymount Avenue, Foxrock, Co. Dublin, (2893269), *Ar Men*
 37 Ballinlea Heights, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (2855732)
 2nd Floor, 2530 Arnold Drive, Martinez, California, 94553, USA
 21 Belgrave Road, Monkstown, Co. Dublin, (2800820)/Office 2695666) *Saint Patrick*
 Laurieston, 164 Shore Road, Greenisland, Co. Antrim BT38 8TT, (0232-865370/Office 854535), *Timella*
 The Land Steward's House, Shane's Castle, Antrim, BT41 4NE. (08494 63282/Office 08494 28216)
Myth of Minto, Virago of Strangford (PO)
 Ripton Middlebury, Vermont, 05766, U.S.A. *J'ablesse*
 44 Green Road, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, (2880162)

5 Doonanore Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, 2840759/Office 8788644), *Barbecca* (PO)
 Submissions for Annual by **October 15th** – Make early contact please.
 64 Bellevue Road, Glenageary, Co. Dublin. (802352), *Marlow*
 Carrafreagh Cottage, 52 Glebe Rd., Strangford, Co. Down BT30 7HY, (0396-86678/Fax Strangford 220), *Roma*
 Lyndhurst Crescent, Springhill Road, Bangor, Co. Down, (Bangor 2209),
 Brandon Lodge, Mount Ovel, Rochestown, Cork, (021-361860/Office 041-51969), *Flica III* (PO)
 18 Brighton Hall, Brighton Rd., Foxrock, Co. Dublin
 Corbiere, Ashbourne Avenue, Limerick, (061-28026/Office: 061-31544), *Iduna*
 20 Frogal Lane, London NW3 7DT, (01-433-1450),
 Avon Wood, Avoca Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, *Fiacra*
 Coolbeg, 23 Seafont Road, Cultra, Holywood, Co. Down BT18 0BB, (0232-424422), *Jeremy Fisher of Hamble*
 Fairview, Kindlestown Hill, Delgany, Co. Wicklow, (2874034)
 81 South Mall, Cork, (Office: 021-20917)
 Killinchy, Co. Down, (541505/Belfast 669300), *Rockall* (PO)
 14 Blackberry Rise, Portmarnock, Co. Dublin, (8462554)
 Tahilla, Woodside, Sandycove, Co. Dublin (01-956273/Office: 01-896106)
 Tahilla, Woodside, Sandycove, Co. Dublin, (956273), *Maximizar*
 Killard, John's Hill, Waterford, (051-75636)

Killard, John's Hill, Waterford, (051-75636/Office 051-72039), *Ruinette*, (PO), *Natian* (PO)
 Calypso, Fairy Hill, Monkstown, Co. Cork, (021-841896/Office 021-277322), *Irish Mist* (PO)
 St Benedicts, Thormanby Road, Baily, Co. Dublin, (8322829)
 20 The Gilligans, Burgess Hill, West Sussex, (0444-241570/Office: 0444-232323)
 Ballyreagh Farm, Portaferry Road, Newtownards, Co. Down, (812310)
 Ballyreagh Farm, Portaferry Road, Newtownards, Co. Down, (812310), *Gulkarna II*
 Richmond House, Blackrock, Cork, (021-33730), *Golden Shamrock*

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED

ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

- Butler, J.C., 1959
 Butler, Paul, 1987
 Byrne, Dermot, 1977
 Byrne, E. Philip, 1982
 Byrne, H.E.O'C., 1974
 Cagney, Mrs. Romaine, 1978
 Cahill, Bernard M., 1984
 Cahill, Daniel, 1990
 Cahill, James, 1978
 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, Wallace, MBE, DL, 1951
 Clarke, Tony., 1985
 Clarke, George B., 1991
 Clarke, S.H.R., 1967
 Clifford, Thomas F., 1988
 Clow, John W., 1991
 Coad, Brian P., 1982
 Coad, Geoffrey, 1991
 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
 Conroy, Stan, 1992
 Conway, Leo, 1991
 Cooke, K.L., 1959
 Cooke of Islandreagh,
 Lord, OBE DL, 1977
 Cooper, Paul D., 1983
 Corbally, Bernard H.C., 1984
 Costello, Walter F., 1980
 Cotter, William J., 1975
 Courtney, Peter, 1982
 #Courtney, Ross, 1948
 Coveney, Hugh P. 1992
 Cox, James F., 1970
 Crebbin, John F, 1992
 Cronin, T.P., 1981
 Crosbie, E., 1957
 Cross, D., 1986
 Cudmore, Anne, 1979
 Cudmore, Denis, 1986
 Cudmore, Fred Jnr., 1966
 Cudmore, H. Jnr., 1959
 #Cudmore, Fred, 1947
 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
 Culleton, Peter, 1990
 Cunnane, Jarlath, 1988
 Currie, John D., 1985
 Curtin, J. Leonard, 1993
 d'Alton, M.M.A., 1956
 d'Alton, Robert, 1978
 Dalton, Brian, 1967
 Daly, Dominic J., 1968
 Daly, John E., 1990
- Belgrove, Cobh, Cork, (021-811343)
 32 Oakley Grove, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, (2884393), *Red Velvet*
 C/o Apartment 6, Dawson Court, Cross Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin
 Sunnydale, 4 Nugent Road, Churchtown, Dublin 14, (2981951), *Growthtiger*
 Lismoyle, Shore Road, Malahide, Co. Dublin, (8450498), *Rapparee*
 7 Roncalli Road, Kilbarrack, Dublin 13, (8323239)
 Cuan Ban, Colla Road, Schull, Co. Cork, (028-28309), *Whistling Oyster*
 Cuan Ban, Colla Road, Schull, Co. Cork
 Rathbawn, Castlebar, Co. Mayo, (094-21364/Office: 094-23767), *Ricjak*
 Ardnagreena, Reengaroga, Balltimore, Cork, (028 20251)
 Ardnagreena, Reengaroga, Balltimore, Cork, (028 20251)
 Dunluce, Strand Road, Sutton, Dublin 13, (8322254), *Anita*
 4 St. Helens, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co. Dublin, (2803717), *Tudorose* (PO)
 Lee View, Inniscarra, Co. Cork, (021-871203), *Sarabande*
 The Old Rectory, Comeragh, Kilmacthomas, Co. Waterford, (051-91166/Office:051-75855),
Deerhound
 Mertoun, Cliffside Road, Torquay, Devon TQ1 3LB, (0803-34726), *Tresillian IV*
 Gortead Cottage, Upperlands, Co. Derry BT46 5SB, (0648-42737), *Wild Goose of Moyle*
 Friarstown, Ballyclough, Co Limerick, (061-414852/Office:061-229035) *Silver Breeze*
 Brambles, Grey Point, Helens Bay, Co. Down, (0247-852652/Office 0232-320729), *Turtle Tide*
 Glevins, 38a High Street, Lymington, Hants. SO41 9AF, England
 The Kerries, Tralee, Co. Kerry
 Mid Linthills, Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire, Scotland PA12 4DL (0505-842881), *Feolin* (PO)
 Noreville, Inistioge, Co. Kilkenny, (056-58417), *Raasay*
 Pine Cottage, Ballinakill, Dunmore Road, Waterford, (051-75651), *Sirikit III*
 Craigie, Monastereven, Co. Kildare, (045-25300)
 Liscahane, Ballycorus, Kilterman, Co. Dublin, (2820579)
 Rathronan, Lower Road, Cobh Co. Cork, (021-811397), *Stella Maris*
 48 Taney Crescent, Goatstown, Dublin 14, (985625)
 70 Beechwood Park, Ballinlough, Cork, (021-964322) *Thalia*
 "Inniskeel", Quill Road, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow, (2868109)
 Montana, Crab Lane, Blackrock, Cork, (294165/Office: 543102), *Mashona*
 22 Offington Drive, Sutton, Dublin 13, (8322403/Office: 726255), *Vinter*
 38 Wynberg Park, Blackrock, Co Dublin (2807398/Office: 2809669)
 Windrush, Killiney Road, Co. Dublin, (2851870/Office: 613444), *Delphin*
 Salia, Dublin Road, Sutton, Dublin 13, (8322348), *Kumaree*
- Islandreagh House, Dunadry, Co. Antrim, *Misaja*
 "Willville", Carlingford, Co. Louth, (Office 042-73170), *Lazy Dazy*
 Gilspear, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow, (2863261) *Rionnag*
 "Ferndale", 36 Howth Road, Sutton, Dublin 13, (8322973)
 6 Old Orchard, Ann Devlin Road, Templeogue, Dublin 14, (943497), *Zubenubi* (PO)
 Seamount, Balscadden Road, Howth, Co. Dublin, (8322008), *Oona*
 7 Roncalli Road, Kilbarrack, Dublin 13, (8323239), *Jabberwok of Howth*
 "Laharn", Minane Bridge, Co. Cork (021-887227/Office 021-274474) *Golden Apple*
 14 St. James's, Hollybrook Park, Clontarf, Dublin 3
 3 Eaton Brae, Corbawn Lane, Shankill, Co Dublin, (2824468/Office: 614500) *Alannah*
 35 Harbour View, Howth, Co. Dublin
 Woodlands, Montenotte, Cork, (021-501963/Office: 021-272722) *Chuckawalla*
 Woodhouse, Aghamarta, Carrigaline, Co. Cork, (021-831521) *Handy Mistress*
 "Goleen" Sandycove Avenue East, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (2803390)
 10 Chesterfield View, Castleknock, Dublin 15. (8206599)
 Ocean Approach, Myrtleville, Co. Cork (021-831541)
 6 Castle Road, Cowes, Isle of Wight, PO 31 7QY, (0983-291376), *Silver Slipper*
 29 Richmond Est., Blackrock Road, Cork, (021-362126/Office: 021-274019), *Setanta Too* (PO)
 Ainrush, Rosebank, Douglas Road, Cork, (021-293016),
 15 Clarnwood, Freshford Road, Kilkenny, (056-65838)
 Southcourt, South Douglas Road, Cork, (021-892242/Office: 021-274019) *Setanta* (PO)
 Ainrush, Rosebank, Douglas Road, Cork (021-293016)
 18 Willomere, Rochestown Road, Cork, (021-364257/Office 021-503726)
 Moneygourney, Douglas, Co Cork (021-893625) *Anna Petrea*
 "Goleen", Sandycove Avenue East, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (2803390)
 274 Sealiff Road, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 5HS, (465066), *Leemara of Howth*
 Grainblah, Palmerston Park, Dublin 6, (4977002/Office: 778932)
 9 La Vista Avenue, Sutton, Dublin 13
 Knock, Co. Mayo, *Lir*
 11 Seafront Road, Cultra, Holywood, Co. Down, (Holywood 6469), *Carna*
 Springmount, Carrigrohane, Co. Cork, (021-871508/Office 021-545222), *Karena*
 Kilda Lodge, Killiney, Co. Dublin. (Office: 6763671), *Siamsa* (PO)
 74 Sugar Loaf Crescent, Bray, Co. Wicklow, (2861484)
 368 Strawberry Hill Road, Concord, Massachusetts 01742, USA, (508-369-9707), *Boru*
 Rockmount, Montenotte, Cork, (021-505969/Office: 505399)
 The Glade, Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork (021-352833/Office 021-277911), *Prelude*

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED

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, Hon. Robin, CBE, DL, 1977
 Doherty, Tony, 1969
 Donegan, James D., 1983
 Doonan, Francesca, 1988
 Doonan, Paul S., 1986
 Dowey, James, 1988
 Doyle, D. Conor, 1966
 #Doyle, Denis N., 1956
 Doyle, Frank, 1966
 Du Plessis, Hugo, 1978

 Duffin, Nicholas, Sr, 1990

 Duggan, John P., 1986
 Dunn, Aidan, 1963
 Dunphy, T. Austin, 1990
 Dwyer, David M., 1993
 Dwyer, Kevin F., 1966
 Dwyer, Mary, 1991
 Dwyer, Michael R., 1989
 Dyke, Stanley W., 1965
 England, Mrs. Elizabeth M., 1967
 English, J.D., 1991
 Escott, William P., 1980
 Espey, Fred J.K., 1978
 Eves, F. Maitland, MBE, 1967

 Eves, Alastair R.W., 1984
 Eves, Jeremy R.F., 1975
 Eves, Roland E., 1982
 Fahy, Patrick J., 1982
 Fannin, Robert J., 1981
 Fannin, Robert N., 1959
 Faulkner, Sir Dennis J., CBE, DL, 1960
 Faulkner, Lady 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
Rear Commodore
 Fitzgerald, Grainne, 1993
 Fitzgerald, Jack, 1986
 Fitzpatrick, Thomas J., 1985
 Flanagan, Jack J., 1980
 Flowers, Maurice H., 1983
 Fogerty, Walter B.C., 1983
 Foley, Mrs. Clare, 1980
 Forde, John B., 1990
 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
 Gallagher, Dr. Jack, 1992
 Geldof, Robert, 1968
 Gibson, James C., 1977
 Gibson, Richard Y., 1992
 Gillespie, Dr. Peter J., 1993

ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

37 Church Road, Holywood, Co. Down
 37 Church Road, Holywood, Co. Down, *Suvretta*
 C'an Mestransa, Pollensa, Majorca, Spain, *Acushla*
 Churchbay, Crosshaven, Co. Cork, (021-831002), *Darinda*
 Inwood, South Strand, Skerries, Co. Dublin, (8491326)
 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)
 2 Victoria Terrace, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5JB, (0247-468772), *Tertia of Lymington*
 Drumadarragh House, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim BT39 0TA, (Ballyclare 40222), *Lazy Life*
 2 Southern Road, Cork, (021-21327)
 Carrigmore, Glounthaune, Co. Cork, (021-353137/Office 021-277155), *White Rooster*
 Martello Tower, Sutton, Co. Dublin
 Martello Tower, Sutton, Co. Dublin
 Coastguards Row, 467 Shore Road, Whiteabbey, Co. Antrim, BT37 OSP (0232-853582)
 C/o D.F. Doyle Ltd., 1 Connell Street, Cork, (Office: 021-275235) *Elsa*
 Tideways, Carrigaline, Co. Cork, (021-372105/Office: 021-275235) *Moonduster*
 17 Barnstead Drive, Church Road, Blackrock, Cork, (Office 021-275235)
 Temp Address - Yacht Samharcin, C/o 29 Greenway Close, Lymington, Hants. SO41 9JJ,
Samharcin an Iar
 11 Grey Point, Helen's Bay, Bangor, Co. Down, BT19 1LE (0247-852688/Office 0232-458287),
Water Spaniel
 Av. Eng. Duarte Pacheco, 19-8, 1000 Lisbon (3879540)
 2 Nutley Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4, (2838947/Office: 2691185), *Eblana*
 Sealawn, Sutton, Dublin 13 (01-8322853), *Evolution II* (PO)
 32 Radcliffe, Dublin Road, Sutton, Dublin 13, (8324910)
 The Wilderness, Glanmire, Co. Cork, (021-353441/Fax: 021 354138)
 Carrigmahon, Monkstown, Co. Cork, (021-841068), *Selina*
 Bellvue, Glenbrook, Co. Cork, (021-841453/Office: 021-273131)
 Benwell, Crosthwaite Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, (2807918)
 PO Box 161, St. Lucia, West Indies, *One Time* (PO)
 Kilbarron, Menloe Gardens, Blackrock, Cork, (021-295083) *Freya*
 70 Thornleigh Gardens, Bangor, Co. Down, *Wheesh* (PO)
 4 Myrtle Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, (2805160), *Verve* (PO)
 Loughside Farm, 57 Ringdufferin Road, Toye, Downpatrick, Co. Down BT30 9PH, (Killyleagh
 0396-828923)
 The Sheiling, Downshire Road, Bangor, Co. Down
 3 Ranfurley Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 3SN (0247 270460/Office 0247 271525)
 Carrig-Gorm, 27 Bridge Road, Helen's Bay, Bangor, Co. Down
 8 St. Mary's Road, Taylors Hill, Galway, (091-23997)
 4 Sunningdale, Clifton, Bristol
 Earlscliff Mews, Baily, Co. Dublin
 Ringhaddy House, Killinchy, Co. Down, (Killinchy 541114)
 Ringhaddy House, Killinchy, Co. Down, (Killinchy 541114)
 "Abbingdon" 56 Grosvenor Road, Rathgar, Dublin 6, (965653/Office: 685777)
 Skellig, Monkstown, Co. Cork, (021-841428/51848)
 Skellig, Monkstown, Co. Cork, (021-841428/51848)
 Seapoint House, Monkstown, Co. Dublin
 Rathruttent, Warrenpoint, Co. Down, (3667), *Onaway*
 Kylemore, Richmond, Blackrock Road, Cork, (021-292210/Office: 021-270095), *Mandalay*

 The Quay, Kinvara, Co. Galway, (091-37290), *Peigín Eile*
 2 Mayville Terrace, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (284 0731/Office: 907664)
 56 Bayview Drive, Killiney, Co Dublin, (2821342)
 14 The Crescent, Binn Adair, Sutton, Dublin 13, (8325554/Office: 688644), *Fifi*
 7 Offington Avenue, Sutton, Dublin 13, (8325277)
 3 Crawfordsburn Wood, Crawfordsburn, Co. Down BT19 1XB, *Jacana*
 Burnley, Ennis Road, Limerick
 Monkstown Castle, Co. Dublin, (2808103), *Flying Ferret*
 Elmford, Menloe Gardens, Blackrock, Cork, (021-291299/Office 01-717181), *Roaring Water*
 Mont Alto House, Sorrento Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (2858529/Office: 2801422), *Spectra*

 The Tansey, Baily, Co. Dublin, (8322823)
 Derrynane, Caherdaniel, Co. Kerry, (0667-5155)
 Knollycroft, Coliemore Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (2859439/Office: 760261), *Twocan*
 4 Fairfield Park, Greystones, Co. Wicklow, (2876374)
 27 Mountain View, Glencrutchery Road, Douglas, Isle of Man, (0624-72557)
 4 Carrickbrack Hill, Sutton, Dublin 13, *Sparkle*
 Park Lodge, Water Street, Waterford (051 78645/Office 051 76139), *Ruinette, Natian*
 18 Crosthwaite Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, (2802818/Office: 778869)
 Bryansford Road, Newcastle, Co. Down, (23438), *Chloe of Mourne*
 Kittberley, Crosshaven, Co Cork (021 831408/Office 021 831505)
 4 Demesne Gate, Saintfield, Co. Down, BT24 7BE, (0238-510779) *Cara of Quoile*

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED

ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

- Gilmore, Dr., W.R., 1985
 Glaser, Dr., Otto, 1972
 Glover, Dr., W.E., 1963
 Godkin, John 1992
 Gogarty, Desmond, 1960
 Gomes, H.R., 1967
 Gomes, Mrs. Deirdre, 1980
 Good, Courtenay, 1991
 Gore-Grimes, Anthony, 1978
 *Gore-Grimes, John, 1973 (1990)
 Gore-Grimes, Mrs. J., 1975
 Gore-Grimes, Natascha, 1990
 Goulding, Tom, 1980
 Gray, C. Peter, 1980
 Gray, Susan D., 1990
 Green, Dr., Michael, 1964
 Greenhalgh, David, 1978
 #Greer, P.H., L.L.D., 1951
 Greer, Ms Heather, 1966
 Guinness, Ian R., 1979
 Guinness, Mrs. M.J., 1966
 Guinness, Peter, 1963
 Hall, Mervyn J., 1970
 Hand, Frank, 1985
 Harbison, Dr., John F., 1977
 Harte, Edward D., 1969
 Hawthorn, George S.N., 1985
- Hayes, J. Colin, 1992
 Healy, Capt., George F., 1968
 Heard, Mrs. Ruth, 1967
 Hegarty, Andrew M., 1990
 Hegarty, Brian, 1957
Vice Commodore ICC
 Hegarty, Dermot, 1959
 Hegarty, Mrs. Betty, 1986
 Hegarty, Neil, 1990
 Hemphill, Lord, 1981
 Hennessy, Dr., Noel St. J., 1957
 Henry, Dr., George R., 1969
 Henshall, James A., J.P., 1979
- Hicks, Henry R., 1981
 Hill, Michael, 1980
 Hilliard, C.E., 1961
 Hogan, Peter St. J., 1993
 Hogan, Thomas P., 1967
 Horsman, Henry F., 1952
 Hosford, W.K., 1974
 Hughes N.C., F.R.S.C., 1972
 Hunt, C.K., 1963
 Hutcheson, Thomas C., 1990
- Hutchinson, Alan, 1991
 Hutchinson, William R., 1969
 Irwin, John, 1982
 Jameson, J. Patrick, 1968
 Johnson, Terence, C 1960
- Johnston, Denis B., 1979
 Kavanagh, Gerald P., 1980
 Kean, Norman, 1991
- Keane, Barry, 1975
 Keatinge, William D., 1988
- Keily, D.J., 1973
 Kelliher, E. Brenda, 1983
 Kelliher, Malcolm E., 1982
 Kenefick, Neil G., 1985
 Kennedy, T., F.R.C.S., 1973
 Kennedy, Hugh P., QC, 1963,
 Kennedy, Mrs. B., 1973
- 9 Coastguard Lane, Groomsport, Co. Down BT19 2LR, (Donaghadee 882410),
 Thalassa, Baily, Co. Dublin, (324797) *Tritsch-Tratsch IV*
 2 Coolong Road, Vaucluse, Sydney 2030, New South Wales, (02-337-4342), *Melite*
 Sandycove, Kinsale, Co Cork (021 774189/Office: 021 274236), *V.S.O.P.*
 Oakwell, Shallon, Julianstown, Co. Meath (041-29105)
 Ballygarvan House, Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Co. Down, (365) *Ain Mara*
 Ballygarvan House, Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Co. Down, (365)
 Ardkillly House, Sandycove, Kinsale, Co. Cork, (021-772390/Office 021-772300), *Snow Goose II*
 Roxboro, Baily, Co. Dublin, (8322449/Office: 748537)
 The Shack, Baily, Co. Dublin, (8323670/Office: 748537)
 The Shack, Baily, Co. Dublin, (8323670)
 The Shack, Baily, Co. Dublin (8323670)
 12 Asgard Road, Howth, Co. Dublin, *Walrus*
 45 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (2853911/Office: 777623), *Andromeda* (PO)
 45 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (01-2853911), *Andromeda* (PO)
 3 Sycamore Close, Woddingdean, Brighton, Sussex BN2 6SJ, (33676)
 15 Ashley Park, Bangor, Co. Down, (Bangor 454860), *Big Boots*
 22 Greenfield Road, Sutton, Dublin 13, (8323195/Office: 771801), *Tarquin*
 Cynara, Windgate Rise, Howth Summit, Co. Dublin, (8323731/Office: 832397)
 Rosbeg, Baily, Co. Dublin, (8322152), *Hera*
 Censure House, Baily, Co. Dublin, (8323123), *Alakush*
 Chapel Farm, Great Missenden, Bucks. HP16 ORF, England, (Great Missenden 2322)
 Gleenhook, Ullardmore, Ardeevin Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (2858264), *Baily of Howth*
 4 Lyndon Gate, Blackhorse Ave, Dublin 7 (388876)
 Inishbeg, Nashville Road, Howth, Co. Dublin
 Mill House, Coosheen, Schull, Co. Cork, (028-28385)
 77 Tullynakill Road, Ardmillan, Comber, Co. Down, (Killinchy 541774/Office: Belfast 662281)
Fidem III
 "Woodley", Rochestown Road, Cork (021-891948/Office 061-360737) *Saoirse of Cork*
 Shandon, Albert Road, Glenageary, Co. Dublin
 Stone Cottage, Killiney Hill Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (2852258), *Harklow*
 Cairngorm, Baily, Co. Dublin, (8323421)
- Cairngorm, Baily, Co. Dublin, (8323421), *Oleander of Howth*
 30 Offington Drive, Sutton, Dublin 13
 Cairngorm, Baily, Co. Dublin, (8323421), *Oleander of Howth*
 6 North Mall, Cork (021-397191/Office 021-962027), *Beagle*
 Raford House, Kiltulla, Co. Galway, *Knocknagreena*
 15 Brookvale Downs, Rathfarnam, Dublin 14
 37 Merrion Park, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, (2832855), *Jacqueline*
 Carrignacreeny, 11 Plantation Road, Saintfield, Co. Down BT24 7JB, (0238-511384), *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)
 11 Weir View, Lucan, Co. Dublin, (6281019)
 Monkstown Castle, Co. Dublin, (2808103)
 Glenteigue, Arklow, (0402-39804)
 Rockcliffe, Blackrock, Cork
 Long Meadow, Ballylesson, Belfast, (Drumbo 323), *Taitsing*
 Fortview, Ardbrack, Kinsale, Co. Cork, (021-72534)
 18 Chaine Memorial Road, Larne, Co. Antrim BT40 IAD, (0574-77284/Office 0232-864331), *Tieveara*
 27 Glenbroome Park, Jordanstown, Newtownabbey, Co. Antrim (863629), *Suaeda*
 24 Rugby Drive, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3PZ, (460588), *Vagrant*
 The Gate Lodge, 26A Belfast Road, Carrickfergus, Co Antrim, BT38 8BE *Dundrum*
 Evora, Dumbo Hill, Howth, Co. Dublin, (8322931/741231)
 Frazerbank, Strathmore Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (2851439/Office: 523000), *State O'Chassis* (PO)
 Kilburn, 33 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down BT21 0PD, (883951), *Trininga*
 Woodside, Kilcop, Woodstown, Co. Waterford, *Shardana*
 Flaxmill House, 102 Bolea Road, Limavady, Co. Derry BT49 0QV, (Limavady 65503/Office 864149), *Phoebe* (PO)
 55 Wyvern, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (2855569), *Barbecca* (PO)
 Hacquartstraat 17, 1071 SG Amsterdam, The Netherlands, (020-679 8785/Office: 020-6262209), *Kilpatrick*
 Moorpark, Fountainstown, Co. Cork, (021-831235)
 11 Stradbroke Close, Monkstown, Co. Dublin, (2809276)
 Rey Jaime II, 32 07183 Costa de la Calma, Mallorca, Spain, (71-690377)
 Tigeen, Douglas Road, Cork, (021-294761/Office: 021-892813/4)
 Blackwater Rocks, Saintfield Road, Killinchy, Co. Down, (Killinchy 541470), *Icarus of Cuan*
 Edgebank, 16 Deramore Park South, Belfast BT9 5JY, (660500/Fax 669556), *Tosca IV of Bangor*
 Blackwater Rocks, Saintfield Road, Killinchy, Co. Down, Killinchy (541470)

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED

Kenworthy, Ms Marilyn 1990
 Kidney, John, 1991
 Kidney, Noel J., 1986
 Kilkenny, Joseph, 1971
 Kilroy, Howard E., 1989
 King, Marshall G.B., 1989
 King, Mrs. Heather R., 1989
 King, Cdr. W., DSO,
 DSC. RN., Retd. (1987)
 Kirby, Tom, 1971
 Knatchbull, Michael W., 1986
 Knight, R.D., 1971
 Knott, H.B., 1964
 Lantry, Seamus, 1990
 Larkin, Frank J., 1982
 Latham, Leslie D., 1984
 Laurence, David T., 1975
 Lavelle, Pat, 1991
 Law, J. Brian, 1975
 Lawlor, Tom, 1993
 Layng, Brian, 1988
 Lee, Adrian F., 1992
 Lee, Reginald, 1961
 Leonard, Alan G., 1964
 Ley, John E., 1986
 Ley, Mrs. Angela, 1986
 Long, Norman, 1991
 Love, Mrs Betty, 1992
 Love, Clayton Jnr., 1971
 Love, Clayton Mnr., 1990

 Love, D.B., 1963
 Love, Mrs. T. 1963
 Lovegrove, Richard V., 1981
 Luke, Derek, 1959
 #Luke, Dermot, 1955
 Lynch, Brian R., 1988
 Lyster, W. Bruce, 1985
 MacAuley, Daniel J., 1979
 #Macken, J.J., 1949
 MacLaverty, K.J., 1961
 MacMahon, Gary, 1992
 Magan, Arthur S.C., 1981
 Magee, John R., 1990
 Magennis, C., 1975
 Maguire, Neville D., 1985
 Maher, Patrick J., 1959
 Malcolm, John, 1991
 Malone, Mrs Anne, 1990
 Malone, Stephen A., 1979
 Markey, James A., 1984
 Marshall, A.H., 1963
 Martin, Clive C., 1978
 Martin, F.D., 1954
 Martin, J. Kenneth, 1982
 Masser, Bill., 1966
 Massey, John, 1992
 Massey, Nicholas W., 1980
 Maxwell, Cdr., J.D., DL, RN. Retd., 1982
 McAnaney, E., 1975
 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, Donal J., 1983
 McConnell, J.C., 1958
 McConnell, John H., 1965
 McConnell, Mrs. M.T., 1959
 McConnell, Stafford C., 1971
 McCormack, Paget J., 1991
 McCormack, Sean, 1990

ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

Brandon Lodge, Mount Oval, Rochestown, Cork, (021-316860) *Flica III* (PO)
 Caragh, Gordon Avenue, Foxrock, Co. Dublin
 Littlefield, Glencullen Road, Kilterman, Co. Dublin, (953782), *Dulcibella*
 Gray's Lane, Howth, Co. Dublin, (8323442/Office: 6778932)
 Rarc an Ilán, 22 Colemore Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (2840952)
 42 Sterndale Road, Hammersmith, London W14
 The Cabin, Rathdown Road, Greystones, Co. Wicklow, (2874944), *Searaign*

 Oranmore Castle, Oranmore, Co. Galway
 Park Road, Clogheen, Clonakilty, Co. Cork, (023-33553/Office: 023-33240), *Yami Yami*
 Gambles Lodge, Upper Mountown, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin, (2801420)
 15 Wyvern, Killiney Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin, *Lady Minnie*
 Marlay, Saval Park Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (2853312)
 5 Lancaster Quay, Cork (021-272374/Office 021-270788), *William Tell of Uri*
 San Jose, North Circular Road, Limerick, (061-453267)
 7 Richmond Avenue, Monkstown, Co. Dublin, (2801841) *Siamsa* (PO)
 31 Sutherland Avenue, Jacob's Well, Guildford, Surrey GU4 7QX
 30 The Green, College Road, Galway (091-67707/Office 091-57707), *Colla Voce*
 Cherry Hill, Whiterock Road, Killinchy, Co. Down BT23 6PR, (0238-541386)
 34 Vernon Avenue, Dublin 3
 Ashvale, Windgate Rise, Howth Summit, Co. Dublin, (8324104), *Leigh Mary*
 94 Camden Hill Road, London W8 (071-2435780/Office: 071-9302345)
 Sydney Lodge, 93 Booterstown Avenue, Booterstown, Co. Dublin, (2889486), *Janey Mac*
 28 Knockdene Park South, Belfast, (0232-653162)
 7 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 5JW, (0247-454937), *Busy B* (PO)
 7 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 5JW, (0247-454937), *Busy B* (PO)
 20 Mapas Avenue, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (2859847), *State O'Chassis* (PO)
 Clanricarde, Blackrock Road, Cork, (021-293977)
 Clanricarde, Blackrock Road, Cork, (021-293977/Office: 021-276841), *Royal Tara*
 Cooline, 11 Rockcliffe Tce., Blackrock Road, Cork (021-292747/Office 021-275928) *Blue Shark*
 (PO)
 El Medano, 75 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (2852837)
 El Caribe, Currabinny, Co. Cork, (021-831139)
 Corrig, Convent Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (2859782)
 Seafield, Ballure Road, Ramsey, Isle of Man
 15 Asgard Park, Howth, Co. Dublin, (8324181/Office: 771801)
 4 Courthouse Square, Galway, (091-24960/Office: 091-63131), *Peggy West*
 Huckleberry, Knocknackee Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, *Errislanann*
 4 Norton Drive, Malone Road, Belfast BT9 6ST, (613712), *Capella of Kent*
 White House, Dalkey Avenue, Co. Dublin, (2859585), *Aileen*
 Ballynally Lane, Moville, Co. Donegal, (077-82239), *Eoin Rua*
 Rossard, Ennis Road, Limerick, (061-54652/Office 061-311188)
 Cloghreen, Baily, Co. Dublin, (8322408)
 91 Baker Street, Warren, Rhode Island, 02885, USA, (401-245-6400), *Sea Fox*
 Landfall, 43 Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Co. Down, (2237), *Snow Goose of Moygannon*
 2 Sarto Road, Kilbarrack, Dublin 13, (8323229), *Demelza*
 Ballinglanna, Douglas Road, Cork, (021-293966)
 Willow Cottage, Langley Upr. Green, Essex CB11 4RU (0799-550884/Office 0279-658412)
 57 Sydney Parade Ave., Ballsbridge, Dublin 4, (2696100/Office 2694533 Ext. 4548)
 57 Sydney Parade Avenue, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4, (2696100/Office: 682781), *Symphonie*
 Stagg Rock, Nashville Park, Howth, Co. Dublin, (8322906)
 15 Sandeel Lane, Groomspoint, Donaghadee, Co. Down BT21 OBL, (0247-883553), *Mandarin*
 Erinagh, Kerry Mount Avenue, Foxrock, Dublin, (2893565), *Lindos*
 Woodley, Eaton Brae, Shankill, Co. Dublin, (2824457), *Lovely Lady*
 Tres Fleur, Westminster Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18, (2893981), *Jaded*
 14 Mill Road, Marlow, Bucks SL7 IPX (0628-482805) *Chough*
 7 Glencarraig, Sutton, Dublin 13, (8325636/Office 8301211)
 2 Thormanby Lawns, Howth, Co. Dublin, (8325058)
 Old Court, Strangford, Downpatrick, Co. Down, (0396-881205), *Virago of Strangford* (PO)
 88 Sandford Road, Ranelagh, Dublin 6, (971421)
 45 Upper Leeson Street, Dublin 4, (604580)
 25 Thormanby Road, Howth Summit, Co. Dublin, (8322126)
 Iona, Baily, Co. Dublin, (8323335)
 Iona, Baily, Co. Dublin, (8323335)
 21 Riverside Road, Bangor, Co. Down, (0247-62035)
 Kedges, Forthill, Summercove, Kinsale, Co. Cork, (Office: 505338), *Scilly Goose*
 2 Cedar Grove, Glasheen Road, Cork (021-962786/Office: 021-831161)
 27 Knocknacree Park, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (2858725), *Marula*
 Breeoge, Ardmhuire Park, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (Office: 781544)
 27 Knocknacree Park, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, *Kala*
 Killaloe, Co. Clare (061-376908)
 24 Booterstown Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (2884382/Office 725566), *Saki*
 15 The Avenue, Woodpark, Ballinteer, Dublin 16 (2984120/Office 364399) *Marie Claire II*

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED

McCormick, W.H.D., 1956
 McGonagle, Liam, 1959
 McGuire, Garry E., 1990
 McGuire, John F., 1975
 *McHenry, Barbara, 1993
 McHenry, Cormac P., 1980
Hon. Sec. ICC
 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, 1973
 The Hon., Mr Justice James,
 McMillan, Alistair, 1968
 McMordie, H.M., 1972
 McMullan, F. Gerald, 1986
 McMullen, Colin P., 1975
 McSherry, Desmond 1989
 McWilliam, John A., 1990

 Meade, Eamon, 1992
 Meagher, Niall, 1992
 #Mellon, D.E., M.D. 1947
 Menton, James F., 1986
 Metcalfe, Peter, 1989
 Minchin, John, 1960
 Mollard, Robert E., 1969
 Monson, Roderick G., 1983
 #Montgomery, E.J., 1955
 Moore, John S., 1985
 Moran, Desmond, 1991
 Morck, Dr., P.B., 1958
 Morck, Mrs. P.C., 1962
 Morehead, R., 1950
 Morris, Dr., Geoffrey, 1983
 Morrison, R. Ian, 1957
 Morrissy, Donal, 1982
 Morton, Admiral Sir Anthony, 1970
GBE, KCB,
 Mulhern, James, 1958
 Mullins, John, 1972
 Mullins, Peter J.D., 1971
 Nairn, George E., 1980
 Nairn, W. Stuart, 1987
 Nicholson, David, 1980
Commodore ICC
 Nicholson, Joan, 1991
 Nixon, Georgina A. 1987
 Nixon, James, 1971
 Nixon, W.M., 1963
 O'Boyle, Donal, 1974
 O'Boyle, Elizabeth, 1993
 O'Brien, Daniel D., 1978
 O'Callaghan, Brendan, 1990
 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, (1989)
 O'Farrell, Michael, 1975
Rear Commodore ICC
 O'Farrell, Phillip V.J., 1990
 O'Farrell, Vincent J., 1981
 O'Flaherty, Michael, 1968
 O'Flynn, Dominick, 1990

ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

Brooklyn, Greencastle, Lifford, Co. Donegal, (077-81005/Derry 65014)
 The Tansey, Baily, Co. Dublin, (8322823/Office: 6609799), *Ounavara of Howth, Meander III* (PO)
 Spindrift, 802 Howth Road, Dublin 5, (8323190/Office 8331154, *Púcabán*
 22 Hyde Park Gardens, London W2 2LY, (071-2625400)
 8 Heidelberg, Ardilea, Dublin 14, (2884733)

 8 Heidelberg, Ardilea, Dublin 14, (2884733), *Erquy*
 Glebe Cottage, 7 Church Hill, Killinchy, Co. Down
 27 Fotheringay Road, Glasgow G41 4NL, (041-423-6370), *Siolta*
 52 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 5HL, (Bangor 472692) *Isobel*
 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, (2888376)
 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, (2698471)
 Treborth, Corr Bridge, Howth, Co. Dublin, (8324042)
 Strangford, Downpatrick, Co. Down, *Anolis*
 39 Victoria Road, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 5ER, (472826)
 3 Park Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, (Office: 2809577/Fax: 2807558)
 12 Bayside Square North, Bayside, Sutton, Dublin 13, (8323938)
 3 Braddock Reach, Whiterock, Killinchy, Co. Down BT23 6PY, (0238-541118/Office 0238-542300)
 Fiddown, Piltown, Co Kilkenny (051-43311/Office: 051-55034) *Mouflon*
 Glenn na Greine, Naas, Co Kildare, (045-97728/Office 045-97728) *Zubenubi* (PO)
 The Old Barn, Ballanank, Ballasalla, Isle of Man
 Straffan, Co. Kildare, (288580), *Caranja*
 c/o Lundberg, Linnegatan, 90, 11523 Stockholm, Sweden, (08-57140208)
 Currabinny, Carrigaline, Co. Cork, (831392)
 27 Sion Road, Glenageary, Co. Dublin, (2854317/Office: 505677)
 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)
 Stephen House, Stephen Street, Sligo (071-42886)
 Ballylug, Rathdrum, Co. Wicklow, (0404-5164), *Samantha*
 23 Albany Road, Ranelagh, Dublin 6 (962710)
 Leeward, Marina, Blackrock, Cork, (021-293297/Office 502381)
 18 Cheltenham Court, Brampton, Ontario, Canada L6W 1J3
 Weatherly, Claremont, Howth, Co. Dublin (8322086), *Safari of Howth*
 Clarenbridge House, Clarenbridge, Co. Galway, (091-96306) *Joggernaut*

 Flat 6; Amhurst, 90 St Cross Road, Winchester, Hants., SO23 9PX, (0962-56393), *Lamorna III*
 Struan Hill, Delgany, Co. Wicklow, (01-2874785), *State O'Chasis* (PO)
 38 Avenue Morley, Fort George, St Peter Prt, Guernsey, C.I., (0481-26991)
 1625 S.E. Tenth Avenue # 710 Ft. Lauderdale FL 33316, (305-4626945)
 3 St Helen's North, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co. Dublin, (2808765) *Lola*
 The Penthouse, Point Road, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (021-831859)

 Diamond Lodge, Monkstown, Co. Cork, (842160), *White Shadow*
 Diamond Lodge, Monkstown, Co. Cork, (021-842160)
 14 Evora Park, Howth, Co. Dublin, (8323929)
 FarmHill, Cultra, Co. Down, BT18 0AD, (Belfast 0232 428196)
 14 Evora Park, Howth, Co. Dublin, (8323929), *Witchcraft of Howth* (PO)
 Drake Lodge, Drake's Pool, Carrigaline, Co. Cork, (021-831028)
 Drake Lodge, Drake's Pool, Carrigaline, Co. Cork, (021-831028)
 Small Acre, Church Road, Ballybrack, Co. Dublin, (852754), *Live Wire*
 Bank of Ireland House, Bandon, Co. Cork, (023-41155), *Midnight Marauder*
 46 Killiney Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (2852619)
 The Pines, Westminster Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18, (2858012/Office: 764661), *Leprechaun*
 58 Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin 2, (767136), *The Lady Beatrice*
 Penny Lane, 58 Rhanbuoy Park, Craigavad, 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*
 15 Malwood Road, Balham, London, SW12 8EN
 "Kolymbos", Pissouri, Cyprus, (357-9-525923) *Fastnet Dancer*
 Le Fainel, St Martin's, Guernsey, C.I., (0481-37650), *Cuilauin*
 Janeville Lodge, Sundays Well, Cork, (021-543744/Office 021-543505) *Cavatina*

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics
O'Gallagher, Malachi, 1968	12 Cypress Lawn, Templeogue, Dublin 6W, (905800/Fax: 905940)
<i>Hon. Compiler-Sailing Directions</i>	"Springmount", Ferndale Road, Shankill, Co. Dublin, (2822032)
O'Halloran, Brian, 1983	8 St James Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin 6, (965130)
*O'Hanlon, Mrs B. .M.D., 1962, (1984),	8 St. James Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin 6, (2698117)
O'Hanlon, Andrew, 1969	Rockfort House, Inishannon, Co Cork, (775385)
O'Herlihy, Michael, 1992	The Pallisades, Ardbreac, Kinsale, Co. Cork (72458/Office: 72253), <i>Miss Demena</i>
O'Keefe, Dr., Maurice, 1972	Grange, Co. Sligo, (071-63197)
O'Kelly, Brian C., 1991	Strand Lodge, Currabinny, Co. Cork, (021-378526/Office 021-277567), <i>Irish Mist</i>
O'Leary, Archie, 1990	6 Castlerock, Carrigaline, Co. Cork, (021-372588/Office: 021-312755) <i>Capsicum</i>
O'Mahoney, William, 1991	Ardgarry, Gorey, Co. Wexford, (055-21803)
O'Morchoe, David N.C., 1981	59 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down, <i>Miss Molly of Hamble</i>
O'Neill, J. Russell, 1964	38 Dornden Park, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, (2695285)
O'Rahilly, Dr., Michael, 1979	9 Rock Street, Tralee, Co. Kerry, (066-21011), <i>Ceili</i>
O'Sullivan, Jeremiah, 1964	4 Princes Street, Tralee, Co. Kerry
O'Sullivan, Patrick J.F., 1984	41 Seaview, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co. Down BT34 3NJ, (73388)
O'Tierney, Dr., Donal, 1986	Lochalsh View, Balmacara, By Kyle of Lochalsh, Wester Ross, Scotland IV40 8DH
Olver, John R., 1971	Evergreen, 11 Old Hollywood Road, Belfast BT4 2HJ (763601), <i>Maimoune</i> (PO)
Orr, Arthur S.P.VRD*DL., 1970	Glenbrook, Enniskerry, Co. Wicklow, (2863509), <i>Verve</i> (PO)
Osborne, James R., 1974	Old School House, Moyard, Co Galway, (095-41098/Office: 095-21730) <i>Skarv av Stad</i>
Osmundsvaag, Arve, 1992	The Old Manse, Hillsborough, Co. Down, (226)
#Osterberg, Paul, 1949	Ros Cuan, Mount Stewart Estate, Newtownards, Co. Down BT22 2AX, (Grey Abbey 024774-625), <i>Alys</i>
Park, Dr., David S., 1969	The Croft, 144 Portaferry Road, Newtownards, Co. Down BT22 2AH
Park, Jonathon S., 1987	Carrig Breach Cottage, Baily, Howth, Co. Dublin, (8322210),
#Park, Mungo, 1955	60 High Street, Colchester, West Mersey, Essex, C05 8JE
*Paul, Alan H. OBE, (1958)	4 Camden Terrace, Crosshaven, Co. Cork, (021-831128), <i>Melody</i>
Payne, J. Somers, 1969	Craig Lodge, Claremont Road, Howth, Co. Dublin, (8322276)
#Pearson, J.D., 1950	35 Offington Park, Sutton, Dublin 13
Pearson, Alan J., 1983	Owl's Nest, Box 398, Manchester, Massachusetts 01944, U.S.A., (617-526-1492), <i>Goldeneye II</i>
Perkins, R. Forbes, 1980	Seaview Farm, Kilbrittain, Co. Cork (023-49610) <i>Seadrifter</i>
Petch, John A., 1987	305 Downer Avenue, Mantoloking, New Jersey 08738, U.S.A. (908-899-8554)
Pilling, Jnr. J. Ross 1987	Meelough View, Norwood Court, Rochestown, Co. Cork, (021-895102/Office 021-841005), <i>Mary P</i>
Prendeville, Neil J., 1990	
*Price, Peter, 1993	Byways, Taylors Lane, Bosham, W. Sussex, PO18 8QQ, (0243-572130)
<i>Hon. Sec. RCC</i>	The Coach House, Helen's Bay, Co. Down, (852237), <i>Hayrider</i> (PO)
Pritchard, Mrs. Maura, 1966	The Coach House, Helen's Bay, Co. Down, (852237/Office: 853634), <i>Hayrider</i> (PO)
Pritchard, P. Marshall, 1966	The Brake, Cobh, Co. Cork, (021-811394), <i>Cecille</i>
Radley, George, 1971	Whinstone, 39 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down, (882330), <i>Insouciance</i>
Ralston, George L. D., 1986	7 Verona, Queens Park, Monkstown, Co. Dublin, (683571), <i>Elysium</i>
Rea, William T., 1977	20 Offington Court, Sutton, Dublin 13, (8393186) <i>Cochise</i> (PO)
Reilly, Norbert, 1983	11 Burrow Road, Sutton, Dublin 13, (8325544/Office: 765801)
Revill, Reginald G., 1979	52 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (2853800)
Richardson, Cecil, 1989	Greylands, Knocknacree Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (2859081/Office: 760631), <i>Tudorose</i> (PO)
Riordan, S. William, 1985	28 South Mall, Cork (021-378224/Office: 021-277866) <i>Hafod</i> (PO)
Roberts, Grattan d'E., 1989	90 Ballinlea Heights, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (Office: 2808305)
Roberts, Rex, 1974	The Residence, Kilboroney, Rostrevor, Co. Down, (470), <i>Petrel</i>
Roberts, T., 1973	Ros-na-Greina, Avoca Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, (2881093/Office: 775014), <i>Neon Tetra</i>
#*Roche, T.H., 1935 (1988)	113 Lakelands Close, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin, (2886437)
Rogerson, Frederick J., 1983	Creevagh, Dundrum Road, Dublin 14, (Office: 984444), <i>Happy Return</i>
Rogerson, Frederick, 1969	72 Whinney Hill, Hollywood, Co. Down BT18 OHG, (426459), <i>Scotch Mist</i>
Ronaldson, Charles E., 1967	34 Killnakin Road, Killinchy, Belfast
Russell, John F., 1965	PO Box 11082, Manama, Bahrain, Saudi Arabia
Ryan, David F., 1973	Ashdale, Castle Close, Castle Park Road, Sandycove, Co. Dublin, (2803585/Office: 605011), <i>Sceolaing</i>
Ryan, Dermot J., 1971	81 Park Avenue, Dublin 4, (2691770)
Ryan, Senator Eoin, 1957	Ashdale, Castle Close, Sandycove, Co. Dublin
Ryan, Paul J., 1984	44 Banbridge Road, Waringstown, Craigavon, Co. Armagh BT66 7QD, (0762-881418/Office 0762-327411), <i>El Vigo</i>
Ryan, Peter, 1988	Ashdale, Castle Close, Sandycove, Co. Dublin (2803585)
Ryan, Yvonne, 1988	3 Seafont Road, Cultra, Hollywood, Co. Down, (02317-3975), <i>Ocean Dove</i>
Sadlier, Frank A., 1985	357 Indian Avenue, Middleton, Rhode Island, 02840, USA
Seaman, Avery, (1989)	Bree House, Craigavad, Co. Down BT18 ODE, (Hollywood 4361)
Selig, Ivan, 1965	7 Edith Terrace, London SW10, (352-7367), <i>Thalassa</i>
Sewell, Richard G., 1969	Sonars, Windgate Road, Baily, Co. Dublin
Shanahan, Timothy P., 1984	10 Massey Avenue, Belfast BT4 2JS, (763809/Office: 084-245454), <i>Maimoune</i> (PO)
Shanks, T.R.J., 1972	Ardbeg, Craigmillar Avenue, Milngavie, Glasgow G62 8AV, (41-956-1984), <i>Ultimate</i>
Sharp, Ronald, 1974,	Cloonbane, Doneraile, Co. Cork, (022-24148/Office: 021-968935) <i>Awbeg</i>
Sheil, David J, 1985	24 Haddington Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin
Sheil, Leonard Jnr., 1988	Portlet, Haddington Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin, (2801878), <i>Gay Gannet</i>
Sheil, Leonard, 1968	29 Agnew Road, Honor Oak Park, London SE23 1DH, (291-2208)
Sheil, Robert, 1988	Derrybawn, Military Road, Ballybrack, Co. Dublin, (2853371), <i>Greylag of Arklow</i>
Sheppard, Lt. Comm. T, RN Retd, 1957	The Bearings, Lough Atalia Road, Galway, (091-63920/Office: 091-62329)
Sheridan, Frank W., 1981	

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED

ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

Siggins, Brian, 1985
 *Simmie, Charles A.L. 1992
Commodore CCC
 Simms, R.J.A, 1969
 Sisk, H.B., 1973
 Slater, Ronnie, 1977
 Slevin, James, 1986
 #Smiles, Alan E., 1958
 *Smith, Kaighn, 1993
Commodore CCA
 Smullen, Brian P., 1968
 Smullen, John A., 1987
 Smullen, John D., 1961
 Smyth, B.T., 1960
 Smyth, Francis G., 1979
 Smyth, Nicholas L., 1983
 Smyth, W.A., 1960
 Snell, M.H., 1974
 Somerville, Mrs. Susan M., 1989
 Somerville, R. Andrew, 1980
 Spence, Ralph E., 1988
 Spence, S. Adrian, 1991
 Stevenson, Dr I.J., 1991
 Stevenson, John A., 1964
 Stevenson, John C., 1984
 Stewart, Alan C., 1959
 Stewart, R.R., 1968
 Stillman, Chris. J., 1985
 Stokes, Adrian, 1990
 Stott, Andrew R., 1992
 #Sullivan, C. St. J., 1955
 Sullivan, Richard A., 1992
 *Taggart, A.G., 1970 (1987)
Hon. Sec. CCC
 Taplin, David M.R., 1986
 Tierney, John, 1960

 Tisdall, Patrick, 1992
 Titterington, Ian H., 1989
 Toher, Tony, 1992
 Tomlinson, Michael, 1962
 Tomlinson, Mrs. Molly, 1965
 Travers, Brendan, 1993
 Traynor, Frank, 1985
 Tucker, Brian A, 1985
 Turvey, Desmond E., 1980
 Tyrrell, Aidan, 1971
 Tyrrell, Dr., Declan, G. 1985
 Villiers-Stuart, Gary, 1992

 Villiers-Stuart, James, 1977
 Virden, Jonathan, 1968
 Waddell, Dr. John, CBE, 1981

 Waldron, Dr., Oliver C., 1978
 Walsh, Anthony, 1979
 Walsh, Donal, 1992
 Walsh, Mrs Enda, 1990
 Walsh, Patrick, 1992
 Walsh, Patrick J., 1982
 Walsh, Reginald T., 1950
 Walsh, William, 1968
 Waters, L. Roy, 1985

 Watson, Barbara, 1993
 Watson, Mrs. Patricia, 1966
 Watson, Richard R., 1962
 Watson, William R., 1979
 Webb, Michael J., 1986
 Wheeler, Edwin M., 1975
 Whelan, Geoffrey F., 1985
 Whelan, Michael D., 1988
 Whelan, Michael J., 1985

Kingston, Taylor's Hill, Galway, (Office: 091-51706)

 19 Roger Drive, Rutherglen, Glasgow GY3 3QY (041-6476815/Office 041 2264951)
 80 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 5HW, (473563), *Blue Bandit*
 Waterstown House, Sallins, Co. Kildare, (045-76268/Office: 514624)
 39 Sheridan Drive, Helen's Bay, Co. Down, (852373), *Tandara*
 Arenal, The Mall, Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal, (51379/Office: 072-51177)
 Pomegranate Inn, 49 Neal Street, Portland, Maine 04102, U.S.A., (207-772-1006)

 816 Castlefinn Lane, Bryn Mawr, PA 19010, USA, (215-5252231)
 33 Leeson Park, Dublin 6, (2806729/Office: 605011)
 Seaview, Corrig Avenue, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, (2807296/Office: 2888847)
 11 Connolly Square, Bray, Co. Wicklow, (2862679)
 14 Mount Boone Way, Dartmouth, S. Devon TQ6 9PL, (Dartmouth 080-43-4159)
 7 Dufferin Villas, Bangor, Co. Down, 0247-460081), *Phantom*
 Ardkeen, Castletroy, Co. Limerick, *Flight of Fantasy*
 14 Mount Boone Way, Dartmouth, S. Devon TQ6 9PL, *Globe Star*
 Ballagilley Cottage, Maughold, Isle of Man, (0624-813586), *Golden Harvest*
 Sally's Bridge House, Sraghmore, Roundwood, Co. Wicklow, (2818253/Office: 772941)
 Economics Dept., Trinity College, Dublin 2, *Emanuel*
 Raughlan, Derrymacash, Lurgan, Co. Armagh
 17 Kings Manor, Cherryvalley, Belfast BT5 6PH, (0232-796920/Office 0232-241523), *Madcap*
 3 Manselton Park, Bangor, Co. Down, (453158/Office 245025), *Dingo*
 22 Baring Road, Beaconsfield, Bucks HP9 2NE, England, *Manaana Maclair*
 Ardmore, 1 Seaforth Road, Bangor, Co. Down
 6 Haile Park, Haile, Egremont, Cumbria CA22 2ND, England
 Elsinore, Baily, Co. Dublin, (8322937)
 3 Thomastown Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, (2852084/Office: 6772941)
 Summer Lodge, Wellington Rd., Cork, (021-502464/Office 021-277622)
 Rossbain, Schull, Co. Cork (Office 028-37265) *Dalva*
 9 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (2854744)
 Eglantine, Crab Lane, Blackrock Road, Cork (021-29273)

 Highlaws, 3 Camstradden Drive West, Bearsden, Glasgow G61 4AJ, (041-942-0615)
 Hawthorne, Down Thomas, Devon, PL9 0BQ
 Aisling, Knapton Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, (2804391/Office: 767998), *State O'Chassis*
 (PO)
 Firlands, Glengarriff, Co. Cork (027-63106) *Speedbird of Throne*
 12 Marino Park, Holywood, Co. Down BT18 OAN, *Moody Blue*
 "Eos", Upper Rosses, Rosses Point, Sligo (071-77216) *Areté*
 Moel-Y-Don Llanedwen, Llanfairpwll, Isl Anglesey, Gwynedd LL61 6EZ, (0248-714-430)
 Moel-Y-Don Llanedwen, Llanfairpwll, Isl Anglesey, Gwynedd LL61 6EZ, (0248-714-430)
 14 Castle Lawn, Tulla Road, Ennis, Co. Clare (065-22440/Office: 061-361444) *Sea Maiden*
 34 Rathdown Park, Terenure, Dublin 6, *Tudorose* (PO)
 Carrick, Baily, Co. Dublin, (8323690/Office: 532937)
 Gorsehaven, Shielmartin Road, Sutton, Dublin 13, (8324241) *Meander III* (PO)
 Adelaide Cottage, Adelaide Place, Gardiners Hill, Cork, (021-508419)
 Hillside, The Hill, Genageary, Co. Dublin (2800362)
 Burnlaw, Whitfield, Hexham NE47 8HF (0434-345349/Office: 0434-632692), *Winefreda of Greenisland*
 Ballynaparka, Aglish, Nr. Cappoquin, Co. Waterford, (024-96144), *Arctic Tern*
 The Court Lodge, Yalding, Kent ME18 6HX, *Twayblade*
 Ringveagh, 10 Whiterock Road, Killinchy, Co. Down BT23 6PR, (Killinchy 541264), *Heather of Mourne*
 The Cottage, Littlewick Green, Nr. Maidenhead, Berks. SL6 3QU, (0628-82-2013), *Big Easy*
 Harbour Road, Skerries, Co. Dublin
 30 Main Street, Dungarvan, Co. Waterford, (058-44074/Office: 058-42127), *Lady Kate*
 Dolphin Lodge, Crosshaven, Co. Cork, (021-831483)
 Stradbally House, Kilcolgan, Co Galway, (091-96058/Office: 091-94358) *Jilliana*
 Beaumont House, Woodvale Road, Beaumont, Cork, (021-292556)
 Kildary, 65 Merriion Road, Dublin 4, (2691385), *Sapphire*
 Dolphin Lodge, Crosshaven, Co. Cork, (021-831483/Office: 502358), *Carrigdown*
 15 Ballymullian Road, Crawfordsburn, Bangor, Co. Down BT19 1JG, (Office Belfast 234466), *Melandy*
 4401, 43rd Street South, St. Petersburg, Florida 33711, *Strathspey*
 29 Balkill Road, Howth, Co. Dublin, (322472)
 29 Balkill Road, Howth, Co. Dublin, (322472), *Ursula*
 4401 43rd Street South, St. Petersburg, Florida 33711, U.S.A., *Strathspey*
 M.B. "Snipe", The Watergate, Athlone, Co. Westmeath, (Office: 72039), *Moondrifter*
 The Riggins, Greenpark, Dunshaughlin, Co. Meath, (256643), *Witchcraft of Howth* (PO)
 Thulla Lodge, Nashville Road, Howth, Co. Dublin, (8323536/Office: 777532), *Evolution II* (PO)
 55 Glenomena Park, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, (2692737/Office: 776801)
 Flat 1, 51 Mount Street, London W1Y 5RE, (491-4860)

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED

Whelan, Patrick, 1980
Whelehan, Harold, 1979

Whitaker, David J., 1988
Whitaker, D. Mark, 1991
White, John N., 1974
White, Lawrence W., 1980
Whitehead, David, 1972

Williams, David J., 1984
Williams, W. Peter, 1968

Wilson, P., 1964
Wingfield, Robert T., 1969
Winkelmann, Franz C., 1984
Wolfe, J.M., 1959
Wolfe, John W., 1978
Wolfe, Peter C., 1974
Wood, Trevor R.C. 1987
Woodward, Joseph B., 1990
Wylie, Ian E., 1971

ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

Redgarth, Douglas Road, Cork, (021-292851), *Charlina*
Treetops, Claremont Road, Howth, Co. Dublin, (8324139/Office: 720622),
Witchcraft of Howth (PO)
Ashkirk, Douglas Road, Cork, (021-292542/Office: 021-273295) *Aronelle*
13 Manor Orchard, Thornbury View, Rochestown, Cork
3 Marlborough Road, Glenageary, Co. Dublin, (2808364)
Boardman Avenue, Manchester, Massachusetts 01944, U.S.A., *Witchery*
c/o Billiton International Metals B.V., Dr. V. Zeelandstraat 1, 2265 BD Leidschendam, The
Netherlands, (Office: 31-70-(317) 2116), *Eudora*
4 Prospect Park, Ballygowan, Co. Down BT23 6LW, (Ballygowan 528832), *Reiver* (PO)
The Whins, 25 Ballykeigle Road, Comber, Co. Down BT23 5SD, (Ballygowan 528360), *Reiver*
(PO)
Gribton, 12 Ralston Road, Bearsden, Glasgow G61 3BA, *Nan of Gare*
The Spring House, Grimston, Melton Mowbray, Leicister LE14 3BZ, (0664-812785)
12 Anglesea Road, Dublin 4
4 Dunbo Hill, Howth, Co. Dublin, (8391964)
Robbs Wall, Malahide, Co. Dublin, (450717)
26 Guilford Road, Sandymount, Dublin 4, (2694316/Office: 608795)
Rostynan, 1 Haddington Lawn, Glenageary, Co. Dublin, *Misty* (PO)
Chartwell, Douglas Rd., Cork, (021-291215/Office 021-273327), *Moshulu III*
22 Marmont Park, Holywood Road, Belfast BT4 2GR, (760158/Office: 320202)

List of Yachts

Members are requested to report to the Honorary Secretary their sail numbers and hull colour to complete the two additional columns included from this year.

Hull colour is abbreviated : V - varnish, W - white, B - blue etc.

The letter G before the rig indicates gaff rig.

The letters following the rig description indicate that this yacht is built of wood, fibreglass, steel or aluminium.

Yacht	Sail No	Owner	Hull Colour	T.M.	Rig	Built	Designer
<i>Acushla</i>		S. De Quincy			—	Motor	—
<i>Alakush</i>		M.J. Guinness		20	Sloop F.	1985	Rob Humphreys Sovereign 400
<i>Alannah</i>		J.F. Crebbin		12	Ketch F.	1979	Buchanan: Neptunian 33
<i>Alys</i>	7041Y	D. Park	W	11	Sloop F.	1984	Sadler 34
<i>Andromeda</i>	10	C.P. Gray & S. Gray	V	4	Sloop W.	1962	Dragon
<i>Anita</i>		B. Cassidy		0	G. Sloop W.	—	Howth 17 O.D.
<i>Anna Petrea</i>		R.B. Cudmore		6	Sloop F.	1976	Peter Brunn 28' Grinde
<i>Anolis</i>		H.M. McMordie		15	Ketch W.	1900	E.H. Hamilton
<i>ArMen</i>	4447	R. Barr	W	10	Sloop F.	1983	Niels Jeppeson; X-102
<i>Arctic Tern</i>		J. Villiers-Stuart		11	Sloop F.	1982	Nicholson 32
<i>Areté</i>		A. Toher		10.4	Sloop F.	1977	Westerly Berwick 31
<i>Aronelle</i>		D.J. Whitaker		14	Sloop F.	1985	P. Brett; Rival 36
<i>Ausoba</i>		B. Siggins		20	Sloop F.	1991	B. Dixon; Callistio 38
<i>Awbeg</i>		D. Sheil		10	Sloop F.	1979	Westerly Berwick
<i>Baily of Howth</i>		M.J. Hall		33	Ketch F.	1981	Holman & Pye; Oyster 46
<i>Barbecca</i>	143	R. Beirne & B. Keane	V	—	Sloop W.	1970	J.B. Kearney; Mermaid
<i>Beagle</i>		N. Hegarty		8	Sloop F.	1978	D. Thomas; Impala
<i>Big Boots</i>		D. Greenhalgh		15	Sloop F.	1976	Contessa 35
<i>Big Easy</i>		O.C. Waldron		50	Ketch F.	1985	S&S; Swan 65
<i>Blue Bandit</i>		R.J.A. Simms		12	Sloop F.	1978	Nicholson 35
<i>Boru</i>		B. Dalton		15	Sloop F.	1979	V. Aarnipalo Finmar 36
<i>Busy B</i>		J. & A. Ley		10	Sloop F.	1990	J. Berret; Beneteau 32.5
<i>Calcaria</i>		P.J. Adams		10	Sloop F.	1977	Holman & Pye; UFO 34
<i>Capella of Kent</i>		D.J. MacAuley		16	Sloop W.	1964	Buchanan
<i>Capsicum</i>		W.O'Mahony		5	Sloop F.	1980	D. Thomas; Hunter Impala
<i>Cara of Quoile</i>		P.J. Gillespie		7	Sloop F.	1973	Van Essen: Contest 33
<i>Caranja</i>		J. Menton		22	Sloop F.	1981	A. Primrose; Moody 40
<i>Carna</i>		J. Currie		10	Sloop F.	1982	Westerly Konsort
<i>Carrigdown</i>		W. Walsh		22	Sloop F.	1981	Philippe Briand; Sun Fizz 40
<i>Cavatina</i>		D. O' Flynn		11	Ketch F.	1990	J.A. Bennet; Colvic 31
<i>Cecille</i>		G. Radley		12	Sloop F.	1970	S & S; Swan 36
<i>Charlina</i>		P. Whelan		30	Ketch F.	1976	Moody 52
<i>Chloe of Mourne</i>		J.C. Gibson		—	Cutter S.	—	M. Griffiths
<i>Chough</i>		Bill Masser		—	Lug	1982	Waticinson: Drascombe Lugger
<i>Chuckewalla</i>		T.E. Crosbie		8	Sloop F.	1983	Van de Stadt; DBI 3/4 Ton
<i>Cochise</i>		N. & P. Reilly		15	Sloop F.	1991	Johnson: J39
<i>Colla Voce</i>		P. Lavelle		6	Cutter F.	1982	R. Harris; Vancouver 27
<i>Cuchulain</i>		M.O'Farrell		11	Sloop F.	1971	P. Brett/Rival32
<i>Cuilaun of Kinsale</i>	2858	M. O'Flaherty	V	28	Ketch W.	1970	G. T. McGruer
<i>Dalua</i>		A.J. Stott		16	Sloop F.	1987	Holman & Pye:Rustler 36
<i>Deerhound</i>	1973	C.A. Chapman	G	28	Ketch F.	1970	Hood 50
<i>Delphin</i>	1005	L. Conway	W	12.3	Sloop F.	1976	R. Holland; Nicholson 345
<i>Demelza</i>		N.D. Maguire		10	Sloop F.	1979	R. Holland Club Shamrock
<i>Dingo</i>		I.J. Stevenson		15	Sloop F.	1976	Holman, Pye; UFO 34
<i>Dulcibella</i>		N.J. Kidney		7	Sloop F.	1980	Ed Dubois; Westerly Griffon
<i>Dundrum</i>		J. Irwin		15	—	1968	McGruer
<i>Eblana</i>		A. Dunn		14	Sloop F.	1989	Bill Dixon; Moody Eclipse 33
<i>El Vigo</i>		P. Ryan		8	Sloop W.	1961	Robert Clark
<i>Elysium</i>	653	W.T. Rea	W	7	Sloop F.	1988	Olle Enderlein; Shipman 28
<i>Emanuel</i>		R.A. Somerville		7	Sloop W.	1962	Raymond Wall
<i>Eoin Rua</i>		K.J. MacLaverty		5	Sloop W.	1964	Tord Sunden Folkboat
<i>Erquy</i>		C.P. McHenry		11	Sloop F.	1980	Nicholson 31
<i>Errislannin</i>	738	W.B. Lyster	W	15	Sloop F.	1990	D. Thomas; Sigma 38
<i>Eske</i>		Pat J. Walsh		10	Sloop F.	1972	Vindoo 30
<i>Eudora</i>		D. Whitehead		13	Sloop F.	—	Luhrs: Legend 35.5
<i>Evolution II</i>		T.A. Dunphy/G.F. Whelan		12	Sloop F.	1987	Beneteau 345

Yacht	Sail No	Owner	Hull Colour	T.M.	Rig	Built	Designer
<i>Fastnet Dancer</i>		V. O'Farrell		20	Sloop F.	1991	Hallberg Rassy 45
<i>Felicity Friend</i>		A. O'Donovan		6	Sloop F.	1972	O'Brien Kenedy; Kerry Mark II
<i>Feolin</i>		Mr. & Mrs. J.W. Clow		12	Sloop W.	1961	McGruer; 8m Cruiser Eight
<i>Fiacra</i>		P. Bourke		6	Sloop F.	1979	Westerly Centaur
<i>Fidem III</i>		G. Hawthorne		—	—	—	Moody 36
<i>Flica III</i>		W. Bohane & M. Kenworthy		10	Sloop F.	1990	Van de Stadt; Dehler 36
<i>Flight of Fantasy</i>		N.L. Smyth		14	Sloop F.	1986	B. Dixon; Moody 34
<i>Flying Ferret</i>		Clare Foley		5	Sloop F.	1981	Johnson; J24
<i>Freya</i>		J. D. English		—	—	—	Motor Skorgens 26
<i>Gay Gannet</i>		L. Sheil		7	Sloop W.	1963	C.R. Holman Sterling
<i>Globe Star</i>		W.A. Smyth		14	Cutter S.	1982	Ted Brewer; Goderich 35
<i>Golden Apple</i>		H.P. Coveney		29	Ketch W.	1980	Eivind Amble 50
<i>Golden Harvest</i>		M.H. Snell		16	Sloop F.	1974	Giles Bowman 40'
<i>Golden Shamrock</i>		J.F. Burke		9	Sloop F.	1976	Ron Holland; Golden Shamrock
<i>Goldeneye II</i>		R.F. Perkins		22	Power	1980	Jock White
<i>Greylag of Arklow</i>		T. Sheppard		12	Sloop W.	1961	Laurent Giles
<i>Growltiger</i>		E.P.E. Byrne		6	Sloop F.	1978	Westerly; GK 24
<i>Gulkarna II</i>		P.J. Bunting		20	Sloop F.	1990	G. Frers; Hallberg Rassy.45
<i>Gumdrop</i>		T. & D. Andrews		15	Sloop F.	1979	Doug Peterson; Contessa 35
<i>Handy Mistress</i>		D. Cross		—	—	1990	Motor Bros 23
<i>Happy Return</i>		F. Rogerson		5	Sloop W.	1965	Holman-Stella
<i>Harklow</i>		Mrs Ruth Heard		12	Motor W.	1963	J. Tyrrell
<i>Hayrider</i>		Mr & Mrs M. Prichard		12	Sloop F.	1976	R. Holland
<i>HeatherofMourne</i>		J.Waddell		10	Sloop F.	1973	Holman & Pye; Centurion
<i>Hera</i>		I.R. Guinness		—	G. Sloop W.	1899	Howth 17' O.D.
<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>		T. & B. Kennedy		15	Sloop F.	1980	Moody 36
<i>Iduna</i>		J.R. Bourke		4	Sloop W.	1939	L. Giles Lymington L.
<i>Insouciance</i>		G.L.D. Ralston		27	Ketch F.	1976	A.E. Luders; Offshore 47
<i>Irish Mist</i>		A. O'Leary		13	Sloop F.	1993	Jones; Sadler Starlight 39
<i>Irish Mist</i>		A.R. Baker & C. Bruen		19	Sloop F.	1973	D. Carter; Carter 37
<i>Isobel</i>		M McKee		—	G.Cutter F.	1989	Heard 28
<i>Jabberwok of Howth</i>		R. Courtney		14.5	Sloop F.	1981	D. Thomas; Sigma 41
<i>J'abbesse</i>		H. Beck		—	Cutter	—	Shannon 38
<i>Jacana</i>		M. Flowers		10	Sloop F.	1990	Johnson; J35
<i>Jack Ivor</i>		H.P. Beck		20	Ketch F.	—	Moody 44
<i>Jaded</i>		J.K. Martin		5	Sloop F.	1982	Johnson; J24
<i>Janey Mac</i>		R. Lee		15	Sloop F.	1988	D. Thomas; Sigma 38
<i>Jeremy Fisher of Hamble</i>		K.M. Boyd		9	Ketch F.	1973	Gordon Wyatt; Fisher 30
<i>Jilliana</i>		P. Walsh		8	Ketch F.	1980	Fisher 34
<i>Joggernaut</i>		D. Morrissey		10	Sloop F.	1980	Ed. Dubois; GK 34
<i>Joker of Lymington</i>		M.H. Flowers		11	Sloop F.	1984	D. Thomas; Sigma 33
<i>Judy R</i>		M. McKeever		7	Sloop F.	1980	L. Giles; Westerlyl Griffon
<i>Julia</i>		C. O'Ceallaigh		5	Sloop W.	1947	M. Giles; W. Channel O.D.
<i>Kala</i>		M.T. McConnell		4	Motor F.	1974	Derek Stukins; Downcraft 21
<i>Karena</i>		J.L. Curtin		12	Sloop W.	1976	Bruce Farr
<i>Kenbane</i>		P. Ryan		—	Sloop G.	1983	Ohlson 38
<i>Kilderkin</i>		J. Harbison		5	Sloop F.	1969	Guy Thompson T. 24
<i>Kilpatrick</i>		W.D. Keatinge		12.8	Sloop F.	1988	Oyster Heritage
<i>Kiome of Sark</i>		D. Whitehead		8	Sloop F.	1989	C.W. Paine; Victoria 30
<i>Kittiwake</i>		M.A. Thallon		11	Sloop F.	1981	Moody 29
<i>Kumaree</i>		K.L. Cooke		6	Sloop F.	1970	Dufour Safari
<i>Lady Jane</i>		H. & I. Barnwell		11	Sloop F.	1977	Nicholson31
<i>Lady Kate</i>		D. Walsh		10	Sloop F.	1986	Dixon; Moody 31
<i>Lady Minnie</i>		R.D. Knight		6	Sloop F.	1979	D. Feltham; Colvic 26 Sailer
<i>Lamorna III</i>		A.S. Morton		7	Sloop F.	—	Holman Twister
<i>Lazy Day</i>		P. Cooper		9	Sloop F.	—	Group Finot Fandango
<i>Lazy Life</i>		Hon. R. Dixon		—	Sloop F.	1976	Nicholson 345
<i>Leanda</i>		J.D. Currie		6	Sloop W.	1950	Warrington Smith, Falmouth Pilot
<i>Leemara of Howth</i>		W.R. Cuffe-Smith		17	Sloop F.	1990	S. Jones; Sadler 38
<i>Leigh Mary</i>		B. Layng		12	Ketch F.	1981	J. A. Bennet Colvic Victor 34
<i>Leprechaun</i>		D.E. O'Connor		4	Sloop W.	1962	Peterson Thuesen Dragon O.D.
<i>Lindos</i>		C.C. Martin		7	Sloop F.	1977	Van De Stadt; Prospect 900
<i>Lir</i>		J. Cunnane		14	Sloop F.	1990	Van De Stadt 34
<i>Live Wire</i>		D.D. O'Brien		10	Sloop F.	1976	High Tension 36 De Ridder
<i>Lola</i>		G.E. Nairn		11	Sloop F.	1978	A. Primrose; Moody 30
<i>Looking Forward</i>		R.F. O'Donoghue		7	Sloop F.	1979	L. Giles; Westerly Pembroke
<i>Lovely Lady</i>		F.D. Martin		16	Sloop F.	1982	German Frers. First 42
<i>Madcap</i>		A. Spence		—	—	—	Bristol Channel Cutter
<i>Maid of Skye</i>		J.K.A. Dorman		9	Sloop W.	1955	D. Hilliard
<i>Maimoune</i>		A.S.P. Orr/R. Shanks/ J.A. Henshall		2.5	Sloop W.	1902	L. Hope Fairy
<i>Manaana Maclir</i>		J.A. Stevenson		—	—	—	—
<i>Mandalay</i>		C.J. Fitzgerald		14	Sloop F.	1988	B. Dixon; Moody Eclipse 33

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<i>Mandarin</i>		A.H. Marshall		7.5	Junk W.	1981	A.H. Marshall
<i>Manutara</i>		G.J. O'Connor		15	Sloop F.	1983	Ohlsen 38
<i>Marie Claire II</i>		S. McCormack		10	Sloop F.	1980	A. Mauric, Beneteau First 30
<i>Marlou</i>		R. Benson		9	Motor	1934	Musler 35'
<i>Marula</i>		J.C. McConnell		15	Steel M.Y.	1982	Bekebered; PEDRO 1000
<i>Mary P</i>		N.J. Prendeville		10	Sloop F.	1979	R. Holland; Club Shamrock
<i>Mashona</i>		K.C. Condon		8	Sloop F.	1981	Group Finot; Yamaha 29
<i>Maximizar</i>		P.M.C. Branigan		9	Sloop F.	1978	Pelle Peterson Maxi 95
<i>Mazara</i>		R.G. Monson		8	Sloop W.	1957	McGruer
<i>Meander III</i>		L. McGonagle & D. Turvey		11	Sloop F.	1978	McGruer Grampian 34'
<i>Melandy</i>		L.R. Waters		10	Sloop F.	1965	Nicholson 32 MkIV
<i>Midnight Marauder</i>		B. O'Callaghan		6.5	Sloop F.	1977	L. Giles; Westerly Pembroke
<i>Miss Demena</i>		Dr. M. O'Keefe		9	Sloop F.	1965	J. Alden; Mistral 36
<i>Miss Molly of Hamble</i>		J.R. O'Neill		9	Sloop F.	—	Sadler 32
<i>Misty</i>		T.R.C. Wood		17	Sloop F.	1988	Dehler 38
<i>Moody Blue</i>		I. Titterington		14	Sloop F.	1975	A. Primrose; Moody 33
<i>Moondrifter</i>		M.J. Webb		10	Ketch F.	1978	J. Roy; Macwester Seaforth
<i>Moonduster</i>		D.N. Doyle		20	Sloop W.	1981	German Frers 52' A.C.
<i>Morning Calm II</i>		L. Auchincloss		26.9	Sloop A.	1991	Van der Stadt; Trintella 57A
<i>Moshulu III</i>		J.B. Woodward		17	Sloop F.	1976	L. Giles; Salar 40
<i>Mouflon</i>		E. Meade		7	Sloop F.	1979	GK29
<i>Myth of Minto</i>		J.S. Beach		6.8	Sloop F.	1977	Holman; Twister
<i>Nan of Gare</i>		P. Wilson		13	Sloop W.	1965	Sparkman & Stephens 8 C/R
<i>Natian</i>		D.P. Brazil & J. Gallagher		12	Sloop F.	1976	Nicholson 35
<i>Neon Tetra</i>		T.H. Roche		20	Cutter W.	1954	D. Hilliard
<i>Nisha</i>		H.A. Patton		8	Sloop W.	1965	A. V. Burnard Fairey Fisherman
<i>Ocean Dove</i>		F.A. Sadlier		9	Ketch W.	1959	M. Griffiths
<i>Oleander of Howth</i>		B & B. Hegarty		15	Ketch F.	1981	L. Giles/Westerly Conway 36
<i>Onaway</i>		J.D.R. Fisher		6	Sloop W.	1961	R. Wallington-Smith
<i>One Timee</i>		F.J.W. England/ E.M. Leonard		11	Sloop F.	1980	Peter Boyce; O-Day 37
<i>Oona</i>		P. Courtney		—	Sloop W.	—	Howth 17 O.D.
<i>Ounavara of Howth</i>		L.D. McGonagle		21	Ketch F.	1974	Laurent Giles Moody 46
<i>Peggy West</i>		B.R. Lynch		10	Sloop F.	1976	Westerly Berwick
<i>Peigin Eile</i>		D.H.B. FitzGerald		11	Sloop F.	1980	Dubois, Westerly Fulmar
<i>Phantom</i>		F. Smyth		—	Sloop F.	1976	D. Sadler, Contessa 28
<i>Phoebe</i>		N. Kean		13	Sloop F.	1984	D. Thomas, Sigma 33 00D
<i>Phoenix</i>		E.K. Devenney		9	Sloop F.	1978	W.P. Brown; Ruffian 30
<i>Prelude</i>		J.E. Daly		14	Sloop F.	1981	A. Primrose; Moody 33
<i>Púcabán</i>		G.E. McGuire		11	Sloop F.	1980	Dubois; Westerly Fulmar
<i>Raasay of Melfort</i>		B.P. Coad		11	Sloop F.	1972	Peter Brett; Rival 34.
<i>Rapparee</i>		H.E.O'C. Byrne		10	Sloop F.	1979	R. Holland Club Shamrock
<i>Red Velvet</i>		P. Butler		12	Sloop F.	1971	Hustler 35; Holman & Pye
<i>Reiver</i>		W.P. & J.D. Williams		12.5	Sloop S.	1988	A. Mylne
<i>Ricjak</i>		J. Cahill		22	Sloop S.	1985	Cahill 42
<i>Rionnag</i>		B. Corbally		16	Sloop F.	1992	Halberg Rassy 39
<i>Roaring Water</i>		J.B. Forde		14	Sloop F.	1978	A. Primrose; Moody 33
<i>Rockabill II</i>		J.J. Flanagan		10	Sloop F.	1990	Beneteau; First 310
<i>Roe</i>		H.R. Hicks		4	Sloop W.	1921	A. Mylne; River Class
<i>Roma</i>		B. Black		10	Sloop W.	1960	A. Buchanan; Saxon 36
<i>Royal Tara</i>		Clayton Love Jnr.		50	Ketch F.	1979	Nicholson 70
<i>Ruinette</i>		D.P. Brazil & J. Gallagher		11	Sloop F.	1970	Nicholson 32
<i>Safari of Howth</i>		R.I. Morrison		17	Ketch F.	1982	Hallberg Rassy 42
<i>Saint Patrick</i>		Paddy Barry		15	G. Cutter W.	1909	40' Galway Hooker
<i>Saki</i>		P.J. McCormack		11	Sloop F.	1979	Nicholson 31
<i>Salar</i>		B. McMahon		6	Sloop F.	1970	White & Hill; Cutlass
<i>Samantha</i>		P. Morck		5	G. Cutter F.	1978	Roger Dongray
<i>Samharcin an Iar</i>		Hugo duPlessis		16	Ketch F.	1977	Westerly; Conway 36
<i>Saoirse of Cork</i>		J.C. Hayes		20	Sloop F.	1988	Jeanneau; Sun Magic 44
<i>Sapphire</i>		Reginald T. Walsh		7	Sloop W.	1965	Colin Marine
<i>Sarabande</i>		R. Cassidy		13	Sloop F.	1982	D. Thomas; Sigma 33
<i>Sceolaing</i>		D. Ryan		16	Sloop F.	1969	Camper & Nich 43
<i>Scilly Goose</i>		F. McCarthy		11	Sloop F.	1979	Group Finot; Fastnet 34
<i>Scotch Mist</i>		C.E. Ronaldson		10	Sloop F.	1977	D. Sadler Contessa 32
<i>Sea Drifter</i>		J.A. Petch		18	Ketch F.	—	Victory 40
<i>Sea Fox</i>		J.R. Magee		65	Ketch W.	1940	Wm. Hand Motor Sailer
<i>Sea Maiden</i>		B. Travers		4	Sloop F.	1980	F. Pryor; Leisure 23SL
<i>Sea Otter</i>		D.M. Irwin		7	Sloop F.	1985	Westerly Griffon
<i>Sea Pie</i>		J. Nixon		7	Sloop F.	1979	D. Thomas; Sigma 33
<i>Seareign</i>		H.R. King		12	Sloop F.	1973	Nicholson 35
<i>Selina</i>		M. Dwyer		8	Sloop F.	1971	DuFour Diane
<i>Setanta</i>		F. Cudmore		7	Sloop F.	1990	Jenneau; Sun Kiss
<i>Shardana</i>		G.P. Kavanagh		10	Sloop F.	1977	Camper & Nicholson 31

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<i>Siamsa</i>		M.M. d'Alton & L.D. Latham		5	Sloop F.	—	W.P. Brown; Ruffian 23
<i>Silver Breeze</i>		A. Clarke		—	Sloop F.	1985	J. Berret; Benoteau 345
<i>Silver Slipper</i>		H. Cudmore Jnr		8	SSDY	1972	Ray Hunt/Jon Bannenberg
<i>Siolta</i>		W.W. McKean		11	Sloop F.	1966	Van de Stadt; Excalibur
<i>Sirikit III</i>		G. Coad		9.8	Sloop F.	1968	Nicholson 32
<i>Skarv av Stad</i>		A. Osmundsvaag		22	Sloop F.	1988	Philippe Briand; SunKiss
<i>Snow Goose II</i>		C. Good		26	Sloop F.	1981	R. Holland; Swan 42
<i>Snow Goose of Moygannon</i>		C. Magennis		6	Sloop F.	1978	Maxi 84
<i>Sparkle</i>		B.N. Gallagher		11	Sloop F.	1986	Sadler 34
<i>Spectra</i>		R.J. Fowler		9	Sloop F.	—	Walsh Wakefield Ltd. Mirage 28
<i>Speedbird of Throne</i>		P. Tisdall		7.9	Sloop F.	1989	Woods; Banshee Catamaran
<i>State O'Chassis</i>		T. Johnston, J. Tierney & N. Long		15	Sloop F.	1989	D. Thomas; Sigma 38
<i>Stella Maris</i>		M.C. Coleman		29	Sloop S.	1986	Bruce Roberts; Roberts 45
<i>Strathspey</i>		W.R. Watson		18	Sloop F.	1980	Bill Shaw; Pearson 40
<i>Suaeda</i>		A. Hutchinson		12	Sloop F.	1973	Nicholson 35
<i>Sula</i>		E.M. Booth		6	Sloop F.	1979	Walsh Wakefield
<i>Sundowner</i>		T.S. Anderson		15	Sloop F.	1975	Holman Pye, UFO 34
<i>Suvretta</i>		S. Davis		5	Sloop W	—	West Solent O.D.
<i>Symphonie</i>		S.A. Malone		9.5	Sloop F.	1979	Briand Symphonie
<i>Taitsing</i>		N.C. Hughes		10	Sloop W.	1961	A. Buchanan
<i>Takahe</i>		B. Law		15	Sloop F.	—	Westerly Conway 36
<i>Tandara</i>		R. Slater		16	Ketch G	1977	Camper & Nicholson
<i>Tara</i>		B.T. Smyth		5	Sloop F.	1987	D. RThomas; Minstrel 23
<i>Tertia of Lymington</i>		W.B. Dickinson		15	Sloop F.	1979	Doug Peterson Contessa 35
<i>Thalassa</i>		R. Sewell		16	Yawl W.	1906	C. Sibbick
<i>Thalia</i>		J.A. Collins		25	Sloop F.	1990	Farr; First 45f5
<i>The Lady Beatrice</i>		M. O'Connor		7	Sloop F.	—	Olle Enderlin; Shipman 28
<i>Tieveara</i>		T.C. Hutcheson		19	Ketch F.	1979	G.L. Watson; Colvic Watson 35
<i>Timella</i>		R.W. Barton		10	Ketch F.	1968	Reg Freeman; Seadog
<i>Tosca IV of Bangor</i>		H.P. Kennedy		9	Sloop W.	1960	C. Nicholson; Jolina
<i>Tresillian IU</i>		Mr. & Mrs. Clapham		15	Ketch F.	1971	Nicholson 38
<i>Trininga</i>		D.B. Johnston		15	Ketch F.	1979	W.F. Rayner; Atlantic Power Ketch
<i>Tritsch-Tratsch IV</i>		Dr. O. Glaser		20	Ketch F.	1981	German Frers; FC44
<i>Tudorose</i>		L. Cassidy, W. Riordan & F. Traynor		12	Ketch F.	—	Buchanan; Neptune 33
<i>Turtle Tide</i>		G.B. Clarke		14	Sloop	1973	Evind Amble; Fjord 33
<i>Twayblade</i>		J. Virden		9	Cutter W.	1961	Buchanan
<i>Twocan</i>		F.D. Freeman		7	Sloop F.	1973	Olle Enderlein; Shipman 28
<i>Ultimate</i>		R.L. Sharp		—	—	—	Moody Carabineer
<i>Ursula</i>		R.R. Watson		11	Sloop F.	1985	Halberg Rassy 312
<i>Verve</i>		F.J.K. Espey & J. Osborne		10	Yawl W.	1963	A.C. Robb; Princess
<i>Vinter</i>		B. Connor		10	Sloop F.	1978	Westerly Berwick
<i>Virago of Strangford</i>		Cdr. J.D. Maxwell & J.S. Beach		11	Sloop F.	1962	Nicholson 36
<i>V.S.O.P.</i>		J. Godkin		—	Sloop F.	1986	Humphries; Sovereign 400
<i>Walrus</i>		T.J. Goulding		6	Sloop F.	1978	Super Seal 26' Ron Holland
<i>Water Spaniel</i>		N.S.R. Duffin		10	Ketch F.	1975	L. Giles; Westerly Pentland
<i>Wheesh</i>		W.P. Escott		12	Sloop F.	1974	Nicholson 35
<i>Whistling Oyster</i>		B.M. Cahill		30	Ketch F.	1986	Holman & Pye; Oyster 53
<i>White Rooster</i>		J.D. Donegan		10	Sloop F.	1980	S. Jones; Hustler 36
<i>White Shadow</i>		D. Nicholson		13	Sloop F.	1988	Holman & Pye; Oyster Heritage 37
<i>Wild Goose of Moyle</i>		Wallace Clark		10	Yawl W.	1936	M. Griffiths
<i>William Tell of Uri</i>		S. Lantry		23	Cutter F.	1988	Chuck Paine; Bowman 40
<i>Winefreda of Greenisland</i>		G. Villiers-Stuart		13	Cutter W.	1890	Admiralty
<i>Wishbone</i>		A. Leonard		9	Sloop W.	1965	Holman North Sea 24
<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>		W.M. Nixon/E.M. Wheeler		—	—	—	—
		H.A. Whelehan		15	Sloop F.	1976	Doug Peterson; Contessa 35
<i>Witchery</i>		L.W. White		12	Yawl W.	—	Sparkman & Stephens 35'
<i>Yami-Yami</i>		T. Kirby		6	Sloop F.	1978	Sadler 25
<i>Zubenubi</i>		W.J. Cotter/McKinney/Meagher		10	Sloop F.	1973	Nicholson 32, MK 10



